

HENRY DARGER -

"THE REALMS OF
THE UNREAL"

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VOLUME

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VOLUME SEVEN C

THE PROGRESS OF THE BLOODY WAR.

VOLUME ALSO CONTAINS OF UNSOL AD MOST THRILLING G

ADVENTURES.

FRIGHTFUL BATTLES AND THEIR RESULTS.

TOPICS OF THE ABANDONED DISASTER CONTINUE.

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AN UNUSUAL PILOT A DAY OF HARD WORK A NIGHT OF
SWEET THE LITTLE HUMANS:

THEY WERE, GRABBERING THE HUMANS WITH THEM

after the airplane and John Bums were asking that the two troopers were just
sent from their place of confinement, and that the two troopers were just
the quiet-eyed fellows troopers had rode around the band, apparently
without concern or interest of the two prisoners on horseback though now
he alone did see them, though the soldiers did not. But after the two
had for a while forty or fifty yards beyond the driver, John Bums suddenly
got the best of her and she turned her head and looked back. The
trooper to do this was something she said afterwards that it seemed very
difficult to the impossibility of the impossible. It was for her to control the
action. Her mind was not the same as old Mr. Bums's mind.
"Why not that was a foolish thing indeed for me to do," said she as she
quickly found she should have said "I'll not that I should have or will
do more damage than anything else and as started from the driver and
to think that I should let others should have been the one to do it. I'm
ashamed of myself."

"Did he see you?" Gertrude inquired.
"He was looking right at me even before I planned back," John replied
hastily. "And that look was full of suspicion and a dangerous warning."
There was a moment's doubt he is on our trail or shadowing us and
we suspect something of the nature of our mission.
"Oh don't let that bother you," Gertrude advised. "There's no reason
why he or any other Ghendalinnian officer should jump to a conclusion
just because you or anyone else may look back at him and that too
doesn't necessarily mean anything unusual. But if you let it make you
any degree uneasy you may give us away the next time you meet him."
"I believe he knows what our mission is going to be anyway," said Gertrude
fatalistic answers.

"It's that in the case you had not worry any more about what you do
or say in his presence," said the trooper who was with them. "We might as well
go to him or his followers the next time, and make him prisoner."
"I don't agree with you," Gertrude replied. "I believe that in the
most change we have to work against and that is the probability of
suspicion on his or any other Ghendalinnian part. Don't you know how
much anything positively. He probably has learned it or found it out in
the past. For the reason of Abbie and I know that many things in the
series are situated there began to put two and two together. First
that he must have followed Violet and her sister on their last remarkable
trip."

"And that his visit now to General Hanley here to day is to give
them warning of our motives," John added.

"You're very likely," Gertrude agreed. "I'd give anything to hear
the conversation that is about to take place among the Ghendalinnians
and their hosts. But it would be very interesting to us."

"No doubt of it," said the other. "And it would surely prove useful to
us to be in our position for the information we were sent to get."

"Don't you think it strange, John, that Violet and her sister should not
select a bunch of girls and boys like us to do so important a piece of
work at this time, and such work like that?" Gertrude inquired. "The
had puzzled her a good deal from the moment the proposition had been put to
her. All right she had received it originally from Violet and her sister
even before the matter had been broached to an earlier scheme, she had
not questioned the wisdom of the move but had accepted the role of
advocate assigned to her as if the proceedings were ordinary and
conspicuous."

"If you hadn't restricted your speech to a bunch of girls and boys
us," she would answer. "You," John replied. "I say it was very
important piece of work as this. But when you speak of the 'bunch of
girls and boys like us,' I reply, 'No, it wasn't strange at all.'"
"It's all right," said John. "I wouldn't say it wasn't strange at all."
"I know you did do very remarkable work when you helped Jack and I in
Paris, when you found my missing opera last year, but you shouldn't
put yourself on the back with such a remarkable step."

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"I wasn't referring to myself at all," Jean replied with a little suggestive of "something else coming." "I was referring principally to my very noticeable glaucous change in general Vivian army and of course it would look very foolish indeed for me to attempt to leave myself out of the compliment but I did nevertheleast suppose I shall have to admit that I am a very slippy glaucous "Harold" because if I wasn't Jack wouldn't be alive to day, I would not have been deserted by another Jack, and I couldn't be at all associated with such a slippy bunch of glaucous and either I have to be slippy or advise you other glaucous of being common like myself."

"I'm quite content to be called common, and that's where the very difficulty comes in."

"Well won't you be content to be generous enough to let me slippy, and I'll therefore admit I'm slippy to keep company with my slippy and good associates, and you can always do likewise and we can be all of us an uncommonly slippy bunch of common glaucous."

"If we could be talking a string of nonsense like this every time we meet the two professions at play, we could throw him off the hook in any way we wish," said Jean meditatively. "What do you say Gertrude? That's try it the next time they are around. We'll be regular appropriate nonsense. We'll even pretend we are bad children if necessary."

"We won't overdo it," Gertrude cautioned.

"Of course not. And why should we? We will do as we did this time--let one idea or other lead on to another in very rapid succession. Think it over and whenever you get any idea pass it around, and we'll be all primed for him and his Hutt. It'll be lots of fun if we get them Hutt and Jeff--spies, glaucous, and he to our advantage too. If we cannot catch them I am sure at least Hutt and his companions."

"Gertrude and Jean reached the spot in time to see the motor boat containing the other members of the glaucous approaching about a mile or so away. They however did not yet know who may be in the boat, and as it was deemed wise not to make any demonstrations, no one on either did any signaling, but they were not long in doubt as to who the passengers were. The ground led down in a slant to the water, and the two advanced glaucous spies, as they were walked down this slope and were waiting at the western edge when the boat beached itself.

In the meantime the "Jeff" fellow urged his horse and his heavily armed squadron up to the end of the drive near that cottage where the great Glendelinian generals were assembled. The main structure of the house was of white oak but the outer trappings were mainly of such rustic material as the railing of the porch. The front door of course was open, giving one who could have looked in a fairly good view of the interior. The front room was large and fairly well furnished with light expensive furniture, glass cases, and an assortment of very attractive art upon the walls. It once no doubt belonged to a good Glendelinian farmer, and he had been driven away by the sheer madness of the flood. The spy Naro Fania in who was who was indeed put at a slant a slippy slippy behavior was able to get a good view of the room before anyone had appeared to answer his knock for all the generals had by this time gone within. It was general Johnstone Jackline Manley who appeared, a handsome but sharp featured man with always that challenging eye. Perhaps no stranger or person out of the exclusive circle that he surely assumed to represent ever approached him without being met with the usual demand "who are you?"

"Naro Fania recognized this demand at once. He knew Manley knew he was a foreigner and if he had been of far less indolent character this unscrupulous man, who would have worked even if on the side of Abidemia, if that country would pay more than Glendelinia might have made a brilliant success as a glaucous in any sphere of criminal nature. He despite his Jeff feature. Perhaps, he was no Jeff, and if Hutt had mistook him for Jeff and beat him like he does that individual he wouldn't be able to even hit any one for the rest of his life after that. The fact that he was content with the limitations of a spy practices in any Glendelinian army he chose, with his companion was of itself indicative of his indolence. And yet when he took up his work he manifested gifts of enormous shrewdness that would have made many another spy jealous.

This Jeff man shrewdness and indolence were alternatively intermittent. When the nerve centers of his shrewdness were stimulated his indolence dropped and he was very much on the alert. The present one was one of those very instances. He knew something by reputation, of the Glendelinian chief of general who confronted him. He had had an indirect dealing with him before but he had never met him. However he was certain that the great Glendelinian chief would recognize General Manley. He inquired:

"Is this His Glorious Excellency General Johnstone Manley?" He inquired.

saluting though he scarcely needed to ask the question.

"I'm no one else sir," he replied with evident habitual

precision.

"My name is Christian Naro Fania," Naro Fania announced, and then

waited for the effect of this limited information.

"The Glendelinian general gave a start. It too was a startled start but of

surprise. The challenge of his countenance did not waver, though the

prediction of his manner became an attitude of caution nevertheless.

"Not, not Christian Naro Fania, the a leader of--of--of" He began

the general began.

The man walked on one side of his mouth.

"The very one, none other," he answered stung indignantly. "Not to be in

the least obscure, I am from the Glendelinian Government. You know the

nearness of any of the Christian armies, I believe."

"I never did, and I hope to have the occasion of meeting on a to

planes," the general returned rather savagely.

"Indeed?" The visitor commented with a rising inflection for the effect.

"By the way sir, my name is Naro Fania."

"Certainly the general answered recovering quickly from a partial

leap of mindfulness of the situation. The general turned and led the way

into the house and the visitor followed. The general directed the

International spy to a big chair and he himself remained standing. The

general retaining his challenging attitude inquired:

"Well Mr Naro Fania, what in the meaning of this visit?"

"Very much meaning general Manley," was the reply. "And of very great

significance to you I know. I come here well primed with grant and

most important information which I am sure will cause you to welcome me

and by helper as perhaps you and all your staff would welcome no one else

in the whole world."

The Glendelinian general leaned forward most eagerly, expectantly

apprehensively.

"You come as a friend, I assume," he said.

"Have you any reason to doubt it even though I be a foreigner?" The

man inquired. "If it were otherwise I must necessarily confess a traitor. I

hope you will however not entertain any such opinion of me as that. As long

as you treat me fairly, you'll find me and my helper, absolutely on the

square for you, and the in interest of your cause."

"I hope so indeed," returned the general in a tone of voice that could

hardly be said to convey any significance other than the dictionary

meaning of the words. But let's get down to business. What is this information

that you say you are here primed with? Has it to do with the old subject? That

is about the Vivian girls, those dreaded, terrible little centipedes who

are turning out to be the ruin of the cause of Glendelinia?"

"In the least way yes, very intimately, and with nothing else in

the main."

"In what way?" The general asked with more eagerness than he intended

to disclose.

"They for one reason are back in the Christian idiosyncrasy."

"That's no news to me," said the general. "I know it. I got the report from

A quinine St. Claire whom that Christian dog of an Evans knocked down."

"But that's not a bit of it general. There are some spies in this neck

of the woods."

"Christian spies?" The general exclaimed starting suddenly from the chair

he had also used and betraying still more of the eagerness and apprehension

he was still at. "Christian spies?"

"Yes spies, yes indeed. That is exactly what they are. And more dangerous

than the Vivian girls too."

"Who are they?--how do you know they are here to spy on me or my

army?"

"I overheard their plans. I put wind in a roundabout way, and so did my

teller mention me as a result of talk on the part of the servants of the

Princesses that there was going to be something doing, with the Abidman

region as a central point of interest. I suspected that at once that

the interests of Glendelinia were involved, that with their purpose if it

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is successful, Glandelinia will be doing the Horn Pipe dance for safety, so I stole slyly, while Hawkshaw like up to their rendezvous one night and listened to some of them as they discussed their plans and;

"Some of them." General Manley interrupted, his face turning white. "Who are they? The Vivian girls already after their terrible experience within the territory of John Manley?"

"Not yet, but they're leaders in the Conspiracy. But there's whole troupes of them."

"That's a funny story." The Glandelinian general commented dubiously, searching the face of his visitor for an explanation of his, to her, queer statement.

"Not at all funny when you hear it in detail." The Professional spy returned quietly.

"Well hurry up with the details. The impatient general demanded.

"There is no need of being in a hurry." The spy said with provoking calmness. "Business is business you see and full confidences should never be exchanged in a situation of this kind until a contract is drawn up, signed, sealed, witnessed, and recorded. In other words I ought to have a full understanding and a retainer before I go any farther."

General Manley had no reason whatever to have the slightest doubts that this was coming sooner or later.

"I hope you realize Mr. NeroFania that we generals are not exactly made of money." The general remarked tentatively by way of meeting the demand which he read between the spy's words. Moreover we are now under heavy expenses during the last year in the paying of the soldiers and officers, and you and your helper got a good deal of what our government has paid out to you."

"Not so very much." The spy corrected from his point of view. "You must remember that I and he and honest of the time has only had our agents working for you, and also through other men, and they handled the payroll on which he and we were only the payees, and naturally they took what they didn't absolutely have to give to me."

"Well how much do you want for this service?" The general demanded.

"I ought to have at least 234 dollars a day and my expenses until those spies are either frustrated or captured." the man answered.

"Absolutely out of the question. That's ten times the amount of the income I get from the Glandelinian government for my services as general especially from the source you are interested in, and my son John Manley pays me only thirteen hundred dollars a year. And a considerable part of that has to go for my uniforms, board, and education in generalship to perfection."

"That is one of the important points to which I am coming," the spy interrupted. "I come to inform you that since they returned violet, and those pretty sisters of hers, and that terrible wildcat girl-cut leader the highest girl-cut of all ranks of their nation are very much interested in how that disaster at Abhisann came about, the explosions especially you know, and also how and why it was, and they have decided to find these things out."

"It's a case of the nation's old suspicions being revived!" The general the general asked.

"I suppose so, anyway they are mighty suspicious. And it's the Princesses who thought of it first. It's that Angelina Aronburg."

"Who? Who's been paddling stories to her?"

"That's something I didn't find out. But I'll confess she's dangerous, she knows me and Pedro and we have to watch our guard. They'd shoot us on sight if they knew fully what we were up to."

"Don't you think a \$234 day man spy ought to find out?"

"Perhaps and perhaps I could have discovered that very thing if I thought it wise to spend the time on it. After the mischief was done, it seemed hardly worth while to expend any effort to find the mischief maker. I decided it was best to get after the mischief and stop it."

"I suppose you're right," assented the general. "But it really would be a lot of satisfaction to know who is the one who informed that dangerous girl-cut."

"But general this is no time to waste any of your efforts on revenge. That may come later not now. She intends to make a general Aronburg start a Junction with the Vivian and move up to that spot and drive the enemy from the territory so they can start on the work. But how about my fee sir?"

"You ask too much."

"I don't agree with you. That's a very small fee compared with what some of your agencies get. Why I know professional spies who never take a job under eight hundred dollars a day or a thousand."

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"That's in Myletrea Da Banyan armies, where the generals are under heavy expenses---costly uniforms and staff officials."

"Where do you get your information?"

"Oh I have received them from scouts." The general replied with emphasis on the last word. "And I know there are plenty of generals who get only \$10 dollars a day, some less. Now what do you think of that? Do you think you, who are just a Professional spy, ought to get more than any of us generals?"

"Oh a fudge on the general." The spy exclaimed in affected disgust. "No big spy will take one of those leading army jobs. There are lots of your Glandelinian spies who could easily have made fifty thousand or a hundred thousand dollars a year, and there are few generals getting more than \$20,000."

"Well I'm lucky Mr. Spy if I can allow you the payment of even \$10 a day, and we can't pay that very long. We are under heavy expenses here and in Glandelinia because of the war, and besides your efforts to stop those child spies might be a failure. To stop those Vivian girls is to stop the lightning. I know them well. Capture them, and the way they get away again is like losing your jewels to a thief."

"You ought to end soon," said general Manley. "The spy advised. "Remember your own special income may be raised or maybe it can't last forever, and too you might get killed in battle. This war isn't no small affair you know, in fact it's bigger than any war ever on record and bel bloody beyond measure. The war is past one year now going nearly up to two, and if you are not able to command through the system because of the failure on your part your income might stop when the war is a year older. And those spies might take everything away from you."

"Take everything away." The general exclaimed in a startled manner indicating that his apprehension had not carried his imagination as far as this.

"Sure why not." The spy returned. "What do you think all this spy talk about christian child spies has been leading up to---A Fairy story for children---or a Christmas Present out of season? If violet, and her sisters received suspicion through Gertrude, and all are suspicious enough to send a lot of secret spies right here to get the goods on you and to transform the most important others to investigate the region of Abhisann and the explosion territory, don't you think those Vivian girls have some notion to taking some sort of drastic action to cause the downfall of Glandelinia?"

"What kind of gods do they expect to get on me?" The general asked.

"I'm not responsible for the disaster, never knew it was coming."

"Can't you guess?"

"I can't imagine, dream, or even suspect."

"Just hurry things along to an agreement between you or me, and I'll tell you. Or otherwise I'll try some other else."

"I'll give you fifteen dollars a day and reasonable expenses, including your board and carefare, and such incidentals when you are away from the army. That is all condition ed of, of course on your proving to my satisfaction that you have the information you say you have. There's no use of my fighting for this cause if you have to allow spies to frustrate my every move and then don't pay anything without getting my benefit from it."

"I'll try not to be so hard on you as all that." The spy assured the general. "I accept your offer, although it's the minimum I would consider. I supposed you are prepared to give me a check check to day."

"Yes I can give you something, your expenses thus far, and maybe a little besides. Now hurry up and tell your story."

"I can do it in a very few words. Angelina nichee the Angelinian Professional National Scout, equal head to the Vivian girls has sent half a hundred or more dangerous Angelinian girls out up here to find out the distance of general Vivian's army and they are going to cause it to make a Junction with general Aronburg so that they can first crush you, and then the ambush north so they can go up with the Vivian girls and find out what was the cause of the explosions and if they were created by the orders of your government or not. It has been circulated throughout the world that the disaster was a disturbance of Nature, but that one who is called Gertrude Angelina, but whose right name is Evangelina Aronburg has received word from some unknown source to the contrary, and is planning to investigate if she discovers that her suspicions are true. These spies are all the girl-cut Rangers. One of them Angelina nichee is the daughter of general Vivian. The proof of my

statement that some of them even are here now to spy on you in is in their plan to go up there and they are just now trying to find means to cultivate a means to telegraph to general Aronburg with the instructions to crush through all obstacles and move northward to join general Aronburg that pretty Angelina Aronburgs uncle. That Angelina Aronburg, and another sweetfaced little brat of a scout were up here toolooking over the lay of the ground, rescued a child slave, took one of your men prisoners, and maybe they're here yet. Undoubtedly you'll see something of them to morrow or the next day."

The general's eyes flashed dangerously. The spy saw the menace in his look and manner.

"As I am now in your employ as counsel," he said, "I'll begin giving advice at once. Cut out this business of trying to capture the , for you won't be able to do it. It's your worse enemy to yourself to try it now. We must just try to frustrate their purpose. There's one particular boyscout well known by them but you know is a strange mystery to us, that Radcliffe who is known as the "Rattlesnake" for his dangerous qualities. He is also a chief leader of them and has long held their organization in the highest esteem. He has taken Angelina Aronburg, and that forlorn Penrod into his full confidence. They are going to play their part too, and play it well. But I have discovered who that Radcliffe is. It is not a boy but a girl in disguise and that Gertrude's sister. And the other girls, scouts and boys are so chummy that they treat each other as if they regarded each other as the dearest darling friends on earth. You know how good people like Abbieannians are among themselves. General Manley's face soured at this suggestion. "No one of that or you'll spoil the whole game. Violet, and her sisters, that Riches scout, and Angelina Aronburg sure mean business. I tell you, and all they need to go do is to prove the cause of the Abbieann calamity, and there will be a meeting then in the Highest Abbieann courts which will cause speedy mobilization of the whole of Abbieannia and your country is sunk. By the way where are your own girl and boyscouts and the other members of them."

"They are in general John Manley's command at St. Claire city," the general answered. "I intended to make a junction with him next week; his furlough begins then, and he'll take a few weeks vacation. My elder son Huebama Jr. a general too went up the country a bit with some of his armies but has not yet engaged any christian armies. All my scouts are therefore at Johns. The Child slaves of course are in my command but I had intended transferring them to elsewhere."

"By the way, general, how well are your slaves supplied with clothing?" the spy inquired.

"They have some good suits," the general replied slowly as if going over what they do wear.

"Dress them up like child scouts of your own side, and get more uniforms for special occasions. You might be having others work on some article of clothing for them also. That would indicate strongly that you only have a scouts and they won't try to take away by the slaves." Now general if you don't mind, I will take my check, and go back to the christian lines for further details. I'll be back again, and with my helper this time but don't think it advisable for me to come often. I have prepared a short telephone cipher code by which we can carry on a common place conversation over some secretly put up wire and let each other know if all is well or if trouble is brewing or has already broken. Here's a copy of it."

The general wrote the spy a check for 95 dollars, and he arose to depart.

"Remember," he said as he stood facing the general at the doorway. "The success of this little plan of ours rests in the ability of yourself and other members of the Glandelinian army to play the most spontaneously game the cleverest persons ever planned. Warn your son of the danger threatening him and advice him to retreat northward, and if you can strike general Aronburg a blow to morrow and break up his army if possible so you can get through and start for Abbieann. If you fall down on this undoubtedly Glandelinia will lose the war like a train crash."

Then he went out, mounted his horse, and rode away.

The twenty four girlscouts in the large motor boat landed and proceeded with Angelina Aronburg and Jean up the long slope to the top of the rise where a conference was held. The two advanced girlscouts reported developments in detail, much to the interest, surprise and some delight of the other girlscouts. Therefore they realized that so far the progress was good and so encouraging that everybody showed

a disposition of some impatience at the very fast sign of activity. "We must go right back, and get general Aronburg to move back from this region a little ways," said Gertrude. "We ought to also move our own camps as possible, for we mustn't run any risks of allowing that new Glandelinian army from taking general Aronburg's army unawares."

"Don't you think it would help to allay their suspicions if we remained here a while and looked around as if interested in the scenery just as if we were tourists?" Mildred Maxwell suggested.

"No I don't think so its too dangerous now," said Gertrude quickly. "Either that 'Mr. Jeff' suspects us or he doesn't but he knows me just the same. If he suspects us he has grounds for his suspicions and any attempt to throw him and his companion off the track now would not only result in failure but would involve upon us a conflict we don't cherish just now. I think we had better assume that he and the other knows what we are up to and act accordingly, without appearing to admit it. If it is possible I'm going to try and capture or shoot those two scoundrels. I promised them I would when I met them at Delight's Junction if they ever dared show themselves to me again."

"But won't they try to cover up the evidence we are after?" Joy St. Claire reasoned.

"Of course they will," Gertrude answered.

"But that surely should be one of the most interesting features of this adventure," said Gladys Wentworth who already had a reputation wider than the girlscout force for natural shrewdness. "When they begin to do that, that'll prove to us absolutely that Glandelinia is guilty of the disasters, without our need to even make the investigation, though we'll do it anyhow."

"Can't you point out from the flood the place or places where you think it would be well for us to send some telegraph to the christian army at St. Claire?" Minnie Saunders inquired, addressing her sister and Gertrude.

"We can get a pretty good view of it from here sister dear," Jean replied. "It's right up the shore between those two half burned cottages which are about the same distance up from the water and have similar paths and flights of steps running down to their boat landings. I believe this shows the flood here is over some stream. Between those two places is a stretch of timber land that doesn't seem to be used by any one in particular and where we can keep hidden from the Glandelinians. We didn't explore it because we didn't have time, and because too of our rescue of this child with us, and the capture of this Glandelinian soldier. We saw also must contain some good place to fix up the telegraph station. We saw also several open spots near the road that could be used if nothing better is found, but it might expose us to the sight of the enemy and bring us under heavy fire. We must make a complete inspection of course before we select a site, but that won't take long and can be done when we bring our outfit up here."

"We ought to take a run in the boat along the shore and see if we can't find a good landing place," Gertrude suggested. "Wouldn't it be delightful if we could find a suitable place on the side of the hill and overlooking the flood. Let's take enough time for that."

"It's a good idea," said Angelina Riches warmly.

"Let's do that at once and then run back to general Aronburg's army. But remember girls don't say anything about our mission on the boat. You see we don't the gray, you didn't. And besides the boatman whom we hired would be sure to start some gossip that would probably reach the ears of the very Glandelinians whom we want to keep in the dark dark as much as possible."

They were soon back in the large canopied motor boat, and Angelina Riches gave advice to the pilot. The latter cranked his engine, took his place at the wheel and backed the vessel away from the landing. A few moments later the "Jane" as the owner named the boat to distinguish it from others was dashing along the wooded hillshore which extended nearly a mile to the north of the encampments of the enemy. They obtained a good view of the section of the shore just north of the rebel army and picked out several spots which appeared from the distant view to be very good sites for setting up the temporary signal station. The prow of the boat was just about turned to the northwest, and they were beginning to cut along at full speed toward the spot they left, when an eruption of water rose with terrific noise about fifteen feet from them the ensuing wave almost upsetting the boat.

"We are under fire" gasped Gertrude. "Hurry the boat faster" she ordered to the man. The run was quickly made, and eruptions occurred at dangerously frequent intervals, and once a terrific shower of water was thrown over every one of them, with debris and dirt and mud combined and the motor man was killed. Gertrude who knew how to operate the engine took charge, and landing at last to the spot, they all got out, and every one found their horses, and Gertrude and Jean hastened at once followed by the others now occasionally under fire on land to the Christian lines, and presented their information to general Aronburg. The latter was much surprised but not disturbed by the news, when he learned that general Johnston Manley was so close, and still more interested when he was informed that general Manley had intentions of making a junction with his son at Evangeline St. Claire. Gertrude to prove the state of things made a pen and ink drawing of the vicinity as hastily as she could indicating the approximate lines of the lands in possession, and the general decided it was back to form his armies into strong positions, stretch it out and watch every move of the enemy while Virginia now reinforced by him was ordered by army telegraphic communications to try and prevent Manley from advancing south, and if he attempted to do so to strike a blow.

An hour later into the Christian lines rode the equine Jeff eyed and faced men whose activities had already created much interest, but he had avoided contact with the girls, or not even was seen by them this time and he entered the headquarters of one of the Angelinian military Stations and inquired:

"Have you seen my tall companion?"

"I did."

"Where did he go?"

"He is still in general Aronburg's headquarters."

"Are you one of the Christian officers who takes charge for camping purposes of that landscape along the flood shore just north of the Glandelinian camps?"

"I am." The officer replied.

"Do you allow any one to camp there for pleasure purposes for a week or two at a time?"

"We don't object if they are all right. I always require some sort of a passport. But I wouldn't allow strangers to squat there without giving me some sort of notice or a pass. If you want to pitch any tents there though you'll have to get the granted permission of the girls, or under Angelina's permission."

"Is that so? Where is she to be located?"

"In general Aronburg's headquarters when they are not out, if you know where that is."

"I would like to have some of my friends camp there," said the spy in an affected tone of disappointment.

"I don't think they'd grant any more permits in that vicinity because there is peril of battle at any moment," the man announced rather meditatively. "Of course I feel rather a personal interest in those brave girls, and the boys too, and they too don't want any strangers whom they don't know to pitch any tents too near them, especially if you would not take the chance. They would resent it pretty severely. Your friend might perhaps locate half a mile farther up the shore."

"I'll tell them what you say." The spy lied, as he left the station.

"Five minutes later he was in an army telephone booth calling for the telephone number of Aronburg's headquarters. One of the girls, who was within the building answered the ring.

He told her he wanted and then hearing another answering call was attentive.

"Is this Francis Pedro?" He inquired in a quiet voice.

"Yes" was the reply.

"This is Nero Fenia. I just called to inform you that the parties we were talking about are on to us and our scheme and if we don't take precautionary measures we'll be captured. You'll probably see something of them tomorrow. Clear out of the building for safety. I'll meet you at the South Company Street."

"Thank you."

"I'll be there. You'll be meeting you at the South Company Street this afternoon between three and four o'clock."

"I'll expect you."

He ended the conversation.

Before dinner time Angelina Aronburg received the letter that Emperor Vivian had announced in his telegram addressed to her earlier in the morning would follow that communication.

She did not discuss the matter with any of the girls, but quietly passed it around until all her girls' scout officials had read it. In his letter Emperor Vivian stated little that had not been read between the lines of the telegram, although his views and comments on the circumstances were interesting if not startling. He had seen the two professional spies arrive at some station just as the wagon train arrived, hide themselves in some wagon just as the wagon train was pulling up out. Curiously stirred perhaps by the recollection that these two professional men may be Glandelinian spies and had recently represented in forests hostile to the Christian cause and to Gertrude in particular, and remember her story of her rescue of Penrod twice, and that these two might still represent those interests, caused him to attempt to have them apprehended but of no avail. But he had found out which point the wagon train was headed for, for when he demanded the information he got the answer: "To General Aronburg's army." That was sufficient. The Emperor then got his telegram pad and wrote a few lines. Then he gave the message to the operator with these directions: "I want that to reach Miss Angelina Aronburg as soon as possible. Keep it going from my signal station, to station until it is delivered. Send it by wireless. Nothing can interrupt that. Have the operator who succeeds in getting the message into Miss Aronburg's hands wire back 'Delivered' as soon as she receives it."

On the hour following dinner, the advanced excursion and inspection of the prospects of erecting a telegraph station was again thought of and the motor boat was again engaged to convey the girls' scout leaders to the prospective place. On this occasion the apparatus and other material were taken aboard and conveyed to the scene of the work. The boat skirted along the shore, and a careful examination was made to discover safe landing places that might prove access from the flood waters to such sites for the station as might later be found.

Several good landing places were found. The one they finally adopted tentatively as a mooring for the boat was a large flat rock projection a few hundred yards north of the Glandelinian position. And a comparatively level shore margin extended back nearly a thousand yards from the rock to the point where the incline began. The boatman who was engaged, and a boy scout of thirteen who had been engaged in assisting in handling the heavier material remained in the boat while the girls started off in pairs to explore the nearest territory for the most advantageous and available site. They then came together half an hour later and compared notes. The result was that the report made by Mary Stanek and Jane Melfort proved the most interesting and the most excellent. They had found a pretty rocky half way up the side of the hill shore, and sheltered by a bluff on the inland side and high trees and bushes at either end, so that the enemy could not see them, nor any fire stone of the forest blazes could seriously damage a well constructed camp in this place. The area was considerable quite sufficient for the pitching of tents for any size of a camp but their purpose was only to erect a temporary telegraph station.

After the girls had inspected this proposed site in a body, an unanimous vote was taken in favor of its adoption. This being their decision they returned without delay for the boat and the work of carrying their outfit for the erection of the station a distance of some fifteen hundred yards was begun. The pilot and the boy scout as a assistant took the heavier luggage, while the girls carried the lighter articles and supplies. In this manner everything was transported to the station site in about two hours. The pilot and the boy then assisted in the work of putting up the station and after this was finished, they were paid and dismissed.

Everything went along smoothly while all this was being done. Not a single Glandelinian soldier or any person appeared in sight except the occupants of several refugees in a boat that passed by. The Glandelinian army under the Johnston Manley was about a quarter of a mile to the southwest, and a part of it was further up the hill, but the screen of dense foliage shut it off from view at the telegraph station of the girls' scouts. All the rest of the afternoon was required to put everything together, and the wiring to be done.

Everything had been set up and made ready, and so eager were they to finish this work that they did not stop to think of the supper time or to prepare a lunch, and were through with their telegraphing, had taken down the instruments and were back in camp before they realized it was an hour since supper time. But they had nevertheless sent their message.

However they ate hurriedly prepared, sandwiches, olives, salmon, and cake, and drank lemonade, picnic style in front of General Archibald's tent, and kept at their camp preparations between bites as it were. In the evening however they had a good camp fire girls supper prepared by Gertrude Angeline, and three others. Then they sat around one of the camp fires of the vast army and chatted principally about how the scenery would be presented to them when the time came to reach Abbeism. But they were tired girls, and needed no urging to seek rest on their cots as it grew darker. The move "Bedward" was almost simultaneous and the drift toward slumberland not far behind. They had one complete day undisturbed with anything of a mysterious or very startling nature and it was quite a relief to find it quite possible for one to go to sleep at night after twenty hours of diligent work without being confronted with apprehensions of some impending danger or possible defeat of their plans.

The following morning August the 26th the little girlscoouts all awoke bright and cheerful, entirely refreshed by their long night's rest. Breakfast of bacon, flapjacks and thick maple syrup, bread and butter and chocolate invigorated them for a new day of camp life in a new place.

For this morning their program was already pretty well mapped out being practically the same as that followed while in camp in other armies. They still did some work on certain lines arranged under the honor lists of the craft but were giving particular attention to knitting and sewing for the Abbeismian Red Cross which they aided in an auxiliary capacity. The program regularly followed by these Ranger girl and boyscoouts always when not on particular military duty required three hours of routine work each day. This they usually performed between the hours of seven and ten, or eight and eleven, depending upon the time of their getting up and the speed with which they disposed of the early morning incidentals.

On this morning in spite of the fact that they had gone to bed very tired as a result of the exertions of the preceding day, the girl and boyscoouts awoke arose shortly after five o'clock, though their rising hour is eight, and by five thirty all were engaged in various record making occupations, including the washing of the breakfast dishes, and the making of the beds, and the general tidying up of the camp. After the routine had been attended to, the girlscoouts themselves took a hike for the purpose of exploring the country to the north of the christian lines this time. This exploration extended about two miles along the shore of the flood their route generally being a hard road that skirted the flood at varying distances of from a few rods to a quarter of a mile from the waters edge, depending upon the configuration of the shore line.

During much of this hike Angeline picked, Gertrude and Jean walked together and discussed plans for securing a condition of affairs that might be expected to produce results in harmony with the purpose of their coming mission. They were all at first, but after a short and fruitless discussion of what appeared to be next to nothing, Jean herself made a random suggestion which quickly threw a more hopeful light on affairs.

"It seems to me that we got to do something that will not attract too much attention," she said. "We must not do anything sensational or at least too lively, or any stunts that will cause any one we don't trust to know we are here, for otherwise all the glandonian army will be bent on trying to frustrate us. Why not send to some location by wireless and get a bunch of Abbeismian Camp fire girls to help us at our schemes?"

"That's the very idea," Gertrude said eagerly.

Jean was a little startled at this reception of her suggestion. When she spoke, she was merely grouping for an idea. But Gertrude's approval woke her up to a realization that she had unwittingly hit the nail on the head.

"Yes," she said picking up the thread of a real idea as she proceeded. "We got to be careful not to attract any attention. That's the only way we can cover up our scheme for those two spies are showing too much interest in us."

"What shall we do?" Angeline Riches inquired.

"Get the service of camp fire girls. And map out for our use a spectacular program of some sort," Jean replied. "We might build a big bonfire for one thing on the shore at night, and go through some of our military exercises including girlscoout and folk dances."

"Good," said Angeline Riches. "Let's start off with that. And tomorrow we can have some games while we are waiting for the reply of the Princesses games that will make it necessary for us to run all over the country--here and hounds, for instance."

"Say there's one thing we forgot in all this excitement," said Gertrude. "We haven't none of us had even so much as a good wash since our trip down on the raft. We ought to find a good safe swimming place near at hand in the lines and take a good bath."

"Let's look for one this morning," Angeline Riches suggested.

"But how will we test it?" Jean inquired.

"That's easy the Royal scout said. 'We will use long poles to try the depth, and then one of us will take the chances to swim out with one end of a strong rope attached to her and the other end in the hands of two of the boys ready to haul in if she needs assistance. In that way we will be able to locate a good place to go in for a swim and not run any risk of anybody's being drowned.'"

"We've got a good starter, anyway," Gertrude remarked in a tone of perfect satisfaction. By the time we have taken care of those at home something more of the same character ought to occur to us. Yes that's the very way to interest ourselves while we are waiting for the vivid girls to tell us when they're to begin."

The three now separated, and mingled with the other girlscoouts who were some distance ahead or behind, and communicated the new plan to all of them. It was received with general approval and was the main topic of conversation until they all returned to the camp for early morning luncheon.

After the luncheon, the girl and boyscoouts with two sharp hatchets among them began a search through the timber for some long thin saplings. After a search for about half an hour. After a half hour's search they were in possession of three or four straight cottonwood poles, and five crooked ones but all very strong, each ten or twenty feet long, and with these in their possession they began an examination of the water depth along the shore for a safe and suitable bathing place.

They might have used their fishing rods for this purpose, but these were not serviceable as they were of extremely light material, and more over were hardly long enough for this purpose. The saplings too appeared or proved to be the most excellent feelers and the work progressed rapidly from the start. About two hundred yards of the christian lines was a sandy beach which extended along the shore of the flood for a very great distance. It was here that the child scouts decided to start their first under water explorations and therefore they tied a rough stone near one end of each of the poles to increase its special weight and gravity and then proceeded to feel for depth along the waters edge. And good and careful examination with these poles failed to disclose as much depth as they expected to find, neither could they discover any sudden drop from the gradual downward slope of the land into the water so that after all despite the fury of the flood there was absolutely no treacherous places near the shore, no bogs quicksands or dangerous undertows. Satisfied in this respect they now arranged for a further test. Jane Mallfort who was an excellent swimmer, returned to the christian lines, donned a bathing suit, and then rejoined the other girl and boy scouts bringing with her along ropes of the clothline variety. One end of this was looped around her waist and Marion Stancklingburg had an opportunity to exhibit her skill at tying a bowline. While at their directions two of the boys held the rope and paid it out, Jane waded into the water stepping carefully ahead in order to avoid a surprise of any sort resorting to from some unseen danger of such things as sharp sunken ice a piece of wreckage under the surface of the water. To some all this caution might seem foolish, foolish in as much as Jane swam well but one rule of the girlscoouts prohibited even the best swimmers from going into water more than waist deep unless they were at a beach provided with expert life saving facilities.

The purpose of Jane's exploration was to wade over as large an area of the flood as possible and establish a certainty that it was free from deep set offs or stop offs, bottomless pockets, quicksands, and treacherous undertows which floods usually have. Soon it became evident that she had a bigger undertaking before her than she had reckoned on, for the bed of the flood sloped very gradually or hardly didn't slope at all for no matter how far out she went it remained of the same depth, and Gertrude and Mary Stancklingburg volunteered to assist her.

"All right," said Jane welcoming the suggestion. "Go and put on your bathing suits, and bring a few more hanks of rope. Better bring all there is there for a probably we will need a lot of it now."

Gertrude and Mary hastened back to the Christian lines and in a short time returned, clad in their bathing suits and carrying several hundred feet of "hang man's" rope. In a few minutes they too were in the water and taking part in the exploration protected against the unknown conditions, as Jane was protected. . . . In half an hour they had explored and pronounced safe as large a bathing place as their supply of rope would permit. "Fence in" and then began the "fencing" process. They cut several stout sticks or stakes six feet long and took them to the floods edge. Then the three girls in bathing suits assumed their new duty as water pile drivers. They took one of the stakes at a time to point along the proposed boundary line of the bathing place, also a heavy mallet that had been brought along for this purpose. A wooden mallet by the way, was much more of service than a hammer or stone or hatchet for such purpose, inasmuch as if dropped, it would not sink, and moreover it could be wielded by one with much less danger to any of those working together in the water. The first stake was taken to the northeast corner of the proposed enclosure. Gertrude who carried the mallet, gave it to Jane who was strong, and then climbed to a sitting posture on the latter's shoulders. Then Jane stood the stake on its sharpened end and Gertrude took hold of it with one hand and began to drive down on the upper end with the mallet, which Jane handed back to her. It however was very hard to work for several reasons, hard for Jane to maintain a steady and firm posture under the moving weight, hard for Gertrude who wielded the mallet with unerring strokes, hard to force the sharpened point into the well packed bed of the flood. Gertrude's right arm became very tired before she had driven the stake deep enough to insure a reasonable degree of firmness.

While this task was being performed, the girls were still being protected against the danger of being swept into much deeper water by the ropes looped around their waists and held at the other ends by some of the boys on the sandy beach while other boys were coming over to help in pounding the stakes. After this stake had been set firmly into the ground under the water the girls returned to the shore and got another. This they took to another position about the same distance from the land as the first one and one of the strong boys drove it into the hardened ground under the flood. The same process was continued, until nine such stakes had been driven.

Then they took up the work of extending rope from stake to stake and completing the enclosure. The rope was then supported by bouys of light wood tied to the rope, two at the two extreme ends of which were attached to stakes driven into the shore close to the water.

"There, that is what I call a pretty good job," declared Gertrude Angelina gazing with proud satisfaction upon the result of more than four hours steady work, done of course mostly by the boys for them. "Whenever you girls come and you too please come out here to go bathing. Your army is inactive, you will be well warranted in assuming that you and the boys too have earned your plun ges."

"All the girls come by this time had their bathing suits on, but most of them were loath to remain in the water long, and as it was nearly general Breakfast time, they by common consent adjourned to the camp to take some rest until breakfast time.

"Will it appear that our activities have not yet aroused any 'pious' talk among the boys or Christians either," Jane Mollfort observed as they began their march back to the sheltered group of tents.

"I'm not so certain of that," Gertrude Angelina replied.

"Why not?" Angelina inquired, or inquired, while a number of the girls who were near looked curiously at their main girl scout leader, Gertrude.

"Because I believe I have seen evidences of more than common interest."

"You have" exclaimed two or three unguardedly.

"Now all of you, girls and boys together, you are forgetting yourselves yourselves," said Gertrude warningly. "Remember that the first requisite of skill in your girl and boy scout work here is utmost caution. The reason I didn't say anything to you about what I and also Jean saw in that I was afraid some of you might be losing your interest in the fact that we were being watched or spied on. I saw a number of gray clad figures, soldiers at that on horseback half hidden in a large clump of bushes up near the top of that hill yonder. I am sure they were watching us, and might have attacked us too if we had not been too close to the Christian lines. But I am sure they were watching us nevertheless. They were there at least all the time we had been working. . . ."

Nearly all of the girls and boys were evidently present when Gertrude suddenly made this at a startling announcement that they had been watched secretly for four hours by Glandelinians savorily while rapping off the limits of their swimming place nearby the Christian lines. The other girls, all of them, had taken the lead back to the camp and were a considerable distance ahead.

Are the Glandelinians watching us yet?" Jane Mollfort asked.

"I do not see any now," Gertrude replied. "I have not seen any sign of them during the last twenty minutes."

"How do you know they are Glandelinians?" Angelina inquired or inquired.

"Oh they may be a column of Christian patrol in disguise, but I'll take a chance on a guess that they are not. The uniform millinery I caught a peep at looked too chic for anything else than those Glandelinians called Garrolyian Curdies or 'Whorlers'. I have a pretty good long distanced eyes I'll have you know," Gertrude concluded smartly.

There was no little excitement among the whole troop of girl and boy scouts when this bit of news was communicated to them, but nevertheless they had received good experienced training along the lines of self control and just a hint of the wisdom of loud and extravagant remarks put them on their guard. Some of the girl scout leaders proposed that the plan of building a bonfire in the evening be given up and no one objected to this suggestion. And besides all of the girls and boys who had been out working on the flood felt like resting in their tents than doing anything else and those who had performed the more arduous tasks in the work of the early morning were "too tired to eat breakfast" as one of them expressed it. So no one felt like hunting through the timber for a big supply of firewood. The atmosphere too was dreadfully warm with a southeasterly forest fire wind draught, but the girls had hardly noticed this condition until their work in the water was finished and they returned to camp, and too the sky was as dark with smoke as though from thunder clouds.

After they had rested a while some of the girls took to read books and wrote letters, but little more was done before breakfast.

Yet after breakfast some of the boys, who felt more vigorous than those who had performed the exhausting labor of the morning morning revived the idea of a big camp bonfire and were soon at work gathering a huge supply of wood. They busied themselves at this until nearly night o'clock and then called the whole regiment of girl and boy scouts down to the waters edge where on a rocky ledge of huge size arrangements for the fire had been made. All of the girl and boy scouts so congratulated themselves on the revival of the big bonfire idea for the whole army was taking campfires to cook breakfast. A good bonfire there was just the thing although it would make a smoke the closely surrounding atmosphere uncomfortably warm.

Even the girls who had performed the hardest tasks in the "Fencing in" of their swimming place were by this time considerably rested, and enjoyed watching the huge fire seize the wood and leap into the air accompanied by huge rolls of smoke of black and gray.

"Let's sing!" Proposed Miss Saunders after the fire had grown into a roaring crackling blaze of great proportions throwing a terrific heat to a great distance and driving it then some distance from it.

"What shall it be?" Asked Virginia Zimmerman or Jane Mollfort rather.

"Burn fire burn," Violet Lindy proposed.

"Vary you start it," Gertrude suggested, for Mary Stark was the "Star" soprano of all Abhiannian girl scout camp fire songs.

In a moment the well trained voices of all the girl and boy scouts in the whole army were sending the clear, childish operatic strains of a So special Abhiannian Camp fire song. The music had been composed by some great writer of songs. This song was succeeded by a chorus rendering of a familiar adaptation of the Fire Makers songs. Then followed an impromptu program of Rarilious Hymns Hymns such as "Mother Dear Remember Me, or too followed by Sweet Sacred Heart, and then afterwards a Forest fire song, and then though they were Abhiannians they finished in with such well known musical expressions of patriotism as "America," Star a grand old Banner---and then All Abhiannians forever ever in evidence of a mindfulness of the dreadful struggle between Abhiannia and Glandelinia.

Meanwhile something like dusk gathered heavier and heavier, but they did not pay any attention and the girls continued to sing songs and tell stories. At last however Gertrude announced that it was nine o'clock

which was time for the drilling to go on, and there was a general move to quickly extinguish the fire which by this time had been allowed to burn low. Suddenly all were startled by an astonishing occurrence. A heavy object, something unseen but huge in size tore through the heap of embers scattering sparks and burning sticks in all directions. There was a chorus of screams, and a frantic examination, by every one closest to the fire of one another's clothes to see if any of them were afire. "Who in the world did that now?" Jane Melfort demanded angrily, as she gently examined her own clothes, and then quickly struck out a spark that clung to the skirt of Angelina Riches.

"Q uick girls, or you boys." Gried Gertrude "Did any of you throw something into the fire just for a lark?"

"There was a 'Storm' of indignant denials with emphasis. There was immediately no room for doubt now that the missile missile had been thrown by some one outside the semicircle near the bonfire, or perhaps it was a shell that failed to explode. All eyes were turned back toward the timber a short distance away to the east but not the aim of a single person, a not alone Glandelinians could they see in any direction except when looking on their own friends, in the camp, but the missile didn't come from there, but from the straight east.

"If we'd been on the other side of the bonfire we'd have got that storm of sparks and embers right in our faces and all over us, and maybe needed medical treatment for burns." Mary Stanek said indignantly.

"We ought to cover the trail of the missile and see what it is, and find out who hurled it." Jean Saunders declared. "It must have been that Mutt or that Jeffsy without the slightest doubt."

"If they did they ought to be taken care of immediately." Said Joy St. Claire.

"Yes and if that sort of thing is repeated many times, some of us probably will have to be taken care of, and I don't mean maybe" observed Gland Gladys's Wanthworth.

"Listen," Gertrude interrupted, and the occasion of her interruption did not call for explanation. All heard it. A moment later it was repeated. It was a distant weird sound but was pronounced into the "Watch word 2 of the girlscouts."

"No boy or girlsout ever made such a crazy noise as that." Said Mildred died infelibly.

"It is a sane voice." Jean Saunders remarked.

"I'll bet a new uniform that it is that Mutt Spy." Ventured Joice.

"Have you a new dress uniform." Asked Violet.

"I'm paying for one out of my allowance." Joice replied.

Just then the noise was repeated, a hoarse hollow vocal vocalization of the girlsout Watchword. This time it seemed to be farther away.

"I'll bet the person who gave that call, threw the missile into our bonfire." Said Gertrude in a tone of conviction. "If he bothers us any more we'll open fire on him. We ought to have done that when he made that cry."

A The girls now turned their attention again to the fire. It took about ten pails of fire carried from the lake and dashed into the embers to extinguish the blaze until not a spark remained. Then they returned to their tents undisturbed for the coming of dinner although no disturbance had before morning, but they heard nothing more of the intruder yet. Then after dinner the girls put on their bathing suits and went to the edge of the flood just for a short while. Mary Stanek and Gladys Wanthworth reached the water's edge first, and presently they were giving utterances to such unusual expressions indicative seemingly of anything but pleasure that the other girls hastened down to see what what was the matter. There was how or however no need of explanation. The evidence was right there before them. The stakes that had been driven into the bed of the flood to hold the ropes intended to indicate the safety limit had been pulled out and thrown upon the shore. The rope itself had disappeared.

"There surely are some malicious mischief makers in this camp or its immediate vicinity." Jane Melfort observed. "I suppose the person who did that was that P. C. professional spy or at least the one who threw that missile into our bonfire and hoisted our watchword so badly."

"What shall we do." Glandys Wanthworth questioned anxiously. "We surely can't let this sort of thing go on one minute longer."

"We must get the Christian officials on to them." Jean Saunders suggested.

"Do you suppose they would be able to do anything." Mildred asked. "I understand it's very hard to get any official on to any body when it's so difficult to trace them."

"Then we'll have to organize a series of relief watches, and take the law into our own hands." Gertrude proposed.

"Spoken like a true soldier." Commented Angelina Riches approvingly. "I was going to suggest something of the same sort, but remember if we catch any one meddling with us you know our penalty."

"Where do you suppose they hide our rope." Mary Stanek inquired.

"Maybe somebody needed a clotheline and took it."

"Why look, here comes somebody like Christian girlscouts but dressed unlike us." said Mary Stanek.

"I know what they are." said Mildred. "They are Abolitionist Camp Fire girls."

"Maybe they'll be able to throw some light on the situation." said Glandys.

All looked up and saw two uniformed girls, but dressed far differently than the girlscouts. The latter were descending the wooden hill shore and had just emerged from a thick arborial growth to a comparatively clear area a hundred yards away.

"Sh! Gertrude warned quickly. "Be careful of what you say or do. They are the Camp Fire Girls of this region. They might hear us, but you know they are far under us in their station. Be very good and respectful to them."

"They are, also, early risers; we must say that much for them," observed Angelina Riches in a low voice. "We must give them credit for coming toward us and—"

"Even if they do wear uniforms that make them appear as if they were dressed for a sort of outing." Glandys Wanthworth included.

"Isn't it strange." Said Joy with a suppressed titter. "I wonder if they are going in bathing."

"Kiss me still." Gertrude interposed. "They're getting pretty near. Let's not pay too much attention to them at the start. Let them seek our acquaintance, not we theirs, as you know the camp rules. The advantage will be on our side then."

At this suggestion of Gertrude the girls turned their attention again to the condition about their bathing beach on the edge of the flood. A moment later Jean Saunders made a discovery that centered all interest in unaffected earnest upon the latest degradation of their enemies. With a stick she fished out one end of a small rope, and as she couldn't stop stoop because of her injured shoulder another girl was soon hauling away at what appeared to be the "clothes line" they had used to indicate the safety limits of their bathing place.

"Well conditions are not as bad as they might be." Said Gertrude as she took hold to assist at hauling the line out of the water. "We have the stakes and the ropes and can put them back into place."

"Would you mind telling us what has happened girls?"

These words drew the sudden attention of the girlsout officials away from the object discovered in the water and to the speaker who was one of the older of the urbanely clad Camp Fire Girls.

"Some Glandelinian spies have been up to some very malicious mischief."

Gertrude Angelina replied. "We had roped in a bathing place after making careful examination of it and after finding it safe for those who are not good swimmers, and you can see right here what has been done with our work. Evidently the stakes were pulled up and the ropes hidden in the water, and it took four hours work to put them up this morning, and we got up miserably early to do it too. Fortunately we have just discovered the ropes."

"That sure is mean." said the younger Camp Fire girl.

"Mean is no name for it." The other of the girls declared vehemently. "Have you girls no idea what it is?"

"Not that is very terrible." Angelina Riches replied. "But we can suspect one or two professional persons whose opinion is our camp. And there was a very mysterious prowler near our camp very early this morning, but we didn't catch sight of them. One of them threw some heavy object through our bonfire early this morning and knocked the sparks and embers in every direct direction but nevertheless he kept himself hidden. A little later we heard a hideous call in the distant chest woods, which which we were pretty sure was intended to frighten us."

"That sure is strange." Commented the third of the six visitors.

"Maybe it's a professional spy." Suggested another girl who gave her name as O'ra.

"Sny." Repeated several of the girlsout officials in unison.

"Positively." The younger campfire girl exclaimed hurriedly. "Do you think she was joking when she said that." Your Christian lines are teeming with

those dirty sneaking Glandelinian spies. I know it."

The utterance of the word "spy" together with the probability that such things always could be true forced upon the imagination of the girls an irrational explanation of the strange occurrence of the early morning.

"No one can understand anything by it," Olga reassured, but her words seemed to one with a slightly forced unnaturalness. "But there has been some talk among our own companions left behind in the camp about two strange professional spies around here, you, know, an imitation or something or other of the Natural appearance of our old comic friends Mitt and Jeff."

"Did any of you Camp fire girls ever see them?" Asked Joy St. Claire.

"Not that I know of," avowed Olga. "Of course I can't understand such things, but then you never can tell. They might be natural at any, or it might be a clever disguise. But if they are here I'd rather face a half witted person, or a ghost, than such spies. They'd torture you to get information out of you."

"Are you sure they are more dangerous than two crazy men running loose around here?" asked Gandy's Wenthworth with a shudder.

"They must be, and they'll do anything to win out their work," Olga declared with a suggestion of awe in her voice. "But I'll guarantee they are here, for even emperor Vivian knows of them. If they are look out for yourselves. It's a case of who shoots a first you know. I know your plans, for somehow it leaked out from the Glandelinians, and those spies are here to frustrate you if they can."

"I am afraid they are bothering us too for I saw something mysterious moving through the woods near our camp last night," said another Camp fire girl whose name was Jean Granen. "No body I also among all us Camp Fire Girls would believe me when I told them about it. It looked like some dark moving shadow in the moonlight, and I was looking out of my tent. Suddenly the stranger stopped near the edge of the timber. He was looking toward the camp and I suppose he saw us for he picked up a stone and threw it toward where I stood. It fell a few short feet of its mark and then whoever it was, spy, or professional Glandelinian Agent--- he hid him what you please turned and moved away."

"Jean told us about that the next morning, and we all laughed at her," said Olga continuing the account. "I told her to go out and find the stone, and she did so, and picked up a large stone just about where she said the stone that was thrown at her fell."

"Were there any other stones near there?" Mary Stanck inquired.

"Yes, but none half so large. The place was covered with its stones. We looked around especially to see if others lay near by of its size but didn't find any. Afterwards we asked for some soldiers to guard our camp at night, but we were not molested after that."

"Is your Camp anywhere over there," Mildred Maxwell inquired, pointing toward the northwest.

"Yes, about four miles from the army, close to another Christian troop," the smallest girl replied. "I guess you know us as the Camp Fire Girls and it would take us too long to give you all our names. But my name is Irene Janben. We were very much interested when we learned of how near you advanced Girl Scouts had camped."

"Don't you Camp fire girls go out adventuring any?" Angelina Richan asked with a view of possibly bringing out an explanation of the attire of the Camp fire girls which seemed suited more for promenading along a metropolitan boulevard than for any other purpose.

"Oh dear yes," Olga answered. "And we follow the army very close. You know we are armed too. We have to be."

"Is there any chance of you and some of your followers helping us in our investigation?" Asked Gertrude.

"Oh dear no," Jean answered somewhat deprecatingly. "We'd like to well enough, you know but we are kept busy by our officers and the army so much that we don't just have time. We can do if you get us the permit."

Gertrude wanted to ask the Camp Fire Girls if they were willing to a stylish reception before breakfast, but then the idea struck her and she who they came all the way from their own like this. They were not ordinarily dressed like this, it was some sort of deception to use the army so they wouldn't be recognized as Camp fire girls. Ruth Gertrude and Angelina Richan wondered, until the oldest girl Olga continued her discourse to them.

"I really wish the military authorities did not demand so much of our time, and I'm sure all of my followers feel the same way about it."

There's nothing we'd like better than to aid you Girl Scouts, for we too live close to nature, you know, just the way you girls live, and our adventures are just as rigorous, even not as exciting. Truly it would be delightful to go to Abilene and see the sights of the disastere there and help you solve the Blasts mysteries. But when you become an in tragical figure in the armies you are regarded as indispensable and the military won't let go of you. But as I said before if you really desire us to go with you you could get us a permit from the Princesses."

"That's impossible," said Gertrude.

"That's what I thought," said Olga. "Our training is needed for that."

None of the girls attempted to reply to this speech. They knew Camp fire girls, and they couldn't go if they wanted to because they are not trained long enough. They were willing enough, but to get permits was impossible without the individual showing their training multitudes, and Camp fire girls are too young. The oldest one there was only ten, the others nine to eight. However Gertrude hoped for plan was to bring about the appearance of communication between them and the Camp Fire girls in order that they might associate with their camps too and that would aid a good deal in bringing sure evidence against the army.

"We'd like however to do something for you in your unfortunate situation," Jean continued with a rush of real friendliness. "I'm sure my brothers, each eighteen, nineteen, and seventeen years old and strong too would be glad to assist you in any way they can. I'm going to send them down here, if you say the word to help you extend that rope around your swimming place. They are very handy boys and it would be much better for you to let them do the work than to perform such a laborous and probably dangerous task yourself. And besides you should place guards near there too so no one can meddle with the safety lines."

"Thank you ever so much," returned Gertrude with a warmth that showed she indicated acceptance of the offer. The truth was that anything which tended to increase friendly relations between them and the Glandelinian Camp fire girls was acceptable.

"I'll have them come around any hour to day," the older Camp fire girl faithfully promised. "We must hurry back now for dinner as I hear the dinner bugle calls. We come down here personally to you see thinking you should be warned of them two spies you know."

"Come and see us any time you wish," Gertrude urged. "You'll always be welcome. We haven't made the acquaintance of other Girl Scouts around here yet. Come over some time and help us eat some of our constitutional luncheons or suppers. We have real picnics every day, the jolliest kind of times during long recesses---except when the army marches, we go out scouting, and adventure and so forth. Maybe you can help us catch those two spies."

"Catch them humph. I'd like to shoot them. I know what they did to a boy in our own band," said Olga. "Well good bye. You Girl Scouts are and see us too. Our camp isn't far away."

"Thank you" was the acknowledgment uttered by nearly all of the members of the Girl Scout force, as the Camp fire girls remounted their horses and rode homeward along a diagonal course up the side of the hill.

All the members of the girl and boy scout camp especially the officers gathered close together on the flood shore after the departure of the six camp fire girls and held a long and serious discussion of the situation.

"There was one thing missing this morning from my tent," Jane Edwards observed. "That was a pack of writing paper and my bottle of ink. I suppose one of those professional spies took a look at it."

"I wonder why they came down here at this time of day," said Dolores. "They are good Camp fire girls. There is something probably in the air, and they came down to warn us."

"I bet they never get up early like this to travel to us that time far before us lose something was wrong before," Vivian in a whisper ventured.

"Do you suppose they know something about our disfigurement and wanted to be on hand to aid us and especially when they discovered what had happened to our swimming place," Jane asked.

"That would imply that they know what it is and may want to help us for you know they wished to be a party with us in our adventures," Gertrude reasoned.

"And why not?" Mildred returned. "They don't look to me, for a moment to be hoodwinked. They are shadowed as well as we are and the Camp Fire girls are tormented by the same person as I'll be bound."

"I feel like a miserable child slave," Angelina pined declared with a sarcastic smile. "I'm not used to extending warm expressions of friendship to wicked people and asking them to call and see me." "I'd give anything if those girls were experienced enough to become members of us. None of them can have high rank you know, and when there are officers over there, the officer is a woman."

"Remember but we are spies, they ain't," said Helen Anderson. "We are always engaged in praiseworthy spy work, and we have to now always remember our own mothers, and the pa'nty, and the fist in the line if you have any doubt as to the worthiness of your occupation."

"Enough said," Gertrude announced, "I'm convinced. The jam is well spiced and I smell it already. I shall expect to find it on somebody's fist." The girlscouts did not forego their morning or noonday slings because of the removal of the "salty line" but were careful to keep within the limit which they remembered far from well. After about fifteen minutes in the water they returned to the camp and donned their uniforms, then they had dinner. The dinner dishes had not long been washed and put away when another caller arrived at the camp. Although not unaccustomed to the appearance of the new arrival was a great surprise to the girls, to all of them for they had rested much importance upon the promise of the Camp Fire Girls to send their brothers to them to offer their assistance in repairing the damage done by the suspected spies. The young boys appeared so suddenly before the eyes of the girl campers or scouts that some of them afterwards expressed the suspicion that they walked tiptoes into the camp, probably from respect. Indeed all the members of the girl and boyscouts even for years could have made the decided impression that the sound of the voice of one of them was the first notice they had of their approach. Or whether this impression be a true one or not, that voice was enough to compel memory of it ahead of anything else for to them it was the most high pitched voice the whole camp of boy and girlscouts had ever heard.

"Excuse me girlscouts, but we are Campfire Boys," quipped the one in advance.

There was a general start throughout the camp. Most of the girlscouts officers and privates were seated upon a large grassy plot within the present arrangements of the many tents and answered in their own time routine and several of them actually dropped their craft work into their laps so great was their surprise. Jane Mallory uttered a little cry of astonishment in almost the same key as the announcement of one of the new campers.

The latter was almost as effusive in appearance as his voice. But he was slim and tall, his face was pale and his eyes were over-looked and downcast with expression. He wore a uniform in the form of a paunch and across two pince suit and carried a officers delicate hatbox case.

"My sister informed me that you girlscouts were in need of the assistance of my brothers, and we volunteered to offer our aid," continued the young boy. "Oh dear me," replied Gertrude "it would be a shame to put you to so much trouble. We thank you ever so much for your trouble, but we would much rather retain the friendship of you boys campers by urging you not to insist. In fact we won't be remaining here long, for to morrow the army moves. But if you really must be so good as you suggest, you might go back and send some of our men or soldiers. They might help us."

"You see besides we want a pile driver out in the flood to sink some posts into the hard earth," Angelina pined added. "But by the way, come to think of it you might help us wonderfully if you have a number of good strong rowboats and would lend it to us for a hour or two."

"Sure we have boats, plenty of them," replied the willow boy, but the tone of disappointment with which he now spoke was unmistakable for he really had looked forward to helping his friends and so did his brothers. "We'll go over and send them right over to you now."

"We won't wait it till about two o'clock," said Gertrude. "If you wish you can send them later."

"Oh we won't need all our boats at all," the boy said. "I'll send them right away."

"He sure is a good willow boy, but I can't help saying that I have heard a tin his boat over on his high ground," Jane Mallory said approvingly as the callers disappeared into the timber. "The poor boy might be drowned in the billows of his own voice."

"That ought to be his nickname," said "High C," declared Mildred Maxwell enthusiastically. "I refuse to recognize him by any other name. Dear me everybody did you ever in all your born live long days hear such a voice!"

"No," they all cried in chorus.

"Well just the same he's the dearest thing you ever saw," declared Gladys Wentworth. "He can't help that voice. It was given to him by His Maker, and he has to stand for it."

At this moment the discussion of "High C" was dropped as suddenly as it appeared on the scene. Another arrival or two of them claimed the interest of the girlscouts. It was a little boy, and girl, both half naked and not at all happy in appearance. Both were good looking long bobbed haired children, the bobbed hair of child slaves, and there was no sprightly cheerfulness in their faces. They seemed nervous and on the alert.

"My goodness," exclaimed Angelina Jennings. "They are child slaves or I'll be--"

Dolores her sister who was seated close to her at out her sisters utterance short by clapping her hand over the speakers mouth. They little the little boy and girl were excited, and evidently frightened. And also evidently they were looking under anything but normal conditions. They had appeared very suddenly around the north end of the bluff which sheltered the camp on the southeast. "High C" as the girls from now on referred to the boy camper had left the lines around the north extremity of the bluff. The boy and girl fairly rushed from the thicket north of the christian lines and directly toward the girlscouts all of whom jumped to their feet in astonishment. The new campers did not slacken their pace but ran up to the group of startled campers as if seeking their protection from the glances which to a more timid children were more horrible than even the worst "Bogymen". And he stopped in the midst of the large group of girl and boy scouts which circled around him and his little girl companion almost as excited as they, and indeed both children looked back as if expecting to behold some frightful looking object bearing down upon them. "Fiercely."

"I ran away war," were his first words, "I and the little girl with me--no--they couldn't kill me and she."

"Who wanted to kill you and the little girl?" inquired Gertrude sympathetically, leaning over and taking him and that little girl gently by the hands.

"The army coats coated soldiers, who are the enemies of Christians they all hit me, and she," he replied his eyes flashing with anger. "The soldier who they call Manley locked me in a room but I opened window and climbed out. She came along with me. She is my sister."

"Oh the Gladiolus lane what you tell to day?" Mildred Maxwell asked.

"No," replied the little boy with a puzzled look. "But they know you girlscouts. They don't want you to know anything about that place called Abbeville. They stopped all communications after he learned you came here, and after the men came and told him to look out for you, and especially a girlscout called Angelina Aronburg, and Miss Angelina in pines."

"Who is the man?" Mildred asked.

"I don't know. I heard their names but I forgot."

"Was it Christie More wunn is, and another man who looked like Mutt?"

"Yes, they're the ones, the others name is N. and something. The smaller one told the general and his staff to cut off all communications with that place, to warn other had armies there, and to have all means to free frustrate your work or your setting there. They thought I was asleep, but I was just pretending."

"Did that N. Cro. Finn say why everything must be done to stop our purposes, and to have every one keep an eye on us scouts while we and General Aronburg's army is here?" asked Angelina pined.

"He did," the boy replied slowly. "He said somebody'd ruin the Gladiolus nation that way and the war would be lost."

"That's just what we thought," Gladys declared.

"What did you ever hear of?" Gertrude inquired.

"They are going to have spies shadow your every move, spies that will be disguised and be awful nice to you in front of your face but try to kill you behind your backs."

"That's interesting," Gertrude said. "What do you mean by that?"

"They are going to send agents into the christian camps disguised as soldiers."

"Have they done anything yet?" Angelina pined interposed having in mind the depredations of the few hours before.

"No they did not eat the agents yet," the boy answered. "They were talking about doing something of that sort last night, and two men with went out together but didn't return."

"I don't know what they proposed to do!"

"No---just eat something, anything they could..."

An pallid pike went to her tent, took out a piece of paper and a pencil and wrote on a sheet--

"To General Aronburg,

Have learned from escaped child slave of enemy's intention of sending secret spies into our lines. Gertrude advises allow no stranger under any conditions to pass any of the anti-sentires and double the sentries. Arrest all who come in.

Signed .

Angelina

Robert."

Gertrude signed her name, and a boy was dispatched with it to General Aronburg.

"What is your name little boy?" Gladys asked in the meantime.

"Haven't got no name," was the answer.

"Haven't got no name, sure you have."

The boy looked doubtfully at his questioner.

"Surely you have a name."

"I don't know," he replied slowly. "I guess not."

"What was your father's name? Didn't you ever hear it or remember it?"

The boy's face brightened up suddenly.

"His name was James Graham."

"Now I want to ask you an important question," said Gertrude most impressively. "Try your best to tell us all you can. Don't be afraid about this Glandelinians they won't get you here. We are all armed, and if they come we'll shoot. But just the same be sure to keep this to yourself. Now here's the question I want you to answer: Did anybody outside of the Glandelinian army ever see two persons called The International Professional Spies?"

"Sure, indeed," the boy replied quickly. "Some Camp Fire Girls north of your army, about a few in number did, and died at them. I did some of your Girlscout a called Gertrude Angelina, and others. I wish I knew who Gertrude was. They say she's a great girlscout leader."

"I understand. Where are those Professional spies now?" "Was Gertrude's next question?"

"They are in the enemy's lines."

"Is the army under Henley planning to do anything to General Aronburg of this army here?"

"Yes attack him and make him fight."

"Good. Now my boy and girl, we are going to take you into the camp and get clothes for you. You'll never be in the enemy's lines again, and you and your sister won't be slaves either."

"Oh how good you are," exclaiming the little fellow, throwing his arms around the neck of the Girls Scout leader who had saved herself on the grass before him and his little sister. "But I don't want the Glandelinians to scare you with a phantom."

"Scare you with a phantom?" Gertrude repeated in the greatest astonishment. "What do you mean by that?"

They said he boy began, but his explanation was interrupted in a manner so confusing and surprising that the army of girl and boyscouts might easily have wondered if the word were again coming suddenly all the absurdities of a childish paradise in order to be sure of what was now taking place. One of the Camp Fire girls who had spoken to them showed the ultra style and colored uniform of a girl scout. In the clearing dashed into the deeply interested group of child scouts seized the boy and girl in a each arm with passionate fondness and addressed them with a rush of endowment that would have brought tears to the eyes of any listener.

"Oh you dear little brother, and sister, you dear darling children."

The little girl had never seen a boy like this. At first he only believed this Camp Fire Girl was her sister, but he then she shook him, or into a little number as he was able to escape from the "affectionate" attack. However, nevertheless it was somewhat alarming to him. The "Affectionate" attack did not come in response to his protest. The Camp Fire girl held onto her captive with all her strength, and at the same time trying to soothe his wrath of or fear, or both with as many kisses as she could force in between the boy's arms. However, at first thinking it was queer decided to take a hand and do what she could to soothe the boy and the girl. The little girl too before they were transformed into voracious wildcats. She had believed there might be good or not good causes for the girl to do this but expectation demanded that it be checked at once.

"Here let me take him," Gertrude urged as she laid her hands on his shoulders and attempted to draw him away. A few gentle words and an exhibition of a kind persuasiveness of manner brought success. She drew both the boy and the little girl back some distance and tried to reason with them, whereupon they burst into convulsive sobbing. His sobs were not a new expression of an outburst of passion. Gertrude was certain of this. The little child slaves were weeping, not because angry. Upon the flood gates of their soul a "Because of unsuspicious of dread in their past experience which they feared would be repeated in the future." But the Camp Fire girl was not equal to the occasion. She had a a spiteful nose of nature toward Glandelinians in general and as she observed a severe scar on one hand which seemed to her because of Glandelinians she yielded impulsively to her vengeance of spirit that was boiling within her and exclaimed:

"The miserable Glandelinian pests. Just wait till I see two two Professional and I'll---and I'll!"

She stopped right there much to the disappointment of the eagerly listening girlscouts who fully expected her to open an avenue to the very evidence for which they were looking. "Why?" she continued with a desperate effort to control her temper. "I never know I could ever see my little brother and sister again, and if they don't know me. He and his sister were usually such a sweet dispositioned little dears. I don't know what to make of it. It took me completely by surprise to see them again. I don't don't understand it. I don't know what to make of it---I can't understand the little dears."

"It's strange, very strange," Gertrude agreed pursuing for her sake, to help the Camp Fire girl out of her predicament.

"Come to sister Jessie dear, and little Nell." The Camp Fire girl continued. "Don't you know your sister and me, and that she loves you just like me? Did you remember to run away from the Glandelinians? Come back me with me to the Christian lines and sister will give you some candy, just like of it. Come on now, that is a good little boy, and girl."

"I don't believe you are my sister. You'll beat me, and the Glandelinians will beat me and everybody else who's working my will beat me. Don't let her take us with her, please don't let the boy conclude turning his face proudly to Gertrude."

"Oh but surely she's a Glandelinian, and she must be your sister." Gertrude replied reproachfully. "She'll take you home into camp where the Glandelinians are. Let her take you home. Where in the world will you go if you don't go with her into camp? Think of it Glandelinian patrols are ever where useful and no place in the world to go that's safe, no place in the world, there are floods, and forest fires and terrible things. You are safe here."

There was a tone in the young girlscout's voice that suggested the boy and came to him realizing his mistake. He cooled down considerably and looked satisfiedly at his own sister.

"The afraid she's a Glandelinian sister. In the line, all Camp Fire girls are," he protested meekly. "You'll take me to a train and strike me back with a whip."

freeze their veins and arteries. Well they pretty n early put ours in cold

CONTINUES PURSUATION.
MEN LOSE, AND A STAFFING HISTORY.
THEIR TEAM EXPLAINS A STORY ATTACK, AND STORY A STORY
BUT STORY, GAVE THE GIVE, RESULTS. SHOOTING TO THE
GENTLEMAN FROM THE HEAVENLY SHOOTING, AND HITS THE MARK.

From all news heard and as much as they could be heard it was considered the Fourth Month of the War greatest horrors so far throughout the whole region of Galverinia, and other Abheennian southern States, and in all other portions of the war zone where the last week of the Month of August was ushered in. Forest fires were worse, the floods were increasing, throughout July and August so far horrible explosion disasters were by the score massacres were rampant, plagues were sweeping upon millions of refugees, a frightful and disastrous battle had raged at Hio-Wirthier Janet with the enemy victorious, and the war was growing in violence everywhere. It was emphatically the worst month of the year, "bloody" everywhere. It was emphatically the worst month of the year, "bloody" everywhere. It was emphatically the worst month of the year, "bloody" everywhere.

anywhere. It was emphatically the worst month of the year, extended everywhere, as recent chapters will show, occurs on the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, the very first bloodiest and frightfullest battle at Evangeline St Andre, and that has already passed. On this day being now the 26th of August there were more than 45,678 men, women and children refugees from some known spot ingeneral Aronburke army and bef because of the dread of the ene y, and the fiercest fury of forest fire, and flood there was a commo como politan rathering of all country and town folk and city folk into big refugees camps and the like, artisans, marchan ts, professional men, farmers laborers, rich persons, wives and children, sweethearts and the like, who weasle reports of having lost property, dearness, or all their life savings and so forth. It was as thick a gathering as if it had been a gala day for dress, millinery, chatter, peanuts, popcorn, lemonade, ice cream soda water, balloons and squeakers, and it was beyond measure of the suffering and so forth, while it was reported that so many conflicts were raging that throughout the war zone, the noise was as if all over the country the reports of explosions of shells were as frequent as fire crackers on the fourth of July.

The gathering place for one of these great concourses of refugees was a concourse of every kind and all description of humanity, which had inhabited the towns ruined by the flood or from the devastated country round about. Even refugees within general Aronburg's army represented business men, and capitalists who now were poorer than a beggar. Some among the crowd moved here and there but the more quietly disposed of the congregated populace of refugees however sought the nearest convenience of the fortified towns in front of general Aronburg's headquarters. Others especially the younger element moved hither and thither, but none with any spirit of gladness, but rather of appearance of fright, sorrow or illness and those who recently had any attire were the saddest, and some just to try and get a little cheer would stand around one of the military band stands and sometimes upon the army fortifications of works. This had been noticed for days. It was a country sunk to the lowest level of suffering, a real valley of tears, misery and horror and dread.

On a morrow which was now the 27th, thirteen of the Ahlennannian Girlcut officers in their own uniforms were among some of the refugees, giving them some rations, asking questions as to the character of the disasters that drove them from home. These girls were expecting again to hear from the "Princesses" but some how nothing more had come. They were expecting also a visit from the Camp wire girls who are known as Wood Gatherers, Wire Makers, Torch Bearers, general spies and so forth, whose own experiences also were sometimes as exciting as anyone else, and their losses sometimes in members have been too severe, and laws had been passed that Camp wire girls must use utmost caution, as they too were working against great odds and the enemy was not to be trifled with. Gertrude said to Angelina Riehon this morning that the Camp wire girls too are officers and so

"The experiences of these Campfire Girls too are of characters so remarkable, so thrilling, as to render these Campfires, as organizations of no slight distinction, not only among wearers of the emblems and badges of the craft and chanters of the Abbieanman Whohole Chér other but even with the active, standing and higher arms and even the public

Your friend and loving comrade
Companion,
I am Francis Warner.

However this letter was telegraphed not sent by any mail as this was impossible.

at large, for nation wide publicity had been given to their adventures as well as to their own, where also their missions of charity had always brought good results. Indeed it is not too much to say that these adventures they usually have are the chief subject of discussion among all members of out many regiments of boy and girls. Though not in rank 1 like we, being a trifle lower, I believe they operate in more dangerous territory than we do, and so laws had to be passed to forbid it. As we ourselves are compelled this time to go on an adventure that is quite serious I doubt if Violet-land her sisters would permit any camp fire girls to accompany us."

"What should we do while waiting for next month. Asked Angelina Riches. "You know because of the adventure in store for us, we have been granted a sort of recess till that month. Yet we cannot remain idle."

This was the question that held the attention more and more as the evening before had drawn to a close. Ever since then after it had been broached, the problem remained unsolved, the Professional spies did not bother them now apparently, then Angelina Jennings created a buzz of interest by laying before her companion officers a proposition just received by her by her mother far at home.

"She advises us all to study maps of the Abhienan Region, or make such maps like models in the ground." Angelina announced. "We have dandy places to camp here, and if we solve some sort of mystery here before we start our adventure violet, and her sisters will be tickled to death. They are just that kind."

The proposition was taken up seriously. First all the entire force of girl and boyscouts who had parental living were allowed a time of correspondence with their parents by wireless telegraph. Gertrude Angelina however was more cautious than usual in her inquiry into the plans of her officers, and well she might be, for had not all her force in the months and days, and all her officers frequently been snatched at the eleventh hour right out of the jaws of tragedy by troops, by their own efforts, by her own leadership, by the works of Angelina Riches and so forth. The clandestine she knew were very dangerous. As far as they were in the safe confines of general Aronburg's vast army camps it contained no menace to human life and comfort, as open forest fairs, dangerous travels on flood, facing fierce and savage foes and so forth. This time in the morning while awaiting breakfast the majority of the girlscout privates could be found either doing mercy among the refugees of being in groups on the lawns and meadows and on the massive works chatting among themselves or with other scout acquaintances, while the sadder picture of human life among refugees moved round and round, and across, and betwixt, and between, and yet there was no general confusion of non-descript noises but a strange silence everywhere. And too the army was on the alert for general Aronburg kept himself on duty despite his wounded foot, and knew all of the plans of "Anley."

Gertrude Angelina being the leader was present on all occasions for meetings, and adventures and all sorts of war troubles, but she also not only attempted to be girls with the girls, but boys with the boys. One thing that Gertrude Angelina knew, if she didn't know anything else, so she said, and that was how to keep all her boy and girlscouts where they belonged. All other camp army girls and boys not known as scouts they knew were not allowed by military rules to seek the company of other girl and boyscouts although they could with good grace accept the society of all girl and boy scout societies of military and other things if it came to them graciously and with juvenile interests. In other words "she had said that the soldiers cannot draw the younger folks to them as objects of interests to them they'd better seek the company of dried up grown ups or live the lives of hermit hermits."

The girlscouts known as dancers, vivianites, "nansoniets" and so forth, though entirely different, were equal in ways to the Camp fire girlscouts but nevertheless the Camp fire girlscouts had to be kept separate, their uniforms were different, and their rules also. And instead of children being leaders of them, men and women were.

All new girl and boy scouts always did like Gertrude Angelina and all her leaders from the first day they ever had become acquainted with them. They liked especially the better leaders known as Gertrude, Yolande, the Jennings girls, and also Jean and Mildred, but at first had kept aloof from Jane and some others, until they had become used to them for the latter were inclined to be more severe and pretty proud.

What was liked about the Abhienan girlscout leaders and the girls scouts themselves by real good foreign members was that they did not force any of their own notions and habits upon them, were like them in ways, they gave them the same freedom as all others receive, told them to live and pitch their tents where wherever they chose and always permitted them to go their own way as it might please them. The result was that Gertrude and her comrade officials never forgot them nor they for most the comfort and ease and in trust in whatever they had a mind to do.

As we know trivial mistakes never are remembered, and also for a moment boys and girls becoming scouts had usually their wits astonished out of them by the goodness of the Abhienan children, the holiness of the soldiers and generals and the half heavenly appearance of everything despite the fact that such a war was going on. One of them had once remarked to his chum who was a little Irish lad: "This seems to me like Glandelinia fightin' a war to wrest heaven from Our Blessed Lord, and we composed the armies of Heaven."

Gertrude Angelina was with her Girl Scouts on this early morning. She was seated on the lawn with Angelina Riches, guardian of the girlscout troops, Mildred Maxwell, Jean Saunders, and many others, besides Jack and George Zimmerman while many of the boy and girlscout privates were as written before grouped among the sad refugees trying to cheer them up.

Suddenly the attention of everybody within view was directed to a terrific disturbance as existing as if the flood had broken loose upon the army and the confusion of crowds of soldiers rushing toward the scene. "A fight was" was the word passed along, and all soldiers were rushing toward the center of excitement, while the refugees were thrown in panicky fright, as a terrific roar of cannon and musketry broke loose. A Colonel just then passed, and many cavalry troops hastened to the scene of trouble. The girlscouts and officials on the courtyard lawn of the general's headquarters from their more elevated positions could see more distinctly than the rest of the crowd of half-frightened refugees what was going on. A wave of clandestine accompanied by two lines had suddenly burst upon a portion of general Aronburg's position, and though the assault was of exceedingly violence and fury, it was of no consequence. In its drive against the Christian position, and their generals were having their troubles in attempting to rally their shattered columns and make their assault effective. If the battle had been between Heaven and earth the crowds of refugees could not have been more terrified, and all other Christian officers had all they could do to keep them in order, and aid them to withdraw to a safer spot. From her place Gertrude saw the clandestine rush forward to the storming like enraged wild beasts, but they were torn up by the Christian fire in that location and they couldn't make any headway as they were shot down in any unbelievable numbers as fast as they rushed on to exposure.

"Did you ever see anything like it?" Gertrude commented for the edification of those near her. "The way refugees will be so panic stricken when we Christian troops get into a scrap with the enemy. I don't know of anything that might prove our finish better than that if they don't try to control themselves and be more settled. There's no doubt in my mind that all of those older children among the refugees ought to be in our scout or Camp fire girl forces by conscription and be trained to know what we really are like."

"Good for you Gertrude," exclaimed Jack Sanders who was one of the many that heard the girlscouts' criticism of the panic stricken foolish refugees. The battle was over a mile from them and they acted like that. "It does beat all how things like this do get impressed on peoples' minds," said Mildred. "We Catholic Abhienan never have any hold in that 'Monkey Theory' but I'll be swished if I don't believe half of those people are acting like that now and the battle a mile away and the enemy army getting the sound worst of it. It's just as plain as daylight; if people weren't sprung from monkeys they wouldn't be like this when a fight comes on."

Everybody in hearing distance of these two speeches laughed heartily. The girlscouts on the courthouse portico of general Aronburg's headquarters observing that the enemy line was wavering and recoiling like a broken wave and that the situation had become a center of interest that could not be depressed and unsavory effect of the fight left their position and joined the group of officers.

"That's the joke about the fight," inquired one of the privates whose name was "Harriet" Newton, as she and other girl and boyscouts with her distributed themselves here and there on unoccupied portions of the seating capacity of the lawn to see the battle better.

"That is an impertinent question for one thing," smiled Gertrude with mocked severity. "If some of you exclusive girlscoouts would drop your exclusiveness and seek the company of 'us bright folks' you'd be more likely to be on hand when something interesting turns up."

"Very well," said the girlscoout gravelly. "I'll sit right down with you 'linsies' and wait for something more brilliant than that silly charge to be destroyed. I do really hope it will come pretty soon for that kind of a petty assault by the navy and the way it ended so suddenly, and the way those refugees acted gets my goat."

"Why Harriet Newton," Gertrude exclaimed as if deeply shocked. "Are you not ashamed of yourself to use such slang in my presence before you know whether I the 'Queen of the Girlscoouts' approve of it."

"Don't you approve of slang," Miss Aronburg? "asked Jean Sanders. "Now since you think you're an officer, don't you try to put me to any such kind of test as that, cause I won't fall for it." The demure girlscoout officer answered, trying to hide a smile. "That is getting away from the issue. That is not a question of slang but of general diplomacy in the ranks. I am very fond of diplomats Harriet."

"Oh I knew you were not very friendly toward any kind of slang," Harriet replied positively. "But I don't believe in diplomacy when I am sure of my ground. The Glandelinians wouldn't alter after that just happened."

"You talk like an old head," Gertrude once commented admiringly. "I am only nine," Harriet flashed back with the dim dimity of a little girl's consciousness. "But I'm old enough to understand that diplomacy is made up chiefly of camouflage fibs, and that the Glandelinians in this war use it."

"What are camouflage fibs," inquired Jean. "You are forever spring strange foreign words on us Harriet. Now make good and explain this one to us 'most important officers' in the world."

"Camouflage," the challenged girlscoout began having in view a scholarly discourse on the Abbeismian use of the idea of warfare. "It's to cover every article to make them look like something else."

Then she stopped suddenly and fixed her attention on something that was taking place along a far extended line of christian works. Every other person in the group followed with their eyes in the direction of her gaze.

"The Glandelinians are making another, and a tremendous assault Gertrude," Harriet continued, changing her subject to fit the occasion. "I'm going to keep still and give some of the bright folks a chance to produce some thing interesting, that is if some noisy shells don't start kissing the ground at our feet."

Yes indeed, two extremely long lines of gray clad soldiers were moving forward with wild yells as if two colossal lines of men were going to be engaged in a pugilistic demonstration that looked like the beginning of another hell on earth. Christian guns were booming up all along the line, but this assault was unusually violent and it could be seen that at one spot the christian line was broken. Then everything

hid from their view in smoke as a tremendous upsurge of fire arms and machine guns snote the air. The course of this assault was not apparent to many, but Gertrude knew, and so did her officials, and at the start it had the appearance of being about as ridiculously unequal as well as it could be. A cry of great indignation went up from thousands of throats as the Glandelinian wave was seen to be hurled forward suddenly with the wildest yells and drive back nearly half the christian line, while from elsewhere there was a roar of cannon that others stated could have been heard two hundred miles away.

Suddenly close to Jean the generals' band headquarters stood there was a mighty eruption as if a volcano suddenly burst into action and every one of the girlscoouts, and boys too, and all the refugees were showered heavily with dirt and debris of every description while a roar came as the loudest thunder crash in the sky ever heard.

"Gun for shelter girls and boys every one," shouted Gertrude. "The country is being shelled, and we're in for it." And as she spoke a greater eruption occurred at her fixed bathing beach and it rained torrents of water and dirt all over them as they ran. The combat was echoed in like manner from many other quarters.

However though they broke through a portion of the christian line the Glandelinians did not have everything their own way. After crashing through a portion of the christian line, there followed elsewhere a terrible roar of battle the like of which the fleeing child saw a never imagined of hearing before and which proved to be the liveliest thriller of the scene. Then something all happened so quickly that before a crowd of refugees could ascend in the boats of Glandelinians turned in upon

them, and rushed for their boats well before any number of christian soldiers could hamper their movements. Set close by and marked was a christian machine gun battery which firing over the heads of the now terrified frightened refugees galled the Glandelinian troops bringing them down in droves, and these Glandelinians retreated with a speed which probably had never been witnessed by soldiers before.

Then a long column of Glandelinians rushed savagely upon the retreating christian line and the Glandelinians were driven down clear into and out of the line, across the water and back to their own line of battle with great loss. Elsewhere other christian columns had been hurried to the aid of the christian line that was being driven back, and as the generals in charge were most pitiful men the troops were soon back in possession of their own works. Crowds of refugees still safe observing a battle for the first time noticed that here was a rare exhibition of great skill as opposed to a vastly superior weight and strength of the fierce Glandelinian onslaught, and their column kept the Glandelinians back at a respectful distance, still the badly pressed christian line was heavily reinforced by general Blain. It kept pressing christian line was clearly a master of the art of spring to this line. The line itself was clearly a master of the art of spring to this point of threatened disaster, and of bringing aid here, and aid there. Now and then it was going to last no one knew, but it seemed as if it was going to turn out as a terrible battle, for the Glandelinians were fighting most desperately, and thousands of men were ad children among the frightened refugees, watched in hated breath as the fierce surges of Glandelinians again tried to cross forward, and indeed it was the first time that any of the old and boyscoouts had ever witnessed such an unusual scene so close. On a safe spot behind a high ledge of rock stood Gertrude, a line so close. On a safe spot behind a high ledge of rock stood Gertrude, a line so close. On a safe spot behind a high ledge of rock stood Gertrude, a line so close. On a safe spot behind a high ledge of rock stood Gertrude, a line so close.

Now the road christian guns were dashed a point to be brought into position, troops rushed past at the double time, and added with all the excitement was the wild uproar of the conflict and the dreadful howl yell the Glandelinians. The attack and spread of every christian commander seemed to create a popular demand that so novel a contest be permitted to go to the proper finish. The Glandelinians swung their line of attack viciously desperately, at various points again and again in union and against the christian positions, but in vain now. Their troops were moved down by lateral lines, and the tearing up of the main Glandelinian wave and recoilment brought cheer upon cheer from the throngs watching the scene. The Glandelinians then held some points but these were frustrated. This seemed to be the turning point of the "wall." The thoroughly whipped Glandelinian columns evidently for this time being had all they wanted, their losses were dreadful, and their generals who survived were looking for new means of getting their leadership back away from this moral and bloody embarrassment. While they were thus debating about for moments of safe retreat, the other christian batteries arrived, and fresh troops and a terrific and most murderous fire was opened upon the disheartened Glandelinians. The Glandelinian columns with howls of dismay broke away from the assault and ran, the christian troops rushing on in pursuit. The main column staggered, almost fell into dust and rolled altogether in full numbers and then fell back, while the victorious christians pressed on eager to get at the enemy for the punishment they had received from them. Finally the attack reached a climax when the retreat of the defeated Glandelinians became a rout, and then one cloud of smoke from the firing of the christians revealed no more to the thousands of still half frightened and yet curious refugees and here worshippers who looked for just one glimpse of the results of the christian counter charge.

All the old and boyscoouts held their breath during such of the performance. Jean was quite conscious of nothing naturally it should be that each of them was generally conscious of nothing all else in action or being rather than this grand and affair. They were all what up "Hail" by the exclamations remark from Gertrude. "Hail" followed by a pause for the drawing in of a long pant up breath. "That's the nearest I came to saying 'Goodbye' to the line here shot to pieces, and I know I never came any nearer."

"It won't be over," said Anselme. "That's only a sample of what's coming. I'll bet. Unless it's not beaten yet, and I'll bet it won't be either."

"I'm afraid so," said Gertrude. "Help you are still with us and can like any christian army if it's not on its guard."

"I bet that was part of to have your entertainment," declared Jean. "You were standing in a line, and one and all we such a thing as that could take place without being staged ahead of you. You mentioned 'unhappy' Gertrude." "The generals of the army wouldn't dare," Mildred returned positively. "But our armies won't stand for such a disgraceful put over as that was. I bet our losses of the army is terrible for that short time." "You can't tell what our armies will stand for till it's put to the test," retorted Jean. "It seems to me every one of those refugees were paid a stroke over the affair, judging from all the noise crying and screaming they made."

"Gertrude where's your map bag," Mary Stanek asked suddenly. Gertrude looked down at her hands, and then up again at an astonished at her girl scout officer.

"Why," she exclaimed, "there is it! I had it in my hand. Then she began an examination of the lawn near where she stood. "And my material carrying knapsack is gone," exclaimed Gladys Wentworth, "an missing that article also."

"Mine's gone too," was the startling announcement of Jane Wellfort. Then Joy St. Claire capped the climax of of consternation by declaring "Somebody has taken my letters I had in my waist pocket."

"Then there are Glandelinian spies, operating the same as our pickpockets in the crowd of refugees and soldiers," screamed one of the girls out a short distance away who had discovered that she too had lost her girl scout hand bag which she used to carry military girl scout gear. Presently another girl scout pickpocket picked up Gertrude's handbag, she turned it over to Gertrude who examined after examining it.

"Ninety the money is not missing, for it's here," then suddenly she began a nervous hurried search in the handbag as if moved by the recollection of something vastly more important than a million dollars. The look of despair that came over her face as she took out the last remaining article was sufficient evidence that her search was unsuccessful. With a gasp, she seized Mildred's arm, for support, exclaiming:

"Oh Mildred, its gone, its gone. What will I ever do. Oh I must find it, I must find it, I must find it, or our expedition to Abilene is ruined."

"Oh what's the matter Gertrude, tell me please! What have you lost." Angelina picked up Mildred with not only deep concern but great apprehension moved by her friends agitation.

But Gertrude's distress was even greater than at first. Believing, Fearing that she was about to faint, two of the girls took hold of her arms to support her. Evidently she was in need of this assistance for her weight rested heavily on them. "Somebody send for a horse and we'll take her to her headquarters," Jean suggested.

No further effort was made at this time to learn what was the strange and mysterious article whose loss had so unnerved the unhappy girl scout. It was not necessary to send for a horse for others of Gertrude's friends were numbered by the wholesale puling of the spite army not only by the girls and boys and a horse was immediately brought. Jean, Mildred, Mary Stanek, and Gladys accompanied her on their horses to her headquarters. Gertrude walked on a sidewalk soon after the horse left the crowded portion of the Christian camp and began a nervous half hysterical discussion of the developments of the day.

"I bet there was a regular army of Glandelinian spies in that crowd of soldiers acting like military pickpockets in this battle," she said. "I'll bet too you'll find that they were scattered all over the camp and worked like beavers during the excitement during the Glandelinian assault. You see if a very large number of soldiers and even our scouts were not robbed."

"And if the very thing happened that they needed found out their necks," Mary Stanek interrupted.

"I wonder if it really just happened," said Mildred dubiously. "I can't help feeling that there was something mighty funny in that Glandelinian onslaught. And besides, because of the scout and boys too had a good deal of military training at all scout schools, and while they didn't exactly make military generals and officers of us because we're not men we know something about it. Besides, our own under difficulties. Now I don't believe that attack was made for any other purpose but to take advantage of the general being wounded so they could crush through his lines unless—"

Mildred hesitated. All the other girls gazed at her expectantly. "On loss that," Jean asked. "When it was with that plan Gertrude discovered of 'Anley's' to frustrate our purpose of making that expedition to Abilene, and that is why she was also robbed."

"Exactly! Exactly and nothing else," Mildred replied, just a little relieved at the way I too her of the responsibility for the audacious Glandelinian assault that really was in her hand and making expression. "You see how Glandelinian generals can make all sorts of other plans upon us. To us," responded Mary Stanek, who was less inclined to suspicion. "You and they can do that only after long practice." Mildred answered quickly. "And what Glandelinian general, I don't care how he is trained or how much he knows his own geography can always follow his plan without it being frustrated, without a Christian general being able to throw him off his own guard? I don't believe she even any Glandelinian general can do that, and if he wins a planned assault it must be then only by sheer force of numbers."

"You mean that the whole performance was a ploy to rob us all?" Gertrude inquired.

"Just that, but it might have been done to an advantage. But I believe a part of the program was to frustrate our or the plan of 'Anley's' sisters to go to Abilene. I'll bet there'll be a terrible battle today. Listen to the firing will you! I never heard the like. As many cannon roaring and the yelling, and the explosions of shells. I believe we are in danger."

"I think you are right," said Jean, "but I'm afraid in other words that could not be allowed any more to be carried through than any other plan." Mary Stanek objected. "But I believe, and believe firmly in 'Anley's' plan. His other purpose in view more important, because you know 'Anley's' is close by. If 'Anley's' can lure Abraham's army from Abilene back here, 'Anley's' will be relieved."

"I think you are right at that," Mildred assented. "But what's the idea of putting a or such a gigantic stake in the plan then, and that every girl scout may be robbed of important papers?" Angelina picked up.

"It might be to give general 'Anley's' an opportunity to give aid to 'Anley's' and prevent general Abraham's move to make a junction with general 'Anley's' and endanger general 'Anley's' arm, and Federal." "Anley's" Glandelinian kidnapping. "Surely," 'Anley's' would not deliver an assault like that if that was not the purpose."

"I can hardly believe it and don't," 'Anley's' exclaimed. "I firmly believe our expedition in going to be frustrated unless our side comes off in the battle with Colored flying. If 'Anley's' joins in the attack I'll bet we'll be the ones flying."

"I'm not saying positively that any such audacious trick as that was planned but I won't dismiss the plan as until the thing is either fully explained or until the dreadful battle comes to one end or the other." Gertrude declared. "But I was shocked when it was necessary that for fifteen minutes straight, the enemy rushed headlong on even though so for those every simple minded thousands of their ranks were mowed down for every onward step of the onslaught I never saw the like. It was dreadful."

Through the excitement none of the girls could think of going to breakfast, for although they had tents pitched and everything in complete order, they now made arrangements for the time being for preparing for all duties that might be assigned to them should they be needed and the squabble grew worse and that nothing might hinder them from getting the most possible from the dreadful scene. Moreover to the fact they saw something as sublime as a grand display of fireworks, but the noise there was a terrific endeavor. It was evident 'Anley's' was preparing to try his utmost, and that the battle was no petty one like the first with 'Anley's'. Fought recently a few days before, Gertrude recovered rapidly from the nervous shock she had received following her return to her own headquarters. (Not Abraham's as every one had moved from there from word of exploding shells) in company with the four girl scout leaders.

"I think I'll stay here with you Gertrude," Mildred announced at the breakfast table. "But I do not feel like eating."

"You don't need to," Gertrude returned quickly. "It's best for you to be with the other girls, and have a good time watching the progress of the battle. I'll be all right, nothing as the water meter with me—only a little upset, and I have besides a good appetite now."

"But I don't like to leave you here all alone in such times as this," Mildred insisted.

"What do you think I'd do if you girls scouts weren't here? Jump into the flood, think I'm a fish?" Inquired the patient. "Don't I cut 'Anley's' Florida the best girl scout 'Anley's' on earth here with me always and couldn't she save any one from the effects of illness? It wasn't for her I would have really died when wounded in her mouth a neck. You

"Indeed it is not, Gertrude. They were ought to go as near as I can see and see the battle and follow its outcome without any doubt." I just naturally would like to go too but I must stay here with you alone when there's other others who could enjoy themselves."

"Now about you 'arty---wouldn't you like to go under the 41 bottle you self Josh asked."

"You sure make some funny props propositions," said Mary. "The very idea we are the battle. I should say not. It's too shocking."

Idol-We are the battle. I should say not. It's too monstrous. . . .

However the real divisions of the Protestant leaders at the prospect of leaving their spiritual home with the faithful "bright-eyed Mary" were now considerably alloyed. Gertrude took part in general appearances and in particular ones, although several times the rowdy girls wondered if this appearance were not produced with great efforts they observed Gertrude apparently lapse into momentary despondency. But if the girls were not mistaken as to appearances, Gertrude successfully dismissed suspicion each time by some light word or smile of manner sufficient to penetrate with depression of spirits.

to associate with depression of spirits. So the glad warriors and many who chosen to stay with their officers went to a high rise of ground near where a big branch of the flood rested comfortably in a plateau like depression between the south eastern edge of the town and a succession of wooded ground also occupied in the course of the events of the early morning they heard from others many references to the sensational affair of the battle and other incidents simultaneously, that the Glendellian generals were delivering addresses however blows upon the left wing, and learned that the number of persons all officers known to have been robbed of some important papers and the like had been growing pretty every minute until the stories that were being circulated had become almost unbelievable. Many important letters and papers had been taken, but watches, valuable necklaces worn by child girls and pocket hooks containing money were not taken. It was shown that the Glendellian 1st 2nd "pocketbooks" were not after valuables of that sort, but a after things which were to aid money in his purpose to break up general Franchises army. The evidence of this too was proven by the wild violence of the attack. The girls and all the officers who had heard of this returned to Cambridge headquarters immediately filled with awe at the grand scale on which the operation of the "military pocketbooks" had been conducted.

of the "Military Pickpockets" had been conducted. Gertrude had prepared sleeping quarters for the pirated officers for the coming night, before they arrived at her own headquarters and directed them to make use of these accommodations, whenever for any reason they desired to do so to avoid the probably dangerous outside, so on this occasion they were to know all the intricacies and to reach their several bedroom rooms without delay or confusion, and without disturbing the other occupants of the house. "Ildred and Jane together occupied an upstairs room at the east end of a long room.

While they had returned, "Liddy suddenly had a conscious sense of some kind of an alarm, she recalled the principal events of the battle just past a few days before and attempted to convince herself that the repulsive fight she had witnessed might after all have a nightmare but the delusion did not remain with her long.

but the delusion did not remain in her lungs. She looked toward the west win dow and observed the yellow fog thin for from distant forest fires streaming in like atmospheric acid. As the reality of things dawned upon her, she recalled the fact that now very distinct cracking noise, heard above the rum of distant battle, as of the creaking of a door, had aroused her. Almost at the same instant the noise was repeated and with a thrill of apprehension she secured herself, and almost sprang from her chair and hastened to the window and looked out. The first glimpse over the yard brought nothing remarkable to her view except the strange wild beauty of the mellow scene, which however she was in no frame of mind to recognize.

The kitchen was on the east side of the house, but a curved walk leading from this entrance wound around an old neglected flower bed to the north and out toward a broken down gate, near a road. "Crying" began from this view. "Childs" lay faced toward the north, and down stairs. Suddenly from the side of the house to the north appeared the form of an old man clad in a loose coat with nothing on his head. "Childs" was so startled for the moment that she retained only slight control of her senses and it was a small wonder that she did not give a sharp snap of astonishment. It was the "utterly" in German.

"...told what is the matter. What in the world are you doing?"

THis inquiry, coming from Lady, who had been aroused by Mildred's
sawed examination, caused the latter to turn half round although she had
retained her position at the window. Her friend had been sitting
on the bed.

"Come here quick," uttered urged in a strange, almost hollow voice. Gladys was soon at her side, and following with her eyes the direction indicated by her companion's fingers. She saw the form what appeared to be a bent old man like a beggar, scarcely clothed for even an outdoor excursion even in this time of morning, and with his uncovered head covered thick with hair, but she certainly recognized the face even at that distance. "That's my father," Gladys exclaimed. "What is he doing here, where

"Why it's that our 'utt" Gladys exclaimed. "What is he
is he going now?"

"I'll go with you, but you must see you're aimed as he's dangerous." The other girl acquiesced.

"We'll put on our tennis shoes, and kimonos and slip on our cravenettes and rain coats, that'll be enough to cover us from his sight so he'll not suspect who we are--and try and surprise and catch him before he gets away from the building and--" "Come on quick!"

in a second both witnesses were executing this dressing program with greater rapidity than they ever before had engaged in any proceeding of the like character. After it was complete they hastened down stairs and out the back way. The strange spy was through the west window and observed the dressing wildard had kept watch through the west window and observed the direction the spy was taking. taking.....he saw him slowly pass through a gate leading in to an orchard, look in three directions cautiously, and then lost sight of him as the form of a large apple tree obscured him from view. Wildard let in the spy's whereabouts inquired of him. As they passed through, Gladys said, "What are you doing around our place? What could suspect who we are?" "Come on quick!"

view." Childred left the car. "I don't know," said Gladys. "I don't know." They passed through it, Gladys's worthworth inquis ad!!!! "What could "What do you suppose that spy was doing around our place? What could have caused him to be here during this battle?" "It's a hard thing for me to figure out," Childred replied with as much deliberation as was consistent with her rapid movements. But one possible explanation had occurred to me.... "What?!" "That?"

"What's that?"
"I'm afraid he's been trying to get in something on us."
"Oh I hope not," G'sa Gladys or Mildred deplored sympathetically.
"So do I. But I'm afraid it's something of that kind."
"So do I. But I'm afraid it's something of that kind."

"Oh I hope not," a steady stream of words came from Gladys' mouth. "No I'm afraid it's something of that kind."

They were now running along a path that led them through the midst of the orchard toward a timber of twenty or thirty acres in extent directly toward the south. Near the far edge of this timber, the girls and boys' camp were located and the permit was leading them directly toward it. The woods here was beyond the campground measure in extent most of them risen pine. As the two girls were running through this place, paying no attention now to the roar of distant battle, Mildred inquired of Gladys "What is it?"

"Have you any idea what time it is?"

"Yes," was the reply. "It's twenty minutes after six. I slipped on my wrist watch as we were dressing and look at it when we got outside." Outside.

"Where do you think that spy has gone?" Mildred contrived to ask.

"That is pretty hard to say. About the best we can do is to follow this path but we must take care he does not see he's being shadowed, or he'll flee on us, and Gertrude says he's a crackshot. That spy was following me."

"I disagreed from my view."

"I was just thinking of that."

At the west edge of the road the girls found another smaller road which turned into the timber land. They passed through and continued their way along the same until they had been on the timber was thick with dead wood and under brush and there was considerable obstruction to their progress. Finally the followers of this spy came to the edge of a small clearing clearing which was crossed by the path, and were about to slip into the open, when Mildred stopped suddenly and seized her companion by the arm.

"He'd probably annoy everybody, and then there'd be a lot of explaining to do. Angeline or Polona - 'ichollaster' - I'm sure probably would be present clamoring more than the rest for an explanation and you know how severe in matters Polona is. That person could be nice that would sound plausible."

"I'll let her do it from now on," Gladys' maid, "It's not a matter of life and death, even no disturbance at all, only we don't wish no one yet to know we trailed or shadowed the spy from the house and back and its not for any body concerned just now but our own business. If she hauls in things up." "I'll

"Oh it's mine," Jean exclaimed eagerly.

The next instant she would have given a good deal to be able to know who had taken it as she had been one of the losers. But what was the use? Her next mental argument. No one could be captured yet who were doing all these things.

"Excuse me girls," she said, and with an announcement she retraced herself to the building and skipped on the portlier arch into the next room. The girls, waiting for her return grew impatient, the receding troupe were very close by, the firing of course was incessant, but the walls of the great hall and more exultant, but in a moment when across a year, she came back with the wrist watch in her hand. "Listen girls what I'll read she said." I found

this light on the road as I came out. But wait till we get to the graveyard."

As noon as all were safely in the graveyard first behind a long stone wall Hazel read aloud so every one could hear as follows:

"SENSATIONAL FIGHT IS GENERAL. HAZEL'S TRICK TO 'SMASH' GENERAL ARONBURG'S BEFORE 'EVILIAN GEMS' CARRY THROUGH THEIR PLAN TO DISCOVER CAUSE OF ADIRANN DISASTER."

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF BATTLE TWO HUNDRED Glandelinian spies invade christian lines and carry off treasure amount of iron and weapons and army property. Many girls' scouts robbed. Spies escape through confusion of battle."

Everybody for a moment forgot what was going on outside while Hazel read the two columns of thrilling description of the affair that had enraged the whole army. The evidence was so clear that it was conclusive that an organization of Glandelinian professional spies, perhaps some of the smoothest in the Glandelinian army had plotted the whole performance of this assault with the smallest in the Glandelinian generals with a view of producing the very results that followed. The number of individual losses of military valuables suffered by officers had not yet been estimated but apparently it was about six several hundred persons judging from the number of complaints on every hand. But no money was stolen nor jewels. The report carried the names of all who had suffered losses, and among these were Gertrude, and the names of the girls' scouts who had suffered losses. The statement of what they had lost was accurate, except as to Gertrude who had said nothing to the officials about any loss sustained by her side.

From papers taken out of her hand box. Consequently no reference was made in the paper to this mysterious loss. Every one by now had come to their respective places of defense. This grave yard was near the beginning of a series of beautiful scenic depressions and elevation regions. West of the creek. West of the hilly expanse was covered with heavy forests. The stream called Glenor Creek was more than the average depth and width of country creeks and in some places flowed in fitful rapids and eddies along the uneven bed the entire length of the horror now raging. This stream was not much affected by the distant flood but was fed by numerous springs and spring water rivulets on three sides. The graveyard was a short distance up the timber covered hillside from Glenor Creek about a quarter of a mile from their own camp. This site was selected because of the best defense. The tombstones were reliable, and so were the arches and mounds and if the foe should come this way they would be exposed to the fire of all the girl and boyscouts who could see now then down to a man without being touched themselves. The retreating troops were coming up slowly past the road and toward the slopes of a fern decorated hillside. They were also retreating here and there across small meadows near the stream. Stream through the meadows where buttercups grew in such abundance variegated with a plentiful sprinkling of flowers known as shooting stars, anemones, cowslips, violets, and Sam's Whittier, and Unisyn. Here the disorganized troops tried to make a desperate stand, but the enemy fire mowed them down like sugar falling out of a sack in grain. The enemy were pouring on through the country where the stream was rushing on further on up the side of the creek where the bushes were larger and thicker and the growth more arborial and stronger. Here too the christian soldiers were trying to rally but just now it could not be done, and the reinforcements expected was not in sight. General Aronburg did not hear of the disaster yet.

A large number of girls' scouts were in a deserted hotel which was an object of no small interest. It was covered with vines and moss and surrounded with a dense growth of small trees and shrubbery. Over one end drooped a large old tree which had grown with a considerable lean toward the building. This tree was over one hundred feet tall and five or six feet wide at the base, and undoubtedly was no more than a young tree at the time the hotel had been constructed. One of the first object of the girls' scouts to take up defense here was the fascination of the love of the old tree. The tree was a relic of a revolution. They found the interior was in a remarkable state of preservation. Even the floors were fairly sound and the steps leading from the first story to the third were sound and strong and could be climbed with safety.

There was a large fireplace in the main room on the first floor and this fireplace and the entire chimney constituted one of the most substantial elements of the whole building being constructed of boulders of all sizes laid in Portland cement. Into these surroundings all the girl and boyscouts laid down following the danger caused in the serious break in the christian line. So far now there was nothing inspiring in these experiences, for though suddenly completely victorious the enemy was now at a standstill, and now every one of the child scouts hoped heartily that the enemy would not press on any farther. When child scouts are compelled to fight as a rule, about the best of the subject is safety of the sort. The future of all christian child scouts seemed always to be mapped out with promises of startling events, the one hopeful feature of which recognized their ability to pull through always with triumphant success, though some times with losses.

What the girl and boy scouts would have liked to enjoy would be a roof many days of delightful camp life to serve for the purpose of alleviating to a large extent the disturbing effects of their long and dangerous as well as mortal fatal trip down the raft on the flood, and Gertrude had aimed one of the worst experiences in her life, and that too the girls themselves could have become sufficiently annoyed and confident as to the future to congratulate themselves on the return of normal conditions. Now however their time of excitement still continued.

As the for seemed now at a standstill, under the main topic of the conversation was the shocking affair that interrupted their hunt for celebration of the morning. But the more they discussed it the more unsatisfactory were the results, until finally Gertrude herself saw the whole matter around for an entirely different view from a new angle.

"Girls, and you boys too," she said as they seated themselves in a large open square of the graveyard. "I have permitted this talk to go on as long as it has with a purpose in view. I could see plainly where it was leading to a too--no, no, confusion. Now I want to call your attention to what has been uppermost in your minds during all of your discussion of this affair. It is this of course: a sheer duty, and probably a little curiosity as to who lost plans, and other military valuables in this early morning unscheduled event, and the individual amounts of articles lost. This concern has popped up here and there along the line, and though in the majority of cases, the generals and other officers have been the main sufferers, it looks as if the blow was intended for us, and where you girls and boys too had the desired information, you turned it over, and over, and over and insist out to be certain that no feature of interest escaped your attention. Moreover this purposeless concern and apprehension has served to dissipate your days outing and smothered your hopes for adventure. It has unsettled all of us to such an extent that mostly all of us have wondered or wondered here and there with little idea of what you or I or others wished to do except to get out and fight the enemy."

"Now my suggestion is that henceforth you taboo that affair as a subject of discussion, at least except here and there incidentally, until third there is some real occasion for its coming up again. In other words train yourselves to throw off any sensation as soon as you see that you see it is leading you round in a circle all the time."

"In still other words," broke in Anneline, "you caught us in a vertigo of conversation, and thought you would let us go the limit so that we couldn't help looking foolish when you called our attention to what we were doing. Girls I'm ready to admit with all of you, and all you boys too that we have been foolish. But I'll stick up with all of ourselves just the same. If the enemy didn't sent in these spies to steal these things from the officers, with the main purpose of striking us, then I was a positively sure of the former, and no one or anything fight. But I'm positively sure of the latter, the subject is too even will change my subject. Therefore let's vote the subject is too even there does not appear to be a chance of its getting us anywhere. The enemy won't come this way now and for us the chance to fight is all over I believe. So let's vote it in."

"I second the motion," said Anneline Jennings.

"All in favor say aye," Proposed Mary Mary Stanek.

There was a loud chorus of ayes.

"Gon't say 'no'."

"Not a no was uttered."

"Carried unanimously," The subject is-----
"Here comes a horseman," announced Dolores. And all eyes were turned in the direction indicated. A high way ran through the timber a quarter

of anion mile down stream and the soldier had dismounted from his horse and walked into the clearing which extended almost up to the place where the girl and boy scouts were gathered. It was difficult for the man to find a passageway of anion around the avenues between the graves and the tombstones and undoubtably he would have found the task almost utterly impossible if he had tried to come on in on the horse. There was a girl scout with him and they had not come half the distance between the road and the gathering place of the child scouts before Mildred recognized them and exclaimed "Oh that's soldier Mike, and his Hettie, coming with her."

She was correct and she indeed the girls, the "an salutis g and going off again.

"What have you been doing in the graveyard?" she inquired.

"We thought the enemy was coming this way, but we were fooled and we were again holding a conversation, and and--" Mildred said and as she hesitated for a completion of her sentence, Jane Wellfort finished it for her thus:

"Ah And talking nonsense."

"Nonsense" demanded or repeated the girl about matron with a glance around of not very severe reproval. "I'm surprised. What were you talking about that seemed to be nonsense?"

"What happened this morning and who were the victims of the Glendale linen spies and of this strange and violent enemy attack which is so far so dangerously successful." Mildred replied.

"Why was that nonsense?"

"I don't suppose it was at first but finally we got to the end of our string, and there were only two things for us to do, stop or go over it all again. Well we didn't stop, and the first thing we knew we were going round and around in a circle."

"Yes, and did a lot of pushing over it, didn't we kids?" interposed interposed Mary Stanek. "I must have been one of the main offenders, I admit it. When we got worked up to a high pitch of feeling, some of us would cry out 'wasn't it awful, wasn't it terrible. Did you ever hear anything like it.'"

"Yes that's real nonsense and almost gossip." the girl scout child matron agreed settling herself as comfortably as possible on one of the grave yard benches, which two of the girls brought for her. "And that brings to my mind a very interesting subject. Did you ever ask yourself what your mission is that the Princess desire to send you on Gertrude, and you to 'Miss Angelina Michael'?"

"It's going to be full of excitement, its dangerous, and might turn out a perfect failure, but for the sake of country and cause its worth while to try it." Volunteered Jean Saunderson, who had made considerable study of the dictionary for a class work. "We had to study up on that when we were becoming scouts."

"All right then you are just the little girl I want to quiz." said Hettie Kornmann with a slight twin like in her eye. "By the way I used to be a child scout like you myself."

"Yes, and you used to teach us in the country, didn't you Hettie?" asked Dolores.

"That I did right on the outskirts of the village of Turne, although that town isn't its proper name" she replied. "and do you know girls and you boys with all due respect to the advanced character of the 'Camp Fire Girls' I believe I have learned some things in the middle around between here, and the forest that few people learn here. For instance I believe I acquired a broader understanding of the results of good adventure as than the average critic of all workers of adventure could ever boast of. I'll guarantee your adventure to Abba Abbaeann won't be a failure though it'll be full of dangers."

"Horrer, I believe Hettie is going to give us something new." Jane Wellfort, interposed leaning forward eagerly.

"Wait till you hear what I have to say," suggested Hettie. "I may have some questions to ask to find out if you get me. My experience has taught me that the more perilous an adventure is, the more you people wish to go in to that adventure."

"There what did I tell you." Jane explained. "Did anybody here ever hear anything like that before?"

Apparently nobody had.

"All right Miss Wellfort" Denton used Hettie, "Now I'm going to put some questions to you. Do you believe what I said is true?"

"Believe what?"

"That the mission proposed by Violent, and her sisters will be a success."

Mildred gazed thoughtfully a moment or two at her lieutenant then replied:

"I cannot say yes, and neither can I say no. I'm doubtful."

"Why?"

"Well" the girl scout said slowly, "the enemy had armed all duns if he is guilty, and such danger to the adventure. I'd dangerous because Glendale in an army won't even allow their own boy and girl scouts to go near the region, and therefore we can't take the tip in Glendale. In fact they won't let anybody there. Therefore it seems it hasn't any particular purpose in view. It's only hopeful that we can have General Aronburg make a junction with the two civilian generals, then get in with other armies, march for the region and clear the territory of the army. Otherwise our adventure is a wild goose chase, if you please."

"It seems a better plan as a rule, doesn't it?" Hettie inquired.

"Yes, but it's a little higher class of work unless you can offer some suggestion that will cut the generals busy on something that will bring all other plans to a crushing success."

"What do you mean?"

"A battle must be fought at Abbaeann in face of securing success for our mission."

"Very good. Now will you tell me how many kind of subjects there are in the world, that can carry through such a success as you propose if it has to be such a bloody one?"

"As many subjects as there are in the military class." Jane replied quickly. "The Glendale in an army up there are under five Tamarlins, Thomas Taddard and Philline Tamarlins being the main heads. I've heard officers talk about the effects of the war, and how the weather worked on both sides. That was just when they wanted to plan something but didn't know anything about their subject."

"How is it possible the weather can show a effects on the war?"

"Oh goodness I've done that lots of times by experience." Jane confessed smiling a bit mischievously. "But that was before I became a girl scout. I used to be complaining about the weather all the time, whenever it was stormy. It didn't get me anywhere. I did not know what to do to make me comfortable. But belonging to this organization had solved the problem of weather conditions for us. We realize now the conditions of weather is terribly hard on the enemy, especially on hot summers and cold winters, and with our exertions, our studies, our many little occupations that we work out are just the things we need to keep us from noticing the weather. Do you know really that these hot days and nights are not hot when you are deeply interested in something or have a lot of excitement."

"That is simply splendid." declared Hettie with deliberate emphasis on each word. "I surely didn't expect a lecture like that from so young a girl scout. If there are many others who can say such things I'll have to take back what I said about getting a broader understanding of the situation of your adventure. You even added something to my view of the matter when you introduced the subject of meteorological weather on the enemy."

"I didn't know that I--" began Jane. Then she stopped and admitted her bewilderment with a puzzled look on her face.

"What is meteorological weather on the foe?" Angelina Tanager Angelina Jane asked.

"A Can't any of you figure it out?" Gertrude herself inquired with a searching look in the face of every one of her young child scouts.

"I can't several of them admitted."

"If Jane can't tell what it means there's no hope for an explanation from us," said Gladys. "She knows more big words than all the rest of us put together."

"Don't be in too big a hurry to confess ignorance for us all." Angelina Riches interposed quickly. "If none of you girls and boys can answer that question, I think I can."

"Isn't all those disasters like a meteor from the infernal regions?" inquired one of the girl scouts so naively that nearly every one laughed heartily. The others still being in an attitude on the subject of meteorological weather failed to catch the joke.

"The trouble is, Jane," said Angelina Michael. "That you have a limited understanding of the word meteor. You I suppose little girl scout you are thinking of it as a ball of fire flying across the heaven at night. That is of course a specific meaning of the word. The word I mean is a general meaning not popularly understood or understood in any phenomena of the atmosphere, such as rain, snow hail, I win downpours great heat and terrible cold."

"If it rained shot and shell, and shrapnell, the shot, shell, and fragments would be mine." suggested Gladys's Worthworth.

"Surely Angeline niches rained with an amount of disappointment." "Providing it didn't come from guns fired off." However Gladys's by that suggestion you are getting the other girls off the track. Now can't somebody answer that question?"

"Oh I know what it is." suddenly exclaimed Joy at Claire clapping her hands eagerly. "I remember reading the other day that Jack Evans is one of the most skilled generals of the country and he knows lots of the means of that word. The weather is hard on the army, because their country is further south. They cannot endure so much as we Northerners can."

"Then what is meteorological conversation." Hattie Kornmann asked.

"Gossip of what is going to happen to general Aronburg's army." Jean replied, but the chorus of laughter that greeted her explanation proved she had missed her opportunity.

"It's conversation about the battle," cried several of the boys and girls together, and both Gertrude Angeline and Hattie looked very pleased.

"Now said Hattie Kornmann. 'I've delayed an important matter longer than I should have delayed it. I really came here on a mission, not for conversation. General Blain Nightfinger merely reported to general Aronburg that his staff report reported or predicted that the enemy cannot be held back, and the army is going to shift position. The attack of the enemy is a pretty severe one, with strong violent movements. I thought I had better come here and suggest that you girls and boys remain in your secure position till night, or at least I had intended to direct you here, but saw you were here already.'"

"Girl and boyscouts are soldiers and are not afraid of Glandelinian soldiers," said Gertrude Angeline warmly.

"Not much are the y." declared Miss Dolores. "Thank you very much Hattie but I am for one in favor of sticking to our positions. I like a good stiff fight with the enemy."

"So do I with lots of thrills in it - but not too much shell fire," said Miss Ruth McWhirther.

"Let's invite Hattie to stay with us." one of the girlscoouts suggested. "Just as you say children," said Hattie. "I'm not afraid if you're not only I thought it might be more comfortable if there was not so much disturbance."

"Girl and boyscouts don't always look for comfort fast," vouched Virginia Zimmermann.

"If there's going to be a storm attack we'd better remain here and be ready if the enemy come up here," Gertrude suggested.

Therefore preparations were made, each one assigned to some strong sheltered position. They got everything in condition for the expected attack upon them too if it should happen the storm attack would crush the christian line. Hattie said that the reports that came from the officers was - "The enemy is missing in everestronper numbers. Strong columns moving from the southeastward. Not a change in the situation. They are totally winning the battle. she told of hurricanes of attacks along general Aronburg's right wing, and heavy attacks hurled against the positions at the creek. Hope was expressed however, that the force of the attack would be pretty well broken before they got too far into the christian lines, or general Aronburg would lose his reputation as not "having ever lost a battle." Down below the enemy though fighting fiercely was still held in check now by those who had rallied and there was no indication as yet of any further disaster impending, but the noise proved the conflict had redoubled in fury. Hardly a breath of air was stirring and the sun was like a pall. The sun did not shine to day, and the day was also going to be a day of oppression.

Half an hour later every one was behind their own point of protection and the fast work of the girl and boyscouts on their ground behind tortoise walls, and mounds and the like, besides trees had to do with securing their positions against possible tearing losses by shrapnell fire by themselves with spears and shovels found in the cemetery making some sort of small small earthworks. Everything possible was tested, as well as the mounds in made behind trees in which they were to defend themselves.

So, some shrapnell were also placed in position for the boy and girlscoouts to protect themselves from the enemy's fire and rain of shrapnell.

After this work was completed three of the girls began the preparation for the scouting, for all the girl and boyscouts did duties in shifts in their regiments, and since there was so much excitement this was their day. Still there was no sign of the storm of snail prom-ised by the reports. The sun if it could have shined was already up two hours, and as nothing happened the boys themselves decided to gather a supply of wood with which to build a fire to smoke the enemy out if they should close on them in all directions. So everybody, known as Wood Gatherers, Fire Builders, and Torch bearers got busy. In half an hour Gertrude gave the orders that it was enough and the industrial gatherers of dead and dying tree limbs and much and dead leaves contemplated with satisfaction the abundant results of their labor.

"That ought to make things look pretty tough for the enemy when it makes plenty of smoke," said Angeline Riches. "Unless we have a regular 'Enemy Cloudburst of men against us' all the Glandelinian attackers that rush us ought to be like water going up in steam."

"The enemy will make it pretty hot around here if he comes to us," Jean Anders suggested.

"Maybe it won't be so bad if we could the enemy down a little," said Jane Nellfort. "We can make it hotter for the enemy than they can expect."

"But the report said 'The enemy are winning the battle so far'." Mildred reminded.

"Oh that has no reference to our calling the ardour of the enemy," said Mary Glank. "For instance maybe you could cool the enemy down a little by turning our little machine guns upon the attackers."

"Well we hope to drive the enemy away from our point and at least keep the Glandelinians at a distance till our armies either makes a retreat or win." George Zimmermann suggested.

At this juncture the conversation was interrupted by the sound of a horse galloping down the cemetery road. As it stopped a strange man dismounted and advanced toward the group of girls and boys. He was a middle aged man six feet tall, with a shaggy beard, wearing instead of a uniform a civilian garb and a slouched hat.

"I am looking for Miss Angeline Aronburg," he announced lifting his hat and bowing with an urbane ease that seemed to indicate a professional society practice. He waited for a reply, still in an attitude of great conventional politeness.

"I am Gertrude Angeline," said she rising from a camp chair on which she had been resting from her work, while the girls gathered firewood with the boys.

"I understand," said the man. "But I'm looking for Angeline Aronburg, not Gertrude Angeline, though I admire you very much little girl. Can you tell me maybe where she is located?"

"I happen to take that name too for I am she," repeated Gertrude. "Then I hope you will excuse this intrusion," said the man, advancing a few steps nearer, and still holding his hat in his hand. "But I came here from general Vivians headquarters on most important business and I was told at your headquarters that you might not return to the house until this squabble younger is over. I could not very well wait there with the enemy running crazy like this, so I mounted my horse and came here." The other members of the force of girlscoouts, realizing that the business interview sought by the man might require privacy withdrew to a respectful distance. Then suddenly Jane pointed off toward the south east and said:

"See girls, look there. That must be the storm attack coming toward the christian lines now."

The other girls looked in the direction indicated, and there was a chorus of concurrence in Jane's suggestion. Evidently the long Glandelinian wave was moving very rapidly forward, for even as the girls looked it was possible they could see the white fringe of heavy smoke along the rallied and reinforced christian lines growing denser every moment. "Those Glandelinians have a mighty strong support to their storm attack," said Angeline Riches. "If it should prove to be a very violent attack it might do some serious damage when it got to playing with the defensive lines of our comrades."

"While the other girls and boys were occupied in watching this 'Battle storm' Jane stole a glance at Gertrude and the unexpected visitor. For some reason that she could not explain she felt that the man was therefor some troublesome purpose, and her glance toward them in no wise tended to ally her suspicion, though by the mans visit was absolutely friendly. The two were engaged in earnest conversation, and the girlscoout leaders attitude even evidently was a physical reinforcement of a vigorous protest. With a little shudder of apprehension, Jane was about to turn about and rejoin the girls in their conversation about the storm attack, when Gertrude motionsed to her as if beckoning to her to

approach the spot where the interview was taking place. The girl did as requested and as she came within a few feet of her guardian and the stranger she heard the former say to the man:

"That is absolutely all I can say on the subject. I hope you won't bother me about the matter again, nor the Princesses either, for it won't do you or me nor any other person any good. It's dangerous but I won't give up the mission. I'm sorry to refuse but I must. You mean good but duty is duty. If you think it is as dangerous as that you may shadow us to shield us from that danger. I must bid you good day now."

The man turned and left, a little sorrowfully it seemed but with at least an effort at his customary politeness. Then Gertrude turned to Jane and said:

Jane you stay by me, and gather all my officers to me. I've something very heavy weighing on my mind, and I must simply hold some council."

Jane promised to do as Gertrude requested.

After the first clear warning toward the southeast the "storm attack" came rapidly, driven onward by their determined leaders, and supported by a most furious cannon fire. Their advance upon the Christian lines in that locality coming wildly across the fields appeared as rapid as that of many racers moving across a prairie in the distance. The girl and boys, and their leaders, and every one else with them had remained behind their many objects of protection until the first tremendous uproar of firing told the attack had finally struck the Christian line. In accordance with Gertrude's suggestion it was decided not to do anything rash. Lest they too foolishly draw an overwhelming attack upon themselves. Gertrude and Angeline pitched occupied a wide tree, and Hattie Kornmann was behind them. The force of the attack of the Glandelinians rove on rapidly, but from their places of concealment it seemed evidently true that it was of no avail, because the Glandelinians were being shot down in whole droves as fast as they came on. Most of the battle settled rapidly over everything. Believing they were free for the time being the girls and boys seated themselves in a large ring in a clearing, and Gertrude Angeline introduced the subject that was weighing heavily on her mind her narrative being punctuated with flashes of fire from distant Glandelinian batteries and peals of cannon and thunders, the roar of musketry from the Christian lines and the yells of the surprised enemy, while it was seen that the enemy were being in danger of annihilation was wavering and portions falling back.

"You will remember this evening as I perhaps you will remember none other in your lives," she began, "and there is a peculiar reason for my strange prophecy. If I had been planning every detail ahead, I would not have selected a stormy battle scene in a graveyard as time and place for telling my story. And there is more in the action of a battle storm than most people suspect. I know this from many most severe and impressionable experiences I have had during many big battles which I too have seen. Many of things heard, seen, and done by me in the past days of this astonishing war I can recall now but I would not like to because of some of the awe associations of a battle storm like this in other dreadful conflicts. Therefore I would suggest that you girls and boys attempt to fix your mind calmly on the unromantic reality of things in order that you may recall this scene in after years as rationally as possible."

"I surely must look for something unusual and very interesting after an introduction of that kind," Jean interposed. "I suppose I am too young to get the full meaning of what you are saying, and yet I can't look for something very much out of the ordinary."

"Your expectations are well warranted," Gertrude replied. "And I'll leave it for you to decide as to whether I have overdone the thing in my introductory warning. I'll here go on. The trouble I'm in has a double cause. I have lost something and I have forgotten something. If I could remember, what I have forgotten, the loss probably would not be serious, and girls and boys if I had what I lost, the lapse of memory probably would probably of no consequence."

"That doesn't sound as if you overdid your warning," Jane said with a smile as she leaned forward in an attitude of deepened interest.

"All right. I'll go back to the beginning of my story," Gertrude then before continued. "General Curran who died of his wounds in a month ago or so at the battle of Delton was trustee of a number of mine plans consisting some thing of the country of Abilene or north of the city itself, all her railroads, and subways, including the subways that even went underground long ways beyond beyond the city northward scheduled nearly all railroad property, street car lines, and including including the munition plants of the city. Well at the death of the general the trustee of these plans passed to me. With them in my possession the investigation of the disaster could be very easily successful.

But before his death there was a period of several months during which it was evident that something strange was weighing heavily on his mind, and troubling him greatly. I tried out of course to find out what it was but was unsuccessful for some time. At last I learned that the Glandelin authorities knew about his plans, who to capture Abilene and secure the territory, was trying to make trouble, and the Glandelinian authorities were succeeding in annoying this general and his army far more than I had any idea. In fact although I did not realize it at the time the general's mental balance was wavering. His army had been defeated six times. The plan consisted chiefly of what I mentioned before. The general wanted to prevent them from getting into possession of the foe. The general to prevent them from getting into possession of the foe kept them at first in a vault in Angelina Agathia, but a few months before he died he brought them to Galverine and put them in a local vault. I did not know this at the time or I and all Christian generals would have suspected something wrong, for the small vaults there were hardly the best places for keeping a important plan of that kind which the enemy would give anything to secure. On his death bed he informed me of this act and also that he had moved the securities from the local vault. He told me where he put them, but I was in such a state of distress that it made no impression on my mind. It seemed to me that he said he buried the papers but for the life of me I can't recall where it was. I did remember however, that he said he had left a sealed letter addressed to me at one of the local banks, with instructions for its delivery to me in the event of his death. This letter he said, contained full information as to where I would find those important plans, and I suppose the fact that I knew he had left such information caused me to pay little attention to his oral statement as to where the papers were.

A day or two after his death the letter was delivered to me but I was in no condition of mind to pay any attention to business. I opened the letter, saw that it dealt with business pure and simple and laid it aside, intending to take the matter up when I felt better. But when I looked for it a few days later, I could not find it. For three months and a half I hunted that place high and low for that letter. Meanwhile officials of the Christian government and generals began to ask questions as the usual information did not come. I was in a quandary and I suppose foolishly evaded the issue, hoping to find the letter that would tell me where the missing papers were. They became more insistent and I began to send scouts to try and retrace the letter. But their suspicions were aroused, and a demand was made upon me for that letter. Realizing that the bond giving by Violet and her sisters and myself was ample security I refused, and got them to intercede for me. They then stopped bothering me. However if I had that plan our investigation of the disaster would be as easy as eating ice cream. But the strange thing is that just a few minutes ago by the famous Gemini Leader general Hendro Dargar came to see me on that subject. The nature of his mission do day was to ask me as well as he intends to ask them the princesses not to take a chance on such a dangerous adventure. He told me it was rank suicide but I refused to comply telling him that it was my duty, and that if I was afraid of the enemy I might as well go home. He threatened to start proceedings of which would prevent our going if I did not voluntarily give up such a mission into the hands of the proper soldiers or allow him and his men to make the attempt. I told him he couldn't do it, as the Vivian girls have the say in all matters, and it was their plan, and he couldn't stop them or it wouldn't do no good to tell them about it."

"And if you ever seen this great man before he called to day," Angeline Angeline nichon asked.

"No I haven't," Gertrude replied. "His warnings against our dangerous adventure have been conducted through by the telegraph, and through a local centre, the most scrupulous member of the Gemini in the world. He means good, he worries about our safety, and he doesn't like to see any thing happen to us. To him we are fairies and he'd give his very life to save us from the adventure if he could. But we can't shirk our duty when our country is at stake and he knows it."

"Haven't you any one who could advise you in this matter?" "To be sure I have, and he knows the whole situation. I've decided this man to come but he didn't. I've directed Dargar and his local representative to communicate with the Princesses or Empress Vivian and he is going to do it. I've been turning Dargar's letters over to Radcliffe, and now Dargar has come to see me personally."

"Didn't you ever find a missing letter?" Mildred inquired. "Oh yes I did," Gertrude said apologetically. "As if suddenly recovering from a lapse of memory." "And where do you think I found it?" "The simplest place on earth. It had slipped down behind the facing of the mantle of the fireplace. I found it on the 4th of July shortly before I left my home to rejoin the ranks. I was looking for a little gold medal

that I had missed and got up on a chair to get a better view over the mantle. Like a flash the suggestion came to me that I could find the missing letter for I noticed that the mantle was sprung out slightly from the fireplace. I looked eagerly down into the crevice, and sure enough a white edge of some paper was in plain view. I got a hatpin and began to pick at it. Presently I drew out the missing letter written by my husband's friend General Curran.

I opened it, but quickly discovered something that my first glance months ago, had failed to impress my mind. The handwriting of the General, part of it particularly in the latter part of the letter was so nervous and nervous as to be almost impossible to read. It was but another indication of his mental condition during the last few months before he died.

I saw at once therefore that it would require considerable study to decipher it. So I put it in my handbag hoping to find an opportunity to study it over in the course of this evening, or possibly call for Glinglor and enlist his aid.

"And that very letter was the article stolen from your handbag which caused a you such distress," Angeline phoe exclaimed, unable longer to repress her excited suspicion.

"Exactly," Gertrude replied. "And with it went the General's secret, which he told to me, and which I so foolishly forgot."

"But there is a sequel to this secret," Gertrude continued continued, after a few moments pause. "I haven't told you the minor legatee was that tried so hard to make trouble for the General and his army over the attempt to get possession of the plans. He was a glandelinian spy, a spy of about twenty five years old, and a great one by profession. I had tried various means to capture him and his father who was a spy too, although I had seen them only a few times. One of those spies was killed in an encounter with a sentinel. The other in the disguise of a Christian officer visited at my home for a dozen times during the few months I stayed there in order to learn who I was, and he always came without being invited and remained only a short while.

But that isn't the sequel I referred to. It is something more interesting. When the glandelinian armies began this attack this morning I thought there was something familiar in the whole proceeding. I watched the action closely to determine if my suspicions were true or not. The longer I watched the more confident I became that I was not mistaken. My suspicions therefore were strongly reinforced as the evidence of the violence of the assault has increased. I looked carefully for a good view of the "Storm assault." Then when it sprang forward I needed no further evidence. No other reason for the Glandelinians to perform such a feat but for the purpose to break through the Christian line at this point and get at us. There is no doubt of it, the Glandelinians want to massacre us all if possible to prevent our mission being fulfilled. They'll be successful if we don't defend ourselves accordingly if they do break through in this locality. This is all caused by those two Professional Mutt, and Jeff spies."

"Why they must be professional military crooks," said Mildred, shocked at the idea of such a thing probably coming true.

"Of course they are," Gertrude replied. "And you don't know what humiliation I felt at this disgrace it must heap upon us all if the fact should come to be known that we failed in our mission because of the two international spies."

"What I can't understand," Mildred continued. "Is why these two spies who are foreigners, and of it, their ability and skill should throw away their opportunities for such wicked purposes, instead of trying to receive honorable success by devoting their times and energies for our own cause, even if our Government would not pay, as much as the glandelinians do."

"Ah," returned Gertrude slowly and with a sigh a significant accent. "Right there is where you have much to learn about the situation. Children unless older do not as a rule have the chance to learn much of his phase of affairs of glandelinian spies, or international spies or if they do the knowledge they receive is contrary to their younger ideas that the result is usually bewilderment and intolerant confusion. But as child scouts are not going to be so easily confused I hope. We are schooled in all kind of military as well as other educations we need besides, of which too the well known Camp Fire Girls and Boys organizations are also a worthy exponent, as well as ours, and all of us have so much strength and system of character and intelligence in all our works that---that---well it will be a cold day when we'll ever let any international crazy dirty, crooked spy aiding glandelinia get the best of us, or the Camp Fire Girls...."

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"Not in the least," Gertrude Angelina replied. "I don't want to try to force you to believe anything, no matter what it might be, which you cannot see, but I want to say this; there is a reason for everything. You must assume this as invariably true if you would live the most satisfactory and satisfactory girlscout life. Often we can't see the reason of things but in so far as we are able to observe and analyze reason is at the very foundation of human existence. The idea of horrors of the works of spies is directly opposed to reason. There is no such thing as chance, accident or 'can't'. You may slip and fall, perhaps sprain your ankle or break a leg or arm. You call it an accident. No such thing. There was a little ice on the sidewalk. You didn't notice it. If you had seen it probably you would have avoided it, or properly measured your step on it. Many people would learn my experience this morning as a great misfortune. I would say it wasn't, and is if it can be such a thing as a misfortune its the nations not mine. Because of course it hit me so hard, so unexpectedly you yourself are disposed to look at it in this light. The trouble was I didn't use my head as vigorously as I should have used it. In the first place it was very foolish for me to carry that paper with me in my common handbag. That was really silly. Think of it. If I had carried a million dollars worth of jewels around my handbag for several hours in a big crowd, you would have not called me insane, but try to have me put in an insane asylum. And yet I carried around with me a paper that told the secrets of the whereabouts of unknown tunnels and subways running underground out from Abbeism going north. And if it had been a million dollars worth of jewels that had been stolen from my handbag, few persons would think of me as an unfortunate victim deserving of universal sympathy. People might say 'too bad' but they would also shake their heads as though they thought I must have the head of an ambidextrous."

Jean's eyes were now sparkling with interest in spite of the deep concern she felt at Gertrude's predicament.

"Why, Gertrude Angelina," she exclaimed, "I never heard anybody talk like that before. I can see readily enough that what you say is true, but I am all confusion. I can't understand why we should look so differently at two things which really amount to one and the same thing."

"The reason is this," the lecturer replied. "We girls look like Alice in Wonderland through either a looking glass or a magnifying glass at the ideas that dazzle our minds. I'm that Alice. Yet there is very little to dazzle the mind's eye in a scrap of paper telling where such underground passages are. It is very interesting but you could carry it around sewed up in the lining of your coat for a year with perfect propriety. But carry around a \$100,000,000 mortgage bond in precisely the same place and condition and the person who finds it out is likely to report you to the authorities for a mental examination. I don't know Jean, if you will understand why I should talk this way to you but there are really several good reasons. First since my father died, there has been nobody to whom I could go except with my uncle with my troubles and my problems and get sympathy. About the only person with whom I have discussed these things is the Christian generals, and Violet, and her sisters but my talks with them of course are entirely of different character from this one. Matters had come almost to a crisis crisis before I found that letter behind the mantle. You don't know how it cheered me. And then to think that I now got the head and neck of a goose to let the whole thing slip through my hands by the most foolish conduct one could be guilty of, and I a supreme girlscout guardian. It is almost more than I can bear. It will probably mean Jean that Calvin in is will practically lose everything to the enemy it has in the world, and Abbeism is might not be able to retrieve the disaster, and we'll all go down to ruin and disaster with Glandelinia victorious in the war."

"No not that bad," Jean exclaimed in deep distress while "Wildride face turned white." "Didn't you report to the military police the fact that you reported those two professionals? They may find them and recover that letter for you."

"Yes I did, and to all the generals too," Gertrude replied. "I took the matter up with my Uncle also and we had an interview with all generals not in this action. It is my one hope but a very slim one I'm afraid."

Jean was silent for a minute or two. She was thinking hard. The rapid succession of events was racing back and forth in her mind more furiously than even the distant storm of battle outside. By this time the threatening of the elements of battle had increased considerably but the enemy was not succeeding. Gertrude sat quietly with her arms folded and leaning dependently into the opposite corner of a paravand.

Presently Jean spoke again, and the result of her utterance was indeed, no to speak very startling. She seemed to change the subject entirely and it may be that this change, together with the apparent irrelevance of her words contributed much to the weirdness of their effect. "Gertrude," she said, "do you ever believe we'll make a success of this mission, even with the loss of the letter?"

Gertrude started forward so suddenly that it seemed as if she would leap out of her chair.

"Why do you ask that question, Jean?" Gertrude inquired after she recovered from the shock which her friends question had given her.

"I cannot say exactly," the girlscout replied. "At least I don't want to ask your question until I get a little more information on the subject subject from you."

"Why not?"

"Because you might not see any connection between the loss of your letter and the matter of the plans of Violet, and her sisters. I don't believe the loss of the letter matters very well. I will ask you a question again. Was that letter written in Abbeismian?"

"No it wasn't."

"And you believe the loss of it will endanger the nation to a destructive defeat?" "I am REPATED!"

"I do not confirm that statement but I'm positive nevertheless," Gertrude replied. "But it seems positive nevertheless for if the enemy has any one in his midst that can read that German writing we are lost. I'm going to tell you a secret regarding that subject, which no doubt will interest you very much. There is no particular reason why it should be a secret I suppose but I'm not much of a girlscout to talk about National or my own affairs when it too might endanger our own service, and since I have probably not mentioned it before, I suppose all others have forgotten it. But I'll tell some things which I did before coming down on the raft, which has something to do with this also. The army then from which I came from had its headquarters on a farm in Anglinia State, north, and it was a large and picturesque old fashioned, grungy lime structure containing everything from an oil painting of the 'Roché Home' to an attic well populated with everything we needed. That place through the trick of Glandelinian spies seemed to us possessed, possessed with evil spirits worse than the fabled ghosts. That building actually was possessed. We child scouts of course did not know that but they were real creatures there all right. There were six of us, three girlscouts and three boys, and seeing the weird manifestations, we actually set fire to the place and burned the building to the ground. Though I am brave I'm slightly just the same and the slightest illness I would have or when ever I received some sort of wound I would have the most fantastic dreams. Many a time the wild manner in which I would sit up or stand up in bed in those days and utter the most ridiculous ideas in my sleep frightened the generals, and my followers into apprehensions of serious consequences for me. They and the army physician pronounced me abnormally nervous because of all my recent exciting and dangerous exploits in my scout career but I am gotten over that now. Nevertheless these peculiarities of mine developed to such an extent I had to be watched closely every time a little child illness came upon me, or I received a shot shock or some wound."

But this of course grew to be quite a joke with my brother, two sisters, and also the scouts who knew and were with me. My strange flighty words and actions in my sleep were about the funniest things they ever heard or saw. It became so common an affair that they would wait for it with great glee and expectation, and next day would tell me about the strange strange ridiculous things I did and say in my sleep."

For a few weeks matters continued this way, and then I seemed to outgrow my flighty tendency, or habit or whatever you choose to call it. I suppose three months went by without any further experience of this kind until one night I awoke to find myself thrown violently out of bed lying somewhere with a wall of darkness all about me except for a patch of faint starlight at a window several yards away. I got up stood very still and frightened for I knew not how long wondering whether I was awake or asleep. As the conviction crept over me stronger and stronger that I was really awake and that I had not been walking in my sleep as I believed I tried harder and harder to convince myself that I had been thrown roughly from my bed. Besides at last I realized that there was no use in trying to delude myself, and I began to study my surroundings to determine how I was to find my way back to my bed, for strange unseen forces seemed to hold me rooted to the spot. I must have spent fifteen minutes trying to find out where I was. I was sure it took half that time to convince me I was not in my own room. I made my way over to the window feeling every inch carefully lest I fall down a stairway, and even when I got there I had difficulty in determining in what part of that old house I was. I was

will apprehensive of a strange foul smell in the place but finally I got my bearings, and where do you suppose I found myself was in an empty room at the end of the house farthest from my bedroom and I could now determine that when I awoke I was near the door that opened onto the stairway which led into that child scouts had always called the "Ghost attic." I got a good scare then after I awoke my way back to my room after I crept back into my room and into bed feeling foolish. I was glad indeed that nobody had seen me, and was about to try and sleep when my bed was violently jerked forward from the floor and turned bottom bottom upwards with me lying underneath, bruised and with a broken tooth.

"Well I studied a good deal over that incident, which of course I did not keep a secret, and all in the room finally decided that my incident on this occasion must have been a result of some strange unseen manifestation in the house, and not walking in my sleep as I supposed. One guard was placed to watch my room, and the rooms of others and one of them reported that twice something had been mysteriously thrown at him and struck him on the head. The officers valiantly invaded that "haunted house" after night with us advised to keep out, and none of them stayed there long.

The place was not haunted, but possessed, and that was how I had been so strangely afflicted those few months. I couldn't recall dreaming about anything or seeing any strange shades or beings, but after the unseen manifestations there were strange foul smells in the place enough to drive one into sudden sickness. I was there only two months when the worst thing occurred which drove us to set the place afire. After I was twice roughly put out of bed, and the same happened to others, I walked clear out of the house in the middle of the night and down to a creek following what I mistook to be some one playing spook spook. I don't know what it was that caused me to make this trip unless I wanted to see what the creature literally was. I was not ill on this occasion nor on the last proceeding, and I was wide awake, and actually saw it. But fortunately I was watched, or I probably would not be here to night or to day rather, though its dark as night almost now, for then I was unable to swim that low cold water. A soldier was on guard late that night and he saw me, followed me, I followed the dark shade directly to the creek. The soldier who was following me rushed forward to stop me, but it was too late, the shade swung round and made for me with a deafening scream that was like the cry of a possessed of the infernal regions. I was saved from it by the soldier who displayed a crucifix, and it disappeared.

After that we burned the house down and since then—

Gertrude Angelina got no further. Her story was interrupted in a manner that took the minds of both narrator and listeners off the subject. The violence of the distant "storm attack" had grown fiercer, and close by to the left of the cemetery almost simultaneously with the utterance of the word "since then" by Gertrude, came the sound of awful sudden firing that made a tremendous shock and which split the air two hundred yards away as if volcanoes had exploded. It was the explosions or discharges of many cannons and firearms combined mingled with shells and shrapnell and before a word of astonishment could escape the lips of the astonished and startled listeners, the sound was followed by a prolonged uproar of that firing folios followed by repeated chorus of yells screams and shouting, cursing and blasphemies in rapid succession. Then came a roar of yells in a perfect hurricane of tumults indicative of mingled pain, anger, terror, and derision. It was the discomfited devil yell of the Landelinians who had come up this far to meet a terrific fire from the Christian troops who had been posted unseen in a long line near the grave yard.

For fully a minute after the sound of the terrible battle a short distance from the graveyard had begun to recede and insured that the children were safe from attack, Jean Bauders and Gertrude Angelina sat gazing at each other with fair blanched countenances. Not that they were in great dread of the infliction of the personal harm upon them in their strong hold, for there was probably only a remote possibility of anything of that sort, but circumstances of such attacks usually compel witnesses a vague kind of awe and strike an inharmonious panic of chills that either the human soul or the bravest fire-eater known where the likely hood of attack and massacre is remote.

The same sounds of that terrible near-st part of the battle had no one very effective result in the minds of Gertrude and her listeners all thoughts of the conversation in which they were engaged engaged Gertrude Angelina's story remained unfinished at the critical point where it was interrupted and the only evidence furnished to her audience of one that that she was killed by the Legion shade was the fact that she was there to tell the story.

"My wasn't that terrible, I was sure of a whole wife of Landelinian soldiers in that one moment," Jean exclaimed at last as if she had been just than able to catch her breath. "It is as mysterious as it was no terrible," Gertrude replied. "I can't imagine that could be the occasion of such an affair coming so unexpectedly close to our refuge and receding again. That 'devil yell' of the enemy was simply blood curdling."

"I believe I can make a pretty good guess as to what it means," Jean said brightening. "Brightening a little. Probably the main Landelinian wave of attack was moving for this location with a purpose in view to flank General Aronburg, and a new force of Christian troops had been thrown into position to meet them."

"There's just no objection I have to that theory," Gertrude replied. "Landelinian troops couldn't flank General Aronburg in coming this way."

"How do you know that?" Jean asked Jean, not a little astonished at her friends shrug.

"Because it does not extend this way. I'm somewhat of an expert on such movements myself. The Landelinian generals must have seen us and sent a force to attack the cemetery. And a Christian force must have been placed in the way and destroyed the attack before it came here."

They lapsed into quiet for a few moments and listened intently for further sounds indicating the result of the battle. But none came except the more distant uproar, and elsewhere the only sounds they heard were the rattling of machine gun fire, rodman steady as falling rain and the conversation among the other child scouts within hearing undoubtedly concerning the wild and mysterious disturbance so close to their position.

"If it were not for the danger of revealing our presence to exposure to our Landelinian batteries, I'd call out to some of the other expert girls and boys and asked if everything were all right with them," Gertrude remarked presently.

"Oh Gertrude!" exclaimed Jean as an interesting idea came to her suddenly. "I believe I have some real explanation of that fierce attack and repulse so close to us. I bet anything a big force of Landelinians were as you say standing stalling toward our position, and were stopped by a big force of Christians who must have a position beyond us."

"Why Jean?" turned Gertrude eagerly. "I really believe you have struck the truth."

Jean was delighted at the hearty acceptance of her theory. In her eager way she was impelled to supplement her surmise with something more that was equally interesting.

"And maybe," she said. "Those Landelinian troops may sent forward a double force of troops to renew the attack. Don't you think some of us ought to get out of here as soon as this heavy firing slackens up a little and get to General Aronburg's headquarters and telephone for more Christian troops to reinforce us here? We ought to get some officers and lots of troops down here before another attack is massed against us. Those men are probably strong enough to capture us if we cannot do something. We cannot do anything ourselves without help. It's too dangerous, especially if they would surround us, and our army would not win the battle. Our only hope is if we win the full battle, then we'll be relieved."

"That's a good idea," Gertrude replied. "I'll tell you what we will do meanwhile. We'll watch in shifts till the firing goes further away. You better lie down and sleep for a while and I'll keep watch for a slackening of the battle close to us. If it doesn't slow up, say by ten thirty, I'll look a clock and call you and then lie down for a while myself. For I know we are tired, having had no sleep at all last night."

"No Gertrude," Jean replied in objection. "I'll take the first watch. I'm not the least bit sleepy. I have some sort of book here too which I brought with me that I'd like to read anyway."

Gertrude was really tried as a result of her exertions during the early morning and it was not hard to induce her to yield to this change of her plans. As she lay down on the mound Jean remarked: "I wish I could talk with the scouts yonder. They must have been alarmed at those terrible sounds of battle so near. If we could all get together and reassure each other that we are all right no doubt everybody in this camp or stronghold would rest better till we are sure we are all safe."

"We'll visit them all before we go back to General Aronburg's headquarters and telephone for reinforcements," Gertrude replied. "I have an idea for improving the efficiency of our story book. Do you of our camp. Jean said she turned the leaves of her story book. Do you know what made me think of it? It's a telegraph advertisement in this book. I shouldn't have installed a wireless telephone system in our camp which is better than a telegraph. It wouldn't cost much and I could have lots of fun with it, and besides that a convenience it would be right now in this grave yard. I didn't see over think of it before."

"Nonsense," is the mother of invention you know," Gertrude reminded with a smile. "Yes and sleep is a necessity of rest. Now Gertrude, you go right to sleep and forget about all these and everything else. I'll wake you when I get sleepy or when the battle recedes so far to be dangerous for us to go out."

Jean did not wake Gertrude because of any sleepy desire to be relieved of her watch. About ten o'clock she observed that the Christian line for this time was at least temporarily victorious, the battle had gone off toward the southwest, and the firing was not half so close as it had been an hour or two earlier, so she decided not to awaken the sleeping girl-scout leader as long as it seemed probable that the battle might even slacken in a short time. Fifteen minutes later she was able to hear no close sound of firing and she was about to go forth to inspect the condition along the Christian lines when Mildred and Mary Stanok came forward.

"Oh I'm so glad you came," Jean said softly. "Oh-h-h don't wake Gertrude. He's pretty tired and has had a lot to worry her. Sit down on this bench over here and I'll tell you what has happened, and then you can go and inform all the other girl-scout leaders who'll communicate it to every one."

Jean told her story in as few words as possible, closing with her suggestion, that she and Gertrude return to Gertrude's Uncle and telephone for a strong body of troops to defend the graveyard with them.

"But I'm wondering now if that is the best plan after all," she added. "Gertrude is very tired, and I'm afraid the trip afoot wouldn't do her any good. It's less than a mile, but because of the smoke of the forest-blazes it's getting so dark, and the weather is so hot that I'm afraid she couldn't safely walk that distance under those circumstances after the other exertions and troubles she has gone through. Now if one of you girls would go with me, we'd make the trip in no time. It's dangerous but we can take the chance."

"I'll go," volunteered Mildred and Mary in almost the same breath, then Mary added, "We can both go with you. That's be good company—three—is a crowd you know, and we'll need a crowd to chase the smoke gloom out of the hot dry woods."

"All right girls, that will be fine," Jean said gratefully. "Thank you ever so much. Will you go with me to the others to inform them that everybody is all right. Don't say anything about our going to the generals' headquarters because that will delay matters too much. We can do it by our signals and have it over with."

The three girls worked rapidly with their signals, and in fifteen minutes they were back to the spot occupied by Gertrude. The latter was still asleep. Jean woke her gently, and informed her what she and Mildred and Mary proposed to do. Gertrude did not protest for she realized that this plan was the best. She thanked the girls heartily and then gave them instructions as to how to get into the house and what general they should call up when they got in.

"I was thinking the matter over as I fell asleep and recalled our conversation, I am about asking aid from the officers," Gertrude said. "We were wrong in one respect. We cannot get hardly any officer in this locality for they might be in the battle. General Blain Nightlinger is the man you want to call. Call the operator and she'll get the general's location and he'll be brought on the wire for you."

"You are not afraid to stay here alone are you?" Jean asked anxiously as they prepared to leave.

"For answer Gertrude showed her weapons saying, "anybody in gray who gets the best of me will have to get his hands on me before I can get my hands on these."

These words sent a rather gruesome chill through the girl-scouts and Jean hastened to change the subject.

"It's too bad," she said, "that there isn't an extra bunch of boys to act as guards here. But we won't be gone long Gertrude. We ought to be back in an hour easily."

"Don't lose your way," Gertrude warned. "No longer of that," Jean replied. "I've been over that route a number of times and we've got some good flashlights to light our path if it gets as dark as night. We'll leave one for you Gertrude. It may come in handy and you won't need to keep the candles burning out here. Here's one."

Jean took an electric flashlight from her valise and gave it to Gertrude who had laid down again on her cot. These she took another from her satchel and announced that she was ready to start.

"Well by, by Gertrude," Jean said, pausing a moment before following the other two girls. "You better go to sleep again and get all the rest you can. There's no telling when we will be back. We may have to wait for the general unless we can give him all the information he wants over the phone."

Jean turned to go, then stopped with this addition to her good by remarks. "By the way perhaps we had better announce ourselves and not appear before you too suddenly on our return. If you should be awake you will know we are back when you hear us give our signal."

In a few moments the three girls were making their way Indian file down the hill toward the trail that led across country to general Aronburg's Headquarters.

The trip to general Aronburg's headquarters and under fire at that was quickly made, but Mary got wounded, and badly too. The difficulties too on the way were of a dreadful character and worse than they had expected. To meet it, however, the girl-scouts had been well equipped for all kinds of obstacles and inconveniences. To protect the selves against the shall fires they had ploughed through bushes and high grass. Their electric flashlights also very very were very serviceable in adding them topick their way through the dark woods. The trail they followed was a well worn path over a big hill and through a shall swept forest as far as a barnyard. Then a t saw a shall blow the barn to pieces they halted for a moment in consternation, and it was here that Mary received a wound in the arm from a shall splinter. Mildred hastily dug out the fragments, and bound up the bleeding wound, and then the three messengers followed the path through an orchard which recalled to the minds of Mildred and Gladys another journey of equally thrilling character a year before. But Wilfred said nothing about it. They wanted Mary to remain in some secluded spot, till they sent some one for her, as her arm pained dreadfully for every step she took but she refused to be left behind. They soon reached the general's headquarters, and proceeded at once to the front entrance, where the sentry at their request pushed the electric button. In a few moments a voice, which they easily recognized as the general's—aided-in-camp called through the door:

"Who's there?"
"It's Mildred Maxwell, and two of the other girl-scouts sir." The guard answered.

"Yes let us in. We want to tel phone," shouted Mildred. The orderly unlocked and opened the door which with such haste as to startle the three girl-scouts, or at least, to arouse a little curiosity in them. But the reason for the orderly's haste was soon explained. "Wonderful Heavens, children," the faithful aid-in-camp exclaimed with deep emotion as he swung the door wide open. "You don't mean to tell me Gertrude and all the others are in grave danger, and you're going to telephone for help?"

"Not in any danger sir, nothing of that sort," Mildred replied reassuringly. "We left her and all her followers perfectly well in the big grave yard over yonder. But there's been a had portion of the battle's raving there, and we want to have general Blain Nightlinger call troops to our protection in case we are attacked there."

"God have mercy on them," cried the orderly. "Are you sure the Glandelinians have not attacked them yet by this time while you went away to call for help. I hear firing in that direction."

"I do too but we hope not, sir," Mildred said with a smile that ought to have dispelled the fears of her inquisitor. "But if they have, we do not fear, as long as the enemy does not win the battle itself. Outside of that we can make sport of an enemy attack upon us."

Without further ado, she went to the general's telephone desk and after a hurried search found the general's location by means of the operator ringing her for her. The call was answered from general Blain Nightlinger's tent, but it was his dumb orderly.

"Who is calling?"
"This is Mildred Maxwell," she answered. "My comrades are in the grave yard."

"Hullo."
"Hullo," Mildred replied again. "Is this general Blain Nightlinger?"
"No," was the answer. "This is an orderly. I'm studying the beauties of nature and—"

"This is a most important urgent call I'm giving in to you," was Mildred's answer more sharp and short this time. "Not a time for you to start a sight seeing tour when a disastrous battle is raging and if you can't get your mind off the 'beautiful scenery' and concentrate on trying to beautify your own brains, and listen to what I'm trying to say our army is sunk and all my girl-scout friends will be playing the harp in the upper heavens. I'm Mildred Maxwell, and I want to speak to general Blain Nightlinger now."

This time it worked, and finally came another voice—
"What do you want?"

"This is Mildred Maxwell," Wilfred began to explain again a little out of patience when she was interrupted with:
"Oh Mildred Maxwell," excuse my abruptness but I guess I haven't been able to think things over yet. What can I do you for you?"

"The girl and boy-scouts are forced into a tight position at St Anna Cemetery east of the Christian lines," Mildred related rapidly for she had rehearsed her story to herself several times in order that

might be able to make as speedy and effective an appeal to the general as possible. Gertrude Angelina and others are with us. Three of us came back through the shell swept timber to general Aronburg's headquarters to call you up, and one of us not wounded and in to be left here under care. The army has made a desperate attack near the cemetery and though he was repulsed he might do so again and win next time. We could hear the firing but though it was two hundred yards away, and there was an awful yelling of the army and we knew the attack was made with the purpose of coming at us. Can you send us troops right away? Gertrude Angelina thinks the glandelinian army who made the attack must belong to general Snyder's Corps. We do not worry so much if we are sure the army will come out victorious, but if it don't we need lots of help or we'll be massacred. We can't get away now from there till the battle is over."

"I'll get busy right away," Mildred said. "The general replied with business like energy, which indicated that he regarded the source of this summons as an extremely important one. How far is the graveyard?"

"Just a short distance east of where general Aronburg's headquarters is, say about one mile."

"Are you going back?"

"Yes right away, unless there's something to keep us here. We want to go back and tell Gertrude you're sending troops."

"Tell her I'll be there with them myself in an hour if possible or as soon as I can get general Bronk's men in place and I can get the troops necessary into formation. If there are to be attacks in your quarter the next ones may be of desperate character, and so we'll come in good force and well prepared."

"All right. Good by."

Mildred hung up the receiver and announced results to her companions. The orderly and some officers who had arrived on the scene in time to hear the principal part of the statement to the general stood by with anxious expressions on their faces.

"I think I'll call up general Viviania and tell him what has happened," Mildred said as the thought came to her. "That is his headquarters number orderly."

"Army Line, Superior four six one four city," the latter replied, and a few moments later this number was rung. General Viviania did not require as much time to be called for by his orderly as general Aronburg did. In about a few seconds he was answering the call quite cheerfully. After listening to Mildred's story he said:

"I'll send you troops in a jiffy. Just wait there at general Aronburg's headquarters, and I'll call myself and go back with you."

Fifteen minutes later the great general with a strong cavalry escort rode up, dismounted his horse, and was announced and the two girls, Mary remaining behind to have her arm taken care of, left the house, mounted horses brought to them and led him along the path through an orchard into the pitch dark timber, over the big hill, no wicket fortunately not under fire and down into the semi wilderness of fern hollow, and then toward the grave yard. Fifteen or twenty paces from the nearest gate of the cemetery, Mildred softly sounded the agreed signal of approach.

"Wh-o-he-lo."

And Gertrude Angelina answered back, "Wo-he-lo."

"Well here we are, Gertrude," Mildred announced as she walked up to where she lay. "We've brought help, and Blain might linger is going to take up a position here with us, and strengthen it with his main army which is inactive. General Viviania is here too to bring the lay of the land, and bring up his troops in this neighborhood."

"Good," Gertrude said. "That was very thoughtful of you. I never occurred to me to suggest that you call him up. I couldn't think of any one but general Blain might linger. Did you have any trouble making the trip?"

"Not in the least except Mary got wounded in the army arm when a splinter hit her. The shell shattered a burn. We too found our way almost as easily as we did going. There was no shelling then."

"We knocked down everything in our path however," said Jean. "Really I think outside of Mary's being wounded it was a delightful adventure especially so if we prove we have started a campaign that will result in capturing those spies who robbed us."

General Viviania did not wait for the arrival of any portions of general Blain's light infantry troops before bringing up his own, and his portion of his troops began to arrive, the general prepared to begin an investigation of the situation of the trouble Christian line of battle near the graveyard, and in and near the region where the creek was said to flow past in the neighborhood. At his request Jean loaned him the use of a number of the boy scouts, and she also handed him a flash flashlight in case it should get too dark, and he started off at once with a party of general officers, or at least his staff, through the trees and the bushes toward the region from which the sound of the nearest portion of the battle evidently had come so he could tell where it was best to place his own troops for defense. Scarcely had he departed when Jean proved her daring and adventurous spirit by suggestion to Gladys and Joy: "Let's say girls, let's get a party of the boys together armed plenty and let's follow general Viviania and see what he finds. We can keep at a safe distance and not expose ourselves to the view of the enemy, and not get into trouble where we can be of no service. But there might be developments where we ourselves can lend him considerable assistance."

"I'm game," Gladys announced, but how about taking one of them too?"

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General Vivian and his staff were out of sight of the graveyard when the trio of Camp fire girls, with the three girlscouts left the region of the graveyard to reconnoiter. A nondescript of trees bushes and shrubbery and a "saw" of ferns superimposed this starting place from the region where the nearest of the battle had raged. Although it was twilight from so much forest fire smoke in the sky still it was comparatively light and this condition was gratefully observed by the young feminine scouts, for they regarded it as unwise to use their searchlights to aid them in finding their way during this reconnoitering excursion.

But in spite of the partial clearing of the atmosphere from the battle smoke they found it hard work to pick a passage through the confusion of vegetation. Hence their movements were slow, and it was fully ten or fifteen minutes before the region they were coming for loomed before their eyes.

Still they beheld nothing of special interest other than the saw and the recent carnage of the scene. They were still far from the battline, there was no sign of life where they were so far as they were able to see and hear. The awful noise of the battle had driven the birds and even insects into all shelter or hiding places and none had ventured out again following the "calm."

"Let's go around that glen at a safe distance and see what we can discover," Jean proposed.

The other girls voiced a whispered assent, and they began their encircling advance to the right. About half half way around they came within sight of a portion of the now inactive christian line in its positions, and here they stopped as all of them simultaneously observed the form of a human being bending over so over something on the ground.

"Barely almost fearfully they leaned forward as if such inclining of their bodies would enable them to obtain a clearer view of the object of their attention.

Suddenly there was a flash of light, like the striking of a match close to the overleaping human form, but it did not burn out.

"Why that's one of the Camp Fire Boy Scouts," Jean exclaimed. "He's found some thing."

"Yes, and here's a horse," Gladys announced, pointing around the edge of a large bush near which they were standing. The others looked in the direction indicated and beheld a horse about a foot beyond the foliage of the bush. Suddenly Jean laid a hand on each of her companions and pressed them back, explaining in a soft whisper:

"Keep keep under cover. It may belong to some Glandelinians or to one of them at least. Wait here a minute and I'll find out."

She turned and moved around the bush the other way. A minute later she returned with this announcement:

"There's nobody around. I don't believe it belongs to the enemy."

"Why not?" Gladys inquired.

"Because it would be foolish for them to stay so near the scene of such an attack with a strange unsaddled horse. There must be some other explanation to this affair."

"What shall we do now?" Mildred asked.

"I'm going to signal that Camp Fire Boy Scout," Jean replied. "I'm going to test his quickness of wit at the same time and see if he will recognize our call when it is given out in the woods where it might be mistaken for the call of some denizen of the wilds. He ought to know what it is though General Vivian once heard us give it and told me one day that it sounded like the combination of the hoot of an owl and the song of the whippoorwill."

"Are you sure he said that?" Gladys asked with a suggestion of a laugh. "He so great a general ought to be ashamed of himself to be so ignorant."

"Well it was the first time he had ever heard our signal," Jean continued. "Now I'm going to give the call just as near what the general said it sounded like as I can. Stand as close to this bush as you can so he can't see us. Now here goes!"

"Ho-ho-ho-ho-ho-lo-lo-lo-hoot."

Jean gave the call with a loud sort of plaintive hollowness that spoke well for her effort. No uninformed person would have suspected it to have been any utterance from a human person. Eagerly the girls watched for results. They seemed slow coming. For a few moments there was not a sign of life in the stooping figure of the boy. Presently however it stood erect and turned around, and looked closely and searchingly in different directions. Then came the answer as perfect as the girls had heard Jean do it, only he repeated it four times.

"There's no warning in that call," Jean said confidently. "Come on let's go and see what he has found."

They left their hiding place, and the seven seventeen girls in a few moments had reached the spot where the boy scout stood. There was no need of asking of what he had discovered. The girls were indeed shocked with the view of a lit man who appeared to be an officer lying

apparently dead or unconscious on the ground.

"Is the man dead?" Gladys gasped in trembling tones. "He but he hasn't much life in him left," the boy scout replied in a husky voice. "At least he is terribly weak from loss of blood and exposure."

"Why that's Mr. Glandelin," Jean exclaimed as she threw the rays of her flash light on the injured man's face. "He's been shot by the enemy."

"And that must be his horse over there," Olga added.

"Where's the horse?" The boy inquired.

"Over by the bush where we were standing when I gave you the call," Jean answered.

"Then I'd better put him into his machine and hurry him away to the military station," said the Camp fire boy.

"We got to do something for him here first," Jean suggested.

"What will you do?"

"I ought not to have those wet clothing on any longer than absolutely necessary, though how he got them wet is a mystery. We can go up to the camp during the lull for some blankets to wrap him in."

"That isn't a bad idea," the boy said. "I wonder if two of you girls or four of you couldn't take hold of his feet and hands and help me carry him over to be along across his horse--I'll take him by the shoulders. Then you could go and get the blankets, while I'll get my own horse ready to start. You Olga can ride the horse. I'll walk."

Jean, Gladys, Olga, and Mildred took hold of the man's feet and hands or arms as suggested, and started. It was no easy matter for the wounded General's leader must have weighed at least one hundred and eighty

pounds, but at last they reached the horse and with the united effort of other girls coming to the rescue, aided by the patient himself who revived considerably and put forth a fair degree of self helping energy they succeeded in getting him into or upon the horse. Then two of the girls returned to the camp and got two blankets, delaying long enough to inform General Aronburg of the discovery. The general gun

general when he learned the identification of the victim.

"I thought he was far away from here," he said. "I suppose he came to inquire my notes, and then I suppose he thought the 'battle' storm was too near and decided to seek shelter in that locality and may have been struck down by a stray shell splinter. By the way you'd better take a flask of cordial back with you to help brace him up during the trip to this place."

"We were going to take him to the dressing station and--"

"Bring him here."

"Bring the station that's in the danger zone girl. Bring him here."

"All right sir."

The girls went to the kitchen tent and took a flask from the medicine kit and then on their swiftest horses hastened back to the patient.

The boy scout soon with the aid of others soon had the injured man

scout bundled in a reclining position on the horse was mounted behind him to hold him up, while the girl attempted to reinvigorate him with a dose of the cordial. Thus far he had uttered a not a word but now a little

were delighted when he spoke thus in a fairly strong voice:

"Won't you girls come along with me. I'm afraid something might happen. I'm shadowed, and besides the jolting of the horse as he goes might cause me to faint and fall off the seat. Perhaps this good Camp fire boy will come with you."

"Why yes we'll go," Jean volunteered. "What do you say girls?"

"We'll go, but one of us must go back and tell Gertrude of the find."

said Gladys.

This arrangement being favored by all, all went upon their own horses for those who went to get blankets brought the necessary horses

along, and Gladys went back toward the girls' position. The latter was to give an agreed signal when she arrived to Gertrude, and then the party started along the road through the timber toward the main highway for

General Aronburg's headquarters.

As the injured Scout appeared to have recovered considerable strength and seemed to desire to talk, Jean encouraged him to tell his story

in a few words. The sixteen girls on each side or in front and back of him on their steeds.

"I suppose you know who I am," the man began, and when the girls said, they would not have if Jean hadn't told them, for she alone knew him, he

continued: "Well I reached General Aronburg's lines this morning, and when the battle began the Glandelinian columns moving forward were so fierce

and threatening that I did not like the poor prospects of things, and when the violence of the assault was carrying certain portions of the christian line along so rapidly before them, I thought I had not better risk

being caught in the fronts or I would fall on the mission I came for.

So I turned my horse to go for that shed over there, but the horse where you found it, and got into the old barn just as the "Battle storm" broke. I don't know how long I must have waited but it didn't come this way any too close, and I was getting mighty tired and hungry. At last the noise of such heavy firing began to recede and I was beginning to hope that I would soon be able to leave the place when something unusual and unexpected happened. I was startled by a noise overhead and which I thought was caused by some animal or creature. I listened intently and I began to realize that the sounds were made by some one walking up there. The sounds of the footsteps reached the head of the stairway, and then proceeded carefully, cautiously, down the steps. I moved back into a dark corner and strained my eyes for a clear view as possible as it was very dark inside.

"Well the fellow, it was a man---would you believe it---I could have sworn it was "Jeff" of the punnies---After reaching the first floor, went directly to a table in the room and lit a large lamp with a dark black shade on it. I imagined he must have been asleep upstairs up to the time when the first sounds of his footsteps reached my ears. The lamp lighted up the room a considerable distance from the table so that I was certain I would be discovered if the man who wore a gray uniform like a "Gandolinian" King" should turn his eyes toward me. I was not particularly afraid of an encounter with him, as he was very small as tall as you Jean, and moreover I could see no reason why two such persons as we who had sought shelter from the enemy's attack in this out of the way place should have an occasion for trouble between us here unless he was a "Gandolinian" foe. Still his actions were so peculiar that my curiosity forced me to decide to watch him and see what he was up to. I was not long in finding out what he was up to. He cleared away a place on the table, and muttered something like this: "How long will it take that man to come" and then began to produce from various pockets such an assortment of papers, and parchments as to leave no doubt in my mind concerning the nature of his profession. I have of course never seen the man before, and thought at first he was an actor of those punnies. Evidently he made a haul somewhere, and then I recalled the circumstances of the raid of "Gandolinian" pickpocket spies in these camps early this morning, and decided at once that he must have been either a member of that gang, or a leader.

After he had made a complete examination of his stolen treasure, he made duplicate copies of them, sealed them into stamped envelopes, transferred them all into a big catchel, and then the envelopes he had stolen into the stove and set fire to them. Then he took from a pocket of his coat what appeared to be a private letter, drew from the envelope a bit of folded paper, unfolded it, held it close to the lamp, began to study its contents, and to whisper it.

At this point of the narrative, Jean could scarcely restrain an expression of excitement. He was certain that the little was the one Gertrude lost.

"He worked on it" the narrator continued "but so mad unable to get anything satisfactory out of it, and shocked me by blaspheming. In a while I grew very tired standing in an uncomfortable position and shifted my feet to relieve my aching legs. In doing so I made a slight noise that caused the Jeff faced man to spring up in alarm. I don't know what brought me to make the move that I next accomplished unless it feared he was a chery spy and must be desperately alarmed at my discovery of so much stolen goods in his possession. I did not have much time to think. It seemed that I must get him first or he would get me, so I made a dive for him, springing on first knocking him out before he could draw a gun, and getting out the door. He ran as quick as a cat. He did not see the pun I made at him, and hit me back so hard that I nearly fell over. The next thing I was conscious of was firing away at me with an automatic. He fired four shots at me inside the building, but missed each time. I ran out through the doorway and outside, but he rushed at after me and continued to pump his murderous machine gun at me. He fired eight shots in the open. One of them struck me in the leg when I fell my hand must have struck a stone or something hard that knocked me out. I want to thank you very much for what you have done for me. The man continued. "If there is any way in which I can turn the favor I am sure you won't make a mistake by letting me know."

"There is a way you can do me a great favor," Jean said quickly but calmly.

"Tell me how and it is as good as done," the man cried from the shed.

"Ask Hendro Durgar not to protest in our plans to go to Atliann with the Princess."

The wounded Caminit Camini chief then was silent for more than a minute.

"What makes you think he is doing that?" Ginepro asked inquired.

"Because she says he has been so ill without hesitation." The man says he thinks our mission is too dangerous, and he worries about our lot a good deal. But we are sure we will not attempt to do what we believe would be foolish and suicidal for us. He represents one of the Supreme Heads of our Society. They say he has his heart, but we do not think so."

The injured man was silent for a few minutes. He seemed to be suffering considerably as a result perhaps of the jolting of the horse and in mental exertion in the telling of his story.

"You'd better not talk any more now," Jean said feeling that quite as good results would be attained by dropping the subject now that he had impressed upon this great Gandini Scout the full force of his request. "Would you like a little more of this cordial? We will be at general Aronburg's headquarters pretty soon now where you'll be taken care of."

"Yes I believe I will take another taste," the man replied, reaching for the flask. "But let me reassure you. I will be at this point until I look through the help of my aids, into the affairs of Violat, and her sisters from their point of view; as well as from the point of view of my helper Durgar hereafter, and if I find it is not such a perilous adventure as it is feared I will stop his interference as far as I am concerned. But if it is a dangerous undertaking, I could not do it."

"Why?"

"Because first it would be suicidal. General Tar-silina is at Atliann or near that spot, and he knows the plans of the Princesses. He will and through you, if you succeed by having an army drive him from there. But that and all will be well. Otherwise your expedition is impracticable. Jean I can even prove that. Get general Violat to join with his brothers hereafter, and then you may be able to capture the Atliann territory and do your work as you wish. That is all I can suggest besides trying the other."

"He could ask nothing more than that from you," Jean said with a little sigh of relief.

The patient was taken to GSA general Aronburg's headquarters and left in charge of Alfred Cross. Jean, while general Aronburg said that his own surgeon should take care of the man's wound. Then the princess returned back to their graveyard position. It was almost twelve o'clock when Mildred, Gladys, and the others entered the graveyard. Then as there was still a full in the conflict, their topic of conversation was discussed thus:

"I wonder if general Durgar might have brought up his forces here yet, and if he had succeeded in getting all the men together of what the enemy is going to do next," Mildred said.

"Yes I wonder too," Jean answered. "But we'll find out before long. I want to go and see him and tell him what the Ginepro said in the old farm building before the enemy reaches here."

"Yes it might help him cause the capture of the whole camp of Gandolinian spies," Gladys suggested. "And to night or to morning morning we ought not to sleep very late, for if he wants us further information for our protection from the Gandolinians in case the battle comes to narrow too he probably will be here at the midnight camp soon after day break."

"We probably won't be able to sleep at all to night with all the noise that comes if the battle should continue through the night," Jean then said.

In the meantime general Durgar had arrived from his scouting tour with his officers. I to inquire if all had gone well as could be expected, and if he could be of further service than of concentrating a portion of his army at certain matters pertaining to how to defend the graveyard in case the enemy should force him back, all which required her attention, and she decided to return with Angelina Durgar and bring up all the resources possible from her camp. She said she wouldn't go long, and went. Presently, however, general night night Durgar appeared before general Durgar. He had a message to report that he and three of his staff generals had been scouring the region with evident success and that all was prepared for it was evident that any moment now the enemy would hurl his men again against the Christian line. He desired to ask some more questions of Mildred, and his more questions should soon brought out the sequel to Mildred's story that she had come to him over the military phone. Immediately general night night Durgar started back to camp to interview Ginepro at general Aronburg's headquarters.

Shirley's speaking it was contrary to the spirit of the Executive Rules of the organization, which are not friendly to the holding of noon day councils. Garbuda had often objected when the first inauguration of a noon day council was made. It was a bad precedent to an anti-christian like him said.

Then followed the chanting of the Wu Ji Wohale Chant, the roll call of the Olympic rings, the report of the Chinese Nationalism to which each person responded with a solemn call, the reading of the point Count, the making of individual reports, the awarding of honors and finally institutions, and then this was over, and the motion of the awards began. Angeline, who had recited the history of her own achievements and showed fine deportment and others had the qualifications

of leaders were trustworthy and unselfish and that Gertrude herself was able to present fifteen thousand dollars in addition to those she presented for the man, run of the camp fire girls.

In conclusion Angelina Riches said:
"How strange! I call upon you to repeat the desire of Jane Hollfort."
"And Jane told her purpose and said:
"I desire desire that upon all here to pass as perfect."
"Oh girls and boys are there."

These words uttered at this juncture in tone and contents of a nature that are not associated with the quiet and composure of even girl scouts contain a thrill of apprehension through the words of girls and boys. And ended the meeting before it was finished. It was Joyce St. Claire who sprang out and with her utterance she pointed one finger off toward the south-east. Every eye turned in the direction indicated and beheld a slight light of them will ever forget. Just emerging into the open from beyond a clump of bushes and small trees was the form of a small purple-uniformed man of a little less than the height of a ten-year-old child, clad in a loose fitting garment, head bare and advancing toward one of the vaults in the graveyard on the corner.

"Hurry! Gertrude this is no time for any more ceremony." Jean exclaimed excitedly. "That man is that Jeff. By or I'll lose my hat, ah and he's up to something. This is the third time he has done this just recently to my way of thinking. Believing Hildred and I will see him leave the house a few days before last and we tried to follow him. Something too has been weighing heavily on my mind and therefore I must follow him and find out what he is up to. Come on Hildred, we'll lead the way. You other girls better hold behind a little and be careful not to do anything rash. But see that we remain in your sight and if he attacks us at us you open fire. If we do not catch him or prevent his efforts we'll see a disaster to our country's cause, and that would have a disastrous effect on our nation."

The next instant, after the close of this speech, Jean and Hildred were darting off through the bushes at considerable danger of stubbing their feet or scratching their faces and hands in their haste not to let the Glandelinian Professional spy get away from them. Gertrude and the others followed more or less circumspectly and with due respect with Jean's whisper the two girls scouts ahead found it quite unavoidable to lose sight of the spy for a minute or two. It appeared most probable that his place of destination was the abandoned shed or country barn and if so he undoubtedly would pass around the north side to get to the main entrance at the south. The two girls scouts realized that it would be impossible for them to follow him along the same course of which he was cautiously moving without there being a short period in the pursuit when the building could be between them and the spy which they did not want to lose sight of. Besides if he saw them he'd let them find it out. So they accepted the inevitable and made a short cut to the northwest and were soon in position to observe the spy as he came around the southwest corner of the building. The latter appeared almost as soon as Jean and Hildred reached their point of vantage which was in the shadow of a big pine tree and the southwest corner of the house.

He made direct for the entrance, watching for everything straight behind, forward and every direction meanwhile and appearing to be cautious for every foe that might surprise him.
"It's dangerous of course but we must fight the unknown and follow him inside." Said Jean resolutely. "Are you come, Hildred?"
"I am if you are" the other replied, certainly not with bravado, but with a sort of added resolution.

"And if you are careful, I don't believe he'll notice us." Jean said confidently, as he led the way as she led the way.
Into the gloomy miniature lobby they went and were near enough to the spy to see him pass into the room undoubtedly intended as a lounge place for the guest. Into this room the two girls scouts followed the man, and there they found it necessary to get within a few feet of him in order to determine what he was doing but hiding meanwhile where he wouldn't see them.

Four large paneled windows were in the north and south walls but the twilight outside was almost entirely shut off by a solid sheltered porch which ran around both of these sides of the building. Jean and Hildred managed to watch the actions of the spy as he advanced by standing close to the north wall. They felt that distance distanced by being discovered in this position as there they were not in danger of being discovered in this position as there they were only the slightest possibility of coming into physical contact with "Mr. Jeff" as he seemed to be using his eyes for nothing whatever now except to guide his cautious movements straight ahead.

With the least hesitation, the man went toward the fireplace too grabbed hold of the top of one of the boulders of which the enclosure of the hearth was constructed, and moved it from side to side. It required all his strength to do this, but presently he succeeded in lifting the stone out of its place and putting it down on the floor but not without a "bang," that made the building tremble. Then he put his hand into the opening thus made and drew out something which the little watchers could see no indistinctly that they were unable to form any idea as to what it was. With this in his hands he strode over to one of the windows, stood there for a few minutes, then returned, replaced the object into its hole, and put the stone where he had found it. This done he faced about, and fairly ran out of the building.

"Hurry!" Jean whispered to her companion. "Follow the spy. Try and get him captured if you can. I'll be with you in a moment. I must see what he was so interested in here."

Hildred did as requested, while Jean rushed the switch of her flashlight and threw the rays upon the spot of greatest interest over the fireplace. The loose boulder was rather large and heavy, and the girl who fortunately was strong (or she couldn't have carried her friend)

had nevertheless some difficulty in removing it but finally she succeeded in dislodging it on the floor. Then she reached her hand into the hole as the spy had done, and drew out a metal box about nineteen inches long and six inches square in the cross section.

"I bet \$100,000,000 I suspect what this box contains," she mused as she turned to follow Hildred, but she had advanced only a few steps when she was seized from behind and roughly on her wounded shoulder by a pair of strong hands and thrown violently to the floor. "he screamed from the pain, and to catch herself she dropped the box. This was immediately seized by her assailant, but another man this time, who then made a dash for the entrance. But he did not get far. The pain was little less than fire in her wound from his rough hand, and enraged to the fury of a panther. Jean immediately drew her pistol and shot him dead. Then another man rushed in and drew a pistol to shoot her and had only fired one shot when he was seized or jumped upon by three other girls who threw him down upon the porch floor almost as violently as the dead man had thrown Jean.

"Oh my shoulder," pined Jean's "how he hurt me the beast."
"Come on Jean!" cried a voice that the half scared and injured girl recognized as that of George the German boy. "I've got him."

The girl ran out and snatched up the precious box, which had been dropped by the dead man. As George was searching the fallen assailant for a weapon, two other Glandelinians rushed him, and one again made for Jean at hitting at her with a pistol butt, but two shots rang out and others followed from elsewhere as these Glandelinians with a scream fell dead. Jean then aided George to search the fallen man with her flashlight, and as she observed the features of the man and his small physique a "mystery suspicion" she demanded addressing the prisoner, who was no longer struggling.

"Find out yourself you little wisp!" he growled, and at this moment six other girls appeared on the porch followed by others.
"Here's that Jeff fellow!" Jean inquired.

"He's gone," was the girls surprising answer. "But Gertrude outside. She wants to find out if everything is all right."

Gertrude was not surprised at all when she saw the result of the affray. Perhaps the mild manner in which she accepted the novel situation was due to the fact that she had expected such a violent violent experience for Jean in the course of her activities of following the spy. Jean was still rubbing her aching shoulder, and then she saw Hildred and Jane Hollfort too coming toward her, and also Angelina Jennings and a few moments later about a hundred boys and girls scouts approaching. They had heard the shooting. Jean was not slow in recognizing the narrow escape she had had.

"What happened here girls?" Angelina Riches who also came inquired of Jean and Hildred. "Tell me what has happened. Who shot those Glandelinians?"

Angelina Riches appeared to be almost amazed at the situation. "I shot that one on the lawn near the door," said Jean, whose face she showed she still suffered pain from the rough handling of her wounded shoulder. This is the third time we trailed that "Jeff" spy. He appeared to be interested in something in the building. He went in there a few minutes ago, removed a stone from the fireplace and examined something that seemed to be hidden there."

"or the first time Angelina Jones was excited. "What's that you say?" she exclaimed.

"Jean repeated her statement. "Where you here? Did you see him? Come on and show me what he hid." Jean led the way, and many of the others followed. They had no gone far when evidences of a struggle on the porch reached their ears and eyes. This did not stop Angelina Jones however, and the child scouts continued to follow her. They found George and several other strong boyscots holding their prisoner down, and examining his clothes for a weapon, while Jean aided them with her flash light.

"Just does this mean?" Angelina Jones inquired. "What that man is 'The Mutt' follow the Professional spy. What were you doing here?" she addressed?

"I can tell you," Jean answered for the prisoner, who refused to say a word on any subject. He was a man who had after something in a box or at least his smaller companion was. The smaller man was Gertrude's mysterious letter in his possession and I believe he had deciphered enough of it at last to inform him that he could find something that means no more of us want him to have. It was he who shot Mr. Glingore early this morning, while we were looking for the plane."

"Why Jean?" Gertrude exclaimed excitedly. "Do you realize what you are telling Angelina? I remember everything now—where the dead general hid the plans of the territory of Abbeinn. If we secure those papers no Glandelinian army can remain here long. I can put my hand right on the spot. Come on. I must get them at once. I can't wait an instant."

"It's unnecessary," Gertrude said. "I have them here in my hand. I got them after he went away. The man who I shot dead, assaulted me and grabbed the box away."

"How did you happen to be here George?" Gertrude inquired, addressing the German boy.

"I saw the man too and I followed him too. The boy replied. "I am well acquainted with him. He murdered my youngest sister."

"Let me prove to you that I remember now the secret that the general gave me on his death bed and which I so foolishly forgot," Gertrude proposed. Let me have your light Jean."

She led the way into the parlor, and went direct to the fireplace. After a short examination of the stones she laid her hands on the loose boulder which the spy had removed a short time before and lifted it out of its fire place. The entire camp fire too was present by this time, and a period of explanations followed. Then all returned to the graveyard, while George placed a watch over the prisoner. Gertrude Angelina of course too brought the box along with her and insisted on examining its contents before she reached the grave yard again as no assault was coming on yet. The examination proved satisfactory so far as she was able to determine. The metal case contained a dozen or more military bonds and property bonds of large denomination and a number of important papers about the mysterious northern tunnels running north from Abbeinn. After assuring herself that she had indeed discovered the long missing papers of which she was the bonded trustee and upon whom the mystery of the Abbeinn disaster now rested on she placed every paper carefully back into the box and closed it, and returned with the others into the cemetery bringing the treasure with her and placing it under the ground near her mound position.

Jean had to sit up against a tree and allow some one to see whether the man had done any damage to her wounded shoulder, and then she was told to lie down and try and sleep off the effects of her experience and she would forget the pain. He was tired and sleepy however despite it being day having had little sleep during the night, and it was all quite natural for her to be under the circumstances and moreover she had strong nerves and was capable of speedy recovery from her thrilling experience.

However when she was suddenly aroused it could not have been more suddenly. Her first conscious awareness was the realization that she was sitting up on the ground with the sound of a sharp explosion ringing in her ears. Even though the explosion seemed to have occurred right beside her she was not frightened, though her first thought was that someone must have thrown a grenade into the grave yard nearby. A moment later she decided this idea was foolish but she was unable to memorize a more reasonable substitute. It was very gloomy in the grave yard now. The smoke cloud in the sky was heavier and while Jean was attempting to drive away the slight surprise that had seized her and get a view of her obscured surroundings there came several explosions in rapid succession, and at once she realized the nature of these noises was out of the bud and besides Gertrude's bench. It was empty.

In a moment she had arisen to her feet for a great dread of some direful event held Jean in a rigid position besides Gertrude's bench, she was unable to tell what. She was afraid to move, and yet duty told her that she ought not to be idle in this crisis, that if she were active and resourceful, she might be of important service to Gertrude. But what could she do? With an effort she answered this question by proving that she could do something. She moved, and this moving was a great relief. She reached for her pistol which she always kept in her holster in her belt, and was still further relieved. What could she do now? was her next question. She could not see what was going on, nor where Gertrude went, but with a resolution in her mind she went forward toward the opening gate of the cemetery and looked around. She saw nothing of interest, and was about to venture cautiously a little further when Gertrude appeared suddenly before her, approaching through the open gate.

"Oh Jean!" she exclaimed in great distress. "I've been robbed again by spies. Two strange men crept up to the bench on which I was sitting from behind, and while one held me tightly around the neck with his arm so I couldn't move or scream out, the other dug in to the ground in front of me and took the box. I just aroused myself after they were getting away with it, and drew my pistol and fired at them. Then I ran after them a distance followed by a number of my scouts who were aroused by the shouting and pursued them for a distance of fifteen yards. I could see them disappear behind a clump of high bushes and stopped and emptied all the rest of my cartridges at them. I think I hit one of the spies for he uttered an unmistakable curse of pain. Isn't this the worst piece of luck you ever heard of?"

Jean recalled the lecture Gertrude had given her early that morning on the subtle subject of luck and would have smiled and rebuked the lecturer if the present situation had not been so serious.

"What were they?—have you any idea?" she inquired excitedly.

"One of them was that 'Jeff' spy I feel certain, Gertrude replied. "At any rate one of them was a small man about that ones size."

"But how did he get away. I thought you could have shot him easily."

"I can't figure it out," Gertrude said dubiously. "It sure is a puzzle to me. Something serious must also have happened. We really ought to go and find out. George may be seriously wounded and suffering. If his prisoner escaped, George must have got hurt. He certainly is earning his effort to become a boyscout. He and his helpers wouldn't have let the man go without a fight if he was in a position where he could fight."

As she finished speaking Mildred Maxwell and Minnie Saunders Jones sister and some others came up to learn what had taken place. They were quickly informed and then they all gave their signals to acquaint the whole force with developments so all would be on their guard. All of them were ready in a moment well informed that Gertrude was organizing a relief excursion to the barn where George and others had been left in charge of the prisoner. In a few minutes about forty were ready to accompany them and the start was made. Realizing that one or more or a score or probably a hundred of the desperado soldiers might be in or near the building, they proceeded cautiously and with all rifles at the ready. As they neared the front entrance they heard a loud groan which sent such a chill through the girls' scouts that every one of them halted in awed apprehension of a vision of something dreadful. They all were courageous in this crisis, and their fright was only for the one in whom they were concerned.

"Don't be too careless girls and you boys too," Gertrude said. "The enemy might be around. That is also no doubt was made by poor George and he's probably injured and we've got to steel ourselves to go to his rescue at once."

"We are not reckless," said Mildred, stepping ahead cautiously. "I don't see no one around through."

"Nor I," said Jane, whereupon this expression became a sort of slogan and everybody repeated it, and a general movement was made. They were not long in finding the object of their search. George lay bound and gagged and so did his helpers all right in front of the entrance of the building. Apparently they were not seriously injured. If at all and George's eyes gazed up at them strongly and clearly. Gertrude at once began a search through his pockets and soon produced a large jackknife, which she opened with her fingers. Then she cut his bonds and those of the others and removed the gags from their mouths. George sat up, moved his stiffened legs with difficulty a few moments then managed to get onto his feet with the assistance of some of the girls.

"What happened George?" Gertrude inquired. "How in the world did you ever get into such a predicament?"

"Not through any of my choosing you can be dead certain," he said with a kind of vindictive bitterness. "But I met more than my match that time. I've never before in my life been licked by any boy but I was sure licked that time. He handled me as if I was a football."

"Why George, who did he do? Tell me quick. We haven't any time to loose."

"Why that small fellow of course," George replied fiercely.

"Do you mean to say that, that small Jeff fellow was here again to night?" Gertrude gasped.

"That is what I do mean to say," George replied with energy. "He was here all right. I guess I ought to know, for I felt his bone and muscle. He gripped me like steel and he handled me just like a muscular washerwoman would handle her four year old child. I could see his face plain enough. I got a good view of it. He came up behind me while I was watching my prisoner and he sure took hold of me with a grip that would have crushed a granite tombstone. He threw me on my back, and with one knee on my chest so pressed the life out of me that I couldn't utter a sound, while he cut the ropes that bound my prisoner. Then they tied my hands and feet with the ropes that had been around 'tut' and shoved a gag into my mouth. My helpers were seized as they tried to come to my rescue and tied up too. They did not wait a moment after that but went over to the grave yard and tried to rob you I suppose. I heard the shooting and was pretty sure who was doing it. Did you hit either of them Gertrude? Did they get away with anything?"

"I should say they did," Gertrude replied desperately. "They got away with just what they came after---the box of securities that was recovered early to day. I don't suppose now I shall ever see them to day. They were rigidly pursued by soldiers but I do not know what success they made."

"You don't tell me," George exclaimed. "That's too bad. But I could have helped it if I had seen that fellow come and had an over-catch with him. I being only a kid. I tell you he's the most powerful fellow that ever struck these parts, though he's no bigger than I am. Why he could have done up his bigger companion with a single touch of his hand."

"Well let's go back to the graveyard, and try and organize a search to follow their trail," Gertrude suggested. "There's no use in letting things go if we can help it."

So they returned to the graveyard. There was little spirit among them all now. Every one of even the Camp fire girls who were yet with them felt as if they had lost out in the battle of life, and there was nothing more ahead of them but gloom. There was not one of the girls scouts who did not love Gertrude Angeline as if she had been a child rather than a woman. The burden of their loss was felt by the whole company as if it was their own personal loss, and perhaps it was the awfulness of this new blow and the suffering that it must inflict upon Gertrude Angeline that caused the two Regiments of Girl and Boy scouts to realize how great their affection for her had become since they had known her.

All were in a hurry however to trail the spies though not one of them suggested a possibility that anything might turn up which would throw a more hopeful light on the actual resulting conditions. What was the use. The dangerous men had got possession of the treasure they had sought, and the lookout for its recovery was poor indeed.

George himself had rode on his horse back to General Aronburg. Aronburg's headquarters and telephoned to the generals information of the latest robbery by the spies, and begged that they will not be able to get out of the christian lines. This seemed to be about all that could be done and was the only hopeful feature of the conversation that followed his return. They examined the trail left by the two Professional Professional spies in their hasty departure. The suggestion arose as a result of a remark by Gladys's Wenthworth.

"If you shot one of those men," she said "I'd like to have the satisfaction of knowing it. I wonder if we couldn't find a trail of blood on the ground. That might be worth something. The officials might like to know about it, if such a trail exists."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't run very far," Gertrude said. "They no doubt stopped the flow of blood if one of them was wounded, before they got very far. However let's satisfy our curiosity and see what we can find."

Gertrude indicated the direction the two men had taken, and about forty of them started out on a search. The ground was examined a distance of fifty yards from the cemetery gate, and sure enough was found the beginning of a trail of foreign spots on the grass and weed leaves. These spots were almost of a dull brown now as a result of their exposure and chemical action between them and the vegetation on which they rested.

All the girls and boys rushed to the spot as Jane Melfort excitedly announced her discovery of the trail. As they were examining the spots to see in what direction they led, Jean herself announced a new and more startling discovery in a manner that thrilled all present as nothing else could have done.

"Oh I've found it, I've found it," she exclaimed, and the way she began to leap down the steep descent close to a spring rivulet which sprang up the rocky steep toward the main stream in the form of a cascade was a sight to make one's heart throb in expectant union.

No body else saw the object of her interest until she reached it. Fifty yards from the point where she began her descent she stopped and leaned over and picked up what appeared to be the long metal box that had been taken from the first place in the abandoned farm house in the course of the thrilling adventures of the morning just passed.

"You shot the man who carried the box, and he dropped it, and it evidently fell down here," Jane explained in shrill tones. "The bullet must have hit him in the arm and made him drop the box and they didn't dare to stop to hunt for it because the soldiers were after them and might shoot them down instead of trying to capture them alive."

That really was the only solution for they had been pursued so closely they didn't dare try to recover the box. However the treasured papers were not all in the box for as it tumbled down the hill the lid had been knocked open and most of the papers were scattered in all directions.

Now began a diligent search for the tumbling box. Most of them were scattered along the course taken by the tumbling box. Most of them were soon discovered but the search was continued for several hours in order that none might not be missed, as Gertrude had no list against which to make a check and determined just what the box had contained.

But at last they decided there was no good reason for hunting longer and returned to the grave yard, for the roar of battle was on again and more severely than before. It was dinner time yes, long past dinner time---after two o'clock. Hungry they sure were and had a right to be.

There was no system about the preparation for the dinner. Everybody got busy, and when they sat at last at dinner it would have been hard in deed to find a more deserving happy company of tired and famished girl and boys. During the dinner, in spite of the sound of distant battle Jean and Mildred had a talk with Gertrude over the events. In the course of the conversation she said:

"Do you remember, Gertrude, that early this morning, when our conversation was interrupted by that terrific noise of battle, you were telling me how you trailed the strange creature, and you were at the place in your story where the creature turned on you just as your rescuer fired. Who was the young man who rescued you?"

"That man was Walter Starring," Gertrude replied. Near the end of their conversation, Mildred commented at length on the remarkable adventures they all had had, on the trip down the water in the raft, and expressed a wonder if they would ever go through other experiences as thrilling as recent ones had been. Doubtless her wonder would have been calmed very much if she could have looked ahead and caught but the faintest idea of new adventures in store for them this very afternoon and other days to follow before August was out. This was to be a stirring day indeed.

From the grave yard the girl and boys watched the dreadful battle indeed. The glendelinians fell dead and wounded in fast crowded ranks before the most murderous christian fire on record. General Hector crossed the fields near the right of the Graveyard and hurled his troops forward to the defense before the foe would break the christian line. General Apollo of the glendelinians was killed. The attack upon general Vivianias left, and the christian troops outnumbered fall back. Their officers shouted to the retreating troops, and after desperate work managed to stop the rout. Meanwhile general Hector on the christian side fell mortally wounded. Polydamus was killed, and general Otus C. Crasmus were wounded. General Hector was also wounded but the christian line reinforced at this spot held firm and the battle raged with redoubled fury. The glendelinians rushed forward in terrific array against the christian line like herds of starved beasts but could not pierce in anywhere. The losses were really terrible. The christians then turned forwardly to the counter charge and it was for several minutes a desperate fight to the death. Gertrude saw a glendelinian officer killed by a glendelinian with a bayonet. Another drove his bayonet through the jaw of a glendelinian jerking the man to the ground, but he too is killed by the bayonet in the hands of another. It was a desperate hand to

had fight with the christian again becoming victorious. However there was no need of reminding any of the child scouts what was happening then along other portions of the dreadful battle front. Official reports were however astonishingly lacking in real information. The enemy artillery to cover the retreat of the shattered columns was active in all sections, and as all christian was replied vigorously the noise was simply ear splitting without ceasing. A thousand cannon or more were roaring and far as the eye could see the air was thick with explosions, either in the sky or on the ground. High explosives tore gaps in the fields, and among the christian breastworks and trenches and the awful din and devilishness were not surpassed at any time during the war. More than six million men on each side singly were at dreadful grips, and either had been able to force the other back. Again at three o'clock the Glandelinian forces rushed forward to the attack like heavy sand clouds driving by a northwest wind, and hurled itself like a tidal wave not far to the south of Blain night line of works and heading also for Liviania. Simultaneously battery challenged battery in belching forth fire. Heavy long range guns sought targets beyond the intervening hills, and nearer the front shrapnell drenched the space between the battling lines. A hail of iron mingled with all the horror and if there had been the wildest thunderstorm on record, the thunders of the heaven would have been inaudible in the more murderous thunders of the guns, the firing of rifle or the roar of the yelling combatants. It was battle not magnificent but horrible this time. Manley was trying his utmost and was hurling forces upon all northern portions of Arobus line and no inferno of poets pen could ever tell the horrible results and rampant death, and destruction claimed this part of the country as its own. It was a world war in this territory the culmination of devastation and frightfulness. Twice Manley's troops won, driving the christians back a mile in places, twice they in turn were slaughtered and driven back. It raged dreadfully until evening, when in last leading one of the frightful onslaught of the battle general Manley himself fell from his horse badly wounded and ten of his staff were killed. This threw the Glandelinians into confusion, the Abhisennians receiving the signal moved forward to the counter charge, and toward night along a battle front of fifty miles the tumult gradually quelled, and to the enemy a thousand Waterloo routes seemed to occur. A thousand Nopalgens seemed to have been outwitted, and a thousand times as many Glandelinians fell as at Waterloo in that one day. The battle was over, the Glandelinian army was shattered and the darkness made harmless the wilfulness of man. But in a starful it prevailed over fried and foe and where one short hour ago, the clamor of all hell split the air was now the quiet of a summer evening, and Peace, blessed peace.

The attack fortunately never came toward the graveyard, I say fortunately, not for the child scouts, but for the enemy. They'd been a horror if it had, for all child scouts to the enemy are vindictive, and so the child scouts lost once change of inflicting a terrible loss of life on the enemy, though it is hard to estimate whether they regretted it or not.

However victory in the battle did not seem so pleasing for the dryness of the weather, the war devastations was was delighting the enemy was bringing gloom to the christian states. The weather itself for this year was setting a record for dryness, and the record throughout the country too was a record beyond measure for high temperatures because of the fires which was unequalled for more than any temperature ever known in hot weather for summer. It was threatening in Calvernia also to be a disastrous drought and there was no prospect of any immediate change for the same record breaking arid conditions all records showed was widespread over the country. Even for August the warmest month in Calvernia the average daily temperature was 10, 10 degrees above normal. The draughts from the fires was doing this. All farmers and rural distict districts saw themselves facing disaster. Any places were also suffering from a failure of water supplies, and it was believed the dreadful drought was caused by the extensive heats of the forest fires and the dreadful explosion explosions which all often was shaking the air and ruining so many cities and towns. It was said that practically the only hope now for a change in conditions was the approach of winter in Calvernia with its always unusually heavy snows in the north and rains in the summer. As the average of explosion disasters they too were abnormal as can be seen in further description for ending of chapter on next page.

Some recent explosions had produced such sudden air vibrations and such convulsions of the earths surface surface that not only were the works of men destroyed, camps and cities hurled down but even the face of the very country was either changed or devastated. No doubt these big explosions would be remembered by the survivors all their lives. The slighter ones however were hardly ever noticed and were only recorded by curious observers. Explosions had been frequent. By one exact observer not less than fifty seven hundred concussions had been noticed within the space of four months in the region of the Aronburg and Mic-holleston gun which were attended by such smart concussions or shocks as to be sensibly felt and to break windows in towns and cities for great distances. Near Anna Aronburg city in the extreme middle west of Calvernia one or more concussion shocks of distant explosions had been felt almost everyday and although they commonly passed off without doing any damage the town had now suffered severely from two severe blasts and so many lives had been lost by the downfall of many buildings that the inhabitants rush out of their houses as soon as the least noise in the distance is heard or the least shock of the earth is felt.

We could convince our reader if possible that the surface of the whole war stricken country from shore to shore was always shaken by explosions at some point or other every minute and even by battles and other disasters.

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UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPTS TO REDUCE
THE FORTIFICATIONS OF CROWLEY AND THE RESULT /THE FIGHTFUL
SLAUGHTER AND THE CANNONADING OF SEVEN HUNDRED THOUSAND CANNON
THAT SHOOK THE CITIES ALONG THE ANGOL NIAN COASTS, AND
LEVELED SCORES WITH THE CONCUSSION.

During the same time the great battle of Cedernine raged the town of Crowley having been in the hands of the enemy since the war started, was well fortified. This great city which had inaugurated the great Alandoo Angolinian war pluckily resisted all the attempts to take it. On Go Good Friday 1912 general Varsahills force of about one million six hundred thousand Angolinians made a furious attack upon Crowley attempting with might and main to take Forts Alexandria and Stanoktinia by storm.

The battle raged for four days and assumed a frightful fury, Stanck leading over two hundred thousand men against Fort Alexandria and kept up the assaults for more than five months without a days intermission in the attacks making about

sixty assaults in one day, but each time suffered a bloody and crushing repulse.

After two years or nearly a year and a half of battling Stanck began a general action at Sionville attacking the enemys main wings under Bunte but he was killed during the height of the battle and again after many days of frightful carnage the christians were repulsed with terrific slaughter.

At the same time the christians launched sledge hammer blows upon the Alandelinians at Sionville but could not make any impression, and suffering greater loss in killed and wounded were forced to withdraw.

Fort Stanoktinia was at the same time bombarded by over five hundred thousand cannon, but could not be reduced and over eighty thousand christian cannon were silenced and four thousand destroyed during the bombardments which shook the cities along the coasts for hundreds of scores of miles so severely, that those nearest the battle seemed destroyed as if swept by a terrific tornado of hurricane width.

On the days nearing the time of the battle of Cedernine, Marshall concentrated his artillery upon the fortifications and started a terrific

earsplitting artillery duel that shook the cities along the coasts for its whole length, and at the same time assaults were successfully made upon Sionville but the heaviest attacks upon Crowley were repulsed with the most frightful carnage. General Marshall himself was wounded, his aiding generals - Salemannia, Marshall, Fields and Mc-Glurges were killed and two others were wounded. After four more days of fearful slaughter Marshall saw that he could not retake Crowley and so abandoned the attack the enemy following him hard and harassing his rear worse than the Russians did to Napoleons army during the retreat from Moscow.

In the whole battle he had lost over six million in killed and wounded, and one hundred and fifteen thousand in prisoners, and thirty four thousand men by desertions and two hundred and thirty four thousand men in killed during the last of the great and longest battle of the war.

The Alandelinian losses were one million in killed and wounded the christians having suffered heavily because they were exposed, to the terrific shell fire of the Alandelinians. The Alandelinians had not lost a single general

officer the forts were in the same condition as before the battle started and there was no damage done anywhere. The main commander on the Alandelinian side to the christian Stanck -

THE SERIOUS QUARRREL, OR, GREATER SORROW YET....

Couple of hours previous aft during the battle of Cedernine 6,200,000 of Baldwin's Lancelinians had been forced to surrender to the christian armies, having been caught in a trap and surrounded by an overwhelming force. Baldwin had been tickled with rage but the leader of that division who alone escaped was summoned before the great and haughty general.

"How did this disaster occur?" Asked Baldwin sullenly.

"The Vivian girls were responsible for it." Said General Braggard.

They told me that they hated you and would do this to cause you trouble."

"I believe it is a lie stormed Baldwin." Where is your proof?"

"Not only have I proofs but I swear by the bible that they did it." Said the slanderer.

These last words incensed general Baldwin to the quick. "He turned to the orderly and said;

"Summon those little girls before me."

In a few minutes the orderly appeared with the little girls whose hands were bound behind them by the Lancelinians.

"You children have repayed me evil for good." He stormed. "You have caused a large division of my command to be captured and shall pay dearly for it. And you told one of my officers that you would do this to cause trouble for me."

"But --"

"I want no explanation from you." Interrupted general Baldwin fiercely. "I'll see that you are withdrawn from this region and sent back to Wm. Vanley in disgrace. And here after don't dare enter the premises of my headquarters as you have had the liberty of so doing, and if you do it will be at your risk. I'm going to order my men to shoot you on sight if you ever appear on my premises. Vanley had turned your little girls over to me, I had allowed you your freedom on about the camps and had even decided to take you outside the fings and let you go when I had the opportunity and yet this is what I got for it."

Baldwin then wheeled his horse and left his headquarters tent ordering the sentries to kill the Vivian girls if they ever appeared on the premises....

Meanwhile general Leonia Miconia Picknall had been made by and having seen the performance said to himself;

"What has Baldwin got to say about those chu child prisoners. I'll give it to him for this...."

Twenty minutes passed and then general Baldwin found general Picknall standing before him.

"It seems strange that you dare abuse those poor little Vivian girls you big overgrown ox." Said Picknall. "This occurrence will be liable to make me your enemy...."

"They caused the capture-----" They did not. "Stormed general Picknall. "Said one word more you big moush rat and I'll use you around this place like a foot ball."

"Oh is that so?" Laughed Baldwin. "You are my superior, but you good for nothing skunk, you'll march out of here mighty quick or I'll riddle you with bullets. Go." And he drew his forty fives.

"But as he said this Baldwin realized to his sorrow that he was making a deadly enemy out of Picknall, out of a man who had been his best friend and even a boy chum since they were three years old. In some ways he felt that he had wronged to the little girls and that Braggard had probably been the guilty one, and though Picknall had disarmed Baldwin and before the later knew it Baldwin said something to himself.

"This will be Braggard's last day here in command." He growled to himself. "with a frightful scowl." And I'll cancel that order about the little girls too and set them free. If they are harmed in the least I'll kill every one like a sink rat and him too the consumptive old big slenderer."

Braggard at this moment came up and Baldwin and Picknall as they appeared to be suddenly threw off their gray uniforms and there stood Hanson and The Christian Baldwin to his surprise.

Baldwin was astonished, astonished at the appearance of Hanson and so was Hanson at Baldwin.

"You will excuse me for my meanness to the little girls whom I had rescued from the enemy." Said Baldwin to Hanson with a wicked smile overspreading his face those Vivian girls."

"You will do nothing of the kind." Yelled Braggard. "I'm not in the least scared of you and you will die yourself if I loose my command. I'll report to the government the conduct of you to the Vivian girls who caused the destruction of your command in gray uniforms which they had no business to be wearing and

you threatened to kill them yourself if they dared enter their premises."

"Go you fool or I'll run you through like I would a dog." And Baldwin drew his sabre knocking the guns out of Hanson's hands by mistake.

Braggard quickly drew his own and struck Baldwin a glancing blow on the side of the head skinning his cheek badly. Then the general went toward the entrance exit quietly, but the look in his face made Baldwin realize that he had been reckless and was dealing with a bitter-foe who had slandered on the Vivian girls.

Hanson himself had mounted his horse and rode with haste to general Vivian's headquarters. He set the great general's horse as he was coming down the grand stairs leading from the porch and slaught saluting said;

"Your daughters have been insulted and slandered on to that general Baldwin by that old dog Braggard. He falsely accused them of having caused one of his large scouting divisions wearing the gray coat to be annihilated or captured by the Angelnians under general Windernine by mistake during the fighting at the Cedernine run. I know this to be an error, and a thought at first Baldwin believed it he realized it also before he had a serious quarrel with me and when Braggard found it out that he was discovered to be the guilty one he struck his excellency Baldwin in the face with his sabre. The little girls are innocent for as you know they did not lead his gray divisions. So angered was Baldwin when he first believed the black lie that he had threatened them with death if they entered his headquarters. Now Baldwin is sorry."

"I'll speak to him." Said the great general coolly. "If he goes on like that I'll have to take his command away from him and put that Archibald in his place. He ordered the orderly to bring his horse and in two minutes more the two generals were riding toward general Baldwin's headquarters. He set an orderly on the way for the Vivian girls who came just as the two were reaching Baldwin's headquarters.

General Baldwin's pale face flushed at the sight of general Hanson and the Vivian girls entering with general Vivian and his carefully rehearsed calm shook forsook him.

"My sword, general Vivian." He said in a voice that shook with rage. He extended the blade attempting to ignore the others, while again he said; "I'll sooner resign my command than have that old dog Braggard in my army again he...."

"You do don't surrender or resign yet." The great general informed him almost curtly. "Where is Braggard. He's got to atone for his lying to you."

"He got to atone to me first for his conduct to me or I'll have him backed up against the wall and vented." Said Baldwin. "He skinned my cheek with his sabre."

"I won't do anything of the sort and you had no business to cancel that death order or yours."

"But you'll do that before you surrender your blade or I'll have you stood up in front of a hole in the ground, and thought good manners with rifles balls, and you will atone for the abusive slander about the Vivian girls first of all." Said Hanson.

"Fear of death I have none." Spoke Braggard magnanimously. "I have once always been your friend. If I abused the Vivian girls it was because they deserved it. They almost ruined your army with their misjudgement and the exigencies of war made it necessary for me to do so, and my execution I warn you will start a revolution among your army and your disposal. My Vivian divisions sides with me. And I I promise you that I'll never absolve for what I did and I hate to this have you think that I lie to you. Only if I find that they are innocent I'll atone and general Hanson." He added, "having a profound abode absence tinged with a suggestion of scorn across his face." "We had been friends before this. Now we are deadly enemies and I hope to be hanged if I don't get the best of you in this squabble." And turning fiercely to the little girls he added; "And I say this before his excellency general Vivian. You little dogs with dresses, clean out of the room or I'll cut you to pieces if I have to kill both of your fathers and uncle in so doing. You imps have made out of me a galling enemy. Clean out or I'll fill the place with your dismembered bodies. Get you traitors." And he made as if to make a dash at the men.

The little girls obeyed crying piteously. Then extending his sabre to general Vivian he continued;

"Take my sabre if you wish to discharge me to day. I was insulted and humiliated by this common person Baldwin in the bitter hour of my passion over my loss and will not let it go unavenged."

"No I will not discharge you just yet." Answered general Vivian motioning furiously to his daughters to stay right there and not to go out of the room. "You yourself have made a great mistake and I'm almost stunned with surprise. I never knew that this could have happened between you and my daughters, and Hanson and Baldwin. You are such good friends and you have broken the hearts of my daughters, and will have to atone for me also because I vowed death to any one who saddened them in any way. They probably are not guilty for they did not command any of your or even Baldwin's

divisions, and I have proofs for they were with Hanson at the time it happened. And I can assure you which you will find out later that the leader of the divisions which he caused the surrender of the christian forces under Archibald were not Angelinians but Glandelinians disguised in purple for they never come from my lines and happened during the engagement between Hanson and Archibald. And I demand you and Baldwin in the name of Heaven to find the rear cause and make him confess even if you have to tie him to the muzzle of a cannon and blow him to pieces.

Now go to your room you bullet headed grouch or I'll riddle you with bullets wherever you stand. With this the two generals left, Hanson going toward his own head quarters with the Vivian girls and general Vivian toward his headquarters.

General Baldwin did not himself go to his room but stood looking after them with a deadly scowl on his ferocious face. "So he said 'Well I'll see what the government has to say about this also. They are both perved over the occurrence and who can blame them.'"

"They are both perved and too particular over those maps I suppose." Said Bri praggard, and you must pardon me because I never struck you or even accused the Vivian girls. It was my divisions under your command that suffered and some one else with my same description in looks and features must have told you and caused all this trouble, said a man coming in looking just like the same devilish praggard. But suppose y those Vivian girls done it to either of the generals which I myself believe they were guilty of though I rave of a not of.

And so they are going to put that spiteful Glandelinian penitent in my place. Eh. Well I'll see about that. And as for those Vivian girls I'll fix their hash for them gold and proper for causing this trouble. I will be a sorry day work when I get done with them. Q A man of my mind never forgets. I was a infernal foul to befriend those striplings like I did and saved them from the cruelties of the Glandelinians. See the repay I got. They knew that the Glandelinians themselves get a division of my men trapped and captured and allow a man with my looks and shape to impersonate me without having him seized, but revenge is mine for now I'll be in the same fix while the real guilty one has escaped. I'll get rid of them little maps and their father and uncle too. I'll send a telegram to the government with my resignation and tell them all about it.

He put on his sombre hat and walked out mounting his horse and galloping away. Riding a short distance past general Hansons region a number of shots rang out and bullets whizzed close to him. Seeing a bunch of soldiers in black hats just as he was about to think he was fired upon by Angelinians themselves for daring to go within Hansons lines, and seeing them rushing toward him he wheeled his horse after discharging a fusillade of shots from his pistol and dashed away bringing down a man at every shot. He gave a shout in reaching his region an hour afterward.

"CONF NY FOYS." He yelled to a number of men I'm perjured. Hurry or they will get me quickly. The Angelinians swarmed to his assistance the Glandelinians scurrying away at the formidable array.

"Readers probably shouted Baldwin: 'And I thought I saw a man looking like you praggard leading them he 'Accded.' Maybe that is the one who slandered."

I have a hint he wanted us to murder the Vivian girls so that they would have gotten out of the way after them they must not escape. At least catch that man imitating praggard."

They were probably raiding Hansons house and as he is one of us we got to do our duty. Persuading a short distance with his men he encountered one of the Vivian girls weeping as if his heart would break.

"He reigned in his horse and cried:

"Why are you weeping that way for you consumptive little sink rats our of hell." He demanded. "Your doings have caused me serious trouble. If I cannot get the best of your feather and Uncle I'll tell you somebody else will. Go out of my way or I'll let my black hatted scout drills capture you."

After this he rode off in a rage determined to get the best of his enemies or die in the attempt, for he was under orders from Man, wangle to cause the disgrace of the little girls at any costs and imitate the christian general praggard not knowing that he was already discovered."

In the meantime the christian officers returned unsuccessful and as sulking praggard said; that they had failed to catch the Glandelinians.

Baldwin rode on toward the east giving no answer but sulked fiercely. What is the matter? "One of his officers asked.

"None of your business." Snapped Baldwin. "Go to your quarters and settle down." "I also have a mind to punish you for your curiosity after letting that darn fool get away. You could have got him if you tried."

"Something is the matter with the general." Said Lieutenant Collen. "I believe he had a fuss with general Hanson, and general Vivian for I saw them coming out of his headquarters."

"He seems to be on a grouch." Said general O'Leason. "I know know that there was something the matter with him."

They watched the irate general till he disappeared out of sight then dispersed

Violet and her sisters had never realized that general praggard would have ever so abused them like this. They did feel sorry for him for they knew that he really believed that he did it for praggard had said to Baldwin that he could prove it.

But to threaten them with death if they should enter his own premises again seemed heartrending. That indeed was what struck them. They remembered with a pang when he had fondled them more than their own father, how he had saved them from death many times by fire from fire during their early lives from the cruelties of the insane teacher. Oh if he would only let them explain. But he did not. However the little girl did not really know the character of the man who had abused them and despite it all praggard felt queer over it and even began to realize that the little girls did not know who the imposter had been and now he firmly decided that they were innocent in all the matter and was bound to get that man even if he had to trail or him all over the war smitten country or upset the Glandelinian army to get him.

Baldwin and praggard knew that it was a dirty blasphemous slander and indeed my dear readers I could not have the heart to admit what would occur to the liar if he would get caught. It would not be fit for writing or explanation in any condition.

The two superior generals knew of the innocence of the little girls for they were not even in that part of the battle when the sad disaster occurred but in general Hansons lines signalling with the boy scout and Baldwin and praggard even realized that they had even seen the little girls at this work. It had indeed been that a sad blow to praggard and Baldwin when the blow occurred and it had been enough to enrage anybody. He or Baldwin had not suspected the accuser and he had, had lately much trouble with him. At the battle one of his infantry forces due to the mistake of misunderstanding of orders had caused praggard to be repulsed with terrible disastrous effects and when praggard was doing his utmost Baldwin had come upon the same man disguised as an Angelinian and looking like praggard Baldwin raising the dickens then with the real christian in a manner which no man could describe, but it had not cowed the treacherous Glandelinian who took the scolding of the innocent man as a joke and planned to cause more trouble for him.

Then general praggard had been ordered to support the great charge up the slopy grounds to Hansons support along the Gloria Hun with advancing battery forces and infantry, and though he had done so Baldwin went up to see the other generals and saw a big christian force with what appeared to be praggard stationed in the same place where he had been before given the order the men having not budged an inch.

Baldwin then did not know what to make of it for surely he had just left praggard from Hansons line from where he came from having come here to order general praggard forward to Hansons support.

Baldwin had remembered that he said to the man looking like praggard: "I thought you were told to go to Hansons support, and I thought you were there for I fancied I saw you there. How did you get back here so soon?"

"You can go plump to H---ll for all I care you hot headed bully." Was the only answer he got, and though the words caused Baldwin to have him looked in the guard house he went straight to Hansons lines, and by Hansons found praggard there fighting so bravely as any of the men. Then his suspicions were aroused and though he had the man he looked in the guard house examined to see who he really was the army jury had no sooner went off for a few moments when the praggard or who ever he was had disappeared. Then the same man had come forward within the christian lines with what was supposed to be a big force of christian reinforcements and one third of the christian division wearing gray uniforms was captured by the purple coat as the trouble he blamed it on the Vivian girls and when out and then to get out of the trouble he refused and when the two general Vivian and Hanson came to make him alone mysteriously away again and generals left he suddenly disappeared the same mysteriously away again and then in came the real praggard having astonished Baldwin with his words.

Toward the afternoon praggard caught a glimpse of the little girls. He saw that they were like many of those busy trip in creatures that can no more be contained in one place than a sun beam or a summer breeze nor were they children that once seen could be easily forgotten on. No perfection of childlike beauty could out rival their form in that whole world.

There was about their forms undulating and aerial graces such as one would dream of for some mythical and allegorical being.

Though their faces were remarkable for their indescribable beauty, there was also a singular and dreamy earnestness in their earnestness of expression which would make all the Angelinians start when they looked at her. The shape of their heads, and the turn of their necks and bust was peculiarly noble and beautiful and impossible to be put even in pictures by painting or drawing.

And indescribable and effective was the deep spiritual gravity of their violet blue eyes, shaded by heavy fringes of golden brown which made every Angelinian Angelinian turn a nd looked back after them as they glided hither and thither among the gas camps.

"Good heavens m., what dazzling beauty!" Thought Jack Evans as they turned in another course. "They almost make my heart ache."

He noticed a look of pain on Angelina's face and said with a tone of muffled bitterness:

"Angelina darling, you are sick."

He clasped her in his arms her short hard breathing alarming him.

"You had not better ride so fast dear." He said. "You know it is bad for you."

"I felt so well Jack, and liked it so much that I forgot." She answered.

"I can almost believe what the matter is." He said laying his hand on her chest. "Hanson thinks you have consumption, from your frequent coughing but I had you examined last night by the X-ray while you were asleep. You are seriously affected from the results of your wounds two weeks ago. I was told by the doctor to take you all under my care, and I am lifting Violet for placed her on his horse. Hanson and her sisters looked at him with surprise."

"A Hercules." Thought Violet's sisters to themselves. "A powerful boy friend indeed."

"Do you know Violet I am awfully sorry that Baldwin has become your enemy and Braggard also and I fear him too on account of Angelina's illness. I know. I swear it that I know what the real matter is and if Baldwin did you little girl did die, Baldwin and Braggard though innocent would probably be blamed for it. I'm going to stay with you and make you better at all costs. But there is something I can't conceal." He added with a blush on his handsome face. "You and your sisters have trapped me with your beauty and kindness. If you were angels I could love you no better. You little girls are the loveliest little creatures that I have ever seen, and another thing if I fail to cure you I'll say that I am as bad as a liar and as the slanderer." And the boy spoke with an earnestness that flushed his handsome face. The little girls believed it with perfect simplicity without ever even a change of feature merely saying:

"We are glad that you feel so Evans, and for your kindness we will look upon you as our brother and ----"

"I see my son that you have fallen in love." Said a Voice suddenly near them. "When did they trap you?"

"Turning in surprise they saw General Evans along side of the boy. "Tell who can help it." Said Jack Evans. "No creature are as I love as them and say papa!" He said in a whisper. "Angelina has a bullet hole in her left side or in her left lung but she can be saved if treated in time. You are one of the most trusted doctors in the army."

"I see." Said General Evans. "She must be confined in the house as she is stimulated to exertions beyond her strength. That is what is making her fail rapidly. I feared this all the time though I predicted that it was consumption."

It was true. Angelina's health was decaying rapidly and also her strength for the wound had been received during the battle of Cedarline and the other doctors had not known of its location.

"Do you cough a good deal little girls?" He asked of Angelina.

"Yes when ever I run about play, or ride on my horse. I have been subjected to a cough since the fight at Cedarline two weeks ago. Hanson said that I have really consumption beyond a doubt."

"Are you shorted breathed, and so you feel weak?"

"Yes I have nervous affections once in a while."

"Do you see sweat at nights, whether cool or warm?"

"No General I do not. But one of the wounded soldiers do. Night after night his clothes will be wringing wet. There ain't never a dry thread in his night clothes and the sheets are so wet that they have to be hung up to dry."

"I knew it." He thought to himself. Here was poor Angelina with her wretched health going down gradually to the grave before the eyes of all. Angelina had been fairly prostrated the day before though on this day she seemed to feel much better.

The next day Angelina was so unwell as to be confined to the house where an operation was performed. On the day after the operation her situation was critical. Many of the Angelinians only believed she was prostrated by the terrible heat of the weather, and by the exertions she had made. The physicians had said that there was room for hope as the wound would soon heal, and that there was some thing else that had to do with her prostration now and not the wound. Even then poor Violet and her sisters had nearly cried their little eyes out for a note had been sent to Baldwin and Braggard to pity Violet and her sisters, and come and see. But a harsh refusal had been sent back.

"It is true that she has a wound in her lung but in some ways that has nothing to do with it." Said Evans, after he had made a close examination.

"Unless Baldwin comes to see her and resume his friendship she will surely die. She is pining herself to illness and death."

This was true for in a week or two there had been a great improvement before this prostration occurred, there having been a great improvement of symptoms one of those decisive lullies which heralded a heart even on the verge of the grave.

Before the prostration she had been again sitting with the soldiers, in the lanes and played with her sisters and laughed again. The doctors alone had felt no encouragement from this truck. And Angelina had felt the same certainty. She felt that Baldwin or Braggard would never as much as look at her or her sisters again and she had a calm sweet prophetic certainty that a cruel death was near and she was troubled by sorrow for those who loved her so dearly. For Angelina life was unfolding before her with sorrow and horror. Day she had only a little regret in dying if she had to go too. Her heart yearned with sad tenderness for all she was going to leave behind. Her father and sisters most of all for she had instilled instinctive or perceptive perception that she was more in his heart than any other. She loved her charming and loving mother and sisters. She felt for many fond Angelinian soldiers to whom she and her sisters were as daylight and sunshine. After a day had passed as was prostrated far worse than the day before. Children do not generally generalize about soldiers but Angelina being an uncommonly mature child witnessing months after months the hellish horror of this Glandelinian war under which hundreds upon hundreds of thousands had died in every battle, and these almost broke her thoughtful pondering heart. She had day by day vague longings to do something for the multitudes of wounded soldiers on either side to bless and save, not only the Angelinians but the unfortunate war stricken Glandelinians as well. Longings that contracted sadly with the feebleness of her little frame.

"Jack she said one day when sitting up in her bed propped up in pillows. "I can understand why Jesus wanted to die for us."

"Why Angelina dear?"

"To save our souls. When I saw those poor creatures on either side going down in such frightful numbers at Cedarline and I realized many millions of mothers may have lost their sons, wives husbands and mothers cried for their little children massacred by the Glandelinians after the great massacres, and when I saw the losses at Cedarline and Chamberline run -- oh wasn't that dreadful -- and a great many other slaughters -- I've felt that I would be glad to die if my dying could stop all this misery, but it won't. I would die for them, Jack if it would do any good."

"Said the child earnestly, laying her little thin white hand on his. Jack looked at the child with awe and before the merit Angelina found her self in the perfect embrace that she ever felt and with a strange happiness creep through her, and it strange to say was this embrace that prevented her death. The rays of the sun were coming into the room forming a kind of glory around her, as she sat up in her white night gown, with her golden hair and glowing cheeks, her eyes unnaturally bright with the happiness caused by Jack's fond embrace. Her appearance and of her sisters had impressed him suddenly and painfully, and he wiped his eyes many times. Her beauty, and that of her sisters was so intense, and yet so fragile that he could not bear to look at it. He again suddenly folded her in his arms.

"Angelina dear; you will be better soon." He said with sudden firmness as he laid his head against his shoulder.

"I've had many things, I wanted to say to you for a great while." Chimed Angelina. "I want to say them now, before I get weaker, and it is all up with me to keep it to myself any longer. The time is coming I know when I will be well I know it. I'm going then to try and see General Baldwin myself, even if I get shot for it." And she sobbed.

"Oh now my dear little Angelina." Said Jack trembling as he spoke but speaking cheerfully. "You must not indulge such reckless thoughts."

"No I don't intend to be reckless." Said Violet placing her arms around his neck and kissing him gently. "Don't deceive yourself. I'm not reckless. I know it perfectly well, and I'm going before long no matter what it costs. But you have made me happy I want to go and convince him, I long to go. I had rather be in heaven though but only for the sake of my father's army. There are a great many things here that makes me sad, but seems dreadful to me. I had rather be there, but I don't want to leave just as yet for my death would cause the ruin of the Christian army. But the sights of such a war almost break my heart."

"So that is what makes you sad and seems so dreadful." Angelina. "Yes Jack dear. The slaughter that occurs and occurs all the time. I feel sad four the wounded, they love me and this war was over. Then I would be all good and kind to me. I really do wish this war was over. Then I would be content to live and struggle hard to be a great Saint."

"Why Angelina, dear angel don't you know you are saintly now? And think Angelina; the soldiers are giving their lives for the freedom of little girls and boys like you."

"Oh but Jack you do not understand. It had made the child later conditions worse. They might be all slaughtered and then Jack think. The greatest stronghold of the

landelinians in the world is their fortifications on the landelinian and your track branch river, mouth going into Wickey pay and which defends all approaches to the city of Vivian Wickey and the Mc-whirtherian pun. These positions decided the war entirely. And there are few boys like you Jack. She continued sadly: "A boy by the name of Starring gave me a fond kiss once but Oh God! God he is my enemy now. It breaks me my heart. It is the war John. He found out that I'm I'm-----" She could not go any further but broke into a passion of weeping weeping.

Jack embraced her in such a way that her weeping stopped.

"Never mind." He said pressing her chest against his and kissing her: "I know those boys well. I'll speak to them sometime when I see them again and shall. I'll convince them of their folly and win to their friendship. I'll threaten that I'll betray them. That is the only way."

"No don't do that." Said Angelina as he embraced her continually: "It might not do any good. If they only knew what I've suffered. Then we would be respected and pitied at by them. But what horrid things they do and can do when aroused. One of them shot Violet once." And she shuddered.

"My dear little Angelina, you are as sensitive as a child having sorrows all your life. I'm sorry this war has been witnessed. By you."

"Oh that is not what troubles me Jack. I'm really happy now the way you are treating me. You are making me well and saved me a lot of pain. But I cannot tell you the sad story of my life or of my sisters for it might sicken you or break your heart. But for two or probably seven or eight months and during this war I did have nothing but pain and sorrow when captured by the sin-stricken men. But it seems selfish to conceal it. But the sights I saw in this war always sink into my heart-----they go down deep. I've thought and thought about them. Jack is not there any way to make children free without such slaughter!"

"That is a difficult question even for a learned man to answer dearest. There is no doubt that this way is a very bad one, all the generals of both sides think so I do myself. And then this war would not have occurred if it had not been for general Hinnies disobedience to the king by causing the slaughter of children at Crowley. He got no orders to start a war but did so anyway, though though the battle which followed had been a landelinian victory. I heartily wish that the Child labor evil had not originated, but then I do not know what there is to be done about it now."

"Jack you are such a good boy and so noble and kind, and you have a way of saying things that is so pleasant. Couldn't you go some day and be a scout for my sake instead of a leader of such big forces and lead in the slaughters. When I am well then you will be a great help help to us and can help us warn the Christians when ever danger threatens."

"Help you what?" Cried Jack passionately: "Oh Angelina I thought you little girls were only red cross nurses. Indeed you are the best little girl on earth and so are my sisters. I would give anything if you and them were my sisters as I have no sisters at all. I had one once but she had grown and such wickedness killed her."

"My Aunt and Uncle had a little girl by the name of my sisters Violet Vivian once." Said Angelina: "And that was all they had---and yet she and Uncle had to see it die from wounds received in a tornado in Abilene before she died herself from wounds. Jack these soldiers love their children as much as you or perhaps me. Oh do something to end this war. There is general Manley and his wicked generals. They hate children no matter whether they are Christians or not. I hate even his own children and I make me cry when I think of it. And Jack I'm not telling a lie. Angels have appeared to me in my sleep and begged me to capture them from Manley to end their misery. Manley won't let them die to get to heaven and he is fighting hard to make them do something to destroy their poor souls. It is dreadful Jack that such things are happening all the time."

"There there darling." Said Jack embracing her: "Only don't distress yourself and do tell me that story and I will do anything you wish, even lay down my life for you and your dear sisters...."

"And promise me dear Jack; but you will bring Baldwin's friends back again and also Braggards. I hate to say it but it seems as if you will have to find out the real guilty party. I will surely die if he don't forgive me."

"Yes dear I will do anything in the world, anything you ask, but don't talk of dying."

"Dear Jack." Said the beautiful child laying her head against his: "How I wish we could be going around together."

"Where dearest?" Asked Jack.

"To northern Angelina. It is so sweet and peaceful there, it is all so loving there. Do you want to go?" She asked.

Jack drew her closer to him but he was silent. She noticed that she was breathing it as if she had never known suffocation. She was entirely well only pinning over Baldwin and Braggards affair was indeed the real Christian. Baldwin had never seen them since the battle had ceased or he had never seen them either to tell them not to go to his headquarters, threatening to shoot them

if they did. He himself knew there was something suspicious and had ordered his troops to look out for any man who may come within the line impersonating him or Braggard."

"They are imposters." He had told them: "Spies. Treacherous spies who had come into our camp pretending they were us and so causing this unnecessary trouble with the vivian girls and ordering you to shoot them on sight if they ever came here which they no doubt believed they would. They are doing this so that when the little girls are shot they would be cut off from you and this would please Manley. But what ever you do don't shoot nobody but those imposters if they come in. Remember they resemble me and Braggard. They must not be allowed within my lines again."

And this was the reason the little girls did not go to that Man believing surely that the guard had been placed to keep them away instead. But it was not so and Baldwin would gladly go and see them and tell them the whole story if he only could get the chance but his work kept him from getting away.

"You will come with me." Continued Angelina speaking in a voice of solemn certainty which she often used unconsciously.

"To come with you or your sisters, or to be with you would be like heaven to me indeed." Said Jack: "You bet I shall come with you and I never will forget you. But how about the story?" He asked.

She did not answer and looking down he saw that she had fallen asleep. The shadows of the solemn evening closed around them deeper and deeper as Jack sat silently holding the little frail form to his bosom. He never in his life saw a happier face, and embracing her once more he placed her head on the pillow.

Two days later the daylight strength which had lapsed Angelina up for a little while was fast becoming a reality though seldom and more seldom her light foot step was heard on the verandas of the headquarters. Even she was found reclining on a little lounge by the open window her large deep blue eyes fixed on the rising and falling waters of the beautiful lake. It was toward the afternoon as she was so reclining her little half open, her little t'ran parent fingers lying listlessly between the leaves when suddenly the tremendous boom of cannon broke loose far in the distance. In a moment she was off from the lounge and on the veranda. Jack Evans came up on his horse ten minutes later.

"Baldwin had come upon the divisions that had captured his brigade." He said: "I will be all over in a minute I guess and I might be a happy occurrence for he had retaken many whom the enemy had captured and a lot of prisoners also. The retaken Angelinians might know the truth about their misfortunes. And here is a big bunch of roses."

"Oh how can I thank you." Said Angelina. "How did you know that I liked flowers?" She asked as he handed them to her.

"And it is a beautiful bouquet." She said before he could answer her question: "You arranged them very pretty and you gave them to me. Oh Jack dear I love you." She said with a sudden burst of feeling and laying her little thin white hand on Jack's arm. "I love you, I love you, and only wish that Dear Jesus had you born to me a brother. I am still very unwell, but I think it shall be a great while before I'll recover entirely. But it grieves me still when I think of Baldwin. I only wish you were my brother, though you are kinder to me than any of my little brothers had been. It's only a little while, then I shall be well again."

"Angelina's keen round eyes were overcast with tears, large bright drops rolled heavily down one by one and fell on Violet. Angelina's little white hands. V Angelina laid her head against Jack's breast and soothed the beautiful child looking to him like the picture of some bright angel trying to reclaim a sinner. In that moment a regular ray of heavenly love had penetrated Jack's heart and he hugged her as closely as he could.

At that moment general Hanson appeared.

"Uncle." Said Angelina: "I want to have some of my hair cut off a good deal of it."

Angelina had laid on the couch by this time Evans standing up and saluting.

"That's that." Said Hanson.

"The child half rose from the pillows he came in and shaking down her long golden curls really much too long already being three feet in length. Said rather playfully: "Come uncle shear the sheep. That is I just want you to cut off some of my hair. There is too much of it and it makes my head hot. Besides I want to give some of it away. Jack you can do it I know."

"Yes Jack you had better do it because I haven't the time." Said Hanson: "N But don't spoil the locks of it. Cut underneath where it won't show."

"Oh uncle." Said Angelina sadly.

"Yes and I want them kept handsome against the time the war ends."

"I might not live till then uncle. I will go to heaven. Oh do believe me please. Don't you realize that some day I might be killed?"

"Why do you insist that I should believe such a cruel thing. Angelina?"

"Only because it is true. Uncle, and I might happen to one of my sisters

or even to you or papa too. And if you will believe it now you will get to feel about it as I do."

Hanson closed his lips and stood grimly eyeing the beautiful long curls which he they were separated from the main length of the hair down over her shoulders about a foot or more were laid one by one in her lap. She raised them up to her ears and at them twisted them around her thin fingers and looked from time to time at general Hanson.

"It is just as I have been forbidding," said one of her sisters coming in. "It is just what has been prying on my health from day to day bringing me and my sisters down to the grave though Baldwin care not for we met him and he cursed us severely. I have seen this long Uncle. You will see after a while that I was right."

"Which will afford you great consolation no doubt," said Hanson in a dry titter tone. Then Jennie who it was said back on a lounge and covered her face with her handkerchief. Angelina's clear blue eyes looked earnestly from one to another. It was a calm comprehending gaze of a small half-bred from the earthly bonds. It was evident she saw, felt and appreciated the difference between the two.

She beckoned with her hand to her father who had just now came in and he came and sat down by her.

"Papa my strength is fading away again and I fear I must go for Baldwin might not learn the truth in time. There are some things that I wanted to say and do that I ought to do, and you must be willing to have me speak a word or two on this subject. It must come there is no putting it off. Do be willing papa that I should speak now please."

"My dear little girl I am willing," said general Vivian covering his eyes with one hand and holding up Angelina's hand with the other.

"Then I want to see all the generals together who can cause me and my sisters by my bed. I have something I must say to them," said Angelina.

Hanson dispatched a messenger and soon a large number of officers were there including general Vivian and the other little Vivian girls. Angelina lay back on her pillows, her hair hanging loosely about her face her crimson face contrasted painfully with the intense whiteness of her complexion and the thin contour of her limbs and features and her large soul like eyes fixed earnestly on everyone. All the great christian generals present were struck with a sudden emotion, for the spiritual face, the locks of hair cut off and lying by her; her father and uncles averted face and the sole of her poor sisters struck at once upon the feelings of a sensitive and impressive race of Angelina and the generals looked at one another, many sighed and others shook their heads sadly and most full mournfully. There was a deep silence like that of the grave. Angelina raised herself and looked long and earnestly round at every one. All of the generals present were struck with a sudden emotion, the spiritual face the long locks of hair, cut off made a sudden sight than ever. All looked sad and apprehensive; many of the officers hiding their faces in their hands.

"I send for you all my dear friends," said Angelina. "Because I love you christian soldiers as if you were my own fathers. I love you all even Baldwin and Baldwin though they have turned out to be as my enemy, and I have some things to say to you which I want you generals to remember always. I do fear that I'm going to leave you far in a few more hours probably you will see me no more."

Here Angelina was interrupted by a sudden burst of groans sobs and lamentations which broke from all present and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment and then speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all she continued:

"If you love me you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I want to speak to you. I want to speak to you about your souls. Some of you generals I'm afraid from recent actions are very careless. You are all in danger for you all know that there is death in war and most of you I think are thinking mostly of this world. I want you generals to remember that there is a beautiful world where Jesus is. I may go there and you can go there. It is for you as much as it is for me. But if you want to go there you general officers must stop living idle careless, thoughtless lives. You must be more perfect christians than you are now and you must remember that each one of you can become saints and be saints forever. If you want to be perfect christians, Jesus will help you. You must pray to him, you must read the bible-----" The child checked herself looked pitifully at them and said sorrowfully:

"Oh dear if you could only get Baldwin to come and see me. And she hid her face in her pillow and sobbed as if her heart would break, while many a mother and sob came from those who were addressing who were kneeling on the floor around her. "Nevermind," she said raising her head or her face and smiling brightly through her tears. I have prayed to Jesus to turn Baldwin back to his love for me and my sisters and have also prayed for you, and I know Jesus will help you. Try to do all the best you can, pray every day, ask him to help you, read the bible whenever you can and I think I shall see you all in heaven."

"AMEN" was the murmured response from the lips of Hanson and general Vivian, and some of the others. The other generals were completely overcome and were

nothing with their head bowed upon their knees.

"I know," said Angelina. "You all love me and my sisters!"

"Yes oh yes indeed we do," was the involuntary response of all the general officers.

"Yes I know you do. There is not one of you who had has not been kind to me or my sisters and I want to give you something that when you look at; you shall always remember me. I'm going to give all of you a curl of my hair and when you look at it think that I love you and when I am gone to heaven, and that I want to see you all there."

It was utterly utterly impossible to describe the scene, the heartrending scene as with tears and sobs and lamentations they gathered around the little creature and took from her hands what seemed to them the last mark of her love. They fell on their knees, they sobbed and prayed, and kissed the hem of her garment and the elder ones poured forth words of endeavorment in prayer and blessings. As each one took their gift general Hanson and Vivian who was apprehensive for the effects of all this excitement on the little one, signed to each one to pass quietly out of the apartment. At last all were gone but her sisters.

"Here Jennie is a beautiful one for you. Oh how so happy Jennie to think I shall see you in heaven, for I am sure; shall, and Violet my dear kind violet!" she said fondly throwing her arms around her. "I know you shall be there to do."

"Oh dear Angelina I don't see how we can live without you," said Violet. "It's just like taking everything off the place at once." And Violet gave way to a piteous passion of grief. Jennie suddenly with a wild and bitter cry threw her self on the floor along side the bed and wept and moaned aloud. Hanson tried to raise and silence her but in vain.

"Oh Angelina, Oh Angelina I wish I was dying too----- I do."

There was a piercing wail in the cry, the lid of rushing into Hanson's white marble like face and the first stem tears he had shed since the death of his wife and daughter, streamed from his eyes.

"Get up Jennie, dear Angelina might might live," said Jack Evans Evans. "I'll try and get Baldwin myself."

"But he won't come to see her," said Jennie. "He said he would never come and see her." And she wept in terrible lamentations. They all stood for a moment in silence.

"She loves me she loves me she loves me," screamed Jennie. "Oh dear, oh dear! There ain't nobody left now. This is killing me."

"Evans go fetch Baldwin," said Hanson. "Tell him if he don't come he will be guilty of a crime and the curses of God will be down upon him. And hurry."

Then turning to general Vivian he said:

"See if you can comfort Jennie, poor thing."

"I just wish I had never been born," said Jennie. "Life is no use to me now. Oh dear!"

That was all for Jennie swooned. The statuettes and pictures in Angelina's room were shrouded in white shawls and only hushed breathings and sobs and footfalls were heard there, and the light stole in dimly, through windows partially darkened by closed blinds and shades. The bed was draped in white and there beneath two little drooping angel winged figures lay a little sleeping form. There she lay robed in one of the simplest white dresses, the rose colored light through the curtains casting over the beautiful child a warm glow. Her little eyes looked drooped softly on the purple check, the head was turned a little to one side but there was diffused over every lineament of the face a celestial expression of sleep and repose which showed that she was having some beautiful dream. There is no such death, as thou dear Angelina.

"There is no death to such as thou dear Angelina, neither darkness or shadow of death, only such a bright fading, and when the morning star fades in the golden dawn."

So did general Vivian think as with folded arms he stood there gazing. Ah who shall say what the sorrow stricken general did think from the hour that voices had said:

"She is going."

It had all been a dreamy mist a heavy dimness of anguish. There were many flowers on the shelves, all white delicate and fragrant, with graceful drooping leaves. Angelina's beautiful horse horses were with white bore on its back a wreath of flowers. The folds of the drapery, the fall of the curtains had been arranged and rearranged with that delicacy of eye which characterizes their race.

Jennie now advanced with a basket of flowers, placing in Ange line Angelina's hand a fair fair cape jasmine and with admirable taste disposed the other flowers around the bed. General Vivian already realized that he could see the funeral and burial. He imagined that after another, stole in to look at the dead and then came the little coffin, and there was a funeral and carriages drove to the door, and strangers came and were seated and they wore white scarves and ribbons and crapes bands, and in manners dressed in black crapes, and there was a mass and prayers uttered. Then he imagined that he saw the child, that golden head in the coffin, and then he saw the child spread out on the

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"No," said Angelino, laying her hand in his.

"No," said Angelina, laying her hand on his.

He gave a sudden start and shiver but gave no answer.

'Don't know,' said ANG81400.

"I cannot," said general Avian rising; "I cannot have it so. Oh dear God do not deal so bitterly with me."

He realized that God had always a right to do what he will with his own. Yet id he did not make it any easier to bear and he wept like a child.

It did not make it any easier to hear and he wept like a child.
 "Hush you break my heart," said Angelina, rising and throwing herself in
 his arms. You must not be so." And Angelina wept with a violence that alarmed them
 all, and turned Her father's thoughts at once to something else.

all, and turned her father's thoughts at once to something else.
"I hope there's--dearest--hush-----hush----- don't distress yourself
about me and I will be resigned."

Angeline soon lay like a bearded one down her father's arms and he bending over her
 but another day and by every word of tenderness he could think of. Her sisters
 were leaving, and Jo once having come to herself was in weeping like a heart
 broken child.

broken child.

"You do did not give me a curl Angeline." "But her father smiling and saying, 'They are all your's papa.' "She said smiling," "All your's and Uncles, and you must give mama and munity as many as she want's. I only gave them to you, poor officers because by then they will remember me when I am gone," it might pain them," "Remember."

At that hour Angelina seemed unusually bright and cheerful and sat leaning in her bed and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things and designed the friends to whom she would have them given and her manner was more animated and her voice more natural than they had known it since she had been severely wounded during the frightful damage at Cend Cedernine. There was a ...

But at midnight, strange music hour the crisis arrived. There was a loud sound in that chamber first of one who stopped quickly. It was HANSEN, and general yaman who had resolved to sit up all night with their little daughter who at the turn of the night had pronounced what experienced doctors call "A change."

They went back to the room in an instant and bent over Angelina who still slept. What was the fact that these two grief-stricken generals saw that made their hearts stand still. Why was no word spoken between the two greatest Christian generals? Thou canst say who has seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee that looked indescribably ethereally upon the face of the child however thou that thy beloved is no longer there. On the face of the child however there is no ghostly imprint only a high and almost sublime sublime expression. Was it the glowing presence of spirit and nature, the dawning of immortal life in that pure childish soul? The two generals stood there as still gazing upon her that even the ticking of their watches seemed to loud. In a few moments the doctor came, looked around and silent as the rest.

came gave one look and stood as silent as the rest.
'When I did this change take place.' A He asked in a w whisper to general
vician.

"About the turn of the night." Was the reply.

June and her other sisters aroused by the entrance of the doctor appeared alarmed. "We di don't make no noise," said Hannah; "The fo crimin is ariving. She is a wicked life and death."

through the glass doors but generals Hanson or Vivin Vivian said or heard although I only saw the look on the face of the little sleeper.

nothing but only saw the look on the face of the little sleeper.
'Oh if she would only awaken and speak once more.' 'Said general
vixen and stooping over her in he spoke in her ear.

The large blue eyes unfocused, a smile passed over her face, she tried to raise her head and to speak.

'Do you know me Angelina dear dear. Her papa said.

The child with a last effort arose throwing her arms around his neck. In a moment they dropped again and as the two generals raised their heads they saw a frightful scene of mortal agony pass over her face. She struggled

practically, pitifully for air, and threw up her little hands.
"Oh God this is dreadful. He said turning away in agony and wringing Hanson's
hand scarce conscious what he was doing. Oh Hanson my brother

its killing me. Pray that this might be cut short. This wrings my heart,"

"OH Peter the Lord it is I over dear brother." Said Hanson; "Look at
her."

The little girl lay panting on her pillows like one recovering from suffocation. The large violet eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah what said those eyes that spoke so much of joy or heaven where earthly pains were past. They all pressed around her in heartless stillness.

'Angeline,' said general wivian : 'Speak to me.'
'Oh this is killing me,' wailed roche.

"Oh this is killing me," Wailed roles.
She did not hear.
"Oh my poor Angelina I would give anything I have if Angelina is spared dear
and," Cried General Tatham.

ed over Angelines face and gave one high and soft

into a snoring, ly deep sleep. "Hush! Beloved Angelina," cried general ivian as the doctor
leaked over her closely; "The bright eternal doors have closed after thee, we shall
see - thy face no more. Oh woe to them who watched thy entrance into heaven; when the
shall wake and find only the cold gray sky & daily life, and thou gone forever.
General ivian sat pale and quiet holding before his eyes Angelina's little upon his
though seeing no letter or word of what was in it, or at least really holding it
upside down. And there was more sorrow to general ivian than there was in all
the lamentations from the grief stricken men who were at her bedside though he did
not show it. General ivian fancied that the bright beautiful face of Angelina
with her golden hair was looking out upon him out of the wall. He felt
a sleep. And dreamed he saw her coming bounding toward him just as she used to come
with a wreath of jessamines in her hair, her cheeks her eyes radiant
with delight & light but as he looked she seemed to rise from the ground, her cheeks
were a pale hue; her eyes had a deep divine radiance, a golden halo seemed
around her head and she vanished from his sight. The golden mist had wandered away from

around her head and she vanished from his sight.

During that sad eventful night porAngelina sisters had wandered away from the lines in their sorrow and before they had known it clandestine soldiers led by Sabarring and his companions at once seized the little girls. The young girls were hurried by the clandestine warriors to a large ruined house to be sold to child labor concerns. No one could conjure any villainage much horrors of a such a slave house.

This place was a real obscure den. A horrid Tartarus informis ignominia um tamen dampnatum habebat.

And yet the sisters were attacked

Late in the afternoon Angelina or rather, Violet and her sisters were attacked and sent to the depot to await a general auction on the following morning. They were weeping with a deadly sickness at their hearts the little girl remembered how a certain man had looked at their hands and lifted up their curly hair and pressed them first to his forehead, then to his lips. He said they were beautiful. The girls would sell to a lot of shame but they had no hope now, no protection. The place was full of landowners who could help them, poor little girls.

linda would buy them or either one of them and probably become owners of them
body and as would soul. The little girls had no resort but to pray, and many such
prayers to God had come up from many child labor prisons, prayers which God had
not forgotten as a coming day will show for it is written:

.. Who' no overcometh one of the little onesharm in any way, it were better for him that a mill stone be hanged about his neck and that he be drowned in the depths of the sea. . .

Keep on poor children. The night is short and the morning may part you - for ever. A few minutes before the virian girls were and a short broad muscular man in heavy green uniform elbowed his way through the crowd of clandestines, and coming up to the little girls began examining them systematically. From the moment that the litt le girls saw him approaching they felt an immediate and revolting horror at him that increased as he came up to them. He was evidently though short and only less than five feet tall of gigantic strength. He had a bullet shaped head, large glass glowing black eyes with their shaggy black eye eyebrows and a stiff wiry ink black hair and his large boars coarse mouth was stuffed with tobacco the juice of which from time to time he ejected from him with great violence and explosive force. His hairy hands were large, sunburned and freckled and very dirty and garnished with long finger nails in a very foul condition.

This man of demonic nature proceeded to a very free personal examination of the little girls. He seized Jennifer by the jaw and pulled her mouth to inspect her teeth, made her stand up by the elbows to show her muscles, turned her around and made her jump and air spring to show her legs. Then he spit a discharge of rabid juice in her face and giving a contemptuous "UH-HUH!"

He examined Violet. He put out his heavy dirty hand and drew the girl to him, passing it over her neck and fast felt her arms, looked at her teeth and then pushed her back against roses whose patient sweet face showed the suffering she had been growing through at every motion of the heinous landelinians.

Joint and hand.

Violet was heartbroken and began to cry.

"Stop that you girl," said the landeliniian, "a whispering here."

Joice was also examined but the heinous to lips picked out Jennie. She was pushed from the back, the short bullet headed man seizing her roughly by the shoulders despite her screams and passions of wailing pushing her to the side saying in a demoniac voice:

"Stand there you gutter-snipe!"

"Still the bidding went on rattling clattering. Down went the hammer again. Joice was told. She was forced down from the block, stood looking wistfully back. Jennie stretched her hands toward her. She looked with agony at Jennie. Violet was forced upon the block and looked around her with a glance that broke Jennie's heart. The little girl was parted probably forever! Never was there such weeping. And never had such a thing occurred to them before but now happy it turned out in the end which Evans came to their rescue as well will soon read.

GREATER BONDAGE, YET, AND THE CRUELTY OF HINDAL ST CLARE CALISE AND OTHER LANDELINIANS GENERAL AL AND SO ON TO THE END OF HONORS.

On the 1 war part of a small mean car Jennie sat chained on her wrists and a weight heavier than chains lay on her heart. All signs of happiness had faded from her. Her sisters who would probably never see again, the golden head of little Anselme with its Saint-like eyes. Having got Jen to and eight other child slaves on board one of the cars of a slave train the landeliniian came around with that air of efficiency which was characteristic of him to take a review of her. Stopping opposite to Jennie he briefly expressed her as follows:

"STAND UP."

Jennie did so with a wistful look.

"TAK OFF THAT STUFF."

And as Jennie unbuttoned by her fingers proceeded to do it, he assisted her by pulling it with his gentle hands from her neck and putting it in his pocket. The landeliniian now turned for a trunk and taking from it a pair of girls ragged clothes he said liberating Jennie's hands from the hand cuffs and pointing to a recess in the box:

"You go there and put these on."

Poor Jennie obeyed and in a few minutes minutes returned.

"Take off you r show n," said the landeliniian. Whose name was General

Augustine St. Clare.

Jennie did so.

Then he said the landeliniian, throwing her back a pair of even coarser shoes such as were common among child slaves:

"Put these on."

In her hurried exchange Jennie had not forgotten to transfer her cherished bible to her pocket. It was well she did so for St. Clare having refitted Jennie's hands cuffs proceeded deliberately to investigate the contents of her pockets. He drew out a walk handkerchief, and put it into his own pocket. Several little trinkets which Jen to had treasured as presents from poor dying Angeline the rascal looked upon with a contemptuous grunt, and tossed them over his shoulder into the river.

Jennie had fortunately not forgotten to Anselme's curl of hair but her cat's paw which in her hurry she had forgotten, the landeliniian turned up and held over.

"Humph! Pious to be sure," he snarled; "So what ever your name is you be long to the Catholics eh? Well my dear little girl, I'll soon have that out of you if I myself die for it. I'll have none of your bawling praying and sighing around my place. So remember now mind yourself." He said with a stamp of his foot and a fierce glance of his eyes directed at Jennie; "I'm your church now. You understand. You have got to do and be as I say."

Something within the silent little angel answered. "MN O," and as if repeated by an invisible voice came the words of an old prophetic scroll as Angeline had after read to her:

"Fear not for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by my name. Thou art mine."

But Augustine St. Clare heard no word or voice. That voice probably Angeline's was one that he would never hear. He only glared for a moment on Jennie's wistful face.

"Now little girl take mighty good care of these clothes. They are better than

what you had on and it will be long enough before you will get any on more. I go in for making slaves careful of their clothes. One suit had to do for three years on my place."

He then chained her to another woman and the involuntary look of horror and fright and aversion which which Jen to regarded him did not escape his eye. He frowned fiercely.

"None of your pouts or wistful looks, girl. You've got to keep pleasant face when I'm speaking to you, do you hear? I say all of you slaves." He said retreating a pace backwards; "Look at me-----look at me-----look me right in the eye please,-----straight now." Said he stamping his foot.

At every pause, and by a fascination every eye except Jen to's was directed to the glaring blackish eyes of St. Clare.

"Now," he said doubling his great heavy fist, into something resembling a blacksmith's hammer:

"Do you see this fist? Lift it." He then added bringing it down on Jennie's head with no gentleness. "Look at it I say ye little devil and defy me not." Look at these bones. Well I tell you this fist as has got as hard as iron knocking down slaves. And I never seen this man yet I should not bring down with one crack, no matter how strong he is." Said the landeliniian bringing his fist down so near Jennie's face that she winked and drew back.

"And I don't keep none of you men prisoners for everness either, for I do my own overhauling, and I tell you things is seen too. Every one of you has got to toe the mark. I tell you quick straight to the moment - speak. That is the way to keep in wit with me, and you won't find no soft spot in me nowhere. So now mind yourselves for I don't know no mercy."

He women and children involuntarily drew in their breath and the whole gang sat with down cast dejected faces. Jennie was crying as if her heart would break, for her sisters who were separated so cruelly. St. Clare turned on his heel, and went to the engineer's tell him to go ahead.

This indeed my dear readers was enough to try the faith of the firmest Christians to find themselves abandoned apparently of God in the grasp of the ruthless violence of the war stricken landeliniians. How much more danger there was in shaking the faith of Christ's poor little ones weak in knowledge, knowledge, and tender in years. The train now moved on slowly frightened with its weight of sorrow through abrupt tortuous windings, and sad eyes gazed wearily in on the steep gray banks as they glided by, in dreary sameness. Aboard the train itopped after running swiftly for several hours at a small town and St. Clare with his party disembarked. About an hour after Jennie was wearily trailing along behind a rude wagon and over a ruddy ground. In the wagon was seated St. Clare and other slaves still fettered together they being stowed away with some baggage in the back part of it, and the road was a wild and forsaken one at that, now ending through dreary pines, barrens where the winds whistled mournfully, and now over log on causeways, through long swamps the doleful triplic price of the forest trees rising out of slimy spongy ground hanging with low wreaths of dusky funeral black moss while over and above the loathsome form of the dead or maddened could be seen sliding among broken stumps and shattered branches that lay here and there rotting in the water. It was disconsolate enough for a stranger with a well filled pocket, and well appointed horse threading the lonely way on some errand, but wilder drearier to the man entrained, when every weary step bears farther from all that man loves and prays for.

So one would have thought that witnessed the sullen and dejected depression on those sad faces, the wistful patient countenance which with which these and eyes of the child captives rested on object after object with awe and terror, that passed them in their sad journey.

In a few hours a large city of tents appeared these were soon passed amid thousands of swarms of landeliniians seeming to never end with the city of tents appeared in sight the slave houses rising to view farther off to the rear of the one always line. This place was like a hell upon earth. Dotted here and there were fens of trowed tangled tall grass with horse posts set up here and there, where the turf was stamped away and the ground littered with broken pails, cobs of corn, and many other sloven remains. No kind of flower grew anywhere, and what was once a large garden was now a lot for the dead animals or children.

The scavengery had no window washed, and on the mouldering shelves were the remains of dead children.

The wagon too rolled up a gravel walk. The main house itself looked desolate and uncomfortable. It had a high and wide veranda of two stories running around to every part of the house. With every outer door opened, the lower being supported by brick pillars. Most of the windows were stopped up with boards, many had shattered panes, and shutters hanging by a single hinge, all toiling the coarse neglect and discomfort.

Bits of board straw, old decayed barrels and boxes garnished the ground, in every direction, and wherever sight fell looking ahead, including fifteen blackheads reared by the sound of the wagon wheels came tearing out with a hell of barking and snarling, and were with the greatest difficulty restrained from laying

And even my best friends have forsaken me." She cried pitifully
"And has broken my heart. Oh will I never see my poor sisters or father or
mamma any more. Oh why were we taken from each other in such a cruel way! Oh
Please Dear God."-----she d could get no further but cried in a way that
alarmed the Gladiolinnian.

The six hundred child slaves were standing in a long row Jennie at the head and the wistful looks in their faces were beyond description. Five or six overseers stood near them armed with ugly looking cat-o'-nails and whips. Most of the children were frightened all of them having been lined up for inspection. The day that the children were started to work was on a Sunday. All of them loved Jennie being placed over them. He had ordered her to slap each and every

and she had seen the stems of blood come from their nose and ears.
To torment her poor sisters all the more the landlady had put pepper in their open wounds. Their hands or arms had been free, but little good it did for they had tried in vain to tear away that crushing grip; but the rasals had only increased the cruel choking. They had been helpless in the power of such cruel men. They had beat at the face of the rasals; but to no purpose and at last their arms had hung down and though they had faintly the landlady had thought that they were dead. What had prevented the rasals from ripping them open to dismember had forgotten, but the brutal finger marks had been on their throat from for a long while even months and they had suffered a sore throat from

For a time general Vivian stood looking at them. Angelina and the boys sensed a of his presence, stood still while one of the Angelinians guards still remaining, and he looked indignantly at the three boys.

"Goodness, there ain't such things as truth in those lads," said the guards. "If I had Ben Baldwin I would have them scourged for causing the capture and selling of Angelina's sisters. I would scourge them boys untill untill the blood would run. I would. I would let them catch it."

"No, No Butch," said Angelina which an air of demand which a child of her kind could assume at times. "You must not ask so Butch. I won't, I can't bear to hear it."

"Upstairs Miss Vivian you are so good. You don't know anything how to get along with bad boys. There is no way but to cut them up and send--"

"Butch," said Angelina. "Hush. B Don't you say another word of the sort again!" And the eyes of the human angel flashed, and her cheek deepened its color.

The guard was not cowed and answered: "There is nothing in this world that can make me say different about those boys not even you or your sisters. I'm defending you name, and if you speak to me like that again I'll have the boys taken out of here."

Poor Angelina looked sadly at the boys. To the sinful lads the little girl indeed had heartrending beauty. He could hardly bear to look upon her and neither could the other two boys. She was indeed a fair high bred child, with her golden head, her deep blue eyes, her spiritual noble broad angelic like movements. Thoughts struggled through Angelina's mind, thoughts which were neither dim, and in Angelina's nature many such were yearning yearning, and working for which she had no power of utterance.

When the guard had so expatiated on the naughty wicked conduct of the three Glendelinian lads, Angelina had looked perplexed and sorrowful but said sweetly: "Poor Starring and your camp companions. Why need ye you be so wicked."

"I heard me and my sisters because we are Angelinians." "I would rather die than have you three boys lose your soul, and yet you have committed a great sin against Starring. And yet I forgive you and rebuke the guard for what he said."

It was really indeed the first words of kindness the three lads had ever heard in their lives, and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on their wild rude hearts of the three sinners and the sparkle of something like a tear shone in Angelina's clear round glittering eyes.

"Why are you so bad Starring?" She said: "Why you you three boys try to be good. Don't you love nobody."

"Don't know nothing about love for Angelinians," said Fredrick rather hotly. "It is our duty to imprison enemies of Glendelinia."

"But you loved your parents."

"Never had none here that I know of. I was an orphan. I tell you that Miss Angelina," said Fredrick.

"Oh I know," said Angelina; sadly: "But mah maybe you have brothers, sisters or an aunt or an--"

"No none of them. Never had nobody but bitter enemies."

"But Fredrick if you and your companions would only try to be good, you might get a permit from my father to lead a part of my armies of boyscouts. I'd ask him and--"

"There ain't nobody no matter how they impress me would could make me be a traitor to my country. Snapped the three boys together: "Besides we have all we can do ourselves now in Glendelinia. And this being my prisoner. I'll never forgive the Ange Indians for. They have made me--"

"But the man will forgive you, love you boys if you are good. Baldwin would love and forgive you if you were good."

The boys gave a blunt short laugh.

"Don't you think so?" Asked Angelina, tears coming to her eyes as she realized that their hearts were probably hardened beyond hope against her and her sisters.

"No general Baldwin can't hear our presence after what I did to your sisters and neither can your father. If the world now sooner have a loud tough then. And I don't care anyway I would sooner have them enemies than friends. As I could never be their friends now and never will," said Starring, and he scowled frightfully.

"Oh Starring you a poor boy. I love you all," said Angelina, with the same sudden burst of feeling Jack Evans had to her, and she tried to throw her fair arms about her his neck but he slowly drew them off. "But don't you love me. She pleaded. Can't you open your hardened heart. I loved you and your companions despite your recent persecution and after all this sorrow you have caused me by taking my sisters away from me. You haven't any father mother sisters or relations and yet have been a poor abused boy. If you had not caused the capture of my sisters the Angelinians would not done to you as they have done. I can't help it. I love you boys and I want to you to be good. I have been very ill for twenty four days and I believed I would not have a great while to live, but you see I did not die. Yet it really grieves me to see that you have committed such a horrible crime

by causing such sorrow to my sisters. I wish you boys even if you will still fight on the side of the Glendelinians try to be good for my sakes. It will only be a little while when I'll be able to be carried around, and then I'll let each of you boys say me for kindness and love. Please repent for my sakes."

Poor Angelina's eyes were overcast with tears. Many large tears or bright drops rolled down and fell on Starring's cheek. Yet in that moment a ray of heavenly love had penetrated the darkness of their sinful souls. Suddenly Starring had her in his arms laying his head against hers and wept and sobbed while the beautiful child with her fair arms around his neck also wept.

General Vivian could not stand the sight and went out hastily.

"Poor Starring," said Angelina. "Don't you know that dear Jesus loves sinners just as much as he loves the good. He is just as willing to love you these boys as me. He loves you just as I do only more because he is better. Pray to him and I know that he will surely help you to be good and when in case you die in one of the fights, you boys can go to heaven, at last.... You then will be Saints forever. Only think of it boys. If you were to be killed in one of the fights these horrible battles and be in that state of mortal sin, what an awful account you would have to give. Just think he die for us, to save our souls. My sisters have suffered horribly way before the war and during the war, as we had been captives many times even before this great struggle ever started and even when we were only four years old. They treated us with a cruelty they could think of but poor Jesus suffered more in a day than we did all our lives, and see the repay he gets, while we us little girls are locked upon as the greatest Angelinian heroines and loved by all. The fairest of all nations. Glendelinia had turned their backs on him. If you would only be good little boys you would be a three of those bright immortal souls. It makes no difference what side you fight on, for you have a perfect right to do so but just the same be good."

"Oh dear little Angelina, dear little Angelina I will try I will try. I never did care about it before," said Starring.

One day later after this scene the Christians continued their advance and even after his Angelina's room in the new headquarters when the Christian lines halted was avowedly sick room. General Hanson himself smiled. He alone was ignorant of the disappearance of Violet and her other sisters. Sweet fragrant breezes as if from the heavenly shores came into Angelina's bedroom and death which had been approaching that dead night had been failed and held at bay. The child felt no more pain now but the awful weakness remained.

Angelina was so beautiful, so truthful, so loving that one could not resist the soothing influence of that air of innocence and peace which seemed to breathe around her.

Jack Evans was such in Angelina's room. Poor Angelina suffered a great deal from nervous restlessness and it was a relief to her to be carried and it was Jack's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his strong arms resting on a pillow, now up and now down her room now out in the verandas of general Vivian's new headquarters and when the fresh breeze blew from the direction of the great sea and the child felt freest in the morning he would sometimes walk with her under the tall apple trees in the lanes, or sitting down on some of their old seats and sing to a her all the Catholic hymns he knew.

General Vivian often did the same thing, but he always was on duty somewhere, and when he prepared to go Angelina would say to him: "Oh papa, let Jack take me. Poor fellow it pleases him and you know it is all he can do now and he wants to do something."

"So do I Angelina dear," said her father.

"Well papa you can do everything to me. You read the bible to me, you sit up nights, and Jack has only this one thing, and his singing and I know too he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong."

Angelina's recovery sprang joy and in thanksgiving throughout the Christian armies. But inwardly sorrow beyond describing was tearing at Angelina's heart.

She was yearning for her sisters and Evans once finding her reclined on her lounge noticed that she had been weeping. How pretty pretty she looked with the wreathes of flowers upon her head. He knelt beside her and soon he was carrying her outside into the lane and there he sat with her lying beside him.

"You are not happy," he said woefully: "Praying for your sisters?"

"These words tore at her heart and she again cried bitterly: "Don't, Don't." He said wiping tears away from his own eyes: "I heard what general Baldwin said about them. He told several of his men that he is going to find your sisters and even the imposters of himself and bragged if he dies for it in the bargain. So don't weep poor Angelina. Baldwin will do what he said."

These words stopped Angelina. Angelina's passion of weeping, but did not cheer her in the least. At this moment there was the sound of horses hoofs and general Baldwin came riding up. He did not see the two until he had almost ridden them down. Then a hundred men appeared after him.

Baldwin reined in his horse and turning upon Evans suddenly said to him: "You haven't seen a man with my locks and uniform on. I'm looking for him! He has carried off my plans."

At first Evans was startled for just a few moments ago general Baldwin or what appeared like him had just past them.

"The one you are looking for is gone now," said Evans. "He phoned here half an hour ago."

Baldwin dismounted and knelt next to Ange line. "I am sorry that all this had to occur to you and your sisters and it makes me angry to think of it," he said with tears in his own eyes. "I didn't believe that all this would have occurred to you in the first place. And Angelina you really are like some Evangelist, especially after all that you suffered. After all the trouble those lads had caused you, you have got forgiven them, and even made them sorry for their sins. Would you forgive Braggard and the one who impersonates me also?"

Angelina could not answer but the look in her eyes told him that the two rascals had already been forgiven.

"I could never be so mean as to resent it no matter how I feel about it," she said. "I forgive them with all my heart, and will forget it, only if my sisters will be found. Will you try and find them Baldwin. I don't think I'll ever get better unless you do."

"There is no need to find them," said Baldwin. "They are already found, that is their prisons are discovered, but what I or my men who spied around there have seen we will keep from you, as you cannot stand it if we tell you. But I'll get them back all right, even at the risk of my life. They are in the prison tents near Macdonalds close to Evangeline St. Clare, for the Starring and captives told me so, and that enabled me to find their location. I wish to get them, and if I fail those boys will be put to death for it. General Vivian won't have a no merit, and only three days more is given to find or recover them too."

"Where are they?" asked Angelina. "Could you not get papa to reach them again and send them to me?"

"Well I can bring them as they are in my possession," said Baldwin. "But I don't believe they would care to see you just now. They say that they still hate you despite your misery of mercifulness, or despite their temporary repentance and love which you had drawn from them two days ago. They say that they cannot love enemies of Glandelinian no matter who they are, and unless you and your sisters leave the army they will never resort to your wishes."

"We will force them then," said Evans bitterly. "They have got to come. Angelina won't eat them."

Baldwin sent several of the men to bring the three Glandelinian boyscots. Some time passed but at length they came sulking and scowling.

They were brought over to Angelina who looked more pleadingly at them than the day before. Frederick was sulking in a manner that would have cowed a man, but Angelina was not even shy of him.

"Where are my sisters? What did you do to them?" she asked reproachfully and with heavy sobs. "How could you be so cruel and wicked, even after I was so forgiving, and even embraced you three like if you were my brothers?"

"Cruel and wicked!" said Frederick, with the look of a demon. "Say if I had-----"

"Shut up such talk," stormed Baldwin. "What did you do with those little girls. If they are not returned within three days you will be crucified." He said.

"You have incurred terrible anger of general Hanson and Vivian and they will have no mercy on you though children as you are. Where are the little girls? Tell up quick."

"Your excellency general Baldwin," said Frederick. "You rave like a maddened bull. You cannot stare me by your voice of a lion and what is more the three of us dare you to approach us and we will kill you where you stand in spite of your dirty Christian dogs behind you. As for your dirty hounds of a general Vivian and Hanson we defy them to crucify us. They cannot crucify a fly compared to us if they try anything. Say one more word to us and we will kill you. It is none of your business where we put the Christian snipers."

Baldwin was infuriated by this but a look from Angelina curbed his passion, he realizing that the lads were not to be trifled with.

Frederick was not in the least cowed and even laughed at the general in his grace face and even flung mud at him but somehow the sight of Angelina lying there probably a cripple for life made Starring again feel a sudden pang in his heart.

He was not at all wicked or sinful as his two companions, but fully thought it his duty to do these things, and not for any revengeful methods, for he had nothing to revenge. But only he alone felt the pang keenly. He realized that he and his companions had gone too far and as Angelina was not weeping bitterly at Frederick's rash and cruel words (Thought he really meant all he said) almost broke her heart.

"If you general Baldwin will leave me and my companions by myself I'll tell her all I can," said Starring. "I swear that I won't run off."

"We will stay right here," said Baldwin. "You alone will remain with her. Your two companions will go back to the guard house. They will suffer for this insult offered to me by Frederick."

"I'll do as you wish, in one way," said Baldwin. "You alone will remain with her. Your two companions will go back to the guard house. They will suffer for this insult offered to me by Frederick."

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But Baldwin ordered the men away but they hid at a certain distance to be prepared in case Starring would make a break to escape, the other two being marched back to the guard house by several men.

But Angelina declared that she would hear nothing unless they were left alone, so they were brought back. Baldwin then went off himself and hid, with the rest.

The three boys knew that they were hiding and believing that they were not trusted in their word Starring then resolved not to tell.

"After all I said I saw they don't trust us," said Starring. "So we need not say a word, that is I won't for you would not anyway. Let's go back to the guard house. Better tell her there than be washed by a bunch of untrusting Christian fools."

They turned and started to go at a quick pace but Angelina started to weep piteously again.

"Oh stay," she pleaded in a heartrending way. "Stay and hear the story I'm going to tell and then tell your's. The boys did not halt but continued on and then Baldwin said coming out of his hiding place."

"Back the other way boys. You are going to tell everything whether we watch or not. We are not doing this because we don't trust you. We are lying in wait for someone we see coming. But if you refuse to go back, my men will fire for your disobedience and then you will die like helpless cubs. So choose. Which?"

The boys halted but did not make another move, Starring saying:

"You Christians will suffer for this. I will never tell anything though you turn me in limestone and gash my body open afterward. So mind."

"If you only knew what I and my sisters suffered before and during the war," she Angelina said sadly. "It was during the Galverinian rebellion that we were deliberately kidnapped and carried off by the landelinians and wherever we were prisoners, it was like the home of the demons, but yet our worst horror was at Gloria Galverinia. And that was way before the Galverinian rebellion began, even when we were just leaving our baby hood. If you only knew of this you would not have done this to us."

A great massacre of children occurred at Gloria, a slaughter that you could not have dared to look upon it. We were taken in large penitentiary at Gloria, and the landelinians tried to force us to help slaughter the children. In those days we were more timid and helpless, but fearing to lose our souls most, we refused to obey orders under any conditions.

And oh what happened! I and my poor sisters were tied to pillars. Jennie the Glandelinian had intended to make do the slaughter, at any costs, and despite her piteous and even screams, untied her as a again and dragged her to a long line of children more frightened than ourselves. The landelinians made her undress and told her that she had to cut out the hearts of one of the children.

We were helpless in the power of the landelinians and the rascal the main leader, was fully determined to see to our obedience.

My poor sister Jennie was overwhelmed with terror and sorrow and though she fell on her knees and begged the cruel landelinian to let her go it was useless, and made him mad as a rabid dog. He tied a sharp dagger to her hand and one of the children was brought before Jennie. The little child a boy was a cripple, and like all the other children had a pair of scapulars around their necks. The Glandelinian forced the boy to break them. He screamed for mercy but he might as well have begged mercy of Satan.

The Glandelinian then to my horror unbound me and although I tried to struggle stripped or literally tore off my clothes and tied my legs together so that I was again helpless. I yet had my arms free and the landelinians realizing this tied me to a post next to my sister Jennie and grabbing me by my arms placed my hands around his neck and his on top of mine.

For a moment Angelina sighed, tears springing to her eyes. Such a sad look spread over her face that Starring desired to embrace her but restrained himself.

"When the landelinian pressed on my hands he thought that he was making me do it," continued Angelina sadly. "The look in the boys face was awful, and I struggled frantically, succeeding in pulling my hands free."

Put the landelinian himself choked the boy with all his might. I was horrified when I saw the boy sink to the floor, but the landelinian lifted the poor boy to his feet and continued to choke him until he was dead.

The boy was then carried before Jennie and the landelinians made her plunge the knife into his body. She was helpless and the man was holding the dagger with his own hands.

The boys abdomen was gasped open, and taking out the heart the cruel landelinian with a cruel laugh first threw it at my face, and then slicing it up spread it bit by bit down my throat nearly choking me."

An exclamation of horror came from Evans.

"So they did this to you," said Baldwin spitefully. "If I had been there then!"

"You would have been just as helpless," interrupted Angelina. "These Glandelinians were human cannibals. The landelinian I mentioned did a dirty dirty rag in blood lying on the floor, rubbed it on my neck and chest. They did the same to my

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sister Jennie. Oh how I looked toward heaven begging God to let me vomit up the fragments of the hearts. The rest of the poor little boys were strangled and fairly hewn to pieces before our very eyes, their bodies being torn open and their very insides pulled out. They flared the sliced fragments down the throats of my sisters who were fairly strangled almost to death. But not heard our prayer and we vomited to the anger of all the glandelinians who saw us. The thousands of little girls were also strangled to death, their necks being crushed, and their tongues cut out. Their bodies were badly cut up and the same was done to them as the boys. And then they were thrown upon the other children!

When the glandelinian turned to us at last, we seemed indeed lost. What they did to Jennie I could hardly bear to tell, but by the way she looked I knew she was being choked worse than the children already slain. Her head was thrown back and I saw a purple and gas ghastly color overspread her face and I saw little streams of blood come from her nose and ears.

"But I say, if we were there," broke in Starring, "I'd-----"
"Could do nothing for us," said Angelina. "I never saw my sister treated so to. Her tongue was sticking out and one of the glandelinians threw a hand full of pepper on it. I saw how Jennie struggled but she was choking her all that much harder, and she soon appeared as dead. The glandelinians at the same time made me run till I was gasping for air. Then another one by tying a heavy cloth over my mouth and nose. I could not remember what had been said afterward though no doubt if I had sworn from lack of air the glandelinian must have supposed that I was dead and took it off for some other use just before I died. I suffered more cruelly afterward when I came too for I was scourged until I nearly fainted. Then he grabbed me by the throat, and - felt as if some iron weight were pressing on all sides to crush my neck. Then all seemed black before me and I swooned. I believe something or somebody hindered the others from slashing us with their knives for we were not killed. I also believe the blood of the dead children ran in streams for the whole toll floor had been covered with the blood. I recovered sometime afterward, and to my horror felt the blood of dead bodies on top of me dripping into my mouth. I having unconsciously drank the blood. Angelina shuddered and a look of horror overspread her fair face.

"Some of the intestines were lying across my face and my blood was smeared with the blood of dead children lying on top of me."

"I managed to get free, and drew out my sisters whom I thought dead, but they soon recovered however, my throat still feeling sore from the awful choking. The stench of mangled flesh and blood was horrible in the place, but we were unable to get out as the door was locked."

We were even thrown in rooms half filled with maggots, but we continually beat them off. Jennie was then thrown in a furnace with strange stuff rubbed on her body, to prevent the fire from killing her and you only can imagine how she suffered. She had been driven insane and only a beam falling on her head at the time we were trapped in the city when it was burning only brought her reason back. Many times these very same things occurred to us in that one city alone and now probably it is happening again to my poor sisters."

The three boys finally looked at each other with consternation. Jack Evans himself was filled with consternation.

"It is horrible," said Darger. "It is a wonder and even strange to me indeed that God did not hurl a thunderbolt upon those glandelinians. But yet I know that worse slaughters have been enacted by the glandelinians. You were not prisoners during the Galverinian rebellion were you?" He asked Angelina.

"Yes," said Angelina. "And come near losing two sisters by death for mine."

"If we had known this before we would not have done this," said Fredrick. "We have after all unjustly done you and your sisters tremendous harm and now we are repaying our debt. But as to your sisters I swear that when I turned them over to Manley he had separated each of them and sent them to different points of the lines separated probably forever. I know where they are, but how they are going to be recovered I can not tell to save our lives. It is utterly impossible to rescue them unless something lucky happens during a battle. But really we're heartily sorry that we did this and after all will take our punishment bravely."

"And tears stood in the eyes of the three boys. "Maybe his anger will relent," said Angelina. "I hope so anyway, though though I know how my father is when in a passion. He nearly fainted when he heard they were gone though he did not show it. You boys have broken his heart as well as mine. Though you have been so cruel to us even again after I forgave you two days ago I still forgive you and I love you. Jesus Christ teaches us to forgive, if we are to be forgiven."

"But why don't general Vivian forgive us then if he believes such things and is a Christian?" asked Starring bitterly. "If he is a Christian he would do so. Of her will he--"

"It is not him it is the law," said Angelina sadly. "God denounces those who abuse us unjustly, and general Vivian realizing it forgives not. Of course I know he will do so if they are returned, by the date he mentioned. Otherwise I'm afraid he

won't. He is a terribly terrible enemy when you make him one."

"I've seen that," said Darger. "His anger is indescribable. When we were brought before him he was more like a roaring lion than a man, and would not listen to any excuses we wished to make. He placed us under that cruel general Baldwin, for I know he is cruel by his looks."

"But Baldwin is not a cruel man," said Angelina. "He acts that way for he feels their loss as I do or my daddy does. He loves us though we are no relations of his. He did not act cruel to us, but had every cruel face." "Said Starring. "But here he comes now. We will have to go."

The boys shook hands with V. Angelina and then were marched off again to their cells. As it was now threatening to rain a thunderstorm brewing, Evans carried Angelina back to her room laying her gently on her couch. In a few minutes to Evans' relief poor Angelina fell into a quiet sleep, while the rain poured in torrents outside, and the thunder crashed and banged. Oh how he longed to embrace and embrace that frail little form which had gone through so much suffering, without hardly any one around to pity her. Jack Evans had always been on the trail and had seen many many pretty children but none like Violet and her sisters.

He had as he declared seen little Angelina St. Clare, (in Uncle Tom's Cabin) before she died of what ever killed her so slowly, but yet Evangeline Vivian alone was a hundred times more prettier.

at
THE BATTLE OF MARGARET FORD. ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTS EVER SEEN
ON WATER AND LAND AT THE SAME TIME.

For five weeks even before the battle of Cedarline the Angelina gun rivers mouths running into the sea from the town of Vivian (Vickery or Vicksburg) hither, had been swarming with hundreds of Angelinian gunboats during a fiercest bombardment of the war up to that time. The town of Martha's Ford was under attack and way up to October, since the battle of Crowley, the city of Martha's Ford had been under attack from the Christian warships the poor non-combatants having to live in caves and dugouts to escape the deadly fire from the Christian warships. The carry the dangerous fortifications. Four Branch River had to be occupied by the Angelinians under general Devine. These branches or each bank of earth was occupied by the strongest Glandelinian forces ever seen during the war, but during the fearful struggle the Angelinians took score after scores of redoubts in one day, and simultaneously other forces crossing the main branch sent the Glandelinians out of the main positions, and with the aid of two thousand two thousand warships cooped up the Glandelinian fleet, which it was quickly captured after a severe gunnery heard for a hundred miles and after a hundred and fifty ships had been destroyed on both sides.

Simultaneously other forces of Angelinians turned their attention to the well nigh impregnable fortresses of Martha's Ford which had been under siege for nearly five months and forty days even after the battle of Cedarline, a siege really being a years duration before the battle occurred here. All nations in the world even Angelina herself believed that if they all together with their greatest armies would attack the fortresses they could not capture it unless aided by three hundred million angels if there were that many, and angels of the most greatest power and it was consequently urged that Angelina however valiant could prove unequal to the task.

Martha's Ford in the place had been a regular titan Gibraltar building builded by the Angelinians in a hundred years before Glandelinians Separation from Angelina and which had taken all those hundred years to finish. It was called Fort Cedarline and had been as impregnable as science could contrive.

No less than six hundred other forts guarded the main fortress. The Angelinian fleets and brigades under Admiral Ford and general Hatch, fourly fought their desperate way along the banks amid frightful slaughter and soon the whole line of ships about forty thousand in number of every make and armed each with three thousand cannon hammered a general fire at the forts. Every gun on the ships burst into flame and the thunderous cannonading as all the fortifications responded was beyond describing and shook the whole coast line its whole length. A tremendous annihilating fire was poured steadily into the southern forts while the Angelinian soldiers landing near the shore were carried them at the point of the bayonet. A score of the other forts were carried simultaneously and by eleven o'clock five fortifications on St. Vincent's Hill were also in the hands of the Angelinians. Meanwhile general Bellens brigades were driving the Glandelinian forces pell-mell from Martha's Ford toward Turner, part of the Angelinian fleet steaming toward the western banks cutting off retreat in that direction with a roaring cannon fire heard for three hundred miles. And the other exits being simply blockaded blockaded the Glandelinians in utmost confusion concealed themselves on the St. Clare ridges.

About eleven o'clock the powder magazines in forty other forts were hit simultaneously, and exploded, these forts being at once silenced. With an immense amount of labor mountain guns were brought forward and filled on ten of

the main fortification. It indeed did seem as if all the world was blowing to pieces. Hundreds of cannon from every fort volleyed and thundered, with the fury of hell and fearful fires broke here and there, the thousands of explosions being like volcanic eruptions, explosions being everywhere, and the shock of the titanic cannonade as all the guns of the ships and all the forts not in the hands of the Christians as yet let loose their fire of hell, killed hundreds of thousands of fishes in the water and shook down more scores of towns along the coast and even caused the city of Angelina to crumble into severe ruins. However by two o'clock after continuous bombardment up to this time the fortifications were reduced into blazing ruins, and the Glandelinians at this point struck up the fight flag with the intention of surrendering. The Christian troops about three million men rushed forward to take it believing it to be vacated, when the fortification men rushed through the ruins with a roar that threw them all off their feet and sprawling simultaneously a rain of canister and shell cutting their lives to pieces.

The Christians recoiled in confusion, but recovered their formation and did not give up the assault until they were threatened with annihilation. All the southern and western fortifications were captured however general Drophia leading the attack on the rest of the forts which roared with a continual volcano of flames and din which was so severe that none of the men even on the decks of the bombarding ships could keep their feet. The very sea rose in furious tidal waves. Heavy columns five million strong in each each line, apiece charged straight ahead under the deadly scathing fire that would have stopped all the armies of the world, and they went down in hundred of thousands at every broadside, the battle field for its whole width and length was drenched with horrible wreckage and destruction, the very ground seemed to be under, by the din and every assault met with appalling decimation, ten thirds of every column five million strong being slain and one quarter wounded at every assault. General Drophia went down mortally wounded, Helen was killed, general Hatch and Bird and Lennia were severely wounded, and general Adlin also fell mortally wounded. But the Angelinians succeeded in carrying these fortifications one after another capturing hundreds of thousands of prisoners. A severe hand to hand encounter one of the severest in the war was fought in the town around, which were smashed in the slain and wounded. The last of the fortifications were also stormed by general Hatch's men under a devastating artillery fire of ten thousand guns and more than forty of these forts seemed in fierce conflagrations as fierce as their hammering broadsides. These fortifications could not be carried under such an annihilating fire and the Angelinians recoiled in confusion but other forces sent at it again and again and finally they were carried everyone of the fortifications being carried in a single day the Glandelinians losing over 11,123,999 in prisoners. The Sacred Heart Flag and the national sables of Angelina now waved proudly over the well so won fields. General Kangee surrendered that evening after his line of ten million men was cut up and thrown into confusion ten and twenty times during the battle and now the next thing for the Angelinians was to capture the great City of Vivian Wickey, but it would indeed be a harder thing to do than they had at Vivian Wickey. The Glandelinian losses in the battle was 20,124,128 in killed wounded and prisoners, and the fallen in wounded was 9,000,128.

main Glandelinian commanders
Richard J. James Royce.

THE SON OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS.
FRAID FRIGHTFUL GARNAGE AT MO-WHINTER.

AND YOUNG STAR, (WHICH SHONE OUT LIKE))))))T O O SWEET
A BUNCH OF IMAGES FOR SUCH GLASS. LOVELY BRINGS SON SCARCELY FORMED OR
MOULDED! SIX ROSES WITH ALL THEIR SWEETEST PETALS YET UNFOLDED.

THE BATTLE OF E. VANOMIA ST. CLARE. TERRIFIC STORMS OF FIRE AND
CREAS OF BLOOD AND GARNAGE FOR BLOODS OF HILLS.
JENNIE, JENNY AND HER SISTERS IN PERIL. . . . RESCUED.

CHAPTER FOUR.

St. Clare had never saw a little child weep so hard and though he tried to cheer her up he found it in vain. POOR VIOLET. If she only knew that poor Angelina yet lived, and even recovering from the disease which fortunately had attacked only one lung. Violet believed that Angelina had died and could not be comforted.

St. Clare saw the package around her neck and taking it off undid it. A golden curl fell into his hand to his amazement. He looked at it in consternation, and setting Angelina gently down examined the curl of hair carefully.

"Is this some of your own beautiful hair?" He asked gently.

"At this she broke out afresh.

"No it belongs to my sister Angelina." She wept. "She died the night we were stolen and we did not even get a chance to bid her a last farewell at her grave. Oh please can't you take me back to my own people. They won't do you no harm, because I'll save you."

"I'm afraid that is impossible." Said the man bitterly. "I'm between King Anley and the Angelinian armies and can get there by no means. But dear child why weep like this. I don't believe your sister died, and if she did she is beyond all the misery misery going on now. She may be enjoying eternal happiness in heaven with God and the angels."

"But it breaks my heart just the same." Sobbed poor Violet. "Oh I wish I was there too so that I could see her again. Oh why has this happened. . . . I never did those three boys any harm, yet they were the cause of our being sold. . . . Poor Violet again wept bitterly. Many days had passed since her captivity started but Violet had never smiled. Her master allowed her more freedom, than to the other children but he filled with them just the same. She was indeed better off than poor Jennie or Jennie and her other sisters the two of which were really nearly dying.

A day had passed and St. Clare the brutal one found that Jennie was missing she not being where he had left her when he struck her down last. He was pained and swore a demon and set a number of men on the search for her. Toward evening they returned.

"Can't find her." Said one of the men. "We have looked through the swamp and everywhere."

"Hullo everyone of you, servant soldiers. There is a runaway in the swamps. I'll give you one thousand one hundred and sixty dollars to any of you men who catches that imp. Jennie dead, or alive. Turnout every one of the dogs."

"Well." Said he chuckling brutally to himself. "At any rate, when they find her. She may be torn to pieces by the dogs. If she is captured alive she will sweat for it."

"GOD PROTECTS THE HELPLESS"

The sensation produced by this news was immediate. All of the hired men sprang forward officiously to offer their services, either from the hope of the reward or from that cringing subservience which is one of the most baleful effects of wickedness and which succeeds against Christians at times. Many of the men ran one way and some another. Others were getting flustered of a nice hunt.

of pine knots. Some were uncoupling the dogs, whose hoarse savage bark or bay added not a little to the animation of the scene.

"Master shall we shoot her if we catch her," said the overseer to whom St. Clare brought out a rifle.

"Yes and now boys, be spry and smart. I've thousand one hundred sixty dollars for him who gets her and a bottle of spirits to every one of you anyhow." The whole band with the glare of blazing torches and whoops and shouts, and savage yell of man and beast proceeded down to the swamp. The hunt was long, and mated and throughout but it was near morning before it was successful the little girl being found in the gin house to the consternation of the Glandelinians.

"Ay, ay," said one of the men. "As hedragged Jennie along!" "You will catch it now. There is no sneaking out of it now either. Till you will get it and no mistake. See how you will lookmaking Master hunt like this all night, and you lying here all the time in here. See what you will get."

One of the men's savage words reached Jennie's ear.

A higher voice there was saying:

"Fear not them that kill the body."

Nerve and bone of that poor little girl's body vibrated to those words as if touched by the finger of God and she felt the strength of a thousand souls in one.

"Well Jennie Virgin," said St. Clare walking up and seizing the poor little girl by the neck and speaking through his teeth in a paroxysm of determined uncontrolable rage:

"Do you know that I have made up my mind to kill you? Well I have." He continued with grim terrible calmness: "Done-----that-----very-----just-----thing Jennie unless you tell me how you came to be found in that ginhouse."

Poor Jennie was silent.

"Do you hear?" St. Clare said stamping with a roar like that of an incensed lion; "SPEAK."

"I have not got a thing to tell," said Jennie with a voice so sorrowful that many of the men were touched.

"You small christian imp, you don't mean to tell me the lie that you don't know," said St. Clare.

Jennie remained silent.

"SPEAK. SPEAK. Thundered St. Clare striking Jennie furiously; "Do you know anything? Speak."

"I know but I will not tell anything even if I die for it."

St. Clare drew in a long deep breath, and surpressed his terrible pain in a frightful voice:

"Mark Jennie, you might think because I've let you off before, I don't mean what I say, but this time I've made up my mind and counted the cost. You have always stood it out against me, now I'll get the best of you, or kill you one or the other. I'll count every drop of blood that there is in you and take each drop one by one until you give up."

Jennie looked up piteously to St. Clare and answered in a way that thrilled all the Glandelinians present:

"St. Clare if you are sick, or in trouble, or dying, and I could save you I would give you my heart's blood, and if taking every drop of my blood would save your precious soul I would give them freely, as the Lord gave his for me. Oh please St. Clare I beg of you don't bring this great sin on your soul. It will hurt me more than I will hurt you more than I will me for God has set a mark on me and will revenge me any brutal treatment of me. Do the worst you can, my troubles will be soon over and I will see my sister who is in heaven, but if you don't repent your troubles will never end."

Like a strange snatch of heavenly music heard in the lull of a hurricane this burst of feeling made a moment's blank pause. St. Clare stood again as if agitated and looked at poor Jennie and there was such a silence that the moving waters of the stream to two rods away could be heard measuring with silent touch the last moments of mercy and probation to that hardened heart. It was only but a moment. There was one hesitating pause, one irresolute relenting thrill, and back came the spirit of evil, with seven hundred fold vehemence as St. Clare flaming with rage smote poor Jennie to the ground! Scenes of such blood and cruelty are shocking to our ear and heart. What man had nerve to do no man has nerve to hear.

"I believe she is most gone St. Clare," said one of the overseers toched in spite of himself for Jennie's pitiable plight.

"Pay away till she gives up. Give it to her. Give it to her," he shouted; "I'll take every drop of blood she has unless she confesses."

Poor Jennie opened her eyes and looked upon St. Clare.

"You poor miserable man," she said; "You have struck me, right at the point where the mark has been sealed. I would give anything if your soul was saved. I forgive you will all my soul though I know you are really damned."

She fainted entirely away.

"I believe my soul that she is really done for," finally said St. Clare stepping forward to look at poor Jennie; "Yes she is. Well her mouth is shut up at last. That is one comfort."

"Yes wicked man but who will shut up that vicious in thy wicked soul? That soul past repentance, past prayer, past hope in whom the fire that shall never be quenched is already burning. Let Jennie be not gone. Her wondrous words and prayers had struck in the hearts of the imbruted Glandelinians who had unwillingly been the instrument of cruelty upon her, and the instant she was carried up to the place, and St. Clare withdrew to his house, they acting her down in their ignorance and caughting to call her back to life, as if they were any favor to her. They gently washed her wounds, provided a rude bed of some sort and of some refuse cotton cloth on to lie down on and soon brought her too. Seeing their master approaching they moved away. Passing through St. Clare's mind was one of those vivid flashes that often sends the dark and wicked soul a lightning of conscience. He understood full well that it was God who was standing between him and his victim and he blasphemed him like a demon and dared him with all his angels to come down and fight him right there. Indeed Jennie was treated with a brutality that I really in my own heart could possibly describe in all its horrors. Not a day had passed that she did not get terrific blows. Jennie had never really been treated so cruelly before. All similar cruelties except the barbarities was repeated day by day and was probably through a miracle that she lived through it all.

John's master had died from Hydrophobia inflicted by a bite from one of his dogs which was suffering from rabies and several of the children were also suffering from it. This enabled however for John to relent in her suffering for none of the men, hating Glandelinians though they were dared to catch her. But John's master could not even be killed. He had made plans about the treatment of Jennie and decided to continue on it until she died. For two days after the severe beating he had given her he did not molest her as he intended to let her recover a bit first. But his wait was in vain and enraged he proceeded to continue the cruelties the very next day. Jennie was dragged from the hut and a noose was drawn around her neck and tightened. The other end was placed over a tree.

"I have a mind to butcher you as terribly as I can imagine," he said with the voice of a demon. "I could as well hang you and cut you to pieces at the same time. I remember the time the Glandelinians hung you or one of you up and failed to do any cutting. That man had made too great a swing and sprang over his head. Then another Glandelinian mad with fury struck too high cutting the rope in two. I know for I was there to see it. That little imp fell into the tub splash in the blood all over the Glandelinians! Then in her mad fright she tore off the intestines around her and flung them at the Glandelinians. It was as that the large piece of flesh struck in the mouth like knocking me over the tub and causing the blood to spill over me. Well I never forgot this. It was from you or either from your sister Violet that that piece of meat came from. Ha you checked the Glandelinians with your bombardment of flesh only a moment and then you were overpowered with your sisters only to be rescued by Angelinians and Calvinians who killed the Glandelinians in turn. I have sworn vengeance but could not get satisfaction until you got into my hands as you are now. I don't think I'll hang you from my hands can shock you better than the rope."

He took off the noose, grabbed her by the throat, lifted her up against his chest and pressed on her neck with all his strength and poor Jennie could not struggle. She made a feeble attempt to tear away that awful grip but she was weak and her arms hung limp. Her head was thrown back and the sight would have made the other overseers butt in if they dared. She hung limp in front of him her eyes bulging and her tongue protruding, her face turning purple and presenting all the symptoms of suffocation and pain. He had some intention of killing her but the look of some of the men made him show her down where she lay writhing and moaning and gasping in a piteous way, but he kicked her in the abdomen and chest and then in the face and finally in the eye.

The servants carried her to the hut when the master left.

One of them said:

"Let's kill her to put her out of her misery."

"No," said another it would only be murder and probably she won't live long anyway now. But murder or not I would like to kill him if I could for treating a poor little girl as like her the way he has done."

"Let's do it," he said; "said another slapping John's back to make her recover for she was still gasping; "It would not be no sin probably to kill that old Stan Sater. Then we could save this darling."

Jennie soon recovered under the urgent treatment of the two Glandelinian overseers and they again laid her on the cotton pile which was

battery after battery, redoubt after redoubt, soon let loose a general fire of hell, Cedernine and the other forts joined in unison, and the Angelinians in possession of the forts formerly taken were compelled to abandon them and general ocean of the christians being mortally wounded was compelled to surrender and the fortifications of Vivian with enormous stores they had recently captured and four million men together, with the shattered remains of his fleet.

There had never been a single lull in the fighting and attack after attack with desperate fury had still continued on the left wing of the glandelinians and this line of battle with one hundred million on both sides extended for the length of one hundred miles and the numbers engaged made it one of the most gigantic combats of the whole war except Cedernine. In the end the glandelinians suffered a crushing defeat with the loss of many millions in three hours and their beaten legions were driven into McWhirther with frightful losses of men, generals and material.

This carnage between one hundred million Angelinians and nearly one hundred million glandelinians had been a frightful one and raged along the vicinity of Evangelina St. Clare (Calvernia) and the appalling million cannon like roar of musketry, the right wing of the glandelinians had been crushed, mangled and thrown into confusion, rolled up and displaced with the loss of their main commander Madgenia Evans who was killed but twice they had made reformations and a repulse had been the christians again.

The carnage was indeed terrorizing. Men all that while were mowed down in hundreds of thousands and the roar of cannon shook the country for a hundred miles. The center of the christian line had been torn to pieces, and was soon rolled up and the enemy were about to carry it all before them when general Nelson came to the aid of the center with fresh forces stubbornly contested the bloody ground and drove the glandelinian center back crushed and mangled.

But the glandelinians did not have enough. They went at it again and again until until overwhelmed and losing general Cantonia they fell back. The glandelinian left remained steady for four hours during the fearful attacks of the christians, but the glandelinians were finally overwhelmed and compelled to withdraw toward the main line of fortifications. The glandelinians however would not give in under any condition and though the dead and wounded covered the ground like hay strewn all about for a hundred miles the glandelinians made a second crushing counter attack. Aronburg and McWhitney and Auffmann were captured after severe fighting but the forts at Vivian Wickey under no condition conditions could be silenced, and after the cannonading thunder of two hundred thousand guns continued for five weeks even three days still after the battle thou and guns continued for five weeks even three days still after the battle of Cedernine had past the Angelinians finally gave up the attack but did not abandon the siege. No ships could face those terrible forts as Vivian, McWhirther McWhoolster and Cedernine whose terrible guns blew every ship that encountered its horrible fire out of the water.

Angeline's sorrow.

Angeline reclining on a lounge was disturbed by the roar of the same two battles previously described but she had made no remarks about it though consternation was among the officers, the battle having been heard for one thousand miles.

News had also come in that terrible forest fires started by the recent battle of Cedernine was still burning and was advancing swiftly toward, no one knows where. She was still an invalid but could walk a little now, by supporting herself against the wall. Two days had passed and Baldwin learning that Angeline had given many curls of hair away to the officers before her threatened death came to see her and ask her for one.

"Sure I'll give you one," said Angeline pleadingly; "But please forgive those three boys."

"Sure I will," answered Baldwin as he lifted her from the lounge. "Anything to please a little angel like you and another thing, I never will believe what a man an man would say about you little girls because I know it is false. I may capture those two imposters yet."

Angeline handed to Baldwin a curl, sneaking behind Baldwin was a fellow in gray uniform, and Baldwin placing his hand on the hair in it behind his back smelt something like very hair burning.

Instantly he withdrew his hand and saw the fair curl had been seoured. He was upon the crouching sneak like a maddened bull smothering the villain to the floor with one blow, knocking out every one of the rascals from his teeth.

"Get up you son of the hounds," "Get up or I'll give you another. I place you under arrest as a sneaking spy." Angeline was saddened by the scene but Baldwin had justification in knocking the man down, and she could not say anything. The fallen victim arose slowly to his feet and Baldwin said with a snarl:

"So you big brute. Tried to get a little to freshen up. Tell me all you strung up as a spy for this case." The man trembling and sulking followed Baldwin who reaching the veranda summoned several of the soldiers.

"I issue orders for this man to be confined in the guard house," he said; "Angeline gave me a curl of hair as a token of friendship and love and this dog snaked behind me and set it on fire. Away with him to the guard house."

"But your excellency Baldwin," began the man.

"Away with him," thundered Baldwin; "I don't want to see him again."

The villain tried to struggle but the soldiers fairly dragged him off along the ground to Baldwin's amusement.

"Well of all the nerve," he exclaimed; "Sneaking up to me like that, to Glandelinian dog. But I'll make it hot for him all right. He has committed an insult to me and Angeline together, which he will pay dearly for."

He then went off to see what to do to the prisoner and to report to general Vivian of the occurrence.

General Hanson still ignorant of Baldwin's friendship and not knowing of the mystery of the Braggard and Bad Baldwin affair stood and strode into the room meeting Baldwin or what appeared to be him face to face.

"What in thunder are you doing here?" demanded general Hanson recognizing him as a real impostor; "How dare you enter my headquarters without my permission. As long as you are no friend of mine and don't forgive the villain girls you cannot come here. Be gone. Quick."

"I'll forgive nothing you darn christian cur," said Baldwin; "Your niece gave me a curl (A lie) Watch for solving of mystery; if I promised to forgive a forgive you and I made the promise. I even revenged a wrong just committed to her and you come talking to me like that, without even letting me have a chance to speak. Well I'll cancel my promise and take that."

He let fly a powerful swing sending Hanson reeling against a table while several officers stood aghast at what seemed such a insubordination of a lower general striking his main superior and even a saintly man at that. For a moment Hanson seemed dazed, and then recovering himself he sprang at Baldwin, striking him a stunning blow on the jaw. This thoroughly aroused Baldwin, and he rained blows at Hanson who dodged them as nimbly as a cat. Hanson watched his chance, and then sprang in striking Baldwin a smart blow on the chin. Baldwin reeled backwards against a chair, but staggering to his feet he went at Hanson again striking him fully on the mouth. Hanson became like an infuriated bull, and blinded by rage Baldwin himself forgot to guard himself and received a blow in the eye that sent him sprawling on the floor.

Baldwin staggering to his feet made a rush at Hanson again and caught him fairly under the chin sending him sprawling. Hanson however was not stunned and getting to his feet he dived forward grabbing Baldwin by the legs threw him sprawling to the floor. They rolled over and over exchanging blows like demons Angeline looking on with consternation.

But Baldwin being the stronger got on top of Hanson but Hanson managed to put in a blow that sent Baldwin sliding four yards across the floor. Enraged beyond any description Baldwin drew his sabre and made another rush at Hanson. Hanson did not have time to draw his but hurled a stool at the enraged man striking him fairly in the face knocking five ten teeth out of his mouth.

In the lull Hanson managed to draw his sabre just as Baldwin recovering from the blow of the stool made another rush. The sabres clashed with a ring but Baldwin was instantly disarmed, his sabre being sent flying out of the window. He drew his pistol and aimed at Hanson but the general knocked it out of his hand.

"No more now," said Hanson with a look which terrified Angeline; "Make another attack and I'll run you through. You will lose your command and shall be sentenced to be shot for attacking an officer. You have made a fool of yourself and you know it. Angeline gave you a curl eh? Well give it back instantly or I'll kill you and Hanson raised his sabre in a threatening manner.

Baldwin gave no answer but stepped back, and made a sudden rush sending Hanson rolling with a terrific blow, the sabre flying with a clash toward the ceiling and falling right on top of Angeline. The sabre however fell the wrong way and showed not injured. Hanson staggering to his feet made a moment's pause and then attacked Baldwin with all his energy. They clutched and circled around the room, upsetting everything in their way. Hanson after a fierce and superhuman effort managed to wrench himself loose from his enemy and landed a blow that sent Baldwin crashing over a table, the two going down with a crash that shook the room. Hanson then drew his pistol aiming it at Baldwin who sprang to his feet. He gave once fierce quick glance at Hanson which changed into a wicked smile, and suddenly grinning Angeline he poised her over his head and hissed;

"Lay down that gun or I'll hurl Angeline to the floor." And as he said this there was a look in Baldwin's face that made Hanson realize that he meant to do it. This was the worse worst thing that could have happened. Angeline did not cry out

out or struggle as it was useless.

"You spiteful fool cancel that order about my dismissal from the army or I will do it anyway." Snarled Baldwin. "I'm bound to get the best of you if I die for it. I was going to forgive you and that is why I came for. But you regained your hardness and you will pay for it now."

"Take care," said Hanson bitterly. "There is a mark on Angelina which will cause your punishment if you kill her. I will not cancel that order for many others have witnessed this scene and had gone to report this."

Baldwin gave a look of despair and emotion. With an exclamation he hurled Angelina with full force at Hanson and the two went down with a shocking crash. Baldwin then flung a heavy chair striking Angelina with it, and threw the lounge at Hanson but missed. Jack Evans had witnessed this last scene and with all haste toward general Vivian who was coming toward Hanson's headquarters with a number of soldiers.

"I believe Baldwin has killed Angelina as he had flung her at Hanson and struck her with a chair." He gasped. "Come quick general before he escapes." General Vivian did and after a lively tussel general Baldwin was taken prisoner.

General Vivian did not say a word but went over to where Angelina lay. Hanson had gotten to his feet before general Vivian had arrived and had shot Baldwin in the leg during the struggle with the captors. Angelina lay weeping and bleeding in an alarming way.

Terrible silence reigned and soon two morosen arrived with the army doctor. He examined Angelina for several minutes and then gave orders for to be two men to place her in the bed. They obeyed quickly the doctor following closely.

General Vivian then turned to general Baldwin whom a nurse was attending attending to, his wound being severe.

"He is in a dangerous condition," said the nurse. "He has been badly wounded and will have to be put to bed right away."

"There is no mercy that I will allow to be shown shown to that brute," said general Vivian bitterly. "It is hardly needed anyway, as he is so used already. To bed with him eh? No to the guard house. Let his damn wound be treated there. Get out of here the whole bunch of you."

"But b," began the nurse.

"Fiddle stick," yelled general Vivian. "Get him out of here and treat his wound at the guard house or I will create a scene and throw you out also. Get now and hurry about it too."

The men grabbed Baldwin and carried him out of the place.

"If Angelina dies I'll have him crucified or sent to the Calvinian prison," said general Vivian to Hanson. "But what was the matter with you and him? I hear you and him and been fighting."

"He struck me when off my guard," said Hanson. "That is an insult I'll never let go at and will see to his execution, if I go to death for it myself. He deliberately threw Angelina at me, but truly she misad me, and struck the wall though the wind of her flying past me sent me to the floor. I'm afraid she is killed. And the little fool gave him one of her curls at that. She is too loving and tenderhearted and I'll have to cure it. I'll have no too much tenderheartedness around here if it is going to result like this."

Hanson pronounced these last words with a bitter emphasis indeed. General Vivian was appalled at these words.

"I cannot," said general Vivian. "I cannot have it so. The almighty had made her so loving, as it is his will and has he not a right to do what he will with his own."

"Perhaps so, but see the reward," she got from Baldwin. "Said Hanson in a dry hard tearless manner he turned away his head. With mothered voices and light thread the men entered Angelina's bedroom. One of them an officer gave a wild cry of despair that rang through all the galleries. The cries and lamentations, shrieks and screams, men frantically tearing their hair, throwing themselves on the ground or running distractedly about lamenting.

The bleeding little form was laid on the bed but the doctor applied restoratives and soon she opened her eyes looking fixedly about the room, her eyes traveling wistfully over every object finally resting on a crucifix.

The doctor made his examination and it was evident from the expression on his face that he could not decide her fate till the morrow. He applied himself to dressing her wounds, amid the lamentations, sobs and cries of the grief stricken soldiers who clustered about the doors and windows of the large veranda.

"How said the physician? We must turn off all these creatures, as all depend on her being kept quiet."

Poor little Angelina opened her eyes and looked fixedly on the distressed soldiers whom Hanson and the doctor were trying to urge from the apartment.

"Poor creatures," she said. "Add a expression of bitter grief passed over her face. Heand absolutely refused to go. Heart rending sorrow had deprived her of all presence of mind and he had thrown himself alone on the floor and nothing, nobody could persuade him to rise. The best yielded to Hanson's urgent plans, and re-

representations that little Angelina's safety depended on their stillness and obedience. Poor Angelina could say but little. She lay with her eyes shut but it was evident that she wrestled with bitter thoughts. After a while she laid her hand on general Hanson's head as he was kneeling beside her and said:

"Poor Baldwin."

"What poor Baldwin?" said Hanson earnestly.

"I'm dying," said Angelina sadly. "Pray forgive Baldwin and God will spare me. I feel it. Otherwise he will take me away by death."

"Assaulted as he had been by Baldwin Hanson felt remorseful and some pity for him, and yet then the main question was:

"How about general Vivian?"

"If you would like a priest," said the doctor.

Violet hastily shook her head and said:

"Pray forgive Baldwin if you don't want me to refuse refuse a priest."

At this moment all present heard these words:

"Violet thou art slowly passing away
Though they that love thee dearest know it not.
Yet as they dearest sisters are borne so far away
Please save them from the fangs men this very day.

"Oh Evangelina we crown thee then with blossoms so fair,
Queen of the Angelinians,
Queen of Angelina.

"Oh Evangelina we crown thee with blossoms so fair
Queen of the Angelinians
Queen of Angelina.

"Yes yes I forgive Baldwin," said Hanson but ask your father as that song may come true. I doubt if he does as he is more angry at Baldwin than I am." Poor Violet looked pleadingly at general Vivian and beckoned him to her.

"Do you care if I die?" he asked pleadingly.

"Angelina, Angelina, don't speak to me that way. It will kill me," said general Vivian bitterly.

"Then please forgive Baldwin, if you don't you will break my heart, and then I'll die." Please forgive Baldwin. And she looked at him in such a pleading manner that he could not bear to see it and turned away his head. He hesitated, wondering whether to forgive Baldwin, or punish him.

"I don't see how you can think of asking any one to forgive Baldwin after what he has done to you," said general Vivian. "You are very much like Christ himself, as he forgave his bitterest enemies after they had crucified him, or rather asked God to forgive them saying:

"Father, forgive them for they know not what they do."

A child like you or your sisters don't deserve to suffer as you and them and yet when Baldwin flung you down to spite Hanson you want to forgive him. Well I'd gladly forgive him too but I'm sorry to say that I cannot decide just now. All my officers have witnessed this occurrence and they told me and if they refuse to forgive him I cannot save Baldwin. I'll try and summon them now, but I fear it is useless."

He sent a messenger and after fifteen minutes he returned with thirty general officers. "You have seen what Baldwin did to Angelina did you not?"

He asked.

"Yes we did shout all when vehemently.

"Well said general Vivian hesitatingly. "Little Angelina is dying and if I only forgive Baldwin and save him she will live. But would like to consult you as you have seen he act. Evans here had also been a witness and summoned me."

Baldwin is already in the guardhouse under arrest and had been seriously or probably fatally hurt by general Hanson during a severe fight and even had his head banded. I determined to have him put to death whether he recovered or not but Angelina here wishes me to forgive, and spare him. But I cannot unless you say it would be useless to save him otherwise. If it were not for her I would have killed him on the very spot as this action had set my heart on fire. But she begged me to forgive him and I really don't know what to do. If you think it wise to forgive him I'll do so."

The officers remained silent, and looked at each other in consternation. They pondered at general Vivian's words and it was nearly five minutes before one of them gave an answer.

"We will settle this among ourselves and give the answer to morrow," He said. "We cannot decide just now as we are too irritated. But to morrow we will give our yes or no."

"But Angelina wants the answer now," said general Vivian. "or despite what the doctor said she may cry herself to death at night. Be more answer than no an ever at all."

and forgive me for Baldwin you know you committed a greater sin than murder, though you did not kill her, and if you don't forgive, God will not forgive you."

Baldwin did not answer but motioned to her fiercely to go away.

But she did not and said:
"Some day Baldwin - know that you will regret this. Since you won't atone it can't be possible for the councils of these armies to forgive a your act and something horrible might happen to you for releasing those rascally boys who are deadlier enemies of Violet and her sisters than any of the glandelinian generals alive." And she shuddered.

Baldwin still remained silent though he gave her a look which was like knives.

"It is no use to coax him," said general Vivian drawing Eva forcibly away. "You might only increase his rage and he would only turn on you. When hot tempered he is a dangerous man to deal with."

Eva felt like crying but she restrained herself and said:

"I don't fear him. I'm sure I can convince him."
"Not while his temper is up," said general Vivian. "He hates you as well as Angeline though he don't know you. You had not better not monkey with him for I fear he would strike you down."

"I draw her gently away motioning to the men to take Baldwin back to the guard house. Poor Angeline was sobbing bitterly and Hanson was doing his best to cheer her but he was not successful as Baldwin's words had affected her badly. Poor little Eva was bewildered and almost cried too. She felt sorry for poor Angeline and she felt sure that general Baldwin would never atone. Poor Eva she too had sorrows all her life. She had sorrowed for all these colored people she had been among so long, but what she had witnessed now made her heart ache all the more. She remembered that she had touched the wicked heart of poor Topsy and she was bound to touch Baldwin. She skipped out of general Baldwin's headquarters and followed to where they had taken Baldwin. The men objected to her following them but as she threatened to turn into a fit of weeping they let her alone.

The part is

the THE BATTLE OF EVANGELINE ST CLARE

occurs on August 15 1913

After his occurrence general Vivian was bound to recover his lost children at all cost and made preparations on general for advance against general King Manley's right wing, the other glandelinian armies under Schoemannia, Ricknell, the two Manleys and federal going elsewhere to operate against the christians in the north. Hearing of the approach of mighty forest fires upon his left Manley decided to move out of its range and he started an advance northward, and learning that general Raymond Richardson Federal was coming to make a junction with him, and to massacre all children at Evangeline St. Clare Manley decided to open a path for Federal to do so and in the first clash of the battle general Meldonia's christian forces of about fifteen hundred thousand were literally massacred by the glandelinians. The greatest indignation was kindled throughout the christian lines which swept forward to revenge it. Meldonia's fortified lines in gray and John St. Nellions's blazed with a storming withering fire whose crashing roar was heard even where Violet and her sisters were prisoners, but these glandelinian generals were killed at the first outset, the gray lines were crushed, tangled and shot, and then rolled back with the loss of three other generals being August Johnston, August Mason, and Henry Mason his brother who were severely wounded.

The armies of Hanson hearing the tremendous crash of battle was now on the full march for the enemy's lines when Manley interfered by the movement of his main divisions to Vivian's right, and arrested the triumphant march of the christians throwing them back with at upendous loss. This was followed immediately by a terrific onslaught of ten battalions of glandelinian horsemen and infantry, the clashes of cavalry forces on both sides, and made a frightful slaughter, and the cannonading along the christian lines seemed to shake the whole country.

For an hour the frightful battle raged in successions of horrible cavalry conflicts, but the energy displayed by the christian cavalry compelled Manley to augment his forces in the vicinity of Evangeline St. Clare. The roar of the terrible battle could not be heard for hundreds of miles. The chief events of the late part of the morning were the desperate but unsuccessful attempts to expell the christians from the St. Clare passes and great Glorinia plains where a hell of a rage raged.

A column of glandelinian cavalry numbering nine million in all clashed together with general Vivian's christian cavalry forces and dragoons added to them, the glandelinian forces were crushed to fragments with thousands of five million in all slain, and five hundred thousand were taken prisoners.

these forces of Charranina And Zimmermanian and Mc-Hollistinian cavalry being repulsed but in the engagement Counting was killed and also general Flandering, with five cavalry leaders of the glandelinians, generals Flanders, Belgium, Germany, France and England were slain.

Simultaneously the town of Eva fell into the hands of Manley's army but before the glandelinians could harm a single child a torrent of christian infantry overwhelmed them in a fearful massacre of slaughter and hellstrongs of carnage and general Meddelinia of these forces was killed, three christian leaders were killed, Evangeline, Joe Rae, general Troopington, and Baldwin Harrington.

The Angelinians under general Hindale St. Clair made a resolute offensive with ten million men, and though their line had been almost withered general Fremont's glandelinians during the mortal carnage changed the position of his troops on the left wing which movement left the division of general Luckwick Baldwinson's division entirely exposed by general Henry Lemmison's guns. This on the withdrawal of almost the whole gray line at this point, as general Federalson had informed general Manley of the fact but too late to make an amendment. His divisions then trying to find another crossing of the Evangeline St. Clare creek and having crossed at the main line of the A and B railroad with five divisions, one million men each, had been advanced too far from the main glandelinian army for three hours and general Hanson having enough troops to make a general demonstration against Manley, and at the same time to fall upon the glandelinians at the railroad did so, driving Baldwinson's whole five divisions back in confusion with only three million left.

A furious demonstration was then made on the center which extended gradually to the right and the storm of hellish battle shook the country for one thousand miles.

Manley was forced to sent general Ambrose Fuller with fifteen million men from the Evangeline St. Clair railroad, to reinforce general Famin and Hellanda by way of the St. Clair crossroads these free masons having met a crash inf attack and having been beyond reach of help. This was indeed the terriblest part of the battle. The whole christian line was in action and every hill and field where the battle raged was covered with clouds of smoke and wreaths which rose up in great white flecked balls that rolled off and formed wreaths while the deep million cannon like savage roar of countless firearms mingled with the thunder of artillery in a way that showed that the if the glandelinians were making a demonstration it was an exceedingly violent and vehement one to say the least of it.....

The whole line of general Vivian's artillery was in action and two hundred thousand thousand glandelinians fell every quarter of an hour. The battle was a serious one indeed..... The glandelinians having taken the redoubts in the morning only to lose them and to retake them again. At eleven o'clock a eleven o'clock retaken by the christians, and retaken again by the Free Masons. The revolting horrors of the losses on both sides was too frightful to relate in detail.....

BIG GLANDELINIAN FORCES TENS OF MILLIONS STRONG FAIR AMMUNITION AND FIRE.....

Strange firing broke out from a battery of ten thousand cannon sending its sheet of screaming shells along the ground as they rose with the hills before Hanson's lines and exploded beyond with ear-splitting crashes. Hanson had only been at a stand point for a few minutes when the crest of a low ridge a few miles in front of Hanson's positions suddenly grew gray.

What was it. He applied his glasses and soon made it out to be the enemy who had just crowned the ridge after taking the christian redoubts behind and was not preparing for an assault on the christian center. Their presence there showed that the redoubt must have been again captured by the glandelinians though for a minute Hanson could not make out whether they were infantry or cavalry. In less than a minute they began to descend the hill right in the direction of Hanson's lines as though determined to drive his right out of its position and turn it.

The glandelinians descended with a rush but without firing. They did not advance in linear masses but scattered and defused. They came down half way in this manner the Angelinian artillery tearing big lanes among them, all the time in the most savage manner. The christian infantry fire which for five minutes had been heavy near Tribune ridge now began to roll along Hanson's lines with the roar of a million cannon, and the glandelinians who were just coming in range began to drop in whole multitudes.

Hanson did not know whether the Free Masons originally intended to attack his left or not, but to his surprise was that there came a change in the direction of the assault..... The advance now veered to the front and went to the christians all along the line with a deafening shout opening a withering fire at the same time. Hanson's whole line flamed and smoked, the opposing line being lost to sight for a time the glandelinians however meeting a withering tempest of canister and minnies. This frightful carnage lasted about two hours during which time a

terrible loss of life occurred on both sides. Then the glandelinian first column of ten million strong having been cut to pieces began to withdraw carrying off the wounded as they went. But they yet, had not yet enough. For encouraged by their success in taking the redoubt and believing that they could also take this line they had no sooner withdrawn from the christian fire, than they formed and went at it again. They swept upon Hansons whole line with almost preternatural fury, and struggled there amid a seething storm of flame and smoke, a death struggle of demons. This on rage raged with unceasing fury for four hours, and millions of dead and wounded glandelinians lay in front of the christian trenches, this one column of glandelinians having been almost annihilated. The sides of the ridges were literally covered with the dead and wounded, seventy dead and wounded being counted on a space of not more than a dozen feet square. Terrible was the carnage here but the survivors were a gain repulsed and they retreated up the hill.

It could hardly be believed that they went at it again, and yet they did so and in more monstrous columns. Fifty million this time rushed forward in one long line. To Hanson who had watched the two preceding assaults it seemed madness. Because the annihilating christian fire never slackened a minute and that the christian line never wavered, while he knew that the angelinian reserves were waiting behind, ready to fall in at the least sign of wavering.

Again the scene of carnage was repeated with ten fold vehemence and the assault was delivered with seemingly crushing force. A fire severe enough to have stepped all the nations of that world broke the assaulting line of fifty million completely into thousands of fragments, and the glandelinian survivors sullenly withdrew keeping up a heavy fire and taking time to carry off their dead and wounded or at least their wounded. Still they held the redoubt, upon which they fell back apparently with the intention of holding it but they were not allowed to remain there long. The attack on the redoubt along hundreds massive lines forty miles in extent had been equally unsuccessful and the angelinians pursued the glandelinians with a murderous fire, and the seven divisions of forty million men went at them with the bayonet and after severe and terrific hand to hand fighting for two hours in the enemies trenches soon swept them out of the redoubt like a whirlwind. At four thirty the glandelinians were in retreat everywhere. The christians reoccupied the whole of their first positions besides pursuing the glandelinians a long distance with savagery. The sanitary corps had already carried off the wounded both christians and Free Masons but the glandelinians left few of the latter and only about 333,000 dead on the field. The stupendous losses could be better judged by the fearful number of knapsacks left upon the ground which was strewn with them. The main line of the christians had already begun to assemble and bury their dead. They were laid out in long rows angelinians and glandelinians alike.

TERRIFIC STORMS STORMS OF FIRE AND CARNAGE.....
JENNIE JOICE AND HER OTHER SISTERS IN PERIL.....RESCUED.....

Three days had passed, there was a terrible roar of battle in the far distance and St Claire noticed that the air was filled with pungent bling smoke. He at once applied his glass as.

"Damnation!" He screamed; "We are almost surrounded by forest fires."

He yelled for one of his servants who came on a run.

"Make preparations for flight right away," He said; "We are caught between two gigantic forest fires and the advancing enemy and many be trapped by the whole three if we delay long. Manley has been worsted and is retreating with all haste."

The servant hastened to do his bidding.

Yes St Claire you are threatened by three enemies, two forest fires and by the advancing christians and fires so terrible as to be beyond description. But your escape is in vain. You may as well repent of your sins before it is too late.

Let's turn back for a while to the main path of the forest fires.

It was the same great conflagration that had originated from the battle of Cedernine the furing of the firing during that battle having caused it to burn round the battle of Evangeline St. Clare still raging had started another one which joined in a way to encompass this location where violet and her sisters were slaves. For days it had continued to burn since its progress from Collyer and Stanek and generals Chamberlaine, Logan County, St. Clare, Illinois, Kennen, St. John, and Sullivan of great glandelinian forces opposing the christian advance from St. Clare had fallen mortally wounded their lines swept back the christians progressing on toward where violet and her sisters were held slaves.

The fires itself had spread over a wide district and was turning to be one of the worst forest fires the world had seen.... After burning for nearly a month this ocean of fire had changed its course and advanced with the roar of artillery toward the enemys lines. Whether the battle of Evangeline St. Clare was really responsible for its spread no one could tell but many declared that other forest fires originated from those that Manley must have lit on the Garnation ridges to cover his retreat was to blame.

However it advanced on its career of destruction and before general Jivian had known its treacherous character it had again changed its course advancing thirty to seventy miles an hour at certain locations making a rear like hundreds of thousands of cannon.... One of the fiercest of these fire seas was headed for Evangeline St. Clare, and threatening to overlap Manleys right wing. General Jivians lines itself was in danger from it but the great general fiercely fighting the glandelinians at Evangeline St. Clare was unconscious of the danger until he made a fierce headlong driving onslaught on Manleys right christ crushing it to fragments and rolling up the whole wing for ten miles. This same branch or it really being the main sea of them all was threatening the places where Jennie Ji Joice, Violet and her other sisters were prisoners, but Jennie and Joice's locations were already so surrounded that escape seemed utterly impossible.

St Clare realizing it decided to have all his men cut down as many trees as possible and fight the fire as desperately as possible to check the advancing conflagration.

Most of the men quickly set to work and many thousand trees went down in a few minutes. The fire was closer upon the vicinity of violet's master than Jennie's but he had a fair chance of escape.

He got his men at work to cutting down trees and clearing away large bushes while he made prew preparations for flight. He got as many wagons as possible and loaded and even forced the frightened children upon them.

When all were ready to start the approach of the conflagration could be heard already be heard, and the sky was becoming dark and heavy with the smoke clouds which looked more like typho on clouds than smoke, and which also filled the lower atmosphere with a white pall as thick as a pall. The hellish redness of the approaching conflagration could be seen plainly and Violet's master saw that there was not a single moment to lose. To the driver of each wagon he said;

"Dash down the nearest roads you come to and see that you don't get tricked by this approaching perdition! I'll take the wagon with the rest down the main swamp road. If the fire catches up with you seek some deep ravine."

After receiving other general instructions they dashed off. St. Clare with Violet on the seat beside him took off in the direction of the main road in a short time and sped down this line a cyclone.

Jennie and Ji Joice however were in the hands of cruel masters, and these to seeing their fight against the conflagration useless as their men though hundreds on in number dropped by scores finally made a dash for safety leaving all the children to the mercy of the approaching conflagration! whose booming roar was heard now so plainly in the distance.... Smoke hid objects for the distance of one rod and the atmosphere was hot and parching.

Poor Jennie did not know what to do? The other men had wanted to take her along / / / / but St. Clare had leveled a brace of pistols at them and made them come alone.

She was in the direst danger, as the beatings had made her a cripple and made her helpless. Yet she did not despair and prayed fervently. She managed to drag herself to the river near by and then suddenly she hit upon an idea. The swamp was her only refuge. But could she make it in time. The fire was already dangerously close and she could see that trees not far from her were starting to blaze fiercely. The swamp however was not very far but it was probably that the advancing sea of fire could consume it also despite the dampness of the trees.

The general dangers of the swamps were the wreaths of hanging moss and magnolia and the thick resinous foliage and the trunks which alone were really dry. Never did poor Jennie feel so sad or frightened before in her life.

The other children were too terrified to render her any aid and these were running in every direction. No escape the approaching conflagration. Jennie had recovered to curl of hair that St. Clare had taken away from her and as she looked at it she again wept bitterly.

"Oh dear Angelina!" She cried pitifully; "You who are now in heaven. Please save me from this fire, please do. I'm helpless and can't reach the swamp in time to see escape. Oh please Angelina listen to my prayer and save me. I don't fear to die but if I'm burned will never recover my remains. Oh Dear Jesus I know you can save me. Harken to my prayers. Oh please dear Jesus." In the meantime St. Clare had returned alone seeing that escape was utterly impossible. To the swamp he was afraid to go, and now he stood full well that God was standing between him and escape and he a gain blasphemed him..... He decided to take revenge, by killing Jennie in the most shocking manner.

He picked her up and carried her to the shed and seizing the other little children whom he could catch he slew them right away..... Five minute later a stranger came into the shed. It was an Angelinian in disguise it being the boy Evans. When he entered the shed, he felt his head grow dizzy and his heart sick.

"Is it possible-----is it possible-----is it possible." Said the boy kneeling down by her. "Jennie, Jennie, my poor little friend."

Tears which did honor to his manly heart fell from the boy's eyes as he bent over the poor Vivian girl.

"Oh Jennie dear-----do wake-----do speak once more-----look up. Here's your boy friend Evans. Don't-----you know-----no. I've come-----to take you-----back to-----to your father. You shan't die, you shan't die-----nor think of dying. If-----you do-----I'll kill you. I'll break my heart to think what-----you-----have suffered-----and lying in this old stinking shed here bleeding and pining your life away."

At this moment St. Clare sauntered up to the door of the shed looked in with a dogged air of coolness and turned away. Evans sat fixed with solemn awe for it seemed to him that the place was holy, and indeed it was.... He turned.

St. Clare was standing sullenly behind him. The sudden presence of this man was simply loathsome to Evans and he felt only an impulse to get away from him with as few words as possible. Fixing his dark ten blue eyes on St. Clare he said:

"I cannot describe what I think of this atrocious affair. This little girl is a little holy child whom God has always under his protection."

This little girl has undergone cruel treatment ever since she knew reason and now you have nearly killed her. This innocent blood shall have justice, I will proclaim this murder. I will expose you to general opinion."

"Do so." Said St. Clare snap ping his fingers scornfully. "I'd like to see you don doing it. Where are you going to get witnesses. How are you going to prove it. Come now. After all what a fuss, about an old little gutter-snipe from the perditions slums."

The words were as spark to a ton of powder. Evans was a lad of quick temper and avenged the insults to the helpless. Evans turned to him with an exclamation and with one indignant blow, knocked St. Clare flat upon his face, and as he stood over him blazing with wrath and defiance he would have formed no bad personification of St. Michael and the Devil. When he attempted to arise Evans kicked him in the mouth knocking some teeth outaying.

"Take this for the beatings and kicks you have administered to the little girl."

Then turning he went over to little Jennie.

The villain staggered to his feet and sprinted toward the swamp as fast as he could run. "The old Satan." Muttered Evans to himself. "How I would like to revenge this."

He picked Jennie up and carried her rapidly in the direction of the swamp. The fire was now almost upon them and the sheds began to burn and smoke. The atmosphere was stifling hot, but however Evans reached the swamp, knowing full well how to reach the advancing Christian lines.

Jennie was still conscious but by the time he reached the swamp she had her arms lovingly around his neck. He did not stop at the swamp but continued on following the main main road. Evans saw with horror that the trees of the swamp was catching fire with a screaming roar, millions of Will-o-the-wisps seemed to flare up in dazzling brightness and he soon discovered that he was pursued by an ocean of fire traveling at an awful rate. He hastened on at times pursued by the seemingly Will-o-the-wisps, by burning storms of brands and flying branches.

A hot rising wind broke loose, and smoke came swathing about and forming a pall.... Evans wondered if he would make it in time. The sea of fire catching the mignon and moss was spreading as fast as flames would over a sheet of cotton and Evans wondered if he could make it. All this while he was aroused by a terrible booming roar, the swamp was considerably large and the fire would probably only burn above but nevertheless their danger was great for the sea of blazing material would fall and envelope everything in a mass of fire below. The smoke became thicker and thicker, the roar louder and louder like thousands of cannon, and Evans could hardly breathe while the sky above seemed red as crimson. Suddenly he saw a large open space before him and sped for it and reaching it he saw that it was a vast lake full of slimy water with steam from the heat of the distant fire rising from it, and fearing quicksands Evans did not know what to do.

Yet he did not lose hope. He believed that the lake was not very deep and decided to wade across if he died for it. He was bound to save Jennie. "I wouldn't do it." Said Jennie pleadingly. "The fire is coming too fast and it only would make the water boiling hot." Evans realized it and testing the water saw that it was already too hot to wade through. What should he do? The fire behind was burning all before it and advancing with great leaps and springs among the masses of foliage and moss. Evans could already feel the tremendous heat from the fire and decided to continue his way on the road he had just left.

"If I only had an auto or something." Said Evans in despair. "The Te Then I could go ahead of this approaching conflagration. I fear we are lost." "Let me lay and ask your own safety." Begged Jennie. "I'm too heavy to carry." "Indeed I will not do any such thing." Cried Evans vehemently. "Leave you to perish just for my own safety. Why Jennie that is why I came here for I was looking for you and your sisters and found you. I trusted in God that we will rescue and if we don't we will die together. But one thing I'll not leave you behind to ask my own safety."

"But what good will it do?" Pleaded Jennie piteously. "Angeline is dead, my other sisters are probably burnt to death and your life is more valuable than a crippled body like mine."

"Angeline dead oh! Well I'm glad to say that you are badly and seriously mistaken. Angeline did not die that night. She still lives but is pining her life away for your return. Wouldn't you be willing to live to save her?"

Jennie did not answer to this and suddenly as they were reaching a cross road, they heard the wild galloping of horses and the noise of a wagon. In a moment a wagon load of children hove into view and Evans recognized the child sitting beside the driver. Evans drew his pistol and shouted:

"Haul you dirty Glandelinians haul."

Then he did so and Evans got on lying Jennie under the seat.

"Where are you going with these children?" Asked Evans sternly. "I'm trying to escape this fire." Answered the driver sullenly. "I'm not going to harm them."

But Evans was not satisfied. He was going to order him off the seat when he saw that they were being enveloped by thick rolling clouds of smoke, while a horrible screeching roar behind them arose while a hurricane of wind tore through the trees showering them with a storm of branches and almost toppling the wagon over....

"Make a dash down that road quick." Ordered Evans leveling a pistol at the driver. "Make time go as fast as they can run. I'll attend to you later."

Violet recognized Evans.

"Oh Evans is it you?" She cried as the horses started off with the frenzy of a mad dog. "How did you find Jennie?"

"As she is now." Answered Evans bitterly. "Her master has probably paid the penalty by this time. I mean to take this Glandelinian as a prisoner."

Violet looked piteously at him.

"No don't." She pleaded. "He has been kind to me and the other little girls and boys. Let him go for a new my sake."

Evans looked gloomy and said:

"He is a Glandelinian child laborer and I have to take him prisoner. It is my duty. But if he has been kind to you I'll plead for him. But Jennie's master I would not let free if I caught him."

"How was he so cruel and wicked to poor Jennie?" Asked Violet.

"Cruel, wicked." Said the boy with affected surprise. "You don't know what you are saying, or what I mean dear Violet. I found her in a dirty shed lying on the ground bleeding and helpless. What that man did to her I could see by the marks on her body, and I gave her a good kick a good wallop for calling her a G." "Outcries of the hell's slums."

Violet looked sad and said:

"If you knew how kind my master had been you would not take him prisoner. You don't know him because you was not in my place. His name as he told me was Hindale St. Clare and he treated us children like his own instead of his slaves."

"Why Violet you have really taken such a fancy to the man that I shall be jealous. If the is really what you say why did he not speak up. Most Glandelinians are full of excuses and lies when taken prisoner and will tell an untruth as fast as they can speak. The only way to manage Glandelinian prisoners is to put them down at once and not let them open their mouths."

"But general Hindale is no mean Glandelinian like these others and you must know that I never tell what is not true."

"No angels like you never lie." Said Evans and "And I believe you. I won't make him a prisoner then. But how are we going to get out of this swamp? There don't seem to be no end to it and the fire is rapidly gaining on us."

"I don't know." Said Violet. "This swamp is very large and takes three days to go through. I believe we are doomed. But what care I. Poor Angeline is dead, Baldwin and Braggard are our enemies and Joice and my other sisters are probably gone!"

Evans did not answer to this, but discovered that they were reaching a large grass plain.

"We are leaving the swamp after all cried Evans gaily. "No Violet we will be with the Christians once more. And don't despise Violet. Dear Angeline is not dead."

"But Baldwin has been cruel to her. I cannot bear to tell you what he did. But she is still alive."

"Oh Jack you may be fooling at me just to cheer me up." Exclaimed Violet.

"My dear Violet I'm telling the truth. You see a terrible hissing of burning hay

startled them and turning their heads they found themselves in greater peril for only five hundred yards from them was a gigantic rolling cloud of smoke arising from the grass in the plain, and they had no sooner got themselves out of the plain when a sea of flame swept past.

Then all at once the horses seemed to be running away dashing down another road at break neck speed.

"Stop them," shouted Evans; "They will upset; (.....)"))

"Glandelinians are after us," said Hindale. "I'm doing this on purpose. Look can't you see them. They are cavalry men."

Evans glanced toward where Hindale pointed and saw graycoated horsemen swarming toward them from the outline of the woods and Jennie recognized a man leading who looked like Joice's master. She knew him for she had seen him buy her. Evans saw that it was impossible to escape them for they seemed spreading out all along the stretch of unburned sodas intercept him and the children. He dared not fire for he knew that it would be fatal as mostly all Glandelinians are sharp shooters. The leading general Alfred St. Clare was coming at a tearing rate and on how Evans longed to shoot him down.

"Stop you christian dogs," Evans harked about; "We want y those two vivian girls."

Evans did not obey and legged the driver to make his horses go faster.

But common horses could not outdistance war-horses and Evans saw the gray coats under Henriques' father gain rapidly led now in pursuit by Harry Hainbreadth Harry.

"Stop confound you," shouted the general; "Halter I'll fire despite orders not to fire first."

Quickly Evans hit upon a plan. A bundle of bad paper lay in the wagon and Evans quickly unwrapped it and spread it out.

"Hindale have you got any matches," asked Evans; "The only way to escape is to fire the grass here."

"Yes I have plenty," said Hindale at a glance and he handed Evans a large box full.

The forest fire had set fire to the prairie itself thus putting off the escape of Evans in that direction and so the only means was to set a fire in the path of the advancing enemy. So Evans realizing it decided to start a new fire and check the Glandelinians. He set one piece of paper after another on fire and it threw it into the grass which caught like oil and soon became a long line of fire moving swiftly toward the frenzied Glandelinians. In an instant there was tremendous confusion among the graycoats and they fought among themselves to get away from the two lines of advancing fire from behind and front.

Harry Hainbreadth Harry cursed and swore with all the vehemence he could and stormed with rage and dashing among the men checked the consternation and ordered them to seek some other way and go after them again.

The Glandelinians endeavored to do this but being in danger from the two branches of fire that threatened to hem them in they retreated hastily toward the direction they had come Harry holding with rage and disgust.

"I guess they must be raving mad," said Evans laughing; "It is wonder I did not think of it before."

"How many were there?" asked Jennie faintly.

"I did not count but to me they looked like an army in pursuit of us. But who was that fierce individual that you looked at so closely?"

"The man who bought Joice. Oh I fear he has killed her."

"I doubt it," said Evans; "He may have escaped him and thought I had."

Hindale St. Clare had just reached the edge of a clearing in the swamp when Evans saw a little girl lying by the roadside. The far distant part of the woods beyond were also burning and the sky was heavy with the rolling clouds of smoke.

Hindale stopped the horses and Evans dismounting went over to the little girl.

"My gracious it's Catherine," he gasped.

He shook her gently and to his relief she opened his eyes.

"What remarkable beauty!" thought Hindale St. Clare. My cousin Eva who died was very pretty and so was poor Joice St. Clare but these little vivians indeed have dazzling beauty. I don't see how the Glandelinians can treat them so."

Evans carefully lifted Catherine and carried her to the wagon. My how Jennie and Violet did cry with joy. She was placed among them then they once more resumed their trip. Suddenly they encountered another man with a wagon load of children going an opposite way.

Hindale directed Evans to take the same road and soon other countenances every one of Hindale's overseers were following the same route. Evans thought that the trouble with the Glandelinians was over but Harry Hainbreadth Harry men had followed secretly and rapidly gained upon the fugitives. One of the overseers saw them and blazed away dropping a score of them. A general was also wounded and that was Alfred St. Clare. At the sound of the reports Evans gave a start.

"The soldiers are following us," said one of the men (grasping his rifle firmly; "There is a lot of them too and there is a black man tied among them hand and foot."

"He looks like poor old Uncle Tom," (unsaid another man; "The man looks like him anyway. How did that nigger get caught by them free masons anyway?"

"I have a mind to shoot down his captors no matter what the cost," said Evans; "But I guess all of us had better make a dash or they will kill us."

In a few minutes the liveliest race ever seen occurred. Six horses and wagons were racing madly down the road while the Glandelinians were coming a tearing behind opening a withering storm of fire and yelling like demons.

One of the overseers was hit but remained in the seat, five others were killed and three others were wounded bullets whistling all around them but the drivers continued to lash the horses who galloped at a breakneck speed the wild action of the wagons scaring many of the children.

Unfortunately the wheel of the rear wagon came off, the guard being killed by a shot and the wagon overtaken. Evans and all the overseers however started firing as furiously as they could reload and firing in such a way that the Glandelinians going down in tens with even some of their officers were compelled to halt and all the children managed to scramble into one of the wagons which had halted. Then away they flew the Glandelinians trying in vain to shoot down the driver but only hit every overseer who sprang from the wagon like ten pins.

The five fugitives now reached a wildly rushing stream but they dashed across the pursuing Glandelinians following close behind y willing and firing fiercely.

The Glandelinians reached the stream just as the last wagon crossed and dashed in with a tremendous splash.

Violet had never seen the Glandelinians pursue so desperately before and she discovered that the most persistent pursuers were boys boyscouts with Starring Fredrick and Darguin in the lead. No wonder the chase was so furious. The river was swarming with the pursuers who again started a general firing; the bullets bringing down every overseer of one of the wagons and the drivers also. Other men took the place of the slain drivers the fugitives now reaching a small meadow surrounded by burning woods.

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approach of the christians. We cannot escape the Old Mission." Said Eva as she came out this was just to find you and succede and on hand bound to let you out of the clutches of the Free Mason. Your sister Angeline will die surely if she don't see you within a couple of hours or days. I mean for the doctor said no. he is paining her life away. Violet saw by his looks that he was determined to escape with them under any conditions and wondered how could he do it: the landelinians were swarming in all directions to intercept him.

"I know that you are a very brave boy Evans, and mean to save us." Said Violet. "But I don't see how you can for the landelinians seem determined to get us at all cost."

All of a sudden a swarm of purple coats came dashing from the banks rushing into the river from four directions and opening with a clattering roar. "Damnation!" "Screamed Hairbreadth Harry!" "We have run into an

ambush!" The landelinians fought desperately the leader escaping the landelinians said confusion fifty of the graycoats being mowed down and the rest escaped many being wounded however. Other bodies of the Angelinians had attacked the landelinians who had on their way on but succeeded in only recapturing two and with heavy loss at that. They tried in vain to overtake the other regiments but the landelinians showed such a bold front, that though the Angelinians finally succeeded in recapturing them they lost many leaders.

They however made off with Hindala's wagon pursued by the obvious landelinians under general Maurice Nelly.

"How far are we from the christian lines?" Asked Evans of one of them. "We are quite a ways." Said the Angelinian. "But they are coming this way and a then!"

At this moment they appeared and at the sight of them the landelinians wheeled their horses and retreated swiftly. One of them took Evans place and several attended to Jennie Catherine and voice who also appeared to be in the wagon bandaging their wounds throughout. It was light in the night when the heat of the day was recaptured with the remainder of Violet's sisters and midnight and when the main portions of the christian armies were encountered. The wagons were taken in their possession while Evans and two others hurried off with theivian girls to find general Vivian. Their way was red with the glare of the distant conflagration and by his Evans could see plainly where he was going. The other two slips of general Vivian army had halted and Evans passing through mine suddenly came upon Angeline who was sleeping upon a cot under a large oak tree.

Evans said something to the men carrying the little girls settling their little baggage down on a long bench near by Angeline's couch placing a pillow under each which several men handed to them.

"Go and notify the two generals." Said Evans who still held Jennie. "I'll wake Angeline in a minute."

One of the men hurried off to do Evans bidding. The other little girls alone were not asleep and Evans sat Jennie down beside Angeline who lay robed in one of the whitest dresses he had ever seen her wear. The cot couch itself was draped in white and was strewn with all kinds of flowers. Angeline's heavy eye lashes dropped softly on the pure white cheek and her head was turned a little to one side a look of rapture and repose over spreading it.

A wreath of small white foil flowers circled her pure golden head and this sight made Angeline's sisters believe that she was dead after all. She had. They had almost forgotten how the Angelinians treated little heroines and all Violet might be kept up to the last. Angeline's head was back. She recognized dear little Violet instantly and with a cry of joy she threw her arms around Violet and kissed her sobbing at the same time.

"Oh dear Angeline." said Violet. "I thought you was dead. When did you get better?"

"I'm not quite well yet but am getting better quickly." Answered Angeline. "Oh do you know Violet. Baldwin is in great trouble and the soldiers won't forgive him. He had fought with uncle and then threw us against the wall and hurt me badly even after I gave him one of my curls. Yet I forgive him but the others won't."

"I don't feel a bad guy thrust when she heard this. If it had not been for that I would have been alright now." Continued Angeline and it sadly. "But God saved me as I was flung against the wall but Hanson broke the force of the blow and so I was only badly cut up and main maimed. I can walk a little now but I feel weak yet."

Violet had a twinge and forgave readily too but at first she felt little for Baldwin and said:

"I don't blame the Angelinians for punishing him. He might have killed you if Hanson had not broken the force of the blow and I cannot decide either, till I be his friend or not. I know we are innocent."

"It's not that." Inter-upted Violet. "He found out the right will doer

and was friendly again before this occurred. Hanson probably threatened to shoot him and probably he intended to throw me at him to stop him. Though he had threatened him with throwing me to the floor. But Violet forgave him for my sake and don't say nothing of it to my other sisters. I know their nature. They might not forgive him at all."

Violet looked pitiously at Angeline and said: "Your other sisters are lying on the benches. They do know of it and so do I know of it for Evans who rescued us told us, but would not tell much."

Angeline looked sad and but Violet placed an arm around her and said: "Believe they will forgive Baldwin and so will I and Jennie. But if he don't repent of it how can we save him from the punishment?"

Violet gave a start for the spirit like form of little "Evangelina" that was standing a few feet away looking at her like a reproaching angel. Though she had never read about her Violet knew her well and her appearance had startled her.

"Why Eva my dear friend." She exclaimed: "I thought you were killed by the landelinians during the Calvinian rebellion. How did you escape?" "Everybody says I'm killed." Said Eva with a gay laugh. "Why the doctors have saved me though I had nearly been cut to pieces. Are these other little angels your sisters?"

"Yes." Said Violet. "Come over to me. Don't be so afraid. Angeline won't care." "I know and I'm not afraid." Said Eva coming toward her like a floating white cloud. "It is a long time since I saw you and yet I know where you and your other sisters were and told the generals all. And then I directed your friend Evans where to find you. But I was surprised for you were rescued sooner than I expected."

At this moment Jennie awoke and then came the two great generals. At the sight of the little girls they gave a cry and the scene of joy that ensued could not be described. As soon as general Vivian and Hanson had controlled themselves Eva said:

"Can't you forgive Baldwin now. He heard that the little girls had returned and wanted to see them very much."

"Well under any conditions he can't see them until Jennie and the others get well and are able to be around again." Said general Vivian sharply. "An' you don't believe a word of it. I think he is only shamming. But anyway he cannot see them until they are entirely well."

"But general Vivian he wants to be brought." "Enough. He will be brought when all traitors go." bellowed general Vivian fiercely. "You are a good girl but just the same I don't want no pleading for him."

You keep away from the guardhouse there you was yesterday as you have no business there. If you are seen there again I'll have you expelled from the army on the charge of harboring a prisoner. I want no pleading for that brute understand!"

But Evangelina looked downcast and aggrieved and turned away. Violet believed that her father was only pretending but he was not. But he saw the downcast look on Eva's face and drawing her gently to him said in a kinder tone:

"Listen Eva it is always right to be kind to prisoners but it is not proper to go in or around the guard house without permission. I don't reprove you because you or Baldwin but because the Angelinians complained about your going around their guard house. I allow no one to go around the guard house, even my daughters without permission for the reason that they might unintentionally cause the escape of the prisoners, and you can ask the Vivian girls about it and they will tell you that I'm right. And Evangelina even if you was in my place you wouldn't want strangers to be near your guard house would you?"

"I at should feel like you general." Said Eva. "But then there is a mistake. One of the generals there permitted me to enter. I didn't sneak in."

"But he ought not to have done so and I never told him to and he is guilty of disobedience. At any rate I cannot let Baldwin see my daughters until they are well enough to walk around. But it is impossible for me under any condition to forgive him for he acted like a traitor in securing the escape of those three landelinian boys whom I had placed under his charge. If the government I don't let him of to do anything for him. I'll have to consult the Pope. He alone is our main head and probably can save Baldwin from the disgrace."

Violet and Angeline almost wept when she heard this. "Oh Papa, why did you be so cruel as to tell them?" She asked

Asked pleadingly and reproachfully. "He was a friend of your's and did that to anger you."

"Why was I so cruel to tell them?" Said general Vivian in surprise. "Why Angeline dear I never told them. He government had learned of it through the correspondents you know our armies are full of them."

Violet and Angeline also realized this and looked downcast.

"Oh why did Baldwin be so foolish," said Violet. "He knows what would happen for losing his temper and yet he would not care." And she cried as if her heart would break.

"Maybe I can do something for him," said Eva. "I'll write to the government right away and tell him all I know. In the meantime a big tent had been erected or raised over Violet and her sisters and Eva immediately started to write the letter for the government. In a few minutes Violet alighted like a bird on the rounds of her chair and behind her and peeped over her shoulder.

"Oh Violet Vivian what beautiful writing you are doing there!"

Eva put her little golden head close to hers and continued:

"I wish I could help you for I have learned to write some myself."

Violet admitted that she could and the two commenced a grave and anxious discussion as to one equally earnest and each the letter was finished.

"I hope-----" began Violet.

"I am Violet," said General Vivian's voice coming in at this moment.

Violet and Eva both started.

"What's here said General Vivian coming up and looking at the writing."

"Oh its that letter I said I would write. It's very important for I'm sure the government will forgive Baldwin for my sake."

"I wouldn't discourage either one of you but there is no word of the letter. I just had General Baldwin out of the guardhouse and what should happen, but that I was startled by a fierce voice behind me saying:

"General Vivian! your excellency that man is an imposter, disguised as me. Do not let him go. He has liberated those three lads you placed in my care while prisoners and not long ago he had gotten off with my plans. He and another rascal are in league with each other."

I turned and saw what appeared to me another General Baldwin and could not know what to make of it. At his approach the Baldwin prisoner I had suddenly gave me a blow that sent me sprawling against a tree and shouting now detachments of Angelinians are after him under General who leads the pursuit. It was a spy an imposter who had did all this. So now that it is discovered I'll leave it all to you and your sisters to tell him the whole story and Braggard also for he never had a hand in it either."

Eva looked surprised and happy and Angelina could not speak for joy. Baldwin and Braggard immediately appeared and the two generals told the whole story.

Three days later Jennie and Jole were well able to be about though at times Evans who was recovering from his own wounds had to help Angelina to walk.

"I really do wish this war was over," she said one day to Evans when news of an impending battle was rumored the Christians marching on to Marconino. "It has deprived me of all my friends and two brothers who were killed at Stanok." And tears stood in her eyes.

All the Glendelinian general are stubborn," said Evans. "It is their stubbornness that causes the war to last so long. These Glendelinian generals must think that these frightful battles are stage dramas. Shewman is the same way," said Violet. "He is fighting hard now with Nicknell who is trying to prevent him from making a junction with only Manley."

"I think I had better carry you for a while," said Evans as he saw that Angelina was breathing hard. "You seem played out."

"Angelina readily consented and he carried her as tenderly as if she was a very valuable vase.

"You do not intend to go in any more signal stations?" "Do you?" asked Evans anxiously.

"I do don't know," said Angelina. "Eva said that he would not let me under any circumstances and that here after I and my sisters may have lead only scouting parties. That is when we are well."

"When you are well by ain't you well now?"

"Yes but I ain't well enough to run about and ride horses like I used to," said Angelina sadly. "It will be a long time before I'm well altogether. I'm still sick and awfully weak."

Evans realized this with a pang and he fretted if she would ever recover her strength again. She had been prostrated by the Glendelinian spy's angry action and the sickness and sorrow over her sisters. If she ever did recover it seemed that it would be a long time. Toward the afternoon a halt was made and

Evans sat Angelina down under a wide palm tree as the day was waning the tree affording a cool shade. It was toward the evening when General Vivian riding toward the tree he heard gay laughing. He hastily rode over to the spot and when he saw made him laugh too. A feeling of awe stole over him.

There sat Evans on one of the mossy stones near the tree every one of his hat on holes stuck full of tripodal flowers, and Violet and Angelina were laughing were hanging a wreath of roses around his neck while little Eva sat on his knee like a chip-sparrow also laughing.

"Oh Evans you look so funny," said Jennie who was sitting near him. Evans had a softer benevolent smile and enjoyed them as much as his little sister friends. Angelina was behind him, placing a wreath of jessamine on his head while Jole stood by with a wreath of daisy the whole of them looking more like celestial beings for sure with the flowers it being a pretty sight indeed. General Vivian rode away not caring to disturb them in their happy hour.

which would enable Violet and her sisters to fix out the plan of the expedition of Abbieann. However by social route, the vivian girls themselves were able to come themselves, and as Gertrude had advised which seemed best, it was decided to try George Zimmermann, and see if he would be able to pass the qualifications to become a boy scout. He was surprised therefore when on the 30th of August he was summoned before one of the Princesses, and it happened to be Jennie vivian.

She asked him first:

"Would you like to become an Abbieannian boy scout?"

"J Yes Princess," he answered.

"Just call me Jennie," she as advised smiling so sweetly upon him that he winced. "What is your Nationality?"

"German."

"What Country were you ever in besides Germany?"

"American, Canada, Canada, and South America. My mother is not German though. She's Irish."

"Irish boy. That sounds good to begin with, part German and part Irish. How long have you went to school?"

"Five years in Germany and four in America?"

"Have you passed any examinations?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Three."

"Can you speak any other language besides German and Abbieannian?"

"I can speak English."

"So can I. That's all the better. Gertrude said you couldn't."

"I didn't think of mentioning it."

"I see. You haven't got any proofs though that you passed the examinations."

"Yes Jennie, I kept them nicely reserved. I have them in a book in my satchel. Gertrude knowing why I was summoned by you advised me to bring the papers. Here they are."

Jennie looked them over, and said:

"I must gain the approval of my sisters. Where are they Jack? To her aide-de-camp."

"Where are who?"

"My sisters."

"They are with Gertrude. I'll go and bring them," he answered and did so promptly. When they came she showed them Jack three different examination papers, and they looked them over carefully. Pretty good for his age and small term of school," said Violet. "So he can understand, and read, German, Irish, French, and Abbieannian and also English. That's remarkable for his age believe me. Why with his knowledge of these languages sisters we can surely use him as an advanced scout. This brings him a pull sure enough, and besides what he has done for Gertrude and her followers, gives him a strong qualification yet. How old are you George?"

He told her.

He expected she would ask questions as to where he was born, who his parents were, and so forth and make a lot of time wasted, but he was surprised to find that she then only asked:

"You're a Catholic like all of us are you not?"

"I sure am," he answered. "I was baptized in St Peter's Church."

"What were your parents' names?" she asked.

He told her.

"What!" she exclaimed suddenly looking at her sisters.

"Are you sure you're right?"

"Yes," he answered. "They were drowned in the flood when the raft struck our boat."

"I don't think you are sure about that," said Joice herself while her sisters nodded their approval.

"Because," added Catherine we have records of the names of refugees in general vivian army, and there are names of Frank, and Jim, and Zimmermann among them, who said they lost a boy in the flood, when a boat they were riding in was struck. My boy you sure have good luck and God has Blessed you for our service. I'm sure by bringing them safe through the disaster."

"Were they rescued?" He gasped.

"No," she answered. "They managed to save themselves. The water was not deep where the boat was hit, and they were able to wade ashore. But they think sure you are lost. I'm going to wire news to general vivian army right away that you are safe. Don't take it too hard lad," she added. "I know how it feels to know after all your parents have been spared to you."

George sure could not know how to express his gratitude over this pleasant discovery, and this made him more willing yet to serve the Abbieannian Country for Thanksgiving to God for His merciful Mercy. Catherine went off right away to send a note to general vivian, to find the boys parents, stating facts, and telling that the boy George Zimmermann their son was safe in general Aronburg's army, and soon to be a boy scout, for they knew from the statements of the two refugees they promised Our Blessed Lord to allow their boy to serve Abbieannia if He would save him.

"Now said Now," said Jennie. "My boy, we must excuse you for your knowledge. When you want to be a scout you must know plenty. Were you ever one before?"

"I was for three years in Germany."

"That makes you go a step farther. How much in knowledge in Geography and History are you?"

"Very good. I passed my examination for that, but lost the papers."

She asked him to explain what he knew of Geographical lessons and he did so splendidly well. She and her sisters too found he knew lots of signals, knew the ways and works of all girl and boy scouts of Abbieannia knew their "camp-fire" signal calls, flag drills, and everything in boy scout life that is known, (girls having same drills and works) and this pleased her and her sisters very good. Every test they put him through, he accomplished without the slightest mistake, he could also work a telegraph, and put one up and so forth. Everything that a boy scout should know, he knew very well. Then she said:

"There's one thing, you told Gertrude and others a story about us."

"A story?"

"Yes."

"What do you mean?"

"That we saved you from the enemy."

"Didn't you help me escape from the enemy's camp that day. You sure did or I was dreaming."

"You had the story all mixed up," said Daisy. "You must have been absent minded at that time. We have still kept the records of that affair. Don't you remember that day you decided to try and make an escape from the enemy's lines, and when first seeing us there, and mistaking us for child slaves you somehow without our knowing how, got us away with you. You rescued us, and you told Gertrude we rescued you."

George suddenly remembered that she was right.

"Good gosh. That's right. But please don't tell anyone. Let them still think it. Will you?"

"Well at your request I will," laughed Daisy. "But for being a scout I believe you'll pass."

"When are you going to ask your father to let me be one?" asked George.

"Ask Father," laughed the girls in a chorus. "He has given up power over everything. Only we and He and our Uncle has the say. We can pass that ourselves, but we'll have to send for Governmental papers, which will be brought to you with our names on it. Here's a slip of paper. Needn't read what's on it," she added. "Just sign your name, address or what army you were in, and age there."

He did so very carefully in Abbieannian however.

"Now sign this," she said producing another slip of paper, and he did so.

She and her sisters then signed their own names, with approval and then sent for Gertrude, who when she came, with Angelina Ritchie, were asked to sign their names as with assent.

"Now I'll see that these get's to Angelina Agatha by wireless telephone," said Violet. "When we get the papers from there, you're in. Seeing your qualifications, and as we have lost two scout officers, we're putting you in the place of one as a 'replacement'."

"Oh how can I ever repay you," he asked.

"By doing your work well," she answered. "Then she said to Gertrude:"

"We put Jennie in. She's been such a help you our sister Angelina when she was ill, that we simply couldn't refuse the request. Many of the others wished her to be their mascot, and so she is. That's the best honor we can do to a little girl of her age. Very few can be a mascot and therefore we made her one. We got papers for Jean and Jack Saunders too. They're mascots too."

"Mascots?" gasped Gertrude. "You don't mean?"

"We do. They proved their mettle unusually and do deserve it."

"How can they ever repay or pay you Violet?" said Gertrude. "You have sure been good to us all."

"You can repay us easily," said Joice. "By keeping to the idea of helping us in the plan for capturing the results of the disaster."

"We wish to find the cause of the disaster," said Gertrude. "By the way Prin cease, I will try to do anything positive." said Gertrude. "By the way Prin cease, how did you fare out with Jack Saunders, whom you gave one more chance."

"He proved his mettle as a real coward," said Violet. "But it was not we who shot him. It was through his cowardice we were taken again. The Glandelinians shot him to death as he tried to escape."

"Good riddance," said Gertrude scornfully. "I ought to have shot him myself long ago. We must never take foreigners in our ranks again without first testing them. But now let's forget that and how about going on with the plans. I'm most anxious to begin."

"I don't know what to do yet," said Jennie looking kind of sheepishly. "Like the wind rules the waves, the Glandelinian armies under the Tamerlins rules all the territory of Abbieann, and now if driving every one out of Bengall county. It is like blow blowing back the waters from the shallow places in the Red sea. I believe it seems the hosts of christian armies there lack leaders with foresight those who are or whatever their military education are are not above asking advice about the nature of the territory."

"To be sure," said Angeline Riches. "Supposing the Glandelinians did not make the disaster, why do they try to prevent any one from coming there, and are even frustrating scientists now?"

"That is mysterious but suspicious," put in Gertrude herself. "However the Glandelinians may be taking advantage of the condition--and therefore they must have had the ability to make the disaster, but the wisest thing we can do in investigating the place is to make the best possible use of the existing state of the weather. You know it can be pointed out that any battles planned were by our officers more to the enemy, and the enemy himself had planned battles and campaigns without regard to the prevailing or probable weather, and which all to frequently resulted in disaster. Our generals could wait till weather is unfavorable against the enemy at Abbieann and then strike. None of our commanders, however great his skill, nor however large his army on our side, ever dared to neglect the weather. Last year the great Glandelinian Master of generals, Mic-Holleston Johnston learned this lesson to his sorrow. He had as we all know entered Northern Calvernia with 1,567,899 men in November and was forced by December to retreat, leaving in his mad rush for safety a handful of men remnant of his once grand 'Armee' to make that way best as they could to warmer states. The weather had deprived this Glandelinian general of a well earned victory."

"But how could weather help us out in our plans?" said Joice. General Phelenn in Tamerline and the others are able despite all weather conditions to often up upset military movements. It seems we have to do some sort of too dangerous but secret scouting work around or near those Craters. There only is some sort of evidence left. This is the age of "Smoke screens" from forest fires, of dangerous gas attacks. Yet it seems impossible now to think of it, when I first intended to have it pulled through. We were thinking of postponing it ourselves, when you suggested it, so you really wish "Yes, take advantage of the weather." We didn't think you proposed to back out of it."

"Well we had thought of doing so, even Dargar had his heart set against our proposition and he told us lots of the dangers of the place. We are fallen on strenuous days, for now our armies seriously purpose to regulate the war and chase away the Glandelinian Glandelinian armies. We argued with Dargar, and naturally there is argument and did difference of opinion. I know, for he told me so and my sisters also, he had an interview with you, and you sent him away refusing his proposition. We told him we could get arms to displace the Tamerlins from the Abbieann Territory. He said it can't be done. I told him "Come and see some day."

"There is one man who would be the proper person to refer this dispute," said Mildred Maxwell. "And he is George Gingore Adelfab the great Geminian leader whose son you know is a famous scout boy scout and spy always operating successfully in the enemy's line for us. He is the head of the Gemini officer and higher than Dargar. We could have him talk it over."

"Where is he now?" asked Violet.

"He is lying wounded in general Aronburg's headquarters."

"That wouldn't do us any good just now," declared Joice. And besides space and time is limited and in this review we are having the plans for our expedition to Abbieann must be given the right of way. Therefore

Such fires are observed during this "beautiful war" in many sections of our country, and are quite frequent throughout our southern State of Angelinia too. If we have no evidence against the enemy of these disasters, then how were they formed. Campers cannot be blamed, and there were no thunderstorms to do it either. There was no lightning to strike anything!

How were the fires formed? Some say even clouds can form from smoke if smoke reaches a colder race region above us, and that it is also a product of the combustion of turpentine and risen that may be in the trees thus burning. What we now propose to do is, in brief not to wait for better scientists to find out what is the cause of Abbieann's destruction, but try the work ourselves, with the help of Scientists, and get aid as the need requires. Strangely enough we know the flood itself is in connection with these explosions and which has relieved its latest and most significant application. He who would investigate these things must be a scientist, and we have no better one than the young man we wish to employ and that is Walter Starring. Many of the scientists think there must be some way to get through the Abbieann region despite the enemy armies being there. Perhaps this can be done, and perhaps not, but most of the investigators, especially Dargar, and his helper William Schlender say that this is just like putting the cart before the horse, and expect the cart to pull the horse. As it is not lightning that makes these forest fires, it also was not eruptions that destroyed the towns of Pelgal County, and Bengall State. And besides excavations now in progress by others we do not know whom to mention there are so many under the auspices of the Gemini, and the Calvernian government indicate the possible possibility of comparing these disasters with the same as at Lake Salicla and elsewhere. It seems feasible. Of course Dargar told me last week, when we were back in the christian lines, that near that locality, forest fires are again also, and smoke fogs, whether over what is left of Abbieann or through the explosion region or over the flood fields is essentially a wall of smoke coming there at times would too would prevent our work without difficulty. Quite a remarkable fact too for while the smoke often rests on the ground like vapor fogs winds can make it spring into the air and float away. We know smoke never stands still and is always rising and fading more than fog of vapors do but yet at the same time continue to issue from the fires.

Sometimes it seems to me as if the explosions may have been from setred munitions in secret tunnels exist or existed. Experiments of the debris by the investigators prove too that there are no such things as volcanic matter. It is not however under such proofs that we wish to prosecute our work. Our hope is different, and I believe we should take advantage of the fact when the smoke for hange heavy for that can enable us to do something under cover, and the enemy if he is near by could not see us."

"That is hard to guess at," said Jennie. "It would take a separate paper to tell of the natural results of the disaster. The great rubbers of the scientists however are the floods. The floods have erased much evidence. A full book could be written on the subject or to put it in a less attractive manner a person might lecture six times a week for a full term on this one subject, and while his hearers might be exhausted, the subject would not be. He probably too would pass lightly over the first big flood when I believe even was bigger than the Flood of Biblical mention. But the problem is how are we going to get there."

"It would cost us quite an effort, and the whole nation shudder at the idea of itself from the entangling consequences of this fateful injunction to neglect all levees and dams of our rivers when it could be known what the enemy would and could do," said Gertrude.

"Yes in the light of what follows it seemed that the experts of our Nations that long had been preparing for war overlooked the importance of the Abbieann disaster. Angelinia Arathia escaped almost destructive disaster because of its strong protection. Abbieann was not protected. And now the investigators too as I heard had been hampered by the weather and the smoke fogs up there. They have passed near the city in some cases beyond, without even spotting the ruins. True a light smoke mist hangs a times low over the land, but alert and active men on any investigation would nevertheless have detected the once again innocent metropolis and made rigid investigations. Last month early the authorities of Calvernia had issued a statement intended chiefly for the investigation. But even this plan had met with disaster."

"I'm sure" said Jane "that many details of the disaster were available but it seemed very inadvisable for scientists to say more than about the cause of the disaster, and I believe if our own work could be and would be more carefully planned to work out the disaster. The scientists have worked diligently perfecting means to make discoveries, but this is not enough. Glandelinia of course wishes to break Abbie's grip on Calvernia, and believing that Abbie's might be forced to yield supremacy of that state, the enemy must have tried to force such means oversteering these disasters. For as the militant brains of other nations Glandelinia realized, while the militant brains of other nations European included, failed to comprehend, the nation the nation excelling in brain power would and could have all other nations at its mercy of Glandelinia secure Calvernia in her possession. It is said that the chief Geminian Members or Supreme Persons received a letter early in 1913 from the Secretary of a Board of War officers, charged with the problem of preparedness, saying that the board had decided decided that it was necessary to discuss further the possible need of guarding levees of rivers. And lakes as there is no telling what the enemy might do. Now it seems possible we are regretting that this has not been thought off before the war broke out. Within these last two years more cities and towns have been ruined than any number known in all the calamities of the entire world. This Abbie's horror, and the big floods resulting, and all the dreadful complications now coming on found the Calvernian State entirely unprepared for it now may be told by what we ourselves have seen. Nevertheless historians I suppose will lose sight of the significance of this effort of Glandelinia to develop a deadly third arm of her wicked offensive. Its importance is not yet clearly grasped by those who write critically of these disasters because the face of the other cases so completely belittle the results, and even now I have secured recently a small book written which is a story of Abbie's destruction. The book is in entitled "How Abbie's was wiped out by Convulsions of Nature, and volcanic explosions". It seems to be regarded as a natural disaster. This disaster whatever the cause is the most momentous event of the world's history, far out-reaching the consequences of all calamities of the world, or the engulfing of whole lands by the sea, and unless something is done our country will not believe Glandelinia did it, and will let it pass down in history as a freakish volcano upheaval. Just how keen the disappointment was to all of our investigators will never be known, but we do feel sure Glandelinia did this sure of a favorable outcome. It will be too if the mystery is not solved, and this was a trump card concealed by Glandelinia this agency of frightfulness surpassing all others, this abilities to sweep defenseless cities away by flood, and forest fires, and it will not fail in its purpose if no one finds out the mystery. Then Mildred's fate will be a realization!"

"What was her fears?" Demanded Jennie.

"She don't believe we will win."

"She don't believe we will win."
Jenn is smiled and said, "Does not know yet.But why did the investigators fear or fall in the shadow of the enemy's dark and dense smoke were c
The enemy was finally assigned but it was found out, the enemy interfered.
Therefore we believe something is amiss.Why did the enemy interfere?
There was statements in the investigators were lost.That is doubtful as
the Abkhaz region is as familiar with everybody as a dinner plate on
a table.In fact this unsuccessful method was the first occasion I ever
heard of of scientists being scared away by the enemy."

"What I have heard" said Catherine t"the official forecasts of these scientists who examined Abbiemann have a good value for our cause, and they believe that the craters nearest Abbiemann were torn by the mightiest blasts. The areas nearest Abbiemann were used to verify a which perhaps increased the truth of the statements t it would be a great improvement if the statements of these scientists were more definite and included the size of these holes."

"But all the statement of these scientists would not help us a bit even though they may have a verification record of over eighty fifty per cent which meant that their forecast failed as nearly as often as they were verified. The war and its horrors brought him to us the important piece of better knowledge of coming results of disasters, for operations, offensive, and defensive and these depended for the success largely too upon the element of the weather. If our scientific scientists could only better their statement they would be of the best of service to us. It is of course not expected that every scientist should be able to tell whether these disasters were caused by volcanoes or not. Yet there

is a common impression that every man should be competent disaster solvers, probably they are so close to nature. For the same reason farmers and forest rangers, and railway men could qualify, but unfortunately for the reputation of all, no one can study such things except school scientists and accurate examinations can be made only when there is an accurate knowledge by investigation. It is surprising but nevertheless true that these scientists told so many that the results were or were not the results of volcanic activity. Yet we have those floods extending thousands of miles, the dreadful results of the flood and a more or less on edge of the pressure and force of the flood eddies sweeping through our towns and villages. Let us consider now, a certain forecast of some approaching disaster, someone made by a body of expert engineers in the afternoon of June the fifteenth a strong and unusual current was then noticed in the Norma Pan river, and the river way was running off its own natural course. There was pressing need of some warning of an approaching danger, because Mildred Greenburg was near this mighty river. I remember a horrible tragedy because of this flood. At the personal solicitation of our father, one of the Head Members of the Gemini was on his way to visit the other Rulers of Abhishekna States with the view of mobilizing military force to crush wicked Glandelinia. This mission was of the highest importance. This man Francis Horn was indeed a name to conjure with. He was inflexible of all purposes,

about 10:00 a.m. For within an hour the raging floods had rose and there were no more rivers but raging seas. The condition was exactly the reverse of those anticipated. Even fiercer than the north-east torrents, was the floods rushing from the northwest. After that analysis of the flood showed it was passing from the flood horror near Abhisamm, and about to recure before heading southwest toward an gollia Abhisia itself. The Flood signal stations warned against any shipping going on on such conditions but these too were swept away.

But these too were swept away. The St Marys weighed anchor about six o'clock in the morning. At seven the four torpedoed destroyers doing escort duty unable to keep the pace turned back. Forty minutes later the ship was struck by a terrific wall of water and was rendered powerless by the flood and the crashing timbers and wreckage hurled fairly against it. I heard that every body perished and few of the bodies were ever recovered. One tall figure said by horrified witnesses and a small his faithful brother with the option of the doomed ship were seen standing on the bridge, as the vessel was struck. No boats could be lowered, as the fury of the flood was more dreadful than a hurricane swept sea. The end sure had come. The stern eyes that so often on our battlefields had looked with unconcern at death, must indeed have wrenched with intense sadness, the swirling waters of the raging flood. It was the sunrise hour of the worst catastrophe on record. It was more. It was the sunset of a life of great service, the passing of a good and gently soldier from war and war swept nation. The lack of definite knowledge of the floods advanced and its course seemed inexorable. Even more so, of ignorance of the fact that the flood was covered with wreckage flies. Someone either hindered, or he was tripped by a treacherous foe. As a result this great Abhiennian, Lord Marshall was hurried to an untimely death.

without even having the chance to receive the last sacraments... While he himself was not over confident of a successful outcome of his last mission, we all admit, that he was the one man of Abbiennia so far who might have held the wavering irresolute governor of Galverin in to a fixed purpose, and probably saved his life, for that one unfortunate Governor also perished in the flood. With the earnest support of the Abbiennian Grand Duke Michael Bellion needed reforms might have been accomplished and the ominous rumblings of impending defeats of some of our best armies prevented. He might have brought to our distressed and crucified Galverinian state (and no one else could) authority that would be respected, and brought a speedy downfall of rebellious Glandelinia. If the flood had missed that territory, or delayed a day longer, another route would have been selected. If the fury of so much wreckage jams had been wanting a good successful rescue would have been accomplished by the horrified refugees on the shore of the flood. But it was not to be. Therefore the destiny of Galverinia, perhaps the fate of all of the southern Abbiennian states hung upon a forecast of the floods approach which had not been made that dreadful afternoon at Mildred Greenburg, because that city was laid low hours before and all communication cut off.....

"There is one thing I would like to know," said Mildred. "I know that no one was close enough to see the explosions exactly as they were. Hence for any one to investigate these things is not an easy matter, and if we do go it will be a long time before we will find out the mystery ourselves."

"How then shall we ever hope to succeed in making the investigation?" said Dolores. "For the present it may be wiser, to leave off such purposes as go to Abbiennia, and study the ground and the craters themselves and find some other cause. The problem in making the investigation is to bring forth the cause of the disaster, to find whether the enemy really did it or not for we surely know without a mistake the disasters were explosions and nothing else. The first step is to find clues for a clue is the only hope."

"And another thing we have to discover," said Gladys. "Is what was used to be exploded?"

"Violet, and her sisters laughed at this question."

"I'll let you try that," laughed Violet. "You may do the impossible, but we won't try it, as it's all exploded."

"Well let's go on with the plans," said Joice. "This is what I think will be done. As Angelina Riches suggested. Starting is a good spot, and he will be sent in on ahead in good clever disguise."

"We'll start as soon as it is possible, and the army must move to cover our movement. We'll work around the craters only, examine every spot for such things as we might suspect, batteries for discharging electric sparks, wires and so forth. If these are found then the evidence is there. As we are well acquainted with all kinds of volcanic stuffs, that is I and my sisters, from our many experiences in volcanic craters, mountains, and scenery we can tell soon enough whether the disasters were of volcanic origin when we get there. The meeting is adjourned, and we must now make the preparations."

"Before we go off," said Joice. "I'm going to make notes so I'll remember what the remains of Abbiennia looks like should we be there. Let me see girls--North portion of city on elevation escaped flood--lower part under water or washed away,--and oh yes, Lake Mic-Hollister--"

"As she finished there was the report of a pistol, and a bullet tore a hole in the window pane and cut her in k pen exactly in two."

There was consternation on everybody, but the other girls rushed out side, and before the one who did the shooting could make a move, they thought little girls had managed to drag the man into the room.

Violet and Jennie shoved him violently down upon a chair--saying, "There, that'll hold you a while. Cover him Gertrude with your pistol. You're a dead shot."

Then Violet said--"Well sir what have you to say for yourself."

The man seemed to refuse to answer indicating that he can't talk, and believing him Jennie said--

"I don't believe he can talk. I'll get a pen and paper and let him write."

"I don't believe he can talk. I'll get a pen and paper and ink and make him write."

We should pass briefly over the conditions there in response to a request from our father, and find means first to clear the region of the Glandelinian armies that are said to be there. Of course there is an interesting practical point connected with the so called "explosion Craters." Using now units the starting point from one to another is 1,000,000 feet. A long distance indeed. Hence when we travel from one to the other and examine every piece of ground for any clues, it might bring something logical and an immense improvement, but almost any clue might have been erased by the enemy if they had been the cause of the calamity. That is strange and entirely unscientific and very unsatisfactory is the reports that the disaster is caused by volcanic upheavals. From the lecture, on the Volcanoes of the World I and my sisters must be able to quote the answers given in examining papers, and geographies set by many experienced travelers, authors and geographical historians. The question was absurd. To solve the destiny I and my sisters for that purpose took up a schooling of our own. Joice was our "play teacher" and the question was; to us--

"Describe the volcanoes around Abbiennia, and their types?" Her question was void or without void, for there were no volcanoes, and never were any there. We couldn't answer the question. Who could ever have the average idea of the actions of volcanoes around Abbiennia. And all Solian scientists there could find no evidence of them either. Of course was they thought the craters simply indicated was the same as those produced by the explosions near Lake Solisia some time earlier."

"There's something wrong too with the weather," said Mildred. "We can recall that it has hardly ever rained this spring and summer. Even when it looks like rain the clouds eventually must be smoke, and you know how the sun seldom shines. And when it did rain, it rained only a drizzle, and stopped sooner than people wished. This is sure a most memorable year. Forest fires, explosions, floods, dry draughty weather, smoky skies and atmosphere, heat, and horrors beyond description."

"So far as we can realize the condition," said Jennie. "What the wheasther man says, this draught is caused due to a shift in the great pressure areas, produced by the tremendous heats of these awful cities and forest fires, and other great blazes. The Mic-Whirthing seas usually give us plenty of rain in summer and abundance of snow in the winter. The heat of forest fires the weather men claim causes the air currents to keep to the west and pass one another amicably, an anticyclonic area is set up and continued fine and draughty weather reigns. That is why as we have noticed in this forest fire area, the winds are mostly south or east."

"Well the horror at Abbiennia," said Angelina Jennings in regard now by the world as a huge natural disaster, with volcanic eruptions, great earthquakes, and floods and fires. They believe the symptoms serve this purpose and as general Darger puts it, as the greatest volcanic upheaval of all history. If we could discover such things then they are right. It is in keeping with the large figures which have become so familiar since the war began that we are given an estimate of the total number of refugees produced by the big floods following as something as near 23,000,000. Darger himself told me once that he has done a number of other things during the last fourteen days but off and on during that period he has been trying to get at the bottom of the mystery, and believes he had succeeded in finding out just as much as when he started. And he feelingly added that if it takes the Scientists as much difficulty to understand the mystery of the disaster as it takes him why it is obvious that there will be no time left for lunch, nor for dinner dinner either. That the disaster mystery will never be solved by any one."

"There's no use of trying any means of Control of these disasters if we do not find out whether it was Glandelinia who did it or Nature," said Catherine. While girl and boy scouting seems a good vocation let us remember that long before this disaster the disaster not the question not only of disaster prevention, but of finding the real cause was anticipated. And who can number the disasters of this war. Can any one put a cork in the flood and make it stop flowing, when it is rising over all the land."

"Scarcely the control of some of these disasters can be by engineering," said Daisy. "This of course makes us feel decidedly more comfortable but why that bother when without this war these disasters never happened before. As might be expected, this seems therefore to fasten the suspicion upon the enemy. Many of the scientists have turned down many propositions to make investigation because they were afraid of the Glandelinians. During the progress of this war therefore particularly it is being represented in the highest quarters that the cause of the events shows clearly that the enemy must have had something to do with all these disasters beyond doubt, even though we have no evidence."

"The war is giving a stimulus to many innovations," said Gertrude, "but it does not produce any hopes of finding out the cause of these frightful disasters." "It has not any more," said Jennie, "but it has given us some rare experiences."

"The investigators must have had some rare experience," said Jennie. "It is astonishing what many scientists will suggest. The head of one of the important educational establishments offered to send to the region a man who had an infallible method of investigating the results of volcanic eruptions. The offer was not accepted for two reasons. First, no one else would have thought it as infallible, and second because for the copy copyright of the method a heavy sum was demanded. Yet all of the scientists sent in reports that no volcanic eruption had been witnessed there. And the war proved too that it there was no direct relation between rain fire and volcanic eruptions. Barger does not allude to the experiments made in the region, and it will be remembered that our Government in its wisdom gave ten thousand dollars to a professional scientist to discover after that first awful day where that very loud noise had come from. He predicted that he saw nothing else but "explosion" craters near Abilooma. He declared the explosions occurred near Fort St. Ann, across the Norma Run, not far from Abilooma, when it occurred it was a hot muggy night, and space was saturated with water vapor light showers occurring at intervals, but they occurred mostly before the explosions and continued long after the explosions had ceased to thunder. As an experiment in making investigation s, the explosions were pronounced "Not Volcanic Eruptions". Some believed a battery of storage munition dumps blew up. However it does not follow that the great detonations could have been followed by any fire, but this flood is wide spread. To sum up, it is a catastrophe which is not only a yearlong as to its chief causes, but as the most disastrous on all records."

as to its chief causes, but as the most tragic accident on our shores.
"The effect of the explosion would Gertrude" to make such connections may have been regarded either as physical, arising from the detonations, and thermal expansion or chemical reaction to the great amount of explosive material exploded and burned. We know the direct effect of such detonations was beyond measure and astonishing, the thermal effect too was unusual and the chemical effect must have caused most of the deaths. We have room for more argument, and that is the comment on the saying that the disasters must have been ground or level plain eruptions. But as the scientists insist, such statements are at fault, for the explosion debris does not as a rule show to be volcanic material thrown up in eruptions, there has been no lava coming from the eruptions nor any volcanic gases. An identical method was suggested a month ago for examination of the debris by volcanic scientists in their laboratories to see if they can find a volcanic material, but no one has arrived yet as to the success of the proposal. Finally with reference to the action of the explosions we have to try some of the work ourselves to discover the true cause. I intend for the beginning to send Starr in to Walter Starr at the first on the way to morrow if you please. Think it worth while. He can have to guide him later on, our friend Angeline Nichols for she is a great guide as well as a scout. We can ourselves try to find out whether it was a Natural Phenomenon of the enemy that caused this awful disaster."

"We have probably to guide us, only the records of the experience of some of the Scientists, who investigated the region of Ahlbiannu at the peril of their lives to several days. They climbed they had found objects of curious interests which would to be also curious in forest for the nation itself. Rumor also has it that they found something mysterious and on that occasion brought it to their laboratory for examination. At the same time some one else found something like a stone slab which when broken was discovered to be a white stone inside, but having an easily rubbed off black surface. This too was taken to be examined. R. R. alone then said and nothing else. We it seems have a firm our own opinion whether that rock was covered with the effects of emulsified navel or that was a part coal rock and also, white inside, and coal dust on the outside."

"What I got in a letter from Jennie Turner" said Angelina picked up was that some old works ago a famous Germanian scout, Captain Frank Stender standing on the top of a forested ridge near Alton and looking at a small cloud drift trail over the sky said he found something like many strange fragments of rocks and earth debris strewn all over the hill----a strange way of describing the form of one of those mounded "S Eruptions.". Although other disasters have been as plentiful as ever, we need not wait for any more to go on to make investigations, for it is not quite difficult to make the blame on the enemy, but it seems possible to form evidence against Glendelin in the wake of the Iron Trail.

He was forced to sit by a table, take pen in hand and this was what he wrote:

"I did not mean to shoot at you little girl. I am a mute and cannot talk. I'm just a citizen in the army on sight seeing and was out practicing with my revolver when I accidentally shot your window. But I believe it is no use. I am terribly handicapped because I am - somewhat near sighted and if you think I'm the man who tried to shoot you, then I am not."

The Vivian girls read the note, and then Jennie who always is the little "wild cat Princess" retorted sharply:

"I don't believe a word of it sir. I still think you mean to shoot on a of us through the window. And too if you are near sighted how were you able to shoot a pen out of my hand at sixty paces?"

"That's a good question Jennie" laughed An goline Riches "Here you" To the man, sharply" "try and explain that if you can. Write it down. And how can you write so good if you are near sighted."

He was forced to take up the pen, and he got himself held more
tighter by writing this whether he was truthful or not.

"I had no intention of shooting that ink pen out of your hand. I was trying to see if I could hit yonder mountain."

"Hit that mountain" retored violet herself "That man must be crazy. Call the soldier guards and have him placed in the guard house. We'll have him in vesticated in the morning."

This was done.

These two confessions brought it forth that the man was not any evil character, that at he was truly near sighted, and very bad at that. But when he was released he was given to understand that he was not allowed to carry any weapons therefore unless he could improve his eye glasses and get something to done for his eyes, for otherwise he was apt to shoot something or somebody he was not aiming at. He had been "relieved" of his weapons and empty cartridges, and even told that he might find it safer to leave the comm.

During this day all of the main Ahlsoot leaders, and of the privates who were to start on the expedition, made careful and hasty preparations for it. Gertrude herself with Annelie picked, as her leaders studied a large map of Ahlsoenn in one of the geographies she had with the hope of finding which would be the easiest way to go down to the wreck without traveling on the flood. For the further north you light go on the flood the less maybe the water might be if it was needed in that locality, and the less risk might be incurred.

"Gertrude said to Jean "Will you send or bring Walter Starring. He's in this camp I know. I came yesterday. But I do not believe he can speak Abniggonian and I will speak to him in english."

This great American scout, sitting for the Algonquian, came at the sum one and Gertrude indicated to him to sit beside her on the table. He was about only two years older than her by now, and a remarkable boy indeed.

"Do you know why you were called for?" Asked Angelino Pichon.

"I believe I do," he answered.

"Well" said Gertrude in English "It is possible that you can make it. I suppose you must be surprised that I an Abbeysnarian can speak speak such good English."

"I am not surprised, but did not expect it" he answered. "How come you know."

"Oh I've been studying it. I can read it too, that is why I believe I'm such a successful spy. Well I visited, and her sisters, your best friends plan to try and find out whether Glendoline was responsible responsible for this disaster or not. They want you to be ahead of us, to as to say beat the trail. You follow along the shores of this Norma River, and keep in sight of us. We are starting in soon as possible, but we would like you to go forth by September the first or sooner if you can."

"To learn the truth" starring guest d.

"Who is responsible for the destruction of Ah'l-ann."

"You say that's impossible," he said. "The flood has r eceded all traces of slugs. If anyone, any of us succeed it'll be a miracle."

"We'll pray for the miracle then," said Angelina Richens. "But will you do it or not?"

"I can have preparations to start right away." He answered. "I'd be glad of such an adventure. But when or how will you start?"

"We are not sure when we'll start, but we're going ahead of the Princesses as was their plan," said Gertrude. "If there is any danger of your getting lost, we'll send you a wireless signal and I'll tell you and bring you through. I'd go with you now but haven't made the necessary preparations. Please excuse myself, so the enemy won't recognize you."

With this Atarrin saluted and went forth to get ready.

As he was getting ready he found he had been followed all the way by Jean Gaundere.

"I forgot," she said, "to warn you, tell the mission to a one no matter who questions us. This must be a secret."

"I'll keep mum," he answered.

Later, while he was getting ready, he was asked by many boyscouts and soldiers of his own portion of the army, and even by soldiers and camp fire girls where he was going and so forth, but he told he was not allowed to tell, for who among them all whether a child, or man might not be a spy in disguise.

They were disappointed, but nevertheless it couldn't be helped.

A SERIES OF HAPPENINGS! THE RESULTS OF GREYS AND SACRILEGIOUS COMMITTEE BY THE GLANDELINIAN.

It was several days later when generals Hanson and Vivian, and Evans including the little girl, went to a large Angelinian Sanitarium at Santiago Calvarinia, to inspect thousands of wounded Glandelinian prisoners and he met patients Lieutenant suffering from a very ugly bullet wound in his left leg which was alive with worms. First of all as themselves told.

Hans Hanson and the others that the physician used all kinds of poisons to destroy these, and as no remedy proved effect, the sufferer had demanded of the doctor not to go to any more trouble as it was useless. For his terrible affliction would last until he died.

"Really this is something very extraordinary." The nurse related to Hanson. "In all the years of the doctors practice he had never seen anything like it though he had handled many a case."

"Where did you get this wound?" Asked Hanson of the patient. "At Cedarburg." Answered the patient. "Any the reason why it does not heal you shall know. As twenty eight years old when in the time before the battle of Cedarburg I was compelled by General Johnston Jackson Manley to join Hushum Manley's army. I was then a lieutenant. There were two other officers with me, Colonel Thomas and Major Frank Johnston. Being Glandelinians we had been influenced by the ungodly maxims of the age, in other words we were infidels, or rather three wicked striplings who prided themselves on having imbedded the child slaughter spirit. With the marching army which was desolating the Calvinian country we three fellow officers had a gay journey together and though taking no part in them we watched with pleasure the frightful massacres of children and the wanton destruction of the property of the Calvinians. On nearing the regions of Cedarburg we passed through a little village where in an alcove over the church door we saw a carved wooden statue of the Blessed Virgin. Despite the ravage of the war it had remained uninjured and instigated by Satan one of our number suggested to ridicule the superstition of the Calvinian peasants by profaning the image. As we had our revolvers with us Colonel Thomas proposed to shoot at the statue. With a roar of laughter Major Frank readily consented. I shrank with horror from incurring the guilt of such an outrageous and sacrilegious act. Yet fearing to be considered less brave than my comrades by failing to assent, I endeavored to dissuade them from their purpose. Thoughts of my good mother flashed in quick succession through my mind. I was mocked for my cowardice. Thomas loaded his gun and fired. The bullet struck the head of the statue right in the forehead. Frank was next—he aimed—the shot penetrated the breast—and he grinned."

"Now it is your turn and chase." They said. I dared not refuse. I trembled as I aimed and while involuntarily closing my eyes I hit the statue."

"On the leg!" Inquired Hanson.

"Yes on the leg above the knee where I was injured. You see why I cannot be cured. After this terrible deed we continued our journey. An old Calvinian woman who had seen our blasphemous sport said warningly: 'You are going to battle soon, this impious act will bring you no luck.'"

Thomas threatened her, but already filled with remorse of conscience I was vexed and troubled. Frank, although less affected than I was also despondent and irritated. We ended our days march in this painful mood having more than once quarreled among ourselves. In the evening we reached the main line confronting the massed Christian forces under general Vivian. I tell you it was no joy for me to go into battle on the following day the image of the outraged statue haunted me. Meanwhile everything that morning of hell's damnable carnage went all right for us Glandelinians. Vivian's right wing was reported annihilated, his center was pounded by storming assaults and during the fearful onslaught Thomas distinguished himself for exceptional bravery. But during the time when the whole earth seemed to turn into a seething hell, when the skies seemed to roar in hellish thunder of battle, General Vivian's center let loose a storm of both battle and artillery and musketry that roared as loudly for hours as if the world was melting inside the sun, a storm of shells seemed to come from everywhere, whole armies of my comrades were prostrated to their deaths in a single minute and in this confusion everything seemed

meanwhile into the trench.

to turn red, Colonel Thomas roared/ then suddenly fell with his face to the ground. Despite it being like suicide the other Glandelinian columns pressed on against that seething storm of three hundred thousand cannon. I and Frank hastened to pick Thomas up. He was dead. The bullet had pierced his forehead between the eyes, on the very spot the day before previously he had struck the statue. Pale as death. Frank and I looked at each other too horrified to utter a word. It was now that the Christian fire was at its fiercest, the attack of our forces being infallible. My God who was the fool that said that Glandelinian because beaten so many times before his battle was no fighter. I fairly cried at seeing the frightful massacre of my comrades. We realized it was a bloody conflict, that the Angelinians were bound to win under any conditions, and pressing my hand Frank said:

"Before long it will be my turn. Lucky for you that you did not see this."

The unlucky and unhappy youth was not mistaken. The time we were driven back with only fragments left to the whole line of recent assault during the retreat we were under heavy fire but it seemed as if I and Frank would at last escape uninjured. Vain hope. A flash shot forth from one of the Angelinian trenches where lay a seriously injured Glandelinian soldier. Frank felt a bullet in his breast. Oh general Hanson what a horrible death for a poor sinner. In agony he rolled on the ground calling for a priest. The godless retreating soldiers shrugged their shoulders and he expired. He was left lying by the wayside. From that moment I felt totally convinced that it would not be long before a bullet would strike me down. I determined to desert the army, find a priest and confess my sacrilegious deed but this I was suddenly made aware that I could not do. Meantime we engaged in various parts of the severer encounters of the terrible battle and as I still still escaped unhurt my fear gradually abated unfortunately my good resolutions also vanished. During the supreme fury of the battle I thought no more about the crime. But when the result was becoming general defeat for our side and we spilled oceans of blood, sacrificed millions of men, saw all our banners blood soaked and in shreds I was struck by a shot right where you see the wound. Thus the old woman's predictions were fulfilled. I still hear her say: "You are going to battle. But this impious act will bring you luck." My comrades were dead and in hell probably, and I came back wounded. At first the injury did not appear serious. The surgeon declared that in a few days I would be all right and could leave the hospital, but during the ensuing days the approach of Francis Vivianus terrified us he made a prodigious advance where general Vivianus' armies left off during the battle. I was wounded. Glandelinians were not able to escape or be rescued by the Glandelinians, and were abandoned and taken prisoner by the Christians, who were nice and kind to us however wicked as we were. Even in their hospital tent I myself had hopes that their own doctors could cure my wound but to my amazement which increased in terror I perceived gathering in the wound these innumerable worms that have baffled the skill of all physicians. Since that time I have dragged this wound around. I have tried every remedy but all have proved useless. It is true this punishment has changed me. I pray to God to cure me and I hope that is mercy but I do not complain. This affliction has proved salutary for many souls especially for my own. I am well aware that if I reach the end of my days in the friendship of God as a Christian penitent I owe it to this terrible wound. Then I shall consider myself fortunate that I had to limp. I have no hopes of being cured but I confide in God's mercy and trust to die in His Grace through the intercession of her, to whom I have offered such a horrible insult. So my dear reader Hanson and the rest realized these striking misdeeds of Divine Vengeance on the wicked Glandelinians. During the war up to this time the Glandelinians were credited thousands of supernatural powers of different descriptions and one was related to Hanson by another Glandelinian prisoner which went as follows:

"I was in general Raymond Richardson's Federal command before the outbreak of the frightful storm of battle at Cedernine and our armies have having attacked violently and vanquished the Christians with great slaughter and advanced successfully and rapidly toward Francis General. The inhabitants of this small town fled by four, but already taken flight, among them the parish priest. In the great confusion it had not occurred to secure a place of safety for the Blessed Sacrament which had been left in the Church. The Glandelinian villagers who still remained unconverted consulted as to a means of preventing the Holy of Holies from being desecrated. There was no time to do so. Call the priest from the next parish still in possession

of the Glandelinian Christian armies, and the villagers believing themselves worthy to carry the Blessed Sacrament in their hands entrusted an innocent child of seven years of age to carry it. This little girl held the Ciborium containing the Consecrated Hosts in her hands her father carrying the little girl toward the Blessed Sacrament toward the village priest. Well so unfortunately. Federalists drove onward to the town so furious that the Glandelinian soldiers, who were causing more terrible slaughter. Never had a more touching Corps-Christie procession passed through battle-scarred woods and fields. No sooner had they reached the vicinity of the town, the silvery tinkling of the bell preceding the Blessed Sacrament was suddenly intermingled with the roar of thousands of cannons in the distance, and the squads of Omarien Cuirassiers upon this small procession, shot the villagers down, strangled the child to death, cut her and her father to pieces pulled out her organs and fed the Sacred Hosts to one of their lieutenants before, and the others were shot and against their acts but was powerless to stop them.

The following is another, an example of an Angelinian priest's heroic sacrifice on the same battle fields of Cedernine. His church as another of the wounded Glandelinians declared was filled with wounded Glandelinian soldiers. Suddenly the roof was shattered by Artillery shells. And to the greatest consternation of all it was expected that the suffragan wounded Glandelinian soldiers would fall a prey to certain death. In this distress the brave priest took a piece of linen and with blood marked a large cross on it, then saying a short prayer he climbed upon the roof of the church. Right and left the big Artillery shells whistled and yelled and screamed and howled through the air and thundered in horrifying salvoes of explosions, a fragment of an exploding shell tearing away a piece of the very flag staff he held in his hand. But the courageous priest did not falter. Waving the flag high in the air he shouted in high tones to the Glandelinians immediately the furious bombardment at this point ceased, and the wounded Glandelinian soldiers were saved. In appreciation the officers of the Glandelinians coming up when the battle was over allowed no one under any conditions to harm this heroic Angelinian priest who was given his passport by Glandelinian Hermann himself so that the priest was allowed to pass safely through the whole Glandelinian army without being molested. During the same battle as told by another Glandelinian prisoner who was an eye witness. Another priest was nearly made a martyr at Cedernine for persisting in administering the last Sacraments to a dying Glandelinian general. The main division of this division was Francis General. He was with nearly all his officer generals were members of the Know-nothing party. The great Glandelinian general taking another leader named General. He was a member of the same party and president of the college of Know-nothings in Glandelinia. There were seventeen million Glandelinians in his command at Cedernine of whom five million (Omarians and Gargolians) were third degree Masons and Know-nothings. Father Johnston Hendrickson, and Walsh were among the Glandelinians as prisoners and when thirteen hours of fighting passed and the battle had surpassed hell's fury in horror, one of the Glandelinian generals a Catholic was mortally wounded by a shot, and was found lying on the ground in mortal agony by the priest who inspired the protests and warnings of his Catholic captors donned his vestments and approached the dying general with the Eucharist in his hand, when he was confronted by Francis Davis Schmidt a general from Free Mason and agent Glandelinian supplanting general at that, who jammed the priest for a papist, and seized him by the throat declaring that in his army or without Glandelinian generals no matter what religion they be would have to die without Catholic mummery. Drawing a pistol he threatened to shoot if a step was taken toward the spot where the poor general lay dying. Clasp his crucifix the priest replied that he must go to the relieve of that departing soul even though his own life be sacrificed. David with rage the Glandelinian General would have felled him to earth, but for the other priest and myself who suddenly covered the general with out pistol pistols and Father Hendrickson was soon at the dying general's side hearing his confession and administering the Blessed Sacrament. The soldier died while he was repeating the last prayer. It was at this moment that the hand some Cannon came up, and seeing what was going on he dismounted from his horse and struck the priest a fearful blow, hurling him down where he lay stunned and bleeding on the ground.

"Drop the cross up here." Commanded the general and some of the men reluctantly seized the prostrate priest by the fee tarred hair to the parapet of a captured Christian position and flung him down into the trench.

maning into the trench.

"The papist shall never see his Angelinian country alive." Exclaimed Cannonia and he le off by planting a fearful kick on the priests head. The blood gushed from a ghastly wound dying the white vestments crimson. The soldiers were in the act of pushing the inanimate body down into the trench when large forces of christians advancing in a general counter charge fell upon the landelinians shooting and bayonetting them by hundreds, felling them right and left with the butt ends of their guns and wresting the body from them and rescuing the other priest during the confusion. The landelinians fled.....

With the view of inspiring our readers with greater love for the holy vivian girls I intend to write a short description of the beauty of these little girls as prescribed by Jack Evans himself to Gertrude Angelina.

"Indeed for my part, human language is utterly inadequate to express the beauty of the vivian girls. The supreme loveliness of the celestial spirits as it sees us to us can be compared nothing with nothing like the vivian girls who far surpass everything that is pleasing to our mortal eyes. How exquisitely beautiful is the blue blue vaulted heavens, when like so many sparkling gems it is studded with many stars. All natural beauty and grandeur grows dim when compared to the charms and magnificence of the starry heavens on a tranquil summer night. Beautiful is the sun which because of its wonderful open splendor and radiance was adored as a divinity being by so many pagan nations. Beautiful is the form of the Vivian girls. When I went through the streets of the Abbeinnian towns the little girls were so attractive that people came flocking around to gaze at their lovely features and the mere sight of them turned mere sadness into joy and love. There is nothing yet that I have seen is far more splendid and beautiful and sublime and excellent than the angels and the little girls seemed next to them in beauty. They seem to have angelic spirits about them and all human beauty either of persons or things which has ever existed from the beginning of creation or shall yet be the end of the time is in comparison with the beauty of the vivian girls less similar than an ugly worm compared with the charming face of youth. And when they are so beautiful and faintly like they are I don't see how whatever there really landelinians could be so cruel to them and treat them the way they do. All of them were alike. But then if the rascals were forward enough to shoot at the Blessed Virgin as one confessed, who is more beautiful than any of the vivian girls and who had a still greater sorrow they surely could take pleasure in torturing children more prettier than the vivian girls themselves if there any such children. What I have seen in violence and her sisters suffer during this war makes me feel that landelinia should be wiped out. If I was general vivian and if any of the Hanleys were brought before me I would have shot them down like dogs. It is a good idea that at that the Angelinians retain all the prisoners who have been captured in order to force them without pay and even under the lash to rebuild the ruins of the Galverinians cities repair the desolated fields and farms and clear away the wreckage of forests. This work as I know is already under way and the landelinians are forced for punishment to build the ruined cities even destroyed by the Angelinians. This is I presume the greatest punishment than I have ever saw any landelinian prisoner suffer and is well deserved and I declare that this government ought to make slaves of the landelinian prisoners for all times instead of the time it only takes to build the ruins and for the duration of the war. In fact the landelinian governments are mad clean through over all the massacres of children that has occurred the wanton destruction of Galverinia and have several times notified a general Hanson that to their ideas Abbeinnian in Abbeinnia is going to interfere and that extreme measures will be taken to be forced upon the landelinian governments. Besides the past treatments of the poor vivian girls had maddened me so far that I am to the Glandelinian prisoners in my possession as a bulldog would be to a strange kitten if I let alone a similar one. I hate the very sight of a landelinian and the sooner I get him out of my command into the internment camps the better it is for me. Glandelinia has done a lot that should be atoned for and will if she wants to preserve herself from total destruction if we win this war. And to close his interview I will say for the first time that landelinia will pay us dear and what more all islands belonging to her shall now belong to Abbeinnia from now on or when they are captured, and no landelinian will be allowed to cross the Angelinian boundary line again. Though when the war is over I'm sure the

Glandelinian nation will never be forgiven for the murder of children and the wanton destruction in Galverinia.

Evans and the little girls went alone one day to see the landelinian officer who suffered from the incurable wound in his knee to the internment camp. This internment camp held about two thousand wounded landelinian prisoners officers and men many of whom were on the road to recovery. Evans examined the foot bullet that had been taken out of the mans leg and noticed that it was an unusual one as none like it had ever been known to be used, either among the Abbeinnians, Dombobians, Tripolgoigo, Tripogonians, Abyssinkillians or Angelinians or landelinians any either. It had a peculiar odor and Evans questioned the patient whether it really was an Abbeinnian, Galverinian or somebody else. "I don't know for sure." He answered. "The bullet gave me terrible pain after it hit me. I believe it has some mysterious poison in it that creates the venom."

"Where was he lying when he fired, and are you sure he was wounded, a man?"

"He was lying face downward near a abandoned trench when I passed him and when I was a few yards from him he shot me, and a moment after when I staggered to my feet he was gone." Answered the prisoner.

"It is no ordinary human being that has behaved so avenging the insult to the Blessed Virgin." Said Evans rather with sarcastic sarcasm. "It may have been one of the celestial beings disguised as a soldier shooting your companions down. As I know there is not a single single landelinian soldier who performed similar outrages that have ever escaped the vengeance of God. For your part it may have been an angel against your will as you state, but nevertheless cowardice for doing it for the fear of your comrades who were even far under your command. If you had not been a foolish man you would have used self will and would not only have refused to commit the deed but stopped them also. It is lucky you missed your aim or did not aim well enough or death would have been your lot also."

"Maybe I was a coward, but then I did not think of anything else." Said the patient. "I was repentant of it nevertheless but got no time to make any atonement for it. And I believe I could have escaped this injury if I had not entered the battle."

"Don't be too sure about that." Said Evans. "And as you are not able to join the other prisoners in the work of rehabilitating the ruins of Galverinia we may have to allow you your freedom when the war is over. But remember what you received for your past wickedness and sin no more. Glandelinia has been punished for her sins and never will forget the lesson after this disaster of war which has befallen her."

"I'm past hope for a cure." Said the patient. "And will probably walk around all my life with his loathsome wound. But by the fate of my two companions and of myself has learned me a lesson and I'll do my best to obtain God's forgiveness."

"You are the first landelinian that I have ever known that has turned out like this." Said Evans sitting down by his bed. "And this makes me your friend. I've met a wounded landelinian soldier during the battle of Apple Goliard that had struck the priest over the head with the blessed sacrament he was trying to rescue from the gray coat the blow splitting the priests head open and injuring the sacred article. During the part of the battle of Gubernineat Collyer and Stanek this rascal was severely and mortally wounded by a shrapnel shell and died cursing and blaspheming and vowing revenge in return for his punishment. Many others were alike and committed still more sacrilegious crimes and one of the vivian girls averted the risk of her life if you are the only repentant among all these rascals that I have ever seen and I congratulate you upon it. I will have to go now but if I can I'll obtain your freedom."

And Evans and the little girls left the internment camp.

"It certainly is some war." Said Violet. "And when it is over I will never forget it."

"Neither will I." Said Jennie. "It is simply horrible. And my what battles the Angelinian armies fought and lost and won."

"I suppose if you little girls were on your way to heaven, your only conversation would be about the war." Said Evans with a laugh. "But to be serious I think it is somewhat myself." Just at that moment Hanson met them having searched for the little girls having some news which he was impatient to reveal, as he loved to see them still happier and had decided to tell them at the first opportunity. Having met them he said:

Having met them he said:
 "I have some good news for you little girls."
 "Good news!" Gasped Violet. "From where?"
 One General Whillamsburger Zimmerman and Noble day Federal are here to see you little girls."
 "Are you in this come all ready?" Asked Joice.
 "No." Answered Hanson. "They are in general vians lines looking for you little girls. They are g going to make all the wicked landelinians apolgy for thar unjst enmity toward you little girls."
 General Hanson noticed a sudden brightening up of thar sweet faces.
 "Oh goody." Cried violet. "Our worse enemies will not molest us now. Thank god. This is unexpected indeed."
 It was the first time that Evans or general Hanson had seen their faces so radiant or saw them smile since the furious war began.
 "Oh uncle it makes us feel so happy to hear this." Said violet.
 "F Double day Federal is crippled yet and h is being brought here by his friends. AND you can see them if you like." Said general Hanson.
 "We will be there." Said violet. About eight o'clock that evening they got to their own main headquarters after being out all day among the other portions of the camp with Evans the little girls saw two purple unif. uniformed generals standing by a tree in the beautiful flower strewn garden. In conversation with thar father and uncle and glancing at them sharply the little girls recognized them as Double Day Federal and Whillamsburger Zimmerman. The latter supported with the help of a crutch. For a moment the little girls were mute with surprise and drew back.
 "I've come to see you little girls." Said Federal with bowed head.
 "I'm hartil heartily sorry for to hear of the offences of the rascally landelinians toward you little girls and will do all in our power to end it all as soon as possible."
 "Oh happy day." Cried violet. Her sisters bursting out with emotion. "Our prayers are answered." Four excellency general doubled day Federal she continued. "We love you. And pray for you daily. Heartily & heartily for gave all the landelinians who have wronged us but generally we blame this cruel war. I and my sisters are always suspected of spying on the landelinians and you know it is always the duty of a soldier to punish spies. But we know that as fierce as a man as you our friend Zimmerman as you are nevertheless love little children, and will avenged the slaughter of so many little children."
 "I never suspected that you little girls spied on the landelinians, and neither did we know you were spies." Said Zimmerman.
 "But the landelinians do not do that because you and your sisters are spies but because they are heart less wicked cruel men driven to their meanness by their wicked leaders. As you know the landelinians lust for strong revenge against God and persecute you little girls to defy him to cause your ruin and satif satisfy their thirst for revenge. But through me and your father the landelinians will not get any profit and will be humbled and punished instead. We will cause the complete downfall of the wicked Manleva as soon as we can, as they deserve all they will get. If we can get that man called the "TERRIBLE TORNADO" as we nickname ra Raymond Richardson Federal all will be well for he is the one who is desolating all the country, and has cursed not only the saints and angels in heaven alone but God as, also a million fold and so powerful is the rascal that if he wanted to he could save all these children from the horrible massacre. His word is law however and his men most who are human fear him so exceedingly that they do it through his trunyn trincially mys thosesnakes and wringling worms of eaten taking advantage of the sheer pishness of their demand murdering all the children they can. If I ever lay my hands on any landelinians caught murdering children the devil will hve them with him in the everlasting lake of fire. And the nevertheless for all you little girls suffered you still forgive them!"
 "Yes we forgive them." Said violet again with tears in her eyes. "We even will forgive the wickedest of them all."
 "And they have other wrongs by fighting against god." Said Zimmerman sternly. "There is no longer cause for enmity know betwen n you little girls but if you forgive them so will I and love them at large. Will that be satisfactory?"
 "If it is your duty to punish them if caught we can't help it and as to being left at large would be committing a sin your self." Said Violet. Again wesay that we forgive them come what may but we don't mean that we wished them freedom from p. punish punishments well deserved but sure we cannot stand it to see them poor fools sent to perdition without any chance of saving their souls. That would be horrible

besides he found their families and mothers if living could identify them. 64 four

i even if it is just to do so."
 "All right as you wish." Said Zimmerman. "But if you little girls are not saint's I'll eat all my uniform and sword too. And he one after another clasped them in his embraces and held them fast as the loving general he was double day Federal doing the same. Soon after the little girls left for another section of the beautiful garden so close to the entrenched christian lines. According to many statements knownall save the world the real cause of this great war raging fiercer and fiercer as the months go by we can state down numbers of depictions which had brought on the war and which I have to relate now before I go any further;"

I

1. First cruel conditions of child slavery.
2. The great Calverinian Cancer, which is the main danger brought on by child slavery.
3. Unjust treatment of the Vivian girls at Calverine, and various other p. pains in Calverine the year before the war in the month of January and probably February, 1912.
4. The massacre of children at Calverine during the height of the child labor rebellion. July 1911.
5. Insolently extending the child slavery horrors into northern Angellina July 1911.
6. The brutal treatment of the Vivian girls at Andean. October 1911.
7. S. Insulting the Angellinian presidency, threatening the Pope and fooling the Angellinian and Abbieannian governments when deanded to pay a fine for causing the Calverinian insurrection. October 1910.
8. Many wicked lies. October 1911.
9. Refusing to comply with peaceful demands and trying to force neverer Hanson to give up the child slave houses he took by force in his efforts to crush child slavery. October 1910.
10. Refusing to receive a peace envoy and threatening him with death. Also kidnapping vivian girls on many occasions. October. And November 1909.
11. Insulting the flag. Threatening the president, and placing the weaker nations already under the per protection of Abbieannia under the power of the landelinian authorities, and seizing many hundreds of their children, wring them from their homes to be slain if not capable of working which was considered as an act of p. piracy and as a assassi assassination. Met Venth not given. From 1908 to 1910.
12. Landelinians disguised as Abbieannians and Trispeligionians butchering children at Calverine and causing them the most horrible tor ures especially in Andean, strangling children to death, smothering them, and laying open their bodies while alive and left to die in that condition. Throughout the whole month of October 1910.
13. For their cruel massacre of men women and children at Beppeduring th the same month.
14. Setting the Ball-sell-tell-mell penitentiary on fire, Abbieannian pro party, with the Vivian girls lured into it, and because they escape lay the blame on them. February 12th 1912.
15. Governor Federal's almost successful attempt to blow up the Volcano Mt Calverine and ca causing a frightful eruption that could have wiped out thousands of cities had they been within thirty miles of her. This happens in the latter part of February.
16. Menies impudent invasion in making a short cut through Calverinia to suppress the Child labor rebellion in Calverinia. March 21 th. 1912.
17. The Crowley Massacre.
18. The torpedoing in 1848 of an Abbieannian ship loaded with children with the daughter of an Abbieannian King on it who perished with the rest resulting in the frightful Glandee-Abbieannian war of eighteen forty one and which had not been atoned for yet.
19. Trying to enforce conscription to draft Calverinians into the landelinian army which caused a general uprising throughout the whole of Calverinia thus precipitating the sudden outbreak of the war.
20. The assassination of the child labor rebel Anna Arenburg which was the most shocking child murder ever caused by the landelinian government, he sides the seize seizure of the Boyking and Blanglomsen islands in 1849 which were converted into the most horrible child slave regions in the world.
21. The seizure of the Me-Whirthan fortifications and of Arenburg in the earl early part of March 1912.

23. The Phalanx mystery.
 24. The Arenburg Mystery.
 25. The destruction of Calverine by the glandinians who in setting the Delth-tell-tell-moll powtentairv on fire caused a mighty explosion of the powder wing which shook down one third of the city from the cuncousie decousion, burned one quarter of it and once again placed Islet and her sisters in the greatest danger ever imagined.

boldly he found their fathers and mothers if living could identify them. For four days the coast was not a rumble of the crackers. On the eleventh day, a boat reached

Front CHAPTER SIX.....A-A-99

A TRAIN THAT IS MAROONED []---A HEROINE OF A TELEPHONE CALL. SOME ONE WHO HAD A NA MIRACULOUS ESCAPE. THE CITY OF OERTHIE ANGELINE FACES FLOOD PERIL. A PRIEST'S DEVOTION. THEN COMES A GREAT FLOOD OF INQUIRIES. THE ANFUL CONDITIONS PRODUCED BY THE FLOOD ARE TOLD TO WAR CORRESPONDENTS. EVERYWHERE, NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO WATER IS SEEN LIKE AN OCEAN.... A SECOND BREAKING NUMBER OF SMALL TOWNS SUFFER.....DESOLATION FOR SEVEN TEEN HUNDRED MILES..... LOSERS BECOME MORE APPALLING THAN ALL THAN ALL OTHER FLOOD AND EXPLOSION AND EVEN FINE DISASTERS COMBINED. A CHAPTER OF INCIDENTS. THE EXPERIENCE OF TWELVE SUFFERED BLENIGLOMNEAN CREATURES.....

THE EXPERIENCE OF A GREAT HEAD PERSON OF THE GEMINI..... 18.
 ISOLATION THAT IS MORE COMPLETE. THE THIALS OF EVEN BLENIGLOMNEAN CREATURES AND OTHER ANIMALS CAUGHT IN THE FLOOD. RESCUE WORK THAT SEEMS BEYOND HEROISM. TRAGEDY IN COUNTLESS HOMES.
 NORTHEASTERN ANGELINIA SEVERAL CITIES SUFFER, 100000 TON.

Of the many unusual situations none of them occurred excepting a most unusual one that could have been presented by the marooning of a Mic-gollister and Pandora train for fifteen days, near Little Franciscana with nearly three hundred passengers on board and most of them water and flood refugees. The situation was described by Mr. John Thomason, who was among the passengers.

"In this:

"First our train was pursued by a severe forest fire and after a three day's hard run we escaped that. Our train reached the vinyl vinyl vicinity of Little Franciscana on Wednesday morning just before the approach of daylight," said the man. "We were flugged by a farmer living near the tracks, who said he had been sent by the authorities to stop the train before it ran into a washout. He told the engineer he could go no further. No one had dared to go to bed that night, as the train crawled along through the rising flood. We were watching the rising waters come up and cover the houses. The first day the conductor and others, went to a house far above the water and asked if we could be relieving something to eat.

The owner of the house said yes, that I and all the other marooned passengers in the house could have anything in the house but all there was there were ham and eggs and not enough to go around for a hundred people. But the conductor broke into one of the express cars and found there about three hundred loaves of bread, and five hundred pounds of fish and some meat.

Six women did the cooking for the crowd. They had to remain on the train, all of us and eat there. I and others fed the people on the train in squads of thirteen.

On the seventh day, we got tired of eating in the marooned train, so we decided to take our chances in some of the houses still above the water, but we had to do so in the upper floors. We found a good supply of potatoes and other food. That relieved the ham and eggs, loaves of bread and fish diet for a while.

By this time, things were pretty bad. Also the sanitary conditions were becoming terrible, but we got good water from the tender. The engineer of the train was the only one who was cheerful. He even made the life of the party. Finally one of the passengers got after the railroad President and managed to be drawn out of Franciscana at about six o'clock. Six hundred labors had been working on the track for fully two days, and had rebuilt it as far as Franciscan Junction. The train was backed sixteen miles to there, and then off the track went the engine. So again we had to get out.

The Mayor of Franciscana with his wife were on the same train, and when we were compelled to abandon it we had to leave the Mayor on the train with his wife.

He was very ill and could not be removed, and a doctor who had been on the train volunteered to stay with him until he could be removed. So we left them at Franciscan Junction.

Sixty wagons had been provided by the railroad however and we were taken twenty miles in them to Aberdeensburg. All of the way the water was up to the floors of the wagons. When we got to Aberdeensburg at ten minutes to ten on the twelfth day of the flood, we had supper at the only houses not touched by the flood. Flood and thysere they were on high ground.

At eleven o'clock, we left for Urpo City on a train that had been backed in from Phealntonburg, where it too had been held up by the flood. Then we ploughed through the shallowest portion of the flood until we reached Alhambru. Most of the way three feet of water was over the tracks..... We had therefore to change trains

at Glendale, and we got to Agton at two o'clock after running running on track covered or water covered trucks, through what was through was a miraculous trip on a miracle train through the big desert. There we could go no further. Elsewhere the flood was dangerous and as deep as a sea. All of us remained at that town which fortunately though surrounded by the flood was on too high a rise of ground to be reached.....

Questions like these presented in the flooded soil sections of the country will always bring forth either in this story or even in reality the best that is in men, and with every similar disaster new heroes or heroines are made. Among those in this part of the disaster who are being hailed as saviors by their fellow Angelinians and others, is Hendor Henrysonia, of the Telegraph signal office of Angelinia Agathia. Angelinians, and Californians too, owe their lives to this good wizard of the telegraph wire, whom both the Californian and Angelinia State Governors declared was one of the most wonderful men with whom they had ever heard of for heroes.

"He saved millions, where Hans Hunschia saved one."..... said an admirer. "He got many to go out in boats and obtained rescue work despite all risks, discomfort and fatigue."

Another account was that of a heroine though sick at home in the north end of Dorothy gale city. She had noted the flood sweeping the city all night but then to no degree to cause alarm, and naturally she foresaw only damage that might be done to the wires.

Despite her condition she hurried to the telephone office as soon as morning came on. Soon afterwards she received a message from the Wire Commissioner of telephones at Jennica that that town was flooded by a deluge, and though the waters saved the town from total destruction by the near approach of the dangerous forest fires nevertheless thousands would perish unless aid came at once. This young telephone girl whose name we'll say was Miss Ann Santor knew it was a case where either one or the both states should step in. She called up Governor Hendro of Angelinia State. And the call was received by him at his residence at Mombi. At that time Mombi was not yet touched by the flood. Therefore that was the first news the governor had received of the flood. In a few minutes Miss Santor had Governor Hendro and a large number of officials and high members of the Gemini, and General Henry Josephburg in communication with the flood districts..

A special train was sent off for Dorothy gale and Jennica, loaded with boats and rescuers and got there just on time before the flood washed away the tracks, and bridges. They saved every one at Jennica, then repeated the great work at Mombi where they even had to rescue the governor himself and his wife who ran into great peril in rescuing others themselves. From the minute Miss Santor heard the appeal from Jennica till late Tuesday night, three days after, she stayed almost constantly at the switchboard, snatching sleeping only two hours of all sleep each night. Miss Santor, weighing scarcely one hundred pounds, less than five feet tall, a child in appearance, did indeed a feat of endurance unsurpassed during the entire duration of the flood. And she saw all she desired of the flood waters.

It was through Miss Santor that after his rescue Governor Hendro directed all the operations of the militia and rescue parties. It was through her that the governor and all his assistants were able to find out conditions from hour to hour in the flooded districts.

It was Miss Santor who with the governor in communication hour after hour with other rescuing parties at Angelinia Agathia and elsewhere, and with the Mayor of Angelinia Agathia, the one man in the heart of that worse of all flooded city who for only four days who could communicate with the outside world. Even then Miss Santor did not work without an ache in her heart..... Her husband and two children were critically ill at home because of catching one of the plagues produced by any one of the disasters of the past, countless lives depended upon her upon her work work at the exchange-----she had to choose between her love for her husband and children, and her duty to her fellow men and women-----as if she had nothing else but a soldiers choice..... A light flashed on the long distanced board. Miss Santor plugged in. It was a personal message from her home. It was a special and trusted nurse that was talking. He told her that her husband had Ulcer or the Red Disease. The Specialist was at the house, waiting. Mrs. Santor matched the head receiver from her head, her eye was thought to get to her husband's bedside. She stared or started from the board, and then stopped. The nurse was calling "Hello. Hello. Your husband wants you to say at the switch board" said her mess message. "He says it is your duty. He says the suffer of many thousands may millions depend upon you.".....

So Mrs. Santor stayed. On the second day after she had received the startling news, she startled the governor of Angelinia State by notifying him that the great great Heitor reservoir dam was breaking. If it should go it would mean the complete destruction of every living soul in the flooded regions. She then got the

told her to find their families and mothers if living could identify them. For four days the priest ate not a crumb of the crackers. On the eleventh day, a boat reached

Ol Governor of Angelinia State into communication with the nearest State Authorities, and a large gang of engineers, soldiers, prisoners and others from Alton, and a thousand construction men were rushed to aid the reservoir employees exhausted from fighting the flood which surrounding a portion of the dam was undermining the walls. After a most desperate effort the dam was saved..... The same work was repeated in effect at fourteen other big reservoirs which had been slightly or gravely affected by the consequences of the explosions. But Mrs. Santor's work was very continuous. She even kept track of the advance of the flood waters, and of the spread of the uncommon forest fires as long as her line remained open. She notified exchanges hours ahead of the floods and they warned whole cities and townships in the flood's path, or those in the path of the "Red Plague". Mrs. Santor had great success in notifying the people of the Chickadee valley, from Little Eva St. Claire south south to the Central Californian River, and the whole Mic-Jollister, Mic-Whither and Aronburge run eastern valleys of the approach of flood or forest fires with the result that they fled pell-mell from the danger zone....

"....." The most cool and collected and comprehensive girl I have ever known" said Governor Vivian himself, and he had not seen the woman in person. Some of the most miraculous escapes of some of the survivors of the disaster even if they happened in this story or in reality could be almost beyond belief. Many were the stories of those who rode down the flood torrent on rooftops which experience of any thrilling story was not ever read of in any thrilling fiction book or magazine, and even then if submitted to the most sensational magazines they absolutely could be respected as being too widely exaggerated or improbable.

As witnesses themselves stated to some war correspondents one man his wife and six children simultaneously were hurled from their beds by the lurch that the House gave as it was drawn out into the powerful current. The man the first one to get up rushed to the window, and saw trees treetops, myriads of houses, stables, outhouses, fragments of wooden bridges, masses of debris and wreckage, and every kind of furniture rushing forward and onward, with his own house in a flood so wide he could not see across it. As the building began to settle in the water, he was forced to chop a hole in the roof to escape as the rising flood which invaded his second story bedroom, his family being first aided by him he going last... perched on the rooftop, he saw the flood at its worse. Here and there was a flash of cloth on the surface of the water, and sometimes he could distinguish in relief against the yellow water the white spot of a little girl, or some other persons face....

Suddenly the house crashed into some obstruction and split in two. Then with a grinding sound, the current tore his half house free again and swept it on. When the remnant of his house was finally stranded he was rescued by men in boats. His wife and children were still on still on the other half. A number went out in motor boats and after some hours reached and rescued them. An old lady was a nun who when rescued from a floating tree, where he had perched four days and nights, with the flood sometimes driving him dangerously close to the shore where a tremendous forest fire was literally raging alongside and following the course of the flood. In a floating tree next to him was the body of his eighteen year old daughter dead from no horror and exposure. Through all those horrible days he had been forced to sit idly by and see his daughter slowly dying before his eyes.

Although so few dead bodies throughout the flood region have been found as yet it was said that when the waters would recede the piles of wreckage would yield a whole army of corpses. It was pointed out that the swirling currents in the flooded districts probably would hold thousands of bodies beneath the weight of tons of debris. And it would probably be that the identifications of the bodies would be extremely difficult. The impossibility of identifying the more badly damaged bodies will mean that some fathers will wait for months, never giving up hope for the return of those whose bodies have long since been buried. The flood continues on however. A member of the City police when he reached Angelinia Agathia View bridge rescued a woman and her two little children who were starving. The children were wrapped in her blankets. One of the men who lives in the vicinity who afterwards was rescued from the upper floor of a house, declared that the woman was his wife and the children his. It made no difference in which direction one turned, the same stories were everywhere. Over in northwestern Angelinia State the situation at Angelinia city was almost as perilous and tragic as at Dorothy gale or Angelinia Agathia. For ten days it was impossible to secure any account of the real situation..... Following days and nights of awful suffering, pestilence broke out among the two hundred thousand refugees in the big refugee camps near East Jennica county, a combination of small pox, diphtheria, rabies, mumps, measles, Typhoid, and scarlet fever and every complication of diseases having been reported in a ravaging form with a forest fire bearing down on the camp to hot foot.

At first because of this fact a strict quarantine was being established, which included everyone there. Some priests and nuns were given an opportunity to leave the plague stricken districts of the camp before the quarantine was entirely established but they chose to remain there to continue corporal works of mercy.....

Worn out by the hours of intense suffering, several persons gave up their lives in the refugee camps, and the numbers of unfortunates who might have succumbed to the raging floods close by could only be a matter of conjecture. Six of the sufferers died in the same hour. One was a mother who had a few minutes before given birth to a child. One or two other babies were born during the night, and it looked as if the little ones would survive the awful ordeal, although their mothers hovered between life and death.

Added to the horror of the flood in this locality and of the plagues raging in this refugee camp, a high tempered forest fire which appeared to have swept the entire portion of the forested sections not touched by the flood, sent terror to the hearts of the sufferers, who fled from the threatened towns and villages. Many thousands fleeing from the town of Chila and many ill by the pith of the flood close to them strove for permission to get into the internment and refugee camps from outside with the forest fire heaving that way. Those still far from shelter of any kind while continuing to flee prayed for safety from the scourge. All through the night outside the camps could be heard the wails of the people who came fleeing up. And as the moans and shrieks of the sufferers floated over the superheated atmosphere, wails from those within the temporary refuge joined.

George Cassowary was rescued by two gemini members after most thrilling attempts. He had sent his wife and children off in a boat in which he said there was no room for him. The flood had driven him from his home and he was finally forced to climb a tree on the bank of the river or flood rather. Here he was seen by the two gemini members, who rode up and back and forth time after time and then floated down. Each time as they observed they could not even reach him, they asked him how much longer he could hang on. Finally half numb from exhaustion he shouted he could hold on more than five minutes more. The last time fortunately when the two gemini members floated down, the man fell faint into the boat.

At all points of the flooded districts a law and order league was to be organized, with the Mayor of every city and big town to be at the head of the league. Every city was to be divided into districts with a superintendent in charge of each.

But the question of the distributing of food was to be a question when so little of it was at hand. In every town or villages could have been seen hundreds and hundreds of persons marooned in second or third story windows of their homes, appealing to passing boats, for food, provisions and water. It was estimated that two million people have left the stricken towns for places of shelter, and are being cared for in refugee camps or in towns and places far outside of the flood zone but still apprehensive for towns said to be not in path of floods were menaced by forest fires every day. There seemed just at present no safety anywhere and the refugees did not know which way to turn. The relief committee is trying to discourage the influx of people who came to the stricken regions at any risk to bring help provisions and food with their own hands. The situation throughout both states is becoming more serious every day.

Railroad officials and the relief committees also are urging all refugees to accept the hospitality of every municipality outside the range of flood, and forest fires, and warning all refugees leaving for shelter elsewhere to go anywhere but not in the location endangered by the "red plague". They hoped to relieve or to be relieved of the temporary care of three million people by sending them safely out of the towns and cities.

The business district of Angolinia Agathia by the 25th of September began to slowly emerge from the flood, which was receding two inches an hour. The current was yet so swift on many of the streets that it was impossible to investigate in rowboats or other craft the districts in which may have occurred heavy loss of life. A story of a real fathers devotion and that of a priest unrivaled any heroism in the flood, and was related by several of the nuns of the St. Peter's School who were marooned by the devastating flood. The flood caught them all at school hours. Ringing of school bells warned them all of the approach of the flood. The children of the lower rooms rushed to the upper classrooms for safety. Yet one glimpse from the school windows showed them the school house was already surrounded by water. The priest who was in the children's school at the time went down in the lower rooms to see if any children still remained for fear or otherwise, and to secure some food. He had barely sent three or four children up, and had time to secure a number of food cases when the crest of the flood hit the schoolhouse. He nearly perished in the room, escaping to the upper rooms, the flood hit his heels, as he leaped from step to step, and he found the sisters trying to quiet the fears of the younger and even older children.

In that moment the picture of this good nurse, trying to cheer up the little ones, struck like a sword to his heart and tears came to his eyes. He pressed the box of crackers into the hands of the head sister, and then went up to the attic to see if he could make an exit to the roof in case the flood could reach to the top story. He seized an ax and began to dig a hole through the roof.

For ten days or even more, he the sisters, and two hundred school children sat on the roof and living only on four crackers a day. One of the nuns wrote a note, the others doing so also giving the identification of the children, and asking if their

could be found their fathers and mothers if living could identify them. For four days the priest ate not a crumb of the crackers. On the eleventh day, a boat reached he marooned children and their charges and it took a whole day and night of many trips back and forth to get them off. It was the afternoon of the next day before a boat came back to rescue him. No story of the awful catastrophe could be complete that failed to note the work in behalf of the suffering Calaverinian and Angolinian states on the part of the many great newspapers of the cities of these states, as well as the war correspondents, and even busy foreigners and the like. The far reaching effects of the flood, and the forest fires and other disasters could on an account or in no other way be more clearly illustrated than in the reports of all newspapers, war correspondents and for the work of the many identification bureau bureaus established by the newspapers and war correspondents. The Pandora daily News in a report while hundreds and hundreds of cities alone not counting towns and villages were almost cut off from the outside world by flood, explosion horror, forest fires and the efforts of the enemy armies and tremendous battles, devastating raids and all the horrors of war says: "!!!!!!"

"We are still handling inquiries for nearly 200,000,000 people, inquiring about the 234,789,000 homeless, the condition of the country the nature of the quadrupled and complication of disasters, plagues, the forest fires and the like, and all of whom are trying to find individuals and families in every nook and corner of the disaster and war swept states of Abissinia, and especially of the flooded sections of Northern Angolinia State. The inquiries came from nearly two hundred and fifteen million inquirers, most of them Abyssinians, Conventinians, Bombobians and other residents of many other states, all residents of cities and towns not touched by disaster yet of any kind...."

And to make it stranger and more thrilling, the people for whom all the Abissinian newspapers are searching live in forty nine big flood devastated cities, four hundred towns, and forty eight bigger cities of all either reported in the path of the forest fires or totally destroyed by them of these two big states, and also in all the hundreds of cities and towns in the flooded states elsewhere not even heard from or from which the communication can be obtained.... obtained....

One of the nuns of St. Gertrude School at Yombi in the face of a emergency won credit and admiration by walking from Mombi to Jessica to the gemini of the Good Shepherd a distance of nearly eighty one miles. The nun walked all the way from Mombi to Jessica with two other teachers. All three were relieved at guests at the Seminary. They left Mombi early on a Wednesday morning and walked along the edge of the flood.

"I had no change of cloth clothing or uniform for four days," the sister said. When the blocks of building in Jessa Jessa was on fire, they thought the Seminary would be destroyed also. I therefore hurriedly gathered what clothing I could find and climbed to the top of the building. I crossed with many other sisters over the roofs of thirteen big buildings and descended the fire escape.

The first night we all sought refuge in a refuge in a big hotel with a big crowd of others, and cheering and consoling them without hardly a rest when they became apprehensive because of the rapid rise of the flood. I and my followers were the only nuns in that hotel, and they appreciated our presence immensely. I never for a moment thought anything else but that every one in that part of the city would be saved. I knew the other sisters of the school would be greatly alarmed about me. Finally we left Jessa and headed southward for Gertrude Angeline city. After we got there we again found we were stalled, as that city too was flooded and no trains were running. I telephoned my other sisters from there and told them that the city was in peril and that the flood had reached so far that every street in Gertrude Angeline city was good for boating. Many houses there were threatened. A priest in that city they told me worked day and night for forty eight hours rescuing many persons, and then had to be rescued himself. The priest himself told me that he rescued about two hundred persons and did so at great peril and difficulty, doing it himself all alone in his big skiff. He took about thirty out of floating houses in Gertrude Angeline and brought them to a hotel. There the flood overturned his skiff and he in turn was rescued.

Gertrude Angeline city, he told me was flooded for ten days already and the flood was increasing at an alarming rate.

No trains now could come out of the war storm centres in any direction to carry refugees from any section of the flood and forest fire territories, and the refugees that could get away went by boat, horseback, or by wagon automobile through points but that could be traveled and they were housed or refugees in other cities and towns told thrilling stories, described picturesque scenes, and gave wide views of the damage wrought, whatever disaster they went through they told, either flood, explosion or forest fire, even some with the glandelinians themselves. Many of these after many days of travel on foot reached Francis Atlanta, or Pandora to find flood here also. The situation they told was far beyond any comprehension. Some trains had tried to go out but were delayed for hours, even many days to reach some of the refugees.

When most of the stories told by the survivors were of the same tenor, all were were able to give a graphic description of the horrors, and all told of real to thrilling miraculous escapes from death. The situation being made because none of the railroads were able to get their trains through from any points could not aid by any measure the great influx of refugees from the war devastation areas, who had the good luck to be able to leave the stricken cities by boat, wagon on foot or other means. "Christian or Christina and others" written in the story book Pilgrims Progress had a good time in their adventurous travel in compared to the thrills perils and difficulties of all of these refugees. Many faced not only, peril from forest fires, flood and other dangers but also from landolinian vandals and no forth hidden in ambush. Many had to make long detours as they would have walked plumb into a glandelinian encampment. Some told of finding themselves dangerously close to ravaging battles. Battles then raging. Among those who told vivid stories of unusual horrors of the catastrophe were, Johnnie Anderson, on No 1916 south Forty Ninth Street Angelina Agathia. He made a sixteen day trip on wagon with only a single horse to pull it, and being compelled to beg for food on the way. The other was a member of the Gemini Henry Page. The reports of these persons agreed on the fact for this story that the loss of life while small had even then been somewhat exaggerated but that the losses immeasurable damage to property could not be exaggerated by any amount of the wildest reports or stories. The property damage they said was beyond a thousand years estimation.

Another said "we were on a large skiff and during our trip for shelter we were for nearly three hundred and fifty miles without a sign of land. We had a hard battle with the wrecks floating toward us and we had to avoid the floating houses. There was a strange darkness for a long time or always since the flood started which even up here still prevails. There were many dead animals and others along the route but I too believe that the reports received here will be exaggerated. In one town alone there was millions of dollars worth of property damage however however and no figure made out in this direction would ever reach the actual loss."

Herman Irvanna who fled from his home was another who passed through the flood and came all the way to Pandora on foot. He was in his home at Fombi when the flood was just at its start and he escaped a high place just at the nick of time.

He paid his tribute to the people of every city he saw as flooded. "The people withstood their suffering and rallied significantly," said Mr. Irvanna. "There were heroism displayed by men and women alike on every side in every town, city or village. It was a good showing of courage that was unsurpassed by any acts of heroism I ever read of in books. The dumb animals were not even neglected by any one and they even risked much to save their pets. One man followed me part of the way dressed in his underwear, and in his hand he carried a small kitten."

Again a member of the Gemini reached his own hometown from Big Girl Knool with a solitary Glandelinian prisoner held on a charge of attempting to blast a dam to increase the flood disaster. The Gemini Members name was Grandsonia Hens. He too gave a vivid description of the devastation caused by the flood.

At "At Big Girl Knool the waters covered the railroad tracks," he said "and it was necessary for the firemen of the engineers of a refugee train to station himself on the cowcatcher of the engine, armed with a long stick in order to determine whether or not the train could proceed without the water reaching the locomotive boiler. He found the further the engine went though slowly the deeper the water was. Finally the engine could go no further. The train carried food and clothing. The supplies had been picked up at Andrews, Grinn, and other towns on the line still open from the north to Big Girl Knool. These towns furnished large supplies of bread, many cases of eggs, and clothing, and medical supplies. At Mic-Hollister the train picked up a carload of boats for rescue work. The train reached within ten miles of Big Girl Knool and could go no further. Therefore what could be brought of the supplies were carried a cross a narrow strip of the flood on a temporary foot pontoon bridge, and loaded on another train furnished by the town of Little Girl Knool. But this train also could not proceed, and the provisions are still waiting to get into the cities. The number of dead in Big Girl Knool so far as we could learn will run about 456, y to 500. Fever and disease from the unsanitary condition following the high water might increase the number of deaths, and also it is reported the plagues caused by the past disasters is spreading fast. They say a 100,000,000 are ill and tens of thousands are dying every day. It is terrible."

We boarded an engine near the town and then we took some chances in going on but as I rode through the city where the water was not high... It was so dark even in the day time when we reached there, the sky being heavy with immense rolling clouds with hardly a break anywhere, which betokened the smoke of burning worlds when the end of the world is coming that as felt the same as if it was about to happen. We could not see any bodies floating in the water, but many of the marooned told us that all conditions were bad though the flood was not threatening to go any higher. But what added to the misery was the continued darkness. I saw day or night many persons wading in the water in the streets, and a few were driving baggage, and wagons about hauling supplies. Motor boats had been brought in to rescue the persons on the boat house tops in the flooded districts."

Another one who was interviewed by a correspondent said to him - "I'm from Gertrude Angelina city. The thing most needed in Gertrude Angelina city is continued pure drinking water. A special train loaded with water coming

coming from the south was later sent out on the Angelina Run, but had not been heard from. More than 10,000 refugees from Gertrude Angelina City reached Pandora with us on the Friday following the flood. They obtained boats at the edge of the city, rowed to the Lake Angelina, and then obtained a train of refugee boats for Francisanna. At Francisanna they boarded a motor boat train for Pandora. The water rose so rapidly at Gertrude Angelina City that few persons had time to escape from the low section of the city and had narrow escapes from being drowned. In the city or courthouse there, were quarred nearly three thousand of the homeless. And the condition of the men women and children in that courthouse" said the refugee "cannot be described. They are crowded there with no food except a gallon of milk and a few boxes of crackers now and then. And then when the milk was served there was scarcely a tablespoon to each person in the building, when we left no arrangements had yet been made for the caring for the sufferers. The arrangements could not be made, even though Gertrude Angelina is not so hard hit as many of her neighboring cities are."

Three other refugees lost their lives in an attempt to reach their families in Gertrude Angelina city. The men left Jessica and reached a farm home in the flooded districts after a ride on the flood in boats, and of wading. A boat was loaded from a farmer and the three launched it in the water. As they pushed off the farmer ran down to the edge of the water shouting "Glandelinians, Glandelinians, look out." But it was too late. A squad of Glandelinians appeared and because the three mistaken for three Christian spies could not stop the Glandelinians opened a heavy fire. The farmer was the first to be killed. The pursued three in the excitement lost control of the boat, it struck a fence, the bottom was torn from the boat and the three men drowned in the swift current.

Henry Maxwell of Angelina Agathia, after reaching his flooded hometown after being twenty days late, declared the union Munson Mic-Hollister and Pandora depot in Gertrude Angelina City was flooded by ten feet of water when he passed through on a boat. "When we left Gertrude Angelina city the flood was rapidly rising and the streets were flooded, and men were making their horses swim through the flood. The river at San Standbury was a sea, when we crossed the highest bridge we waded in water. A hundred towns near Gertrude Angelina city were flooded. Marcucian, Viviana, and John, were flooded badly, and all roadways and tracks were under twenty feet of water. Just outside of Gertrude Angelina city the engineer stopped the train and was afraid to run further north. The passengers declared they were of course willing to take the risk, and so appeared to be in a long submarine boat of some kind instead of riding on a northward bound train.

Indeed the ash box on the engine was flooded, and the firebox barely barely escaped."

IIIIII IIIII. Indeed the usual useful consolation for any history or story book I beyond any power to describe properly, but it seems nevertheless that the forest fires were somewhat more devastating, and the floods had saved many a place from entire destruction altogether. The unusual thing about the flood, is that it covered more territory than all the other past floods combined, and yet the loss of life was nothing compared to the past flood disasters, the loss indeed even being remarkably small for the magnitude of the flood.

In the great calamities that befell Dorothy Dale city, Angelina Agathia, Big-Girlknool and other places, and hundreds of the more important cities the public lost sight of the havoc wrought by the exceedingly great forest fires, past flood and explosion disasters and rising of waters at smaller places. In an investigation a scene of desolation that defies a million books full of descriptions was uncovered between Gertrude Angelina city and Jessica by the slowly receding waters of the floods that even leaved the shore banks of the various rivers. Wreckage of the houses of once prosperous farmers and country folk was strewn for hundreds of miles beyond the normal banks of some of the rivers, and refugees could find little consolation in the inevitable prediction of such a small loss of life, because of the incalculable property damages, and of the forest fires cutting off all outside aid for them, and of the dangers of Glandelinian armies revealing Christian armies coming to take aid. And to intensify their suffering so many of their loved ones had fallen in battle or were in the army.

Not the slightest word or signal that might be construed to be hopeful was received from any big city for months after the flood. No word could be heard even from Gertrude Angelina city or Jessica, and it was feared the latter was no more. The latter is located on a site submerged to a depth of a score or more of feet by the immense tidal wave that swept the valley. Wire and railroad communications with the city were severed after the last bridge was swept away on Sunday a two weeks after the outbreak of the flood and that time water was entering the heart of the city. In fact it was evident Jessica was the more sufferer of all. At Glandelin the loss of the wireless had been accounted for but all of the houses have been swept away, others in the neighborhood also, and thousands are homeless in the town of Western Junction. 1000 towns are swept away.

It could be seen that for months no amount of telephone or telegraph communications could ever be established with any town or village. The small villages of Enricha mile east of the city of St Elizabeth was wiped out, and many other villages close by also, but some news brought from refugees gave the glad tidings that at least the higher section of St Elizabeth city had not been swept away though the city of course was hard hit. According to the story told by the refugee, he and

his family and a number of refugees from the bottom lands near the city of St. Elizabeth city were safe in a farm house on high ground. The city could be seen from the haven and while the city was surrounded by a sea and the lower section of the city was beneath the flood the inhabitants could be seen moving about on high ground. A partly written note coming all the way from the city was found in the streets of Angelina Ughia begging for assistance for St. Elizabeth, and from this it was believed that many were perishing, but it developed that it was a plea for food for the refugees. Efforts were made to dispatch rescuers from cities not threatened by the flood with supplies, and these tried to cross the immense flood in boats, but the flood had isolated everything, and though telephone wires were only grounded by the flood no communications could be made with the city, needing aid so bad. The rescuing parties that ventured down or up the flood far above St. Elizabeth city reported that partly submerged houses were visible in the neighborhood of all sections, and in the neighborhood of Childstown. No telephone messages from the district were received, but the settlement was also widely scattered, and by eyesight only small details of the destruction or of possible fatalities could be seen or be secured.

Hundreds of brave men in boats cruised about in the still water above St. Elizabeth city, looking for salable salvage and for any bodies that might have been swept near shore, but they declared later that no corpses could be seen passing down stream from the districts above. Several attempts were made to reach floating objects believed to be bodies of victims of the flood, and when it was accomplished they proved to be floating logs. It was said that about sixteen hundred to five thousand towns and cities were not heard from and they too surely were in the path of the flood that extended for seventeen hundred miles in width. Here is another picture from St. Elizabeth where really no lives were lost but where the suffering was intense because of the rise of the flood day by day. Many teams of flat boats carrying twenty to forty boats apiece, and provisions were sent down the flood to the scene from Galveston. Our thousand well armed marines were on board resting with their feet out of their boots for the first time in a strenuous forty eight days, and told of conditions on the return, said the new number of towns and cities flooded was record breaking. They themselves in rescue work at St. Elizabeth and other places near by had been exposed to heat, and wet every where. They stated they had been on great heights and as far as they could see there was water everywhere like an enormous sea or ocean. Crowds of thankful flood sufferers gathered on the shore of the flood when it finally left the stricken city. Wet and splattered with mud they stood all of them thigh deep in water, and cheering the marines. An old haggard woman who looked very faintly tried to press an orange, which she had just received from one of the supply stations on one of the young marines. He refused it.

St. Elizabeth forty days later when the flood receded was a city under a black "bog". The "bog" was mud and slim and water soaked debris. The slim and sand lay from four inches to twelve feet deep over the city and so soft you could sink in the ooz and perish if not careful. All sewers were stopped, and the city water supply was out of commission, and drinking water had to be used from the flood after boiling as no other water could be had. All electric power was out of commission. In the business districts the streets were littered with the flooded out contents of thousands of stores. Lamp posts, and electric light poles were draped fantastically with weeds office furniture, furniture of all kinds, parts of furniture and great masses of half burned trees. Probably the flood in this locality must have devastated a burning woods somewhere with good effect.

Frame buildings which were swirled along on the waters were being extricated from the fronts of structures into which they crashed. Everywhere when on a high view could be seen nothing else but a vast sea of receding waters and debris and floating houses. In northeastern Angelina State, where immense districts and many whole counties disappeared under water more than four hundred towns and cities stood in an immeasurable sea of water, and 45,678,000 were rendered homeless there. The flood there was not hindering rescue work however though it was devastating.

Hans Henderson a street car motorman or motorman, who engaged in the first rescue work was jerked from his boat in Maxwell city when the current in a side street swirled him against the side of a house. He was washed under a fence, and carried onward by the flood. Despairing of being saved he was about to give himself up for lost when a rope was thrown to him from shore and he was sagged dragged to safety. The body of a ten year old child, a boy was found on shore.

In the northeastern part of the city of Turpe Junction which was twice menaced by the forest fire, and now a victim of the flood too, and where the tracks of a number of railroad lines including the Sendon, Mc-Holleston and Pandora, and the Abbeville and Galveston disappeared under the water, more than 10,000 persons stood in the shallow water to greet a small relief train that came northward from Southeastern Angelina. Indeed willing hands assisted the rescuers in getting the boat up into the water. The head rescuer put six men and a coxswain into each boat. Some trouble started when excited men and women pushed forward along shore and insisted upon assistance being given first to this marooned family and then to that. Several boats were sent out in response to these appeals, but one of them was accidentally upset by a Blenglomenean creature that sat in the

the water and which it struck. The creature rescued the crew and swam away. The officers in command of the rescuing party decided much more good could and would be done if the work was conducted systematically. Accordingly, routes were assigned to the boats, and per a persons who knew the streets put in the bow of each. These men knowing the locations and number of persons in each house, directed the rescuers. The flood victims were then rowed up to the shore of the flood, and placed in wagons and automobiles and rushed to shelter on much higher ground. All of the houses in the neighborhood of the landing places were thrown open to the rescuers, and women served coffee and rolls to the men who tramped soaking wet all over. There was acts of heroism unbelievable among these men. In fifteen days they sent their large ten oared boats into the swift and dangerous currents, and made trip after trip to the landing places, place bringing back women and children, and men. At times when the rescue boats would draw up to the landing place men and even women could rush out into the water and lift the women from the craft and carry them to safety. As fast as the boats could be emptied they were sent out again. Small boats were also used which did service in many places the larger boats could not reach.

Fifteen hundred persons from houses to places of safety by the rescuers who had their boats and outers in the fierce currents of the sea flood, which made a river of every street of the city. Through the roof of one small house six women were released from a dark attic where they had sat for four days without food drink bedding or light, and ignorant of what was going on outside their prison.

Evidence from every section of the flooded country show that in all places the horrors and extent of this new flood was far worse than all the other past war disasters combined. The flood like that of Abbeville had been surpassed a hundred times. The destruction of property was immeasurable and worse than all past floods. Millions of acres of land were flooded. In all cases rescuers trenched throughout the flood carried out residents in boats. Even as far as could be reports by refugees coming from every section of Angelina State and other flooded states show that in many places all flood disasters put into one in the country during the past had been so far surpassed that even if the loss in property would be estimated at trillions of dollars that would only be a trifle. Thousands of cities and towns had been ruined in Angelina State. Thousands of cities were flooded with devastating effects. The loss in property was immeasurable and the news of it caused the Governments of every state and Abbeville too much concern and anxiety. It was the greatest flood on record and fortunately during the war to be the last of such magnitude. Many others happened afterwards but they were trifles.

Reports from every section of Angelina State, Angelina State, a portion of Southern Galveston and in many other states showed that in many places the high water mark of the Abbeville flood and other big ones just recorded in the early part of the war had been far surpassed all combining in one even. In one even. It can be said that probably millions, not millions but thousands of millions of acres not only ever in every river valley but elsewhere had been flooded. And since other disasters past thousands of acres of land had still even then remained under water from early 1912 until now and still showed no signs of receding. In all cases rescuers carried out the residents in boats. Usually of many disasters floods may be considered the most dreaded but just now for good reasons the forest fires raging on both sides and around the flooded area was the worse as it evidently was a frustrating all efforts of relief from the outside.

At Glorianna Junction where the coming of the flood forced five hundred thousand persons to flee from their homes, no attempt was made under any conditions to operate the traction cars, while at Chichadee where the flood made nearly thirty five thousand homeless and drowned three hundred, property damage was estimated at \$4,750,000. At Gaudenden where twenty two were drowned the Marion River receding the waters of the flood ever its still remaining levees reached a stage of more than thirty one feet after rising a feet an hour. There the traffic was suspended as the town was threatened. The city of Evangeline St. Claire at the junction of the Evangeline St. Claire, the St. Ann's, Anna and Ava Maria Rivers was still flooded but not to an extent to force the inhabitants to go to the upper stories. However the electric light plant was submerged and the town was without light for three weeks. The three big pumping stations there were also put out of commission. The city to be famous for the big christian victory there just recently past was without fire protection.

At Pecora-Kekame Little Eva river receding the flood and overflowed all of its big protecting levees and companies of soldiers and national guards guards men and citizens patrolling the levees to prevent them from being blown up by the enemy were forced to continue their patrolling in boats. The water in some of the streets was eighteen feet deep and rushing like an enormous mountain current. The homes of 34,567 persons were submerged. No lives were lost but thousands of very narrow escapes were known. Here also the light, sewer water and gas plants and hundreds of important factories were flooded. Many persons were rescued from second and third story windows by the few boats available. Rafts could not be used because of the swiftness of the current.

The flood loss at Hurnton could have been estimated at about \$1,500,000. The flood loss at Hurnton could have been estimated at about \$1,500,000. The water flowed in all the streets deep enough to wash away all

all the buildings had the current here been strong enough. All of the factory districts were flooded, and the stocks of all the plants destroyed. The headquarters of an enormous circus in this city was under sixteen feet of water. One graphic story can be told of the experience of twelve Belgiglonesean features in the flooded flood. They were at the time according to some witnesses lying half asleep or so in a broad valley. With the first two feet of water spreading over the valley, the large Belgiglonesean structures of which there were twelve, though surprised when down by the current of the flood and then got caught in the deeper parts. They were hurried through the streets of a small town, uprooting trees, and knocking over houses or frame sheds before they could recover themselves sufficiently to master their own movements and fight against the increasing current of the flood. They finally made it for made for shore and then stood in line looking at the flood as if they did not know what to make of it, and did not know what in the world had happened. Most of the plunging the young ones especially went floating down the crest of the flood huddled on pieces of wreckage or swimming with the torrent. All of them later secured the shore without any injury whatever.

An enormous unknown about two thousand feet long was last seen swimming in the middle of the flood pushing before him a jam of wreckage, and seemed not at all upset by being surprised by a flood.

At Henrietta Town two hundred and fifty five thousand persons were thrown out of employment by the raging waters of the flood, which arose to such an enormous height that all of the big industries were compelled to shut down. All of the plants suffered alike, and the loss to the industries by being first compelled to shut down and then be badly affected by the flood is enormous, beyond beyond comprehension. The flood was the worst experienced in Henrietta since the city's existence, and though it had experienced the floods of the other past months, and in this one many millions of dollars damage was done.

The sudden swiftness of the flood and how they brought such unexpected desolation to hundreds of thousands of bright homes and thriving communities could be told in a hundred thousand countless diatribes.

Here is one from Little Ann a pretty little northern Calvinian Town of about fifty thousand inhabitants. With fifteen persons reported dead, swept away in the flood, many others missing and even unaccounted for, and all of the entire number of inhabit inhabitants homeless, this town is cut off from all surrounding territory. Mayor Henryson of this town saved himself by catching hold of the roof of a floating house, and he estimated the number of dead as high as one hundred. The Mayor was marooned on the floating house for two days, and was rescued after great difficulty.

Many hundreds of persons were marooned in trees, on house-tops, on floating masses of wreckage, and other points above the water. Lines of their would be rescuers desperately tried to reach them and shouted words of encouragement to them. At the beginning of the flood a wall of water twenty feet high rushed through the main section of the city as all bridges connecting the main sections had been rapidly washed away, and this made the estimate of the number of dead and damage done almost impossible. As in all instances during the flood everywhere else reports have come in that whole families had been wiped out existence by the score, even in the first rush of the waters, but no one could however prove these statements, as the rescuers found no bodies. As darkness of the sixteenth day of the flood gathered in weeping women and children lined the west banks of the flood sea, either waving handkerchiefs to their loved ones marooned in houses for days and trees in the swirling waters, or prayed for them and begged rescuers to help them. In one tree a dozen people had been clinging for two days and repeated efforts to throw them a rope was made, but the rope could not be made to reach them, as the current of the flood pulled it away.

Elsewhere nearly fourteen families were thrown into the flood, when a big house on whose roof they had taken refuge gave way. All were rescued, one being carried down the course of the flood for eight hundred yards and then being rescued by a dog who pulled him to shore. Just as one of the bridges was swept out, a girl clinging to the roof of a small house which was being swept down stream waved a red cloth at the people on the shore and then was lost to view, as the house crumpled when it struck a wreckage jam. By climbing into a good strong tree Rev Tony Gengene, Pastor of St. Anne Church had rescued six children and three women. Taking a rope with him the Catholic Priest fastened himself securely to the tree and threw the rope down to a man who with the two or three women and the six children were being carried down stream on a house. All were hauled ashore. One little girl was rescued as it floated down the flood, another child was seen in mid-air in the middle of the flood but could not be recovered.

One of the probable first real stories that should be and could be very... very interesting, if not exciting and scary, was that related related by the Head Member of the Gemini himself, Hendro Joseph Dargay, the famous of all the Christian spies when he reached general Vivians army which was encamped about forty miles west of the flood and watching Manly's movements near Cronia village. He had been in the flooded country for over twenty four to twenty six

days. In his watery adventures he missed great spying and scouting and other duties in Big Girl Knoll roads and Rood's Junction, and barely made his escape with some of the heat of his members.

"It was terrible, terrible," he said holding his head wearily, when he left general Vivians headquarters, and ran in a rode in a sort of daze to his own tent. "I'm going to retire early, for I'm so worn out and tired from my experiences, and I'm sure the rest will do me good. This tent is as good a camp of well you say, call it heavenly rest."

On a long wagon train which reached general Vivians army from the locality of locality of Little Big Girl Knoll after detouring over plank and dirt and other roads and risking the chances of encountering the fierce "red plague" were William Schloeder, and about ten other of his chief staff who had been gathered up on the way. All were exhausted and their horses about prostrated from encountering and enduring the fierce heat of the distant forest fires.

"Your Little Girl Knoll we hold a special council of purpose of proposing what should be done concerning the disasters of the past, to have investigations made to see who were responsible, and then having our plans well made, went to bed well pleased," said general parger still holding his head.

"We did not know a big flood was raging again, and when we were to start for general Vivians army having received by wireless the whereabouts of his camp, we were told that all railroad tracks and roads were gone, and the telegraph and telephone gone and that all of northern Angelinia state and many others were experiencing the worst flood of all time. I was surprised. Nevertheless we were directed to a new detour and while endeavoring to run around the flood came face to face with a big conflagration. Forest fire you say? Don't talk about it. It was a world fire. We found we might possibly get a wagon train by going to Chickadee Junction thirteen miles away but fearing the forest fire was coming on the town doubted whether we would get there ahead of it. But we decided to try. We got together five small wagons, loaded our members and some soldiers, and prepared to start. The forested plain below us burst into a great sea of roaring seething flames and smoke with the roar of a great applause from a million people, and from the night and noise one of the team burst or bolted down the road and smashed my rig. For the rest of us was the flood.

We loaded again in the face of the heat of the distant forest fire and continuing on our way again soon reached the flood just west of Turnburg. Then broke upon us the real fullness of the horror, for we saw a sea of yellow swirling water at our very feet, and at many points of the turbulent flood were tossing many whole houses with persons screaming from the windows of the roofs. I was spellbound as I watched for a long, long, long time. Then back we went to Little Girl Knoll, the horses exhausted, and one of the carriages broken. We arrived at the clock the next morning after an all-day flight before the increasing line of the deluge, and nothing accomplished.

We set out for Grainsburg that following day being a Thursday by driving forty miles to a genterville, southern Calvinian. Where we were not fugitive of the flood we were of the fire. I remember going through one ravine where a branch of the flood was rising through filling it with rushing water four feet deep, and this partly saved us as a wing of the forest fire over took us and we had to remain in water or for safety. So all allowed ourselves ourselves to be as wet as possible. The others laughed. I didn't. I prayed. And when we reached Santa ville we were no better off, for all the roads were gone, and though the town was safe so far from flood the forest fire was forcing itself ahead and toward the town like a sea of molten flames.

And then and then we got to Gladstone city. I nor my followers cannot tell you how, except that during the trip we lost nearly all our of our baggage and so never recovered them. Then secured an old only then running train but the engine and tender ran off the track, and it took twenty four hours to get them back. Then we crawled along to the village of gl. jansen. There we hoped to find a telegraph wire open, with the hope to snap off a message to Angelinia. But our hopes were in vain. We however finally beat it, and it took us more than four days to make the trip, leaving no time for rehearsal. And if you do not believe the completeness with which the raging waters performed their work and how little they retarded by man bridges and all kind of levees and barriers it is only necessary for you my dear air to go through the experience I had when before entering Angelinia Agathia I came to the little town of Chickadee Junction and saw that man suffered, and the anxiety they felt about those around them.

We got there after much difficulty, and found the flood had reached its crest at this little town, which was cut off from all the rest of the world by washed out bridges, which prevented all trains on its six line railroads from reaching the town from any direction. As a consequence it has had no newspapers or outside news of the flood.

When one of its citizens by a small stroke of luck came into possession of a Angelinia Agathia newspaper, he was the hero of the day. The whole town assembled in the top floor of a large building and the man for their benefit went through every page and item of the flood news. For a read the news.

there as the building threatened to go to pieces. "I would have fallen into the hot water if it had not been for daddy." "....." exclaimed the little girl, who was first of the four to recover sufficiently to talk. A large frame house was soon floating down with the immense flood. Four women and six children were in the windows. As they neared the Big Bend Street bridge they saw a crowd at the crowds on the edge of the flood, and the building struck the pier. There was a great crash the bridge collapsed, there was a swirl in the muddy waters, and a little further down stream the debris of bridge and building appeared, but none of the women and children. And everywhere everywhere the men whose duty it was to face the angry waters found their places again unflinchingly along the edges of the raging inland sea....

Two hours after he arrived home from Aberdeen, Angeline Vine State, where he and his men rescued sixteen nurses, twenty eight marines, and fifty seven Nuns and eighteen hundred children from the Central State Catholic orphan asylum, he saw many men under Captain James of the City's War Department life saving station doing all they could to to rescue the children, and he joined in and saved them all. Tragically at the orphanage at St. John's Town was followed by hysterical joy upon the arrival of a large number of marines to the rescue. A short time before volunteer life savers attempted to rescue the occupants of the orphan asylum and two boats with three nurses and fifteen children aboard with the volunteer life savers aboard were struck by wreckage and set afloat, and all but one child drowned. Following that fatal accident no further attempts to remove the Nuns, Nurses and children were made until the arrival of the Marine and government life savers. Huddled in the rooms on the top floors of the building, of which the first two floors were entirely submerged, the life savers found six hundred and twenty children, sixty Nurses and Nuns, and two of the employees. But two boxes of Unadorned Biscuits remained in the pantry for food. And they had been marooned for sixteen days.

Since all the other disasters of the past had occurred and with this following big one, one of the big problems caused by the tragedies in millions of homes and great numbers homeless and ill from plague, and many millions more added to the homeless because of the "Red Fire Plague, and of such a problem which the authorities of the whole nation including all including the states and cities had to face everywhere, inside, and outside was the method of getting provisions and of feeding the immense army of people made homeless, who were still homeless, from disasters of the past and who were marooned in their homes, when no kind of communications could yet be established. Indeed a record breaking famine was ensuing and hundreds of thousands had died from starvation owing to the terrible list of those who perished in the disaster. In the southern California part of the flood and the immediately surrounding territory a picture of the situation there was furnished by a Jesuit correspondent who was in the center of the water swept district.

" Hundreds of thousands of families, May millions in all flooded districts of that State alone spent nearly a score of days going hungry, terror, terrors by the ever rising waters, and in all instances absolutely without a cent for their longest hard earned savings. Everything is isolation, devastation being everywhere. In a district of 10,000,000 acres of country not a single Man can be said or attended and all churches and all contents have not been saved could be saved. Not

the History of the nation has a flood brought such a disaster, or such complications of disaster and no aid can reach any one as both river and forest fire cut off every communication whatever, so try boating in the flood is tant amount. Millions of billions of a acres are still under water from the old floods alone and twice as many trillions of acres of land are under water because of this new one. May the whole nation is suffering from floods and from the most inexpressible plagues come cries for help in vain from countless thousands of families still imprisoned in imprisoned in the worse flood on record. Hundreds of trillions of dollars in the loss. Relief crews can be at work only in the larger cities affected by the flood, and they can do little. They try to work where the disaster is the greatest at risk of their own lives, but their work is progressing slowly and there is no hopes whatever when they will be able to answer all the calls for assistance.

"The former firm themselves a million men fighting them cannot stop. Two hundred towns already have been burned up and scores are afire. In cities less affected all the schools, fire stations, hospitals even big churches, refugee homes orphan asylums and the like have been burned to the victims, and every effort is being provided to make succor as rapidly as possible. Hosts of strong men are working in the stricken cities, food from higher stores not endangered by waters is being supplied in small quantities and volunteer workers are thronging to the assistance of the police and the national guards which are doing their utmost, but this is not even able to be in ordinary cities. Only in Angelina Agathia, Big Girl, Kool, Jennico, and Dorothy Dale can even this little be accomplished. In all other sections no aid can be done for each other by even the biggest of the American

The section flooded is as big as the far away country of the United States and Canada. CANADA combined and the deepest waters is said to be nearly three hundred feet, and all river courses of smaller streams are being obliterated or wiped out of existence, and bigger rivers are running swiftly moving seas.

One of the most serious problems or phases of the flood of the past disasters

and of this past or future one raging now in the proposition of feeding the 500,000,000 people in the flooded regions, those still humans by past floods, and the extra 10,000,000 made homeless by forest fires, and in many cities and towns of smaller places that were taken refuge in the upper stories of their houses and refuge to sea or leave. Nearly four hundred persons took refuge in a big hotel at Aberdeen, Ga. and all plans made to carry them a motor boat full of sandwiches was of no avail, when the reader can therefore consider the vast expanse of country affected by this miser flood and of the vast territories that are still under water, and baked & by immeasurable forest fires, and which disaster came by explosions in the sea banks following the battle of Evangeline St Clara. It seems that instead of the enemy doing it, that the very heavens had opened their flood gates. In the beginning the horrors of the situation at Angelina, Acutha and the conditions at Dorothy Gals, and points elsewhere down the flood zones, and of the many places singled out by forest fires ad attracted the attention of the world that they almost lost sight of the disastrous results that followed the flood horrors of the past, despite the frightful loss of life caused by them. This flood was a "miracle" considering its immense size, great property loss, and yet so small a loss of life.

The great state of Anguillia doing all its best in holding out its hand to the suffering humanity in five other states, and the five worst states and explosion shaken, terrible territorial misadventure, and to give aid to both our own and northeastern Anguillia states toward which the flood was extending, was itself obliged to pause and count the cost of a part of the flood in herself caused by the rising of the beautiful genuine Miami River and other streams within its borders which receiving the northward flow of the immense flood was unable to hold all the water and literally flowed over the lowest lands. The disaster was extending immensely and blasting was done at other towns to try and release some of the water and prevent a complication of disasters there. In northeastern Anguillia state bordering the eastern corner of California, and the southern boundary of Abu e Abu, within its hundreds of cities and towns and other points were turned into water at once. All streets were made into canals, magnificent buildings flooded and the basements filled with water; fires in furnaces and engine rooms put out, drinking water supplies put out of commission or cut off, telephone and telegraph communications interrupted with, railroad traffic in that section now hindered also and the thoroughfares filled with muddy water and slime. "....."

Here death anywhere did not stalk in the muddy waters but the filth that was washed into the towns and cities by the raging waters threatened to precipitate an epidemic and caused grave fears. It is estimated that the loss in Abyssinikila Abyssinikila City is \$10,000,000, in Baidoa ville from flood and fire \$22,000,000, and in other places \$100,000,000 or more. Abyssinikila city suffered from lack of drinking water, lights but lack of water was more than any other thing. All bottled water advanced twenty cents a bottle of small size, and there was not nearly enough to supply the demand. The Governor of Angeliinia State met the situation by taking up with the Angeliinia Agathia state government Commission the matter of bringing water from that place, until the filtration plant could be repaired but found Angeliinia Ag. Agathia could not even help herself.

In all cities and towns the inundation of the filtration plants left all cities and towns in the most grave danger of an epidemic of typhoid fever. Lack of clean warm filthy water caused through the mains of every city and town, and all the health authorities warned all citizens to boil water, but nevertheless the water was so filthy that even after boiling it many were afraid to use it. The majority of the people found it almost impossible to buy water in the cities and many went again into the unflooded sections of the country for a supply. Many of the big highways, bridges at Peloton, and others at Gunnings went down and the railroad bridges recently built across the Mc-Gilester Run near at Abyssinville Junction was damaged beyond repair. In the vicinity of Pine bridge some rural districts suffered severe damage.

Residents in those flooded sections passed many days and nights of misery in semi-darkness even during day time. Cellars were flooded and the houses damp. The police and others were besieged with demands for help and the city officials furnished food to those who sought it. In Gannings the water in many places was ten to twenty feet deep. One third of Abyssinikila gate was submerged. In ~~the district~~ ^{the town of} Resenbung city across the river from Abyssinikila city much more damage and suffering was caused. The loss of logs from lumber companies being swept away amounted to many millions of dollars, and the damage in the lumber district near Abyssinikila city was exceedingly heavy. The first loss of life reported in northeastern Angoulina came as the result of the flood was reported from Hendros junction. Many houses were swept away, and a hundred were reported drowned. The flood situation in Northern and Northeastern Angoulina became acute. The city of London with sixty thousand inhabitants was cut off, while all of the city of Caldwellville was a thing of the past and half of Carnation village was inundated. Because of receding the flood waters every stream in northeastern Angoulina and southern Abyssinikila Abyssil Abyssinikila broke through their protecting lee levees or overflowed them.

Many villages x villages in the valleys between the Evangelina St Clara and Angelina Agathia Railroad line were cut off from railroad and wire communication and many of them were swept away. The property loss can be estimated at many

millions. Glendale, Orleans, St. Louis, and Galumau, Alhambra, Hottin and many other cities added to the numbers that suffered nearly as much property damage as Angelina. Agathia and her fellow sufferers. In the eastern end of the state of Abyssinilia the Gentile and Hobart valleys experienced the worst flood in the States whole history. In the city of Turin all power plants were put out of commission, street car commissions and cars and barns and tracks wiped out of existence, many buildings destroyed never to be repaired, and schools and factories filled with refugees wrecked with a great loss of life among the refugees. The south end of the city was wiped out, and many had rescued residents there in boats.

In Guimandu the water front street streets were submerged to a depth of thirty feet, whole districts of buildings were swept away or piled in wreckage, a new Galveston horror raged here for thirty days, and there was immense property loss with a life destruction estimated at seventy two thousand. Scores of thousands were homeless. Walterand reported her highest streets under ten feet of water with the flood running the speed of a mill race, with all the citizens marooned in those the upper stories. Two hundred were drowned here.

The many huge plants of the Hanson and Vivian general electric and Abbieannian Locomotive Companies in Turin city were wiped out with an immense loss. The whole country was being paralyzed.

CHAPTER II.

THE MIC-HOLLISTER AND ERMINIE RUN LEVEES..... COM-
ED TO DIMINUTE TO HAVE OTHER CITIES..... GREAT ATKA IN NORTH-EASTERN
ANGELINA STATE, AND SOUTHERN ABYSSINILIA LAID TO WASTE..... BLENDING-
FROM CREATHER DRIVE AGAINST FLOOD TORNENTS..... BLANDINIAN CHOUUR
NOT DOWN..... SITUATED ON A LARGE FLOATING ISLAND..... A LEVEE BREAKS
BEFORE PRESSURE OF FLOOD..... DEPERATE FIGHT TO THE HILLS..... STEPHENOUR
MYSTICUS DAYS AND NIGHTS IN NAPOLEON..... ARYSSINKILIAN FLOOD TOUGHER
A MAN WHO WAS NOT AFRAID..... COUNTLESS DEATHS..... ONE WHO KNEW
OF AND PREDICTED THE DISASTER.....

The unexpected and wild rise of the great Mic-Hollister and Erminie Run Rivers, a thing never heard of in these Galverinian states before, because of continually receiving all the waters from the slowly receding floods and the new and bigger flood combined, and which for days and days nay months threatened and did exceed anything ever known in the history of streams of world disasters by rain only, and not by Galverinian Flood conditions made it finally necessary for the authorities of the States through which these rivers ran to adopt extreme methods along the whole many points on the States of Abbieannia, Dandobia, Tripontonia, northern Galverinia the levees were ordered out and explosives were used to form a breach which fortunately relieved the pressure at Sacramento, Abbieannia State, Pandora, of same state, and other big river towns along the frightfully flooded Erminie in which was even overflowing the levees at some spots.

A survey of the conditions along both the big rivers which was made with great difficulty on October 2th a month after the flood disaster began could be a basis for the following report showing the general situation:

The levee was ordered out at Sacramento, Galverinia State north, to save life and property as the Erminie threatened that city and many cities and towns along its whole stretch, and at this point where it was commonly a river six miles wide it was already twenty miles across and moving like an express train, the waters roaring like a Niagara Falls. Dynamite and T.N.T. was used to make a breach with the result that the pressure was considerably relieved.

The Big Pandina, Galverine and Pandora levees which protected the main drainage district and which was abandoned, went out to the northwest of its own accord and this was of some benefit to the cities near there as the high waters were thereby released. No cities in that locality were affected as the levee separating the main city of Sacramento itself from the drainage district, remained intact.

Long before the big Pandina, Galverine and Pandora levees went out the water had climbed up two to three feet over the railroad tracks, and the Executive Committee at Sacramento, considering that further preventive measures was really

useless abandoned that district to its fate. It became well wrecked so far as dwellings were concerned, and half of the town was being deserted, and many big commercial houses suffered great loss. The Brandern levee on the Abbieannia State side, a large affair also went out, and another was blasted. The enormous levee in front of Hansons Lake, Felon Kauffmann Concentinia state, was reinforced with rock gravel and crushed granite and limestone. The region however was flooded, but a general break there now it was said would mean the flooding of about sixteen hundred counties, and would give impetus to the already swift current of the Mic-Hollister and Erminie run and other rivers and probably would mean great destruction along the upper and maybe lower Erminie Run Levees.

Mayor Henry Quier of Sacramento city, Abbieannia state issued the following statement at the critical hour:

Prospects are considered to be to be slightly favorable to successfully take care of approaching floods at our sister city of the same name in Galverinia, now coming out of the Erminie Run River, which waters is coming from a flood which is greatly exceeding the floods of the past months in Galverinia Galverinia, provided levees to the south and elsewhere hold or where no future levee breaching will not need to be necessary.

Flood conditions in northeastern Angelina state and southern Abyssinilia with hundreds of miles of land being laid to waste, and elsewhere and flood conditions along the Aronburgs in that neighborhood were declared by the oldest citizens to be the most desperate in their time. The waters from the flood rose the river the river itself two foot to four a day, and stood only two feet and one inch from the top of the concrete walls built at Levee No. ten. The rise was much faster than ever seen during the effects of even a cloudburst in those regions. The disastrous flood conditions because of rainstorms threatened to go before the disastrous waters of this flood. Every city and town in this locality threatened by the immense flood sent its women and children out on every train while the men remained behind to work on the levees to raise them so the floods would not overtop them as it was evident they were withstanding the flow. The weather was so far as smoke from distant forest fires are concerned was rotten, hot and smoky. Unless men acted as switchmen, loaded baggage, unloaded sand, clay and

olay and lumber, while every one else, clerks, office employees, citizens and even priests, the Cardinal, bishops, and every one who could work handled shovels to strengthen the levees and dikes. Then men went to work with hand pumps to keep the streets clear of seepage water which came under the concrete walls. The water rose in places in the city of Alto to a depth of a foot.

The situation in this city became very precarious as all railroad communication was cut off by flood and fires. First the Groverton and Bainbridge railroad went out of commission, then the Abyssinikian and Calvinian and also Angelina, entrail railroads, and finally the Evangeline St. Louis and Angelina Agathia, and a score of other railroad lines were shut off. A food famine threatened here also as a result.

The inundation of southern Abyssinikia and northeastern Angelina was complete and very disastrous. The flood waters rose to a level with those of the main flood, and with those in the Erminie and other big rivers, and fortunately were prevented from flooding into the Aronburgs run only by the San Salvador and gautaulamaula levee. There were in Abyssinikia alone from 1 to 1,700,000 to 9,000,000 acres from 17 to thirty feet under water, and fifty towns were entirely submerged. The greater number of industrial plants in the cities in this section were submerged up to the third story windows, and smaller houses of any number were completely under water. Hundreds of big and small Hainigilomene an creatures caught by the floods while asleep swam the flood waters either in condemnation or delight but struggling a hard at times to swim against the current of the torrent. One of the most thrilling of the stories of Perryville Junction southern Abyssinikia was told by Colonel Hunsdon, Regimental officer of the Abyssinikian National Guard. They were rescued on a raft from a section of the San Salvador levee, which is 10,000 yards long and forty feet wide, and floating down the flooded Aronburgs run when a portion of it broke away. Thirty hundred men were on it, they claimed were on the main levee section, and were marooned with the water rising higher every hour.

Captain Munder of the City Naval Reserve at once arranged for a big and most staunch raft, and started out to rescue the Abyssinikian soldiers. A man who understood the course of the rapidly moving flood, went along to guide the rescuers.

There was a very swift current in the flood at this point and the safety of their men caused the commanding officers much worry. The regiments were on military duty in the town which had been threatened for many days on account of the spread of the flood, and the race in the launch drawn raft furnished a thrilling adventure seldom equaled and never read in fiction. A large subway which was the only passageway from Perryville Junction into the drainage districts was blocked to save the city. The place was boarded up and hundreds of carcasses of sandbags placed to hold it secure. When the workmen abandoned the levee of San Salvador to its fate they were brought brought into the city and set to work on the river front. Ave. H. corner of the St. Vincente Catholic Church who also had charge of relief work in former flood disasters again was appointed to be at the head of the Relief Committee. He had about two hundred and forty assistants, and a large temporary hospital, which was arranged in a large refugee camp on the shore of the flood.

Sacramento City is situated on lowlands fork of the two rivers Erminie run and Micopolistef run. Rivers. The safety of the city fully depended absolutely on levees from all sides, and there was no way however by which people walking or on trains could escape at all except by going back into the drainage districts. Consequently hope is always placed in boats and prepared rafts in case of great trouble. About three quarters of the population of the people mostly women and children left the city on the first alarm. At a meeting between officials of St. Francis County Abyssinikia, the city of Sacramento General Francis Henderson of the city of Sacramento and General Francis Henderson of the Abyssinikian National Guard it was decided to place the entire situation in charge of the general himself.

As soon as the authority was given to the general he detained squads of soldiers to go along the levees of both these great rivers as far as the drainage district and compel every one who is able to work and not already engaged to help reinforce the levee. There was no need of this however. Engineers were called into conference and asked for descriptions of weak points that special attention might be given them. The Abyssinikian National Guard which had headquarters in the woods near the city, moved its equipment to a large train of wharf boats which had been brought down the flood. This placed all quarters of troops on boats. Two additional Regiments, one from an Abyssinikian army near St. Marys, and the other from the Fifth Infantry were sent to Mounds Abyssinikia, where it was said a critical situation was developing, but on the way they were ambushed by a force of Glandelinians and routed. Nearly every home in the lowlands was deserted and wagon loads of furniture, trunks and households and other effects of every description had been taken to the railroad station, to be sent along with the refugees, but all this was seized by Glandelinians who took what they could use and burned the rest. Women and children were insulted, and the state troops in strong numbers were sent out in large regiments, each accompanied by a small battery of machine guns to try and round down these raiders and put them out of the region altogether but they too got the worse of it with dreadful loss and

their officers killed or captured and sixteen standards and their artillery and ammunition to one regiment there was a division of Glandelinians. A Glandelinian army was believed to be concentrating here. One of the purposes of closing all places which did not handle goods needed for the comfort and necessities of the homeless people was to shield them from raiding Glandelinians and to give opportunity to get out the strongest working force possible. All employees of closed concerns responded willingly for duty, and reinforced to a great extent the work along the river front.

In this calamity as well as we know of those first in the past there are men among the Glandelinians with hearts of stone, Glandelinian vultures, and ghoul, or parasites, who prey upon the victims produced by the disasters of their own making, and this flood disaster was not without their quota of these strange war monsters. Not satisfied with making disasters, they must also rob the helpless refugees, the dead and broken houses. And when they were ruthlessly shot down by the army later was under a three day siege by the Glandelinian armies near Sacramento. A Glandelinian looter was found cutting off the finger of a woman drowned in the flood to obtain a diamond ring which could be turned into cash to carry on the successes of Glandelinia, and he was shot down where he stood, but as it happened other hidden ghoul shot down the soldiers.

To punish Glandelinian vandals was like punishing ghoul with only your hand. It was on a Thursday afternoon, when at Sacramento city the flood was receding but still high in many parts of the city, and the first bodies were being recovered. A body of a young woman but not a resident of Sacramento as could be proved, but which the flood brought into the city was discovered in the debris along the street a short distance away. The body was only partly dressed, but there were several rings on the fingers. It was apparent that the woman had slipped them on with the first alarm of danger in an effort to save what valuables she could. There were a number of soldiers and citizens taking part in the search for bodies at that point, and other bodies had been found near by. So the body of the woman was left where it was found until the undertaker with his wagon should arrive. One man was seen stealthily approaching the body. Then he was seen to stoop over her, and some one shouted one shouted to the soldiers that the man was cutting off her fingers for the rings.

The soldiers heard the cry, and hurried forward. The man who ever he was when the soldiers started to run. The foremost soldier yelled to him to stop, and when he kept on running raised his rifle and shot. The looter dropped at the first shot, and rolled over into a ditch. Then from doorways and windows of some ruined houses a fusillade of shots came and the soldiers sixteen of them all fell dead killed in ambush.

The body of the looter was picked up by a rush of strange men who fired and fired so the citizens kept under cover. Somewhere else another Glandelinian ghoul was captured and in his possession was found a woman's purse, a sack of diamond rings, and water soaked watches. He was stood up against a building and shot dead within a minute after he had been searched. He was not asked any questions either, and not permitted to say a word.

According to witnesses the sergeant in charge of a patrol took charge of another Glandelinian ghoul, shouted to the soldiers, the man was backed up against a wall, and riddled with bullets. An elderly man was killed by a Glandelinian sniper for revenge. The bullet of a rifle coming from behind him. The ghoul was proceeding laboriously along the muddy street, the mud being filled with all sorts of valuables. A report of a rifle was heard and he toppled over dead.

The ghoul left the city and reported to their commanders what had happened. The city was besieged and raided and set afire and the citizens driven out. Four weeks later aid came but not until the Glandelinians had looted a million dollars worth of damage.

In one place for fourteen days in northeastern Angelina fourteen people were marooned in different buildings, the refugees being kept prisoner by the rising waters on an upper floor of a hotel and the others as much as prisoner high up on the roof of another hotel. Haines knew whether the others were living or dead. The prisoners inside the hotel managed to catch such a box of some canned goods that came rushing along the water near one of the windows.

When the water receded the people inside the hotel waded to the hotel across from them and found only the others there safe. In the village of Haines during a robbery by Glandelinian ghoul was a Glandelinian who was trying to get away. He was arrested when police arrested two Glandelinians who were trying to get away from the town with a satchel containing one hundred dollars in diamonds, two hundred dollars in bills, and a million in jewelry which he had stolen with the help of his companion from jewelry stores in the shopping district.

fi fried a number of whole hams which had been previously sliced, cooked about a hundred quarts of rice-de-mice, made tea and coffee. She had a young girl acting as helper.....

Sister Ann carried some of her things by boat to the main building. I carried the rest of what I thought we might need, not thinking of our trunks, which were in the back attic. Sister Lena had a number of the girls help her and the priest clear the chapel and carry the vestments, altar linens and candle sticks to the upper floors of the main buildings. When the water started to rise to the top floor, Sister Angelia called carried the Blessed Sacrament over to the attic of the main building, Sister Helena and myself carrying the candles, and ringing a little bell. My heavens I shall never forget this sight, boating to one house and another with our own river craft we possessed, boating on water one story high since morning when it was only two feet and seven inches.

Sister Mary Ann, and the girls and many of the children cleared the convent. Sister Camilla was almost overcome before the blessed sacrament, where she had to arrange an altar or stand..

Sister Mary Jane and myself were busy afterwards of clearing out closets of eatables, such as canned salmon, corn, tomatoes, soup, prunes, raisins, coffee tea sugar, salt, butter, bread, and even candy, and fearing the water would soon give out, the girls were requested to fill pitchforks and other vessels and carry them and carry them to the attic, where everything and everybody would soon be stored. It so happened that we had a three hundred pound of ice in the enormous ice box which three men and I carried to the third floor, hoping it would give us a good supply of fresh water for a number of days.

All of us including myself took down religious pictures and all the window shades from the first floor, had all these and the furniture taken from first floor to third. The girls carried the table linen, silver cooking utensils and anything we might have to cook with..... We had to cook by candle light night and day, and were very glad to have it since the electric light and gas were out away.

Just think of being perched in the attics and hearing the roar of the water, the crash of waves and the crash of timber in its hurry to meet the way. Our six outhouses in the back and one in front, and two on the right glim I gilded from their foundations before our very eyes. The darkness which was strangely lit up in the sky far off at night did not let up sufficiently at day to enable one to read or write without a light. After clearing everything we could from the lower floors, I was the last to leave the dining room, the first floor now being filled with water, so that it lifted chairs and other lighter furniture and blipped them against the ceiling.

I was in the pantry at the time in search of a can opener to open our canned goods. Then it struck me I had better make good my escape while I still had the chance to find the stairs. I had a mad race with the water but succeeded..... We ate dinner in the great retreat room. The girls ate theirs in a bedroom. The orphans were fed wherever they were assembled in the attic. As many as could be stayed stayed before the Blessed Sacrament. The main building was filled with water so rapidly that Sister Ann thought it best to call the Sisters when the girls were not present. We all went before the Blessed Sacrament, and kneeling for a few moments in profound silence, we repeated the act of resignation to the holy will of God--to meet and await death at any moment and to offer our lives if possible to save others from perishing.

Oh such days and nights of horrible fear. With every steady hour of the floods rising with evident intention of driving us all even to the very roof, and yet threatening to engulf the building altogether, the children could not be quieted. They screamed and cried, cried, prayed and hid under beds, or covers, or hid huddled like frightened mice in the corners. Go to one window you would see where once before there had been countless buildings, now a vast crashing rushing sea of water, houses floating by, go to another, two or three planes, go to another sideboards and rafts and houses with people on them, in fact there was everything from an egg shell to a dead woman man or child rushing by. The houses of our fair city seemed to have disappeared entirely. It seemed we were in a few orphan homes standing on a submerged island in the ocean during a storm.

So such prolonged darkness day and night was never seen in this country before and to me at first it was mysterious. I never had the thought of forest fire smoke in my mind. There are few lamps used here, since in this country electric light and lamps are so cheap and plentiful, consequently when these were cut off, we were without means of illumination entirely when our carefully used candles finally gave out. The place for keeping sanctuary oil and candles and the like being in the cellar of the main house it was the first to be flooded, cutting off all access thereto. In desperation we had to take candles we use for the altar, and those that happened to be in higher house for cooking our meals.....

For many days and nights we remained in the attic not being able to go down as far as the third floor. During the afternoon of the fourteenth day the children were requested to take their mattresses and bed clothes to the better parts of the roof in case the flood would reach the attic and drive them there. We Sisters took what we thought we might need to the same place. About six o'clock we had a little to eat. After night prayers, which were said in common about eight o'clock. Truthfully speaking not one of us had to be reminded of such a duty at such a terrible time, as we were praying day in and day out--especially

especially when we were not praying. There was not a prayer in any of the prayer books that was not recited many times. We sang the Salve Regina, the O Human, we had night prayers, and poetry upon poetry and continual litany of all kinds. Sister Rose thinking that perhaps the crisis was at hand, told the children they could go to the roof, go in boats if they came or stay with the nuns and watch proceedings. As with one voice they said: "We will stay with the sisters the sisters. She then told each to take a blanket and pillow and find her own mattress to lie on while the sisters would be on the watch..

Being a cripple from an injury received before the flood had reached its height for a over a week, I could not hardly move... I was beginning to stiffen so thought I would lie down---this being ten o'clock o'clock o'clock was awakened by mice resting on my chin and breast. On the horrors of that awakening.

Prayer has not ceased since the Blessed Sacrament has been deposited in the attic. Even while eating, some one or many are before the blessed Sacrament in prayer. Every morning we would have prayer at five o'clock followed by meditation....

Then we would string up a tea pot and a coffee pot to the rafters in the main attic, placing two candles under each to boil them. Not having any ground coffee one of the girls threw in a handful of the whole beans.. You may guess the kind of coffee we had. When I came on the scene, I took a bowl of the coffee beans, and placing them in a clean towel I trampled them to pieces, helped by Sister Ann to grind to powder anything she also might step on.. When this was put in the coffee pot we had coffee.

Then we had some strange soup when we prepared for dinner. Sister Camilla, was master this time of ceremonies. One of the girl workers proceeded to hang a kettle by a rope to the rafters. This kettle made of strung strong aluminum one inch thick all around, holding about eighteen gallons, was placed over six lighted candles, somewhere in the neighborhood of twelve thirty. There was everything in the soup from potato skins to whole turnips. When the kettle was hot enough it was taken off the candles, and we partook of it good and hearty.

After supper all started to say night prayers in common when all of a sudden there was the most frightful whistling and calling from window to window to put out the light,, as there was danger of us being blown up, as there was so much gasoline and other oils floating upon the water..

A week later while I was still sick in bed the flood began to rapidly go down. As leaving the convent soon. Afraid of the Glandelinian vandals, who step at nothing even rob the dead by the grave, and even living persons and houses. People said we were in paradise compared to them we were up so high. I am soon to feel fine. The flood is receding. God be blessed.."

The tolerance of the reader is asked in this chapter because it is almost an interpolation. It had no place in the original compilation but the conditions that developed in every city and town hit by flood and forest fires, justify the presentation of this strange nations horrible war calamity in its true nature to the entire Glandelinian made catastrophe.

This is the appeal-----the wail of sorrow that issued from that disaster torn country of Calaverina, and her sister states more than a month after the flood has subsided, and the forest fires have grown to frightful intensity.. It is not in the sense of the word supposed to be a story filled with thrilling rescues, probably I really should have left that out entirely, as we all know deeds of bravery always occurs in time of disaster but the portrayal of dire conditions of which the very world learned little for months because of all communications being destroyed because at the height of the disaster, and the results of the past disasters, and of the now raging forest fires burning over thousands of miles of forests, the striving wail of the World Community in Calaverina and Angulinia Ag-thia was entirely shut off from the world..

It's story did not reach the public and foreign news paper correspondents could not find means to send their stories on, and in fact were cut off the sea. The Red Cross representatives, after a canvass reported that few Red Cross members could accomplish anything, that 10,000,000 people of this new flood alone, were in dire need of rehabilitation, and one team of thirty five thousand people had no houses left to them at all. The Red Cross having few nurses and doctors were jeopardized, and though the armies were forced to send doctors Red Cross nurses, and so forth these were not enough, nay there were not enough doctors and nurses in all the country, and the plagues caused by past disasters were running wild by now, so were the forest fires. There was also a report of a new flood of great intensity breaking out somewhere else. This is the appeal (in vain) made for the stricken states, the like of which has been made in the interest of the few nearest communities.

THE WHOLE OF CALVERINA needs help and if not aided soon the population affected by this disaster and the disasters of the past will be wiped out altogether. Not only are the plagues raging everywhere with a fury that nothing now can be stopped, but starvation and lack of water causes immense suffering and people cannot leave the flood stricken communities because the forest fires cut off all escape, and prevent sufficient aid from reaching them. Even the Capital seat of Foreign Communication, the Recognized world center of News and all over the world is sent and relayed relayed, is prostrated, no, not prostrated, but a thing of the

just, and all great manufacturing interests, the greatest producer of manufactured paper in Angelinia and of all of Abbieannia, in Angelinia Agathia, one of the most active industrial paper and news centres of the whole Abbieannian country is prostrated, as well as Angelinia, Agathia, and every big city in South Calverinia and parts of Northern Angelinia, and other states are prostrated also as no town or city has been prostrated since the great devastating flood and explosion disasters of the past.

In the great swirl of record breaking disaster which overwhelmed Southern Calverinia so many cities and towns were devastated that it has been hard to differ properly but we will say and it is a founded truth, by the truthful predictions of our Bishops and priests that if this disaster had been sudden as those of the past, the loss of life would have made the death list of those of the past combined together in one a mere nothing. Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale, suffered woefully worse than any city of the past horrors, but proportionately Jessica and Lucille Rickson cities suffered five times as much, while Heidi Junction was wiped out. This is not presented to the world because of the conditions which precluded the proper dissemination of the news.

But Jessica has no false pride. She wants it known. Lucille Rickson and Angelinia Agathia want it kept secret. As bad as they are devastated they believe they can help themselves. But not so Jessica is figuratively upon her knees supplicating. To make matters worse her sewerage system, her light plant her sewer water works system are destroyed. The sewerage system in Angelinia Agathia despite the fury of the flood still is said to be partially safe.

Her sewer water works are not harmed though her light plants of course though not damaged is without communication as the wires are all down down, and her strongest buildings though not fit for habitation are still standing.

In Jessica the paving has all been swept away by the water. In Angelinia Agathia the paving remains firm. In Jessica all the strongest houses have been torn from their foundation, all of rich people and working men, many overturned in the streets, or swept down with the flood. Not a wall of a church of the city remains and the priests were not able to save anything even the blessed Sacrament were victims of the flood. The biggest loss of life ranks here.

The loss of life was five thousand five hundred. No one were effected by the explosion shocks here not even a building.

With no desire whatever to make comparisons that would in any way minimize the seriousness at Angelinia Agathia itself, the statement is justified after visiting Angelinia Agathia, Dorothy Gale, Mombi, Heidi Junction, Lucille Rickson and Jessica that no city in the flood state suffered even in the slightest degree comparable to Jessica. One even now immediately after the recession of the flood might walk through the streets in Angelinia Agathia, in Jessica there are no streets just a wide stretch of drowned wreckage which is there. It is necessary to climb with a few buildings protruding through here and there. Every bridge connecting with all sections of Jessica was swept away. The Post office, the Court Building, the expensive banks worth many millions are swept away. The loss of life is considered over five thousand but no one may know how many human lives were lost because 10,000 more are missing.

There were many witnesses, including the Comid Gemini Chief Members, and the Supreme Person Hendro Dargar who in succession made a voluntary statement to all authorities of Abbieannia and her states, in which they stated that the property loss and the loss of life in Jessica was greater in their opinion, than then that suffered in any other city throughout the flooded districts. Even Dargar concluded the statement with this: "The present paper in drawn up with a view to assisting the very government of the Nation in securing financial assistance that is desperately needed. The undersigned has no interest in any way and this statement is unsolicited." In desperation the Jessica Relief Committee, headed by George Hur, one of the leading men of the city considered the advisability of appointing a general committee to wait on the Government Officials in Abbieannia and ask government aid. Before taking final action this committee by wireless attempted to call up the governors of the stricken states, but even through this this means could not get any communication whatever. The governors however had secured outside committees that they would do everything possible to afford relief to stricken people of the cities and towns.

Jessica lies in the centre of one of the richest farming and forested communities in southeastern Calverinia. Even all its manufacturing interests are of international institutions have stood at the head in the nation. A perfect National Wall Street.

Now all is wiped out, and more lost than if New York and Chicago put together with all their financial interests together.

Emperor Vivian, that is the main Emperor and father of Violet and her sisters, and by this illustrating even the desperation of Angelinia Agathia also, of her situation, the Emperor stood in the bread line for three days and nights to get enough food to sustain him until something can be done so he can move of and take charge of his armies. The Citizens committee even made requests that these facts be presented to the newspapers that the world might know.

Nevertheless this is also the case with hundreds of bank Presidents of every city in the country. Jessica's distress however is infinitely worse than that of any other city. Jessica is in tears and appealing. Jessica needs help and needs it now, and

yet no such help is forthcoming. It cannot come to any district flood stricken. The general opinion at first that the city and many others would recover in a few months from the flood was completely shattered after the committees had had time to make a tour of the stricken city and see for themselves what the damage was. The plan to the newspaper men not to paint the picture of the flood so black because the business houses of other cities and towns would be working in a couple of weeks, was changed to a most frantic appeal to place the exact situation before the world. Hundreds after hundreds of districts of houses had been wiped out. Millions of people have been completely ruined. Thousands of rich people have lost all. Business houses have either been washed away or crippled so badly that it will be years before they resume operation. All of the population of the city is without a cent in the world and no place to call home.

Indeed Jessica was the hardest hit city in the flooded sections of the country. The Abbieannian Secretary of War, the Head of the provincial Military government, Frank Turner, and many others who spent two weeks in Angelinia Agathia say that while the loss of property was great in the "Emerald City" of Abbieannia, yet Jessica, equal to her size and population was the worst of any. At first it was said that fifty thousand were drowned. Since the floods recession the bodies of fifty five hundred victims have been recovered and ten thousand others are missing.

The appeal for aid could never be made too strong. The conditions too depressing for any one to exaggerate. Everybody in the city had been hard hit. Families so separated for eternity, losing their all property, and even health. The city is far worse than even at first comprehended. Even those of Angelinia Agathia and the Mayor of Angelinia Agathia himself and the Emperor said that Angelinia Agathia has suffered nothing like her sister city Jessica.

The Mayor declared there is no comparison between the two twin cities. Every house in Jessica sustained total losses. Five thousand five hundred lives were wiped out. 10,000 are missing. Maybe they are dead and will never be recovered.

Men who had plenty before the flood found themselves one week after the flood without a thing in the world. All the factories and stores were completely ruined. The people thrown out of work will find it hard to get along for years to come and to avenge their losses plan to join the army and fight Glandelinia. The people of the whole country realized that Jessica has passed through one of the worst floods ever known of or written.

Emperor Vivian himself, when he had the opportunity had the following letter mailed to his brother Emperor Hanson Vivian. It ran as follows:

"To my Hon Brother, Emperor Hanson Angelic Vivian,
Pandora Abbieannia;

Your Gracious Majesty---Our message from you brought by a man in a boat was the most encouraging message that has yet come to the people of this stricken city of Angelinia Agathia. Our Community of one million three hundred and thirty four thousand people is prostrated. Desultory reports indicate to us that other big cities have suffered are more greatly than even us even Lucille Rickson, but we can conceive of no conditions whatever worse than those that will confront us and My Royal members in Jessica itself. In the judgement of Hendro Dargar, and the head of the Provisional Military government and others also, all who have visited all the stricken cities, the property loss in Jessica is greater in actual amount than in any of the other flood stricken cities of southeastern Calverinia.

This judgement also is confirmed by many newspaper men. The flood had entirely covered the city. All the houses, business houses, factories and Churches are gone. The sewerage system, street paving, light and water plants are wiped out. All bridges spanning the rivers are gone. Our greatest industries are paralysed for years, and have incurred tremendous losses. The most critical estimates in my own city Angelinia Agathia in business and factory place the loss at from \$100,000,000 to \$500,000,000 out of a total of \$40,000,000,000. In Jessica it is estimated the loss of factories and homes and business places cover the losses in Angelinia Agathia. The loss of lives will certainly run into the many thousands. The statement of facts will acquaint you with the needs of the city and all other cities and towns. Eventually we will recover, but you will realize that our sources are at this time exhausted. Jessica and her sister cities needs help in the worst way. No false pride can restrain this appeal. We want you and the whole nation of Abbieannia to know. Most respectfully yours;

Your Loving
Brother,
Emperor Robert
Angelic Vivian."

General Hendro Dargar also sent a letter to Emperor Hanson Vivian explaining the Jessica situation. The general arrived in Jessica on the last of October. In his letter he wrote to the Emperor he said:

"The undersigned has not been able to make any estimate of the awful damage there but it is fully evident that the whole city is entirely prostrated. Food and clothing can be received only in the smallest quantities, and no aid of any kind can be forthcoming. The situation is awful."

Back.

Probably a most interesting part of the chapter can be added to the statements regarding the flood situation in northern Angelina by Amfess Vivian, and aided by the chairman of the National Abbelesman Red Cross Relief Committee. In a report supplemented by one also made by Her own Red Cross representatives in Northern Angelina it was shown that two weeks after the new flood, 6,789,999 persons in that state alone were in need of aid for rehabilitation in the various towns and cities in the following proportion of greater disaster, while a greater number were homeless in southern Calvernia as a result of the same flood: Miami, 103,000, Hanesville, 111,000, Hanesbury, 220,000, Angelina Agathia, 10,000,000, Dorothy Gale, 1,888,888, Beladon, 50,789, Fultonia, 100,000, Rufenia, 123,456, Jessica, 9,889,000, Delacarrion, 87,884, Franklen, 456,000, Fullments, 17,000, Galladale, 19,000, Remmert, 176,000, Ironora, 100,000, Laurleton, 10,000, Maltata, 14,789, Maaden, 45,678, Mic-Hollister, 100,000, Marie Kornmann, 450,000, Jenniesburg, 20,000, Big Girl Knool, 1,567,000, Middleknool, 10,000, Ottusian, 125,100, Piquian, 14,000, pass, 174,567, Portanert, 17,000, Sidneys Graves, 125,898, Griffin, 20,000, Tret, 200,000, Besty Hobbin, 20,000, and Juneaves 200,000. All other cities and towns too long to list were 3,456,666. These figures do not even cover the suffering in other states.

The ability of Abbelesmans to meet emergencies, to do the best that can be done in any situation usually is emphasized in the story of recent great disasters, but on this occasion they are stuck. The hundreds of thousands of big tents sent by the War Department within a few short hours after word of the great floods reached the federal Department in Pandora, the hundreds of millions of dollars given with free hand in every section of the country, NEVER REACHED THE PLACES DESIGNED FOR BECAUSE OF THE DAMNABLE FOREST FIRES BLOCKING EVERY PATH WHERE THE SUPPLIES AND SO FORTH COULD AND SHOULD BE SENT. THE SITUATION INDEED IS ----- TERRIBLE.

Only thing that was done and only within the flood zones itself was the great acts of kindness, and the brave deeds performed by men and soldiers and even women and elder children in all stations of life without urging, the ingenuity that the militia men and home guards and police and deputy sheriffs displayed, should and would be written down in the records as worthy of being remembered in the minds not only of the Fiction Abbelesmans but to all Christians in real life.

Who in instance but a real christian general would have conceived the idea which was put into effect as soon as the thought was made up of trying to print a paper in the flood bound city of Angelina Agathia to convey to the citizens information about conditions and carry directions and instructions to the city city militiamen, volunteer policemen and rescue workers.

Such a good bulletin was issued under the direction of the Governor of Calvernia, from his own headquarters, which for a time became the executive headquarters for the city, state and government. And in the hour of need the Calvernian Governor, with the name of a trained newspaper writer, sat down and over his own signature, sent to the world by a courier by boat a story of the flood and forest fire conditions, which would open the purse strings of the country still more, and bring relief to the millions whose very all had been taken from them by the great waters and fires. But the work which the nation was compelled to do was still prevented by forest fires. The relief that could be sent was terribly slow, by means of boats down the flood and river only, and the situation after the disaster had subsided was becoming more acute every day. The Greatest Horror was the threatening of a most Record Breaking famine, with elsewhere a wildly raging plague sweeping off hundreds of thousands per month. Outside the flood zone, (not counting the general big forest fire) a hundred new forest fires were burning, and what communications was not cut off by the fire fires was directed and in the hands of the enemy.

It was evident the enemy intended to crucify Calvernia, and persecute Angelina and her sister states.

The forest fires, the enemy engineers, and the movement of raging battles of such inconceivable violence are also given as the cause of the floods of the past and present, according to the statement of Burgar Henderson, director of the Abbelesman Weather Department. Nothing else but the enemy has anything to do with the floods, he said. Otherwise Science he said, is at a loss to determine the cause of the floods by this forest fire now raging, which is beyond the field of observation.

"So far," said the head man of the Weather Department "the situation of the forest fires has not been found to have anything to do with past floods. Ever the heaviest rains of last spring, and the melting snows have nothing to do with the past floods, although many experiments have been made on this line. The rivers making this new flood have been before this acting partially merciful by slowly and carefully draining all the waters of the present floods, and some lakes also, especially the Big Mic-Hollister Run River, the Erminie The Norma Run with their general and beautiful tributaries. There had been no inadequacy of river engineering work and therefore that these big rivers relieving the flood waters of the past disasters, and which were taken it to the sea should burst their levees because of the concussion of the forest fire explosions have the real reason for the flood. Investigation shows the levees did not break apart on this occasion. They were lowered by the concussion to such a degree that the water of the river then displaced them in

city. Jessica is in tears and appealing. Jessica needs help and needs it now, and

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their aid, and being were hard to build on with this kind of a flood. 183 going on the levee could be built strong enough to prevent the disaster that occurred. He declared that, as living near inland lakes and rivers have been uneasy since the floods of the past as the, knew the enemy was mean enough to do anything, and was so considering consideration for any, as one when he wished to gain his success in the war.

A little boy was rescued from the third story of a house where he had been marooned for days by men in a boat. He was a five year old child, and was alone in the house when surprised by the flood. The flood drove him to the top story where he was without food, clothing and pure water, when taken out he was suffering intensely from hunger and exposure.

At another house six women and one man and many children were rescued from the roof. They had broken a hole through the ceiling into the attic, and from there they succeeded in attracting the attention of a rescue party, in a boat.

A large hold was put in the roof and every one were taken out and lowered into the boat with the use of chains and ropes. People leaving on the edge of the flood on a stretch of ground much higher than the levees and just beyond the flood zone took turns at working day and night rescuing survivors from their inundated homes. At that time the water seemed to be receding and it was hoped that every one would be taken out of the valleys. As night drew near again, those that were on the hills renewed their efforts to rescue those still marooned because it was feared that those in the flooded houses if left in the flood could not survive much longer. Many rowboats and motorboats made trip after trip into the flooded district and each would come back with six or seven survivors. These were taken to private homes immediately and given nourishment, and put to bed. Most of the survivors were cared for in private homes and that each a house outside the flooded district had its large number of survivors.

About three hundred and sixty eight people were cared for in holdens big farm. Here many survivors were being fed and kept as cool as possible despite the heat. However there was no organized relief work, but nevertheless every one was doing his or her share. It became necessary however to remove about 2,3456 persons from the refugee camp at Gertrudes Creek. Here a relief station had been established, but before the pressure of the flood a levee broke, the water reached the refugee camp and steps were taken at once to remove the people from the camp. This interrupted the rescue work in this locality a after this.

section of the city, a fine view of the city and the bridge. When in the branches of trees could be seen which were not broken. Beside these showed the rage of the water, and the fierceness of the water. Every one could be seen the crazy vagaries of the current that seemed to take delight and malicious delight in sparring the frail, and cracking its fury upon stronger talkings and rowers. In a still street the boat was pushed against a third story window, of which both sash and frame were gone-looking within, after the breeze became used to the change of light, as it was even dark enough outside, two bodies were seen, that of a man and a woman, (girl). It could be seen that the man's arms were raised through the range of the overturned chair in different corner of the room, (where the woman was lying, but his wild staring eyes were turned toward the window, elevated from that had once evidently seen his eldest daughter, and it was in the death agony he yet thought of her and wished it not that they meet again, at least, as good bye.

A black cry came farther along, a cottage altogether lower from its foundation seized and swept upward by the current. In one room were the bodies of at least ten little children, the youngest being little girls six, the rest boys and girls between nine, ten, and eleven up to twelve. They were lying in groups or side by side and in the loose water that a lined floor side to side over the floor of the room tossed and rolled their toys—once gaily colored balls, dolls of all kinds some broken some intact, some once home art, now right side up, now all kinds some broken some intact, some once home art, now right side up, now all kinds some broken some intact.

The opposite, now all aglow with an under-aid projection of arched light. In the dining room of the cottage were the bodies of eighteen adults, and nearly two thirty other children much younger, too late were all in various manner clothing. The whole tragic story was revealed—foolish neighbors leaving their own and seemingly more insecure houses, probably lower down, and seeking what they fondly imagined as a haven that proved far otherwise. In all there were 58 bodies to be counted. Three were in the water, others on porches, and the rest imprisoned within their floating towns. And over all the strange twilight darkness continued as if a worlds tragedy had been to turn into the terrible results of the coming of the worlds end. One of the survivors met on this sea of water in North Angelina Agatania a trying experience, while he was trying to reach his own home, where Agatania's wife and children lay dead. His wife and children had perished as a result of the flood, before they could be reached. It was with great difficulty that the man and a companion reached this North Angelina Agatania home. They found the wife and child buried in the mud and mud which settled on the second floor. Another family which had a strenuous experience while the surging waters were about to wreck their house escaped their lives with their lives however. They had been forced to retreat to an attic while there the waters were creeping on them. Their appeals for help were heard and assistance rendered them.

Appeals for help were heard and assistance rendered them. Center Street was still in the appeals for help were heard and assistance rendered them. Center Street was still in the

forced to retreat to an attic room where assistance rendered them. Appeals for help were heard and assistance rendered them.

Another refugee living on North Center Street was still in her home looking after the goods and she had been there some eight days during the full month she was a prisoner on the attic floor. The most terrifying thing she said she observed was a six year old child floating by her window. She said full from its mother's arms as she was being rescued. The coat in which these people were trying to get to shore yesterday during the night was still after such a long time.

The mother herself sought out to speak with the police and to stay there for several hours until help came. Then the family and mother were able to hold onto the rooftops and later all were rescued. It was not until after three months before the family were released.

[illegible][illegible]

not badly in need of food from her longshoremen's friends when so many were without food. After spending time and money in the attic of their home on Market Street in the flooded district, a whole family was taken out and removed to the care of relatives home the same for their long imprisonment. The father and the mother and husband are alone at home when the floods came and with many others at first was inclined the high waters not to leave and would be like prove provide floods just at that time. They went at first to the second story of their home where they removed plenty of food, and later to the attic where they carried their children and a supply of new bedding and clothing. They had coffee at every meal, because the husband likes a coffee pot over a candle and boiled the coffee at every meal time. One family of their neighbors was with them, and they spent the dark days with more comfort, and with a little assistance, their home not being flooded, threatened at any time because because because the current was not anything, it was too directly, or strongly.

They were away until the flood receded, hundreds of families were finally reunited at the various relief stations throughout the city, and the lot of persons that swarmed the city, despite the "21" guard somewhat lightened the night and was a consolation that appeared on Loretto Gale, since the flood came 40 ft. here.

aided by the hot weather produced by the distant forest fires more than anything else the authorities succeeded in reaching the last inundated buildings in the stricken districts, and all those who wished to leave were taken to relief stations or high land. Many however rather remained, danger having passed, and therefore the mud and brown water was busy in the mud filled houses of the flood areas.

As the smoke cleared miles looked down on a gruesome SIGHT where the mud caked dead, crews combed the swirling drifts and masses of debris that extended the full length of every street and for miles down the river. Steadily the death list grew as body after body was dragged from the wreckage or fished from the swirling waters. In many cases the bodies were lodged so tightly in the wreckage of wreckage that they were accidentally mangled by the working men who disintegrated them. Many of those recovered were almost beyond being recognized as a result of their trip through the battering debris.

The water and the walls of mud that contained the wreckage and debris together hampered the work of the searchers and led the authorities to draw the conclusion that the part of the wreckage could not be searched for many weeks.

Thousands of the survivors taken from the flooded districts returned later to their homes especially when the flood had abated entirely. The receding waters left the city completely free from flood, and the efforts of the militia, were redoubled to prevent the looting by disguised Ukrainian vandals of houses left deserted.

Simultaneously with the identification of some of the 'blood victims', there is an instance of three persons who perished in one point. A man first fled from the onspringing waters to the hilltop, and then seeing two others in peril swam back through the swift current, and successfully persuaded the two to desert their no-exit way were overcoast of their muffled and stoutly insulated, that they were provisioned for a long siege, and that they were not at all afraid. All three were drowned.

One man taken 4 partly gunken, and the cold not remember his name, a r.p. man of twenty, one year old was found lying of illness and exposure in a large house on the floor torn western section of the city, of Angelina Mathis. He could be found who could identify him, and he was taken to an Indiana asylum. Another incident of a family who prepared against an eruption when the flood started to inundate the city it came from the City's Catholic Orphan Asylum Asylum. When the Sisters saw the flood coming they, perimaded the cows belonging to the lions to enter the main kitchen, and sheltered them. Outside about ten of them, where they gave them them a private room. They also laid in a supply of corn and hay and hay. Result, a plenty of fresh milk and some to even spare to outsiders who faced starvation.

Another home, but for the aged mother home but for the aged took their chickens in the house, and not only saved the chickens, but had plenty of fresh eggs. Eggs, a man was taken from a tree and supposed to be dead and removed to the temporary morgue in one of the refugee camps and laid with the few corpses to await identification. A small girl standing by thought he she detected a slight motion in the mans body and called a doctor who made an examination. Then resuscitatives were quickly applied, and after heroic work the man was returned to consciousness and taken to the home of friends.

hardly no pictures could compare to be presented to the eyes of men or others like that which was made visible by the receding waters at Angelina Agathia. Among many other places, when the great flood had subsided and the waters began to fall the sun then did not come out and darkness like twilight continued to spread over the middle waters that filled all of Angelina Agathia most favored straits. A description of the scene and conditions as they were then revealed even in the twilight darkness could be given credit if told as so, probably as they really were not so word as becoming them fully. Yet as the waters that for so long over a month had engulfed Angelina Agathia and hundreds of other cities and towns began to recede they left a sight which ever grows worse and worse with the receding. According to the testimony of many war correspondents Angelina Agathia in the worse, unfortunate City of Angelina and other California States lies in its rusted setting, broken twisted, and amidst the refusal of the coming of the sublime or of everything in great all the time passed it seems no longer will, came to their old time sparkling coast with the terror of old but not still, and miserably look involved and darker than the slate gray skies.

The naval militia in guard at the approaches of Riverside were strict in their absolute refusal to allow any boats or persons to land.

millions of times they would fail to reveal in comprehensive detail the desolation of the stricken city. Whole streets and every one of the streets are heaps of splintered timbers, twisted steel and brick and mortar. Residences which were once magnificent and beautiful could have been seen upturned and broken into parts. Districts and a districts of houses could be observed jammed against one another in baffling confusion. Every thoroughfare are littered with debris for all their distance and about all is a sea of mud and water.

Many survivors told vivid stories of the terrors and suffering accompanying the flood. Many who survived were witnesses to the suffering and bravery that marked the struggling of the city folk in the grip of both flood waters, and consuming fires. Some said they saw a score of bodies. Another man said he saw eighteen persons rescued from flooded houses and heard some most terrible stories of suffering. One family of Calvernia was preparing to leave their home. The flood swept against the house tearing it from its foundation. The father was holding his three year old child above the water which was up to his waist, when rescuers found him on the fourth day. Another rescuer stopped at a partly submerged house where many people were culling frantically for help. He took four in a boat but it was cut by a current and upset. The rescuer was the only one who was saved, by others in the house whom he had been bent on saving himself. Everywhere possible people sought refuge in the tops of houses, trees and on roofs. A man and his wife and two children were thrown out of a boat that was upset by the current and all were drowned.

One of the descriptions of the scenes witnessed in the flooded districts of the Angellina State was related in Big Girl Knoll by a man who is a patrol member of Emperor Angellina Court and whose home is in Pandora, Calvernia. He left the Pandora City when news of the flood came to search for his parents, and wife who live in Dorothy Gale City, North Angellina. He was said to be among the first of outsiders to be allowed entrance into the flooded district, going in with troops sent by the Calvernia Governor. He was allowed entrance because of his high rank. After a perilous trip Baron Hands reached Dorothy Gale City two weeks after starting out and found his mother safe, but learned that his father was in Angellina Agathia and his family too. He at once started for the latter city with several companions of the militia, walking down the west shore of the flood to Alto City, and thence by handcar to a point sixteen miles below where they were forced by a washout to abandon the car. Alternately rowing and walking the party reached the edge of Angellina Agathia two days later at five o'clock in the morning, and immediately rowed to the main section of the city, but avoiding the sections that were burning.

"The night that met our eyes is entirely beyond description," declared the Baron. "This shows what kind of a foe Glandellina is. However, the water had greatly receded and we could see the full extent of the disaster. At the main railway station I saw crowds of refugees on top floors who had been marooned there for days. At one place fifty bodies lay intermingled with a mass of household furniture, dead horses, and cattle and debris of every sort. I feel sure that the final list of dead in Angellina Agathia will exceed three thousand," he declared. The Baron found his father safe in a hotel but could not find his wife anywhere. He feared she had perished. Yet she had survived and the description of her rescue was told by her to reporters. She was visiting her parents at 1915 Vivian Avenue in Riverview, near the scene of the main rush of the flood, and spent thirty three days in the attic of the home on small rations and little water but mostly wine before being rescued.

"On the first day of the flood," she said, "the warning was sounded in Riverview but as of course did not hear it. Half an hour later we were aroused by observing an unusual amount of water coming into the streets, and at first we wondered, as there had been no rain in this part of the country hardly all summer. We removed all the lighter property to the third floor but a day later the water was up to the landing of the second floor stairs, and on the morning of the next day we had two feet on the third and last floor causing us to go to the attic. There all of us about ten spent more than thirty days until our rescue on small rations. We could see the glare of the far distant forest fires. It seemed as though it came from the heavens. So long were we marooned that we had lost all hope of rescue and believed the end was only a matter of time. After being rescued we all went to the relief station and received help. All the time we were marooned it seemed like a long nightmare. During one day we saw an incident which we'll never forget especially I. Directly across the street within view from the attic was a three story brick building. On one afternoon it was carried away with a whole crowd on its roof drowned. With the rescuers I walked for miles looking for a safer place. At the suburbs we reached the refugee camp where I asked some one to send news to my husband that I was safe. According to volunteer misunderstandings among undertakers as to the disposition of the bodies found hampered the work in many of the stricken cities. In one case many many undertakers even secured orders to get the bodies of people who later were turned up alive and well at some far distant point.

The citizens of the city of Dorothy Gale determined the city should be built up again, but there was no means of beginning work to that end. And they had even demanded that the city widen and deepen the river channel and construct bigger levees to make it impossible for the enemy to make another disaster. They also hoped the promise that the bridges would be rebuilt overruled would be made good as soon as possible and that water and street car service would be restored. The Mayor of this city ordered closed all stores in the flood district and took precautions to see that they remained closed until conditions grew normal. Also this precaution was taken to prevent those

action taken by soldiers whose places were closed. Following an inspection, the Secretary of War, and Major General Francis Vivian, reported to Emperor Angellina Vivian, that typhoid fever, pneumonia, measles and many other diseased were following everywhere in the wake of all the flood disasters of the war and the situation was becoming terrible. The Emperor decided upon an enrollment of all flood victims to find out how many were homeless, but it was feared it would take a year for the accurate numbers to be known. Let the first cheering news to the Abbelemann War Department from the Government Relief Train, under the direction of the Secretary of War, under Major General Vivian, read as follows:

"River near Angellina Agathia still about maximum height, but flood receding swiftly, and river able to resume its former course. Mic-Hollister gun still an ocean but its waters keeping within its bounds now and towns on its shores being relieved. Major General Hanson Vivian, under general supervision of Francis Vivian, at Dorothy Gale, will look after the situation immediately north of Angellina Agathia, and the river situation to the north and east.

The difficulty of difficulty difficulty from now on, to the north, east and south is going to be to reach the refugees with provisions and help, the restoration of normal sanitary conditions, and prevention of the terrible spread of the awful epidemics. Great evidence of evidence of frightful suffering for want of food or shelter which cannot be met with on the ground was continuing, as most of the approach to the flood swept areas was cut off by the heat of forest fires, and the dreadfully heated ground left by their passage, and hot boiling waters of the rivers. Quicklime and other logs were boiling like water so hot they were, and a lime stone cave where the forest fires raged fiercely were like molten lava. The Abbelemann Secretary of the Navy ordered all river warcraft not needed just now in the war storm to the flood district to distribute food and clothing.

The Commandant of the Naval bases at Pandora and Sacramento Calvernia and other cities of Abbelemann was also direct to give all possible assistance in sending ships and furnishing men for handling motor and other boats, for purposes of rescue throughout the flooded districts, while all aided bodies men not enlisting in the army, in every city or town was flocking at to aid in the desperate work of fighting down the worse forest fires now on record. A great host was working against a forest fire raging all along the banks of Mic-Hollister gun and spreading over the vicinity near Heidi Junction, which in starting had caused the injury of general Concentration Arbours and Walter Starring, and almost trapped his army.

Despite the fighting which was fierce and without respite the fire continued to rage beyond control and if it should cross the Mic-Hollister gun toward where it was heading, everything would be gone and a fire bigger than any would be raging.

Surgeon general Robert Camps, of the Abbelemann national Public Health service organized all his forces to prevent the spread of disease in the inundated regions. A sanitary survey of all regions afflicted by flood had been made from time to time, and many expert sanitary officers were dispatched to districts in which the reported plagues were growing worse, and those who got through wrote many thrilling experiences on "Fighting their way through the Hot Red Plague, of the forest, and desperate battles with flood debris."

Dispatches of continued dreadful fatalities, in every plague stricken district of Calvernia, and environs cannot even be greatly exaggerated. "many of the assistants of the Surgeon general would truthfully state. The danger from greater infection, lay in the polluted water supply, and the increasing warmth throughout the states caused by the tremendous forest fires adds to the dangers of the spread of the diseases. It seems evident that Glandellina intends to wipe out the population of these states, so that she can have "Red Room" to fight us "Christian dogs" and we'll give her plenty of room. In fact we'll give her all the room, than empty egg shells. Every Doctor in cooperation incorporated with every health department everywhere operating as hard as possible to stem the progress of the awful plagues. The Surgeons however at Angellina Agathia were able to report that the conditions there were excellent.

Many other Surgeons were delayed on their way to the flooded districts, either by forest fires or washouts. The Post Office at Angellina Agathia was completely flooded, all the fixtures and all the supplies being ruined. It would be many days indeed before even partial service could ever be resumed. All of the registered mail, postage stamps and funds of the office were totally ruined. However there was a loss of life among the post office employees at Angellina Agathia so far as could be said. It was reported that the basement and three floors were flooded and gas power machinery in the basement under water. About 212,000 plain envelopes were ruined as well as other supplies.

What the war did, and how the situation was met, makes an interesting part of the story, and their work has been appreciated by the whole Abbelemann Nation, who otherwise have given little previous thought to the war. Operations of the national Abbelemann Government. Emperor Angellina Vivian himself, expressed his intention to go into the northern parts of the Angellina state when the floods were first reported, but later he found that he could not leave the command

friends whose safety or for whose safety they were concerned, but none other were allowed on them. Some were given transportation and others orders which the railroad had to have before selling tickets. Naturally the Red Cross Society performed heroic service in behalf of the sufferers since the first of the great disasters began, having drafted women to be sent as nurses, and also sent surgical supplies, and through the various branches raised a large sum of money. Many Red Cross nurses and doctors in armies and mobilization camps not needed for war yet came out to aid, and fighting armies had to spare many too at the orders of the War Department and civilian too, ever since the beginning of the disaster more than two hundred billion or trillion dollars had been raised for the sufferers in all the principal flood centres of the past, and added millions and hundreds of millions for the greater flood disaster of the present, every large city in the sections not stricken sending as large a contribution as it was in the possibilities. Thousands and hundreds of thousands of tons of supplies were prepared to be shipped by boat into the homeless and hungry from every railroad centre not in the path of war disasters, and even some extra rail railroads though suffering most enormous losses themselves and working under great difficulties in the flooded sections, did what they could to transport everything to the relief points free of charge and gave the merchandise preference in transit.

Count de Biff was one of the first to place the loss at Anguilla Agathia at about 2,000. He had reached the city after the greatest difficulties. The thirty five boat he rode in was equipped with every device for life saving, and with a capacity of carrying over forty people in addition to him and its crew.

The Count himself said,...

"In order to reach the city of Anguilla Agathia we were compelled to make our trip down and through some of the eldest sections of the flood for nearly a hundred miles with our boat on a raft raft. We then rose to quieter water, and then went overland to where we hoped to find the great Mid-Hollister River, but found a mad sea, but so finally made to the scene of flood, a sea and devastation, reaching the outskirts of the city and landing near St. Peters Street. All along the route we made many and careful inquiries. Few deaths they told us had occurred, and the people of Anguilla Agathia had been amply provided with provisions, and what was more precious than diamonds, good wholesome drinking water retained in some houses. During our service we patrolled Anguilla Agathia through every nook and corner, and for this reason, maintained that my estimation of its dead was more accurate than that of those who summed the fatalities by guess work. The mistake was made, I believe of course by many figuring on accounts of wrecked houses, who had reached safety. Also it included the people of North Galverinia Junction, a suburb of Anguilla Agathia, who were all alive, and who had been said to have perished.....

We distributed about six hundred and forty two baskets, each containing twice good meals. And right there the leveling power of hunger was as exactly exemplified, for the rich men enjoyed the sausage they contained with a much gusto as the laborer. We saved about two hundred and fifty people, but there was not a nobility nothing startling or thrilling in these rescues. Of course, the rule, women and children first was as strictly enforced as elsewhere. Cattle and horses and other animals suffered with their masters. In one place we saw a horse suspended by his hoof in the girder of a bridge. At another point near where sixty horses were said to have drowned was a large Pterodactyl-like creature swimming leisurely in the flood waters. We rowed up close to him, he looked us over, and then with a friendly grin continued on. By keeping women and children out of the houses in the flooded districts during the cleaning period, by boiling all water used for drinking purposes, and by the prompt cleaning up of all houses as nearly as possible the yards, by cleaning the walls and seeing that the filth is removed, the danger of the spread of the awful epidemic of diseases to this city and its neighborhood may be avoided.....

Throughout the flooded region in all instances the health officers passed out the word to the women who were working around houses, that they should not under any conditions whatever allow the women and children to come to the houses until after the cleaning up had been accomplished, and the houses had been dried out. In Dorothy Gale city parents were asked to send their children to some place outside the flood district, and they cheerfully said they would do so if safe transportation would permit. One suggestion by health officers, which they also regarded as very important indeed was that home be supplied for the mid covered district, and used in aiding the residents to clean out their surviving houses. It was said that with the use of the reducing apparatus, and the water which was available from what survived of the fire hydrants, work could be done in a very short time, which otherwise would have required many hours, and possibly days, and every surviving house cleaned, they pointed out in preventing the spread of the disease in the stricken district....

The authorities of Anguilla Agathia suggested that as much garden hose as possible be sent into the flood districts. There were many surviving places in which residents had the small taps used for yard sprinkling purposes but in most instances the hose was not long enough to reach neighbors houses. With plenty of hose, so that water in one yard could be used in the next as much as

Seventy injured persons were found in niches formed by the debris, where they had crawled for safety. They were on enmeshed by the conflagrations, that gripped the town. At Anguilla and St. Vincent Cities, Anguilla State especially in the latter city, a mad freak of the terrible forest fire, was to destroy all the buildings in the city except the St. Vincents Church..... Here seventy persons went to their deaths, and two hundred and seventeen were injured. Over in the districts near Anguilla Junction and in the surrounding territory for unknown numbers of miles the story of record breaking devastation was told with countless sad and most striking features. At Beebe, Beebees, a mother superior of St. Elizabeths Convent was fatally injured. She was the daughter of Count de Biff's Aunt, whose three daughters son and husband were killed at the city of Leona Meldon whose three daughters were virtually wiped out in population by the explosion. Kinknell which was virtually wiped out in population by the explosion. A peculiar feature of the Meldon family experience in the same town because of the explosion horror, was that the father was found more than a mile and a quarter from his home and was found unconscious with nearly all of the clothing torn from his body. How the concussion and air waves did this was a mysterious incident and miraculous. Heavy and unusual property damage was sustained in the cities of Magnolia, Henrietta Junction, Blackbird, Toucan, Mid-Hollister Valley and Gloria Counties.....

But the most and pathetic and the most horrible did not end with the explosion disaster. Anguilla Agathia and Dorothy Gale Cities, marked as the center on which the angry forest fires for two weeks and three days threatened to concentrate their destructive fury, became two cities of the dead, over which the bells tolled and the nation shed tears of sorrow and of rage. Even on the third week after the explosion disaster, more than 100,000 funerals occupied the attention of Anguilla Agathia alone, and hundreds of thousands were engaged in paying their last respects to friends and relatives suddenly called to the wall of an "other world"..... and having as many masses and other services said for them as far as their money would allow.

Thousands upon thousands of the bodies recovered from the wrecks of the explosion shocks were cared about only undertaking establishments but elsewhere, and the greater number of funerals were held at any particular place. Wherever possible friends of stricken families took care of bodies and had them prepared for burial. In many instances war churches were demolished in the districts affected so as by the explosion shock and others were so badly wrecked as to prevent them being used for burial services and therefore either improvised or alters were erected in the street streets, and masses said for them there, or the bodies were sent to churches in districts not disastrously affected by the explosion.

And what countless stories of sorrow and hearts anguish lay behind the putting away of those bodies--whole families laid away together, thousands of brothers and sisters separated for life, husbands and wives torn asunder, numerous numerous children turned into orphans and happy parents made childless because it seemed that the very Governments of Anguilla in all their wisdom and power were not just now able to cope with wicked and crazy old Ghouls and nor quell her men made superhuman and preternatural disaster disasters by force.

The Nation full of awful heartaches could not end with the burial of the armies of victims of that awful explosion and other disasters past and present. Unusual hardships terrible tribulation followed in the wake of the awful devastation. The survivors were in constant apprehension and all various fire engines were continually at the fire plugs ready for the first sign of the "Red Plague" sweeping upon the city. All women needed to be housed clothing provided and food supplied to those left homeless homeless through the vandalism of an insane nation. Since the warning of fire danger all men folk and even courageous women and elder boys and girls had flocked to the outskirts of the city watching for the near approach of the "Red Plague" to give it all the fight it defies.

And so in the readjustment there could have come millions or millions of stories that would have affected men with the hardest hearts, or deeds of bravery that thrill the hero, and secure the coward's stories of faith in the restoration and hope and thanksgiving like the never heard of before and like that contained in a letter received by a priest from his mother whose parents were caught in the war horror. In this case the priests mother Mrs. Mrs. James Winifred during early November sent to pay her sister a visit the latter being ill in Aberdeen south Galverinia. When Mrs. Winifred's sister recovered both went on a visit to their aged father George Winifred of Glen Street Meldon Kinknell Town. Here they started an experience a day and a night through every big disaster in southern Galverinia as follows: At Hensdale Hens Hensdale, a narrow escape from death and were were a thing of the past by floods they had in the month of October to November trapped for days. Later in the same year and in the month of October to November she was caught in the devastating fire at Schoeder or Schoederstown and lost all their belongings and where their child was killed in the ruins of a falling house. They went through the horrors of the Lake Selicia disaster flood and fire and saw with their own eyes all the dreadful scenes as resultant of the flood.

Bach

to donate a thing thing of what she had planned to give. God bless such a good woman. I gave a pretty little girl a number of cents. It was a beautiful one but after looking at it a while she returned it saying, "Some body else will need it much more than I do and mother will get along with what we have." When she went away I had her shawls and later the party came back and told me the child's house was now clean. Her mother was warmly impressed to receive relief. At this point nearly thirty to thirty thousand persons were cut off from the women of the district maintained a large relief station. And this station was at considerable advantage as those in charge knew most of the people in the stricken districts. They found it very hard however to get many to accept help. The relief committee established twenty official relief stations but that even could not begin to tell the story of the enormous amount of aid that was to be provided and given. Everywhere in the disastrously shaken districts of Angelina Agathia, churches, churches that were left intact were thrown open to those who were homeless, and the refugees were supplied with cot, bedding, tables, clothing, and cookingstoves and other articles. Clothing poured into these places very rapidly and was given out to any one who applied.

The necessary work from the churches was largely confined to the churches and congregations in contributions, and so on as they are the best known to the workers. The number of kind hearted contributions, proved of great benefit to the war-torn community and then all ready to give their share and it was with all the necessary equipment in place and working order. Some very sad cases were detected by shadowing at few of the stations opened for relief, and they too were almost forced to accept relief. In one case a very old lady entering a woman's house upon which she evidently was praying told a most pitiful tale of the suffering of a neighbor next to her place as a result of the concussion. Showing her permit she was supplied with a large quantity of food and clothing. Something in her attitude led to suspicion and the case was planned and fully investigated after she had left the station. She also was traced to her home.

It was found true about her neighbor but that the concussion had also entirely demolished her home killing her husband and injuring her children. And despite her hard lot she was keeping two orphan children in a little ragged improvised tent the three of who also were badly in need. And she had sacrificed to aid her nearest neighbor who were considerably better off than she was. They had refused to accept, and she had insisted firmly saying she could take care of herself. Relief was brought brought to her.

The family of Montalvo Atillio who lived on forty sixth, and Pine Grove, town tell one of the strongest of all from frames of the concussion. The members had barely time after the first crash to reach the basement of their home when the house in which they lived collapsed into a heap. Sometimes before the explosion occurred a bottle of Nitro glycerine had been placed on a shelf in the cellar of the house by some boob. After the uproar had abated Mr Atillio emerged from an open space in the wreckage and one of the first sights that greeted his eye was the bottle of dangerous dangerous fluid standing upright in the yard. Hot broken and the half open cover in the same position in which it had been placed inside the house a short time before.

Both in what should tell the story which ought to mark the restoration of the wrecked buildings. But how could it go on. Within five days from the fearful day 30,000 carpenters were called for and set at work in the city of Angelina.

Agathia rebuilding buildings not totally destroyed by the concussion, and more than twenty thousand laborers began clearing away the wreckage from the demolished buildings. Hundreds of roofs were being restituted and the work of replacing many homes to the foundations from which the concussion twisted them had begun. The main problem debated on was whether the city limits had enough lumber to rely on even if there was price enough to buy it. Other kinds of building building material was another question to be debated. The destroyed portion of the city it was hoped could be rebuilt better than ever and so far as it was the speed with which this task was to be accomplished would bring a measure to the rescue of thousands of the homes badly damaged.

Efforts were made to raise as high a rate as possible the efforts of the restoration funds to an amount that ought to be ample enough to reconstruct fully the destroyed of both Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Dale cities were taken with building and loan associations and other leading interests with the expectation that they would be leading in the work. Also local low rates of interest on money were intended for reconstruction purposes were also made and large amounts of money requested and made available for loans.

Nearly thirteen families were given relief by the relief committees after the concussion while girls of many various theatres, churches and Societies sold paper papers for the benefit of the general relief fund. Half a hundred thousand houses were provided with rent paid for more than two years and three months in advance, and furniture, clothing and other household necessities were given out without charge.

Thousands of families who were left homeless as a result of the concussion permitted their love and compassion for unfortunate neighbors to keep them from the relief stations until they first had been secured, and the committee put to work a corps of searchers to reach and relieve this class of sufferers. In all the surviving cities and towns general supply depots were established to supply the various relief stations.

Front

TERRIFIC AND FATAL EXPLOSION ROCKS ANGELINA

AGATHIA WITH DEVASTATING EFFECTS. HUNDREDS OF HOSPITALS OVERFLOWING WITH INJURED IN RESULTS OF FIBER EXPLOSION. 100,000 HOME TOWN HOMES. ONE TWO HAN MARCH ESCAPED AS MANY ARE KILLED. MANY BODIES LIFTED FROM ROOF. HUNDREDS DROPPED TO GROUND. DOWNTOWN ANGELINA AGATHIA ESCAPED. HOUSES OF BUILDINGS RUINED FROM FOUNDATION BY SHOCK. BIG CLOUDS OF MISTAKEN SMOKE TURNED DAY INTO NIGHT. HUNDREDS SAVED IN WRECKAGE. MANY ELECTRIC WIRES ADDED TO PERIL. BODIES BURIED IN EXPLOSION SHOCK AREA. HEADS CRUSHED IN DEBRIS. FLYING ROOF KILLS A BOY IN A CHURCH. WOUNDS MANY VICTIMS OF WRECKAGE.

On September 28th it was said by many fire fighters that famine threatened the many refugees who had fled before the conflagration, and there was the vital necessity of immediate aid from all agencies. However there had been desolation because of the fire threatening famine was terrifying all the homeless survivors. A message declared that hundreds of thousands had been already made homeless by the terrific forest fire sweeping the big-polluted San Juan and that for the time towns injured or destroyed the cost of relief and reconstruction would probably run into the scores of millions, and this being told in at the Abbeismian war by attempt by coast to bluff. The communication which also was in the nature of a report to the United States department was as follows:

A forest fire of great destructive fury and intensity swept hundreds of miles of dense woods for two days already and is still spreading. Proper details is impossible at present, connecting with Angelina Agathia and all parts of Angelina and California all telephone and telegraph communications, and all other means of such communications destroyed. Roads innumerable as evidenced by walls of flames. No greater loss of life reported so far among inhabitants of towns but destruction of homes and property immense. Practically all frame structures burned to the ground.

Hundreds of thousands of people already are homeless. Local assistance well organized already outside of the fire zone. No information regarding city of Big Hedda destroyed. Injuries to crops, fruit and sugar cane and tobacco because of intense heat and smoke intense and terrible; very great, almost total loss of life. Cases that were swept up California forests, and full relief and reconstruction will probably reach into hundreds of millions.

The navy department of California also received a wireless message from Santa Monica, which described the very cities and towns in Santa Monica county with eighty per cent of its best forests gone, cities and towns all in flames, a million people fleeing by train or car and such or on foot panic everywhere, and terrible devastation everywhere. Houses not burned and untouched by fire hurricanes.

The message also reported damage to electric light, power telephone service and all communications which all were seriously disrupted. The power companies estimated they would be months without power. The message also reported that the fire hurricanes of scorching hot winds was estimated by also the weather bureau observers in those towns to have reached a velocity of one hundred and fifty miles an hour and blowing fiercer fiercer until the sky burning world of flames came upon the loss of life as far as known occurred of the inhabitants of any of these towns. The message however declared that three great cathedrals, one the Holy Name, the big Sacred Heart and the St Anne were partly blown down, the fire wind just before the towns burst into flames. All the region was flooded as to say with flames leaping skyward to an unbelievable height, and the roof of the railroad station of the town of Carey was demolished. The office quarters and children's home barracks were consumed by fire and the soldiers had only a minutes time to escape. At Santa Monica fall upon a sudden home. The Abbeismian relief parties moved to extend as much relief to the stricken districts as possible but government action was held in any way until more information on the extent of fire damage was received. Count Dr. Bill himself and many assistance assistants were ordered to the stricken region, and the present of railroads at lines still in operation ordered trains to stop by at any of the endangered towns to carry endangered inhabitants beyond the reach of the terrible forest fires. St. Peter's hospital at Big Hedda was destroyed in the forest fire hurricane which swept the town yesterday, according to a telegram to the Abbeismian hospital headquarters of the St. Peter's Catholic Church here disclosed on the night of the first. The dispatch from Sister Camilla superintendent of the hospital read:

"Frightful forest fire consumed the town hospital turned to the ground. All saved with difficulty. Fire swept on little Hedda town."

The hospital was erected in 1910 and valued at \$1,000,000. Little Hedda is a short distance from Big Hedda, where as at Big Hedda from previous reports of damage have come in on the Angelina St. Clare Railroad. It was said that by the national observatory at Big Girl Knoll that the forest fire then traveling at a rate of more than twenty miles an hour would strike the general big-polluted forest regions by morning, becoming an immediate conflagration, and that the forested regions around Angelina Agathia was threatened.

Urgent appeals for help was cabled to the Angelina Agathia associated press by many towns men one and may a personal survey within seven miles of Big Hedda. "It surely is impossible as yet" he said to claim fully the damage caused by this

devastating forest fire. All communications for hundreds of miles are terribly paralyzed. The entire south of Angelina is suffering terribly, added by the other big forest fires elsewhere still raging. I have personally seen some of the damage within a dozen mile district of Big Bend city. In this area all buildings are smoldering ruins and all of the inhabitants are without shelter having fled to the valley, the only hope of safety from the flames which were overbearing them. All water supplies of the town managed still by fire but not hot but have been interrupted. Streams are thick with floating dead fish and in some places the water is boiling hot.

Because of all the immense forest fires of the past, known still existing, and this one and all other disasters disaster building material are insufficient to replace two per cent of the buildings that have been destroyed, and medical supplies, food and shelter are needed at once. Within the area observed by me, all forest plantations have been destroyed, and the losses will reach many millions of dollars. Many lives have been lost and further deaths are in prospect from disease, and famine unless relief becomes available at once. Immediate action is virtually impossible."

During the near approach of the forest fire upon towns very close to the city of Angelina. Angelina the forest fire burning beyond Big Bend was said to have struck the city causing blasting clouds with many millions in the explosion and these blasting fire, fairly erupted into the air with terrible noise and concussion again producing one of the worst record breaking explosions.

It was no more that the effect was terrible like an earthquake in Angelina. Angelina twenty thousand persons in factories and mills mostly women working in place of the men who were in the army were killed that awful morning of the 24th when the concussion of this blast only forty miles away, affected the Angelina district a manufacturing district on the southwestern edge of the city. Every large factory was demolished or leveled to the ground by the vibration, and many others including thousands of dwelling houses suffered heavy property damage. The smoke stacks of the factories though they did not fall toppled up and down during the concussion. The loss in factories alone was estimated at \$4,500,000. It was said about twenty thousand working women alone, not counting families in the other houses were known to be dead or trapped in the flames when the ruin caught fire.

Hundreds were missing, and of survivors throughout the city one hundred and fifty thousand were injured. Two thousand of the dead were working girls and older ladies of the hotel, booking and printing company, where they with others than one hundred young boy employees were caught under tons of debris, when the shock of the concussion tore away the roof and hurled down the walls of the building before the thundering crash subsided.

A hundred mining also were employees employees of this printing company, a company for catholic books and religious reading only. Their bodies were believed to be under the mass of wreckage which through a mysterious cause became alive. About twenty working women managed to get out alive, for a check up of the company's pay roll showed they had escaped from the falling structure, and were in hospitals or in their homes.

That that night, handicapped by intense heat of flames and smoke and of equipment with which to go about the rescue, the crews of fire departments, and police and hundreds of men were fighting the flames and digging in the smoldering ruins of the factories in the hope that they would find some of the working girl girls alive. Watching them and offering help, and yet held back by the intense heat, and aided by policemen and National Guardsmen and House Guards, and members of the Angelina legion were thirty thousand more. In this crowd were many who feared relatives were in the ruins, probably daughters and sons.

Two children were killed out in the street having lost their lives when they were struck by a detached roof flying at them by the concussion in front of their home three miles from the factory district. One man was struck down by a flying brick outside the city limits.

At Angelina hospital a total of fifteen thousand persons were reported dangerously injured. Twice as many more it was estimated by the authorities had suffered minor injuries because of the concussion. And the congestion was so acute in the hundreds of hospitals that thousands of those who under ordinary circumstances could have been held for treatment were forced out to make way for those whose hurts were relieved in the sudden unusual disaster.

The explosion and concussion occurred in A or near Angelina Angelina at about seven A.M. in the morning. The concussion affected the southwestern district for eight miles with total destruction and shook the whole city with aftershocks. Besides the factories and mills, the common common destroyed, many other industrial plants with great loss of life, and damaged more than sixty thousand homes.

One of the remarkable features of the explosion was that despite the sudden demolition of many of the private houses, churches filled with members at early mass and in other buildings in which the residents were either eating their breakfast or just rising, the fatalities recorded thus were much smaller than at first expected though heavy enough.

Preceding the explosion and concussion was a darkening of the skies when the smoke of the forest fires covered the sky over the city like a tornado cloud. A gloominess like that of midnight hung over the doomed districts when the roar of the explosion was heard and the concussion felt. But it was too sudden for any one in the factories to save themselves. The workers just starting at their benches or at their machinery heard the falling of houses, the rattling of beams and bits of metal hurled from buildings as they rattled against the walls of the

factories. Then the walls began to shake, and if was just as if some great hand had suddenly grabbed the roof and rattled it for an instant. There was a rush for stairways and exits in all parts of the factories, but things happened so fast. The third and fourth floors and six floors of many of them came down on the second, and others, and then the whole masses dove into the ground. Many women trying to escape were caught and pinned down, some managed to fling off their weights and stagger out but others, hundreds of them per factory were buried so deeply beneath the huge beams and wreckage of all descriptions, and the stiffer supporting the floors that there was a hope for them.

The earlier rescue efforts formed as soon as the news of the awful disaster reached the center of the city resulted in the saving of a number of those who were not too deeply buried. In one factory which did not burn rescuers dug desperately in the vicinity of a stairway and brought six employees to light. The exact number could not be determined but most of those in hospitals came from factories and mills.

Following the destruction of so many factories and homes came a deluge of strange materials falling absolutely from the sky. In all the city electric light wires had been thrown down by the concussion, and streets were filled with wreckage. The police immediately ordered the power companies that were not wrecked to shut off the current. One main line was cut off. Then after crews of experienced electrical men had cleared away the live wires, the police, firemen, and volunteers made their ways to the factories and started digging. It was not until many hours after the disaster that anything like an accurate check of the number of missing was made. One policeman and others gained possession of the records belonging to the ruined factories.

From the pay roll they obtained the names, sending messengers to their homes the investigators by morning learned that more had perished than those who had escaped. The loss of life was dreadful.

At midnight however parts of the organized effort at rescue came to a halt, because of fire, and also that the searchers lacking means to dig on a large scale had to content themselves with listening at various points in the piled up material in the hope that some message would be obtained by from those still alive. Wherever a sound was heard feverish efforts were made to reach its source. Two hundred and fifty other factories were also wrecked, each worth over \$200,000. Parts of the Virginiana lumber works were shaken down and a panic was narrowly averted at another factory, when the rear of the explosion was heard by the employees. One of the foremen blocked the door of the plant and prevented the workers from rushing headlong into the street where they would have been at the mercy of a falling wall on the opposite side.

Twenty thousand houses of families in the factory districts were unroofed or hurled off their foundations. Scores of wagons were flung many yards by the concussion, during the height of the concussion which was like an earthquake many huge beams and sheets of iron were whirled through the air. The streets were deserted except as pedestrians in all parts of the section noticed heavily affected fled to cellars or for any other available shelter. The concussion fortunately failed to effect disastrously within a block of many schoolhouses where more than 10,000 pupils were preparing for their early studies. Immediately after the concussion subsided the surrounding streets were filled with frantic mothers searching for their children but none was found to have been injured. Wire communications were totally disrupted and officials of the telephone companies estimated that the damage to equipment would amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. Many electric companies also suffered more heavily.

Squads of city nurses were organized to assist in giving first aid to the many of injured. The head of the City's red cross offered to call out as many units as the local authorities considered necessary, and did so but these were not sufficient. A day or two after a check up of the property loss by the Angelina Angelina Trades of Commerce indicated that probably \$25,000,000 would be the figure touched among dwelling houses alone. The factories may reach hundreds of millions, and that few were thrown out of work because so many were killed. Of all only 1,000 may be surviving and out of work. The Mayor of Angelina Angelina said: "So far however we can care for our own people; that we do not need to get any outside aid. We have already started a subscription for the benefit of those who are the heaviest losers, and we think we can get enough in this city to handle it all. Given the factories, owners and executives will meet on conference to come to lay plans for rebuilding the damaged structures to morrow. It was expected that many of the men still remaining in the city will also be engaged in this work. The full force of the concussion was visited on small towns also in the southwest of Angelina Angelina. Many farm houses on the outskirts were damaged severely.

Near Port City, where hundred persons lost their lives and property damage estimated at several million dollars was caused by the same concussion that affected Port City. The worse of the shock was felt at Angelina Junction, Texas, where killed in one house, and a thousand or more farm houses and three schools were leveled. At Port City, Texas the concussion also was severe but no communications could be established with her unless no one knew what occurred there. The effect was felt also on the eastern section of Panki, and northeastern Kremling city, centering near Port City, Texas, however some struck by falling objects, and the streets were littered with debris, during the following night residents of the western area in Panki and Port City were still seeking in

only pretty close to Seven O'clock in the morning but because of the forest fires the smoke covered the sky thickly over most of the country so that darkness like the dead of night still prevailed. The morning daylight failed to a pear appear, except for the strange dull copper color of the fire's reflection along the horizon far away. When the explosion occurred its flashes in the darkness showed for an instant on the northwestern horizon, and the thunder of the blast rolled like the thunder in the sky that follows a terrific dazzling bright lightning bolt or sky splitter.

It was said by some of those who were near enough to witness the cause of the blast that the long wave of fire bounded along with the speed of a hurricane with a hissing roar of millions of sky rockets and that the flames burning pine and turpentine and popular trees thick to impenetrable density with dry leaves rushed forward with incredible speed. About five hundred men for two days had fought hard by chopping down many trees, and making breaches and trenches with the hope of checking the course of the flames from the immense sheds of explosives, but the fire an instant or so after its approach was observed so close vented its fury first upon the town of Hinsdale close to the sheds. It crossed the southern section of the forests first in a series of long broken swaths, then everything else catching became one dazzling sea of fire, and the very burning town was enveloped. The sheds went up in flame before the fire a rock then so great was the heat, and according to one of the witnesses the scene he described was as—

"I saw the town enveloped by the fire as if a sudden flood of water turned to liquid fire burst upon the town. The fire was a mile away from the sheds but I was surprised to see them start to catch, first to smoke then to blaze. There were four others of us on a high rise of ground witnessing the scene, the fire not having us just then in its path. We did not know at first what was in those sheds thinking they were common barns or believe as we would have run for it before the blast occurred.

As we watched the sheds turn into huge bonfires, one of my friends said: "Some fire coming on eh?" He had no sooner spoken when from the sheds there was a terrific volcanic eruption of flames, and we before we could say Jack Robison found ourselves rolling down the slopes of our shelter like barrels thrown from a wagon. We went all the way down into the valley, stunned and slightly injured, and flaming boards and other wreckage showered around us like rain. The burning town had fell in before the concussion, and hundreds of good sized houses left their foundations and were hurled to other lots by the concussion as we observed after ward from better and nearer view from our lower elevation. The fire was then crossing the northern section near the town in another series of broken swaths, burning whole forests of trees at once in as many acres of rushing fire, and new fires started far ahead from the flaming wreckage falling among tree tops from the shattered barns to sweep devastation further on. One three story wooden house was hurled forty feet from its foundation as I observed while rolling, inverted, and then dropped upside down. The noise of the explosion was like observing a terrific sudden volcanic outburst less than half a mile away from the crater, and we were ten miles from the scene of the blast having observed the burning barns through my opera glasses. Knowing which way the fire was moving we went to a contrary direction and got easily out of its path."

In Angelina Agathia the house of the Mayor himself was telescoped by the concussion. The Mayor and his three daughters, and wife later had been hauled out of the conglomerated debris not hurt beyond slight lacerations and bruises. One of the daughters had been hurled under the kitchen stove by the concussion before the house collapsed and escaped without a scratch, although the stove, then being cold had been heaped with tons of wreckage.

From St Peters Street to Sacramento Avenue, a distance of one hundred blocks, everything was a tangled mass of debris hurled sections of roofs, innumerable pieces of furnished houses blasted in, strangely uprooted trees, the magnificent results of smaller houses playing leap frog, or popcorn jump snatched off telephone and light wire poles and the remnants of what had once also been handsome street cars. One street car from the concussion was found in the hallway of a large mansion with tracks still under the wheels and the trolley stuck tight in the ceiling, with the passengers still in their too badly hurt to move and some killed, and the conductor and motor men found injured under wreckage of another house. This could be called a miraculous freak indeed.

Also under such magic of the tremendous explosion concussion other street cars according to witnesses had become for an instant liberal flying machines. Three of them by the strange vibration were hurled crazily high into the air and whizzed crazily above the housetops still filled with astonished and frightened passengers. Yet the cars alighted on housetops and no one was injured. In addition to the "flying menaces" other street cars found themselves into the basements of homes, another crashed through the walls of a house, and one street car jumped like a frog over a two story house to land on the roof of a barn further on, and still remained there though half way into the building. High tension wires had been strewn in all directions, and gas mains had been opened in all places.

The Chief of the Angelina Agathia fire departments one of the first to arrive at the scene immediately sent orders to the Gas and Electric Light Companies not injured by the shocks to shut off all power in the blast stricken territories.

The debris in the streets impeded the arrival of the rescue forces, and before even ambulances could reach the scene in the remaining darkness, with the strange beginning of floods gang of workers had to clear a thoroughfare, while telephone repair men were rushed into some of the districts to restore temporary communication lines to facilitate co-ordination of the various rescue corps. Many of the electric repair men had also set out hurriedly to carry lines for arches to those sections where the rescue workers would be on duty during the darkness of the smoke clouded sky. The total damage completed in the city by the concussion was in the twinkling of an eye. The blast shook scores nay hundreds of other towns with devastating effects including Dorothy Gale and Big Girl Knool but as communications were broken no word could be obtained from anywhere outside of Angelina Agathia.

The Concussion accompanied by a fierce conflagration affected and swept through Grand Held causing damage more than \$4,000,000, and leaving a trail of burned wreckage and smouldering ruins and skeletons of forests for scores of miles. Damage estimated at three hundred thousand dollars resulted to the St Michaels Orphan Asylum near the outskirts of the town, when the forest fire struck first and ignited it. It was a large wooden and log building. Fifteen hundred of the children girls and boys, most of them of child slaves rescued during the war were forced to flee to a deep and wide ravine where a stream ran through. They went through a hell of horror, and stifling heat while surrounded by a sky full of dreadful flames but all escaped, by keeping their clothing wet and fighting blazing embers and trees that fell and rolled down into the ravine.

Many buildings in the city not burned were wrecked by the explosion which occurred half a mile from it. The roof of the Aberdeens factory was hurled off, and hundreds of thousands dollars worth of stock ruined by falling materials that threatened to set the building afire. The damage to this place was seventy five thousand dollars. Less than two blocks away the concussion hurled the roof of the Hendro Company into the street a block away. The damage to the structure which also burned was \$100,000. The Angel Guardian Orphanage was damaged to the extent of fifty thousand dollars when the roof was torn off, and the outhouse tipped over.

IN WAKE OF FOREST FIRES.

ABERDEEN (SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA) --- Latest checkup of Forest fire horror of September 1th casualties reveals one hundred and eighteen dead, and many others believed lying dead in the charred ruins of the town. Damage \$4,000,000. -

THEOMAS VILLAGE. --- BOUNDARY LINE --- All of buildings said to be destroyed. And many thousands homeless.

BATRESK. --- BORDER --- One hundred ten dead, 7000 or seven thousand homeless. Enormous damage.

HEIDI JUNCTION --- CALIFORNIA --- Forest fires sweeping toward city. Uninhabited warned in expectation that fogging up of smoke and unusual darkness coming on at mid day forecast arrival of big conflagration.

"Little Girl Knool, and Evangeline St Clara. --- Scores of thousands homeless.

The terrific forest fire that since the first of September has spread such desolation across large stretches of the Mic-Holleston Run Woods, along both sides of the Mic-Holleston Run River, and the forested regions around Lake Selicia causing many deaths, demaging millions of dollars worth of property in towns in its path, and hundred upon hundreds of millions dollars worth of trees, leaving the threat of terrible famine and disease in its wake, was raking or burning the forests near Lake Angeline on the fourth day of September.

Unless it should change its course, or burn itself out it was due to catch the forests dangerously close to Heidi Junction on the morrow. All observatory bureaus expected that such a change of course in either direction, might occur on the fourth or fifth day of the month when the conflagration was due to reach the Bavarian section of the woods. A swift swing of a branch A swing of a branch of the fire to the direct north which was threatening would sent the main forest fire roaring and rushing between Big Girl Knool and Kittens pl-cherts and Jennie runner and also Angeline Run and Gertrude Angeline city, and the southern forest strip near Mildred Greenburg city with possible damage to the latter city, and a curve still further would point it toward the main cities previously mentioned where it would menace the entire forests altogether and threaten the Marie Osborne and Mic-Holleston wooded countries. This was the fourth day of the tremendous forest fire and it was proceeding with undiminished fury along its northward and southeastward trail. The night of the third day it passed over two hundred and sixty miles of Nollens forest, destroying valuable trees and causing wholesale damage to a score of forest villages and the morning of the same day it was raising terrible havoc throughout the southern fringe of the Marie Osborne woods near Heidi Junction. The message from that latter town reported that the hurricane of fire struck the town a preceded by a wind of terrific force, and that all the inhabitants were the first

without shelter and without food, and still flowing before the sea of rapidly advancing flames and half stifled by the smoke that kept them partly enveloped. The passenger train of a line then running known as the Nelsio loaded with fleeing refugees from the town of Little Heidi was partly wrecked. Each coach carried fifty passengers and there were eleven another train which had come to take these refugees onward was reported lost with all passengers and all members of the crews.

The big city of Heidi Junction hovered twin twice by floods which failed to ruin forested country also in path of floods at that time, reported that new communications erected since the floods with Big Girl Knool to Angelina Agathia was lost shortly before noon of the third of September. A large town called Handlier and about fifty miles south of Heidi Junction was believed to be in the path of the conflagration. Trains were ordered toward Big Heidi to take away inhabitants in case of necessity, while at Heidi Junction other trains were being prepared. A strange southwest wind hot and stifling with smoke occasionally was blowing at Little Heidi Junction, while a seventy mile an hour wind was reported from the straight south at Heidi Junction, and the temperature registered registered about 110 with no sun shining and the sky dark as if with the approach of a black thunderstorm.....

The refugee train on the Sandon a long freight loaded with many passengers fleeing from the town of Porte Michio was wrecked by a derail caused by the fire, and another train had to back in at great peril to take them away.

Two other trains of the same line had not yet been accounted for up to noon on the day of the third. They were two refugee trains.

Interruption of communication with the ravaged areas was still growing worse and it was even now impossible to tell to what terrific totals the lists of huge property damage and loss of life might eventually rise particularly in the many places wiped out by the sea of fire. Thirty were killed in the small town of Pouncee, and twenty in Dorfil, and damage to property would be for those places alone many millions of dollars. Seventeen thousand were reported homeless from one of these towns, and many of them in refugee improvised huts pitched. With their rich harvest of turpentine and tar forests leveled by the seething flames, their own forest towns burned to the ground, and hospitals shattered by the fire hurricane, the country was still more afflicted by complete destruction of available train lines, and cessation of all kinds of country water supplies. Many thousands of ran ors from everywhere, and many of the men inhabitants of various towns were battling the fires but to no avail, and appeals for assistance from elsewhere said that help must be sent at once if the Red Plague at any time must be checked, and the appeal was being many remaining people from other towns and cities to help, and standing armies of soldiers not needed on the field of battle also were sent to fight the forest fires.

The headquarters of the Abbeisennian Red Cross received a message on the third day of September from Sister Rose at St. Ann's town saying that a "devastating forest fire" had hit there, burning the inhabitants out of house and home, and appealing for assistance. As reports of the further progress of the forest in Northwestern Mac-Hillester woods reached the National Headquarters, the Red Cross decided to extend aid to other sections if it had to draft members for the work, or draw others out of the vast armies in the drama of the war. Assistance was also being offered to Little Heidi for sufferers at Turpe in response to their appeal for aid. The message said "Terrific forest fire. Fire looks like the promised conflagration of the world by fire. No communications with any town known on the map. Hundreds of thousands homeless. Need clothing and food."

One of the survivors of the Angelina Agathia horror gave the first account of those brief moments of terror he experienced on the first or second of September in the morning. This was of a matron of an orphan asylum. All were at breakfast when something like a big gust of secondary wind came up and slammed the doors and blew loose things around the dining room. The matron told one of the children to shut the windows. A little girl started for them, when there was a distant deafening crash like thunder, the floor gave an awful quiver and the dust stirred up suddenly from the corners, the dining room floor started to tilt, tilt dishes slid from the tables and the whole house started to settle. Everybody in panic thickening a eye, one was raging bolted for fire escapes and stairways. And then the whole building twisted and broke, and fell down but fortunately the building settled gradually without any one being injured though many were buried. Strong winds believed to be part of the forest fire hurricane nearing the city caused the walls of ruined houses to collapse and brought all attempts of rescue work to a halt on the morning of the third. Workers were ordered out of the wreckage and the grounds were cleared of spectators. Some street car service had been renewed that afternoon after more than two days probable without electric power. Damage to water and sewer mains were rapidly being repaired, though lower sections of the city was experiencing a new and growing flood. The new governor of Calvernia approved of an order directing Division B of the Mobilization camps to guard the ruins of Angelina Agathia devastated districts. The concussion of the explosion which on the morning of September

2th destroyed large sections of the city of Angelina Agathia was known to totally take a toll of 38,000 lives with an estimated damage of \$150,000,000 according to estimates on the fourth day after the disaster. And even then scores of persons out of the many thousands of employees in the many factories were bowled over by the shock were still missing, and hundreds of survivors were in local hospitals seriously hurt, while hundreds of others less seriously hurt were removed to their homes. Those still missing were still believed to be buried under the tons of wreckage of the factories and other mills or in private houses leveled by the concussion and in the ruins of churches. For four days and nights rescue workers were playing huge searchlights on the many demolished plants and churches and all other ruins in the city amid rising flood waters, among them hundreds of relatives of the missing workmen and other persons. Sometimes when the rescuers shouted inquiries into the debris they fancied they heard faint cries in reply. Yet the rescue work was proceeding slowly due to the gigantic task facing the workers, who working in gradually rising flood waters were forced to tear apart the remains of the factory buildings bit by bit, cautious not to allow the wreckage to fall further and crush any of the missing who may be alive still, or trap the rescuers themselves. More than 10,000 guardsmen stood guard those days and nights with loaded rifles as the relief workers continued their efforts to find those believed to be buried in the wreckage caused by the concussion of such a terrific explosion and so near.

The explosion as seen many early risers in higher buildings described as a volcanic eruption at night that flashed upward and then swooped down as it shook the city seemed to be southwest of the city but far away, to the Aldren highway three miles from the distant forest fires. The explosion sound came from the southwest, affecting with its concussion the whole south and western section of the city with devastating effects as stated before. In one small hotel the concussion of the explosion was felt and it swept the structure off its foundations and the walls of the building bulged out, the west portion falling into the street. The concussion hurled the structure thirty feet from its foundation. Most of the guests however escaped when the building was wrecked but it was not said how many were able to get out of the building where power lines and tottering walls afterwards made new work extremely precarious. Rescuers however found thirty in the wreckage dead and injured many of which died in the St. Joseph's hospital.

A flying roof of the same hotel struck among a huge crowd of people watching an early morning fire and all were killed either instantly or died in the hospital. The body of another man was found in a chicken coop on the street which he had been repairing in front of his store. His was struck by some board his skull being fractured. Improvised hospitals were also established at the scene of the disaster and nurses from hospitals worked frantically to relieve the sufferers.

There were thousands of miraculous escapes to be heard of everywhere. One man of the wrecked hospital St. Ann was treating a patient when the shock occurred.

"The eruption was like a fire flashing in the horizon," he said. "I thought it was the end of the world. The wreckage of the hospital covered me and all the patients, and many of us were rescued with difficulty. But no one of us was injured. Some of the more able bodied patients and also nurses and sisters who escaped from the hospital told of beds sliding along the floor, and then crashing against the walls. Some of the patients climbed out of the windows, stating they had to dodge wreckage and flying splinters.

Many had lost their lives during this disaster but at this time because of so much communications being cut off the real loss of life was undetermined, and so many doctors needed to cope with the situation were mostly in the army and could not be readily gotten. This disaster of forest fires it was believed may surpass all the other past forest fires combined. Reports of the deaths of hundreds of persons at Fort La Grange and unconfirmed reports of other loss of life were also received by the Angelina Agathia authorities. One dispatch said they could hear calls for aid from an unknown source, and also from Sandon but the Sandon could not hear Angelina Agathia. Count De Biff dispatches an officer from Angelina Agathia to report on conditions. And he declared two days later that no wires or any kind of railroad and other communication were operating any direction west south or north of Angelina Agathia.

Also a wireless dispatch from Appleby picked up by a wireless station said two persons were killed, and five hundred injured as a result of the enormous forest fire that isolated the vicinity the following night and day. The message also added that an unconfirmed report from Bullen south of there said forty eight persons were buried in the burning wreckage of a cabin which collapsed as the fire wind hit it. Another report from Evergreen village said hundreds of people were being trapped by the flames. The city of Aldren was in its path, the message added, and that the fire was racing on with great speed.

Count De Biff himself telegraphed to Emperor Vivian himself declaring he had received the following message in the morning of the fourth day of September from the location of the town of Buttercuppppp Buttorcup;

"No one is reported dead, but undetermined number of persons injured in flight before fire hurricane which struck the town at eight o'clock in the night of the 3th. Whole town burned. Hundreds homeless. The message continued:::/"

Many towns great distances from forest fire were filled with refugees from the burned and burning towns and villages. The heart of the forest fire was believed to have struck Glorianna Junction twenty miles south of Heidi Junction. Estimates of the damage could not be made as communications were cut off. The story of the destruction of Glorianna Junction could be given in some detail.

The expensive post office building in that city too was burned, and hospitals destroyed. There was no wire service of any kind into any section of Calvernia these days on account of the forest fires the lines for a mag hundreds of miles having gone down shortly after the fire hurricane started its work. Relief forces were detached from Angelina Agathia though an explosion sufferer following unconfirmed reports of enormous loss of life, but Angelina Agathia and also Dorothy Gale were isolated from all wire communications, and no report of any kind had reached the outside world even if couriers returned from the forest fire area. North of Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale City is the lack of communications extended to Calvernia, more than three hundred and fifty miles while conditions south also were not known owing to the failure of the failure of the fire into Angelina Agathia. Even Emperor Vivian was unable to get into touch with any wireless and telegraph station because of lack of power. Yet it was believed the forest fire disturbance on the fifth day of September had apparently turned northeastward over the whole part of Northern St Pauls County county as was reported by forest fire rangers at their headquarters at Eleven P.M. This placed the big town of Glorianna Junction fully in the path of the tremendous fire causing the temperature to rise register sixty miles from that city over 110 though later had risen twenty degrees higher in the city itself. The highest wind velocity at the time was forty eight miles an hour and growing hotter and stronger, and driving clouds of smoke through the streets of the town. The people receiving the warning by telegraph and wireless wireless began heavy preparation for exodus, some using wagons and dumping into the wagons what they could have time to save from the houses, others taking the trains that backed into the city for the purpose. It was the biggest city yet in the path of the forest fire, being a town of over seven hundred thousand inhabitants, besides including 100,000 refugees that before hand had come there from other towns and who were now forced once more to resume their flight. An hour after the warning the conflagration had come upon the city before two quarters of the inhabitants had gone, and the remainder had no time to save their household property.

The wind blew a terrific hurricane hot and scorching, tearing roofs off the houses smashing in windows, buffeting the crowds of poor people and hurrying flying wreckage among them. The heat was so terrible on the forward side of the city facing the forest fire, that the car tracks melted in the streets, and the buildings by hundreds started to burn. No report however on any possible loss of life had been received from this doomed city, but among them among the unconfirmed reports reaching Angelina Agathia was one made by the Mayor of the town of Glorianna Junction stating that the wind came on with a velocity of one hundred and twenty five to thirty miles an hour all of a sudden and that roofs of buildings suddenly were flying in the sky by hundreds, the building facing the oncoming forest fire burst into fire in ranks, and before all of the people had escaped from the town nearly the whole city was a raging furnace sea. The trains worked like mad to take away the people, scores backing up into the yards at great risks but the majority were all saved and taken away without any one being injured though many had partly burned but wet clothing on them. Out of a population of 789,000 besides the added 100,000 only 25,000 had time to save their household goods. Many relief units were dispatched to Glorianna Junction and west Glorianna Junction which were being destroyed and before communication lines went down many messenger reports indicated that most severe damage may have been inflicted and all power lines had been interrupted. Also a United of Holy Sisters left Angelina Agathia for the location of Glorianna Junction to render aid if necessary. Units in many other sections of the forest fire swept regions had entered the areas as investigations proved without a doubt that abundant aid was needed. Before it was destroyed the Mayor of the city reported that mobilization camps in the vicinity which had prepared to take over relief measures there and prepared to any emergency was also hit by the fire and ruined. The inhabitants fleeing on trains were warned to stay inside the box cars and it was believed if overtaken even by the fires the trains would be able to run through with considerable safety as long as the trucks remained firm. Many inhabitants of other towns in the vicinity of the big city fled for safety to open plains, streams, ravines and low and wide rivers or for large clearings in the woods. Residents from Heidi Junction, Big Hedda, Mic-Hollister Run, Evangelia St Clara, and Meldon Ricknell and scores of other places joined the terror stricken floods of humanity after the warning on the 5th that the fire was coming like "a sea" and were said to have filled hundreds of box cars being pulled out by various trains to taking them to open country. There was more excitement and confusion during this time than all the volumes in the world could describe and many of the trains though saving the refugees and bring them out bringing them out of the fire zone did not escape entirely unscathed. Many farmers have having property in the dense forests sought safety by driving southward up the east bank of the Mic-Hollister Run. The majority of the skilled men folk of these towns however bravely remained behind to help in the work of

combating the fire. All or while all kinds of plans were being made for what possible relief work could be effected regarding the tremendous drain caused by the past awful war disasters, of which many millions were yet homeless, Emperor Vivian offered to go personally into the district to aid in the work but was warned by wireless that he could not make headway in any such attempt as all means of communications were cut off, and that the fire was spreading toward his own city, and that only an ensuing flood produced by the explosion and which would flood huge districts in the country of Angelina, and still spreading would alone in some probabilities prevent the fires from hitting the city.

Before striking into Glorianna Junction the forest fire apparently passed near Mic-Hollister City isolating that big city (Chicago size in number of houses but more inhabitants) from communication with the outside world, but that the city so far was not menaced, though the temperature was unusually high and twilight darkness prevailed for days. Two telephone operators from there had been vainly calling for Angelina Agathia but had not received any response from any line, wireless even. Two refugee trains loaded with people from burning towns were forced to run the gauntlet of fire. One was headed for Pandure, and the other for Zannagatopolis. Nothing was heard from these trains they apparently being lost. They finally came safely through but had experienced great difficulty in making headway and the box cars on the outside were badly charred, and the passengers were almost so suffocated by the heat.

THOUSANDS DEAD IN PATH OF MIC-HOLLESTER WOODS FIRE
HURRICANE CALVERNIA FEARS FURTHER AND DISASTERS AND ALL ACCOMPANYING
HORRIBLE. FROM PAST DISASTERS THIRTY THREE MILLIONS FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND
FACING FAMINE AND DISASTERS.
JAMES HAYOOD.

Though the main city is reported so far safe, west Mic-Hollister was said by wireless to be center of destruction, and that thousands of refugees forced to flee from the place on foot took refuge in ravines near streams and by lakes and forest clearings but went through a purgatory before escaping. Reports hints on world record breaking destruction. Tremendous forest fire of unknown size and immeasurable heat racing for Lucille Rickson Town, Gosa and Topsy said to be burning.

Angelina Agathia, Heidi Junction, Big Girl Knoll Dorothy Gale, Mombi, and Pandora a Calvernia, Francis Atlanta and hundreds of other big places completely isolated.

Mobilization camps at Lucille Rickson afire, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers out fighting forest fire, but making no headway as they cannot stand the heat within ten miles, with seventy eight mile an hour wind blowing. Hundreds of thousands of inhabitants fleeing from Lucille Rickson and Glorianna cities. Heavy damage feared at Lucille Rickson by wind. Whole River valley of Mic-Hollister Run threatened. Leaping flames into sky seen at Francis Atlanta seventy miles away.

Big Girl Knoll threatened, though Francis Atlanta message indicates change in direction of fire storm.

Inhabitants flee from hundreds of villages by train, boat, wagon or on horse back. Great terror and panic everywhere. Lucille Rickson city in almost night darkness and temperature indicated as 134 in shade and still rising. City enveloped in smoke driven from forest fire by high hurricane of winds.

Near Angelina Agathia and Pandora.

Dead among forest fire rangers, and refugees estimated at 111,567. For remaining refugees of all other disasters not counting forest fire horror, famine looms for over thirty three million. These refugees in danger as fire men menace their refuge. Howless because of forest fires believed to number 4,567,000.

Damage to towns and villages and cities by forest fires exceeds nearly \$400,000,000.

Forest damage \$ 567,899,999 and still mounting high. Whole southern Calvernia and northern Angelina State isolated.

North Angelina State.

World record breaking flood ensuing. Angelina Agathia flooded but by flood cut off from danger of forest fire. Flood is spreading through regions not forested. Hundreds of towns in danger of inundation.

With the death toll caused by the enormous forest conservatively estimated at over eleven thousand and the specter of famine was still more appalling throughout Calvernia these horrible days, among the millions still homeless because of the disasters of the past, and now. At least thirty five million people were stated to be facing facing starvation and the plague of diseases was threatening.

spread. On the sixth day of September the death list was increased with the confirming of reports that at least two hundred and twenty nine persons were killed in the town of Grave White. The Mayor of that ruined town reported that the bodies of thirty two other persons were discovered near a fire swept ravine by a searching party which was seeking the bodies of seventeen members of lost fire rangers known to have been trapped by the forest fire in the vicinity.

And to make matters more strange no alarm of any kind had at first been felt for the safety of those bodies that have been found. The Mayor expressed the belief that more dead would be found in the neighborhood of this town.

Half of the population of the town of Lauderdale was thought also to be homeless, and that in that town alone the property loss would amount up to over \$100,000,000. Declaration of Martial law requisitioning and rationing of food and drafting all able bodied men among the many refugees to go back and fight the forest fire was urged upon by the new Galverinian Governor Hendry Helto. The group in a petition asserted that even the Galverinian and other Governmental authorities could because of all communications being destroyed by the past disasters could take the proper steps for proper relief to prevent sickness and starvation or to ascertain the facts as to immediate needs. Others of the National Guard had been ordered out to help guard property from looters and also to draft members for forest fire fighters.

About sixty miles south of Francis Atlanta seventy six towns, and three cities reported to be destroyed by the forest fire were found to be safe fortune only the fire having changed direction. But communications with many others was lacking, and it was believed that it would take months before accurate reports could be received from any section in which more than seven or seventy per cent of the towns were destroyed by fires.

Nevertheless all physicians and others familiar with such conditions said that a death toll of some many thousands as a final figure was a conservative estimate.

The rangers who were combating the fire near Gloriam Junction had been already on their fourth headlong retreat, times with excitement, and now were preparing for another effort about seven miles from the head of the fire but a little off its course. It would be exceedingly dangerous for them to place themselves directly in front of this fire flood. On every side the officers beheld the gathering civil men citizens of other towns come to help them in the desperate work, enthused over evident successful mere members.

The head men were shouting as the fever of the work grew apace. Those of the hardest fighters tried earnestly to suppress their impatience while the main leader offered them a final word.

"The rangers on the left will take the offensive about a mile from here," the officer told them. "They always do, so let them go it go to it. And if we can't corner the fire let them go back. But mind boys what I say now--even if the north branch of the fire nod noses ahead a stretch--don't let her get away from you. James good luck to you, and let every mothers son of you do his best."

After he had gone they became restless. Larry himself who tied a see senseless tune, and Van Dunt kept up a line of chat or that commanded no ones attention. Even James Bonifacio manifested symptoms of uneasiness. Hence tiller his mate alone seemed not to be disturbed. With calculative eyes he regarded the movement of the conflagration, and at intervals he over and over observed the smoke covered sky once more, and then the tree tops, and finally the water of the river. The results of his observation apparently did not satisfy him, for his face clouded though however he offered no remark.

"James my friend," suddenly declared a ranger whose name was Fred in an attempt at railery to dispel the tension--"what's the fire going to do,--turn off or come our way!"

"For a moment James did not speak--then turning his eyes from the tree tops, in a listless tone he informed his friend--

"It's going to turn the other way--but there's a big town in its path and its coming upon that town as sure as shooting."

"Never mind any gloom about the town just now," the Ranger said almost impatiently. "We don't want anything but successful fighting now. Save the blues for the losing crows, after we have beaten the 'red plague'."

"Yes but our wishes are not always accepted in heaven even in a cause as good as our country has. It may be altogether different up there."

"Great guns James what if that is so," Fred exclaimed with unconcealed naivety. "Are you forgetting James that prayer usually brings success. And never mind about the fire progressing toward the town. Just put this into your head--we are out here to win. Hear that James and all the rest of you. We have lost six good fights against this forest fire in six successions, but as this is the seventh we must win now and by all the might of every sinew in mine and your arms we are going to win, and all you must pray while you work, and not merely pray but PRAY. You fellows remember that. Some thing they can win without prayer but that is like sticking your expensive shoes in the mud and expecting it to come out clean. Most of you had been routed by this confounded 'red plague' six times already and fought against the fire a losing war. Not so this time--not while I am in charge. Before I'll retreat I'll burn."

And Freds blue eyes gleamed with positive assurance, and his knuckles glared white in his clenched fists. He was always like that, Fred Golden the Forest ranger, yet not overconfident, not self certain, though very determined. The words of others never prevailed against him, and his determination

was only secondary to his ultimate success no matter what the venture, or fight. Even in his child hood fortune took kindly to Fred and his continued successes ultimately left their impress on his character. Accustomed to the responsibilities of high offices, Fred always isolated himself from the advice and suggestions of those near him who knew little about forest fire fighting, so that he asserted brazenly more than once that he solicited help from no one who did not pray or had no confidence in God. In such a frame of mind it was only a matter of time, failure or success that Fred usually forgot to do anything else to his liking but pray for success successes for the good of God and his soul, and he was just as faithful in God as all the Abbeonians usually are. Yet in spite of his slight bossy ways to his men, Fred liked them very much for their goodly ways of working with him and obeying his every word without murmuring and complaint. Yet no one knew Fred any better than James, and James well knew that Freds mother had begged him to obtain any other kind of work than going out fighting forest fires, and it is probable that Fred would have given in despite his headstrong will, when he usually subdued parental objection when he felt sure he is in the right but on this occasion once his own home town was in the path of the forest fires of southeastern Galverinia and so he entered among the rangers because he was determined to save his home.

"I'll tell you Fred," James had said more than once. "We would never need to be out fighting such fires if it was not for the glondelinians. Since its my vocation now because of their wicked vandalism, I am mighty proud of it, but thinking properly the army just now is the proper place for you and me. I'd give anything to shoot down general John Manley this, for I'll ten twenty dollars against your O that he is fully responsible for this wanton cruelty and devastation of Galverinian property, by fire, flood, and explosion and heaven knows what else."

Mrs. Mrs. Bolden's principal objection for her son to go out fire fighting in the war fire swept forests was that Fred, placed himself in dire peril every time, yet his knowledge of his peril and his want of fighting such perils caused him on all occasions to be more devout to God and His Blessed Mother, caused him to increase his religious duties as much as a Sister or a Brother would, and whenever he went he received more spiritual training of which in such circumstances he was always in dire need. He even was a daily communicant. As the months wore on her fears were being truly realized, for four times he worked hard in rescue work during the flood horrors, narrowly escaping drowning fifteen times, and once because of injuries and burns received in fighting forest fires he had been laid up for three months. With no one but patient and obedient James to watch and guard Fred, the caution of the forest rangers was steadily and increasingly increasing his church obligations. Yet the perils Fred faced worried James a great deal, and the days before this terrific conflagration took place, he told Fred as much. He finally suggested that both of them attend Mass the Sunday morning of the eve of the fire horror.

"Really Fred," James said quietly. "Do you know you have been taking great perils since you entered the Ranger service. You have missed death by a narrow chance every other day it seems for the last three three months. Honest Fred do you think it is fair to your selfish it fair even to your mother? She could not afford to lose you!"

"Suffering cats. Can I help it. Will you listen to reason James and understand that it is the enemy who is responsible for these plagued fires explosions and flood disasters and that the country drafted me for this job and I therefore cannot neglect my duty!" interjected Fred. "Was I not forced to fight my very body to pieces to save my mother and my own home from the ravages of the southeastern forest fires confound it still raging even now. I'd like to know why in the name of Sam Hill the enemy didn't take up the miracle of blowing the whole world to pieces and pull all the stars down from heaven while he is at it. And now don't get vexed, James old scout. I'll not wait till next Sunday but I'll go this morning sure as my name is Fred Bolden. There is no time for us to lose. Piety and prayers are better for us at this perilous time and at Mass we can offer up our Holy Communion and the Mass for the intention that we'll pull our adventure through."

He did, and now the fight was on and a dangerous one. Fred had lost twenty of his men already who had been trapped. And now while the long lines of forest rangers waited on the alert, hearts bounding pounding, muscles taut, James whispered a prayer, for he was as uncomfortable about the forest fire as he was about his cat captain. Already uply black clouds, mingled with white, brown and sandy and yellow colors were piling over the far distant tree tops, and a snarling hot wind came in fitful gusts thrashing the bushes, and ruffling the rivers surf surface and bring forward fogs of smoke. The starters run went off with a sharp report that echoed across the Mic-Hollen Run. Freds senses responded to the firm signal, and every man he kind and before him and on each side of him fell in at the work of sawing and cutting down trees with axes and long crosscut saws with a thym that manifested great and most strenuous training. He heard the shout that went up, and he heard the snorting wind squalls as they ever increased in force and the smoke coming thicker and thicker.

Johns immense crews took first place in the work from the very beginning while the other three kept almost abreast of each other in long lines of men hard at work until at the end a stretch of clearing was beginning to show for a length of a good number of miles and half a mile wide, while Freds crew began to edge up on Johns crews. Yet all down the wide river along which they fought the water became more untroubled as a steady hot wind raced down with them

Presently a peculiar dusk fell over the land and the tree tops away in a fury of unrest, while a growing heat was felt making the warriors sweat until their clothing was wringing wet. With each moment the racing between the four sections of rangers became more arduous and yet from the conduct of the weather Fred began to sense a growing fear in his heart. Suddenly he became conscious of the fact that the long thick line of men under Captain Qr Ardale was no longer alone alongside, and he shouted through his trumpet for them to recall as he shouted--

"Fire coming like hurricane. For heavens sake be careful Ardale or you and your men will be trapped. For God's sake Hanson go after them and bring them back."

Every one of his men were working with a zeal that thrilled Fred to the core but Ardale had his apprehensions. The light of the wave of fire along the horizon already revealed itself as strong as a glaring red sunset and the smoke was getting thicker and the wind stronger. John still trailed behind and then Hansons followed, but Ardale remained steadily ahead, but out of sight in the smoke fog. A strange sentiment of horror filled Freds heart. Now Fred could see the James Seminary boys and rangers and the clattering swing of the axes of porters crew all putting their hearts blood into a task that was positively hopeless for them. From the benignating every one knew the prize of peril would go to Ardale or to James, and Fred again hollered through his trumpet--

"Come back in line you fools. You are getting separated. You'll be trapped and cut off. For God's sake come back. The fire's coming like crazy. Can't you hear?"

With a start Fred suddenly observed far to his right--forested ridge of long side and not very high when he first looked at it--it was bare of fire. Now it was a mountain of flame smoking like a huge orally erupting volcano at the top and sides and the heat could be felt from her there.

"Good God" he gasped. "Have mercy on them and preserve them."

The three mile march was passed, and James was now trailing ahead of Ardale unconscious of the peril to himself and his men. Henry Larry another Captain began to shout through his microphone--

"They are going at it hard--good and hard--Ardale is fighting to keep ahead--but it is fatal if they do not come in. Some one go give these warnings--I sent some one for help. Fred, Fred you too look out. The fire is flanking a part of your line. The fire is edging up fellows. Come on back. Come on."

Beneath the ever increasing fury of the wind the water of the river fairly churned, and the rangers nearest its shore were surprised to see multitudes of dead fishes floating on the surface, and one of them catching the water with his finger found it nearly boiling hot and it was scalding badly. Fred raised his own axe for his last stroke which was to fell his tree and then he waited for the response as the huge tree crashed to the ground. Then he felt the shock of it and for a moment through his body swept the sensation of glorious victory. The black water of the river swished onward, the wind beat against the rangers, the trees away more menacingly and roared like thunder and the multitude of distant flaming embers flared against the ever darkening sky.

"Good. Good. We've got the fire checked now I'll bet--the flames would leap this breach." Captain Larry told his crew. Slowly surely as men were creeping up laboring alongside Freds long line, chained on and on--and then the lead. Never will Fred forget that cheer that rose and rolled over the way water of the river and went echoing back when it was evident the breach would check the tremendous conflagration. Sometime however the wind shrieked like sirens in the trees top or howled like the clamor of automobile horns and trees away and twisted and the air became thick with flying branches.

"Good. Good. The fire won't be able to leap this breach. The flames cannot stretch across this opening." Fred told the men nearest him. "Hurry!"

It was evident that Fred was pushing his men to victory. He was pushing it to the goal. He was going to conquer at least this part of the forest fire for the first time since he entered this kind of work. James's crew and his own crew he told himself was making a success out of a forest fire fight, that had failed often before. It seemed like Fred for the first time to credit himself too early and to take upon himself the credit of a victory. It was just his nature even though he never was over confident yet even now it made his belated prayer had no place in his life. If while fighting fire he did not put his whole trust in God his intercessor in this cause and his best friend. He always intended to succeed just as now more by calling for Davine assistance and if he failed now he would blame no one else but the forest fire and the enemy. For never had his crew been forced to face such a "burning world." In his station there suddenly fell a fatal note. Her perceived it at once, so did Larry the other captain, and James too. Fred heard Larry's cry, but he did not know exactly what Larry was saying and the tumult of a hurricane of wind starting to ravage the very tree tops like a roaring tornado. His heart too was suddenly too overwhelmed with the crushing menace, not of a possible defeat in his efforts to conquer the fire but a defeat now when victory was within their very grasp--but he and his crews was faced with irreparable disaster. But now some section of the line had failed,--some one had broken under the tense strain, and the fire was overlapping some portion of the battle line. Panic was in the heart of every forest ranger. "Great guns and little fishes. You--You--Come on Van. Now'll

Turner. You shakers. You cads. Come on. Get to fighting harder. Once more at it with your axes and saws, chains and picks. Ready. Go."

Larry's exhortation brought about some semblance of order. Freds men still went at it harder and longer, and the rest of the rangers took up the fight once more lengthening and trying to widen the breach. But alas in that dismal moment, brief as it was, Ardale's men came through the smoke shield on a terrific confused retreat--the head of a flight which for him was never completed.

For as if to elude the fatal blunder as if to shatter Freds premature elation the fire stems broke with a suddenness that was fearful to behold. The flames came along in a wall as far as eye could see fleeted through the smoky clouds as if determined to destroy the whole forested regions and every city in the world, now to turn the very world into a fiery ball, and as the flames ate them through countless trees fell here and there, and some among the fleeing rangers like thunder crashing and searing and howling with a clamor that filled the stoutest heart with terror. The fire was only across the enormous breach made by the rangers but from that distance the heat was terrible.

Aid the rangers Larry screamed out some unintelligible orders. Fred could only catch a passing word. The wind hot and parching seemed to wrench them out of the chief leaders mouths.

"To the river! Every one of you. To the river--the shore--never make--fire two hundred yards away coming like a ocean of flame--for heavens sake--"

The wind pulled before it a thick wall of sparks and blazing embers with a hiss and roar, a torrent of wild leaping downward flames mingling mingling. So thick was the smoke now it was impossible to see ten feet ahead. The wind filled the air with clouds of flaming branches being hurled far beyond the breach. My heavens the fire leaped the breach. Then suddenly came a crash, and a tumult of fearful cries!

"A number of men of James crew is caught under falling trees all ablaze."

shouted Fred, his black eyes a glow.

"Some of you men go to their rescue." James yelled in his high voice rushing toward the scene only to be driven back by the fierce heat. "They are all under blazing trees. God have mercy on them." James and a number of the men strove to go to their rescue but to turn back was utterly impossible. Like a dense sheet and tongue of dazzling lava the flames enveloped everything within their sight. Every one fled before the scorching heat.

Then was who was always emotional, van fatigued and spent broke down and cried like a little girl. He was hysterical, and Fred was afraid others would follow his example. Into Freds heart crept a sensation of despair, a spirit of overpowering fear.

His own men surprised were rushing and running through a Niagara of rain and flying sparks and embers, and the wind hot and fierce was behaving like a desert cyclone. The river could not be more than a few yards away, when a giant cedar having been like a torch for fifteen minutes fell, and in its very path Fred himself had rushed. The tree hitting him hurled him into the river and went into the river too with a sizzling hiss. When Fred came to the surface finding the water uncomfortably hot but not enough to scald him he was chiefly concerned about his two shoulders. They apparently pained with the agony of a thousand toothaches. He was almost ready to surrender to the torturing pain and give up the struggle. Exhausted from the desperate work, bruised and battered by the trees, a soaked in hot water and and gasping for air, Fred felt he had come to the end of his own life. The river however shielded him somewhat from the tremendous heat for he was now between a gullion of walled flames searing every tree within view, and in the swirling swirling sparks and flying embers in this tragic hour, the unroar of flames and wind he repeated again and again "God help my men. Have mercy on them."

His heart was overwhelmed with the awful sacrifice of the past disasters made by the glandelinians and now he and his men were to perish in this. He recalled his kind patient and loving mother, and her gentle urgings, which the government had made him do though she steadily opposed. And he her only son had once saved her, and now he was in danger of perishing himself,--and all his men. He and all the rangers had failed in the fight.

"Mother, mother," he whispered and every atom of strength in him rallied to the words. The thought of him and placing more than ever his trust in God gave him considerable vigor as he clung to the limb of the scorched cedar that was now sliding down the river on the rushing stream. He even forgot the torturous ache in his shoulders. He was actually stunned to acknowledge the emptiness of men in such a critical hour, when the wrath of glandelinians had made disasters apparently swept him and over the earth in a hopeless passion. The sky over him was nothing new but black. It was terrible hot and the flames roared the river and on shore the trees by hundreds burned through tall hissing into the stream. What except the power of prayer could mitigate such an outburst of fury. What was man and animal or bird in the face of such a tempest of fire. Now indeed he needed prayer more than ever before in his life, and he sure did pray. He had always been true to her. How she would miss him if he perished. He never had a thought for himself--as long as some one else was safe. Gratifying his good desires--realizing his own country's sad and holy cause he had found his sole

aim in life, and he had never been foolhardy enough to believe that everything was possible without prayer, that he could gain anything or win anything without spiritual assistance. Grieved by the wind the sparks sometimes beat against his already heat so scorched face, and one burning leaf dashed into his mouth and a burning branch struck him in the eyes, and hurled by the wind small gravel face, closing his eyes as if eager to crush and burn him and claim him a victim. The rushing noise of stream and wind deafened him, and the thunder of falling trees, and the sea of flame enveloping everything made him believe that the final day of red reckoning had come and he was a doomed soul under the fire. He was not prepared. Yet only the very few hours before that morning he had been at three Masses in a little country town and had received Holy Communion only the water saved him from being burned and scorched to death for it did not heaten any more than he feared. The warmth of the water he could stand the fishes could not and fishes floated about him in droves—dead, and nearly cooked. Fred continued most ardently to pray as his mother had taught him to pray. He prayed as he had that morning at Mass, as he had at the parish school, when a child lay under the benevolent guidance of the sisters. Like a gleam of heavenly light through the decreasing fire walls the very old time prayers came to him, and his heart became more restful, and as the air began to grow cooler and the wind had stopped his hope grew, and he felt that all was not lost.

Above the tumult of the torrent, and the wild crackling of flames, Fred suddenly heard a voice. Someone was calling—calling his name. It was James. James the old faithful comrade, was still alive and searching for him. Tears swamped his eyes and his throat felt uncomfortable. Good old James.

"James, James. Here I cannot see you the smoke is so thick. Where are you? I'm all in—I'm all in—James." gasping for air and weakening from the agony of ever being rescued. Ever loyal and dependable, James finally reached his comrade. The tree had unexpectedly become tangled in some debris and other fallen and still burning trees near shore, and for a moment remained stationary. Welcoming strength, his clothing was almost scorched from him and he was bleeding from a scalp wound but he came in time to Fred's rescue.

"Freddie boy. Oh Freddie. Are you all right? Here get your knee up on this. Steady. I'll help. The fire has passed and we'll find some safe spot from this smothering smoke and heat."

And Fred, Captain Bolden—helpless, exhausted, weak as a kitten—Fred the great forest ranger and Abbeismian hero lay motionless on the bole of the half burned cedar.

"Come on Freddie, we can't rest—not yet. We must seek land even among the fragments of trees stuck in the rushes. Come on, get up before it is too late, before the current gets us going again."

How they ever made the rivers bank, James or Fred never fully understood. However it was more through the effort of James than through Fred's, and Fred of his injured shoulders, and the heat of the nearest blazing tree trunks and beyond endurance, they threw themselves on the wet hot sand, too tired to care, too exhausted to hear the turbulent commotion on all sides of them, the horrifying thunder of trees still falling and hurling blizzards of sparks. They could hear nothing but the crackling booming noise of the fire, the endless purgatory of fire, a seething, hell, and the dying wind in what was left of the flouzing trees still thousands of torches, and the rolling rounding steaming fish covered river. Where they lay the strip of sand was broad and kept them some safe distance from the conflagration and the falling trees.

"Fred—w—lost—we lost the — fight against the fire, but all our crows escaped safely thank God, and his Blessed Mother."

In the glaring light—in the raging chaos, Fred grouped for James's hand. He found it and gripped it hard and held it for a long time, while he said:

"James you good hero. You have saved them all and my life. I am weolast but it is gods will."

For a time Fred or James did not speak. Then he said quietly:

"Fred at Mass this morning I prayed specially for you. My prayer was in answer out of this hall. We will soon be out of this and in camp. Thank God."

When they released hands, James hand was wet—wet with tears—the tears of the captain of the forest fire fighting rangers. Then they were led away to a camp to receive treatment for their burns.

When the forest fire tricked and routed the six thousand fire fighters, and almost destroyed them and their sixteen leaders and heroic Fred Bolden the conflagration in approaching us written before Gloriamia Junction lost none of

its unspeakable terrors for the general public of that city and neighboring towns through the fact of the repeated news given of the horror and terror in the smoke of other great "Red Plagues" then sweeping the land. The panic of many other towns was not allayed when the dread "red hot fire disease" of the forest appeared upon Gloriamia Junction reawakening the horrors of the awful visitations recorded upon towns by raging fires elsewhere. The population of the town had often heard that the country was ravaged by three big Natural plagues of horrors great visitations by the enemy, various diseases sweeping mankind, and the scourges of flood, explosion, and fire. After warning the rangers the fire was said to have appeared on September 3'd (Though as soon from the bulletin at Angelina Agathia, the fire had appeared one day later—) the epidemic of fires appeared on September 4th about two o'clock in the afternoon like a hurricane scourge. Writing for the Ana Angelina Agathia Daily Times the correspondents and witnesses declared:

"Gloriamia Junction is an unfortunate city indeed. Its misfortune as well as that of hundreds of others have become a source of National alarm. The eyes of the nation are turning with pity on us unable right away to render aid. On the scourge of these our disasters. The forest fire scourged the country severely. The city is doomed. Hence on the first announcement of the approach of the "red plague" all who could take things with them prepared to fly for their lives. The city heated by a stifling smoke laden atmosphere with a temperature of 110 was in a state of great crazy confusion and terror, there was a general stampede worse than if yellow fever started there. The banks were besieged, and the railroad officers were crowded by the excited people old men women and children.

The banks stood the run on them and none failed even though afterwards the buildings went up in flame. In their anxiety to get away from the endangered town many were trampled down at the railroad depots and elsewhere even in streets, and others hung on to the cars to take them out of the city all threatened to standing back to their homes to salvage what could be saved, or fled toward our suburban regions.

In a few hours longer there would be no escape for the fugitives of Gloriamia Junction city, trains would be compelled to stop running, as all surrounding villages were already being swept by the wild racing crazily burning fire plagues. The terrors of the country people were bordering on madness for never before was a country like this so visited by disaster. From far and near during the awful panic the militia of standing armies was called out for duty by order of the territorial governor, and the national Government replied to all concerns for aid to the depopulated cities burned to ashes by the "red plague" sweeping nearly thousands of miles of country forests since 1912. Some of the citizens who escaped began to organize a committee of safety, forming an executive committee from the Committee of Safety, and therefore they maintained order near the scene of the disaster and surrounding town and villages some distance from the passage of the Red St. George. It undertook to maintain order, protect the people from Gloriamia Junction and provide for those who would go to the conflagration and other scenes established outside the "fire zone."

This committee had at its disposal the sum of only \$60,999 the residue of some of the other post disaster money sent to it previously and which was known as the Xhini Charity fund.

An interesting factor in the efforts of checking the spread of the epidemics of forest fires, was the volunteering of all the men folk found in the many refugee camps outside the conflagration zone to go out and help in the battle against the "red plague." Their establishment however and also maintenance were something of a task in the face of the general and record breaking panic prevailing among the millions of people of the vicinity as well as those who the camps meant to harbor when the forest fires moving onward threatened even them. The terror which the announcement of the wild spread of the plagues of forest fires created among the country people was uncontrollable.

They dreaded the approach of the forest fires more than the assault of the must savage of the Gloriamian armies. At some sections their terror delayed the establishment of a camp by the authorities for they would not stop in their flight from the raging flames, even though thousands of farmers and forest people prepared to defend the territory against the approach of the tremendous forest fires. The attempt was therefore abandoned, and the hundreds of thousands of people made a "living" movement to many other spots, by train, wagon and on foot. After some opposition by the approaching forest fire a camp for the people of Gloriamia Junction was established being formed about sixteen miles from the river apparently on the site of the forest land out of the reach of the forest fire on the Rio-Hollesler and Pandora Railroad. This camp was to be a refuge for all classes of people but this camp had to be moved a day later when the fire threatened it.

A very camp that could be established had a number of priests, among these who had been unable to get away from the burned cities and town by train were thousands of poor people as well as all other virtuous Abbeismian and Galverinian people who had fled by carriages, on horse-back, by boat or on foot. One of the witnesses said referring to the still raging plagues of forest fires elsewhere turned to the Priests of all remaining churches for advice and assistance

whether Hendro who had been the soul of the flood refugee camps in the past months was in Angelina Agathia at the outbreak of this fire plague, but on hearing of the dread occurrence had dispatched word that he was coming on the first train, and came he did. All representatives of the Abkhazian Catholic societies were called together turning over to the undertaking of all funds made making a good reserve. Applications also were made for the necessary tents to the Committee of Safety. The site of one enormous camp was selected south of the dangerous vic-Hollesater nun regions and therefore there was nothing to do but pitch tents hoping for safe measures to begin as the people not endangered by the plague brought in the refugees and provisions to the camp. In a day and before the authorities could do anything by way of establishing other refugees some thirteen or fourteen thousand people were at home in the big camp. The camp was to be maintained by the funds from all sources while applications for rations was made to the various Committees of Safety. Everyone was admitted to this camp except if he was not a refugee and providing the refugee was worthy of the protection of the camps. The camps lay not more than sixteen miles to the southward of the "Red Plague" south southeast probably of Glorianna Junction and between the Big Girl Knoll and the Sandon path roads. There were six entrances into the camp. This was so fugitives could enter the camp. But the leading camp entrance was guarded by sentries who would challenge the approach of people and denied the name of the town he came from. If it can be proved that the town he named is not in the path of the fire or was not a strike he was refused admittance. This entrance was called S. Johns. It was the main entrance for all other refugees and was in charge of Sisters of various orders who were assisted by nurses. The second entrance was at the headquarters. The priests and others resided there, the sisters also had their apartment tents there, as well as a tent school for about six or seven hundred children or more. This was the visitors entrance or for those of other towns who may come in requesting for relatives not heard from. The other entrances also named for saints were for provisions and wagons bring other refugees, having also several headquarters, drug stores, inspectors offices and so on and the outdoor kitchens and Chapels for Masses.

The camp offered a splendid panorama from the distance. The open in the woods and outside the stretches did not conceal the white tents but left them visible a beautiful canvas city. All the men folk worked hard around the camp to make a fire clearing so that if the fire did come the camp would not be menaced. On one side was a wide deep ravine washed by the waters of pure springs which carried away any danger of vitiation, and which would provide sufficient shelter should the camp be menaced.

The forest fire night was a dark starless one. Hundreds of the refugees made their way toward one Big tent chapel alone, the camp fires being lighted, and illuminated the camp, making everything bright and glorious. The tent X chapels. Fragrant flowers gathered from Nature's wildest bowers adorned open altars, while their halos of glory around the statues of the Sacred Heart the Blessed Virgin and various saints were beautiful.

In a few minutes the priests of each chapel attended by their proper numbers of altar boys appeared in cassock surplice and stole. As they knelt down to begin the Rosaries for protection, any one would be surprised by the tremendous volume of loudly spoken voices which broke out in the Holy Mary responses. No one could have forgotten the scene, the chapels, the outdoor altars the crowds of worshippers and the altar boys kneeling in front and around under the darkened canopy of heaven. Many were kneeling there who before the visitation of this great horror have seen better days, when servants would wait on them and down cushions distinguish their pews in church. But even now their breasts heaved with sentimentals as pious as all the others.

Now the Host is lifted up. An organ peals from the neighboring tents and choral voices fill the air with harmonious sound and renders the scene and the solemnity enchanting added by the bright distant glow of the dreadful "Red Plagues". Sweet memories of this midst forest fires would always recall to any one witnessing them. The blessed influence of religion which have made all the camps a byword to signify virtue in spite of the fires, harmony all order would forever effect the soul of witnesses.

As is ever the case in time of wars great desolation, all the Abkhazians turn to the priests for guidance. And this was desolation indeed, for everywhere, north, south, west, east, every direction you look was destruction, horror death and intolerable suffering beyond all records ever known in any annals of history or story making and so on. Many thousands every day to whom an hour ago a person might have been speaking within the hour were now cold in death less than half an hour afterwards. No one could say or dare say even if the writer how a many really perished in all the combinations of disasters. Everyone who was survived the horrors came in churches in cities and towns and everywhere on bended knees employing to God and praying for His aid, asking Him to prevent or stop these devastations and bring the awful war to a speedy end no matter how it ended. Funds still even now for all the disaster victims of the past were still being needed, and badly to help in any move but it was now left for all priests adding wounded and dying soldiers in the battling armies to lead the cause of relief and rescue work and helping refugees so to speak, and aid millions

to a point of at least comparative safety. All of these Abkhazian Catholics Catholic priest knew the work before them, and went quietly about it at every risk to their own safety. Many camps for refugees of the forest fires of every section of burning California formed—and it can be a good known saying that most of these camps "The Red Plague" in these districts—for the refugees and men refugees worked hard to make large fire clearings and branches so that "The Red Plague" cannot cross them unless he has "Mr Big Wind" to help him. One priest whose name was Father Ange, Angelino Moreno erected a big tent city at a large beautiful clearing in the woods of the "Red Plague" and saved the lives of all the refugees who sought shelter there. There he placed sentries and erected tents for every one needing refuge. There a tent Church also was put up and there Mass was celebrated six times every morning for the prayers of asking gods aid in saving them all from the ravages of the forest fire, and the Benediction bell sounded at the sunset hour. The rosary was said along with the litany of the blessed

The blessed Virgin each evening before and after Benediction.

Yet with all this to do the priest labored each day in the camp adding the refugees who were burned in their flight injured in panics and so on. Strange to relate in all that terrible time there were no death in the camps. The forest fire raged on all sides of the camp yet the fire never touched it.

None of any places not yet touched by the forest fire had already been deserted, and confusion was everywhere. In one camp there were ten deaths among refugees who had been brought in with mortal burns or injuries and these died in the camp a day after they were brought in. Father Moreno had a commissary, a drug store, a kitchen a dining room, or rather a long tented dining hall. The guard line of sentries who kept their eye on the distant forest fires was never relaxed. And no one was admitted unless he could furnish proofs he was from a burned town. Many were the acts of mercy while they were there. Money seemed to pour in to the camps from all over the very stricken country itself. The priests had responsible parties to aid them in the distribution of funds, and the only orders they gave their helpers were to relieve every refugee that comes in, and call for more funds when necessary.

However for many of these camps the long looked for peril arrived—the forest fire wind made its appearance and the fire was threatening to leap the clearing and branches and fear was in every heart. Camps had to be desert deserted there being no time to save even them, and any had not a shelter in which to return. All all in the camps that morning of the sixth of September had received Holy Communion. The scene then had been inspiring grand so much that they could have been pictured a scene for the best painters. And then these famous and relieving camps scores of them with the refugees again on the flight went up in smoke, and the priest themselves hardly had time to save even the Host of Host of which example I will give one thrilling description.

This was Father Francis's refugee camp of about 45,000 people. The clearing had been made very large by the men refugees without down all trees, but it was nevertheless in the path of the wildest section of the forest fire of this locality and the sufferers of this desolation was the best of the refugees all State born Abkhazians. Father Francis superior of this camp in anticipation of the outbreak had sought protection by having all his old bodied refugees even women to make trenches and big clearings, to remove all brush and trees and to soak leaves and so on with water taken from streams. If the fire had come more behaving it might have been well, but the fire was first preceded by a cyclonic wind that clouded the air all around with flying leaves twigs branches hurled great clouds of dust and smoke before it, and prostrated trees by hundreds. On that afternoon after the wind began the flames first attacked the large edge of the clearing, and the men rushed out to fight it with all possible means, but the wind tore flaming ombers and pendants of burning moss across the branch, and hurled burning trees across and into the branch by scores so that the forest fire started fiercely on the other side. The flames then first attacked the priest's residence tent, and also the Church, a tree falling and shattering and defacing the altar, tabernacle, statues and everything, setting fire to the decorations and everything that could burn. One priest got killed by a big log before he could rescue the Blessed Sacrament but a nun managed to get her habit thoroughly and despite the peril of rushing into that sea of fire forced her way into the furnace like sanctuary and though receiving bad burns finally secured the Blessed Sacrament. The tent was all a flame and many trees fell upon it and the nun was caught under a mass of blazing debris and with great difficulty rescued.

She was not however badly hurt at that.

The fight against the fire was like a terrible riot, and might as well say the "volunteers" then turned their attention to try and save the remainder of the camp to save the tent contents of the sisters some distance away. The children in the charge of the sisters were wondering what all the disturbance and gradually growing heat was, when some soldiers and runners ran up, and told them all to flee from the region as the whole forest in that locality was a fire cloud racing like a hurricane toward them, and that it was on its way toward the camp. Even then the sky was cumbered in flame and the flames roared like the hurricanes of wind, and hissed like millions of skyrocket. Hurrying to the other chapel

two sisters his the Giberin with the Sacred Hosts in their pockets, and turned to flee, when they found themselves face to face with a seething thundering wall of flames leaping probably a thousand feet. Trembling not so much for themselves as for the Sacred Burden they carried, they stood in mortal fear of the next moment for really a horrible death stared them in the face, and was averted only by them seeing a large branch in the fire wall through which they ran reaching a ravine where they went and covered close to a small stream of water.

The rest of the sisters, the children and the refugees saved themselves by finally throwing themselves into the same ravine. But the latter was finally over-reached by the rushing roaring sea of fire, and like everything else was enveloped in fire, and flaming wreckage occasionally fell among them, coming upon the sisters and a number of the smaller children some of the rangers sought to get the children and then away from the more dangerous zone but were killed by a tree falling into the ravine which almost pinioned the children and sisters under its mass of flaming branches.

After this terrible experience the sisters were advised with their refugees to seek refuge elsewhere. It was not until the fire hurricane had died down and partly burned out into just smoldering smudge and slush were the refugees and sisters in the ravine rescued, and brought elsewhere to the river front by the men and others who took care of those slightly burned or otherwise injured.

In this terrible plague most of the food crops of all various kinds were destroyed. Many towns not accounted for were believed to be destroyed, or damaged beyond repair, and the fire burning fiercer and crazily swept onward bent upon destroying the world it seemed. The greatest sufferers were the poor forest and country folk numbering nearly three to four million who had no reserve resources and whose properties were totally wiped out never to be recovered. Reports of their suffering were reaching Pandora and elsewhere. Count De Riff who was in one of the refugee camps thus destroyed said the country people were coming into various towns not in path of fires by many thousands every day begging piteously for refuge food and medicine. Hard pressed merchants gave them as much as they were able and drug store men did what they could for those burned and injured. Count De Riff had been with three refugee camps and saw one after the other struck by the fire. A petition to the Governor of Galverinia said that six hundred thousand forest fire refugees were hungry and would have nothing to eat for weeks unless immediate and drastic action was taken. And there was four propositions to be taken.

1. That martial law throughout the forest fire scourged land be declared, with officers of all standing armies in command.

2. That all refugees must be taken and sent to big cities not near path of the fire plagues.

3. That progress of fire must be watched carefully by all investigators so as to warn all other places in path, also that all still running trails be brought and sent to all endangered towns for the removal of imperiled inhabitants. Also that all able bodied men of all towns and cities not even in path of fire be drafted for work of helping the scores of thousands of refugees fight the terrible plagues.

4. That vessels in rivers and trains elsewhere but close by be loaded with food and medical and other supplies and sent wherever distribution can be made. The Governor of Galverinia is also urged for a general appeal for aid through all charity institutions, and asserted the State was being visited and was suffering from the worse forest fires ever recorded any place in the whole world, and that investigators found things far worse than have been reported. Unremitting efforts by all drafted men so far and all fire fighters called to the scene have been made to stop the wild progress of the fire but to no avail.

A careful check of damage resulted for his towns in an estimate of over sixty million dollars with many many items unlisted. Those it was believed for ruined towns alone would increase the damage far above one hundred million dollars. Damage to other and smaller towns, was not estimated. The list of estimated losses was Little Heidi Junction, \$10,000,000, Big Hedda, \$10,000,000, Glorianna Junction \$20,000,000, partial damage at Lucilla Rickson \$10,000,000, Chamber 1 Chamberlain \$5,000,000, thirty small villages known to be destroyed or burned \$5,000,000, minor villages, \$5,000,000, racks of newly laid railway of several lines of the Sondon and Mic-Hollister and Pandor \$3,000,000, and for hundred miles of telephones and telegraph, \$2,000,000. Much fire and other insurance is carried on all this but it did not probably exceed \$20,000,000. Sixty persons were known to have been killed with the hurricane of fire struck persons were burned or scorched as to require quick treatment. All fire departments of city were called out and men citizens flocked to the forest to fight back the Red scourge. The damage was estimated at \$45,999,976. The loss throughout the city because of a sudden fire hurricane wind had not been learned but it will be very great. Many wooden houses were razed. Several large estates were wiped out, and some d factories were damaged and all windows out. Streets were blocked by fallen trees and debris and housing conditions at some places were

were deplorable. The next office occupied serious Amos. Around Lucilla Rickson from the known dead in other various burned towns were:

Little Mic-Hollister, 175, Pandor, 160, Pandor 71, Pandor-De-Leon 125, Aron, 215, St Michael, 110, Nidarain, 110, Las Piedra, 105, and Little Rickson 453 killed all killed in flight or caught in overtaken by the burning flames before they could escape. All the casualties were native Galverinians.

The Galverinian government took steps on the 5th of September under the direction of Emperor Vivian to bring all refugees out of the forest fire arena in southern Galverinia and likewise evacuated the Mic-Hollister Forest fire situation to determine if any action necessary for that section could be secured overcame the terrible "Red Plague." After a consultation with all his Royal House Emperor Vivian ordered all railroads still running in spite of past disasters to run to all places located in the danger zone to bring away all refugees fleeing from burning towns and cities and to deliver cargoes of food to the sufferers. Simultaneously Emperor Vivian his brother ordered several freight trains belonging to the Abbotson, Le-Bordain, and Galverinia to run for other sections further south of Lucilla Rickson to bring away refugees fleeing from Mombi and other towns threatened. The other trains ordered to the towns endangered were the "Evangeline St Clara, which left Angelina in Aquathia for the stricken districts. Emperor Vivian first request every hour of the day and night was of news from the forest fire sections. The general reports throughout Galverinia regarding other plagues either receding or still on were discussed but no action could be recorded or decided upon regarding the Mic-Hollister Plague the absence of badly needed news.

NORTHWEST 110-HOLLESTEIN WOODS FOREST FIRE
SWEEPST TWARD AND INTO NORTHERN ANGELINA STATE.
FOREST FIRE BELIEVED LASHED FORWARD BY SIXTY MILE TO ON ONE HUNDRED
TWENTY FIVE MILE AN HOUR WIND.
MANY IN OTHER TOWNS DOWN DIED. TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY SIX KILLED
AMONG RANGERS FIGHTING THE FIRE.

What startled people was that many railroad presidents of northern and southern Angelina State railroads reported by telegram that many freight trains were being held in readiness near the cities of Maricopa, Angelina Junction, and others because rumors had it that the forest fires which were sweeping such extensive forests had by the 7th of September become extraordinarily severe, and the left wing of it had struck across a portion of the extreme western Angelina border. Many indications showed that the fire seas had apparently turned southward between Angelina Junction and Gertrude Angelina City with the heart of the conflagration moving southeastward as eastward as well as southward, the eastern parts threatening to make a direct junction with the big fires which still raging had some time ago started horrors and terrible destruction in southeastern Calvernia. For unknown reasons or other the weather department at Gertrude Angelina city reported a sixty five mile an hour wind which was raising a temperature never yet recorded in the city's history during the hottest weather in her hottest summers.....

The Angelina Agathia Red Cross in co-operating with the people of the Northern Angelina districts were preparing extra relief expeditions to leave the city as soon as possible for every section of the areas threatened by the terrific conflagrations. One of the directors of public safety in the forest fire district declared that thousands upon thousands of men from cities and various towns had been drafted and sent to do what they can to try to stop or the progress of the "red plague" or at least but it off or head it off from the menaced cities and towns as even the fire was dangerously close to Gertrude Angelina city which had suffered its terrible share from floods just recently and had not hardly been able to repair all her buildings yet. The drafted men were sent by rail transportation and they were also to report as soon as possible on conditions in the "Red Plague" area.

The Mayor of Gertrude Angelina city said his last communication with Angelina Junction city by telephone at 7 P.M. when the police department there said a one hundred thirty mile an hour wind was raging through the city hurling dense clouds of smoke past and through the streets, and roofs were flying through the air in all directions, and a tremendous wall of fire was within two miles of the city which was being overtopped in a twilight darkness. The people were fleeing by train, wagon, auto or by any means possible and that those closest to the fire, hundreds of thousands of them had no time to save even the slightest of their household goods.

Communications were cut off before the Mayor of Angelina Junction city finished speaking.....

After causing at least 250 out of 100,000 rangers to be killed while fighting the flames near this region, and six hundred more among refugees, and leaving a sea of destruction in West North Angelina State, and shrouding all parts of southwestern Calvernia and good sections of northern Angelina State into dreadful suspicious silence, the terrific forest fire spreading and forming many others because of the wind raged into the north section of the woods of northern Angelina State somewhere between Gertrude Angelina City and Maricopa becoming one of the worst fire seas on record and burning with a fury and complete mass which only witnessing could only prove. All kinds of communications were rapidly broken and few details of the severity of the tremendous forest fire were available. Terrific hot winds like that of the "Death Valley" of California raged in the front of the racing fire oceans, and throughout these sections it was not known how many escapes and reports of property damage was meager.

The bigger city of Angelina the birthplace of some of the Virgin Girl Princesses, and the Royal Department town of the same city but some distance off including the main line tracks of the Abilene, Bonanza, and Calvernia railroad across Lake Angelina and Angelina Bay were isolated. The smoke in that a locality put the inhabitants in night of terrific volcanic eruptions and it hung over the city or sky as black as ink shedding strange darkness like West. Westerners and elsewhere are observe during the approach of a tornado. Weather and all other Bureau officials at Angelina Richee city ten miles from Angelina believed the worst fire storm struck in the vicinity of Angelina City for every hours thousands of refugees from there were arriving on freight trains frightened, distressed, and with serious sickness caused by partial suffocation by smoke. Two hundred were also brought in overcast by heat which in that city temperatures raged from 110 in some places to 170 in others.

The wind there had unroofed buildings though the reports of the city burning was not yet verified.
Angelina Richee was near the terrific conflagration probably facing its edge

near fire number two, and there the Mayor reported hot winds as high as seventy miles infringing squalls but so far no smoke. Some damage had been done to trail buildings, and the majority of the people fled to ice houses, and ice cream companies to escape the heat, while other were hastily leaving on trains.

Meanwhile the other enormous fire storm apparently was striking deeper into other sections of the forested parts of southern Calvernia, and all rangers and signal stations and bureau bureau observers and ranger signal stations warned the inhabitants of hundreds of small towns that unless the course of the fire changed the conflagration probably would consume them sooner or later and that the inhabitants might as well flee while they have time to save their household goods. Throughout the whole of Calvernia even as far north as cold Abyssinville the series of tremendous forest fire was causing unreasonable high temperatures, and Calvernia city reported 98 in the shade when at this time of the year she being so far north and usually has her highest as far as fifty five.

It was said nearest to the Angelina border about seventy seven small towns had been consumed by the forest fires and about two hundred and fifty six of the refugees had been killed by being overcome by heat, overtaken or trapped in fire or by falling trees as the result of the fury of the forest fire on the 5th. Other towns though burned have reported no loss of life while communications with them and many others and even those not in its path is still lacking and might be when all check is taken up the final death list might turn out to be frightful. In this location to make matters worse more than 2,345,666 of the population have been rendered homeless, and about 11,000,000 more live in rural sections from which it may be weeks, and weeks before any accurate reports are received.

The governor of Calvernia estimated that half the population of those parts of Calvernia was already homeless, and from witnesses who fought their way to Angelina Agathia over almost wreckage obliterated roads it was learned that thousands faced famine. Declaring the awful situation is so terrible as to demand instant action, groups of authorities of various towns begged the governor to impose martial law throughout the region requisition all food and supplies and draft all able bodied men for forest fire fighting. And the signers pledged that whether their suggestions were adopted in whole or in part they were ready to devote their full resources and resources to all co-operation with the Governor and the National Department of loyalty.

While it was still impossible to form any accurate estimate of further property damage as the fires raged on it was feared by many that by now it would exceed or over a five hundred million dollars. The authorities have acted swiftly to check all dangers rising from other sources perils which from some regions have doubled. The governor had issued an order for all standing armies to augment the rangers and forest police to protect the regions and to aid any place necessary in fire fighting should the conflagration come that way. While the proper damage indeed in Lucille Richee city was immense the city suffered a very small loss of life as compared with smaller settlements and towns. A part of Lucille Richee city was visited by small flood as well as by hot hurricane winds and fire. Mount De Biff who had reached Lucille Richee on the night before the fire reached the city said ten bodies had been recovered there and the search was not completed because of the fire and the flight of the city's population. An American who required sixty hours to cover the fifty five miles from Lucille Richee said thousands of houses had been burned away.

Sixteen persons were killed during flight, and thirty injured by the hurricane of fire in the Virgin Junction town and the damage though the town did not totally burn was estimated at one million five hundred thousand dollars. Outside assistance was needed to restore homes and buildings destroyed by the wind and fire. After the passage of the fire the city was partly flooded which in some measure prevented the worst fire from striking here.

At this time another terrific forest fire was raging along the boundary line within a radius of sixty miles between Junction-Wren-town (Calvernia) and Vivianville city.

The severest part of the forest fire was at or in the vicinity of Girkinool Junction where a wind velocity of 100 miles an hour was reported preceding the advance of a terrible sea of fire before communications was interrupted. As the fires disabling and cutting telegraphic and telephone communication, the fire appeared to have done little or no damage to buildings and cities along the boundary here or at least yet did not come within reach and no loss of life among thousands of rangers fighting the fire there had been reported even late that following night.

Only minor damage of the strong winds was reported at Vivianville city in telegraph messages received at Angelina Agathia while at her neighboring city of Prussia a velocity of ninety miles an hour was reached by the wind for about twenty miles but reports of property damage or of the movement of the fire here was not to be obtained as yet. Telegraph operators at Gertrude Junction reported to railroad offices near here that the forest fire and its preceding

hurricane had ransacked that place, and that the roof of the building which housed the instruments had been blown away and the buildings facing the direction of the advancing "RED PLAGUE" were burning in whole blocks at a time, and the inhabitants were fleeing in the wildest panic. While messages were being transmitted to this city the lines melted down and no further reports were to be obtained. Yet some definite word was received at Dorothy Gale city at 7:45 A.M. the next morning of the 7th of September by the Associated Press from Amelia nearly eighty miles west of there, that the forest fire was hitting that city that morning like a hurricane and fire storm combined, unroofing large numbers of houses, putting lighting system out of order, and setting whole blocks of houses on fire. The people jammed the streets in confusion, and railroad stations were crowded, while women screamed and children cried. James Hume the chief operator of telephones at Amelia said the heart of the forest fire had apparently passed to the north of that city but that nevertheless it did not, and was not saving the city. It was impossible to tell how far to the north, as all communication in that district had been cut off about six A.M.

As far as we know no one in Amelia town had been injured or burned though, 1000 were prostrated by the heat, many lost their clothing, and those in flight had to seek their clothing to keep them from catching fire. Everywhere in that region great apprehensions were felt as to the extent of the damage that might have been wrought to scores of towns farther north west, and east, as well as Angelina Junction where the conflagration was heading, and Angelina station, where an unconfirmed report said the forest fire hit the main U.S. Government forest was about sixty miles south of Amelia and that there was hope the night we escape.

At 10 A.M. that morning trains were dispatched from Angelina Agathia toward all areas now where the fire storm was reported to have struck in all its fury and where the flames were raging like the Hells ocean of fire. All Rangers and either were preparing to locate other lines of fire or fighting the flames were instructed by authorities of all kinds to advise all signal stations and telegraph offices still in operation immediately as to conditions along the boundary line. Upon the basis of their report will be determined how many citizens from cities will be drafted to be sent to combat the flames, these being nearly four millions now as reported, and even they were unable to stay the wild conflagration. From the general movement of the forest fire, to check them by counter fire, and breaching seemed impossible, and the best means generally was to try to turn the flames off from towns and villages or warn the inhabitants timely enough to allow them to get away with some of their household goods.

Another report received later that day at the Angelina Agathia Forest fire investigation bureau said an estimated velocity of wind of one hundred miles an hour was reported at North Bend north of the former city, and that a "Wall of fire" was bearing down on the town and twenty others in the neighborhood and all efforts of Rangers to stop or turn off the flames from their course was unavailing and that ten perished while retreating.

So far as can be recorded from meager reports Gertrude Angelina damage was confined to blown down signs, and broken win down of stores and houses, and some wrecking of frail buildings, but it was believed the main sea of fire had changed its course and was not reaching the city though half the main population had fled to that part by street car, wagon and other vehicles to fight back the flames if necessary aided by all the fire department of the city and neighboring towns not in the path of the scourge.

At Gertrude Angelina city a large wooden barn belonging to one of the Gemini Headquarter buildings were reported destroyed by the wind, but otherwise as reports had said no distress calls had been given out.

The wind here was still blowing forty miles an hour having come down considerably but the temperature was still up to the limit the reading at that hour being about 118 in the shade at the Weather Bureau though street thermometers reported higher readings.

Electric power had been off and on intermittently. Yet the population of many other towns north of Gertrude Angelina City had largely evacuated through fear of the fire storm, and persons from those towns were arriving at Gertrude Angelina city, and roadways and highways between that city was like a "one way" street, for two days with crowds of people speeding to better sections or to the city.

It was feared however that Harbucien was threatened by "inundation" from fire and a sixty five mile an hour wind was reported there, with the population almost stifled by heat and smoke fleeing to ravine lakes and large streams with little time to take their belongings, while by the men took hastily organized groups by hundreds were laboring like mad demons trying to escape their awful home in their efforts to hold back flooding fires from the general sea of conflagration by breaching and ditching and struggling to beat out ground and other secondary fires. Yet all this effort was unavailing and they were steadily being beaten back. On the 14th cities of Allgrove and Glendale found themselves in a wild center of an eastward moving hurricane of fire at the same

that was dealing out extensive damage before wire communications and public and other utilities failed. And with reports of the movement toward Central North Angelina State of the enormous fire hurricane which during the last seven days out a path of death and immeasurable destruction throughout good sections of southern California, the Angelina Red Cross on the days of the news mobilized a force of workers at Gloriana city near the Arroyo San Juan ready to render all help possible and assistance in the event the fire storm would spread through the great Northern Angelina States forests. Henry Dorgu vice chairman of the Angelina Red Cross and other Christian and Charitable branches branches as well as all Religious Catholic Organizations of rescue and relief, also telegraphed all disaster workers, every country of Angelina and Angelina vine state took led in the probable sweep of the forest fire to stand by ready to give assistance if needed, and sent in warnings to all men incentives and towns not entering armies to fight the enemy to assemble in bodies and go out to aid the others to fight the fires, and the penalty not to do so would be the utter ruins of their homes and valuables. This received a great response indeed. The nature of these forest fires indeed was stirring up the nation and men felt folk from hundreds of towns, and scores of cities, old or not, young boys of sixteen years even and so on were flocking to trains still running at stations for the purpose to join forces with the aid already desperately pressed forest fire fighters. Nearly seven million were going on their way to combat this great "Red Scourge" of the forest.

Near Angelina Hiccho there formed a vast army of ruthless and fearless men, whose leaders over their maps and charts planned resistance superhuman to forest fires advancing on the town. "The forest fire MUST" be turned aside from its course. The contents is given, not from the open file the veterans of many a long battle against fires of this sort, thousands upon thousands of them, rangers, city citizens from towns and villages and forest police and as they go each to his duty, they hope victory against the fire demon. Before the unburned sections of the forest is drawn a vast army in battle array.

Obscure silence that harbinger of disaster however reigns. The long lines of waiting men, armed with axes, crosscut saws, and with explosives source seem to breathe. James the sounds of hoofs. Before his army rides the bold, the daring head of all rangers, George, a gaunt hand is raised. Yet deeper settles the silence. The forest fire MUST but turned off its course. It is the word of the government. No more. And now sounds to the vaults of high heaven the mighty roar of armed multitudes in such combat. The deep reverberations of falling trees, the sound of axes, the snapping of many saw, the roar of explosives, the shouts of men as saw or axe finally cuts through the trees, the moans of the rising wind, and the prayers for success—all all united, and one great ocean of sound seem to proclaim to the world and its Creator that the Red Beast of war that was ravaging the lands forests would finally be checked here.

Fifty thousand at work. Five thousand towns lost in fifteen minutes and hailed away by hundreds of horses. There must be VICTORY.

HA. The forest fire leaps the breach. Victory indeed for forest fire. A great victory this, for the conflagration.

At the far end of the city there stood a Convent, silent witness to the violent combat against the "RED PLAGUE", very one in the city is fleeing. Within the Convent the sisters prepare for flight one taking care that the Noides of Noides do not be left behind. She cannot find the key to the Tabernacle. To the front door of the Convent rides the leading forest ranger. Ruin and desolation seems to follow him far behind as if it is his bodyguard, death riding toward him and the whole town with the wind. Moon in the city there will remain little unscathed by the flames.

"Hurry sisters every one of you, for even now the angry sea of flames leap fiercely across the branches we have made to vainly stop it. Make haste and flee, for naught escapes the fires wrath not even this holy place."

They are all on their way except the superior who could not find the key. She prayed desperately that she would find it. The Ranger is in the building looking to warn others which maybe there still. And as he saw the sister looking for the key he cried—

"Would you wish to pay for thy folly with thy life. Why search for key now. The time for flight is short, if thy will keep thy skin whole, break it open and get away with the Holy of Holies in haste."

She made attempts to do so with a file and finally succeeded. And now closer and closer and ever closer sounds the roar and crackling of flames, and their light flames high in a blood red sky. She leaves the building, and the Ranger hastens her off. The fire is on the town.

On the 9th of September it seemed evident that the southern country of California was in danger of becoming a desert of raging fires, on account of the vast stretches of forests which fell victims to the terrible plagues of the ravaging fires then raging. All leading rangers, who also had been out in the heat of it seeing that all efforts on their part and the part of their men was in vain had recourse to the most powerful of all protectors, Our Blessed Lady

The Virgin Most Powerful, and Most Merciful. One of these rangers gave orders that a picture of the Blessed Mother of God, along with the Sacred Heart of Jesus, should be carried in a general procession of all the clergy and laity of the endangered town of Angelina Junction as far as Gertrude Angelina city. The violence with which the fire plague was raging may be judged by the fact for this story at least that even during the procession eighty small towns and quite a distance apart from each other perished before the flames with their inhabitants fleeing before it. The procession seemed or did have effect for Angelina Junction city was saved for from the mouth of the near ending of the procession the fire nearest the city changed in its course, and danger to the city ceased. Angelina Rescue too was only partly burned even though severely damaged. This occurrence therefore could remind the reader that for real, that the Virgin Most Merciful and loving will do anything for those who trust in Her, who in this story could have and did have response to the prayers of the procession by gaining the request of Her Devine son to stay the fire from these two cities. At the end of the procession every one sang:

"Agnus Dei, Iustare, Alleluia, quia quoniam meruisti portare, Alleluia, reuerenti sicut dixit, Alleluia. Then came for ending "Ora pro nobis Domine, Alleluia."

To make matters thrilling for this story of the greatest forest fire disaster of far, the reader may as well know small probabilities that before this as mentioned before various portions of the beautiful holy country of Calaveras had at different times throughout late 1872 and 1873 suffered most severely by the enemy made disasters, of floods fire and explosion, worse than the worse effects of the influences of worse tornadoes, cyclones, hurricanes, Abbeismian seas Typhoons earthquakes and so on worse disasters of floods of which had have transcended nearly the whole of Calaveras and Angelina and Angelina Vine states combined, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake that as long as these nations if real would have existed the latest inhabitants would never forget them, even if forgiving as Christians should all be. But really is Abbeismian supposed to forgive this? The question rest with Our Dear and Blessed Lord alone. I will describe no best as possible one of the forest rangers who witnessed the passage of a terrific wing of the conflagration that he said and his men were worried by and it is the same old friend Fred Golden.

"He says-

Having recovered slightly from my injuries received when hurled into the river by the tree, and therefore having witnessed one of the most awful scenes of the "Red Plague" in all its fury and grandeur, I will attempt to describe it.

The realization of that most astonishing revolution of the airy element that preceded the terrific fire ocean even now gave me the most disagreeable sensation that I feel as if about to plunge into the very fiery furnace of the Devil's house itself.

Having failed to save the little city of Merced Junction, I and my thousands of men had left the region by making a short cut beyond the fire by means of all being on six wagons drawn by alert and quick running horses. We were going along on the banks of the same river now swamped by dead fishes. The weather because of the conflagration was terribly scorching hot, and I thought twenty per cent hotter than any heat felt on the hottest desert of the world of which I myself once crossed when touring the world for adventure, and that is not the Sahara either. The smoke was still so heavy that it remained quite dark though there were some clear patches of sky between, making the heavy banks of smoke look like those terrible typhoon clouds that moved in during the approach of one of those cyclones along the coast every now and then from the Mic-Whirlthim Seas. My horse pulling the wagon in which I rode in was galloping quietly along and my thoughts were therefore entirely engaged in what all this sea of fire raging in scattered parts of the nation was going to result in, in the end. To get out of the path of this fire ocean I had my men reach and forded a little stretch of Sunbeam Creek and was on the eve of entering a track of large thickly forested bottom land or valley that lay between it and Delight Creek when suddenly I noticed a great difference in the aspects of the heavens.

A heavy thickness had also overpassed the woods before me, and a slight breeze of wind was rising, and I for some time expected we were still in the path of the fire but my horse showed no inclination to fear or prepare for such a danger. I had I nearly arrived at the verge of the valley on a road bed, when I thought fit to stop near a brook bridge to observe what was up. I listened and heard a distant crackling and murmuring sound of the most strange nature. It made me think of the approach of one of those well known Typhoons and therefore I looked toward the direction of the fire peril, when I observed an unusual blackness overhead and along the horizon but very close a long stretch of reddish flares of which was quite new to me, and advancing like the wind. I calculated we were not in the path of it, but I nevertheless sent all of my force forward to fight it to prevent it from changing course toward me as a town lay not far away from which sound I knew the inhabitants were retreating in panic.

About half an hour's time was left for me to consider however, then the next moment the taller stretches of trees far off but within easy sight which was agitated by a strong breeze suddenly became huge roaring crackling tree torches.

The flames suddenly increased to an unexpected sea burning forward a hundred trees per second it seemed, and millions of smaller branches and twigs flared up and fell toward the ground in fiery showers or flew in the air before the glare then beginning. Two minutes passed, and the whole forest before me was in fearful fiery array. Here and there one tree burned partly through in falling partly pressed against the other, producing a creaking noise similar to that occasioned by violent gusts which sometimes sweep the country, and tossed by a terrific hurricane of wind the flames were in fearful motion. They funneled, and waved like the billows of the sea, and stretched upward, and formed long and thick streamers apparently so high as to reach the clouds.

I was greatly astonished to see large stretches of the noblest trees of this forest valley change their heads into thousands of torches into one, and also while burning were falling in pieces. The flames roared up making a crackling hissing noise, burning through entirely the upper masses of the trunks, and in many cases whole forests of big trees of gigantic size almost burned through heat that sweated the daylight out of me from where I stood a quarter of a mile away. Fortunately for me the wind did not blow toward me or otherwise I would have been scorched before the fire reached me.

The progress of the forest fire was as rapid as a hurricane, and was now burning past the place opposite where I stood, and where my men were at work to keep it from spreading any way.

Who could forget the scene presenting itself at this moment. All the seas of flame were moving in the strangest manner, as if they were in the central current of a terrific tempest, and the flames were so thick now they obscured all the trees from view. Thousands of the largest trees of all were seen bending when they would reveal themselves when half burned through, others suddenly snapped across and fell among the flaming seas below with the upper part still standing but blazing with the rest. Sometimes the wind carried a mass of burning twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view like a thick rushing and scolding fire cloud.

When the worse of the fire tempest passed it disclosed a unbelievable wide scene panorama filled with fallen blazing trees, and heaps of burning shapeless ruins which marked the path of the devastation forest fire. Dense smoke now rose like volcanic clouds from the smoldering everything now and then. This space was as large as the naked eye could distance, and to my mind imagination resembled a huge valley turned into a smoking volcanic crater with the part of my section unexposed, the burning part with its erupting clouds of smoke, its thousands of flaring fissures through the smoke, and long lakes of white hot lava inclined or forced in various degrees. Even from where I stood the heat was terrific and my men were retreating before it and the blinding smoke. The horrible noise resembled that of a great tornado in passing and as it howled along in the huge track of the devastating fire tempest, it produced a feeling in my mind, which one feels after he dreams he had been for a short space of time in the bottomless pit.

The principal fury of this passage of the forest fire was now over although the valley seemed the volcano crater as I said before. Strangely the sky had now despite the continued but gradually breaking darkness a strange greenish light and the extremely disagreeable odor of the smoke almost overcame us. The millions of twigs and small branches far ahead of the almost advancing wall of fire were soon following it somewhat in front as if drawn onward before the conflagration by some mysterious power. They appeared apparently to be floating in the air for some hours after in the far distance as if supported by the long walls of thickly massed fire that rose high above the far distant forest. Having sustained no injury, and my men having been successful in preventing it from spreading toward us I waited in amazement and wonder until at length nature resumed somewhat her usual aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined whether I and my followers should try to catch trains and get a long distance ahead of the same fire to try one more to head it off, or attempt to make a country fire if the wind was favorable for me before we reached any spot favorable for our purpose, we decided to do so but dangerous difficulties. Some of my followers were encountered innumerable and had across a portion of the forest fire before rejoicing and rejoicing scorched and smoke blinded."

Many wonderful accounts of the devastating effects of this hurricane of fire were circulated in the country and during its occurrence and much damage was done by the awful visitation. One other valley thickly overgrown with briars bushes, woods and bushes thickly entangled among the tops and trunks of storm tossed fallen trees and a valley which too was thickly wooded was also swept its entire length by the Red Scourge, and the fire here was sure to sweep and leaped higher than the hill tops on each side. The fire continued to burn and on despite all efforts of every fighter to stop it. One large force of rangers made a fire clearing at a distance of forty miles from the line of advance, and again another clearing fourteen miles further off, but to no avail.

Lastly they tried to check its ravages on the summit of a mountain connected with the great serpentine forest of Northern Anglinia state, forty miles beyond the other clearings made. At this point the vain battle against the advancing fire will be given in a thrilling detail.

Toward three o'clock in the afternoon a fresh wind blew down the river near the heights of Heidi Junction. Two red lanterns were raised into the utmost top of the highest trees. It was the appointed signal, and some boat loads of men coasted off and fell down the river with the current, while those men of lighter foot and carrying a mass of crosscut saws and planing shovels and picks, started landing the blisters up the slopes. It was here a terrific battle with Mr. Fire Demon was to start. A Captain better with the rest of the fellows had orders to follow on the right. Just then the forest fire was sixty miles away. For full two hours the process of boats borne on the current steered silently down the Mis-Hollister Run. The sky was darkened still with heavy rolling clouds of smoke and in the west it was more darker than a thundercloud. The general landing forest ranger was in one of the foremost boats, and near him was a young foreigner, from Canada. He told many of his friends afterwards a full description of the intense strain of the conflict which was of no avail.

As they slowly but surely neared their destination they headed in toward the hill shore, and the mighty slope of the ridge and forest towered in the twilight darkness on their left. It was in the full path of the fire, and the heart of it too. The dead silence was suddenly broken by a wall of another forest ranger on shore invisible in the thick smoky gloom.

"Best loads of rangers and citizens," answered a captain of Hollister men from one of the boats of the blasting crews. He had served in the force of rangers for years and knew the signals. The men expecting the force of rangers was satisfied and shouted directions as how to proceed. Soon after the foremost boats were passing the smoke covered heights of Holy Uress Hill, when another Ranger shouted a warning, and they could see him through the darkness running down to the edge of the water, within pistol shot range. In answer to the question of the captain this time a white man told him the fire was moving upon the ridges on flank front and rear. Yet they passed on and in a moment they found themselves on the headland above the St. Moran. There was no ranger there. Where they disembarked as directed near a narrow strand at the foot of the sloping heights as steep as a hill covered with trees and half-way four leaders led the way climbing with as much speed as possible, closely followed by a much larger body of men. These were the blisters and they carried the explosives in sacks. When they reached the top they saw in the dim light a cluster of houses at a short distance, and the foremost men immediately made a dash for them, pounding on the doors or windows and shouting to the occupants.

"We'll have to save this hill in a hurry. Forest fire coming!"
The men within taken by surprise, got their women and children together and with house hold goods that could be carried off and then off to some safe spot while they too started behind to join ranks with the fighters.
The main body of forest fire fighting troops waited in the rear of their boats by the strand. The heights sloping upward gradually was near by gradually skirted by a great ravine choked with forest trees, and in its depth ran a little brook which fell splashing in the stillness over a rock. Other than this no sound could reach the strained ears of the leaders but the murmur of breeze in the high tree tops and the climbing of their advanced parties as they mounted the steep steps at some little distance from where they stood listening for sound of the approaching fire hurricane. At length from the top came sounds of mistle shots and the swinging back and forth of red lights, followed by shouts, and a they knew that the men had discovered the army like advance of the conflagration.

The word was given, the troops of rangers leaped from the boats, and quickly and silently scaled the heights, some here, some there, clutching at trees, and bushes their muskets slung at their backs, which they needed to use for sounding in case they or any of their members got trapped. One slanting path on the face of the precipitous heights had been made impassable by briars and thorns but all obstructions were soon cleared away with axes and blows of rifle butts, and then the ascent was easy.

In the dark murk of the smoky afternoon the long files of rangers aimed with the weapons necessary for the work moved quickly upward, and formed in order on the forested plateau above.

Before many of them had finally reached the top, explosions were heard close on the left. It was the men already at their blasting of trees. Another party was sent to help them, and this was soon effected.
The evening now broke in heavier clouds of smoke and the fire was nearer. Jack Glora's men were drawn up along the crest of the heights. No others supposed to come and help them was in sight, though a body of Galverinians had sailed from a town below and moved along the strand toward the landing place, when they went quickly at work chopping and sawing down trees to clear the ravine as much as possible to make it a safe retreat in case the fire fighters were worsted. The main leading forest Ranger Vigan Warner had achieved the most critical part

of this enterprise, and yet the hoped for success he desired so strongly placed him and all his followers in grave danger. On one side of him but far away was a long huge rolling wall of smoke like a hundred volcanoes in violent eruption, and the large sea of flames moving forward like an express train was on the other. Warner's alternative was therefore victory or ruin, for he if he should be over-whelmed by a smothered attack of the forest fire retreat to even the ravine would be some places partly or entirely obscured by tremendously rolling walls of dense smoke being so huge that though so far away they seemed less than half a mile but nevertheless it would be safe to say that hesitation or doubt had no place in them, while facing this dangerous situation.
He went to reconnoiter the ground, and soon came to the large plateaus of the mountain top called St. Johns Hill plains. These small mountain top plains were a thickly forested tract of ground trees nearly as thick as if they were huge grass, intolerably thick in most parts, added here and there with him huge fire crowding the valley below would ascend this ridge. On the north it was bounded by the thickly forested declivities along the Mis-Hollister Run, on the northwest and south by those of the far distant Mis-Whirther Run through which that huge stream crawled like a writhing snake. All this panorama was in the path of the huge conflagration and here it would surely cross the Mis-Whirther Run if not checked.

Whether the troops of rangers now advanced marched by long files until they reached the ground, and then wheeled to form their battleline, which stretched across the whole summit. It consisted of the dynamiters, and the detached saw crews from a few towns, all drawn up in line. The right wing was near the bring of the heights along the huge Mis-Hollister Run, but the left could not reach those along the other plain. On this side a long space was left open and there was danger of being outflanked by the fire. To prevent this dynamiters and saw men were stationed here drawn up at left angles with the rest and fronting the direction of the Mis-Whirther Run. Many others under Ned formed the reserve rangers, another force was left to help clear the ravine, and Warner's lighter armed men were to make a clearing in the woods to the rear. The three chief work was to fail, and which when all rangers and citizens arrived numbered less than thirty five thousand men.

A town called Andrea was not a mile distant but they could not see it for a ridge of broken ground intervened about six hundred paces off. But couriers were sent nevertheless to warn the inhabitants and to get the men folk to join in the battle. The first division of Rangers had scarcely come up when about seven o'clock of general forest fire fighters of Glen Gerardo Junction arrived just at this moment from its camp not far from the Mis-Whirther Run, somewhere there was already the sound of hot and swift work in the rear. The workers were starting the formation of the clearing there. Light squalls of hot sultry wind blew at intervals, tormenting the troops as they stood patiently waiting the event. On account of the situation Warner some time before had passed a troubled night. Through all the evening, signal alarms had bellowed from the headquarters, and lights had flashed. His men had been preparing for the enterprise all day and before while he waited the field that adjoined his little mountain mountain headquarters till two in the morning, and he was in great agitation and took no rest all night. Now he was preparing for a terrific effort against the fire. He sent a ranger to the town to warn all the inhabitants of the fire. He sent, and to all flee to the prepared opening in the huge ravine should anything unusual happen. Then he rode to the left with a follower. As they advanced amid the sound of scores of explosions per minute and the smoke the country behind the town slightly opened into a small clearing till at length when opposite a small house on the summit they saw a r across the Mis-Whirther Run some good many miles away, the high red seas or walls of the advancing flames moving over and above the heights beyond and through a long valley like a conflagration preparing to burn all the country in a few hours.

"This is serious business," said Warner, and sent off one of his followers at full gallop to bring up the troops from the center and left of the waiting line. Those of the right were at work already. Then Warner set spurs to his horse, and rode fixed look however uttering not a word.
Half of his men were already at work, while the rest followed him in such order as it might in hot haste pressing on in headlong march, troops of men with axes picks and shovels shovels and sacks of explosives, a savage glitter of battle in their eyes, bands of men with wet blankets and sacks, whose all was at stake, in country side and house, the forest fire regulars, and the aboriginal warriors a torrent of white uniformed men it seemed. So they swept on poured among the woods ready to work hurrying breathless, to where the work was to begin.
Warner himself was amazed at what he saw. He had expected only a partial of a

main fire line, and he found an advancing ocean. Full in sight before him, stretched the line of fighters, the scattering ranks of the rangers, and the wild array of the leaping rushing seas of fire, moving forward here and there in huge waves, huge valleys of fire, mountain sides smoking like infernos, and the preceding fire hurricanes screaming defiance. It appeared as if the whole world was burning, that the Last Judgment had come.

The other rangers had not yet come, and Horner waited long for these rangers he had ordered to join him. He waited in vain. It was said that the headquarters had detained them. Lost the forest fire should reach the Mic-Whirther Main region. Even if the flames did so and succeeded in crossing the stream to the forests of the other side the rangers might defy them could they but stem its course up the hills of the Holy Cross Ridge. No sign. Neither could the rangers of Wallace troops come to the aid of Horner. He sent to Ramseygorius their commander for twenty five sacks of expl. explosives. Ramseygorius could give him only three or four, saying that he needed them for the forested region near the town of St. Charles which were in the path of the fire and from which the inhabitants were fleeing. There were therefore orders and counter orders, misanderstandings, haste delays, and perplexity.

Therefore Horner and his staff forest rangers held a short council. It was positive that he and they were for immediate work with all the men but some of the rangers later said that he was afraid that the fire might arrive and take the ridge on his rear. A town of also Murgun de was but a few miles distant, and some of the rangers there preparing for fight were much nearer, a messenger sent by courier could have reached them in an hour and a half at most and a combined attack in front and rear of these forests might have been concerted with him. Nevertheless if moreover Horner could have come to a junction with his leading men his own force might have been strengthened by thirteen of his additional thirteen thousands of additional men, but he felt there was no time to lose, for he felt sure the fire would rush the ridge, was was sure to happen.

He averted afterwards had been blamed not for fighting the fire so alone but for fighting at all. But in this he could not choose. Fight he must, for the fires was advancing in waves and sections to cut off all his escape and the ravine was the only avenue of escape left open to him. His men were full of ardor, and he resolved to strive in the effort before the fire came too close or before their ardor cooled.

The others waited the result of the blasting with a composure, which if not quite unusual, was at least well reasoned. The three lines of men sent elsewhere plied their axes to the trees before them, and fifteen hundred Calverinians and others worked in front and flank. Over all these sections of the forest, from behind and before trees puffs of white smoke sprang almost incessantly from the explosions of dynamite used to bring down the trees. Lines men with ropes were thrown out before the blasters to pull down trees not fallen altogether. The work was liveliest on the right where bands of men with every tool got under the edges of the decidivity, among thickets, and trees cutting every brush away with long scythes and knives where they succeeded in starting a good sized clearing. Once in a while men would be forced to run this way or that to avoid the trees as they crashed to the ground. The men with blasters were also called up from the rear to fight ground fires should they start from the heat of the big blazes. Horner himself was everywhere. And how cool he was, and why his followers loved him can be shown by an incident that happened in the course of the desperate work. One of his rangers was injured by a falling tree, and on recovering on consciousness he saw the ranger leader standing by his side. Horner pressed his hand told him not to despair, praised his work and promised him early promotion.

It was toward ten o'clock in the evening, when from the high ground on the right of the line which had now been comparatively cleared of trees, Horner saw that the crisis was near. Before or because of the near approach of the fire the fire rangers had now had been compelled to form themselves into three long lines. Two third pieces which had been dragged up the heights were also used to fire on the trees. The ranks of the fire fighters were ill ordered at most and were further confused by a number of trees which were falling in two directions at once, and which hurled a few of the rangers on the ground but did not injure them. The others moved forward rapidly to cut down the other trees making the clearing still wider, uttering loud shouts as success seemed to be coming for them in their desperate work, and helping others also at the work as soon as they came up with them. The Calverinians in their own labor had advanced a few rods, but now were confronted by a more thick thicker mass of trees. At this moment the dynamites having placed their explosives at many a tree a terrific crash as frequently as musketry discharges rang out all along the line and down came nearly a thousand trees at once with a great crash and thundering roar. This certainly was done with remarkable precision and the simultaneously explosions had sounded almost like one. Not long after another valley of crashed followed, and then a furious clattering roar that lasted but a minute or two, and down came many a tree bringing others down with them. Then the others with axes would rush

among these fallen trees and work feverishly in cutting off the branches as best as they could. A great sight so far was now revealed, the ground ground covered with multitudes of fallen branchless trees, while other workers seeing the near advance of the flames turned more frantically to their work, shouting and even swearing and cursing at the enemy in the meantime but of course not using sinful words. Some of the masses of workers stepped short at a high wall of brush and briars and started to work at these with long scythes, while some of the others pushed forward with the spade and pick to tear up infl. inflammable roots, some advanced cutting down weeds and covering them with dirt. They seemed to be keen and as swift as blood hounds in their work, and hoping and believing that success was near the men started their cheers. At the other portion of the line though the clearing was also greatly progressed, the desperate and fast work was still kept up, chiefly it was by men with crosscut saws, and axes, and those cutting down high bushes, weeds, and other forest through that was very inflammable which would burn like gasoline. W. H. H.

Here Horner himself led the work, at the head of the dynamiters. A explosion shattered one tree and it fell, a branch hitting him on the wrist. He urged on the work, and kept on, another tree fell, and still he urged them on, when a third tree falling hit him with a big branch, and sat him on the ground. He staggered to his feet. A moment after one of the rangers cried out:

"The fire is coming. See how it comes."

"How far is it yet," Horner demanded.

"About thirteen miles sir. The forested slopes and valley before us is now burning everywhere."

"Did it come so near so quick," he demanded. "Go one of you to James Warden, tell him to march all his men down to Mic-Whirther Run to cut off the fire from the stream if possible. Make a breach so that it will be too wide to strike across even if it succeeds in crossing the river." He felt kind of faint hearted for he could not believe his effort would be a success. The fire was coming too fast, and was simply enormous.

The fire appeared in full fury before the fire fighters. On a previous occasion when hard prepressed the forest rangers had made their stand successfully from another point of advantage. Horner had resolved to to check the fire from moving upon the ridge. Horner had not more than one thousand three hundred and sixty men as dynamiters, yet some of his men advised him that the fire if it came straight ahead would make the whole ridge untenable, but he resolved to stand it out perilous as it was as James Warden had strongly advised him to do so and promised to reach him soon with the bulk of the army of fire fighters coming from Mic-Whirther Run. Nevertheless knowing that all depended on holding out till the rest should come up, he did not wait for the fires approach to test the broadness but pressed the work with more vigor, thus successfully making the breach larger and larger nearly by this time clearing the summit of the trees. Some of the rangers had brought even artillery and shot for the purpose, and had planted the artillery for the purpose to leveling trees more quicker, and before them and the axes, saws and dynamiters the summit forest was slowly crumbling like pastry. The work had continued for five hours, the whole of the stretch of summit forest on the right near the ravine ravine on the south side being invaded. The battle in the main was now coming. Two hours more of hard work passed, and the north slope of the forest ed side was being assaulted by the waves of fire. The working parties claimed they saw four miles of trees in stretches go up into a wall of flames almost simultaneously, moving forward as a storming party, heading by three hundred smaller van guard fires. To face this horner had barely the very survivors of his thirteen hundred men or thirteen thousand which ever it be, for the majority of them exhausted almost to prostration after so many hours of constant hard work had been forced to retire. In the breach two hundred remaining trees had been cleared off having fell to rise no more. The remainder of the rangers aided by citizens, still working fiercely fell back inch by inch before the terrifically growing heat of the approaching scourge toward the ravine, their only hope, as Horner saw from his elevation the fire was assaulting three sides of the ridge he was on with his men. They were hard pressed by a terrible sea of rapidly advancing fire, which swept up the slope like a typhoon of fire. From whence, and a furious rush was made to get over to the ravine along with if the fire it would also therefore sweep the remaining forests of the ravine, and in this event, of course all would be lost.

The Rangers knew the fact well. Then turning themselves at bay at the ravine edge they opened themselves like an impenetrable wall of the mass of other trees before them, while above the din of explosions the rasping of axes and the thudding of axes, and the crashing fall of trees and the shouts of the workers and the exclamations of many others fiercely beating out small ground fires starting could be heard sounds in the front and rear, that no Horner's ear needed no explanation--the fire was striving furiously to cross the branches, frantically with flaming embers flying in all directions. It was if a cyclone of fire and fire had come at the same time. It was a terrible scene, the whole slope being

"Heavens the fire cannot be checked. It is crossing the breach." one of the leaders shouted wildly. "On on into the ravine clearing every one of you. It'll be a desperate fight for a few moments now."

Flinging themselves in hundreds on the trees before them on the ravine slopes the stormers cleared the way as quickly as labor would allow, freely it seemed giving men for man, life for life, ay four for one in this desperate work. They were bound to prevent the fire from getting too extensive in the ravine. There Horner too and his companions worked furiously, many wielding pick, spade and crowbar, dynamite and saws and axes like furies. Soon a low rumbling noise was heard followed by a crash, and a shout of triumph broke from Horner's men, and a yell of confusion from some others as falling trees barely missed them.

A portion only a portion of the new forest had been cut away in the ravine to make the breach there wider, yet the ravine was still passable for the flames when they should reach it. Again a wild eager shout from Horner. On now, on now at the work harder my lads. The work progressed, the fire roared nearer and hotter and smoke swept into the glen of the ravine. Suddenly a cry from some of the workers in the rear:

"Into the clearing of the ravine men, hurry every one for your lives."

Looking to see why the cry they saw the fire had leaped the broadness and a wall of flame was rushing toward the edge of the ravine and swarming around it also. The brave bands turned from their work, as they saw this scene, and as the last of the trees they cut through were tottering, most of them rushed with lightning speed down the slopes---but the last company it had wheeled about, even at that moment to face and keep back the ground fire---were too late. As they rushed for the ravine a mass of blazing trees heaved over with a roar right in front of them cutting off their escape almost entirely from the ravine, indeed leaving the devoted band on the brink in the midst of the quickly gathering flames which were making their clothing already smoke. There was a moment's pause and almost a wall burst from the others, but just as the fire seemed about to close upon the doomed group, they were seen to draw back space or two from the edge of the sloping chasm, throw down into the ravine their tools, then dash forward and hurl themselves rolling down a narrow part of the unexposed slope two at a time. Like a clasp of loudest thunder broke a volley of roars from a thousand trees burned through and falling almost at once, tearing the sea of flame into shattered fairy clouds. There was a minute of suspense on each side, and then a cheer rang out, of defiance, exultation victory as the brave fellows reached their comrades.

Now came the trying experience of hundreds of men as had never been seen in forest fire fighting in the world before. For three long hours it seemed that poured across the ravine and also strove furiously to descend such a storm of fire that the ravine was in dire peril, and as quickly as falling trees fell down into the ravine in their front the men dashed at them with axes and wet blankets soaked in the brook, fighting hard to beat out the flames. Above the forest even in a part of the upper slope of the ravine was a mass of flaming ruins, amongst which no one could have faced within one hundred feet so fierce was the heat. A moment the fire flanking the ravine set fire to some of the remaining woods closest to the rangers, and the blasting of trees that went on now in such desperation of the men sounded like a tremendous bombardment, until ammunition being exhausted the rangers had to resort only to axes and saws. Yet despite it all the rangers saw to their consternation, that barely a few minutes more and the ravine too would be entirely swept and they trapped. They had no more blasting materials, and it was almost certain death to show in the line of the now raging inferno of fire at the edge of the valley like ravine. Grasping their tools every man rushed from their shelter, and dashed forward to assault the trees nearest the raging flames which somewhat fortunately for them was moving slowly down the slopes. Fifteen minutes later, a peal like artillery, or a fusillade of loud musketry, and trees came down. They had gapped a cession of the woods but a number of the men had been caught under the branches and had to be rescued. When the smoke momentarily cleared away, they had been saved just before the fire reached the broken trees.

Out from other portions of the ravine dashed more rangers at seeing this success, but this time the spot was swept by a murderous sheet of fire and they were driven steadily back though they succeeded in felling eleven trees. Apparently their part of the ravine was to be saved. The fire going slow here and not hurled by wind was nevertheless working around the breach after all but the heat was terrific.

Some of the rangers were wounded, and now there came from the nearest blazing trees dangerously close to the fighters thick showers of flaming embers that felt like bullets when they hit. The officers and men scrambled from the inferno starting even in their midst, and many tree tops simultaneously blazed up like torches, and all the rangers began to make precipitately for the clearing seeing their fight to save the ravine was in vain. The ravine seemed in an instant alive with flaming trees, and to add to the horror of the moment, nearly all the falling trees fell across into the clearings, hurling flaming embers at the fleeing rangers and threatening new fires within the clearing. Two rangers caught were killed at once and buried under a seething mass of blazing tree wreckage. One bolder party went to attack the blazing trees but only three of that gallant little party escaped after most extraordinary and perilous efforts. And now the fire worked steadily around closing in on the clearing for fair. They

were it appeared trapped. The clothing of the men though wet were bedraggled and torn, their faces were black like niggers, and some of them were wounded, and the blood was trickling from their feet and legs. But fortunately the fire did not sweep across the opening but many were injured before they won the battle for preservation. Afterwards it took them fourteen hours to cross the burned debris to reach the river. Some witnesses were of the opinion that the rangers had to fight their way through the smudge before they crossed it without being burned, others said they did not cross it but went a long detour out of the way of the fire after leaving the ravine. At all events they escaped with only the loss of two of their number. They reached the river beaten by the fire and begging for reinforcements decided to not give up and strive elsewhere.

A desperate plan of counter firing being decided upon. When the main body of rangers came they looked down upon a sight of forest fires the like of which no one has ever seen yet. It should be right hereafter for this story and if it happened in reality to be able to banish all traces of all these heinous crimes of war maddened glandulins, and to make her pay as dearly as possible. The poor beaten rangers were brought to the opposite shore by those who came in gray great numbers to their assistance and brought in forlorn processions back again to recuperate and rest before striving at other works planned up. Thus ends one of the best descriptions of forest fire fighting. Other fire adventures will follow later on.

WHAT WERE BE KNOWN OF FOREST FIRES, AND FLOODS.

WHAT DOUBTS AND FOREST FIRES FOR THIS STORY.
WHAT SCIENCE TELLS OF FLOODS AND FOREST FIRES IN THIS STORY.
PRINCIPAL CITIES HIT BY PROBABLE GREATEST GREATEST DISASTER OF WAR?

THE Month of September 1913 had arrived it being the First. Who in the State of California and others ever forgot the long lists of floods, fire, and other great disasters that have occurred since November 1912.

As the News had reported of the Bengal horror, or the Bengal County horror with the total destruction of Abbeville; the cities of Abbeville and scores of others swept away by record breaking flood. Population of that city perished. None recovered. Hundreds of thousands of men, women, and children, in one city alone swept to sudden death. Throughout all Northeastern California, and Northern Angelina, scenes of dire suffering, and complete suffering of whole countries, and dreadful desolation had occurred that no million volumes of a hundred million pages, can describe. Millions of most desperate and heroic efforts made to save human life. One hundred thousand sent by Government to strictly investigate cause of calamity. Many hundreds of millions of dollars worth of property swept away. Terrific explosion shakes nation. Explosion believed responsible for blast. After investigations prove the facts, explosion shocks caused bigger death list than floods. Disaster horrible, inconceivable. Glandelinia held responsible.

The whole world was in this story shocked by this appalling news. Much but in much longer detail was the other disasters repeatedly put into the news in thrilling stories from time to time of the horrible explosion disasters, at different months and places, throughout the states, followed by record breaking floods which swept away many cities and towns without warning. In the past volumes the whole story that tells of all horror, suffering and desolation that befalls all description for all books in the world to fill was already written with wonderful power and effect.

It took Glandelinia to make California, and her sister states the helpless playthings of Nature. By working all this havoc, Glandelinia could have boasted to the world in general of conquering the southern Abbeville states, enjoying the shivering of the earth caused by great eruption like explosions, and taking wicked enjoyment as she viewed cities collapse like a child's house of cards, and great loss of life. But wicked Glandelinia, thinking she has mastered these states, but the fates takes the side of the Christians, and contradicts her. She declares her independence of Abbeville, and Abbeville smites her for wrecking her cities, and wantonly destroying the population of her Sister states. Glandelinia is import impotent before the power of Abbeville in spite of all the havoc she creates. She will pay.

Since this crazy war began there has been brought on by the foe many terrible calamities, by explosions, flood and fire and plague, especially in 1913 early, but none yet to equal the floods that occurred early in September 1913, which came so suddenly following an explosion of tremendous violence on the 12th brought on by forest fires set by the enemy. This great disaster took place in Northern Angelina State but far from the boundary line, but it embraced a good section of Southern California, and the whole of Angelina, and fortunately preventing the too great a spread of the forest fires in that location. Despite knowing of California's flood horrors the people at this section were not aware of their impending fate.

Previous to this big ravaging forest fires were fairly wiping out hundreds of millions of dollars worth of trees in one month in Northern Angelina, a bigger fire than all the big ones raging in California throughout the whole war combined added by a new and now more immeasurable one in southwestern California, northwest of the McCallister Woods, with at that time the city of Calvernia in its path and which was struck with the loss of six hundred thousand buildings before the rest of the city was saved. Mildred Greenburg was hit, but the citizens aided the fire department and saved the City to a good extent though fifty thousand houses were destroyed. 555,000 buildings were destroyed.

The Northern Angelina fire said to be brought on by a most terrific explosion of mysterious origin, was nevertheless a sudden addition to the terrific conflagration which had so long been raging in southeastern California, and in a moment, nay in the twinkling of an eye, the governments of these states were surprised by the awful fact that the resistless fires and floods were still upon the devoted inhabitant. The news of the awful overwhelming disasters of the past, came as a stunning blow to all people everywhere who read or heard of them, but this added and greater disaster was a new and overwhelming shock to the whole nation, and caused apprehension among all the other nations of the world.

These following chapters contain long and exciting descriptions of these awful September calamities including a storm of terrific battles and ravages of war a thousandfold severe. It depicts the terrible scenes that followed the awful fate of the victims, that overtook the refugees, and the hellish agony of the living, and

and the frightful anger of Emperor Vivian. It also tells in thrilling chapters of the desperate and thrilling efforts, astonishingly heroic, even to suicide of survivors to save their families from the terrible blows of the war. The long description of this probable most appalling horror of the war, the coming of the terrific forest fire, the terrible crash of the war probable worse explosion on September 21th caused by the fire, not the one in this chapter, the rising waters without warning inundating more cities and towns than any of the other floods and disasters combined, and the awful spread of the fire so that nearly the whole of Southern California was in darkness for weeks, nay months. Even Emperor Vivian and his whole whole Court, were refugees, and forced to be for a week on the bread line and his part of Angelina Agatha was no more.

It tells of the immense legions of inhabitants overtaken by the catastrophe and cut off from escape, hundreds of thousands sent to their deaths, frightful chases everywhere, a "world flooded and on fire at the same time." Recovery of bodies, bodies stripped of property by Glandelinian vandals and war thieves, all this told in these books. It contains thrilling stories by witnesses, that is I'll say eye-witnesses and survivors will speak for themselves in this story. They tell investigators and reporters of the sudden dangers that paralyzed untold millions, and made them unable to resist the fury of the explosion fire and flood disasters of that frightful September and October Months, running yet far right past March of the following year without a break in their devastation furies, really the worse of all disasters of the war suffered by the Christian side. They give heartrending accounts of separation from loved ones, and tell how futile all efforts were against the fury of the immeasurable forest fires and floods.

They tell how they saw their homes, school houses filled with children, with their teachers, churches and places of business and invaluable buildings, beautiful parks and the like swept away by flood or fire. There were millions of grand examples, of most astonishing and record breaking heroism. The descriptions of the disasters begin beginning in this fatal September month and ending past March the next year, with no sign of an ending contained in these many following chapters from time to time with the harrowing experiences of Violet and her sisters and many others will surely thrill the reader.

Amidst the horrible and startling alarms, the threatening deaths of whole populations of all flooded cities and towns, or those in the path of the fire, and ruined by explosion, the terrible desolation, and probable probably 100,000 miles of land country and sea side in darkness from smoke from the fires he sees how nobly Angelina men in this "HELL" struggled in vain to save their families and homes only to perish with them. He sees how the remaining population of all the men women and able children even flock from cities and towns in crazy desperate and frenzied efforts to stop the ravaging flames threatening to devour a whole series of huge states and menace the forests of Abbeville, and her northern states, and wipe out two hundred towns of Abyssinia, Abyssinia and 10,000 of them in Constantinople and all of them in Angelina Vine and render half the nation homeless within ten days in many places.

He seems to ride on the crest of the wars biggest and most devastating floods, or be a fugitive of the or before the awful forest fires which is running a flaming race with even the winds, and witness with his own eyes the terrible tragedies of this most awful war ever written and known within his own mind what the end was and will do when he "goes mad" Glandelinia is mad.

With the many past explosion, flood and fire and other dreadful and most shocking tragedies fresh in the minds of recent millions of sufferers even now without homes and camping out in terror of the enemy and disease, and this horror of September being added, a clearer understanding of how the enemy can cause such disasters, and the destructive power of them was according to this story sought by the whole world, by the Authorities of all Churches and Denominations, the Weather Bureau, International Detectives, and Secret Service men, and all others others combined.

General Hendro Burger of the Abbeville Gemini, he being its Chief had a word or two to say on these matters which will be found very interesting if not absolutely pertinent.

As our whole nation generally know by now, most of all these great disasters especially in the state of California, was caused by the enemy who formed them in the west, south and southeast, and also north and northwest and even central, forest fires and flood, and other great horrors. So far through certain conditions, the eastern sections of the state, and other states so far in general escaped. So far as I can see there are reasons why the dangerous explosions, floods, and fires and other great disasters are not yet occurring here. The enemy have not progressed that far and so are being held back.

Every one who has survived the past disasters, or gone through the most dreadful horrors and are still without homes and facing dire perils from disease and even the events even the enemy and gone through all the most dreadful horrors caused by the enemy in massacres and the like, and who have seen their loved ones and friends swept away in the twinkling of an eye, are generally being brought to understand that all various war disasters, and devastations will continue to rage its terrifying fury, and will not sooner rage across the state from the west

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For several weeks before this, unusual forest fires, burning over an immeasurable extent of forested fires, and moving in pairs like a flock of wolves had raged in Angelina state nearly over and all along the entire Angelina Run, and Arcata on the river valleys, with special destructive fury over the forested regions of the collector's run to the northwest, and the state of Angelina river, causing the fire to be excluded by the thick smoke and clouds darkness over a territory of nearly six hundred and thirty miles. The fire struck west all but across and

and because of this everywhere levees of rivers were burst by the concussion of great explosions, and many places not surrounded by water were menaced by the fire, and therefore other railroad traffic over nearly all other lines was in danger of being interrupted, but for the whole district the worse was yet to come, all that time since the explosion the awful floods had extended to an unusual magnitude and risen to an unprecedented height to break all records for all past floods combined in one.

At Angelina Agathia the Evangeline St. Clare River rearing the flood waters, suddenly increased so that the entire lower sections of the city was completely inundated to a depth of twelve to thirty feet, thus forcing hundreds of thousands who had not been warned in time to get away, to take refuge in upper floors of buildings or on roofs, where they were without city light, or drinking water, sanitation, or food.

Owing to the unusual swiftness of the current of water flowing through the flooded area of Angelina Agathia it was utterly impossible to get any kind of relief to the three or four million people in the flooded regions, and in the mobilization camps of Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia cities, where the barracks were flooded up to the third floors and many of them were swept away, and many soldiers were drowned. In these two big cities, and many others houses not entirely reached by the flood and which people had taken refuge until they were packed like sardines in a box had caught fire, and their occupants were forced to flee, and either climb from roof to roof or brave the dangers of swimming the flood in order to escape the flames, and this with the temperature at 124 every day and night. Terrible was their suffering.

With every dispatch from the stricken districts of northern Angelina and all westerly and southern sections of Calvernia, and all of the other states it became clearer that the first impression of the flood and forest fire disasters rhodine as they were felt later on immeasurably beneath the dreadful reality.

Millions driven homeless, hundreds of thousands overwhelmed in the rushing floods, and as many more rendered homeless by the "RED PLAGUE" of the forest, millions spared from sudden or lingering death only to suffer hunger, thirst, and the perils of fire, and exposure to intense heat, or endangered by many ear-splitting explosions, bigger cities than ever submerged by scores, countless villages swept away without a trace being left with all their population drowned, countless homes at Miami and vast industries worth hundreds of millions of dollars destroyed or swept away, hundreds of miles of populous land drowned under turbulent waters, and elsewhere far vaster territories by ravaging forest fires, keeping the sky clouded with smoke so the sunshine was not observed in all the states for weeks, and over all the grim shadows of starvation, and disease, and hundreds of distant frightful crazy raging battles and war horrors a thousand fold dreadful, this catastrophe defies picture and parallel to express its desolating horror.

This wide spread triple calamity which smote with its most terrific force, the beautiful cities of Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia is one of those for which responsibilities can be placed again on the enemy.

Also in the mountainous regions of these states the sudden rush of torrential waters can be charged in part to the denuding of the slopes of their protective forest and also by fire, but elsewhere the country is level and the rivers sluggish. There was no lack of preparations for anything short of an unimaginable outbreak had been guarded against.

Cupidity and recklessness had no part in contributing, the cause as in the collapse of the grand levees of Lake Angelina or Belicia as it is formerly called. No destruction simply came at the hands of the enemy, and nothing that monstrous armies of men could do, or might have done could resist this devastating force or stop the spreading forest fires even though all the nation be called out to fight the flames or dam the rivers. In the presence of such fearful disasters there are many persons who will say, but also there are many others who will think that this in some manner a visitation decreed upon the communities which suffer, because they were so overconfident that the enemy was not mean enough or able to make the awful disasters depending the dire consequences upon himself if worsted in the war and proven guilty.

Yet the very magnitude and superhuman force of the super disasters of the past, and the preternatural disasters of the September month and months following will suggest to many nations of people the thought of a well deserved punishment upon Abbeinnia for not watching wicked glandelinia as she could have done. Such a conception could be of course true if people here lived a most wicked overconfident life. But here it implied that whole counties of the good people of these states suffered indescribable cruelty wherever all the inhabitants lived lives of peaceful holy helpful in industry, and in these counties and states there were no men or women who even wealthier than Rockefeller and Vanderbilt who secured it dishonestly or who lived lives of vice, crime, and vicious idleness or who allowed the poor to suffer. Even an orphan there was one for only fifteen minutes and then had a foster father and mother. Beggars there were none, and the poor were poor enough to only willingly labor but suffered no want, no unjust discharge, no privations during winter, and the rich were the first to help in case anything went wrong. Therefore those who thought it to be a punishment and warning for offenses against god, were surely not thinking aright.

This was a vengeance decreed by the glandelinians, upon Calvernia and other

states because in the progress of the war Glandelinia evidently was not on the winning side. All kinds of investigators and spies however were sent at among the glandelinian camps to find out why the glandelinians were responsible. Only by that information could future disasters be averted, let alone avenged if possible.

It was superhuman but not supernatural for human shortcomings for none were in this good nation. No one recoiled, no one fought among each other, no children were disobedient, or sinful, not fretful and acted more like real angels than children. Therefore all this horror was but a manifestation of the rage of a furious wicked

Glandelinia nation—like the army of the fiends of hell against Holy Mother Church, unchangeable in her brutality, letting loose the irresistible forces of nature governed by physical laws which are inexorable. It seemed by the greatness of the calamities, that Glandelinia vengeful and pitiless had apparently gained power over nature herself not selecting her victims, but taking them at random.

And where in the world can the horrors of massacres be compared by those committed by Glandelinian armies, mostly among little children, and —THEM— only..?

She cared not what magnitude her created disasters might be, nor did she care who and what may be in the path of her man made floods and forest fires, or the dreadful anger of her Mother, Abbeinnia. As her concern is not with the sure coming consequences, but with her wicked desires so she is not moved by mercy, but by wicked and wholesale revenge and fury, not thinking or realizing the formation of the most dangerous armies of men whose sons and daughters and wives and men mothers and their all were swept in destruction were arraying against her in countless numbers.

To the limited vision of man with his brief life, nature seems incredibly; incredibly cruel and wasteful, and terrible in her own rage, but when Glandelinia lets her loose loose or forces her to rampage the results as read in these volumes in some way terrible beyond imagination.

It is inconceivable! The lessons learned by these countries have been a most fearful cost beyond measure, and caused the gates to rise in rage against Glandelinia. Abbeinnia herself will have to ask herself what other lessons must be taught by these most awful calamities before Glandelinia is put under her foot. What an awful, awful sacrifice it takes to bring Glandelinia who is more desperately cruel and wasteful than nature, to her senses.

However there is made plain the immutability of natural horrors let loose by Glandelinia, and the utter powerlessness of whole Calvernia to pit her strength against their full demonstrations. Again and again it is revealed that without always using her battling armies wicked Glandelinia can let loose natural forces which before all the might of human human intellect remains absolutely unconquerable.

The same grim lesson confronts the many Christian generals, and the main Abbeinnian National government, whose own property is snatched from them by floods and fire, it confronts the Abbeinnian rich people who see himself made as poor as the tramp in the twinkling of an eye with his family swept away to their deaths to add to his misery though he upheld the finances of the nation and unmade panics with the crook of a finger.

But in these countries there flows from such catastrophes brighter and stronger influences than all this. Despite all the horror and shock there will come throughout the whole nation a great joining of minds and hearts. According to this story the whole world feels the thrill of sorrow and a strong desire to end all this inhumanity on the part of wicked and cruel Glandelinia and her government. For the time being all conceptions of social caste and class distinction the most unworthy thoughts of beings fashioned in all the image of their maker are leveled and forgotten.

Even in other countries in time of disasters indifference and so, selfishness disappear..... Throughout the war stricken nation, and throughout the world there thrilled the uplifting current of brotherhood, the consciousness of a cause that is deserving. Wherever civilization has exercised its influence upon the minds of all men there is felt for a little time at least the sense that all humanity is one that such a thing as strife of man against man, nation against nation is but a pitiful thing, and that we may better concern ourselves with trying to make the common lot brighter, and soften the rigors of the existence we must all face sooner or later.

Especially concerning the southern Abbeinnian states, does not all these appalling events, brought on by the merciless foe serve to awaken responsibilities among the wealthy toward the sufferers? It does. When all went well, when there were no thunderous warnings such as all these, of the helplessness of these states, of Abbeinnia against the Glandelinian forces and flood disasters and others arrayed against them the fortunate all the time did realize that for scores upon scores of millions mere existence is a desperate struggle that hunger or fierce heat, or cold and disease, and the horrors of Glandelinian "andalism" prevail even when during this war there were no terrific explosions, ghastly floods and tremendous forest fires to make them vivid and picturesque, they did all they could to lend a helping hand, and the rich who were able did the most, sacrificed the most, nay rather see themselves utterly ruined than their fellow man suffer. Why not that here in this country in time of dire distress? Who will doubt that all who will read this long Abbeinnian "story" will be stirred by the shock of these dreadful calamities to a deeper and more sympathetic understanding with the conditions that surround

Abbleannia on every side. If any further good can come from a series of most astonishing catastrophes which even the worse of Abbleannian and Calverlinian storms cannot reach in dreadfulness one tenth, so immense and cruel it may be in the stimulating pride of race which it engenders. Such an awful experience has a unique effect upon the nature of the Abbleannian Nation.

The greater the calamity which fell upon the southern Abbleannian States, the greater seems to be the rebound, and the larger the armies it caused to be formed in army against Glandelinia. Destruction and tremendous hardships seemed to open great great acts of heroism inventiveness and enterprise. It brought many tourists from other countries to the stricken localities, not from curious curiosity, but willingly from the heart, to take in the scenes, to arouse the world against Abbleannia and to lend a helping hand at all costs and risks and to help fight the Glandelinians also. Abbleannia suddenly overwhelmed by the loss of her fair city of Abbleann dreadfully and most suddenly overwhelmed by the first greatest flood ever heard of is apparently doomed to moulder away in forgotten ruins, with the holy and beautiful population of unusually righteous people wiped out, but the surviving people of her state and in Bengal county when the proper time and opportunity arrives will clear what is left of the wreck and build a greater city than before, and consecrate all the persons who lost their lives in the calamity as the forerunning heroes of the most suffering and worn torn country on all record.

Before the ruins of Mildred Hamburg, was cleared or had ever been cleared, and while the wreckage jam was to be used for rebuilding of houses and restoration of houses the vision of a better city rose before her surviving inhabitants, and they made it real, the resurrection of the second hardest hit city of that dreadful Bengal County tragedy.

Calamity sets free such a flow of creative power that destruction itself makes for progress. These awful disasters concentrate upon constructive enterprise stores of emotional energy that in other times are expended in the fierce struggle of competitive existence. The main cities of Northern Angelinia gate in the path of this main September floods were as follows including counties, and which were severely devastated worse than any city by any other flood before--

City of Corneliam, San Pedro county, Angelinia State, as well as cities and towns of very large size, not counting villages in gale, rot, rot, rot, and Osmo counties and districts, August 31st 1913.... 596 killed when houses are wrecked by unusually violent explosion. 189 drowned in ensuing floods. Property loss for City of Corneliam alone \$ 22,296,000. elsewhere \$900,000,000. Unusually small loss of life for awful magnitude of disaster.

"St Gertrude City, Angelinia State boundary line north to Calverlinia- same date...., 113 killed, 2,500 injured, proper y loss \$12,500,000. Destruction happened at night. First thought to be tornado. Explosion in San Pedro County responsible.

Little Angel, same date-- 44 killed, property loss \$1,500,000.

Denton, Barclay, and Robespierre Dentonia counties, 787 killed, and 10,535 injured, property loss \$1,18,777. Same date, and same cause.

St Ann county, and east Gertrude Angelina city...., 7386 identified killed, not identified 17,000, 170,000 injured, property loss for city alone \$107 to 121,000,000 loss. Same concussion devastated many places in San Juan Francisco and San Domingo counties causing an additional property loss of about \$111,000,000.

Eastern Angelina, line gate-- 152 killed, 1,000 injured, property loss over-- \$2,447,000.

West Fieldville county, also covering, Virgin, St Gertrude, St Marys, South and North St James Counties, Glandendon, Abbleann, St Charles, St Paul, Green Meadow and Colleen counties.... 11,871 killed, 19,000 injured, property loss \$27,941,000.

Dorothy Gale City, 19000- 19,000 killed. Property loss \$130,000,000.

Angelinia Agathia county, 40,398 killed, City of Angelinia Agathia hard hit, 18,440 killed, Trot city same county, 500 killed.

FOREST FIRES PRECEDING EXPLOSION AND FLOOD.

August 15th 1913. Severe and extensive forest fire in middle west of Mic-Hollister woods. Seas of rushing flames, and high winds carrying fire before it.

August 16th ---- Hurricane of fire in Heidi and Mic-Hollister counties--many towns in path, enormous private property destroyed, ninety fire fighters killed, unknown thousands homeless.

August 17,--20..... Fire wave and immeasurable damage at Horton ..Northern Angelinia State.

August 30th.... same fire and wind storm ravages, boundary line and forest fire, and of southern Calverlinia, sixty fire fighters lose lives, many millions in property destroyed.

August 30th.... Great mysterious explosions in Angelinia gate, San Pedro and St Ann, and also St Michael counties. Cause by fires. Whole state trembles before Concussion. All parts of western Angelinia Agathia as seen in following chapter laid in ruins. Dorothy Gale also suffers. Great loss of life.

Chapter Twelve

THE BEGINNING OF A DESOLATE SEPTEMBER MONTH.

SEPTEMBER FIRST NINETEEN THIRTEEN ARRIVES WITH SCENES OF DESOLATIONS, A TERRIFIC FOREST FIRE CHOWS, AND SMOKE MADE DARKNESS EXTENDS OVER THE COUNTRY. A PROUD CITY IS DEVASTATED. A TERRIBLE SCENE OF DESTRUCTION REIGNS DREADFUL SCENES---SEAS OF WRECKAGE EVERYWHERE.. AN IMMENSE PROBLEM OF CARING FOR THE GREAT NUMBERS OF INJURED. ASSISTANCE PROMPTLY OFFERED. DIFFICULTY IN BURNING THE DEAD. A CITY STRICKEN DOWN RAILWAYS. THE INJURED REQUIRES ATTENTION. THE BEGINNING OF HEADJUSTMENT. IMMENSE DROVES OF HOMELESS ARE SHELTERED AND FED. STRANGE AND HARROWING STORIES ARE TOLD. A PRAYER ANSWERED.....

AGAIN in this month of September, Abbleannia is humbled by the powerful freaks of the Glandelinian war disasters, and the greatest part of Calverlinia, with its immense forests, fertile fields, immense industrial establishments, and boasted communities of sea stability and wealth is devastated by fire, explosion and water. Like a pigmy the state of Calverlinia under guardianship of her sister States and powerful Abbleannia has been like a robber of the olden times crucified for his crimes, hundreds of her cities have been leveled, and the possessions of hundreds of millions of surviving people who knew of past horrors, either burned, cast to the four winds by enormous explosions, and wiped out by floods.

From the endless stretch of the Mic-Hollister Woods there formed a terrible conflagration of unparalleled destruction, which so far was from September to way past December, nay even January of the proceeding year to sweep over the forested regions of southern Calverlinia, Northern Angelinia, and Angelina Vine State, and even portions of byssinkile and Conccentinia, and Abbleannia to awe all the good, population, and claim as tribute, thousands upon thousands of lives besides untold hundreds of millions of dollars worth of timber of the forests alone, not counting the cities and towns destroyed. Again I'll say all this was caused by the enemy..

And still the fury of the Glandelinia war maddened disasters, were not even abated, for the enemy starting these fires were responsible for what was to soon follow.... The fire starting many terrific explosions of unvented energy caused the collapsing of the levees of many other big rivers, causing these rivers flooded by heavy local rains of July in Northern Calverlinia and parts of Abbleannia, and also from riverlets and ice and snow from mountains to burst their bounds in Northern Angelinia and rendering levees which every Angelinian citizen had devised to hold their waters in, swept out upon the whole half of the state and carried to death scores of thousands of souls. Laid waste the proudest handiwork of the inhabitants and won everlasting recognition of power by the destruction of added hundreds of millions of the very nations possession.

Because of the efforts of the Glandelinians, hand in hand the fire, flood and explosion laid a huge claim upon humanity for millions of lives during the past months, brought terror and rage to the population of Abbleannia. Left desolate countless towns, and cities by hundreds, and threw upon the shoulders of proud Abbleannia a burden of untold millions in property damages and rendered homeless so many millions to add to those so rendered refugees by the past disasters, and were still refugees without homes, and forced to flee even before the new horrors that the Nation was at a stake of what to do for all these.

Notwithstanding all this there has also during the past month of Augi August itself a series of great battles everywhere, around, Livan Wickey and minor disasters of a kind which could have shocked our real world. And since the time of the dreadful flood disasters of June and July 1913 the waters have not receded, in their despot e parts to a considerable extent, and what remained of Abbleann was still under water, most of the state was still covered by water and wreckage of every descript description and the whole country was still a sea of horror and desolation. Nearly seventeen thousand big mobilization camps for the refugees and homeless were in existence, plagues were raging among them, and sorrow still was rampant. Most of all men folk of even the refugees were or had been drafted to go and aid in guarding other levees of rivers and lakes, while many were sent to help fight

and prevent future forest fires, yet among these refugees the extent of ravaging plagues were so severe and contagious that never in our world had such diseases ever been manifested, nor so many died from them. And from time to time these refugee camps were in the path of new floods, or fires and had to move for safety in a rank hurry. The situation for Calvernia and her sister states was well nigh nightmarish, as well nigh appalling beyond measure, and probably far worse than if the world was coming to an end. Any more disasters like this and the population of the whole state would be well nigh wiped out or homeless and forced to exile themselves for safety.

HOW THE FOREST FIRES STRUCK THE SHEDS FILLED WITH BLASTING POWDER AND EXPLOSIVES AND CAUSED THE FIRST EXPLOSIONS IN ITS DREADFUL CAREER.

Like a great country wide "Red plague" the terrific forest fires from southeastern Calvernia swept down upon the center of the forested regions of Lake Angelina, and spreading upon the northwestern portion of the thick turpentine and risen forested regions of McJannet Run valley on the early morning of September Second when the citizens of Angelinia Agathia were yet mostly in bed. Neighboring towns had been damaged by forest fire storm within a day or two before this, as the southeastern Calvernia horror had gained headway and changed its course from westward to south, and southeastward, and big "Blizzards" of forest fires in the surrounding country, especially in the vicinity of Gertrude Angelina city, the Turpo mountain forested regions and the Angelina Run Valleys should have warned of dangerous forest fire conditions.

Angelina Agathia just then was one hundred and thirty miles from the terrific conflagration of the Vivian Hill Valleys, a northern branch of the southeastern Calvernia fire sea, and from there the smoke was over the city as if there was a big thunderstorm coming. But the ominous clouds of smoke that arose in the sky to the west even from that distance to be as visible as if only half a mile away, and to the west and northeast of Angelinia Agathia on that fateful morning at first caused no uneasiness to the good people of this capital city for those who viewed it said to one another: "Praised be to our Blessed Lord. We are going to have rain at last."

The clouds rolled up and spread over the sky in wreaths as thick as thunderclouds the horizon parts as black as night, preventing hardly any daylight, not so much as twilight coming to the city. Yet so fantastic and interesting and awesome was all this immense cloud with its boiling, and cauliflower and globular and other curling appearance, that the early risers watched it with intense interest and excitement. At first they thought a great morning thunderstorm was approaching, but finally many of the more alert noticing the strange coloring of it, and the way it rolled and boiled straight upward from along the horizon and remained stationary without moving forward there, decided with great apprehension that it all was smoke and that a big fire must be raging somewhere. What convinced them more was that the rolling clouds of smoke along the horizon not only rose upward, and spread outward and forward but that at times they were pierced by reddish flickering lights, a that from time to time would appear and then disappear.

At first it was believed that it must be a big fire threatened the city itself, and this caused a perfect general call of fire departments that ran through every street but no fire in the city could be found, though the smoke seemed to be within the city from the distance of the observer. This was astonishing, and all began to realize it was the smoke of the forest fires they had heard of, and they feared exceedingly for the safety of the city, and all kinds of calls came to all bureaus asking of which direction the fire was moving, where it was, and how big.

Yet the days of safety for Angelinia Agathia seemed to have passed and the strong buildings of the city stood ready to battle with fire or water.

Not to leave the scene of angelinia Agathia's apprehension for a while, and follow with this fire itself, watch its progress and the terror of its work.

It's the morning of August 30th. The world is in darkness, the atmosphere over the country is stifling with heat and smoke for a hundred miles, and no sunlight is at glorianna further away from it than Angelinia Agathia. This enormous fire raging to the south near the town of St. Matthew grew rapidly and where it spread mountains of smoke soared upward from it toward the sky in billowing billows that seemed to try and reach the planets in the sky far above the world. The conflagration desolating the Vivian hills and Valleys and even the forested plains near the region assumed the form of an enormous wild fire ocean, and burned forward with incredible speed than even a full fool would not believe.

Bigger and bigger grew the fire sea increasing in length, and joined by other bigger ones until the fire sea enveloped unusually large stretches of the forests at once while rushing forward like a wild cyclone. A good section of the Red Riding Hood woods is in its path. Fifteen to twenty minutes pass, and all this is a roaring rushing sea of flame. The fire leaps across the normal run, and the forest on the opposite side goes up in a sudden long line of fire as far as eye can reach. It is at

a vertible sea of fire clouds leaping hundreds or thousands of feet, and driven forward by an unusually strong gale evidently originated by the heat of so much fire. Trees catch fire at once apparently by the hundreds of thousands. The advance of the sea of fire was preceded by a screaming tempest that shattered weaker trees, uprooted huge trees, stripped innumerable branches off, hurled clouds of gravel through the air and drove huge clouds of smoke fog and clouds all over the country for a hundred miles in advance of the fire storm, and caused tremendous heat waves over all of the Calvernia country in the path of it or not.

It was a vertible sea of fire cloud clouds, leaping hundreds of feet and driven forward by an unusually strong gale evidently originated by the heat of so much fire. It was a most dreadful fire hurricane of enormous magnitude, beyond description. Horrible but rugged in the path of the fire ocean. The flames hissed and roared like a world of fire works and skyrocketing going off at once mingled with the crackling of the burning trees. Filling the air also with a curious piercing noise, and roaring like the tornado as the fire cloud moved, it was viewed in its terrific work on inconceivable destruction through the twilight darkness of that early September morning by passengers on an Angelinia Agathia and Jandu railroad train whose word picture of the train or scene rather are unsurpassed in their eloquence.

The train had neared the town of Larabee Junction, not far from old fashioned empire crossroads, or at least within three miles of it. At first most of the passengers wondered why it had been growing unusually dark, and so strangely foggy, which smelled strong and biting for a moment the way the wind was blowing they had thought a great storm was brewing. The engineer alone knew what was up having been warned by telegraph, and fearing the forest fire was coming to envelope the vicinity through which his train must sooner or later pass, was very slow and cautious cautious in proceeding.

The fire however appeared and was observed racing through the distant forest, like storm driven clouds and glared as bright as if all the escaping gases in the world were burning. The flames even appeared to roll like clouds and stretched up to the sky to an unbelievable height and made a strange rolling and snapping sound that was loud and unusual. Then what appeared to be an immeasurably dark space far ahead but inclose line with the fire, in the twinkling of an eye flames flared up with a hissing roar in a searing wall of dazzling flame, added with a crackling snapping roar. The heat felt at that distance even was terrific. These flames also soared an unbelievable height, and lighted the whole country side. To the amazed passengers there seemed to be rushing forward no hundred miles an hour.

Ahead of the train on which they were riding the sudden conflagration seemed toward the town of Larabee Junction. The engineer with a loudly uttered prayer brought the train to a stop, and regardless of the great danger the men and even some of the women passengers ran over to the place to hurrying the fleeing inhabitants to the train just as a long suddenly appearing cloud of fire struck toward the northwestern edge of the town enveloping it. The nearest houses of wood caught fire and collapsed like burning paper or strawberry boxes. Then came the distant explosions. The fire had struck the powder sheds.

Before the concussion the houses collapsed as if they were made of paper, and the train of cars was jarred wildly with many windows broken, and confusion reigned among the passengers remaining on the train. The noise though a great distance away was a shattering series of thundering crashes indeed like a series of record breaking rolls of thunder following each other in quick succession in a very violent thunderstorm. The roofs of houses went sailing upwards, and the sides of the buildings fell in, the roofs coming down on top of the ruins. The women passengers sat as glued to their seats when the cloud of fire struck with the distant explosion raising the town almost simultaneously with devastating and terrible effect.

Many men passengers were almost in the town when the explosion occurred so suddenly and were themselves almost caught in the path of falling walls as the concussion threw them and the fleeing inhabitants flat on their faces or even up into the air and various degrees of ways injuring some. The destruction was as sudden as if an earthquake had occurred, and for nearly twenty seconds the whole town was clouded in thick dust and smoke. As the women passengers of the train, comprehended the desolation wrought a simultaneous cry of horror went out from them.

At the next moment the rest of the passengers ran over to the wreck of the houses many of which began to burst into flame at once, while already on three sides the fire hurricane raged like a cyclone almost roof roofing the city in a sky full of fire almost roasting the fleeing refugees and rescuers. The heat was terrific. They could hear the groans of the dying men, and the wails of the injured, and screams of terror stricken women and children. The fire was spreading fast and the heat was increasing immeasurably.

"I entered a house already starting to burn" said gain Joseph the Conductor "Or what had been a house, and before me lay a woman, man and three children, two boys and a girl. On examining them, found them dead. Despite the awful difficulty and the frightful heat, and half suffocating smoke we worked fast and like mad and succeeded in getting all of the injured out of the smouldering ruins, and risking our very lives at this rescue work brought them to the train though our very backs were almost blistered by the heat and our eyes and nostrils burned with the heat and smoke, and terrific thirst tortured us. As we went about this awful rescue work we sure faced heat that was intolerable and growing hotter every minute, and

though we were thinly clad, and had soaked our clothing with water from faucets in broken buildings we were sweating as though taking a Turkish bath for ours and our clothing dried often. Houses were afire all around and we had a terrible time, rescuing the live ones from the wreckage. We were then about to leave to abandon the dead to the rapidly spreading flames when our attention was called to a little house some distance from the others and in the path of the heart of the terrible conflagration.....

It had been wrecked and moved from its foundation by the concussion but we were surprised to find whole families inside the rooms still remaining intact too bewildered to leave. We hastened them out to the train. At another place but closer to the fires we found a mother and her six year old child lying upon a bed upon a bed and she was not in the least bit injured. They too were led to the train. Then near an open square we found an aged man in what had been the basement of a large house. His house had been hurled bodily across the street by the terrific concussion and we found him still standing there with a very surprised look on his face without any kind of injury. I yelled at him—

"Run to the train quick. Forest fire overhanging town," and he obeyed. When the explosion first occurred I saw a big derrick machine which stood in a hole along with a steam shovel simultaneously hurl themselves straight straight up into the air like Mexican jumping beans, and land about forty rods distant on top of one another.

At the same time houses were rolling and tumbling along the ground. I also saw a long string of box cars hurled upward and from the tracks by the terrific shock, and pile on top of one another in a heap. Six of them split open and to my surprise about forty men who appeared to be track repair gangs dropped out. Fifteen of them lay very still while others feebly crawled about, we had rescued them also. When we got the last of the survivors, survivors from the wreckage of the houses close to the train, the whole town was ablaze, with the flames leaping nearly a thousand feet into the air for miles at once, and the forest fire was now raging on both sides of the tracks, and now heading down the right of way for the train.

The engineer had in the meantime switched his engine, to the other end of the train, to prevent the train from being overtaken the engineer saw he had to make a swift and wild run for it. He had eleven cars and the pull was heavy as they were steel pullmans and no wood to them whatever except for the window casings that held the glass, given down to the roof and flooring all was heavy steel. The nearest nearest city or town was known as Riverdale, and it was fifty six miles away, and in a large open clearing of the forest which extended for about twenty miles in width and nearly fifty long.

Before the train started all the passengers were warned strictly for safety sake to keep all windows closed in case the fire would almost outrun the train which was most likely it would. He finally reached the town ahead of thirty minutes after a thrilling run ahead of the terrible conflagration, and it was the fastest fastest he had ever run his engine since he became engineer. I was not even recovering from what I had seen on the heated train when we pulled into Riverdale with the injured. It was night—but my such an awful night. The sky everywhere was lighted with a red glare, and the streets were filled with great crowds of people carrying all kinds of household goods and who acted like mad, for though their town was in an open it was nevertheless surrounded by a sea of high brush and grass and weeds all dry like straw and the fire would threaten it just the same.

Freight trains were backing into the station, and the station platforms were jammed with excited frightened people waiting for them. They surrounded the trains and trains at one once and almost fought to be the first aboard. They also came on our train in crowds till my car was jammed like a crowded elevated train or street car, old men, women and crying children. Frequently the cries of the wounded brought with us on the train were drowned by the deafening shouts of the frenzied people outside striving hard to get away on the freight, the shouting, the of the engine's smokestacks, the ringing of bells and the tooting of whistles. The confusion was awful, I could see the frightened expressions on their faces and the terrified crying children clung tightly to their parents. Every one seemed to be screaming and shouting prayers of an "Jesus help us" and "Oh God help us" and "God aid us in our peril" and "Jesus mercy" and so on.

It was a general exodus of people from the city as the news had come that it lay directly in the path of the fire, and that they felt sure because of the high grass and brush the large clearing would not check the flames. One poor old lady cried out so loudly that all could hear "Oh sweet Jesus set us some rain and put out the fires" and "AMEN" was the response from many within hearing. In the city the atmosphere was heavy and oppressive as if on a dreadful desert like in California or in Africa. One of the passengers told me he had heard far off a terrible roar compared to the explosion of a volcano. Following the concussion he heard loud crashing and grinding. Instinct told him some big explosion had shaken the city, and he said bitterly:

"This will all make the enemy pay dearly by and by, just you see."

"Yes providing we win the war." I said, and he looked at me strangely. I could see

myself that electric wires had been shaken down, and knew that all telephones were out of communication, and I knew that by now every freight car was already a box full of frightened people, giving all kinds of exclamations. Many of the ruined houses had caught fire, though the forest conflagration was still far away and even while my train was piling out, the loud clanging of fire bells and the screaming sirens of fire whistles all over the town added terror to the city people. I thought to myself "What good will the fire departments do when the main fire hits the town?" Some of the freights filled like sardines started to pull out, snorting and puffing like laboring dragonic creatures, while the doors of the box cars were closed, soon we started and we left the town, and after twelve hours riding got safely out of reach of the fires. Yet there was no daylight that we could observe for six days after. It was a dreadful time and I'm not sorry I was through with my experience.

The smoke clouds advancing with the tremendous fire some toward the city was most peculiar. It was of dense black and resembled those huge walls of rolling globular storm clouds of the early evening of a hot summer day with a big thunder storm approaching, though along the horizon line it appeared to rise upward and spread outward as if it came from enormous volcanic eruptions so stunning and severe as the world had never heard of or seen yet. There were also long wide stretches of cloud, huge fascinating thunderheads high above, and along the whole horizon the masses of lower clouds bulged and rolled up to join with the another canopy above. It was once in a while pierced by undulating sheets of fire. One peculiar flash of the distant fire resembled a huge glaring kite above followed by a long fiery tail which for an instant whipped and licked somewhere a path of fiery destruction. When the forest fire struck the city the conflagration began in the northwest and first cut through the best residential section like an inferno and scene resulted like a Chicago fire of eighteen seventy one. This is not of Riverdale I'm writing that burning but of Trot city, a place of two million inhabitants. Most of the people had left by the freight trains, cars and wagons. The fire in this town within five hours soon became like that of the burning of Chicago and Moscow put into one conflagration, and a huge mountain of fire soared upward toward the heavens.

Following the concussion of the explosion in the city of mortense were numerous freaks some of which I'll mention here. Amen was kneeling in his little private home chapel, when there came the awful thundering roar of the blast. The concussion was like a sudden record breaking earthquake, and hurled him face downward between the pews and benches while simultaneously it hurled down into the street the wreckage of the entire dwelling except the chapel in which he had been praying so devoutly. The pews though scooped to the floor, or many of them, sprang loose and jumped up and down, the altar changed its position, and all but the statue of the Blessed Virgin crashed into heaple shattered ruins on the floor. The large crucifix in the rear of the chapel also toppled over and was also shattered to smithereens, and narrowly missing the pew the man had been in. He thought his escape very unusual and wondered exceedingly.

In another house about fifteen persons were hurled about the room by the concussion after the side of the house had been hurled down. The mayor of the town before the explosion drove into the city from a small village and before he went into church fed tied his horse to a post in the street by the side walk. When the concussion came the post was uprooted and the wagon split splintered. The horse was found fifty feet away dead. Another freak also occurred where a man stood on his head by the concussion found his feet in a chicken coop. The chicken was no where before in sight. Angelina Agathia herself was stricken as never before, and near by towns by hundreds, especially Dorothy Gale, and scores of them further south in Angelina Gate, and Vine, and across the Mic-Whirther Run suffered severely from both flood fire and the explosion, and many became perfect Galvestons, Moscovs and Lisbon. Of all cities and towns explosion shocked alone, Dorothy Gale was the worst sufferer. And all her communications with every place was disrupted, disrupted, wires were snapped in all directions and it took two months and two weeks to gather and circulate the news of the disaster.

The city looked like Omaha did in the cyclone of Easter 1913, but a hundred times the number of buildings were totally demolished and there was not one sound structure in the city. Fire broke out in the debris of many wrecked buildings in that city as well in the towns and cities of other states, and in Mic-Whirther Town the buildings suffered most severely. The fire companies were hindered by a network of fallen walls, or wires, broken walls, and a blockaded streets as well as flooded districts and many other obstructions. A heavy rain of falling materials followed the explosion and though it killed thousands of people in the streets it did not hurt any one. Of the known dead within the area affected by the results of the explosion 12,162 were residents of North Dorothy Gale, 16,899 of southern Dorothy Gale, and again 12,162 of west Dorothy Gale, and 10,000 of Central Dorothy Gale. Only one hundred were killed in east Dorothy Gale. There were about one hundred and fifty thousand injured. The remaining dead an reports claimed were scattered over a great range of territory with Angelina Agathia reporting, 111,000, Mombi 167, 16,000, Bethel, 7,000, Glandula 5,000, Lenore, 2,000, and Blant 3,000. This makes a total total of thirty nine thousand for the smaller towns. Of the big cities of Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia the total loss of life is 152,224.

The same cities and towns reported a total of 450,000 injured and more than 950,000 homes totally demolished. More than 1,500,000 persons were therefore made homeless. Aside from this over three million buildings were more or less damaged, a many of these being churches, factories, schools, convents, institutions of various kinds and two homes for the aged. Twenty Twenty of Angelinia Agathia city's Catholic schools were wrecked, and many totally demolished as well. Mention later. All forms of communications were almost annihilated by the concussion of the explosion, and two weeks later only one wire was working. Nothing it seemed could relieve the days and nights of high tension which almost at times became panic. The destruction also happened among the homes of the richer classes in the exclusive San Pedro, Santa Cruz and Santa Calus districts stretching into the miles, but elsewhere the hundreds of thousands of buildings collapsed more easily and for cities shaken by shocks of these kinds Angelinia Agathia was to give the biggest list of death which occurred.

Colonel Benton of the Dorothy Gale signal corps from Angelinia Agathia port became insane after helping carry fifteen bodies from the wrecked houses and collapsed when he had regained consciousness it was necessary to take him to the nearest hospital of the military department where he had to be placed under full restraint.

In these two cities the work of rescuing those still under the wreckage continued on with better result as soon as all the inhabitants who escaped were able to hurry to the stricken districts, but the efforts of rescue at night was by the use of glow of flashlights and the lights of lanterns, and day and night nevertheless very little was accomplished, notwithstanding there was no daylight anyhow as the forest fire smoke clouds were darkening the country side for many miles. And the concussion of the explosion hurled down all the wires in the two cities, blew up several wrecked elevated structures leveled skyscrapers to the ground, and all wires were down even in the territory shaken, and therefore all the electric power was shut off immediately to prevent further loss of life. It also took three days and nine hours before a train load of soldiers from the partly wrecked mobilization camps arrived at either one of the two badly wrecked cities. Yet the presence in the city of Angelinia Agathia of Governor Wauken caused the work to be more systematized, and a more concentrated search for the bodies ~~started~~ began at once.

If a person was to take a trip to the city of Dorothy Gale and view the wreckage caused by the explosion concussion he would observe that it was as if done more by a tornado than anything else but more complete. Houses for hundreds of blocks looked as if they had been torn to pieces and presented all the after effects of the passage of a severe tornado. The houses resembled the same as those in Omaha or Murphysburg. Buildings were seen partly torn as if ripped open and exposing the interior. Many wooden houses had even been as if telescoped, or had telescoped at another end and one was seen standing on the roof of a partly wrecked railway depot a building smaller than that which is on its roof.

Angelinia Agathia though a heavy sufferer also sent two special trains which sixty interns and several physicians who were to help on the local staff who had been at work for three days and nights. 100 women to act as nurses, and medical supplies were also brought on these two trains. Six or seven orphan asylums and other institutions were veritable death houses after the explosion shock. Every available room in these buildings were pressed into service and by scores the dead and injured taken from the wreckage of many other buildings were brought into these houses.

The many sections of Angelinia Agathia so badly wrecked by the explosion concussion reached from the extreme southern limit to the northwest suburbs a stretch of over twelve miles. The concussion affected the extreme northeastern part of the city most disastrously for its entire length following the west side of the valley extending along the Mc-Hollister gun River Bu Bluffs.

All other sections of the city especially the northeastern half of the city and those generally composed comprising the business section was not near enough to be so vigorously shaken but still suffered greatly and severely nevertheless.

For the section damaged severely and most was the factory and residential portions though a large number of outlying business thoroughfares were also in the destroyed area. The greater part of the damage was done along Western Avenue extending the full length of the city. Hundreds upon hundreds of long streets with retail and all other kinds of stores, mostly with Catholic goods and school and religious supplies were in the section of several cross streets with the resident portion of the city scattered in intervening sections.

Scenes of the best parks could be located located within the worse devastated districts covered. San Antonio park the biggest park in the city situated near where the severe effects of the concussion was felt, was greatly, or full totally damaged beyond repair, and Little Flower Park, and Garden Parks two of the beautiful show parks of the city with all the adjoining houses was shaken with such terrific force as to totally wreck and destroy most of the richest and most beautiful homes within its limits and all the beautiful trees were uprooted, and bridges over ponds and park lakes and streams ruined.

No one of course could account for the force and effects of these explosions. They were a marvel indeed. Think of explosions occurring many miles away, about forty, with even a hundred and effecting places like an earthquake that far away and usually causing a most great loss of life and make enormous floods that break all records.

thing everywhere throughout these cities many big emergency morgues and hospitals had been established and all available space was taken for the same.

Even the Abbeismian Authorities claimed the magnitude of the disaster to be as great as a Supernatural Miracle, and many bodies of persons who gathered to discuss the situation, firmly believed the Glandelinians had sthing to do with it after all, and that it all was a Natural disaster. As there are many Violent Volcanoes in California and Angelinia State it was at first believed they had something to do with it, and for the floods that lavas became undermined by some earth burrowing animals and caused the floods. A canvass of all these volcanoes was made repeatedly but sure evidence proved they had shown no sign of activity, and the Gaters Graters were not even arm warm. Since the big forest fire scourge manifested itself, and all the many thousands of investigators had found clues and evidences without a doubt that wicked Glandelinia was responsible, all detectives, every member of the Gemini, and every form of Secret Service men available, and even spies of the armies were sent to serve in a fake manner every Glandelinian army, or town and city government in the hope of finding at whom among the Glandelinian Authorities was responsible. Also included were volunteer spies, but experienced, and even the Vivian Girls and their friends did the most of it as we'll read further on.

The questions debated on this were as follows:

1. How does the enemy do it?
2. How do they obtain the sufficient amount of explosive materials for making such tremendous blast as that shake and flood the whole country so quickly?
3. How do they accomplish it with out detection and how many are at work of placing the explosives, and how long does it take them to accomplish the work, and what means do they use?
4. And how do they do it without risking great peril themselves, in case of accident or blunder, which equal even eventually will happen?
5. How do they make the plans, and direct the right spots for the making of the alambies, when it is said they know far less the Geography of our countries than we do ourselves?
6. What is their sole purpose?
7. Who gave the order for their making ???

Thousands of other questions could have been debated. Another thing which was debated on about the explosions brought on by the forest fire was this: What were the explosives doing in those sheds in the first place, and why were they so powerful to make again such a tremendous explosion? Something mysterious and very suspicious was felt about this. The origin of the forest fires could be solved, as many means simple and easy could be used for that purpose, the quickest, with the torch. And considering the size of the fires the fact (in this story rather) is evident that usually the Glandelinians would start a score of more of big blazes at once far apart from each other, and wait for a strong windy day and a hot dry summer season to begin this worse of vandalism.

After visiting the scene of the concussion the morning after the Governor of the Angelinia Agathia State, Wauken issued orders for the quick mobilization of fifteen companies of state militia from the Angelinia Agathia mobilization camps, and also issued a decree that every bodied or able bodied citizen of every city and town of Angelinia State, even older children, and women should mobilize to protect the northern towns from the "RED PHAGUE". The local companies at that time were already doing what was in their power, assisting the police and regular troops from the same camps, too together with the city firemen in the efforts to rescue the injured still buried in the wreckage and to recover the dead.

Hundreds of morgues and every available hospital in the city were full of badly injured and also were besieged by friends and relatives of the dead and injured, and many thousands made frantic efforts to learn the fate of loved ones.

Lines of soldiers and military police was thrown around the districts severely affected by the concussion soon after it had occurred and fortunately there was no reports of looting and robbery by the disguised Glandelinian vandals. Within a day after the magnitude of the disaster had been only partly comprehended and even when not yet the extent of it had been fully understood by the surviving citizens a relief fund was started. Within an hour a million dollars had been already contributed.

Even all the richest men and women were back of the movement. All kinds of private and public buildings were thrown open as a place of refuge for the sufferers. Nearly every home within thirty miles of the stricken districts was filled with the unfortunate. All the hospitals in the three cities, Angelinia Agathia, Dorothy Gale, and Nombi were filled to overflowing, and in all of them, the halls and corridors, were crowded with cots with the injured laying on them. Never before in the existence of these cities had such a disaster as this occurred. Neighboring cities had suffered greatly for every disaster, but Angelinia Agathia, Dorothy Gale, and Nombi always managed to escape. This time in property damage, none outrivaled them... The con-

CONCUSSION

Concussion produced by the explosion came suddenly like a most severe earthquake, but without warning, the day which opened with sky overcast with heavy smoke clouds having slightly cleared in the afternoon of the day before, with a change in the direction of the wind. Many who could have seen the ruin of so many buildings could have been reminded of the passage of an extensive tornado which though wrecking the buildings in the same way had failed to sweep anything away but left them where they were thrown down. And all this had been accomplished at one instant, nay in the twinkling of an eye. Many excited witnesses had declared that all smaller buildings acted exactly like "Mexican Jumping Beans" (they did) but the reporters thought these stories were something told by people who needed "refurnishing" inside their heads altogether.

To think of buildings acting that unusual because of shocks from explosions, seemed beyond most extraordinary means, and such reports became the laughed about jokes even among the sufferers themselves. Nevertheless many were sworn in investigators were sent with priests and bishops to find out if there was any truth to these peculiar "MEXICAN JUMPING BEANS."

They sent in this report to the emperor himself.

"We have reached the spots gave to us in location of those and those of the reporters who received such news, and we took along the said witnesses and the report as well. We went to the part of the area affected most severely by the concussion of the unusual explosion, where we met other witnesses who said buildings of good size and of the highest quality, whatever that is, if that can be proved to be a fact why not let the whole world dance the highland fling too! The place we came to is located between all grove and San Buena Vista streets on the west, and St. Michael's Avenue on the south, and from Thirty Fifth street on the west, to Sixty Third street on the extreme northern and southeast.

This is the most thickly populated resident or residence district in the city and contains fifty of the largest Catholic schools. Many of the large Catholic cathedrals of all sizes are also in this part of the city. Ten big Catholic churches are there, and they are almost wrecked. All the buildings still standing look more as if they were torn by a tornado than shaken by a concussion or air wave. We took four days to make a tour of these districts and we can say they houses have been wrecked in most freakish fashion but as far as we can see there are no evidences of their having jumped from their foundations, though owners claim their buildings stand where they stood before, and that many houses also stood with their foundations where their roofs should be. Some houses even stood on their sides, and others were thrown overboard. Their owners who told us their houses belonged on St. Anne streets three blocks further. Other houses standing on their sides owners claimed came from California Avenue and these these now stood on Thirty Fifth Avenue. All this of course does look very queer to us. Other houses put us in mind of telescoped fright and passenger coaches, and turned raised structures. One house we found which the owner said belonged to him and which he declared was on a lot at Twenty Fourth and Beldon streets we saw on the roof of a school house at Nineteenth and San Pedro Avenues. There were many other queer wrecks too many to describe, but outside of these we cannot claim there is positive evidence of houses having turned into "Mexican Jumping Beans" for that moment, and we believe those who claim their ownership of buildings found in strange places are either exaggerating their claimship from excitement or just gone crazy from their experiences.

If the owners can prove the buildings are theirs we'll accept the reports as true but heavens how can it be its far out of the extraordinary. Therefore if the owners do not give proof of their property, those who made that statement either were so excited as to exaggerate the report or are a little odd off their tops."

The writer will have to say that the reader, when he'll laugh or not must be reminded according to this story that these houses during the shock did a exactly at not worse than "Mexican Jumping Beans." In the city of Angelina Agathia along alone two hundred and forty fires or even more and big ones were reported in the wrecked districts and every kind of fire fighting apparatus of both the cities of Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale were called out and put to work in a very short time. Yet nothing seemed able to prevent a conflagration from the reason that all of these big fires were unusually severe and beyond control and rain only was the hope. All over both these cities including combi, electric light, telephone, telegraph and trolley wires had been as said of before hurled down by the concussion and the entire power in these cities had to be shut off for good so that all work in the nighttime and day time had to be done by the light of the conflagrations, pocket flashlights and lanterns and then within a week after only an imperfect idea of the extent and character of the damage could be estimated altogether.

The work of rescue which had been started immediately after the disaster was necessarily slow day or night because of the nature of the wreckage, the heat of the big fires, the heat of the atmosphere, the darkness of night at day, and the blocked streets and the network of wires. No one was almost burying like San Francisco did after the disastrous California earthquake. Very-

thing everywhere throughout these cities many big emergency morgues and hospitals also had been established and all available physicians pressed into service. The Health commissioners of these cities appealed to student doctors learning surgery to volunteer their services for the relief of the countless injured, as doctors were so few, so many being either in the army or attending to the immense droves of refugees made homeless and destitute by other past disasters. The response however sad to say were few, and the suffering was terrible. The city authorities authorities of the three cities realizing in a measure the extent of the calamity, and the nature of the forest fires menacing them, and threatening the entire forests of California and other states, and the waters of past floods still covered covering much land asked the commanders of the troops at the mobilization camps of all places for aid in patrolling the outskirts of the big cities to watch out for the fires, and purposed to draft all able bodied citizens, even women and children to fight the conflagrations should they come, while other means was to be made to restore as far as possible towns and cities ruined by flood disasters of the past.

General "Ornman" in command of the camps at Angelina Agathia, though they too suffered flooded first to the request without hesitation sending all available men. A similar request to the commanders of all local militia companies met with prompt response and the state troops and home guards aided much in this work, as well as in relief and rescue.

Later learning the extent of the forest fires, their ravages and the numbers of towns ruined by them, and the numbers driven in flight before them, and countless horrors reproduced by them, the Governors of the three states, ordered many brig brigades from various stations to report for duty, and they arrived at various points selected for them, especially at Angelina Agathia which was at six o'clock in the evening.

There were some reports of enormous floods further south, many dreadful battles raging in the west and south, and furious war horrors around Vivian Mickey and elsewhere, and of gunley advancing toward Randall and weeping willow gun, but as the forest fire and explosion concussion destroyed all communications, these rumors were not confirmed. The results of the explosion, the threatened menaces caused all the people in these three big cities and many other towns and villages, to become very apprehensive, and as in many towns and cities the weather became intensely hot for this time of the season, nay hotter than any summer for the Nations history many of the more timid people prepared to flee. It appeared that every one was scared, and with the darkness continuing day and night without hardly any abatement, and the atmosphere being horribly oppressive, the people acted as if they expected the approach of the world's end.

The worse damage done and the largest number killed and injured occurred in the Northeastern part of Angelina Agathia in the vicinity of Thirty Fifth and River-view Avenue, and from there, southward to Sixty Fourth, and twenty First streets.

This is as of the residence of sections, and the destruction wrought instantly by the concussion was well nigh appalling beyond reason or magnitude. These districts resembled Machine after the earthquake there. Miles upon miles of magnificent houses were displaced from their foundations, and shaken into shapeless masses, or leveled to the ground entirely.

By the concussion scores of street cars were shaken from the tracks, some from evidence pretended for a space they were "birds on the wing" or jumping kangaroos, and were found crushed among the ruins of houses. Among the beautiful places of the city, Count Gutenberg's palace felt also the baneful effects of the explosion shocks. The roof was shaken loose, one wall was totally demolished, and the trees and shrubbery shattered and uprooted. Glass from the windows was found sticking in the opposite walls of rooms like arrows. St. Anne's convent and that of the Poor Clares at Fifty Fourth streets were unroofed, and the grounds were littered with debris. From the extreme southside, and all through the western part of the city, to the extreme north, and Northwest side and all the districts situated at the northeast extremity for seven hundred blocks is one mass of debris from two miles to six miles wide. Buildings even stood slantwise against one another and three were standing in an upright position one on top of the other, with a half broken flagpole in the center of the top house.

All soldiers called for from the mobilization camps assisted the city police, military police and homeguards, inside and outside the city in keeping watch for the approach of forest fires, disguised Angelinian louters on out and morbid curiosity seekers at bay. Never before did the city face such face such dire peril, while one third or more than a quarter of it was now in smouldering and blazing ruins. Every hour came the news of the spread of the fires westward and northward, and the ever increasing flood southward with the war itself growing in intensity like a great storm.

At Forty Second Street near Riverside Park a Convention Hall building was crammed with men making ready for entrance into the army was shaken and wrecked as if destroyed by an earthquake. At the instant of the shock the roof fell in with a thunderous crash to the floors below. The jaws of men and even women and children who were present also became panic stricken and amid the crashing of

of falling wreckage as there was a mad rush for and through the only exits open. There was a terrible pandemonium. Many of those who were not killed or injured by the collapse of the building or buried in the wreckage were trampled or crushed as the building was breaking down the mad rush continued over the bodies of the dead, and few of the attendants even escaped. This was a real place of unusual indescribable horror, and out of one thousand people only fifty escaped.

Thousands of marvelous escapes marked the ravages of the explosion and concussion and even more strange manifestations of the power of the vibration which resulted less happily.

One instance can be related where during the concussion one of the wooden houses literally did jump from its foundation high up into the air, and place itself with its front once facing south, now facing northeast with all the household furniture also having changed their respective positions. The bed was found in the kitchen, and the bed linen on the roof. And notwithstanding this the house did not have a single window broken. The occupants of the house were flung about in various ways comical ways to say despite that six persons were killed, twenty seven fatally hurt, and fourteen injured.

Twenty hundred other houses changed their respective positions and places, the walls of one totally ruined house turned completely around and still stood and three others jumped off their foundations from the back like kicking mules.

On St. Anne street, a whole block of houses, all wooden jumped their foundations almost simultaneously, and then remained off their foundations in a perfect line like a string of railway cars. All the furniture within the rooms left their ordinary places and stood in various directions mostly facing the same way as the fronts of the houses. These houses in some cases were badly wrecked, some even demolished and a tremendous number of dead and injured were taken from them by the rescuers.

The St. Monica School for children at its part, and college students in the other and crowded with students and which was the finest Catholic School in all the Abbeyside states was closest to the city western outskirts and was totally demolished, entirely razed by the concussion. It could indeed be considered a miracle for despite the terrible condition of the building every man and woman student and all the children though buried in the wreckage were all rescued without an injury. And the building had been wrecked so frightfully and so suddenly that no one had time to escape. All other buildings within the same district were all wrecked totally and the streets were smothered in debris.

All of these houses had also jumped their foundations and what remained of them stood in various degrees as if they were preparing to dance. Five hundred dead were taken from the ruins. Two thousand six hundred were numbered among the injured. A three car street train of all Grove Avenue was also demolished by the shock of the explosion, and ten passengers were killed and one hundred injured. It might be said that astonishing freaks occurred with the train at the sudden terrific shock. The front car acted like a bucking bronco, the central one jumped straight up into the air uncoupling itself, and landed on its roof and remaining in this position. It was in this car strange to say despite the nature of this story no one was hurt or injured while in the third car that did not leave the cars or tracks six passengers were killed and fifty of the remaining passengers cut, bruised and maimed.

Fifty out of fifty eight passengers in the front car were all but all but fatally injured and four were killed. The motor man told of his experience in quite an interesting style. He said:

"Very early this morning I saw far in the west and northwest a small speck of white-cream colored cloud suddenly appearing above the city horizon at the extremity of a big church tower but above it, with the already blackened sky as a strange cavern like background. It grew with such rapidity such fearful rapidity that in a few moments the light of the eastern sky spreading over with the clouds was blotted from the heavens by its monstrous and sinister sinister monstrosities of piles, globular rolls and banks across all of the sky. At first I thought it was the coming of a great storm, then from the color of the cloud I realized it was smoke from the dreadful monster of forest fires I heard of hearing the city taking toll of human lives, almost without warning, merciless in its destructive fury, destroying and consuming all the forest in its path, playing untold havoc with towns and cities, burning and destroying as if Hell had been let loose loose with all its fire upon earth, and that our great city was in its path. I never dreamed there was going to be an explosion. The fire, I knew, was a very demon of destruction and malignity, burning remorselessly everything it struck but who could believe that something highly explosive was in its path. I was just stopping the car to let some passengers off when the blast or its concussion came.

As the car reared into the air like a crazy horse I shouted to the passengers to jump for their lives, and at that moment to my surprise, also fright, I found myself landing into the basement of a house across the street and three or four passengers with me. A moment or second later wreckage flew over us, and a lot of boards or timbers were piled on top of us. A longboard A long board rebounding as it fell was driven through the rear and front of the center car and wedged between

the big fire the house across the street was almost buried like the blockaded streets and the network of wires. I was almost buried like San Francisco did after the disastrous California earthquake, every-

the center aisle of the car narrowing missing the occupants occupants and killing the conductor of the front car....."

Every window in the cars were broken, bricks and debris of all kinds were piled inside, and everywhere was shaken loose. The front car after leaping had rolled over. The conductor of the center car and the motor man were seriously injured. The latter was struck by the board. The conductor jumped just as the car sprung upward and then landed bottom upward but the shock hurled him more than one hundred and twenty feet through the window of a wooden house down the street just as the house fell to pieces. He was rescued later and found to be dangerously wounded though he had over his shoes a pair of others which did not belong to him and which was not owned by any one in the wrecked house either. According to witnesses the conductor hurled a large wooden coop filled with chick chickens and roosters and also two other coops filled with ducks and geese over two houses like rocks, and a man was flung two hundred and sixty feet and he fell in a deep pool of water with the coops coming in after him. He was rescued before he was drowned having clung to one of the chicken coops for hours. He had been considerably shaken but not injured. It was also said that ten children were thrown out of a sagging room of the big building and others hurled about in heaps or scattered groups in their playrooms when the concussion partly wrecked the Angel Guardian Home for the blind and crippled and also real orphan children. About forty of the children were in their nursery on the first floor of the north wing which was partly broken thrown down. Six of the children hurled at of the building were found nearly a block away dead. Aside from bruises, slight shock, and the fright, the rest of the children were not badly injured. About forty persons were seriously injured and two killed when a crowd crowded streetcar packed like sardines was hurled over on its side in front of the home which is at San Lucia Avenue.

The conductor James Pedros was fatally hurt. The Motor man Jack Pedros his brother jumped as the car started to roll over, but the concussion and the air waves was a wind hurling him three hundred feet and he fell face downward in the playground of the home sustaining a broken arm, a dislocated jaw and the loss of all his front teeth. Some of the passengers who jumped were hurled through windows of the home and landed among the terrified children and two of the passengers died of their injuries thus sustained.

Mr. Patton and his wife and children were in the basement of their home when the shocks came. With their arms locked about each other in terror they waited while their home crashed about their ears. When they had been rescued, the four of them standing amid the wreckage of their home wept bitterly because a beautiful crucifix was ruined. At the home of James Alamanos on 1916 North Western Avenue near Riverview Park (Angelina Agathia of course) a party in celebration of a child's birthday was in start of all the preparations necessary. The guest had just begun the birthday proceedings when the concussion shook the house to pieces, may first according to witnesses made the house act like a football receiving a good kick. All of the party of children succeeded in getting out of out of the crushed wreckage without serious injuries except the child whose birthday it was, and the adults who were internally injured.

"The party I had just begun to have their good time before the cats are served" said one of the children a ten year old boy. "We kids were making merry and I had entered into the spirit with my sister. Suddenly there was a loud distant thundering but on so intense that I felt the shock and the air reverberated with terrific echoes as loud as thunder following the brightest lightning flash ever seen in the worse thunderstorm. At the same instant the house seemed to give us the sensation of literally sailing in the air and before we knew what had happened the house touched ground and we were buried in the ruins. I wriggled out and around and aided the others escaping. When we entered for the party the house was on Western Avenue near Riverview park. When we got out of the ruins we found ourselves three blocks to the south. Then suddenly brought back to the fact that his little mistress was near death he said with tears in his brown eyes--

"Oh if it had only been me instead of little Nell."

Little Annie Boylen was revived after a part of this same house had been thrown over her at the spot where she stood at Glumance Avenue when it came down, and she had been imprisoned for more than two hours and a half. It was necessary for the rescuers to chop an immense hole in the side of what still stood of the fallen house before she was taken out without the slightest injury. The manner in which she had been buried under the wreckage of a house falling on her made her escape from the slightest injury indeed appear as a tremendous miracle.....

Mr. Hendro Greenburg of St. Francis Avenue was in the town of Acorn Crossroads twenty miles from Empire Groceries on the Big Girl Knool Yellow Brick Road, and on and on the front porch watching the distant fire storm as it barely missed the town.

"It came like a rushing roaring wall of flaming gas" he said "and passed right by us to the east with incredible speed and leaping many hundreds of feet up. Acres of trees seem to be dark for a moment and then in an instant flare up in terrific fire. It appeared as if the world itself was on fire, and the air grew, very hot

In the town a good part of the town recently had been seriously wrecked by the concussion of what most of the inhabitants believe was an earthquake but which I believe from recent horrors was the concussion again of some explosion. With the approach of the fire the women and children had fled from the town but the men folk had remained to fight the fire if possible to save the town. I went to the attic window immediately on witnessing this unusual scene and saw many fires bursting from districts closing or closest to the moving seas and mountains of fire and smoke which roofed the sky even overhead with parching clouds of tongues flame.

I could see a hundred fires burning in the town at once. I believe the terrific heat of the forest fire set them afire. Huge groups of men in great confusion were fleeing down some of the streets evidently beaten in their fight against the flames and even the towns fire departments were being forced back. The flames of both conflagrations made a ghastly sight as they illuminated the acres of razed buildings near by. In the end however with the rally and help of the men folk the towns fire departments saved the rest of the place after hard work and much blasting of houses to make a breach between the fire and all neighboring buildings. "....."

George Grod was bruised about the head, and his wife and children were injured seriously. Grod started downstairs hastily to warn his wife and children when he saw a long surge of fire mountain high rushing onward like a hurricane with a terrific hissing roar past the south of the town of Woodbine and threatened to consume the houses of his neighbors to the west and southwest. An instant later there was a boom the like of which he never heard before in his life, followed by a concussion, and he was hurled down stairs into a hallway flat on his face, plunging his head into a bucket of water that stood there. Dazed he struggled to his feet and hurried his family to the cellar.

His house however was not injured but his wife and children had been seriously injured when the concussion hurled a huge picture frame from the wall upon them. Flames sprang up on every side and it was evident the town was doomed. It was not long before the whole city appeared on fire. "Said Grod. Then fearing that the building would collapse I lifted my wife and children out, and staggering as we went despite our injuries we went down the heated street joining thousands of my more unfortunate neighbors who were in flight. We had lost all our all in the conflagration that all but destroyed the town, but were thankful for our lives."

Henry Button Bright his wife and children, about thirteen of them, ten of them boys all met death together. When soldiers dug about the ruins of their house found the bodies of the boys and girls they were all clasped in each others arms. The body of the mother was under a fallen steps not belonging to the house, while that of the father was lying over those of some of his smaller children as if he had tried to shield them with his own body.

Henrietta Mergo a Red Cross Nurse who was thrown out of the home of a sick woman she had been nursing, and badly frightened ran all the way down town in Angelina Agathia to fall fainting in front of St. Michaels Church. Her incredible story was the first news of the explosion shock disaster received in the downtown section which entirely escaped. Among those who gave to an Angelinian reporter a vivid description of the thoroughness of the force of the explosions concussion at Mombi City, thirty miles west of Angelina Agathia was a priest, Father John Tomas who was traveling to help in the work of caring for the huge millions still homeless on account of the past explosion flood and fire and other war disasters.

He was sitting in the lobby of a hotel, and near a large window when before the crash the forest fire was blazing a seething waves of destruction through the forests northeast and west of the city.....

"When I awoke in the morning I had noticed it was dark as night," he said. "I looked at my clock and saw I had barely time to make the nearest Church to say my Daily eight o'clock Mass. I was surprised at such strange darkness so late in the morning, it being half past nine on my clock, and nearing before this of tremendous forest fires covering the skies all over our part of the country with smoke thick enough to make it dark over a large territory and to prevent the sun shining for hundreds of miles believed this the cause, and more so as the darkening of the skies had the color made from smoke rather than from rain clouds and there was the smell of burning forests in the air. On my way to church church a strong northwest wind was blowing burning like like desert air. There were more people at Mass than I expected, may there was no room for half of them in the pews, and they were all apprehensive, and some gave me money and asked me to say an extra Mass for the safety of the town. After the two Masses which lasted an hour I went to the hotel to await a fellow priest with whom I was going to take a train to Big Girl Knoll if I could get it. It had grown suddenly darker and warmer and I couldn't read," he said. A hot blustering wind had been blowing just before this, a wind so strangely warm that it excited a little suspicion, and also the sudden darkening of the skies by what we knew was smoke, and of its inky blackness to the northwest with a tinge of redish light made every one greatly apprehensive.

A few of the men sitting closest to me were talking excitedly about it when we noticed a hissing hissing and humming humming sound like that made by great flames of fire which grew in volume until we recognized it as the noise

the booming sound of the explosion. The explosion was heard all over the city. San Francisco did after the disaster.

heard during the close passage of a terrific forest fire with its fire wind preceding it, the most peculiar and fearful sound I ever heard.

And after looking looking over the awful havoc that was created I never want to see nor hear such a thing again. In a minute or so a far distant thundering roar burst upon us in all its fury, for that moment there were continual crashes like loudest thunder and houses within our view became obscured in clouds of dust, while I felt a strange sensation come over me, and the windows in the lobby rattled and jumped violently in their casement. Plaster from the ceiling fell upon us and everything in the streets became hidden in a dense cloud of smoke.

It was almost suffocating and kept us in so that we could not investigate to see if there had been an explosion in the city itself. Finally the smoke fog began to let up let up and we learned first over the telephone that whole districts of buildings had been leveled by the concussion and that hundreds and hundreds of people were dead, and thousands mortally injured. We did nothing that day or night because of the heat outside and the smoke but wait for reports. The sky was red as sunsets from fires all day and night, and darkness like night still continued.

The next morning which was still dark with the sky still deeper redder in the distance and the glow more extensive everyone in the hotel got up very early and started on a tour of the smoldering ruins. Most of the town had also suffered from the forest fire. Since this war commenced no people and refugees have told me stories of freakish things violent concussions of explosions have done, and after what I have seen I will believe anything any body tells me about the shocks of these explosions which are as marvellous as the effects of the passage of the great tornadoes themselves.....

For many blocks many districts of the city facing the direction of the explosion the ground was covered with the wreckage of what was once had been fine residences or residences and all smoldering and blazing fiercely like so many giant blast furnaces. Everywhere else in the city, as far as I could see from buildings of all sizes, great magnificent structures and costly all damaged and also burning or beginning to burn..... It was evident the whole town had caught fire during the passage of the conflagration conflagration and great and great clouds of smoke rolled into the sky. Twisted tumbled portions of houses were everywhere, house furnishings were strewn over the ground, and to my utter surprise in the branches of what was left of the trees.

I couldn't understand this even to save my life and it seemed so unusual so unbelievable for the concussion of the exploded explosion. What even made me wonder more exceedingly was that I saw six rocking chairs, and at least a hundred pillows or cushions and other articles fastened in trees. I saw a dead goat hanging on a branch by his horns. Impaled in the jagged end of a torn limb was a dog that was just dying. Everywhere I looked I observed many dead cats dogs, chickens and horses lying about. Much which was stranger still to me I saw many live chickens walking the streets with parts or all of their feathers gone and wondered how the concussion of the explosion could have accomplished did this.

While I was still in the stricken districts facing the peril of the increasing fires with all the remaining inhabitants now fleeing I met a soldier that told me that a woman in a certain house was crushed when her home collapsed and the little child she had been nursing was found uninjured and hugging tightly to her little breast a good sized crucifix and crying for our Blessed Lord to come and take her home with Him.

I saw for one instance where a long piece piece of iron pipe was driven driven through the side of a horse sticking entirely through and protruding through the seat of a wagon which was lying bottom bottom upward. I also received the information that a family of seventeen that sought safety in the cellar of their residence had the house taken from over their heads by the mysterious mysterious freak of the concussion and smashed against another both being reduced to smithereens in an instant. In one district a small wooden house belonging to a small family was to my surprise standing on the roof of a partly wrecked wooden house of the same size, little damaged while every other residence all around, was either level with the ground, turned topsy turvey, or on fire.

Fortunately when I arrived on the scene most of the bodies had been removed by the hundreds of rescuers who despite the fury of the conflagration which threatened the city worked all day and night either with the aid of the light of the flames or with lanterns. Even now despite the peril of the ever growing conflagration I frequently came across knots of persons gathered about a corpse sitting on a broken board, step or pile of wreckage crying for some one who had been killed.

I warned them to flee before the whole city would be in a blaze but they only looked at me with a vacant stare and refused to leave the spot. Yet other women who were more fortunate poked carefully among the wreckage in search of valuables they might save before the fires came up and consumed them. At one place where all that was left of a big house was the kitchen, women and children were carrying out dishes which had not even been injured and placing them in a wagon. The suffering and pitiful sights, among the refugees carrying salvaged

In the town a good part of the town recently had been seriously wrecked by the earthquake of what part of the town recently had been seriously wrecked by the

goods with them as they were leaving the burning city... In all haste appalled me, and as the fire gradually grew worse, and the heat of it drove all before it all I prayed fervently for rain as I had to leave it all myself. Whole districts of buildings were now burning and the smoke darkened the city still more. I wouldn't care to estimate the property damage. It is way up in the many millions. Another man on a train which passed through the large town of Glenbine, as the concussion shook down that place which afterwards was burned up entirely by the fire said when interviewed by a reporter—

"If a big black funnel cloud of a tornado swooped down and blew away the buildings and smashed them to smithereens I don't believe the wreckage would be as complete as done by the concussion. As terrific as even the hot fire hurricane that the air was filled by flying boards and a stuff of every description. And the concussion was so terrific and sudden that a freight train loaded with refugees just about pulling out was hurled off the tracks all but the engine and a lot of the cars were turned bottom upward and looked as if they had been torn away. Despite the wreck no one within the cars were injured but were shaken up and frightened.

When we came through the burning town to take away these and other refugees he agent said he never heard from one refugee train that drew away two hundred people from the town before the "earthquake". He said that nevertheless as far as he knew only three persons had been killed and yet he did not know how many had been injured. Our train I arrived far late after the concussion. And we ran past and beyond the southern edge of the forest fire. While leaving the town we barely crept along until the big blow was over and proceeded slowly because the tracks were covered with wreckage at points. When we got to clearer tracks we then went faster.

One pathetic sight was that of a little girl keeping watch over the body of her mother, this scene of course back again in Angelina Agathia, where we might stay now thank the reader. The mother Mrs Jennie Adahenia had been killed instantly. As the body lay on a cot in St Josephs Hospital, which too was partly wrecked, and awaiting burial arrangements, the daughter sixteen years of age told her experience:

"Mother had been laid up with an accident, and therefore was confined to a room on the fourth floor of our home No. 9151 Meldon Avenue. "As she said. "When the concussion occurred the house toppled over as if built of cardboard. Mother and myself were buried in the wreckage. As soon as I could pull myself from the debris I began a search for her. Board after the board the rescuers took away, and I even tugged and pulled at them until my hands were out and bleeding. Finally, myself succeeded in reaching her. I bent down to raise her but she was dead."

Weak and delicate houses of all the cities and towns injured were left absolutely unscathed while all the stronger buildings were literally shaken to pieces and leveled with the ground. The concussion splintered trees and in one small town the lower story of a large frame and brick house three stories in height was destroyed the lower stories being suddenly shaken out while the upper section settled in its place. Through a very mysterious cause large and small splinters were driven through trees and frame house walls.

Small and the biggest trees were uprooted by the concussion and driven entirely through brick and wooden buildings. Trees were shaken down and wrapped around poles as if wound by the hand of an artist. In portions of the wrecked districts of the demolished towns and cities vast throngs of people worked feverishly to save what they could of their household goods before the forest fires came while others regardless of the menace of the approaching forest fires stood with heads uncovered tears streaming down their cheeks, as firemen and soldiers came out of the smoking debris carrying in their arms the bodies of little children and even their mothers and fathers.

Even though the forest fires were not yet near these towns, wrecked and partially wrecked houses caught fire from stoves, electric wiring and furnaces and were soon in flames. One of the strangest things about the disaster was that the destruction at Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale Cities was kept secret from the world for many weeks, or nearly over a year by the explosion, flood and fire calamities for all wire communications was broken down in the wrecking of the surrounding towns and the preventive of their restoration by flood and fire which destroyed nearly all kinds of railroad and road communications with every point. Messengers had to go to Francis-Stanta, Mildred Greenburg and other places to give out first definite news of the disaster.

And before they reached these places they went through numerous perils by flood fire, and more so of the enemy. During the early hours of the first night after the explosion disaster the uninjured cities worked desperately to be successful many persons who fled from burning towns or who were brought in when rescued from beneath razed buildings. Even in Angelina Agathia the debris caught fire and hundreds of persons were burned before they could be taken from beneath the broken timbers. And no great number were killed in any one place. The concussion took its toll here and there. Some places even badly shaken as capped unscathed even in the fashion as if a twister jumped over portions of the city in its path missing districts then to swoop down again and smash whole houses by the districts to earth. At this time the forest fires which had been threatening Betsy-Bobbin

left that locality not hitting that town only to sweep on to towns further southward and southward in the same destructive manner that it attacked villages and towns elsewhere. The rage of the fire elements even extended to points as far north as Central California. A thrilling description of the forest fire and the menace to Betsy Bobbin Town after the explosion concussion wrecked her considerably too was given by the Mayor, Denton Beldonia who during the crash experienced a very miraculous escape.

"I knew there was a big forest fire coming and I was warning the inhabitants by phones and by police fire departments and messengers by courier and telegraph to take what they can of their belongings, and catch all the trains going out of the city as quickly as possible" said the Mayor. "All the afternoon, three days before the disaster the horizon line its whole length had been heavy with rolls and wreaths of smoke resembling those of bulging thunderclouds, in formation. I would have been fooled myself if they did not have the various smoke colors. For three days they gradually increased until the sun shone more and the sky was heavy overhead with the smoke, making twilight darkness.

On the early morning of the first the smokeclouds making it almost as dark as midnight hung low and were piling up from the north and west in mountains of mountains of swiftly rising rolls and took on their lowest extremities flickering redness has sometimes sunset bright and other times dull. There was no sound of an explosion up to that time. Suddenly the sky darkened still more and some where in the northwest the sky then reddened like the glaring of a very red light sunset when the sky is perfectly clear. I was surprised and it was then I issued a warning to the inhabitants to prepare for flight. Then as I was hurrying to my home from the office to warn my wife and children the distant explosion came in a shattering volume of thunder loud enough to make you think the end of the world was coming.

A moment later I found myself lying face downward in the street and there came a new crash and roar like to me as if the whole town was falling into the bowels of the earth and the air was filled with flying debris and smokeclouds and clouds of white dust.

Regaining my feet just as the moment of the shock I saw a woman, man and three children together rise upward and go head first through the window of a house. I saw myself from a falling wall plunged into an armway of a building in the centre of a block. The man woman and children had been killed. Even as the concussion of the explosion had hurled me flat upon my face a wagon of good size careened around a corner backwards and dragging a team of horses with it, seemed to be running solidly in and in the next instant, it tilted rolled jumped like a rubber ball and then hurled or hurled over a sidewalk wall of an orphan home about ten feet high. The driven of the wagon must have been killed as I believe, as the wagon was smashed to kindling. The horses were not injured. The roof of a brick building jumped up into the air about one third of a block from my refuge and then came down in its proper place again but with such force as to partly raze the building and kill and injure all those within. I could not see clearly because of the darkness and the clouds of dust made by falling buildings but I observed a man run from a store to the street at the moment of the concussion and then saw his body whirled for more than two hundred and fifty feet as if he was a sort of wheel. His scalp was terribly cut his arms broken and he was unconscious when picked up later. The concussion lasted what must have been only a few seconds and I fled on and in twelve blocks away I was out of the wrecked zone and into the business districts where was little little sign of damage. That evening when most of the injured had been taken from the ruins the flames were seen piercing at intervals the very clouds overhead and the atmosphere had grown awfully hot and a strong hot wind was blowing. The north horizon was walled up in moving sheens of light glarily red, and a strange indeed a most peculiar noise was in the air in that direction, a noise that reminded me of cyclones. The fire if not hitting that direction, a noise that seemed to the top of a church tower to view the conflagration and beheld at a great distance a most fearful sight.

A sea of flames was everywhere to the north and west and extending as far as I could see. But it fortunately making a wide birth of the town and moving away from it. The fire rolled high in monstrous flame clouds, and from it the noise proceeded.

Fifteen days after the explosion it was even then impossible to communicate with the outside world from the region affected from the concussion, from the forest fire center, but especially the cities of Angelina Agathia, Dorothy Gale and others responded to the care of its a their armies of sufferers for assistance and on the sixteenth of September 1913 the city commissioners met early despite the smoky darkness of the sky and appropriated \$125,000 for relief work. Citizens who were also present at the meeting also organized and donated \$175,000 dollars more. Also the citizens relief committee were formed directly of sixty citizens and an executive committee of eighty to work with the seventy City Councilmen. Governor Norton of Angelina State notified the Mayors of both cities that he would sent if possible a special message to the Legislature asking for the appropriation to care for the huge millions made homeless and which are still homeless by the present disasters and those of the past, and feared for future. Cots were placed in all the hospitals of

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Dorothy Gale city and those without shelter were temporarily housed there. The City purchasing agent arranged for enough beds and cots to care for all those who could sleep in this hospital. So well did the citizens of the stricken cities and towns and those close by respond to the call for assistance that whether it could arrive or not no outside help was required. The Governor of Abyssinikile, George Refenia immediately upon finding out about the progress of the disasters in the Southern Abbeinnian states sent by a traveling courier the following message to Emperor Vivian at Angelinia Agathia:

"Fellows City,
Abyssinikile,
September 19th 1913,
To Emperor Vivian, Imperial Palace,
At,
Angelinia Agathia;

I and my whole state are more than deeply distressed as well as aroused to the highest pitch at the repeated news of combinations of tremendous disasters in our southern states which is the responsibility of a vandal enemy. Can we help in any way or suggest means to prevent future disasters.

Governor George Refenia,
Abyssinikile."

The message took two weeks to reach the Imperial person but in reply the Emperor sent back this note of startling words:

"We deeply appreciate your offer for assistance but I must say that Angelinia State and all her neighbors are flooded out of the country, forest fires are now on a rampage with a possibility of all our forests being wiped out and hundreds of towns with them that my palace has been swept away and I the Emperor am in the broad line with the rest of the refugees or was rather. The people of the remaining sections of the state however are responding most nobly, and terrible as it is I believe we can easily handle the situation. All the standing armies of soldiers came promptly to our assistance and are doing great work. The marooned survivors of our grand city desire however despite the awful situation to express their gratitude to you for your message of great sympathy.

Emperor Robert Vivian,
Angelinia Agathia "

In the work of sending out calls for assistance and giving out information to those inquiring for friends and relatives, the telephone operators of many of the stricken cities and towns, but especially Angelinia Agathia all in the path of the forest fires and greatly affected by the shock of the explosion played a part which could be highly commended. At St. Rose despite the peril of an awful death by fire and explosion shock not one telephone girl left her swift board when the fire struck their city until all the lines refused to work any longer. Usually the exchange buildings escaped serious injury by fire or concussion and despite the conflagration raging on all sides of them the girls remained on duty as if nothing had happened. Every telegraph office in the town or cities reported for duty but the conflagration prevented the restoration of the lines.

Whole flocks of people fled in immense droves down roads and over railroads from the burning towns while the telephone operators remained at their posts. The Chamberlaine Telephone Exchange in the city of Trot, at Twenty Third and Riverview became a center for rescue work as soon as the concussion damaged the town. Doctors and nurses were summoned to the building and army headquarters were established there.....

Two hundred and seventy seven young girls were working at the switch boards when the raging forest fires hit the town. Hundreds of buildings all around were soon raging furnaces and by the recent concussion every window in the exchange building had been broken and considerable damage was done to the building making it an easy prey to the approaching flames but so far the switch boards remained intact. All the time during the spread of the conflagration the force of operators continued to work at the boards until the building catching fire and the lines refusing to work within the time the fire was only a few blocks away and many districts of buildings were volcanoes with flames leaping hundreds of feet making perfect volcanoes of flame and smoke every girl was still at her place at the switchboard and many continued to work while smoke poured into the broken windows from outside and a terrific wind was blowing. One of the rest rooms, the furniture smashed by crashing about during the concussion and stained with blood had been converted into a temporary hospital and morgue, and besides the injured bodies from the surrounding districts had been held there awaiting ambulances. Nurses and physicians occupied another room were injured

persons were stretched on the floor. All these---think of it---had to go when the fire threatened to consume the Telephone Exchange Building. When the terrific roaring clouds of fire finally passed beyond Trot town burning a hundred thousand trees per minute apparently it consumed like a strawberry box the village of Misona barely giving the inhabitants time to escape. LEVISED scores of miles of forests in that locality within a few hours all along the right of way of the Mio-Hollister and Pundora, crossed the river in a perfect burning "world" burned a number of towns grown near Lake Gertrude, consumed all the forests, crossed the lake which was indeed miraculous and went racing over the hills and forested plains and rushed to the northeast a vast column of fire. It was twenty days before all the details of the disaster in the city of Angelinia Agathia with the accompanying wreckage were known even within Dorothy Gale itself. The total number of deaths in Mombi city especially in one section of it reached almost 1,515. Within the space of the center more greatly devastated which if made rectangular would cover seventy miles of land, over 1,200,000 houses were wrecked or made unfit for habitation, and many hundreds of bodies recovered. Estimates of the value of the property destroyed and demolished by fire, and explosion shock in Angelinia Agathia too are estimated beyond, \$212,661,000. Many of the more substantial buildings can be rebuilt but nevertheless this number is small, and where the buildings have not been shaken under it was found that they had been so twisted that even the material was useless for rebuilding.

Eight hundred and eighty eight catholic schools filled with children were wrecked and put out of commission and all the children pulled out of the wreckage, that notwithstanding the crush of the buildings miraculously all escaped with but minor injuries considering so many in the schools at the time. Seventy seven catholic churches and ten cathedrals all worth millions were partly or entirely wrecked and eight colleges and universities for girls and young men were totally destroyed and the fact that it was too early a season for school of these higher students prevented a most terrible death list. But the fury of the fires and the effects of the concussion was not abated or forgotten when it left the cities of Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale desolate. With renewed vigor the fire hurricane swept down upon the city of Lebandon where before the concussion of the explosion laid claim to 18,000 in death, injured 250,000 persons and leveled 1,275,000 houses and other property causing a loss of several hundred millions of dollars. The surviving inhabitants had only three hours to leave the town before the conflagration hit it, making another scene like the Chicago fire of 171 1871. In addition to totally destroying about three hundred and sixty five thousand homes in the south portion of Lebandon Junction, Forest Knoll a large town seven miles to the northwest was destroyed by the fire and the intervening territory for leagues devastated. The slightly burned among the hundreds of thousands of refugees numbered at least one hundred in the thousands, and many of these are now in a serious condition.

The surviving hospitals of bigger places not menaced by fire were filled to their utmost with sick and injured refugees flocking there from the disaster area. Terrific crazy winds, preceeded the advance of the fire, usually to a degree of less severity as only a baby cyclone or to a terrific volume of the hurricanes or even the tornado. The winds in advance of the fire seas at times blew with such fury as to lay prostrate the forests before the fire consumed them consumed them and if a town was in the path of it the winds---well to say though the houses were pieces of paper. Dreadful scenes of fire searing heavenward many hundreds of feet accompanied these fierce gales but timely warnings probably saved many persons pinned in the wreckage from burning to death as the rescuers worked like ants mad in the face of fires already starting from electric wires which fired the debris at many points. Indeed books full of most harrowing stories more horrible than the bridge horror at Josh Johnston were easily to be told by the survivors of this last of greatest of war disasters on the christian side. The scenes in the wrecked sections of the big city of Lebandon brought tears to the eyes of the rescuers whose attention was often called to the dying trapped in the debris debris of their homes already fiercely ablaze by agonizing screams for air. Many died or were doomed to death before they could be freed from wreckage, and others who were removed will die. Indeed throughout the districts of this big city with its many wrecked homes with the fearful forest fires coming nearer and nearer, and with a terrific hair raising peril of hot winds blowing with such force as to almost take a man off his feet, and fill the air with flying rubbish survivors took the utmost chances of remaining behind to search for loved ones or salvage what goods they can carry but in the majority of cases they were audly and disappointed and forced to join the other refugees in leaving town.

"I am looking all over for my father, mother and little sister," said one of two little girls to members of the endangered relief committee when they urged them to join the rest in flight before the forest fires overwhelmed the town. They had searched the ruins of what had been left of their home, and were standing where the front of their house still remained while the sky was being roofed in glaring clouds of darting flames light lighting the once darkened city like a blinding sun. "All I have now is the few clothes I have on," said an old man who was looking at the ruins of his home when asked if he was going to seek safety in flight. "Yesterday" he continued not paying attention to their warning "I owned my little home, had plenty of fire insurance but no other. I'll have to begin

over again. Even here countless friends were said to have been played by the diabolical according to testimony by survivors. Mayor Conway was still asleep in his bedroom when the awful explosion demolished his home. Yet mysteriously the Mayor lying on the mattress of his bed was hurled bed and all across the street and dropped softly on the veranda of another house that was also wrecked. Mr and Mrs Altone whose home also was destroyed was hurled two blocks and a half and when they tumbled back to the debris of their home they found their three children in the wreckage not even scratched. Fifty names who were tossed across three lots returned to their ruined convent and orphan home to find all of the children sound asleep in their beds. The children did not awaken until they had all been removed from the beds to closed wagons brought to take them out of the fire endangered town. One terrible scene occurred at Lebanon. When the conflagration struck the town St Gertrude's big Orphan asylum already partly wrecked by the concussion was in direct path of the conflagration which was turning out to be out to be the most destructive fire in all the story for Calvernia's soil, which not only caused the loss of so many children in the building but buried under partial wreckage from the concussion but so hundred and fifty more by fire. So fierce was the fire within the city that there was no hope of any of the bodies being recovered but the number given was from the fact of knowing how many had been in the home and how many were left after the dreadful horror. Most of the children were young girls ranging in age from four to nine years old and mostly rescued or freed child slaves waiting time for location of parents if still living or adoption in families. The fire struck the town six hours after the explosion, and the orphan asylum being closest was the first to catch, and even before the alarm sounding the fire departments had been ruing this building and blocks of others was afire from top to bottom and spreading like burning strawberry boxes until the fire became an inferno. With the whole of the bridges on the spot assisted by numerous volunteers of all kinds a valiant fight was waged to save the remaining orphans.

Before the explosion there were one thousand five hundred youngsters in the home at the time in addit addition to sixty sisters of the Good Shepard order. Many of the sisters were badly burned. When the firemen that could come despite the wreckage littered streets arrived the youngsters were lined up against the windows and were screaming frantically for help. Within two minutes of the arrival of fire men the rescue had begun and children were dropped one after another for over an hour into a large landing net set up by the fire men while the fierce conflagration driven by a hurricane of wind was spreading on three sides of them and threatening to hem them in in a sea of fire.

Other children were marshaled out to safety by the sisters in charge of the home and taken to covered wagons to be hurried out of the burning town. One of the sisters told of some of the children being brought out and then terrified as a cloud of smoke from other burning buildings rolled upon them, and the sky all one mass of flame ran back into the building where they perished. After an hours intensive effort the fire men could find no more children in the windows so they forced their way in as far as they dared to go but the flames drove them back, and finally the building crashed in and nothing more could be done as the city fire itself gained such headway that every one was driven back before the fierce heat.

For six days before this happened at Lebanon the spectacle of the distant blazing forests was a lurid one as the flames lighted up the whole districts of country for scores of miles round as if the sun shone and the glare was seen two hundred miles away in the sky. It attracted the entire population of the city to the light, and they sensed some danger but did not expect the concussion.

The forest fire seemed to be worse at the "Little Flower" city a small place fifteen or less miles south of Lebanon. There where the explosion concussion had demolished everything, the fire consumed everything that was left, and there as elsewhere the majority of the victims were working people of small means, and they had nothing left but the lots and foundations upon which their homes stood.

Gracelande held also a large town with a total of 154,000 inhabitants was practically wiped out of existence as well as twenty of her smaller neighbors. Every house in this town, and her neighbors was first destroyed or badly wrecked by the concussion and then consumed by the forest fires with an unknown number of killed or injured. The bodies of many aged in an "Old peoples" home mostly poor old ladies the first recovered before the fires overwhelmed the towns were found under the crushed roof of the home, while surprising to say the mangled bodies of the sisters of the Sisters of the Poor in charge of this home were found a block away. A woman was found unconscious one hundred and seventy feet from her home with two little children clasped in her arms. They were carried to a waiting wagon and given medical attention before carried out of the out of the fire menaced town. On Riverside street between First and Second every house was level with the ground, when the ambulances and automobiles which were used pressed into service reached the devastated districts the injured had to be carried sixteen or seventeen blocks on account of the debris which blocked the streets.

100,000 refugees made homeless by the concussion and forest fire in these localities were fleeing every which way possible with the "RED FLAG" racing "Hot foot" after them. The groans of the dying mixed with the lamentations of the sadly disappointed. One man was driven insane and for a long time fought off a rescue party.

and effects of the strict martial laws were to be seen on all sides. And only in extraordinary circumstances were any one permitted upon the streets after five o'clock. One explanation explanation of reports not at all exaggerated but far below the actual truth that thou thousands of those killed in the shocks were found floating in the flood waters was to be found that the loss in life from the flood itself was smaller than probably at first reported.

or the forecast forecast amongst relief workers, they realized that persons countless in numbers in stress or under stress and borne up by hope of rescue might survive for several days upon limited limited rations. Also another reason to be observed was the circumstance that hundreds of thousands of persons seen in their homes when the flood was upon them were given up for dead. Yet the chances that they had escaped at the last moment and taken refuge in places temporarily cut off was not taken into consideration. An illustrating instance of this was shown at the offices of the branches of the Relief and other Aid Committees. A soldier who had been on duty at Center street, and who had seen a woman and her little daughter drown in the flood reported that he was sure no less than one hundred persons only perished in the city and that more than 10,000 persons would be found in cottages overwhelmed by the deluge in that awful neighborhood. The soldier stuck to his story, and declared he had seen all residents of that district wade out in water that reached up to their necks and go so suffer and higher places.

With the receding of the water hundreds of thousands of those who had been penned in their homes were freed by either going to higher ground or by the water disappearing from within their homes. Many thousands were taken off in boats, and of them were taken care of in relief stations. There was a terrible number of dangerous sickness largely due to the tremendous heat wave during all the time of the flood and after also. The rush of the currents had claimed a small toll of lives however judging from how so few bodies which showed evidence of death from drowning only recovered had been found at least. They have been washed up one onto the ground from new made rivers, and many have been found buried in the debris.

The body of a little girl ten years old was found inside a gutter, removing the mass of debris workmen and others moved carefully, fearing they might tread upon bodies but they were not found in groups. The body of a priest about eight eighty years old was found clasped in the arms of his mother. Scenes of horror and the reign of terror too fierce for any volume to describe were given out endlessly by survivors and rescuers and witnesses, but there could be no more

heartrending, more tragic moment in the entire history of all past floods than that presented when the wrecked homes and the busy business houses in Angelina Agathia caught fire after the water had reached its height, and people stood by helpless, while outside the flood zones the forest fires became terrible seas and oceans of fire burning everything in its path. Many perished in the forest fires, more than in the flood, and many in flight were overtaken and perished. The disasters had intensified. The all night vigil of every one living in the suburbs of the city as they watched flames eating their way through the business districts of the city of Angelina Agathia proper could be properly described only when actually witnessed. One man stood on a high rise of ground taking in the full view of Angelina Agathia and tried with the help of a glass to distinguish what a portion of the Abbeissania Gem City was burning. Around him stood immense droves of women men and children, many wringing their hands in anguish. The man was besieged by the closest of every sufferer who sought his comfort. He could not tell them what was burning because of the forest fires a strong dense haze had hung over the scene like a fog, and the angry glow from the burning sections of the city, and from the distant forest fires was magnified.

The entire city is afire," became the cry, and women wailed as over their dead, and men swore. Absolutely no hope was felt by the isolated city. Hundreds of families for in morning for many weeks. When the water subsided and even then the brilliant summer late summer sun failed to shine through the smoke haze of distant forest fires, there was even then no tears of joy, for sobe and cries of horror continued as if the whole region was a perpetual infernal regions, and they were the lost souls.

At Michaels Hall and School housed over three thousand persons, even a stream of wagons and so on brought sick and injured to the school, which was turned into an emergency hospital and shelter station. A big fire then broke out at the school, and there was some commotion but though a panic ensued and the building was later entirely destroyed there was no deaths reported at the school though a great number of the refugees were injured. The passageway into the suburban part of the city was anything but a promise of the sights to follow. Conflagrations raged everywhere with a scene of fires that broke all records for city fires, and as the stream of outpouring vehicles left the burning factory and business district and entered the fashionable portions it passed through lanes, skirted by jagged mountains of wreckage the dry portions and upper stories of houses which were also smothering infernos. One fashionable district that occupied a square mile or more of both sides of Vivienne Avenue were all ruined and blazing residents that once made the section of the aristocratic section of the city.

Evidently it appeared certain without doubt that after the recession of the flood fire was destroying what the flood had left.

Blocks upon blocks of shattered houses lining Vivienne Avenue from its junction with Main street to the Angelina Agathia and Riverview Street bridges were burning, massive stone pillars had crashed through walls, porches were set very or carried away bodily and over all not touched by the fire was mud and sand that resisted all efforts to enter the denolated homes not touched by the flames. When were found amid the wreckage too heavy in numbers to count in a hundred years. Pitiful pictures were seen every moment as the rescue

Back

to four journeyed through the burning and other districts. Families returning to the homes from which they fled found tumbled down shacks or mere ruins, many of which were ablaze. The experience of the Vivian Avenue residents was that of all the wealthy but righteous and God loving people of Angelina Agathia who populated the St. Peters and other streets. In this badly wrecked districts. The utmost power of nature let loose by Glandelinia seemed to have vented itself within the confines of this section. The sanitary conditions there presented more terrible possibilities than any one can ever think of writing. For weeks after it was still a question that may relieve grim anger whether or not there are dead or living persons behind the piles of debris that clog the entrances to homes in the sections between Main and Sagumonia streets along Vivian Avenue and elsewhere. It will take days to penetrate the tangled masses not burned by the fire. The force also that set at naught the handwork of man may be realized by those who saw many thousands of fifty and two thousand foot beams of wood, weighing beyond measure rammed into the side of brick dwellings in these streets.

After this unusual heroism and a herculean effort, the grasp of the flood two twirled the great outpauls about, and some became wedged in the windows of other houses across vacant lots. The lots were not vacant until after the first rush of waters came. The ground as was the site of houses mostly wooden and brick. Occupants of the houses rammed by the beams say they escaped to neighbors by crawling over the supports provided by nature's wealth and entering adjacent structures. In the vicinity of Vivian Avenue alone, the loss of property could be estimated into the scores of millions.

All of Riverside section was still worse in the inundation. This territory is lower than Angelina Agathia and received the brunt of the worst flood. Streets in this vicinity that survived in this location of the city presented the most ghastly scenes of destruction.

An unusual situation faced the residents of Riverside. All of the territory is below the levee that broke before the onrush of the flood down the river. With the subsiding of the flood, the water water of the flood, great lakes and ponds were left in Riverside behind the levees that still stands and the river itself was still the "Atlantic Ocean". This big lake in the river may stay for years, maybe never will recede and it seemed as if some sections of the flood remaining in the city will have to be pumped out as a sanitary and health precaution. No city except Abbeville suffered this like this like Angelina Agathia.

It could be believed that if any more than the dead persons perished in the entire city of Angelina Agathia their bodies never will be recovered, and the fact that they are missing may not be recorded as in most instances where fatalities occurred reports said entire families were wiped out. This was true of one family. The father with his mother, wife, and sister and his children and an aged aunt died in the swirl that swept by their home on Telson street. Above North Angelina Agathia. Their bodies were found in the debris near Riverside. Heavy as this flood loss in lives may be, yet it is nothing, compared to the dead dreadful loss of life in other floods. An aged man and his aged wife, and one grown child was carried away from their home with the first waters, when the flood broke loose. They were being swept down the flood when refugees in the Belden Apartment Building threw to him a rope in but he was dead when drawn to safety.

In many places throughout the flood torn city refuge camps of all sizes were established, and families set up housekeeping in tents, cooking on the open bonfires. Perilous trips around the coing of badly burning buildings, with the yawning waters of the flood below them, marked the escape of three hundred men women and children from the swathing flames that destroyed whole districts of the structures on the east and west side of Thirty Second Street, from Aberdeen to Pullaway Avenue. Then some one gave the cry of "FIRE", the persons in the buildings rushed in panic to the windows to seek aid in the streets below. None however was available, and driven by the rapidly spreading flames, the refugees retreated from the north toward the North section in the center of the district, forcing their way through hatchways, and climbing over roofs and iron and brick copings. In this manner the northern section became for a time the common place of refuge. But toward this the fire was spreading. Hemmed in on both sides with the fire spreading like an advancing furnace of the infernal regions and darkening the city with clouds of smoke almost like night, a way out by the refugees was sought across Thirty Second Street. A brave man organized the men refugees, and under his direction one of the party was let down a strong rope. He swam to the opposite side, fastened a rope in a street staircase, and then signalled his comrades behind.

Supporting the women and children, the men let themselves down from the last refuge and struggled through the torrent swept street to the other side. The stairs led to safety on the upper floor. Then the entire three hundred made their way to an ally alley and under cover of a place of safety where they remained for ten days, when they were rescued. The sentiment expressed by survivors is that they never witnessed such scenes of selflessness. Without exception the people all considered it others before themselves. Hungry men received what small rations could be secured, but divided most of them, or gave them to women and children physically able to stand long hours waiting to be served. During the flood many hundreds of babies were born in different parts of the city. In almost every instance the babies lived, the mothers getting along nicely.

Even the most graphic photographs even they could be taken of the ruins

Remained until they had to be rescued. The next day, the same priests were busy getting people to high ground. One of the last they rescued was a baby boy whom they found apparently dying at 1665 Riverside Avenue. At the time of the discovery they were taking two men to the foot of a street bridge. Permeating their two prisoners to give up the trip temporarily they carried the child about three years out of the house. The two men were taken to their destination afterwards.

In all parts of northern Angelina State which was swept by the worst flood calamity in all of the history of the country in the past and even for the full future there are since the explosions occurred three great rivers that through the concussion caused all the trouble, rivers however which never made floods before and those of course which did. They are the Kramie Run, Norma Run and the Mic-Hollester Run proper all three which move to the sea without entering other rivers. They form the natural drainage for all sections of the now flooded states previously mentioned. In fact in this story, they drain all the waters of the nation itself, and that means that an area of about as much country as Canada and United States put together is supposed to be drained by the three rivers.

The main part like Abbeville is practically all cleared and very well cultivated. The valley of the huge Kramie Run is one of the most noted of all in the nation entirely for its fertility, and beauty of its scenery. It is known all of over the nation for its natural and transportation sources its full length from the starting point even and for the way these resources have been developed. The concussion undermined levees of these rivers, and allowed the waters remaining in the past floods to be also added more so that cities once starting to show themselves above water were swept away entirely now, unless they are cities and towns of the last they are not counted now. The water over the site of Abbeville was deeper again and may now remain for a century.

However the main trouble arose along the Big Mic-Hollester Run Proper the river never affected by the war disasters before. Angelina Agathia is mentioned as being within the center of the flood zone. The city lies on the shore of the widest part of the river, and Dorothy Gale lies opposite. Jessica, Mombi, Polychrome, Osmia Trot and Betsy gobbin all of these cities are located on the Big Mic-Hollester Run and are within the grand center of the flood zone. Angelina Agathia which ranks as the first best city in all Abbeville states combined, and of Chicago and New York Size combined is well named the "Emerald City" of the nation, not of course the "Emerald city of Oz."

Angelina Agathia has about as many inhabitants as New York, San Francisco, San Francisco, and Chicago put together, and is one of the greatest manufacturing cities of the world in this story at least. She is not now. She is nothing. All factories are a total loss. That also could mean that a great many laboring people live in the city and work in the various factories. Now millions are thrown out of work for good. And this is not more true of Angelina Agathia proper than of the Northern View although the latter has but over two hundred thousand people. A little further to the south is Lucille Pickson, a city of about 1,500,000 inhabitants which had been hard hit for every flood and was harder hit now than ever. It is claimed that this city too is one of the greatest manufacturing cities next to Angelina Agathia, and yet is also not so. There are many people in all three cities, Lucille Pickson, Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale who are now helpless from being thrown out of work. Jessica which is a city of about seven hundred thousand inhabitants is located about thirty miles east of Angelina Agathia. It is about as hard hit as formerly. The sea that saved Angelina Agathia from being wiped out altogether stood its ground fortunately northwest of the city. The great Mic-Hollester Run Proper runs around the city in a semi circle. The flood that poured over the lower levees turned the river into an enormous racing sea but the levee which held its ground served to form a kind of dam to shut in most of the flood waters and prevent its escape, and though making conditions worse for other places prevented a torrent which could have done the same to Angelina Agathia which happened to Abbeville.

Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale has suffered from nearly every flood that was produced by the enemy but never before had there been one, even from natural causes which can ever the least bit reach the stage of this one.

The levees which were strong and high enough to hold back any flood, however prevented what could have happened had they given way. The same conditions which prevailed in Angelina Agathia prevailed in Dorothy Gale. The latter is even as much a workingman's town as is Angelina Agathia. Outside of the enemy not meddling with things these big rivers with their beautiful and staunch levees or without them are not treacherous. But now with all the waters for from the past floods continually entering them from unknown sources and with so much heavy rains far up north they could not barely keep their level, but then nothing even would have occurred if it had not been for the explosions produced by the enemy made forest fires. As the enemy is responsible for the fire, so for the floods as his fire fires caused the creating of the floods by the explosions.

The Glandelinian nation is treacherous. She is terribly notorious for her tendency to make great disasters upon her enemy rapidly, and without giving warning. This is the way she hopes to win a war. So far evidently she is succeeding for she has prostrated both Calvernia and Angelina States, and while holding them down is trying to hurl down the others under her feet and though not yet doing it have them nevertheless in a jeopardy that seems beyond recovery. To make sure of the outcome of the battles predicted as Christian VI victories both sides have sent secret agents and spies to investigate and learn the true facts.

But nevertheless through these flood and fire and explosion disaster it is evidently that Glandelinia has the nationals at least so staggered by losses that to gain any control or to regain her feet Abbeville will have to go through a lot or otherwise she will be receiving the last blow and stagger off to defeat like the whipped prize fighter in the ring. Abbeville is getting licked.

Burch

A daring man on horseback in rescuing fifteen children in West Angelina Agathia had a fatal mishap with a ten year old child in his arms. He had been carrying the little girl with him astride or in his arms beginning when the flood in that locality was only about twenty inches or more deep. He had just carried other children to a point of safety and was making his trip with the older child. The water was so deep in the street by this time that he had to go along the cement walks. Coming to a wide cross street, his horse stepped cautiously down into a gutter from the curb and was about to cross to the other side, when in the darkness, the horse, and man and child discovered an enormous object bearing down upon them. It reached clear across the wide street, diagonally, and with and was coming with terrific force in the swift current. The child screamed, the horse whirled and leaped upon the curb again, just as the tremendous flood washed by without a foot to spare. They however were just a little too late, the horses legs were broken and the three were engulfed together in a desperate tangle of deep water, all already by that time impassable.

The first death from drowning in the flooded district occurred when Father Rhodes, son of Samson go Rhodes, 1937 Heldonia Street, and his companion priest were killed while walking in Center Street near the east end to a Fair Ground. Rhodes according to his companion was going out on a sick call and the flood surprised them quickly giving both no time to save themselves. His companion was rescued but Father Rhodes perished. A six year little girl and her ten year old brother of North Avenue had a tale to tell which many could not hardly believe. She and her brother were both found floating alive in the attic of a tall house. Later when their father and mother were rescued from a house in which they had remained for many days without food. The father said he held the children in his arms while floating down with the flood until his muscles were benumbed. The children then slipped into the current. How the two children got into the attic is an unsolved mystery. The body of an old man, in invalid was found in a floating reclining chair. Her hands were folded on her lap. Two hundred and sixty seven persons famished, too warm for comfort, all but dead, were taken from the third story of a block at Hendon and Grosvenor street, where they had been held captive by the water as long as the flood continued. All of them upheld by the nervous strain, still asped when rescuers lifted them into boats. Hundreds of others equally exhausted were taken from homes on Grosby street.

As always indicating how uncertain the figures are as to hundreds of persons killed in this flood, it can be stated that a most careful survey in all big cities was made a week after the flood receded, revealing the names of hundreds of persons missing. Not more than ten per cent of these could have been in flooded houses not previously searched or cleaned, and the remainder were given up as dead.

Where bodies were found sand and mud had been piled high over them. Three of these were found together where a human hand was thrust out of a heap of sand. One body was that of a little girl. Two others were old men, whose hands were clasped together, while proceeding down with the flood from Angelina Agathia and engaged on a mission of mercy. The row boat or launch pulled rowboat which saved many lives at Angelina Agathia, was wrecked at Mombi, a great distance below Angelina Agathia. After engaging in relief work for several days in the city of Angelina Agathia it was decided to look out for citizens of other towns below the "Gem city of Angelina". A long trailer was loaded with supplies, and the boat the engine of which was in charge of the engineer started down the smoother part of the flood.

With those carrying the provisions were two doctors who had performed heroic work in the stricken city of Angelina Agathia. At Jessica Jessica the two coats safely passed over the smoother part of the flood, but the trailer was caught. The result was that the launch was upset in the terrific current, and many of the provisions dumped into the water when the trailer cap tumbled. The three men were life preservers. They were drawn under several times and had to fight for their lives. The life preservers saved them however. When picked up below Jessica by some rescuers who rowed out to them in a skiff, the three men were unconscious. They soon revived however, and were able to reach home the following day.

How a brave woman of Angelina Agathia torn between her duty to her parents and to her children saved her children by flight through the gathering flood at Angelina Agathia, and succeeded in reaching safety in a convent in the heart of the flooded business district of Angelina Agathia, with a real drama dramatic chapter to the incidents of the flood worth writing here.

Her name as we can recall was Mrs Jennie Bales. She had been living with her parents, as well as her husband, within one hundred feet of the river, and on the opposite side of the main section of the city itself.

All that time while the water of the river was rising from the flood it rolled from the outside, she had been nervous and walked the floor. At six a m in the morning before the ringing of fire bells, and the blowing of factory whistles all over the city which sounded a warning everywhere, men were in the street with lanterns, pounding on the doors and warning all to leave the neighborhood and go to higher ground or higher buildings. Her parents who had lived so long by the river were unwilling to believe the danger was great having confidence in the creek. But the water was coming elsewhere from the onrushing flood which was to inundate the river itself and make it become a sea. The woman decided that

these two big cities, there was coming the warning of pestilence, disease, and famine. Yet there was a long time before the end would come, for all over the adjacent territories waters as turbulent as those of the great Abbeinn Flood, wrought terrible havoc in Jessica again, Mombi, New Emerald City, Goidna Junction, Olinda Junction, Ozma, Betsy Bobbin, Trot, Chamberlane, Gosa, Topsy, and a hundred other places. Indeed if the author was to overwhelm every Library, and printing and all kinds of book companies and stores with millions of my own volumes these awful big cities, and makes others in countless millions alone, while crowding out all their own books, and then still have hundreds of millions of books of the same size at large, I would not have written one tenth the words in my efforts to depict the horror of it all, nor can any effort on my part dare conceive the loss to any amount of perfection.....

Fortunately however in Angelina Agathia from the flood itself, not could counting the explosion shocks, shocks the loss of life was small only a little more than five hundred having been drowned, but the property loss was absolutely immeasurable, while in cities round about there was an added seven hundred to the death toll. Many others of course were unaccounted for. The loss of lives though exceedingly small in comparison to that of other great floods and disasters in the past was but an unusual incident of this devastating calamity.

The heartache, the inconvenience of it all, the still heated atmosphere, the continued twilight darkness, the fog from forest fire among the unendurable hardships, the suffering, and now from the effects of the past, and this disaster the nation wide damage are absolutely so far, far beyond comprehension whatever.

Throughout the nation every Abbeinnian spoke of the loss in cents plus the dollars and with a commercial sense of proportion place the loss only within a day of the disaster in the affected territory alone at something above \$ 256,777,858.. But these are empty figures..

Even what estimates of any value could be put upon the services of those lost in all the disasters past, and the flood, or the curtailed earning capacity of all those crippled and injured in the mad rush of water, or those laid up for life and killed in the prodigious battles just gone. Who also can tell what silent mills would have given to employers, and employees and what the world in this story has lost in the wide spread destruction of crops, the cessation of business, railroad transportation, the seige of the western sea ports, and the millions suffering from famine because aid cannot reach them...

Horror beyond telling, with perise persistent and recurrent reports of additional complications of calamities in the way of reservoirs bursted by the convulsions, the terrible breaking out of disease, the starving of added hundreds of thousands, added destruction by fire, and the facing of more spreading of the famine caused by past disasters, and millions suffering from pestilence were pictured for homeless nations full of people within a short time after the water broke its bonds.. and help from other points cut off by forest fires, and all ruined railroad transportation destroyed by past calamities.

Over a major portion of the city of Angelina Agathia at the early part of the flood, water flowed and roared, at depths from sixteen to thirty feet. Neither person nor property was respected and in the early stages the peculiar geographical situation of so great a city caused those who sought to give relief, an unusual amount of difficulty.....

Angelina Agathia which is the size of New York and Chicago put together in this story is divided like Vivian Wickey. Central Angelina Agathia comprising the downtown districts of dwellings, and one hundred and five mills, and two hundred and sixty six factories. West Angelina Agathia, the territory extending west of the Big Angeline Run, the portion that was shaken so disastrously by the terrific explosion, the river and Riverview the Northwest across the river from the Central district, the former section most disastrously shaken, Angelina Agathia paradise View in the extreme extreme North also shaken badly, Northeastern District, manufacturing manufacturing districts in which the nut munition plants are located and separated from the Central districts by lowlands which were deepest in the flood waters, south Angelina Agathia, southwest of the business did district across the river from the business section. The other two sections, comprise the southeast--the districts of the Imperial Courts, the home of violet, and her sisters, and royal Palaces, southwest, the main Riverview district which was most disastrously shaken.

The river forms a big horseshoe through the whole Central portion of the city which therefore made it impossible to reach that portion until the torrents pl pouring down the valley had receded. The sections devastated by the explosions are the only sections between which communications were possible, and these were paradise view, West Angelina Agathia and Riverview districts. In this interlaced city of streams like Vivian Wickey is it any wonder that with wildy the widely recognized horror of the flood found little detailed description above the whole nation in a dozen days following the rising of the waters.

Practically practically half of Angelina Agathia is under th under water from thirty to forty feet according to the reports of the meager dispatches and all other messages. At the lowest estimates one hundred lives have been lost. The city was for months and months without electric lights, street car and water service. It would be for that long time maybe within a years time to estimate the great damage. It exceeds all others combined. There is from immeasurable report, equally immeasurable suffering, and all the other people are in need of food and

Nothing. All the bridges have been swept away. There will be no kind of communication with the outside world for more than a year. Hundreds of thousands of persons were caught in their homes with all avenues of escape cut off, and not only were they marooned by the flood but endangered by the fire that broke out in the various buildings. The floods are still extending and rising, and the terrible forest fire elsewhere is devastating all the land not touched by the flood. A hundred million trees are said to be burning by the hour.

Such were the fragmentary details which I presume came first to the world after the flood moved through Paulish Junction a small town with a telegraph relay station sixteen or seventeen miles south southeast of Angelina Agathia by a single telephone wire which then was the only link with the outside world. Of course all of Angelina Agathia were inundated and numberless thousands were marooned in buildings, on house-tops, and in trees where they watched in the murky twilight the muddy waters swirl by carrying away millions of pieces of furniture, hundreds of human bodies and dead animals, and all a manner of debris, for many weeks none was able to tell what the awful situation was or what would be the final ultimate outcome, even the Governor of Angelina Agathia being unable to obtain any amount of exact information with all the facilities of the State and Nation at his command, as will indicate by his descriptive statement of the general conditions, six sixteen days after the flood started, appealing to the world in general the Governor said:—

"TO MY NOTION, the exact extent of this enemy made New flood so suddenly manifesting itself in Northern Angelina Agathia will never be known, and with all other disasters of the past, keeping our nation in jeopardy in accordance of taking taking care of homeless, and with 10,000 big forest fires raging the situation indeed is terrible and our nation seems at state. Now with this flood devastating one of our capital cities. Every hour impresses the whole nation with the uncertainty of the worse situation the world has ever faced. The waters have assumed unknown heights in many parts of the State, as well as four or five others, and in such proportion is the flood gaining that it will be hardly less than a tremendous miracle from Heaven if villages and towns are not wiped out of existence by the hundreds in all parts of Northern Angelina Agathia. The fire storm is moving south of east, and is a forest fire of proportions that make a person think that the last day of the world is near, and according to messages I have received, Jessica, Poly Church and Gema cities are in its path. Not a burning and so is Betty Bobbin according to reports. The fire is very severe now, though some portions have gone under control because of the nature of the flood.

Please give all efforts to appeal for help. It is my judgement that there has never been such a tragedy in the history of our country, or rather such a series of tragedies since Early 1912. Pandora for a time was the center of all activities in behalf of our stricken cities and country, but now all communications is cut off from her by the forest fire. And every hour has apparently been filled with a record breaking accumulation of dramatic circumstances. The most pitiful appeals have been made also by the scores of thousands of fire fighters, who could not get over to fight the spreading forest fires in Watson, Henrietta, and Roberts and Hendrick Counties because they were either cut off or surrounded by the floods, and portions are unavailing. In Nickson and Watson and Hendrick Counties the forest fire is far beyond control and the heat is felt for forty miles according to reports, and the flames advance with the speed of a storm. The marooned populations in the flooded cities are also confronted by approaching conflagrations, especially in the cities of Dorothy Gale, Angelina Agathia and Henrietta and also Lucille Nickson. Every human energy has been throughout this season of disasters and complications of disasters to give relief but so many other disasters have occurred in the past that the measure of assistance has been small because of destroyed communications. It is my belief that it will be weeks before those imprisoned in the houses of all flooded cities and towns can be relieved or rescued and it is planned to use all strong ships for the purpose if they can be obtained. Every priest and Catholic layman in the city is making offerings, saying prayers, and offering Masses for rain in the hope of quenching forest fires, but we advise them for the present for heavens sake not to call for rain with such floods raging. Rather face the forest fires than the flood.

The disaster began after a warning signal from all localities advising there was starting a most dangerous flood all over North Angelina Agathia. The first levee to give out from the concussion was that of the Iner Interstate River in which there had been a dangerous rise from the waters of the receding floods elsewhere, and what other rumors arose from some reservoirs bursting because of the heat of the fires then raging in those regions. All towns along its source including Morning Glory Viviananna, and Santa Maria were advised. Before a week had passed the situation assumed a most critical aspect at all of these towns, and beautiful bridges were swept away.

The loss of lives is uncertain because all kinds of communications ceased, because of flood and forest fire. Santa Maria cannot be reached but it is safe to assume that the same awful and devastating results at these places were carried on to Angelina Agathia. A flood of the Galveston (America) type developed in the Marshes and St. Ann Valleys in Northwestern Angelina Agathia but the damage to life and property is nothing compared with the terrible destruction in the extreme North and parts

southern California. In many aspects the situation at Angelina Agathia is absolutely without parallel. This city and also Dorothy Gale and many others are unable to send to the outside world the smallest idea of the real loss. South Angelina Agathia reported a loss of one hundred and fifty lives. Later precisely the same situation was reported from Riverview, West Angelina Agathia and other points which are almost completely under water, and the House of the Central districts were or are so deep in the flood that great destruction of property and loss of life certainly ensued there.

On the high lands of north and east Angelina Agathia pockets were developed and people were drowned in apparent elevated districts where it did seem naturally impossible. The water at sixteenth and Center streets which is thirty five to forty feet above the elevations in the business districts reported fifteen to twenty feet of water. At this time a sea of waters wild and turbulent and one hundred miles wide was sweeping past and through all sections of the city, and dozens of houses were being taken away. Telephone communications was wiped out before the first day of the flood was over and attempts to restore them met with disaster. Some had belief that the loss of life had been over-estimated but confirmed reports showed that the known dead was 100.

This so evening of the 21st, the Governor and others cannot resist the belief, that when all estimates are made the loss of life will not be less than 10,000. The Angelina Agathia river enters Angelina Agathia directly from the northeast, separating North Angelina Agathia from the section known as Riverview. It then makes a complete turn southwest in a long curve, and runs about one mile and a quarter before it turns directly south to join with that of the Krimlie River making a right angle to the south straight. These bends because of the breaks of the levees have been the undoing of the city. Not until six days after the beginning of the disaster was it apparent that between 10,000,000 and 12,000,000 in the two big cities, and towns are pinned up in the business houses and sky scrapers Hotels and all other big houses making it apparent that the flood came so quickly that no one had time to leave the cities and towns.

The city hall of our fair city is patrolled by the militia outside on the roof and inside and it is so situated as to enable the officers to make more or less accurate estimates of the numbers of people marooned in their houses and on the house-tops. A great fire broke out in the square bounded by St. Andrew, Main Street, Twenty Third, and Thirty Third streets soon after the flood reached its worst. The flames were not long first in a dry goods store. It swept southward burning the portions of the houses above the water and then partly burned St. Peter's Catholic Church. The flames then spread northward through the wholesale districts, consuming the upper parts of wholesale houses.

The fire is still burning day and night, and day by day. We were advised by telephone that immense droves of people were seen on the roofs of many of the big buildings of the fire endangered section, and that they were running and jumping from one structure to another, keeping safely away from the flames. The water at this time was said to have dropped to about three feet in that part of the city. I have also received many appeals over telegraph that unless boats were sent at once from some parts of the stricken districts it would be evident that the loss of life would be something terrible notwithstanding the tremendous destruction of property. On the evening of the 21st it developed that rescue work was being completed at short intervals. Two big hotels immediately across the street from the city's post office was on fire the third time but as often the fire had been put out.

It was also reported to me from the Angelina Agathia daily times that six big houses, property or probably factories were black with people standing on the roofs looking and making for safety points as various parts of the factories were aflame. South of the stricken districts is another wholesale section and it developed that about one hundred and thirty six women and thirty children were in several of the big buildings and that it was rumored these buildings were on fire. At about four o'clock the flames leaped across Thirty Third street, and attacked the districts bounded by Thirty Third, Thirty Second, Fourteenth, Thirteenth, and Main Street.

Six blocks of houses were destroyed within two hours by the fire, the flames still spread and another tremendous sacrifice in human life was imminent. One hundred and sixty men in other buildings however succeeded in rescuing the women and the children by aid of a block tackle getting them into other houses which were considered fire proof structures.

Instructions have been given from many post points to the militia, and others in many parts of Angelina Agathia to give vigilant eye to the districts that were on fire and if the flames started in the direction of the Angelina Agathia post office to risk passage through the turbulent flood which is now running through the city with strong boats. The Naval militia with 1,000 boats leaves tonight at midnight. The Grand National Life Saving Crews with equipment will arrive at Angelina Agathia by way of the Angelina River to night. We are greatly alarmed by the report from the St. Michael Reservoir that the wind had changed to the north and the water is beating against the banks of the south shore of the flood, and the concussion weakened dam which has been standing the pressure of the flood for sixteen days. If the reservoir should give way then the wildest imagination could probably not bring an accurate impression of what will happen in Angelina Agathia.

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from all over the Abbeville nation responses have come from all populations, trades, and professions. The appalling nature of the tragedy is now being understood. By this new series of disasters, railroad communications are more seriously interrupted with, and dreadfully handicapped, with even now in Angelina state and a dozen others, and it is very imperative that assistance be given if possible by telephone, mail, and other means. The Abbeville and other will have completed or complete organizations at all affected points. Serious trouble is reported, even to day from many places. Damage has been broken by the sun which is at all places. Trains have been asked for and the issue of life within the whole flooded district is being reported gradually. We are not able to tell at even get any kind of an accurate idea of the loss of life in the other five states or the hundreds and hundreds of abandoned towns and cities not yet heard from.

Even southern California is so completely isolated that the whole nation fears the worst is done.

In Miami-Mini Junction it is said that there is some improvement in the awful situation. At this point it is said the flood is slowly receding but other regions near by is being closed in by some big fire of a forest and Miami-Mini is again in greatest danger and the worst there is life in the night and day.

But nevertheless it is feared that when the waters leave this city like the flood, even if the forest fire does not mean a loss of life will come to light for many many were said to have been killed in wreckage of buildings that are still alive before the sunbeams, but that the floodwaters at the time the blast raised the town giving no one time to remove the injuries of the bodies under the debris, and also with full sight of the main railroad depot, sixteen men, five women and three children have been clinging to a tree for thirty nine hours and yet the receding waters are too swift to make their rescue possible, and they are suffering terribly by the heat.

Every effort has been made by the National government to aid the life, food, medicine, and other help in such dire times. There is one large building two miles and six of them across said to contain contain all the food, medicine, and the Indians, and still are that they will collapse before the flood in a very short time and then within parish if not rescued on time. Six men who were seen using a large boat had passed themselves into the rescue service at any risk whatever. In Angelina Agathia 10,000 buildings in the southwest portion of the town were destroyed by the fire and the fire is still burning.

Indications are, there will be much loss of life before enough help can arrive to get people to places of safety. A relief committee which met on the south side of Miami, and coming to Angelina Agathia to give aid reported five hundred dead and one million two hundred thousand homeless. Many dead bodies were floating past. There is a great danger of the spread also of the mighty plague, the plague of consumption, complications of diseases among the homeless and refugees, and of the plague of forest fires, and flood horrors and other complications of disasters. The river Evangelina St. Clair had or has been falling steadily and threatens to drain it all itself entirely through the broken levees. If this happens Evangelina St. Clair and Maria cities will be in a serious situation, and that situation is a shortage of water supply as they get the water from the river only.

Such is the flood and unusual view of this most awful situation obtained in the most conservative official official sources. Not even any stretch of the wildest imagination save some probabilities regarding the loss of lives in the early hours of the great flood could ever in a million books give any accurate description of the scene more terrible and yet more awful inspiring than that which maintained in either Angelina Agathia and nearby also cities combined.

One of the best tales of scenes from the flood was that of a member of a gang of teamsters working at the Grand Union Ice Cream and Sherbert company. The factory was within six blocks of Fifth Avenue where the flood made its first appearance. The factory heads fearing that they would be flooded around the alarm simultaneously with the first onrush of the flood, when the horses of every wagon which were hitched in record time reached the street they were met by a wall of water thirty feet in height. The drivers were forced to turn and flee in the opposite direction to save their teams and wagons and also themselves. The water poured like the invasion of the sea into the streets which became raging torrents.

Many buildings within the various parts of the flood were so insecure that they left their foundations within an hour with hundreds of people in them. And what were districts of thickly strewn two and three and even five story buildings may even up to ten story buildings, factories and residences and the like occupied mostly by hard working people were now only shattered lumber or broken brick and debris piles partly above water and more water. The horrors witnessed in the flooded district was heightened by more than hundreds of big fires within three days which could be seen but which were at of reach of the fire fighters.

A terrific fire which started through a mysterious explosion in a block long factory where tar was manufactured near 40th Avenue Street spread to and totally burned the block on Central Park Avenue West from Columbia Street. Also flames starting at Madison and Center streets, jumped Center Street and thousands of houses on the other side were soon one mass of fire in the middle of the street.

sets a line of frame houses that had been washed from their foundations for a short time they were washed about, or dashed against one another, and then as though to aid in the burning of the section by fire they were sent into the path of the flames. And to make matters more thrilling still these floating houses were crisscrossed with flood flames, who took someone with swimming the flood than perishing in the fire. With the greatest difficulty they were rescued, but all were saved. Other persons endangered by the fire hurried from roof to roof where they had been driven by the flood to the roof tops of adjoining adjoining houses only to be forced still further on as they also began to either catch on or tumble to pieces before the pressure of the flood.

One survivor who had been a surgeon of the 14th Regiment of General Vivian Army and who had been recalled by the government to aid persons of past disasters, and reached Angelina Agathia, just in time to participate in the flood horror now going on, said that he saw many thousands of dead bodies floating in the flooded streets, and many people swimming, but there was not one chance in one hundred thousand that these were saved. The water through some mystery, was becoming at evening, hot and the current more terrible.

"The tremendous flood of this proportion," he related "even when millions of persons were in the streets of the cities and towns, even then preparing for a flood that might come with or without warning. Why should they not be prepared even though the levees had always protected them before the war was not the only devastating devastating them and the whole country? Why should not the whole nation be alarmed? Had not Angelina Agathia three or four times already been menaced by a flood? And who had not been flooded every time when there was a flood in disaster? The reason because so many had been prepared, few in numbers had been carried away by their deaths. How few of course no one knows. In one district of Angelina Agathia, and in many cities and towns it was stated at various military headquarters headquarters that despite the fact of the flood thousands of bodies could be seen under the remains of the apparently immovable wreckage caused by the combination of the rapids and a hard storm, and these a foot sticking out from the water.

Greater efforts were directed for days despite the flood in attempts to get at these bodies but few were recovered. The desperate work and efforts to extend success to the marooned inhabitants of the flooded districts brought the need of many boats of all various kinds including row boats, skiffs, barges, canoes, gasoline launch boats and others which made their way with extreme difficulty among the masses of wreckage, and overturned houses among tangled masses of telephones, telegraph and electric lines seeking but possible victims who had been carried for. Among many of the organizations engaged in the rescue work was a company of the members of the Gemini under the command of Captain C. B. Almond. The company of Gemini members from reached Angelina Agathia on a special motor boat on which they boarded at Evangelina St. Clair, and immediately launched a large number of boats in the raging torrents which were for two months sweeping the city from end to end. In to even collect on the tenth day of the flood the Gemini had been constantly on duty and had to their credit a total of 7,500 lives saved and often they were not thinking of any more sleep than was necessary when night came on, and those who needed sleep took turns with those so that the work could keep in on. One was in command of boats with three boats rescued 1,000 persons from the business section and that district immediately west of Central Avenue and west of St. Andrew Street. Many of the people were taken from their homes only after the Gemini members had mounted the tops of partly or partially overturned houses and chopped their way through to the attics where the inmates were huddled together waiting for death to come. Another crew of the Gemini aided by a large number of citizens under the direction of the mayor succeeded in saving 3,700 lives while three boats in command of Captain Thompson, rescued 1,300 persons after great difficulty and working in a greatly heated atmosphere. The majority of these later or latter were taken from floating houses, long in a box cars, warehouses, freight sheds, factories and even grain elevators, and mills in and near the railroad yards.

It was here that the water was deepest and attained its most greatest speed—via violence rushing in tremendous whirlpools between the irregular buildings on either side of the tracks. On account of many submerged box cars and passenger coaches, flat cars, overturned sheds and floating wreckage in huge jams a navigation was almost extremely dangerous.

Many times the rescuers were tempted but managed to keep with their boats and fight them again. Not a single life was lost either among the rescuers or among the thousands they rescued, or attempted to rescue in vain. While hundreds worked incessantly in that heated atmosphere to save lives, the supreme person, Andrew Miners, such as in establishing a supply station on west St. Francis Street where many refugees had congregated on what was then higher ground and while preparing to issue rations to the suffering was the relief station with all the provisions except away, the refugees having many narrow escapes.

Only those doing relief work or having means to do other acts usually were not victims of the flood. Even after the flood had receded the unfortunate city was thoroughly policed. The city was in darkness for six months, day and night after the flood, and because of this it was impossible to do a much relief work of any kind and for the sake of safety means a curfew order was put under too effect, mainly as a means of keeping the men where they could protect their property and home hold articles if necessary. Over on the North side of Angelina Agathia, too where six times a relief station had been established only to be swept away many thousands of people,

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the Valley of the shadow of death in the night, when the horrors of that valley was added by an untimely flood, which was trying to spread toward the "Bottomless pit." Naturally every one was on the watch, and you can just imagine that the strain was tremendous since scarcely a person slept during the entire trip. Perhaps the calmest persons were the smallest of the child passengers who were on my car. They thought the scenes of the flood which they witnessed here and there during the trip back as there, and here and there was very interesting, and of course we all looked out for them, and told them that everything was all right."

Now everything for many hundreds of miles it could have been the same story with all thought reverting to both Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia the centre of the scene. Here the flood like a ravaging tidal wave carrying all before it grew and grew. With the levees being destroyed six men perished on them they having been there on guard. In every street of the land a section of Angelina Agathia pedestrians scampered into the buildings and ran to the upper floors. Thousands of houses and many wagons were carried away. The flood was by this time spreading into other sections with unusual swiftness and thousands upon thousands of buildings were washed from their foundations. Frame structures innumerable were carried down, and these in numerous places became jammed between other structures, mainly in Angelina Agathia proper and thus formed dams in the streets and wide squares which tended to thereby swell the enormous wall or sea of water back of them.

The swirling current carried down all telegraph lines by this time and every telephone line excepting the one wire connecting Angelina Agathia with Junction. Apparently as far as can be ascertained every telegraph girl excepting one fled from the main Telephone Exchange building at Angelina Agathia, but that one girl in who ever she might be stood by her post bravely, saw the flood rise above her, saw the carcasses of animals float by her windows, counted the bodies of men and women as they were swept by, and sent messages to the outside world until that line went down in the torrent. But because of the girl when the line failed is yet to come of the flooded city.....

Efforts were begun soon after the flood increased to a dangerous portion to dynamite the bridges across the rivers in the hopes of releasing the pressure back of them but the bridges were carried away before they could be dynamited and this released an immense storage of water in the streets back of them. This added to a new crest for the flood below and swept away buildings by the districts, all with refugees in them, before it. And crowded in the upper stories of tall office buildings and residences in Angelina Agathia two miles or so each day from the center of the city were scores of thousands of persons whom it was impossible to reach or approach.

At St James Street three miles and a half from which has heretofore been considered the danger line of water, the flood was running fourty eight feet deep. Thousands of fires which were impossible to fight were still raging. And now most of the rescue boats were unable to get further from the shore of the flood than the three line would permit. They couldn't live in the current.

Six men were drowned in or while in attempts of rescue. The body of a ten year old girl floated down near Riverside Avenue in the morning but the current was so swift that it could not be recovered.

THE FLOOD SPREADS STILL MORE. MOST APPALLING
DISASTER. HUNDREDS OF BOATS TO THE RESCUE..... FAMINE THREATENS
THE WHOLE OF CALVERINIA..... AN OCEAN OF WATER ALL OVER THE LAND, BUT
NOT A SINGLE DROP TO DRINK..... NO SHOULDS AT WORK IN THIS DISASTER. DEAD
ANIMALS AND HORSES IN CITY STREETS. SANITARY PRECAUTIONS THAT BECOME
MOST EXTREME..... ATTEMPTS TO SENT RELIEF TRAINS AND PROVISIONS
..... IN VAIN..... THRILLING EXPERIENCES.....

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

IN THE VERY FIRST beginning of the flood some of the idea of the great idea of the great terror that reached the hearts of a whole nation of men women and children can be explained and recollected and reflected as from a looking glass in the weird descriptions based on speculation and judgement warped by fear. While the cities of Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale and many others were in the midst of raging torrent with Angelina Agathia being in the centre of a flood more than one hundred and fifty miles wide in which no one could say whether any would live there came a cry that the "Fish Pond" reservoir hundreds of millions of gallons of water had broken before the concussion and was adding its contents to the water of the streams already pouring through the gaps left by the broken levees. First alarms of the breaking of the reservoirs were spread by countryfolk who had posted themselves on the edge of the flood district.

Then there were others quick to take up the cry and hundreds of thousands of men women and children crowded the streets in horror and confusion. Thousands of them fled straight for the hills, but thousands more hurried themselves past guards into main buildings which were havens in very high grounds. Not until a few priests had addressed the frightened throng was any semblance of order restored. Other who were appointed military aides in the southeast districts of the city with control under martial law calmed others and got them safely to the upper stories. The Mayor of the city at once gave orders that every available wagon should scour the farming districts outside the flood zone and confiscate all available supplies of food. And while the few farmers in this vicinity not in the flood zone have contributed so heavily and their bins are nearly empty it is hoped to obtain enough to grow potatoes and vegetables to prevent a famine and immediate starvation in the city proper. And also a small portion of the citizens of Angelina Agathia from their refuge on the highest point in the city anxiously were waiting to learn the fate of at least the city's entire number of inhabitants hemmed in by raging flood waters and menaced by fire that was sweeping for a long time through different districts of the city. Although a little more than two miles from the city, or from the section where there had been reports of a great loss of life, countless hundreds of willing men and even women wishing to do rescue work looked on helplessly.

The Governor of Angelina State tried to telegraph the Governor of Calvernia in an early report that special emphasis be given the great need of immediate supplies, of provisions. There is not a full days supply of food or any kind of provisions in the city, and because of every kind of communication being cut off by the flood, and forest fire there is none likely in sight, and before night it is likely that more than 1,000,000 persons who have been held in the upper rooms of higher buildings and on roofs or in the down town districts districts without food or water for nearly six days will be released, and there will be no provisions for them nor place to care for them, the heat caused by the distant or near forest fires continually continues to smelter the flood stricken city, the strange twilight darkness continues without abatement, and the water probably because of the fires sweeping along the banks of the streams which have burst through their levees, have so heated the water that even here in the streets to be submerged means scalding to death.

"Horrible Horrible as this is," said the Governors of both States "The real suffering will grow worse for days. As bad as the flood is it is not blamed on the flood such much as broken communications. The fires cut off all communication and prevent the bringing of aid. Because of the flood there are 145,000,000 homeless, and these are without aid because of the hindering forest fires which prevents any kind of relief reaching them. No country in all the world yet faced such a situation. We have airplanes abundance to use but these cannot be used as they would have to cross the fire zone which is suicide.

The refugees are being fed from hand to hand or mouth to mouth with even less than enough food supply to last a day for all of them. There is no pure water, and there is no light by day nor by night. And already within a day there has been bodies of many thousands of houses floating in the water ready to decompose in the muddy streets when the waters should recede, and it will be impossible to even care for the bodies of the dead men women or children. And within scores and scores of millions already made homeless because of other disasters the nation faces a very serious crisis. The crowded south side of the Angelina river where there may be thousands of foreigners dead or dying lay far beyond reach.

Angelina Agathia has never been so hurt hit, neither any other flood torn city of any other disaster yet outside of Abilene. No one seems to speak of it, yet the immediate needs of the known survivors call for every attention. The situation is extremely desperate. If Angelina Agathia, and southern towns of the

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northern section of the flood state is relieved it may permit the city and state authorities to get together with the militia and relief committees and make some organized attempt to give aid to all relieved district a by some means whatever, especially if transportation can be accomplished from the south. Except for a solitary branch of the Mid-Holleston Pandora, and the Holleston, the railroad over which a single train can creep cautiously at a time, railroad communication cannot be for months and months restored. It takes fourteen hours for a train to come up over this line from Gertrude Angeline City a distance only a little less than twenty miles. If the flood increases this line too will be wiped out. It's the only line open from the south, all other railroad lines being inundated.....

Mayor Turns Calles of Monbi city had been urged again and again to see that a train load of supplies be kept constantly on the move on this road before things turn out so that it too becomes destroyed. An effort, and a very desperate one has also been made to induce all who are able and who can find outside places of refuge far from flood and forest fires to leave the city and regions as fast as the train service will permit. Great heat, smothering atmosphere from smokes of great fires and at times terrific lights, and great winds, and unusual darkness added to the terror of the flood elements. Thousands of refugees are being taken out by hundreds from the great Angel Guardianage school on the street in Angeline Agathia of same name.

As said before the weather is intolerably hot for this time of the year adding to the suffering of those hundreds of thousands who have been trapped on the top of their homes since the levees broke before the concussion. Even during the early hours of the third day of the flood any estimate of the number who had perished under the ruins of houses leveled by explosion concussion in Angeline Agathia would have been mere guess work as most of that with all the bodies might have been swept away. The loss in life caused by the flood was small. Hundreds of thousands had been marooned, how many have survived no one knows. The streets soon became basins for swirling torrents in which it had been more than difficult to sent boats of any size and impossible to send small boats. Those safe from the flood faced starvation and simply had to wait until the water subsided. Sixteen expert oarsmen took boats in parts of Thirty Fifth and center streets and persons in every building pleaded with them to either save them or bring food and drinking water. They did not traverse the portions where the fires were raging, word was received that motor and other boats with men to operate them were coming from Big Girlknool and a few from Henrietta cities.

Two or three oarsmen, James Henrika, George nders, and Polsonia Talbear who who braved the current that swirled through the business section of the city reported that the water at the Turneo Hotel at the southeast corner of Fourteenth and Galtis Street was five hundred and fifteen feet deep. From many windows in the hotels and business and other tall buildings thousands upon thousands of marooned persons begged piteously for food and water. At the intense intersection of these streets and at other points they said they saw houses and many small structures drift swiftly down between imposing office and other tall buildings that formed banks for the muddy torrents. Yet by careful steering and strong rowing they penetrated almost to the centre of the big city. Their route was St Peters Street to thirty seventh, up thirty seventh, to One hundred and eleventh, thence to Maldon Street, street, to Linden, where people yelled to us frantically to rescue them or bring them food, but it was impossible, for we were barely to keep afloat, ourselves the governor and others who accompanied them.

Immense enormous amounts of money were offered to men on boats to take persons off from all kinds of perilous positions. The windows of many tall and smaller buildings towering above the flood waters were filled with faces of mostly women and children and the same condition prevailed at many other buildings. We gave records of seeing bodies floating past but feared that the loss of life nevertheless was great. Hundreds of oarsmen who worked in the outskirts of the flooded sections within easy view of the mobilization camps reported that there were 10,000,000 soldiers marooned in their half shattered barracks, and 200,000, in the barracks of the mobilization camp at Dorothy Dorothy gale, they begged for water, while rescued children in the same barracks were crying for milk and food. These oarsmen who braved the tide in all sections of the submerged city came back nerve racked or wrecked to tell narratives of pitiable appeals made to them by thousands of marooned in upper floors of many tall buildings about whose lower stories swirled a flood that threatened to undermine the foot foundations of the structures.....

The dark colors in the narrative were somewhat lightened here and there by stories of bravery showed by hordes of prisoners of the flood. An old lady with her husband and three or four little girls and six boys with her were marooned in the upper floor of her home not far from ploverview garden and she called to one of the oarsmen!!!!

"Oh Mr., know it is impossible for you to take us off," she cried. But for the love of God and humanity please take this small basket of food to Francis and Hurns down an Algrove street. I know she and her family is starving....."

Six times the boatmen made desperate attempts to take the flood but waves that added about the submerged house hurled them back. Large amounts were also offered these boatmen to rescue the family. Their narrative inspired then a more desperate effort to launch a boat for navigation in the flood but after fourteen hours of it the craft had been unable to pass beyond areas reached already reached on the fringes of the flooded district.

On the north side of the Angeline River the water stood seventy feet deep in a large section of the city lying across the river, when the rush from the break in some of the levees came. Whether any of the buildings in that location withstood the pressure of the water is beyond knowing. A gang of men went by boat through the city at different times instructing people on upper floors to put out all candle lights for fear of gas explosions or more fires. On account of this flood, as well as the fire and other disasters Angeline Agathia, and Dorothy Galt cities were practically practically cut off from wire and other communications for two months. Then one wire into Big Girlknool was obtained, and soon operators plunged into great piles of telegrams from Angeline Agathia citizens in the former city almost frantic in their desires to learn if friends and relatives were safe. Operators at opposite ends of the wire reported that thousands of telegrams were piled up at relay offices. These were all from people anxious over friends and relatives in Angeline Agathia alone.

Excepting one railroad bridge all such structures leading into the big city were washed away. Hundreds of missing members of families were restored to their loved ones by commissioned relief camp headquarters established at many points on high ground on the edge of the tremendous flood. Also at human clearing houses.

Hundreds of great ledgers filled with names, presided over by all kinds of clerks were at the disposal of persons seeking missing relatives and friends. If the latter had registered in these places their names and addresses were given to the inquirers. Since the beginning of this new and awful disaster up ward of three hundred thousand homeless had been housed in different places of refuge out side of the flood zone most of them being cared for at flood refugee camps. Scores of thousands of flood victims were being carried from their places of imprisonment, and leaders of the rescuing parties were arranged for relays of torch bearers to light the work during day and night, tending at times so dark even in midday. All refugee camps available were filled with cots and means for providing food food for the sufferers. After ten days grueling work at great peril volunteer rescuers had removed more than a hundred and fifty bodies from the waters of the flood and saved upwards of fifty thousand who were two days and even ten clinging to roofs or living in upper stories. With the coming of nightfall the efforts of or to rescue more persons were slackened, and all Angeline Agathia not in the central flood district waited in dread for the spreading of the fires burning in the whole districts in upper floors of buildings which have added horrors to the already terrible situation. The knowledge that many thousands of persons were trapped on upper floors of the buildings in the path of these conflagrations where help could not reach them added terror to the night.

The water in all the districts inundated by the waters of the broken rivers had risen from three to five feet and the current of the vast stretch of flood slackened probably just from the extreme depth so that it was possible except in the centre for small boats to reach sufferers. In addition to the militia members of the police of the city of Angeline Agathia not caught in the flooded districts of the center and also volunteer guardsmen were on duty but operating in boats. In the west Angeline Agathia flood districts no outside persons were allowed to enter except on a military pass or any other papers proving they came on relief and rescue work. At the rescue stations on the shores of the flood the scenes enacted were heart-rending and the most pitiful were witnessed at the temporary morgues. At the west Angeline Agathia morgues large and frantic crowds watched every body brought in mostly those taken from the flooded wreckage from the explosion concussions, hoping against hope it was that of some loved one. Many women would become hysterical, when searching for missing members of their families whom they failed to find at the relief stations. In addition to the refuge camps, the authorities in each section are also attaining an identification bureau, where all persons rescued are to be cared for or registered.

The flood situation which was threatening to become more serious than ever, could not even be relieved temporarily, for special trains that were supposed to arrive on that one open railroad from Gertrude Gertrude Angeline city bringing eleven cars of provisions got caught in the path of a wild tempered forest fire that trapped the train burning everything, and costing the lives of the train crew, while the

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when the horrors of that valley was
"a timeless pit".

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fireman and engineer narrowly escaped with his life. He said the heat of the terrible conflagration was so terrific that the very engine big as it was was melted until it assumed quaint shapes when cooled off. He believes it is a part of the main fire sweeping thousands of miles of forests. The worse condition found near the centre of this this most enormous flood by boat patrols was in smaller towns and villages where hundreds of "landelinian prisoners" had had not a single drop of water or a bite of food for nearly a week and three days. These "landelinians" revolted and there they demanded their liberty, and a chance to fight for their lives, even promising their parole if liberated, and a willingness to aid in the rescue work. As these "landelinians" were of a more better and human kind they meant what they said and when tried for their promise the towns became mad asylums according to the mayors with the fury of these "landelinians" in their attempt of rescue work which they were very successful in accomplishing. The prisoners repeatedly fought, with all obstacles, and threatened to kill other drafted "landelinian" prisoners if they would not join hand in the work. They received what rations could be handed to them, and the Mayors of the towns asked that a detachment of the national guard assigned to help them handle the injured and take care of them. Most of these "landelinian" prisoners finally by being horrified over the nature of the disaster, and finding out through all kinds of proofs and investigations that their cause was a loss to their soul and reputation in the bargain, handed over their cause to Abbeanna and became of the christian army and fought in the cause as good as they. So this proves that all "landelinians" are not really bad.....

North of Hanson's avenue and Vienna Street and as far as Fourteenth Street the water was found to be from thirty three to sixty five feet on the worst depth. Beyond these streets the water had increased enough to make it possible for many strong buildings to collapse before the pressure pressure from fourteenth street to the big prairie creek, especially along high points to where the flood waters did not reach, relief work was taken up by a committee headed by chief of the City, Gemini apartment backed by the chief of police. All of the Grocery stores not touched by the deepest parts of the floods were commandeered, and although in most cases the goods were covered with water yet sufficient supplies were found to at least prevent great suffering for a day among those in the interior dry strip.

While the death list was considerably high in individual homes, which had been without food or drink there was no place in all parts of the flood where the death list was severe enough in all places hardly any one of the survivors had tasted food for days. And those who had had food, none had had enough, and in hundreds of thousands of cases of approaching actual starvation was to be found. The progress of the first relief boats into the water bound bound districts though not quite successful came into the water bound districts of Northern Angelina and in a number of towns and villages and was greeted by appeals for bread and water. In nearly every house left standing in these towns and villages hundreds, many thousands of wistful faces were to be seen pressed against windows. With the increasing of the flood waters after about forty eight to ninety six hours, there came stories of many most gruesome scenes and rumors of added disaster in the form of a greater increase of the pestilence. Even all kinds of water pipes had been broken and ripped out of the earth by the angry currents and therefore the supply of water for drinking purposes was less insufficient throughout every city and town in the path of the enormous flood. Digging bodies out of the ruins of fallen buildings destroyed by explosion concussion WAS A difficult problem and the chief work of rescuing parties when the flood should recede, and in many places the mud even piled up by the addles, and banked against the explosion down thrown buildings was as deep as the sand dunes on the desert, and on the level several feet deep.

For hundreds of miles a searcher could have waded through a sea of oozy mud. At night time a brilliant glow from the far northwest and other directions along the horizon and further across the sky threw an uncanny red light over the distorted scene in the flooded country side, where the homes of 100,000,000 people were swept away or wrecked ruined, or thrown over. A view down almost any street or of any town or city would have revealed among the debris tumbled over houses after the flood receded, household furnishings, utensils, and dead animals of every kind brushed together in indescribable confusion. At many points the bodies of horses and cows were to be seen caught in the tops of trees where they had been swept.

The rapid speed of the water rendered useless many boats, brought from Pandora and many other large northern or southern cities of Calvernia and Angelina states. No looting of any kind was reported but nevertheless regulations were maintained by the authorities that no resources were to be hindered in their work by any trouble whatever. And also until conditions should become normal no private messages to any persons whatever were to be delivered or even to be answered, as the wire system was and had been already taxed to the utmost to carry business for relief measures. Also the Relief committees expressed the wish that all people throughout the whole nation refrain from sending messages of inquiry as none could get through the flood and fire zone anyhow. No it would be and was impossible to even reach

she called to me at the

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certain definitely any information concerning the conditions of people in the flooded districts of the state, nor what was going on in the districts being swept away by the awful "Red plague" and as fast as bodies of dead mostly taken up and so on of the person were being sent out by the news associations of cities not hit by the flood and other disasters, and these lists, the Committees declared in the circumstances be sufficient. After the floods had even receded first in Angelina Agathia itself the streets were so blocked by debris that it was with the most extreme difficulty that bodies could be taken from one part of the city to another.

In all instances in order to go a distance of only a few blocks one would have to travel two or three miles or maybe more. Whatever bodies yet were to be recovered, of what the flood did not sweep away were under mountains of debris, and in the houses of the many residence sections which suffered the most severely from explosion concussion or rush of water, or from fire. The levees which was supposed to protect the Riverview Section of Angelina Agathia from encroachment by the little prairie River was undermined and out in three or four places. Among the millions of strange incidents could be reported two by William Schoeder the next highest supreme Person of the Gemini to General Parger.

"I was patrolling the edge of the biggest flood I ever seen in my life, and was right where a big forest fire burned along the edge of the flood and tried to get fire to the upper parts of submerged buildings nearest the forest. After the force of the flood broke down a small levee I heard moaning cries for help down a street of the little town where the water was a few feet deep. He said. The water was steaming hot because of the heat of the sea of fire raging on the edge of this gigantic flood. I looked and saw twenty women and many children and a man in this hot flood of water on the roof or roofs of floating houses, who had been washed for three thirteen miles, while the big house struck a telegraph pole dangerously close to the rapidly approaching fire horror on the opposite side. The house was about to topple over when those on top rather taking chances with the slower disaster on shore succeeded after leaping to dry ground or climbing up the pole. All that they clung to that was facing parching heat from the forest fires that raged above and past them. Each of them took turns crying for help as the fierce flames either drove them to jump into the water or be overwhelmed by the fire.

I could not hardly bear to hear their various "H-E-L-P" calling as I was not able to reach them though I and my crew tried our best, but finally our boats toward night fall managed to reach them, and they were taken off half dead just as the heart of the forest fire came up and burned down to the waters edge. The fellow following day, found a man his little son and daughter daughter and their housekeeper clinging to the wall of a cliff near the railroad tracks of a recently destroyed railroad. They being fugitives at first not of the flood, but of the fires had attempted to escape the latter by raving across a safer part of the flood when their boat hit a floating house and was split in two. The fragments of the boat were jammed up against the floating building and caught in a fleck of wreckage and there held intact by the force of the flood.

Then after climbing up to the window of the floating house, they managed to make their way to the attic. The floating house was carried to the city of Angelina Agathia itself and jammed up against a block of buildings that were all on fire. The wind carried the burning embers in the direction of their refuge and things looked serious. They took turns by watching the roof all night. Later that afternoon the house again floated off just as the fire was about to reach it and was stranded near shore. Then the refugees were taken out by a boat crew.

As in all great catastrophes of the past is the greatest of all war stories written here, where hundreds of millions of Calvernia and Angelinians and even foreigners are first compelled to look for their own safety or perish, and also to the safety of those around them, this again was an exception where unscrupulous and calloused "landelinian" felons and spies and vandals, did not come to prey on the victims, and if there could have been any ghoul, around the condition of both the forest fire and flood disasters happening simultaneously prevented them from accomplishing such work.....

The Authorities of Angelina Agathia said in a long list of writing---;

The "landelinian" generals who are fully or indirectly responsible for this, and all other disasters of the past, will be treated as they deserve, and their crimes also if it takes the entire military power of our whole nation to see to it. Of course many disasters of war make might be considered somewhat fair under necessary conditions no matter how terrible, but creating disasters without any reason whatever just to make whole states of inhabitants suffer intolerable losses, mental horrors and paralyze a whole country will be committing the same crime that inflicts the whole nation a destructive punishment from heaven itself. There are hundreds of thousands of most reliable investigators, and even those among the powerful Gemini who have complied strictly with the order to report the cause of

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of all these disasters, and they have given in reports of many numerous instances of glandelinian generals grabbing all means to hide all clues to these disasters whatever, and rushing all means to have the real origin of these catastrophes being found out. Then they eight bribe some one to keep everything a secret whatever, and sent secret agents to prey upon the grief stricken people nearest the enemy armies with the purpose to threaten an enormous massacre if they themselves try to find out the cause of the enormous country wide horror. Even all medical and military officers and even citizens have received orders to prop promptly arrest any glandelinian or other person who by actions or looks or conversation shows he knows some clues as to the origin of the disasters, and force him or her to report it to the war and other departments on pain of death for refusal to reveal said secrets. There are many thousands and scores of thousands of dead horses and other animals strewn about the wreck of cities from which the flood is now slowly receding, and while we are impressing into forced service many of the glandelinian prisoners brought to us it will require nearly a month to dispose of the sea of carcasses as many of these are said to be buried beneath great heaps of wreckage thrown by explosion or flood which it will be necessary to remove before the bodies of the animals can be taken to the incinerating plants or burned in big bonfires.

Mayor pursons of Dorothy Gale directed what work could be done over the still flooded city, which even then was supposed to have been divided into ten sanitary districts, each district to be in charge of an officer of the sanitary corps of the national Guard. And as it would be months in all probabilities before the sewer system would be in operation again when the flood would subside, a large force of guarded glandelinian prisoners were asked for to help in disposing of refuse, and also in disinfecting all premises occupied by refugees.

Then also strict orders regarding the disposition of garbage were issued, and by some means the people were to be advised by means of bulletins especially posted in conspicuous places in the streets after the flood, how best to preserve the public health for said the Mayor.

"A great plague the like of which never heard of before is sweeping the country because of these war disasters, a 100,000,000 are ill and we have to do all we can to prevent it from growing worse. The situation is bad enough already." "....."

A large army of sanitary sanitary inspectors also were to be pressed into service as soon as the flood would abate and also as every effort was to be made to prevent the greater spread of the complication of pestilences now going on in such a horrible style. Owing to the most frightful flood and forest fire conditions on record, throughout the entire two states of the last sixteen months, in which every time Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale cities were the centre, supplies for the medical corps did not reach the vicinity of the disasters until many days or months after the disaster occurred. Several cars of lms were sent en route to the city of Angelinia Agathia and many more were enroute from different points but because of the forest fires were not expected to arrive, were not even hoped for. A carload of ambulance supplies was sent enroute to Angelinia Agathia, and was never heard from. It had been sent from Angelina Junction.

Throughout the whole flood districts all arrangements were being planned for placing sanitary arrangements in the hands of all federal officials when the floods abatement allowed the rehabilitation of the various cities and towns, this being planned at the conferences between Secretary of War Hurner, Major General Hanson Vivian, Surgeon General Andrew, and various local Relief Committees, headed by William H. Schloeder himself. After the Secretary had talked over the telephone with the governors of both Angelinia, Galverinia and other flooded states, he decided that while the state militia would be able to police the cities and towns, the Abbeismannian federal Government should and would have charge of the sanitation.

Mr Hurner stated that Williamsberger Theodores in co-operation with Major General Hanson would have charge in Angelinia Agathia at the request of Major Vivian himself. Major General Hanson had experience in furthering relief in the flood and other disasters just past. Secretary Hurner gave out the substance of his telegram to Emperor Vivian as follows: "....."

".....I find the situation at Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale as follows: The big flood had increased, immensely though subsiding elsewhere further west and south. Communications with the country and all parts of these cities is entirely destroyed, and the whole population of both cities are in peril or without food and shelter. The disaster has broken all records whatever. Stranger to say the forest fire is spreading and a branch of it is absolutely closing in on the flooded districts of the country and cutting off all relief entirely."

This was very encouraging news indeed. Of the millions of remarkable escapes, the experience of a little girl Margaret Logan, who was marooned on an overturned tree in Gloria town, a small suburb of Angelinia Agathia is considered one of the oddest and strangestly miraculous. With her father and mother, and two brothers and sisters she was imprisoned on top of a table which she mounted when the flood so suddenly came upon the city that fallen first afternoon. Eventually the table after floating some distance was over turned, and the party was thrown into the very hot but scalding waters. Several of horses came along swimming for their lives. One of the

she called to one who was

one of them a passed close to the little girl, who managed to grasp a dangling strap, and succeeded in climbing astride the animal's back. For more than sixty miles the little girl clung with her little arms about the horse's neck until at last he reached a high approach of a firm levee near a small village. Here the little girl dropped to the ground unconscious, and was taken in by a man who owned a ferry near St. Ann's Creek. The horse was taken to the barn. The parents of the child who survived along with her brothers and sisters declared they would buy the horse if its owner could be found. James St. Claire related a most remarkable experience in his efforts to get home, demonstrating the dreadful and chaotic condition throughout the northern part of Angelinia state. He had started from Jessica by horseback. Traveling by a long detour he made stages of the journey by motorcycles, by foot. By keeping at keeping at it day and night they arrived in Big Girlknool after six days of perilous traveling. Four times they risked their lives crossing a smaller section of the flood in boats to get out of the path of forest fires.

After reaching Big Girlknool they obtained passes to get into Dorothy Gale, but could not make headway as here the flood was worse. They tried to go by way of Angelinia Agathia but found the way impossible for travel and had to give it up until the floods broke down. Henry Dargini who lived in north Angelinia Agathia sent to military headquarters on the shore of the flood near Grogiten to obtain medical supplies for the many sick in all sections of the city. He made the trip by automobile, and then had a hundred mile run for dear life from a speeding forest fire that tried its best to overtake his auto no matter how much he stepped on the gas. In his long flight he reached the city of Aberdeen where near by twenty thousand persons were marooned on a river island city with six hundred and fifty of them sick. Three hundred and fifty of them were diphtheria cases, and one rabies.

This man who was a doctor surely had the time of his life before his intended trip for the medical supplies, for he and his family escaped on a Wednesday from the roof of his three story wooden house, and he and six other doctors and three nurses, had worked all day and night caring for sick before he went for the medical supplies. Among those whose names should stand out prominently in connection with heroic work of rescue done in behalf of the victims of the Angelinia Agathia flood was that of a glandelinian prisoner, an officer, George Turner. In the earlier stages of the flood he did everything possible at great risks to his life to aid the refugees and denouncing his own generals for doing all this. As a result of his heroic work even before the flood had subsided, and the city began to recover from the effects of the disaster, an appeal was made to Emperor Vivian to secure the parole of this glandelinian prisoner, who was convicted of violating the war massacre act, and sentenced to be a prisoner for two years and then to face the firing squad. The appeal in behalf of the prisoner was made by the chairman of the General Relief Committee of Angelina Agathia and it is as follows:

"The whole northern part of Angelinia state in the midst of greater distress than any yet seen in this war, with a hundred million people homeless, appeals to you your Majesty, and to the Abbeismannian Imperial Government, with the hoping of the Vivian girls Mother the Empress, to issue a special greeting, and pardon to General George Turner, who at Angelinia Agathia has displayed such heroism during our great loss of life and property. Even though the prisoner might be charged with the guilt and responsibility of a massacre of little children, the refugees will call you great and much rejoicing will come from this action of returning good for evil."

Henrieka Antia "....."

The increasing of the flood in and around the city of Angelinia Agathia, and many other places further south and with the forest fires reported encompassing encompassing the whole flooded zone cutting off all means of relieve whatever only made more apparent the desolation and destruction sweeping the states of the nation, and was to bring to light many sad and pathetic scenes and incidents and as well as a complication of disasters. As the streets became deep rivers and channels and the wide squares of the city became ponds and rushing roaring lakes, it was found necessary to increase the means of saving those in houses of lower stories and to use stringent methods to prevent a terrible loss of life, and to save those crowding the roofs of smaller or lower buildings in the devastated districts.

Outside of any opening whatever to the flood zone not reached by the "Red Plague" a strong force of soldiers barred the way to the approach of any hordes of strangers who could not prove their identity and of curious visitors from other cities. And only these bringing in supplies were admitted and many supplies were needed but could not be had. Bread and pure water was the staple most in demand.

The town town house roofs were alive with citizens, most of them very hungry and appealing for food. There was an air of great panic and confusion, but not of withdrawal.

Glandelinia turned on the

WITH AN DING

withstanding all this they joked and cried with joy by turns when friends coming from house top to house top found them. When the flood started they had all prepared to die. "Most of us made our very minds that if we were to make a choice and there was no escape of the question of dying, that we would rather die by being drowned than by being burned," said Microbe Jensen who was imprisoned in one of the buildings. "NEVERHELESS as the flood had continued to increase every day, and the darkness made it look like the approach of the end of the world we prepared to rush in by the way of the water. . . . Thousands and thousands as far as we could see in the murky twilight of the day were camped on the roofs of the hotels, and skyscrapers inspired by the mad fact that the water was reaching toward them, even to the top floors of the skyscrapers. As the flames in whole districts of the flooded wrecked buildings veered toward them they would shout warnings across the roofs. . . . All prayed. Sometimes the flames would shift and drive others from the roofs to seek shelter on other roofs. . . .

The morgues of the refugee camps outside the flood so soon began its part of the great war tragedy with many pathetic incidents, and most of the bodies brought bore the marks of death caused more by being buried in falling buildings caused by concussion explosions than by drowning. First there were brought into the camp a woman and little boy taken from the flood as their bodies floated in floated in close to shore. A note pinned to the bodies indicated calm preparation for death as the water rose over their heads and finally destroyed it.

"We are Mother and Daughter" read the note. "Have Masses said for our souls when our bodies are found. . . ."

The mother and little boy were placed side by side in a tent that had been converted into a morgue. The rescuers wondered why the note referred the child as to daughter when it was a boy. They investigated. The boy turned out to be a little girl dressed as a boy. A mother and her little boy and girl were found on the third floor of their residence in an embrace. Here the flood had reached nearly to the fourth floor and drowned them. Several hundred men women and children fled to a tall sash company when the water made its first rush, the mayor of the city of Dorothy Gale, then being in Angelina Agathia on business matters being among them. . . . he was then elected head of the Community of Flood Refugees of Dorothy Gale City when he returned to that city, and he established all means of rescue places possible and also a sanitary system. Even the postoffice itself though partly wrecked by the flood was turned into a place of shelter and refuge for two hundred and eighty nine men women and children. Ropes were thrown out and cases of food snaggled as they floated by. In the midst of the horror, an explosion occurred in the city on fourteenth street and enabled fifteen Glandelinian prisoners in a barracks to break out through through the roof, and fleeing over the roof make good their escape by posing as rescue parties.

One of the real awful descriptions of the awful condition in Angelina Agathia that prevailed for every day of the duration of the flood, while the city was water bound and cut off from all communications by both flood and forest fire, was that fire threatened its complete destruction without the forest conflagration ever having the least least thing to do with it. The fire started from some unknown cause, in the St. Johns Catholic Cathedral on St. Johns Street, worked its way over the upper sections of the buildings for whole districts until it reached the corner of south thirty sixth street, where lower buildings being almost submerged prevented it spreading any further in that direction. Then the furnace raging for blocks at one time jumped to the south side of the opposite thoroughfare, burned its way east as far as sixteen blocks to within the reach of the flooded Angel Guardian Op Orphanage, but skipped that place and burned south to south Algrove avenue and then turned northwestward. The grew day by day until it looked almost like a Chicago fire of 1871. By many rescuers who worked hard to save people from the burning and fire threatened buildings, the trip was made in the same launches and motor boats which had started out earlier in the beginning of the flood, and which at times was compelled to return to shore on account of high winds and the heat the conflagration burning above the water.

One of the launches in charge of Flagle London left the foot of Hangover Street made its way to Thirteenth, and then encountering a wall of fiercely burning buildings was compelled to swing back some distance, working its way up the flood to Sixteenth street, where many people were fleeing from roof to roof before the advancing flames. The boat was landed there, pushed to seventeenth street, there across to water on the other side of the conflagration. The boat again started work on this street, reaching the Fifteenth Street Bridge, at which point the boat was carried to St. Peter's Street, and floated there. The rescuers worked in and around the frequently threatened St. Gertrude's Orphan asylum and church, aiding in the removal of two hundred and sixty persons, whose lives were endangered by the fire and who had taken refuge on the roof of the orphan asylum. Only this one building separated the flames from spreading to the

came upon the scene. . . . Eventually the table after floating some distance was over turned, and the party was thrown into the very hot but not boiling waters. Several of horses came along swimming for their lives. One of the

and called to one of the

block across the street and the rescuers deemed it best to aid in the removal of the flood sufferers. In this building was mostly those who had been driven from the other structures including the orphan asylum children and their attendants. One man worked his way from Thirteenth to Twenty Fourth Street, many solid blocks, over the roof tops and climbing down to lower roofs being driven from each place of refuge by the ever advancing flames. The rescuers all over made countless inquiries relative to losses of life by flames, but no one had perished. Yet there was no way of estimating the loss of drowning because of so many unrecovered from the concussion shaken ruins at the outbreak of the flood. Most of the buildings thrown down were five and six stories. Of the refugees who survived they simply kept crawling from one building to another. The current was very swift in places and the rescuers were unable to make any headway. One of the most remarkable features brought out by the tour through the various sections of the flood zones was the most remarkably cheerful spirit which with the water victims seemed to view their plight, and peril. This was Angelina Agathia's biggest flood in all her existence, and Galverinia's and Angelinia States too. Much of the submerged areas of both these main states and five or six others had been considered by the very Government as safe from high water as a hill top but as the greatest number of the inhabitants of these sections looked out on all sides upon a great sea of muddy swiftly moving water, day after day they even then seemed undisturbed.

Yet in many other sections of the states struck by the flood and also threatened by the forest fires the attitude of the marooned was not quite so cheerful. As a rescue boat passed between a house and a tree, a man leaned out from the third story widow window and threatened to shoot the rescuers, claiming they were glandelinians and responsible for the flood. The horrors of the flood probably have driven him mad. Another place a woman was let from a window by a rope and taken to a place of refuge. Then further on members of a launch party were startled by the sound of firing in the third floor of a large house about which twenty feet of water swirled. The boat was stopped and then a man peered from a window of a house.

"Was that you doing all the shooting?" he was questioned.

"Yes," he answered.

"Why?"

"I like to hear a gun go off. I'm practicing so that I can amuse myself shooting at glandelinian soldiers and officers when I can get a chance." was the reply.

"When are you going to rescue me from here."

They rescued him then.

glandelinia turned on the

THE DESOLATION OF FLOOD AND FIRE SPREADS.
 MANY MORE CITIES INUNDATED. P. 2222. DISCOVER THAT LEVIES OF OTHER RIVERS
 HAD BEEN INJURED AND THE MIC-HOLLESTER HUNTER LET LOOSE. BIG GIRL KNOOL
 AT WAR WITH FIRE AND WAR ELEMENTS. THE PERIL OF THE CHURCH OF CALVERINE.,
 FRANCIS ATLANTA, MILDRED GREENBURG AND OTHER BIG CITIES. FROM THE
 EXTENT OF THE DISASTER, NEW PROBLEMS TO BE FACED. CONDITIONS DE-
 PLOITED. MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES. SLIGHTLY RECEDING WATERS IN NORTH..

While Angelina Agathia, was only beginning to be in the grip of the worse flood in the greatest of these wars, with fire menacing its citizens, and every hope of relief of any kind cut off by the ravas ravaging forest fires, and the nation and the world itself looked on in horror, a portion of the MIC-Holleston Run at Big Girl Knool also affected by the concussion broke its own bounds, and added to the peril and destruction of northern Angelina and five or six other states. The released waters, finding their way to the Angelina Run River, and added by the flood from all other streams caused the Angelina to extend its flood still more to even swamp some of the sections of burning forests, smudging it and causing a mass of dense rolling smoke that extending so high into the sky and so far that the clouds were seen at Calverine four hundred miles away. The flood caused further extended damage and danger at even Calverine, and other points.

A conception of the vast territory affected by the spread of the floods is as follows: Dead at Angelina Agathia of flood alone, 1567, Dorothy Gale 6,789 Jessica, 567, Polychrome 500, Griffin 897, Chicadee 10, Landale Junction, 110, Mombi 100, and a hundred other places combined 1,000. So many lost their lives in smaller places or went unknown to death may never be told, and especially the victims of the explosion concussions as their bodies had been swept away by the flood. The other big cities however are as follows: Chamberlaine, 112, Calverine 122, Crease de Dell 500, Blue Valley 600, McAdamsburg, 567, Abrahamburg, 500, Olive Junction 200. In Calverine state are the cities as follows: Emerald City, 1,000, Glinda, 10,000, Brookland, 2,445, Ennampments of Dorothy Gale, 1,000. Usma Junction, 5,678. Total loss of lives in this flood so far was 225,279. The condition at even Big Girl Knool was becoming so bad as to almost parallel Angelina Agathia herself, and for days and weeks even with the flood increasing more and more, and even still more, it was feared, that result might be in the final ensue a hundred times worse than the results of the great Abbeinn-Bengal county flood horror.

Rescuers reported whole families dead in their homes on the south side, of Big Girl Knool city. After the flood receded there, streets and open squares were thronged with hordes of frantic survivors seeking lost friends and relatives. Thousands fought to get back to the east side to search for missing loved ones but for good reasons the soldiers were forced to restrain most of them. Others who had gained the west and south side were almost frenzied with horror when police men informed them that the forest fires had cut off all communications and prevented trains from coming into the city with provisions and carloads of food, which they wanted to carry to their families still entrapped. As the waters receded thousands whose homes were somewhat elevated waded out. The governor of Angelina Vine State basing his own estimates on personal estimates or knowledge of the situation of cities in his own state declared the loss of life and property would be very severe, but though the loss of life would not be as heavy as formally in other disasters just past the loss of property would exceed them all.

Yet Angelina Agathia was the centre of most concern as she was or in the main Capitol of the country of Abbeinnia as West Washington is for the United States. It was cut off from all communication with every source of relief, and from all towns, and cities, no news could come to her or go out of her, and the reports that so many were dead, and a million survivors starving beyond verification was horrifying to the governor, and he asked as many priests as he could communicate with in his own city to offer Masses for the intention of the ceasing of this awful scourge. A long special train was sent out from Angelina Junction with supplies for the refugees of Little Girl Knool but the train was never arrived never arrived. Another special train was sent out from Pandora with supplies for refugees of Francis Atlanta also flooded, the survivors being on the west side of the river at Turpo. This train also was not heard of from Governor Clarence of Angelina Vine State ordered the authorities to take full charge of a passenger and supply train which the Abbeinnia condonia and Calverine was to attempt to run from Calverine to Francis Atlanta. But neither did this train arrive though it was sent. A train problem was on, that prevented them from coming, and why even were they not heard from? The rescuers in Francis Atlanta labored to reach 100,000 or more persons marooned in their houses or on house-tops for more than six weeks with hardly

only food on the table. Eventually the table after floating some distance was over turned, and the party was thrown into the very hot but not scalding waters. Several of horses came along swimming for their lives. One of them

sufficient rations to last ten days. Many bodies lashed to tree tops were recovered. The unfortunates had perished from exposure. 991 Colonels and other officers ordered militia men and police and even citizens to shoot down any as seen looting the homes as damped by flood. It was reported disguised glandelinian vandals had constructed rafts and were using them to get to homes and buildings surrounded by the flood. The rescuers found that the green river, which had a big bend, encircling whole districts of houses, where six hundred and fifteen thousand persons had dealt straightened its own course by cutting a new channel through Jennings and Artfekt ravens in Francis Atlanta. In doing so the river swept completely out of existence hundreds of thousands of residences in this district. Many thousands of survivors who had reached safer sections, or the refuge camps on the shore of the flood, were for days and days seeking members of their families from whom they had become parted in the mad rush to escape the flood.

"My little Annie, has anyone seen my little Annie?" one woman cried as she went crying through the streets. When stopped by an officer, she told her little girl had gone from home on Sunday morning to call her little boy chum to go with her to the eight o'clock Mass, and Holy Communion. She feared both the children had perished in the flood. "My little Annie, has anyone seen my little Annie?" she ran on ahead, crying at the top of her voice. Nor did any one stop her. There were hundreds of such instances. answers took from the upper half of a large house which was floating in the flood, a man, his wife, and their little son and daughter, and two strange little girls, who had been trapped for sixteen days.

"First we fled to the third story," said the man. "The water soon reached to and covered the third floor. We stood on a table. The water mounted to our hips. We all believed we were doomed, therefore we wrapped sheets around us for our own shrouds, and tied ourselves together, so we would not be parted in death. I pinned an identification card to my clothes so our bodies could be recognized."

The Governor of Angelina Vine State was the first, to cross the flooded districts of the country to the east section of the country in the flood for a hundred miles in a gasoline launch. He drove through the shallower part of the flood later in the wagon and from that section viewed at the far distance the branches of the most enormous forest fires on record. He likened the scene as "If the whole country itself was bleaching belching forth in violent volcanic eruptions. A sixteen months old baby boy was taken from an attic of a house dangerously close to the forest fire, and more dangerously inundated by the waters. The baby was dressed well, and not too warmly clothed. A note pinned under its clothing read "An abandoned child slave."

One of the heroes of the Francis Atlanta flood was Albert Davidson, one of the engineers of Aronburg Limited section Three. He was at Francis Atlanta near Francis Anna Town, near Zamagutopolis, when he heard of the extending of the flood, and of thousands of miles of country being devastated by forest fires, and of the tremendous battles just past and still raging. His wife and two children, the youngest a little girl of five years were caught or trapped in their home, not in the flood but in the path of the forest fire, and were rescued by rangers. Davidson cut his enormous locomotive loose from his train which the passengers were compelled to abandon, sped on to Little Girl Knool through water, covered tracks, finally was stopped by a washout, and waded on, reaching the town of Little Girl Knool in water waist deep. Northwest of him he was startled by enormous black rolling clouds in the sky that predicted the approach of a tornado, but it was the dense clouds from forest fires, and it was growing dark as night, and the weather was swea-thering. It was late on a Wednesday when he arrived in the little city. For his own safety the sentries refused to allow him to recross one of the bridges to the west side of the town warning him the water was going at Automobile speed rates.

Slipping past the sentries at night, he made the attempt. Indeed all night he tried in vain. His boat would live even on the edge of the current. Thursday he tried to ferry his way across with a gang of rescuers, and finally succeeded, and rescued a number of people from the upper story of their home, where they had been prisoners of the flood for four days.

The flood raged on threatening even to spread in the regions occupied by the blazing forests increasing therefore the dense clouds of smoke by smudging ground fires of terrible extent by only wetting them enough to allow the hotter fires to burn underneath. Of course if the floods still increased these ground fires would soon be a thing of the past. But the flood did not want to go that far. A telephone message from Goodnow Angelina Vine State reported one hundred lives lost there. A woman and her two children were swept away, while following her husband who was wading to safety with his father and mother, an uncle and his wife sister, father and mother, and two grandchildren. They all survived however. Sixteen other persons refused to leave their homes, and were reported drowned when the houses collapsed. Landulds reported sixteen hundred children penned in a large schoolhouse entirely surrounded by the flood. They were said to have all perished. But

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Investigators discovered them still there, and therefore food was sent to them by boat, and they were taken out when the flood receded. George Charles, the father of six children became crazed as the result of his experience in the edge of the flood along which densely wooded. A wooded the hottest temper of the forest fire swept. Perched in one tree trying to seek safety from the flood, and not seeing the approach of the "Red Plague" he saw his sister, Johanna Josephine aged thirty five, burn to death before she could get out when the fire came up in a sudden mile long wave of flame, and his brother Francis, twenty eight fell from a burning tree into a sea of fire below. His mother wife, and children chancing the dangers of the flood are safe.... His father however is missing and his children too.

An interesting story that would show the difficulties encountered in reaching the flood centres is or should be told by General Jacob Marcus himself. He rather wrote it as follows: []

"I was detached from a portion of General Vivians army at ten thirty in the morning of Wednesday, date of month I don't remember. The main army was moving after one of the vast Landelinian armies believed to be under one of the plains. Through the flood, and my command was separated from the main body. I marched on however and reached Big Girl Knoll at six o'clock by pontooning and started northward for Francis Atlanta, via the remains of the Mic-Hollister and Pandora Railroad. We planned to go via Calverine, and there rejoin the main army before we got too far separated from it. So heavy was the sky heavy with thick thick strangely colored clouds that made a murky darkness that I believed it was going to rain pitch forks any minute. At this time, had no news of forest fires raging along the shores shoreward portions of the flood, though I noticed the water at places was very warm and the weather terribly hot for the season. We managed however from wreckage to quickly construct some sort of pontoon bridges, and we managed to get to Little Girl Knoll at six thirty in the evening on a Friday morning with no worse disaster, than to see about ten thousand soldiers get spilled into the flood, when a pontoon broke with them on it. They swam to the shore without mishap. At daylight my whole command of 10,000,000 men started slowly in different columns for Big Girl Knoll being forced to leave our heaviest cannons ashore as the pontoons would not support their weight. 100,000 cavalry remained behind to guard them.

At the break of day we started for Angelina. I hired every picture taking man or photographer I could secure with the purpose of supplying pictures for the nations review of the flood and conditions of the flood with the purpose to arouse the nation still more against Landelinia for the deed.... We reached the south end of Angelina Agethia by making pontoons into and toward the city, and then while the photographers started taking the pictures, most of my army which could started in the general rescue work and did what we could in sparing from the army nations what food we could give to the hungry and starving refugees. That shocked and surprised me, my flabbergasted me was that in the long bread line of refugees bread line of refugees Emperor Vivian and his wife and his whole royalty were also in the bread line. To think that our great Emperor had come to this. He immediately was advised to take personal charge of my divisions until proper restorations for the city could be made. By using our pontoons, rowboats and rafts, launches and other means of communications we got as far into the heart of the city as we could which was more deeply inundated than any other part, and we went to flood refugees into houses as we could without getting into a current rescuing persons and bringing them to our hastily established camps.

The central part of the city, is as I and my officers saw in making observations is built in a large crook of the Angelina gun River and the levees on both water bound courses of the great triangle had been broken, and the appearance of the break shows that a great shock of some concussion had done it. After getting the pictures which was pretty difficult in the twilight darkness, and by which to obtain we had to use flashlight powder, I led a party of my officers and a thousand five hundred men around the hills to the Mic-Hollister and Pandora Railroad team Engine Company, where they also had means to develop the plates and have the prints made. The next thing after wiring General Vivian that I left part of my army to aid the refugees at Angelina Agethia, was to get to Dorothy Gale, as the Mayor of Angelina Agethia advised me with tearful eyes that the inhabitants there were or are hard put to it and being like on the brink of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. I started off with about 100,000 men at three thirty, reaching Jessica Burburbs on a Wednesday morning having stayed in Angelina Agethia till Tuesday night of the following week. We could not approach Jessica proper because of the nature of the flood preventing any efforts of pontoon bridge making, and we turned off our course and went on toward Ozma city and heading for Linda, where again the nature of the unusual flood balked our efforts and refused to go farther. I.

Finally expert military pontoon engineers consented to make an effort of

came upon the city and the first of the flood. Eventually the flood after floating some distance was over turned, and the party was thrown into the very hot but not scalding waters. Several of horses came along swimming for their lives. One of them

and killed it was

of constructing pontoons over this dangerous portion of the flood, to that the 100,000 troops could make the passage as far as Jessica Courthouse Junction. This work was completed within two days but under difficulties and in face of great peril. The army of troops got there at ten o'clock the following morning when the pontoons were finished. The city needed aid terribly bad, all people were on top of their house roofs or in upper stories. I searched the town by boat for two hours to get a man or a few men to direct us through the town. We moved only a few miles as far as the Menton garring section when we found it absolutely impossible to go any further. Water was on three sides of us for as far as eye could see.... Erminie Creek just ahead, had relieved so much of the flood waters that it had swollen so that from a ten foot creek it had grown to be an immense sea. Here the flood was utterly impassable, and pontoons could not be constructed under any conditions.

The army had to halt, while my officers were for turning back. Here my command was stalled for good, and to go back it was impossible. We absolutely were being trapped ourselves. My photo photographers had wrapped the precious photographs in rubber coats, and the army decided to take the chances and forde the flood. I the general think of it, sat on a log and paddled the best I could with a twenty foot stick. As big as the flood was here, as wide and as wide there was no strength to the current, so, and a good part of my command got across in about four hours. A farmer outside the flood and fire zone informed me that a portion of the Pandora and Appleby truck trucks were off a mile to the east, so I and my command hit across the fields to the trucks, but avoiding as much as possible the forested regions, as I had no desire to "catch the red plague", and neither did my command. Here I myself secured a hand car and tow of my soldiers operated it for me. I rode on the hand car seven miles but encountered a new stretch of the flood at Orientalia Junction, and secured boats for Jessica proper in my route for Dorothy Gale City.

This part was a perilous trip. The boats would not ride the flood, in fact I received three muddy water baths in quick succession, and a floating beam of some size punched me on the jaw knocking out three teeth, and giving me a "w swell" affair as if I had the toothache. We however finally got into a little partly inundated village of Schloedersburg, but here there was only one bridge left across the "Erminieon" called Jennie's bridge the probable point of the first severe battle of the war, ten miles north of Nombi Junction city. We circled on the hills to this point, forested hills and marched and traveled for three days.

We came close to a portion of the "Red Plague" twice on our way and by quick and clever movements avoided it. It was no "Red Plague" no. It was a seething hell. All of my command could not have stopped its van guard. Books piled thousands of feet into the sky in millions of great rolls, and rolls of flames pierced it in great grandeur, and at night the scene with the glow was as if the whole region had turned into a tremendous volcanic furnace with the infernal regions trying to join hand. Far as it was, probably forty miles yet when the wind came from that direction, believe me I and the whole army had wet clothing because of our perspiring.

We were roasting like fish in the fire. It was a perilous trip but we finally avoided the scourge. We finally crossed into Amelia town and warned the inhabitants that they lay between flood and forest fire, the latter heading toward the town.....

At Amelia Town my photographers picked up hundreds of available photographs, of the flood and scenes of the distant forest fires there, and then chartered a special train via the only open railroad to Allgrove the nearest point to Dorothy Gale. We left at seven o'clock Monday night, and reached Allgrove village late at night. From Allgrove village which fortunately was not flooded nor in the path of the fires we proceeded by the shore of Lake Mic-Hollister to Terranda, and then forded and pontooned our way finally into flooded Dorothy Gale.....

From every district in this sadly flood torn city there came to our rescuing soldiers soldiers unusual trials, stories of trials, times of horror and suffering, and hardships beyond comprehension. One of these is related to me by Hanson Andrews of Beldon Avenue, Dorothy Gale Centre, who told me he was penned in the Catholic Orphan asylum called St Michaels. He told me that he was penned in with one hundred and sixty six children and they had been caught in the building when the flood started.

"We were all caught in the building before we were aware of the flood," said Mr Andrews. "We remained there until a big fire started in the district close to us and then to save the children planned ways of making our escape before the fire reached the home. With the help of the elder boys, we cut the elevator cables, obtained a ball of very strong twine which one of the little orphan girls found, and some thick wire from the attic of the building. With screaming hollering and shouting we managed to attract some of your soldiers coming out in boats, who risked their lives to come to us. We gave one of the men in the boat one end of the twine, and he roared to us so skyscraper across the street. We then pulled the wire over, and after that the heavy cable. One end of the cable was made fast in the skyscraper,

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and the other in the home. Then with only the glare of the burning structures, the one hundred and fifty orphans in the home went their way over, hand over hand along the cable over the swirling current to the skyscraper. It was a hazardous effort but not of the children were afraid to make the hand over hand trip. Very one except the matron and the sisters made the trip over in safety. They refused to abandon the building. During our imprisonment for fourteen days, we had each day four crackers each, and a slice of chipped beef to eat, and to my our terrible thirst took chances with the dangers of drinking the flood waters. Otherwise we could not endure thirst that long in such heated weather. Yet our work was in vain. The orphan asylum did not burn, but the building opposite to us on our same street collapsed. Part of a whole block of buildings also crumbled before the waters and they were of brick. The flood threatened our new refuge and we were then forced to retreat over other structures from roof to roof. We had just escaped the skyscraper when that ten story building crashed in being undermined at the foundation by the force of the water. The collapsing building made a noise like a great avalanche. Yet bet I'm glad to get out of it and I'm deeply grateful to the brave soldiers who came to our rescue. But it is surely some experience."

"I and my officers learned and told me that foreigners killed their pet animals, and some in desperation even their children in their desperate efforts to obtain food, they being in north Dorothy Gale where the situation was extremely desperate. Another man rescued by me who was taken from the remaining abutment of the North Sanders bridge, where he had hung for hours, he and his wife and three children, in a partly submerged in water much too warm for their comfort, and sometimes growing nearly to the boiling point. This man whose name I'll not mention for his sake, as he asked me not to said he was at his home with his family when the flood struck north Dorothy Gale. The house was picked up by the current and carried against the Sanders Street bridge. The man said he and his family managed to leap to the bridge, and was thankful he had at least seen his family safe. He told me his aunt with a six year old child, and the child clean stripped on its roof, and the movement of the house threw her and the child clean through the window of a house across the street, and both were taken out later fatally hurt."

A cause of cause of suffering much counted on was the terrific heated conditions of the interior of the buildings in and around the flooded districts. I found people suffering from prostration of the heat, and many feared the city yet would be wiped out, for the possibilities of a general conflagration which would wipe Dorothy Gale off of the map in a more drastic manner than had already been accomplished by the flood was raging. The people therefore had been instructed to use care in lighting matches in their houses for fear of gas explosions or the building in which they were refuged in catching fire. One whom I witnessed made a grim picture for me, and that was at south Dorothy Gale, which I observed at the temporary morgues just outside the flood zone in refuge camps. Here fifty thousand coffins and bodies were piled up or placed in ranks ready to receive victims of the flood, explosion disaster and fire. One of the most touching scenes which I also observed in the refuge camps was the restoration of ten children under eight or nine years of age to their parents after it had been feared or even believed the latter had been drowned. One of the most saddest of these cases was that of a man and woman who whose name I'll not mention. The man carried his wife four miles through the flooded streets. She collapsed after the children were removed from her home in Thirty Third street near Center Avenue. When the woman found the three little girls, she sank to her knees in the crowd crowded refuge camp... and screamed her thanks to heaven."

Every man within sight or hearing bared their heads and stood silent, while women and children made the Sign of the Cross. In one street of Dorothy Gale city four hundred pianos, pianos in an immense tangled mass of debris and wreckage blocked the lower part of Central Avenue, the lighter furniture of all other adjacent houses being swept away. A wrecked toy factory scattered thousands of dolls and other toys on the surface of the flood, and to the appearance they looked like many strange little children floating there and who were drowned. As he told me and my officers a railroad engineer of one of the ruined railroad lines spent fourteen days in the upper floor of the Central railroad station at Angelina Agathia, with fifteen hundred other persons, and he refusing to give his name nevertheless told me of his experience."

"I left with my train Pandora at ten o'clock on Monday night, and after a twenty four hour run began to reach the edge of the flood. On that day we crossed the only Mic-Hollister run Bridge near Mildred Greenburg. The flood was raging there, but the big wreckage jam caused by we reached the depot. The trucks beyond were in great damage just then. We were flagged as we reached the depot. The trucks beyond were in such bad shape, that the dispatchers feared to let us proceed. We remained a just across the bridge, until a detour could be obtained for us by which we got as

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some distance was over turned, and the party was thrown into the very hot but boiling waters. Several of horses came along swimming for their lives. One of the

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got as far as Angelina Agathia. The flood was increasing at a most rapid rate but just then no one seemed to have any fear as it was not of the very sudden kind as of the flood disasters of the past. Finally the water covered the trucks and then orders came through me to the passengers to take to another train lying alongside, while I was warned to make the depot. As we got alongside the shed the fires in the engine were extinguished by the flood, and the water around us was up to our hips...

We started lifting passengers onto the main train shed, and boosting them from there into the upper windows of the depot. We also threw ropes to a number of men women and children in a Pandora, Evangeline St. Clare and and Mic-Hollister train, a little more than two hundred feet away. They tied these around their waste waist and we pulled them also to the shed. We rescued in the same way three men, six women and two other children who had gone to sleep in the Pullman coach of another train.

Fortunate for us the kitchen of the depot restaurant was on the third third floor, and we had food for all those days and nights. The flood kept raging around us, and the darkness from smoke covered skies continued all that time without a break. The streets within our view were like gushing river torrents. The force of the water carried pantries all kinds of furniture, tables horses wagons, and small house along with it.

By the third morning we were marooned we seemed to be in the midst of a raging ocean, and the appearance of the sky was as if there was a thousand submarine volcanic eruptions at a great distance. Thousands of houses had been floating down the river all that time. Many were glad up against the last bridge until the bridge finally gave way. Ten days later the flood reached its climax. Then the worse of the fires in the city broke out and from our windows we could see hundreds of districts all afire and flames shooting nearly a thousand feet into the air. All men women and children knelt for days on the floor and prayed, and priests in our midst erected altars and said Mass for our safety. A number of the refugees went crazy.

"The city and its whole population are gone." a woman said to me, and I was ready to believe her, as the scene was as if the world was coming to end. The next morning however the flood slowed some slight signs of going down, though the weather was becoming unusually warmer. per we did not see any signs of land during that day, and then it was you and some of your soldiers rescued us.

Our food came from debris which floated on the water. We had apples, ham, peaches, sausage, olives, tomatoes, cabbage, and in fact everything that comes in cans. They were washed alongside the building and we fished them up. The engineer made a scoop from a box for catching cans. We dug out coal out of the tender for cooking purposes, and our water came from the tank of the engine. By a stroke of the luck that seemed to pursue us, we had filled it when we reached Angelina Agathia. We had the stoves of the restaurants where we built fires and cooked everything. During the night every one who slept at all laid down on the floor after praying for fully an hour. The day when we were all rescued, Angelina Agathia seemed surrounded by an inroad of the sea. Houses and stores were being gutted by the flood and in many cases the contents of the houses had been washed into the river. Perhaps the queerest sight of all we saw was a large table floating by us. It had or was set for a meal supper or dinner. Plates were laid for four, and in the center was a large catsup bottle and a sugar bowl, with a menu card between. Four chairs surrounded the table, and the water had not touched the table on the top, and the chairs were held in place by the pressure of the water."

On September the seventeenth fourteen days after the breaking of the levees caused by the explosion, the extent of the flood passed far beyond what ever could be expected of floods, and at this while Angelina Agathia, Dorothy Gale, Big Girl, Knoll and others were experiencing the worse history of floods, and Calverine was even getting a good deal of it to boot. Mildred Greenburg, which had been a refuge for a hundred thousand of refugees of this new flood, and which had gone through the Bengal County Flood horror of the past now became a centre of greater anxiety than of that time. As the streams there received the waters from the receding portions of this new and immense flood, and ran into the Mic-Hollister and Aronburgs, an immense sea, these rivers passed far beyond their own banks despite the remaining levees, of course the remaining openings of other recently ruined levees being a good help, and two quarters of Mildred Greenburg were under water with the situation calling for the combined efforts of all relief and civic organizations.

Every hotel in the city was crowded to its capacity, while every moving van, auto truck and street car and anything else was pressed into service removing families from the flood area. Refugees even took shelter on the immense debris jam left there near the north of the city by the Abbeann flood disaster. The Mic-Hollister River reached a stage never known before in his history within a days, time and was rising at a rate of two feet an hour. Water whose depths ranged from between six feet to twenty feet covered the entire lower sections of the city.

Suffering however was at a minimum owing to warning sent out early that a stage of seventy feet probably would be reached by the flood before the waters began to recede, however there was no fear of enormous damage except to houses held goods of smaller houses as here the flood was partly stationary and had no strong

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current. One report of the condition said as follows:

"The city was practically cut off from all traffic communications with all points of the nation, at the beginning of the flood. The situation was for this region immensely dangerous for Mildredgreenburg city was a base of supplies for the nearest flooded cities and towns and with this interruption of all kinds of communications all hope is really entirely lost and 10,000,000 refugees of all other places face dire famine. One only open way by train was with Big Girl Knool. And when the approach to this immense suspension bridge became covered with water at a depth that prevented train or foot service all hope seemed lost, and the bridge too is in grave danger. If it gives way no aid will reach the unfortunate even when the flood does subside.

And a rise of even another half foot will put out of commission all of the cities car and other lines, which operate all street cars entering from Big Girl Knool owing to the fact that the powerhouses will become swamped at this stage. The other main bridge was being abandoned last evening. So far the city is not so hard hit that it cannot take care of itself, but it cannot aid others. Of course if there should be a great increase of the flood we might need to worry about ourselves too.

But the big wreckage jam is saving us so far. The waters reached the second floors of business houses and other buildings in the lower streets, but elsewhere for whole districts the water is half way up on the first floor of many blocks of houses on Tellepin Avenue. As we are a hundred miles north of Big Girl Knool we could not expect in the least that this new and most southern flood of all should be able to extend westward to us. However thank heaven we were in danger of a forest fire from the east, and the flood places itself between, for despite the flood of the past we are still surrounded by immense forests which no flood yet has been able to tear even an inch. Seventeen lines of the Mildredgreenburg traction company, operating in the lower district have been abandoned. At this time more than six hundred sixty blocks of the city is under water. But the water here thanks be to God has no current whatever but is stationary and we are not needing to be apprehensive.

Culverville also suffers, but not so much.

In Big Girl Knool the flood assumed the Angelina Agathia stage but let us first go to conditions at Francis Atlanta. In this city the sections of West or east Francis Atlanta also was inundated to a severe degree, and in three quarters of the city the waters rose to the second and even third story windows of all houses. Houses were swept from their foundations by thousands. In many houses water rose so fast that occupants had to cut holes through the ceiling, and got to the top on timbers to be rescued in boats, and hauled away just as these houses were swept from their foundations and smashed to pieces against other and stronger houses. The residents of the flooded sections had been taken from their homes and cared for at various higher and safer places in the flooded city. Five hundred and sixty people were lodged at fed in buildings which were strong, and many public buildings were thrown open to refugees. The Chief of Police of this city was marooned in Southern Francis Atlanta for ten days, yet he secured telephone or telephone connections with police headquarters, and told his captives he had witnessed nearly two hundred drownings and expressed the unshakable belief that several more times that number of fatalities surely no must have occurred.

Investigations by rescue workers when receding waters improved conditions slightly brought the belief that not more than six hundred and twenty bodies were found, and yet even then these workers were not even shaken in their reports of many drownings, and declared that it may be six weeks before the actual number of deaths will be known. The situation seemed the worse of all at Francis Atlanta.

While this is the picture that could have been drawn of conditions there three days after the flood, or when the waters of the flood had increased to an enormous degree. The outside sections of Francis Atlanta is a vast rescue and mobilization camp for hundreds of thousands of homeless. So terrible is the affliction that the Capital city of Culverville has lost entirely any interest in the number of dead which had been mounting as the rising waters will not permit the most hardy boatsmen to penetrate further into the deluged districts in all sections of the submerged city.

The care for the living has just now been the one only concern for the city. All the stricken sections cannot be approached by rescuers from any angle and the flood is increasing every day. Along the embankments of the flood on which the remains of the McJellister and Pandora railroad tracks is still to be seen is one long rescue station and the flood is threatening this point also. From a point on the remaining levee beyond the section and intersection of Gravetonia street, and the McJellister Run River another had been established only to be swept away with all these within it.

At the long enter street bridge, one of the strongest structures in the country countryman nation, this structure which still connects the central portion

some distanced was over-turned, and the party was thrown into the very hot and scolding waters. Several of horses came along swimming for their lives. One of the

of the city with the northwest side, which had been constructed from the gate and national funds on the beautiful swell of ground beginning from the extreme northwestern end of the city, is sadly a thing of the past. 100,567 houses here were swept completely out of existence. In the very centre of the flooded city stood Mount St. Ann's hospital Orphan Asylum, school, chief cathedral and infirmaries, as well as the Convents of the Sisters of the Poor Clares, the Carmelites, and of the Vincentian Order, which held thousands and thousands of rescued men women and children, besides the Orphan Asylum of the homeless children until the places were so crowded that those rescued afterwards had to go on the roofs. Many are said to be near death from exposure to the extraordinary heat of the was water. The buildings though far apart are on high elevation and the immense square surrounding the whole district affords a most safe place on which the helpless await boats to get to these places of refuge. No matter how high the flood was going even every hour, the deluge never came within reach of these buildings, but the rescued were marooned nevertheless for all about them was a turbulent sea filled with great jams of wreckage. Men in tree tops, on floating houses, and in streets on wreckage floors have been seen, and hauled to safety by rescuers, and two men who came to the Convent of the Poor Clares told of penetrating St. John's Avenue, and near St. Michael's Catholic cathedral in the heart of the stricken district, and seeing many men women and children either in the church galleries or on its immense roofs, and in its town towers and belfry, with the water coming higher every day and they without a bite to eat or water to drink. Those in the balcony were said to have been finally drowned as the flood towers towered above it finally, but this is at verified and it is hoped they have managed to reach higher portions.

Yet the death list was heavy in Francis Atlanta, somewhat heavier than any other city or town. Therefore as each boatload of dead bodies were landed outside the flood zone and rushed into automobiles trucks and wagons, and to the refugee camps, where a big registration bureau is being conducted by refugee officials under the very personal supervision of the Mayor of Francis Atlanta, names omitted.

The thousands of rescued were every day as quickly as they were picked up and quickly hurried into boats, wagons, and so on, and whirled around to the refugee camps or better spots. Responding to appeals, the contributions of money and provisions had a been very generous but could not be forthcoming as food and forest fires cut off all communications whatever. For those who cannot be taken out of the districts at all, even return boats with what leaves of bread clothing candles and drinking water and wines that the city could spare was sent.

Indeed where families are safe and well provisioned the policy has been adopted of leaving them until those in worse condition can be cared for, even those not as bad of were doing their share in acts of charity.

There were thousands who refused to leave their homes, preferring to save their effects from the flood, or from the report of disguised gladiatorial looters those activities have been reported to be even too much for any amount of companies and regiments of guardsmen and all the police, so that can be spared when the disastrous flood should abate. In the continued and most desperate rescue work for all sections, serious or less serious, and even dangerous and difficult, boats, rafts, wreckage pontoon, pontoons horses and the like were used. Many skilled riders were able to drive their steeds next to crumbling houses, and pull occupants onto the backs of the horses, or into boats. A troop of sixty volunteers worked from the Vincentian convents and the Sacramento Street landing and rescued 10,000 from their flooded homes. Also city policemen, fire men, gendarmes and soldiers and citizens worked side by side, aided by hundreds of brave and daring women volunteers. Given elder children dared the chances of the flood to rescue their still younger brethren. The majority of rescuers included many experienced boat and raftsmen, all using their own craft, or constructing their own rafts, and pontoons to aid in the work. Confirmed reports later on found that the dead bodies found in the flooded streets of Francis Atlanta amounted up to 5,678 all drowned. It was a terrible loss compared to the small death list at Angelina Agathia.

Such statements are here given to show the great impression made by the rise of the waters and extent of the flood. Among some of the remarkable incidents reported at Big Girl Knool as the slowly receding waters permitted access to all portions of the city, could be some of those to be related in connection with the experience of Henry Joseph in the city of Gladstone, a suburb of Big Girl Knool. When the flood first appeared in that section of the city, Mr. Joseph, got his wife and three children into a small row boat, and took them to the convent just across the street. An hour later it was again necessary for all even the inmates to move, and they were taken by rescuers out of a second story window. The raft on which the whole crowd were being transported, was dashed against a large house by the terrific current, and landed in fragments by the shock, one section of the raft going under. Mr. Joseph swam bravely in the unusually warm water for a few minutes, when he was picked up by some men in a large flat boat. Just before he was rescued he saw his wife sink for the third time. His baby girls and the children and inmates of the convent were floating

down the street. At this sight he collapsed. Five hours later he regained consciousness to find himself in an attic, and beside him on the floor lay his wife, whom he believed to have been drowned. Ten minutes later a man of crawled into the attic window from the floating roof of a barn bringing with him the children. They had been caught in the branches of a floating tree, and were picked off unharmed by the same man who was riding to safety on the roof. Mrs. Joseph was rescued as she was going down the third time by a Galverinian boyscout on a hastily improvised boat raft. The boat was a member of the boyscouts of the Mobilization camps of Dorothy Gale city and had been trained how to administer first aid to the drowning.

The Nuns of the convent were saved in an unusual manner. They were rescued by men on a large raft, he and his helpers bringing them onto the raft from the water. One of the nuns insisted in bringing with her a large earth shovel rather than a coal shovel which she grasped from a floating mass of wreckage. Yet in attempting to round a street corner where a terrific torrent poured in from a large open square the raft was hurled against an electric light pole, and the raft was demolished and all were again in the water. A man in a boat rescued one of them, and the others floating close to a tall house were rescued by the refugees in the building who hung ropes from the windows. Hanson Heder who lived in Big Girl Knobel was one of the large number of life savers. He rescued a woman and her two children from the third story window of a flooded house which was afire on top of Linden street, who brought with her a long spade, clutching the spade to her breast she prayed, as she sat in the stern sheet of the boat. In attempting to run round a street corner where a torrent was pushing before it a mass of wreckage, the boat was overwhelmed by it, caught in the jam and forced to proceed in that direction. In the commotion Hanson lost the paddle with which he had been propelling his craft.

"Through mysterious means Our blessed Lord warned me this would happen," cried the woman, "Our blessed Lord has told me. Now how will we get out of this mess?" Yet Hanson managed to force the boat out and paddled with the pole to a place of safety. Other rescuers found a woman standing in water waist deep in the third story of her home in east Angelina Agathia. An hour before the rescuers arrived, the woman had given birth of a daughter which she was clutching in her arm. It was alive. Yet from her exasperated experience the poor woman is not expected to live. Just as he was coming out of the front door of his residence, at No 1587 south Grinnell street a high member of the Gemini was the flood coming. He rushed back to his stable and brought his horses and wagon around in front. Then he called to his wife and three children children whom he lifted into the car or wagon and then began loading the car with chairs and rugs from the parlor. On top of the chairs he piled a davenport, which ordinarily two men scarcely would be able to handle he being a powerful man. Then just as he was starting away the wagon was overwhelmed, and had to be deserted. They took refuge in a passing house which though floating by was strong. Then they were forced from this and threw themselves into a boat which had started out from a wharf not far away.

"to me it was an aphasia," the Gemini member whose name was Francis Grone. In relating his experience. "It happened so sudden that I don't remember anything much about it, but there stands the loaded wagon, ruined of course, and thank Heaven my home is still standing. After the flood he was engaged like all other citizens of Angelina Agathia in shoveling mud from his homestead after the waters receded. When the flood overwhelmed the wagon his wife and children became separated, and for two weeks the Gemini member could not find them. The interior of his house was ruined badly by water. Fire broke out in a building near his headquarters, where large numbers of the members held councils. In the building were invaluable plans and data dealing with the construction of the Gemini member. He was greatly relieved when he returned to find that the flames, had spared the headquarters and its contents.....2

Meldon Hicknellian, secretary to the Governor of Abyssinika gate to elucidate the real cause of the tremendous flood, and all the flood disasters of the past, prepared a chart, using the human hand and other means as an illustration. The fingers pointing north, represented the big stream flowing into the gigantic Mio-Holleston Run, which is the wrist in his illustration. The wrist was blocked by levees, and holes drawn in the levees showed the ruined levees either blasted or injured by explosion concussion, and other disasters to flood impediments, and by therefore with its own levees broken before could not take care of the influx of flooding waters of previous floods, and of its tributaries. Hence the flood.

Here is the problem of Angelina Agathia as summarized by the Governor of Galverinia two weeks after the flood:

"Two million five hundred thousand people must be fed, clothed, and housed for weeks to come. A million persons must be cured for indefinitely. These are persons who lost their all when their homes and household goods were swept away. They must be provided with a few necessary household goods, such as bedding, pots and pans, stoves, a refugee camp and a few dollars. Two million dollars could be used in this way.

Some distance was over turned, and the party was thrown into the very hot boiling water. Several of horses came along swimming for their lives. One of the

the bridge to the river.

by the Relief Committee. Five hundred thousand houses must be restored for rehabilitation. Fifteen thousand houses, and twenty thousand other houses, or structures or what remains of them must be torn down. Emperor Vivian needs a new palace, as it has been swept away entirely in the flood. Millions of tons of debris must be removed. Hundreds of new buildings must be replaced where the fires raged.

A real horror or a tale of terror, which gives a real insight into the mental and physical strain suffered by the marooned in Franciamina city center was from that of one of the Sisters who lived through three weeks of horror with terror stricken inmates and fellow nuns and three priests in their hospital at Greenleaf Avenue.

"For twenty one terror filled days and nights, I despite my Holy Faith was almost one of the despairing number who were penned in with our patients in the great hospital. It was the fourth flood I went through in this city. I saw a whole district of buildings close to us and in front of us and behind and beside us burn or fall to fragments to the waters edge. I saw men in a hotel across the street frantically extinguish the blazing wreckage which drifted into the flooded lobby of the hotel only to light in vain and were driven from their burning refuge to other houses. I saw the head sister whirl down stream, from one side of the street to the other until she was flung against a telephone pole and killed.

Most of the things I and those with me have seen all those awful days, and nights, will stick in my memory as long as I live.

At the beginning of the dreadful flood probably on a Monday morning by the voices of people on a street corner below the corner window of the hospital. They were looking anxiously at the torrents of water that had crept through a half crumbling levee and was now within two hundred of the window. Many were crying out to one another that the city was doomed, and that flight was the only way by which the population could save their lives. No one was unconvinced, for they pointed out that though their city had yet never been touched disastrously by floods during the war, yet Angelina Agathia had been flooded but four times and the whole central part of Galverinia was now still feeding the dangerous rivers with the flooding flood waters of the past disasters. If few people lived through the first part flood and other disasters, it was a wonder if they too could make a good success of no loss of lives.

The employees house was the only second house from the explosion concussion shaken levee in the corner of greenleaf Avenue. Families in all houses around the hospital began to make preparations for the waters which might soon fill their homes. While they could many very unpleasant things about the enemy whom they felt sure were responsible for all this, and all the sisters and employees worked frantically moving the patients to all the upper floors and furniture and beds and all medicines also, and trying to place all hospital needed articles above what we thought could be the reach of the muddy waters.

About twenty minutes later I saw the water was breaking through the tumbling levee in earnest. I and all my charges became frightened and I and all the rest of the sisters had all they could do to prevent a panic. I ran upstairs, took one little three year old patient in my arm, and started a run for the higher part of the building. I saw many outside running until they were almost ready to drop. It seemed that they could never be able to reach safely. The weight of the weight of the child in my arms grew almost too great for my strength. As I ran up the stairs the water rushing into the building seemed to follow me. Before I had reached the second floor I happened to get a glance out of a window as we saw water advancing toward the fugitive fugitives from another direction. When I started up to another floor the water had reached me and was swarming over the floor above my head.

I was drenched by the water which poured in one of the open windows. I then thinking the water would not come higher stopped on the third floor and again looked out of the window. I saw a man run into a large building and beg a man to drive back to his home and get out his wife and children. In thirty seconds the water had overwhelmed them even though on higher ground, yet yet another man on a wagon was speeding through shallower water on his way to his own home, while my employees were doing what they could to secure accommodations for all the patients.

Just as soon as I had secured a room for my own little patients, I went as employee to the telegraph office on the third floor with a message to the Mayor of the city that do far I and all the patients and sisters were safe in the hospital, and that if he could he should come to the hospital, to secure better quarters for us as soon as possible.

Just then the flood was increasing in height and I saw many houses going going to pieces. I was almost frantic and the patients again became panic stricken. Those who could not be moved yelled and howled. I could see the water creeping up from the second second floor steps, higher and higher every minute, and to think that only three quarters of a mile away my own parents were trapped in their home and would certainly be drowned. I wonder I did not go inside. Yet the water grew deeper, until we were forced up to the fourth story. The building was no higher and we worked like mad to save the patients a third time. By this time as we observed from

Glendelina turned on the

Dach

that height that the city was becoming encompassed and almost entirely drowned out of sight by a vast lake, and the water flowed swiftly and was of a yellowish color. We were thus marooned for two weeks. Every day it seemed dozens of horses and other animals were swept by the hospital windows, plunging and whirling in the current. The rushing flood was filled with junks of bread boxes, crates, goods boxes and every conceivable kind of litter and wreckage. The employees managed to secure a good number of these for the patients and ourselves, but there was no bodies that I saw. Thank heaven we were spared that sight.

Most of all of the employees proved themselves real heroes. I had never seen such unselfish heroism as the men employed or displayed. It was an inspiration to every one of the patient patients who were in the building. The heated atmosphere was terrible. The head sister stationed herself at the upper window of the hospital, to fend off timbers and wreckage which was thrown against the weaker walls of the building. Although many of the employees and we ourselves begged her pitiously not to risk her life, she stuck to her post until she fell out of the window, was caught by the current and whirled away. The swirling waters swept her from one side of the street to another until she was thrown first against a telephone pole and then dashed head first against the wall of a building within our sight and instantly and instantly KSI killed.

The children in the hospital were not frightened in the least by such an awful flood. They who were able to be out of bed leaned out of the windows and crowded with excitement and pleasure at the body of a horse, cow or any other kind of an animal would be swept by in the flood. They were too young to understand what it all could mean, six young men who were imprisoned in another strong building across the street from us, put on their bathing suits, tied ropes around their waists and managed to swim to the roof of a half submerged brick building, on the roof of which a large group of people were standing. One by one they tied the ropes around the waists of the marooned men, women and children and gave the signal for them to be pulled ashore. When any of the people refused to go, they shoved them into the water. Five minutes after the last man and child left the half submerged building, it collapsed and was swept away into the current.

A rope was thrown from the hospital, to the house across the street, when a taller house alongside caught fire, so that those who jumped into the water, might have the chance to grasp the rope and they were whirled under it, and allow them selves to be pulled to safety.....

Sixteen days later I learned that no one had perished in the flood. "....."

ANFUL

ARTFUL DAYS OF RECKONING FOR THE STATE OF NORTHERN ANGELINIA. ALL OF THE NORTHERN PART OF THE STATE AND FIVE OTHER STATES MADE DESOLATE BY ANGRY WATERS. EVEN THE BEST OF RIVER BARRIERS SWIFT AWAY, AND MORE TOWNS AND CITIES UNWASTED IN THIS HORROR DELUGE THAN ANY OTHER FLOOD HORRORS OF THE PAST COMBINED.

RELIEF OFFERED BY STATE AND NATION THE FRANK OF THE GOVERNMENT OF FOUR STATES REALIZED. THE FLOOD UPHEALED. ALL ANGELINIA STATE IN THE NORTH ETHUREN.

PICTURESQUE STORIES. THE WHOLE OF ABRIEMNIA DOES HER BEST DEWITE PARALYZED CONDITIONS TO RESPOND TO APPEAL

And then for both Calvernia and Northern Angelinia came another day of reckoning. Forced to gradually burst their bounds by other terrific explosions, caused by the forest fires that by their convulsion wrought fresh havoc in the territories to the north of the range of the Great Lake Mic-Holleston the peaceful waters of the Erminie Creek flooded by rains in mountainous regions, the Mic-Holleston Run once again, the little Erminie Run and a hundred tributaries in Northern Angelinia combined because of the convulsions in no one final onslaught upon the population wrecking a vengeance which in this story is unparalleled in the history of all the flood horrors combined though happily not attended with heavy loss of life though property destruction broke all records.

The whole nation as well as the amazed world itself had not yet recovered from the continued shocks and grief experienced one month after another relieving the awful news of the unbelievable loss of life and immeasurable destruction of property in all past fearful disasters and even now was not yet hearing all of the August and September horror, and the latter in Angelinia Agathia and other places and surrounding towns and villages.

The great industrial centers of Angelinia and other States were continually since June 1912 straining their energies to render all the assistance to their suffering neighbors and knowing the results of all the past disasters and the present Angelinia Agathia horror could not rest in peace. The whole world was becoming afraid of Angelinia. Indeed even the whole country of Abriemnia herself had been worried. Despite the disasters elsewhere throughout the State of Calvernia especially in the west there were storms of wild and frightful battles exceedingly violent and fierce, and in the southeast, west and north great floods and in the surrounding territory for months and months without abatement there had been a terrible forest fires. Past floods had not abated to any extent rivers whose dikes and levees whose dikes and levees had not been aided since the great floods had been treated were still letting at their waters over the land which, except in a few places, kept the seas of water to inundate the cities and towns and to ruin the crops.

Other streams were filled to their banks and as their waters flowed in anger menaced new territories territories as their levees were undermined by the present explosions. In every state in every part of the country there was great cause for alarm. From even the violence of battles of October and the months before it was evident the war was growing wild beyond description and comprehension. As it noted thousands of great explosions occurred. The war was said to still a revolting makeoff makeoff of the infernal regions around Ivin, Ickey and elsewhere during August and September. No goal beyond men are measures was the number killed in battle and immeasurable the size of the armies of injured, and still more immeasurable the monstrous columns of columns, and worse than all the numbers ill and insane from suffering and loss.

A thundering hell still raged with increasing fury at Ivin, Wickey and along the whole Western Calvernian coast, and that of Angelinia and Abyssinkila too, and the whole world was becoming worried. One thousand five hundred miles of forests had been burning, and countless leagues of forests were still burning, and forty ranges of hills covered with the forests extending one half the distance of the Californian Rocky mountains pretended they were volcanoes in eruption from the forest fires. And added to this a thousand miles of country side except the regions of Lake Pelicia, and northern section of Calvernia were still under water, and the country side still strewn with the debris scattered far and wide by the rush of water. Hundreds of the towns were still unaccounted for. The regions of the city of Abriemnia, and many other cities were still a vast lake slowly receding. More to towns than those devastated by the floods and explosions combined were laid in ashes by the forest fires. 10,000 miles of land were devastated by fire from June 1912 to September 1913 and the forest fires now were "burning the world" as to say. In standing of decreasing, the number of refugees was increasing. Ha. Ha. So were the christian armies. All men population of abled bodied conditions in Abyssinkila and Angelinia state were in the army already. Men of ingenuity had devised great stone dams, the levees and dikes to protect their homes and manufacturing establishments from the angry waters. This for ages proved a great success until Angelinia turned on the "Faucet" over Calvernia, and "Forgot" to turn it

Fortunately so far 220,000 loaves of bread was in reach to be distributed, for six days after the explosion concussion but nevertheless because of the needs of the sufferers it was even doubtful if these loaves of bread would last throughout the seventh day. Perhaps the hardest pressed of the Citizens of both Angelina and Agathia and, probably, a Gals were the student physicians and surgeons. Although all of Angelina Agathia's doctors were in the various armies, or still among the refugees of the past disasters, and these line internes suffered severely in property losses because of the shock produced by the explosion they nevertheless administered incessantly and by sacrifice to the needs of others. In all cases there was scarcely time to ascertain whether their own loved ones were safe when the urgent call to duty came.

Several of those who were connected with St. Joseph's Hospital had their beautiful homes DESTROYED BUT FILLED with compassion for the injured labored continually, without hardly any rest in the work of relief. Among these was Doctor Hendro Gales, a Gals who lived on 12,667 San Pedro Street, an interne, and whose home was not exactly wrecked but made a "mysteriously kind of a disappearance". He found his home later six blocks away from its foundations. When the explosion shook the city the concussion after making the building do the "highland fling", partly destroyed the Giacomo residence, shaking out numerous windows and by rebounding from the falling ruins of another house as his residence landed on the street a huge twelve by twelve twenty foot long beam of wood drove its way straight through the house into his library smashing the cases, and scattering all the books on the floors. Yet as soon as he discovered that his own family was safe (not having been in the building at the time) Dr. Giacomo hurried out to do what he could in the way of assisting the injured.

The work of few other doctors were of like nature. Although they also lived in the stricken districts and were and were heavy sufferers they rushed to the scene of devastation where they were kept busy for a great many days and partly during the night too. Dr. Gales himself later went to the southwest end of the town, with a troop of nurses and special doctors with orderlies. Before the arrival of doctors at St. Joseph's Hospital a good work that any one there would say was heroic, was performed by the Chief surgeon of the hospital. Although hampered by the loss of light, either by gas, or electric electric this doctor, Mantena, I would with the help of candle light every day and night, even late in the morning getting at night only two or three hours of sleep helping the injured which incessantly applied in crowds at the place for aid and succor.

Although called upon to do a number of serious operations the need of hurry and the awfully large number of half desperate patients made it impossible to administer anesthetics. Many other doctors after taking their families from the wreckage of their homes also joined the relief squads. For this story no such catastrophes ever visited the city of Angelina Agathia before or after, and it was totally overwhelmed by it. The citizens however rose to meet the situation and the measure of the relief efforts were organized promptly. All the remaining Catholic priests visited homes that had been met with partial or total destruction in many cases administering the last sacraments of the Church. Within sixty four hours after the disaster \$1,700,000 had been subscribed for the relief of the destitute.....

As far as possible all help in a substantial fashion was given by the State of Angelina to the stricken cities and towns of both states and so forth within sixteen days after the explosion shock did so much damage the Legislatures of cities and towns of Southern Angelina state took up a bill to bill to appropriate \$100,000,000 for the explosion shock sufferers passed it over the head of the Committee as a whole and adopted it at once. Not a single was cast.

Not a single vote was cast against the bill. One of the odd situations presented as a result of the disaster was that which confronted the newly effected railroads in their operation. Signal wires, switch and block signal were completely demoralized and in the days following the disaster the railroad men had to resort to the antiquated methods of sending out all kinds of signal men to mark the passage of trains not hampered by the disaster.

Men carrying red flags were sent ahead to signal clear track, to give warning of danger or approaching refugee trains and the cars carrying passengers and freight and also forest fire and other refugees crawled in and out of the two big stricken cities at a decrease of speed which caused considerable delay, and anxiety. And out of the sorrow and settled and horrifying effects of it all, there grew immense indignation for even in the face of death and so many of their fellow men are suffering, all must know the real cause of it all. Who would be surprised at this as answer to this question from a man who stood gazing upon what had been his beautiful home in St. Peter's Street when a good and sympathetic friend approached.

"Well Mr. James what's your stand point on all this disaster..?"

Mr. James scratched his head reflectively and then replied in laconically "don't know except that this will put glandelinia in the hot soup pot for stay...."

off, but bursted the pipes and water systems. Ever since the construction of the levees of the rivers they had been made up in a way that for a century floods from natural reasons were a remembrance only. Now, glandelinia gave Calvernia and northern Angelina a deluge never recorded in true history, maybe worse than the great deluges of Bible History. True there had been expectations of the abatement of the present floods which remained from times past, in fact it was a dry season over most of the country, one of the driest seasons on record, almost a draught for some sections and it was expected that here and there throughout the lowland the waters from the remaining broken levees would still find their way over the earth to keep up a continuation of a small portion of the past disaster, and then with the continuation of the dry season added by the heat of seeds of forest fires to reseed, and allow the drained rivers to go on their way peacefully and allow the reconstruction of the damaged dikes and levees. But while Calvernia was dry, in Abyssinikila and northeast Calvernia, as well as all of Abyssinikila and extreme northern Calvernia, the weather had been unusually rainy all summer and kept the rivers up to their unusual flood tide. Therefore knowing of this there continually was great fear.

For all the past horrors, and the refusal of the past floods to reseed, and all the cloudbursting rain and thunderstorms up north on a rampage caused the nation great apprehension. Men women and children walked through the streets of Angelinian towns and cities, and pursued their daily vocations, or watched the fantastic smoke clouds of the tremendous forest fires, or read the news of horrible of unbelievable disasters and of the crazy fury of the war but always with that tormenting fear that their own homes may at any time share the same fate as that of the states further north and west, where angry forest fires, terrific floods, battles and pillage of the enemy had brought desolation to many million millions and still continued.

The fighting in many territories was no tribal business. Besides creating these fearful disasters it was quite the recognized principal to destroy harvests, cut down fruit trees and lay waste whole districts hundreds of miles of extent in order to starve the Christians into submission (if they can). Chiefly as a consequence of the war disasters, and the war itself beginning from 1912 up to the present time famine was raging in full away in all parts of southern and other devastated parts of Calvernia and other states killing as many as if it had lasted twenty five years. Even this famine was being exceeded in horror by a complication of pestilences, and the results of disaster after disaster, and thousands of doctors and hundreds of surgeons had to be sent to the districts and the refugees by the armies themselves. Now by now could not be obtained at any price whatever, and fruits of all kinds was a thing of the past.

The poor and the rich died of hunger. The streets of cities and towns not restored from the wreck, as well as many others were strewn with the dead and dying, and all of the plague horrors of this history could not compare one third with this. It was reported frequently that mothers allowed themselves to die so their own children could eat them as food. The Abbeinnian Governmental Authorities set themselves the tasks of relieving these states from the beginning of the horror, especially those ravaged by the terrible war famine and plague with communication was so destroyed that such means was extremely difficult; last alone with the frequent confounded interference from the enemy.

Everywhere was the most touching accounts of suffering. This aroused the whole nation in the act of charity. Food and other provisions by horse and wagon only could be transported to the devastated provinces, and this was to be distributed by all organizations of charity, but the distance in all cases was tediously long and all these wagons would take weeks to reach the nearest point. This was the most difficult problem. Of the exulted or exalted heroism of priest and holy women; many of whom died through overwork, hardships, and pestilence martyres of charity among the Calvernianians I have not space here to write. The three Chief Corp Corporal Works of Mercy in the tremendous relief scheme of the Abbeinnian Government were to feed the hungry, the burial of the dead, the restoration of towns and villages, to shelter the vast armies of homeless and destitute, and with the efforts of obtaining the seeds to bring on the following years crop. The feeding of the hungry was to be done by soup kitchens in refugee camps as it was done in Belgium during the World War and was to be conducted by the military, sisters of all Denominations and so on.

In many still wrecked and unrepaid towns the families of the highest rank, were also glad to accept this relief when it was forthcoming. But why when and how long would it take. Districts of Francis Atlanta, Marie Osborne, and many other places too numerous to mention here, were crowded with fugitives from the new disasters, as well as still retaining the refugees from past horrors. At Marie Osborne there had been within three months time 10,000,000 that had been continually day by day and so on by the thousands upon thousands per day in the "soup line".

Lack of sunshine because from the smoke of the numerous enormous forest fires, and other great conflagrations that shut out the sun all over the State increased the plagues, and suffering, added by the untimely heat. As far north as Vivian Wickey, the sun barely shone unless the wind was north. In the town of all the southeastern sections of Calvernia there was the same, distress and less relief, and to try and obtain relief the refugees had to chance the hardships and peril to travel to big towns and cities for help or perish one or the other, and they mostly had to go by foot or wagon or on horseback and so on in devastated towns

in streets and fields countless thousands of human and animal bodies still lay unburied, spreading forth corruption and disease. Many Angelinian prisoners were drawn from internment camps and set to work to help bury the dead, and also give assistance in rescue work at the point of the bayonet. It was ghastly and dangerous work in which many lost their lives. The Government was also careful to provide seed for the land. The authorities collected huge quantities of seed every kind of grain seed from her unharmed states, all those that had escaped the ravages of the war, and they sent the seeds to the afflicted states. Millions were spent for this purpose. Just the same Oklahoma needed 10,000 St Vincent De Pauls for her afflicted districts. Everything was done that could be done even in relief measures the armies became the strongest support of the states in their hours of direst trial.

All printing companies in the nation published the scenes of suffering and had their distributed free everywhere, even at church doors. They were periodicals appearing every day. These papers increased the work of charity wonderfully. The people continued to contribute and increased their contributions. Refugees were relieved into their homes.

And then the new flood. Less than seventeen days after the explosion had shaken good portions of Angelinia Agathia and other places to ruin, and the forest fires had swept out of sight over the hills past these ruined cities, Angelinia Agathia the "dam and apo" capital city of Abbiannia was suddenly swept by turbulent floods that carried all of man's possessions before it. For an enormous extent death and destruction laid hand upon the districts of a countryside, shaken up by the concussion sent up rivers against its loose their unusual energies and burst through undermined levees, storms of forest fires still raged with ever increasing fury, and desolation grew in scores of cities, and gradually swept through five states. Of course if it had not been for the explosions everything would have yet have been all right. The swirling waters of the Angelinian gun brought high by continually receding the waters of the remaining floods swished against the powerful levees near Angelinia Agathia on September 15th 1913 and because of the concussion marked it a memorable day of the year of 1913 for all Angelinia State.

Within the steel and concrete banks made by man the waters welled higher and higher in its course. Many people remembering past disasters stopped to look at the angry stream. It had never seemed as angry as before.

"The water of the river is unusually high," they said. "And I guess it is from the receding waters of the floods up north. But as long as there are no more great explosions up north or near us there will be no flooding."

But yet they were alarmed. They had no confidence that the levees would protect them and the horror of explosions and their results was all always in their minds. It was also for those in the territories many miles down the river where the waters of the Angelinian gun joined forces with the Eralnia river and go swishing on toward the west that they feared.

So even though they went on their way men women and children shook their heads as the turbulent waters raced through the city and past and apprehensively went their way not even wayward sure of their own safety. Because of the enemy and the past disasters caused by the enemy thereon the most ignorant ignorant of ignorant of the people could not be too sure of themselves and of man's prowess, since they witness the results of the tremendous explosions in or about September 15th.

The waters of the Aronburgs also continually receding the waters from the slowly receding floods of the past and from rains up north and in wet parts of the country as well as the Mic-Hole H Mic-Hollester River had also joined forces and continually kept in connection with those of the great Eva St Glare and Eralnia creek and had dashed continually against the protecting levees. Yet if it was not for the explosions they would have held, even though the waters found some weak spots caused by the concussion of the Ot other explosion.

Whatever explosion occurred on September 15th it will never be known or even where it happened, as the flood erased all source of the explosion, but again portions of Angelinia Agathia was disastrously effected with a death list of forty thousand in an instant and the shaking of the ground with earthquake force over a vast terrible shock the levees sunder and a terrible flood the like never before known was gradually let loose.

Houses innumerable were rended and smashed against one another, their occupants having narrow escapes from death, or injury, hundreds of most expensive mills were washed away, hundreds of immense factories inundated, the fallen ruins of the shocks, washed entirely away, enormous city bridges washed or swept away, men torn from the side of their wives, children wrested from their mothers arms and horses and other animals swept down in the mad rush of water which found none able even if ready to meet the emergency.

In the city of Angelinia Agathia as well as Dorothy Gale every one of the sweetest deep in the streets were ripped out by the raging torrents, that entered their masses electric lights, telephone poles and all the wires were broken and torn from their anchorages, fires beyond control in whole districts of the ruins though blazing infernos smothered and put out and all the vaunted fact facilities and improvements for the convenience of the population were wiped out, or rendered useless.

Two cities as with as many houses as Chicago and New York put together in one, were facing utter ruin. Death stalked abroad and with the wash of the waters through and *precisely upon the town of caused*

precisely to flood

When they abandoned their large and richly furnished homes at the first outbreak of the flood, this occurring on sixteenth street, located across the river from Gundandon. The children could be seen and distinctly heard from the gundandon side of the river. They were at every window day and night for two weeks screaming for aid, food, and drinking water, with the flood rising all the time till it was evident it would force them to seek safety on the roof. The water was in the first two floors of the building and to rescue them was an impossibility.

It was nearly three weeks before aid could come to them and they were half starved and in desperation drunk of the flood waters, and incurred many various illnesses. Throughout the whole city maniacs driven crazy by starvation nights of horror, or by loss of their dear ones, caused the soldiers and surviving soldiers no end of trouble. They would rush from house to house, and up and down the main streets through mud two to three feet deep screaming and yelling at the top of their voices and tearing their hair.

Nearly two thousand five hundred people made homeless and poverty stricken by the flood were housed in a refugee camp, outside of the city. Six thousand more were in the hillside some of them with nothing but a few rugs with which to cover themselves, and a hot scorching wind was sweeping through the city.

The Mayor himself took complete charge of the city, prohibiting the smoking of cigars and cigarettes in any part of the city, as the water supply was so limited that it would have been impossible to fight a fire should one have broken out and then the whole city would have been totally destroyed. And to make it worse all the fire departments were crippled. None of the dead were identified. Only Lucille Jackson and Jessica seemed to have a death list of severe numbers because of the flood so far.

Many thousands of people, without food or protection, from the heat, most of them sick, escaped from their homes and fled panic stricken into the hills. Appeals were sent to the Mayors of every city within a radius of one hundred miles from the flood and forest fire zones to rush food and clothing to prevent the entire population of the city of Lucille Jackson from being wiped being wiped out.

The Mayor of Lucille Jackson, sent back to the government a gruesome and official report, which is indeed a gruesome tale; he wired; "Two thousand one hundred and fifty bodies will be interred to morrow. Hundreds of horses were burned in the streets. A score of the principal thoroughfares have been washed into ditches twenty feet deep. Lucille Jackson city will supply a real problem because we have reached it until now through Pandora. It has been impossible to get there from the south, with the Pandora supply diminishing down to the point of need, and the Angelinian gun flood situation cutting off all communication from all sides, Lucille Jackson was practically cut off."

Among the interesting stories from the flood district were those told by James Francis Gruler of Angelinia Agathia, who had been flood bound at Lucille Jackson for several weeks. Mr Gruler had been in Lucille Jackson city since the beginning of the flood, having reached there before the disaster by going through Rosamtown from Angelinia Agathia. He said to those who interviewed him:

"When I left Angelinia Agathia on a Thursday there was absolutely no sign of a flood, but when the slowly moving train passed through Rosamtown we noticed there that for some strange reason or other the river there was backing up."

In Lucille Jackson on the following morning the first indication we had of a flooded condition was when we noticed the street sewers flood and pour out water onto the streets.

By noon the river itself had risen so high that several bridges were carried away, and what surprised me still more was that the land all around and on each side of the river also was becoming flooded, so that instead of the river overflowing the other water was rising rapidly with the purpose it seemed to engulf the river itself and turn it into a sea. By night, and hundreds of refugees were confined to our hotel on Thirteenth Street. It was from the roof of the hotel that we viewed the fire burning a whole block of houses and saw those structures go to ruin. Another fire broke out at Two Thirty in the afternoon, and was still spreading, when a week later I left Lucille Jackson by a strong boat. The bridges were taken out in a manner that surely surprised me. The first one to go was the Second Street Bridge, while went down at Seven in the evening, the next one being the structure at Six o'clock in the morning, and many others gave way late that night. I witnessed two of the most splendid bridges of the city go down, and the mighty currents I accomplished their feat as easily as any one might turn a hat over. The structures seemed to rise in the middle, then easily settled to below the surface of the turbulent flood. From the roof of the Hotel where I was stranded, I could view the fires which broke out in different parts of the city. The burning of twenty mills, and the destruction of others by the flood, will put nearly fifty thousand men out of work. As to the reported loss of life, I do not believe that the figures are correct, and I believe the loss will be far less than was expected. The loss of property however is beyond estimating, and will run far into the scores of millions. The property damage was so great that I do not think that fifty years will see Lucille Jackson entirely recovered from the effects of this flood visitation."

Probably one of the most thrilling experiences was that of a large

Back

number of school girls, who were rescued after a twenty four hour siege on top of the school building. It took four hours for any one to reach them, and twelve to bring them out of the flood some safely. Many other persons were swept out by the destructive force of the flood. For some time they were ducked and tossed into the water, and when rescued both were suffering from injuries received by debris which struck them occasionally. One of them said:

"It happened so suddenly. We did not even know we were in the arms of death. We were in the third story of our home, when the water suddenly reached in and swept us out. We clung to each other, and almost before we realized our situation we were hurled into a tree partly submerged in the water. We both clung to it until we had regained our breaths. This was early in the afternoon. After a few moments we both began to climb into the top branches of the tree.

We had scarcely more than a house gown to our backs but fortunately it was summer and not winter with its bitter cold. We were soaked. And within an hour we had floated down fourteen miles with the tree which remained as it was while it continued to move. We called and called for help. I did not expect any one would be able to save us. But nevertheless the big hope held me and my companion from throwing ourselves into the swirls of the flood.

We had no drinking water for many days before this happened to us. We became so thirsty that we chanced the danger of drinking as far as we could scoop it up some of the clearest portion of the flood water. I and my companion shall never forget as long as we live the horrors of the two days and nights there in the floating tree. It appeared that every house or drift that sailed past us had many persons on it.

Right before our very eyes we saw hundreds and hundreds of old men, women and children thrown from their flimsy refuge and rescued by others with difficulty in the flood. Fourteen times rescuers tried to save us but the tree moved down the flood faster than any boat. Many on floating house tops managed to cling on and disappear from our sight. It was horrible. It was awful, and after we had shrieked ourselves hoarse, a few boats shot across the path of the floating tree and came to our aid. This was about ten o'clock in the next morning. They fought strongly, and reached us at last. He they tied the boat securely to the floating tree and reached up to us. It was painful, but we were glad to suffer the pain of being torn from the limbs of the tree. My foot was injured and swollen. It pained awfully. The rescuers put us into one of the boats. Our dresses had been torn by the whipping of the branches of the tree. The trip to a refuge camp seemed about the shortest and longest period of my life.

It seemed as though we were to be saved, and then in the next moment the frenzied waves would lick and curl about the boat, careening it until I thought we would be swallowed by the river. At last we got to shore. The rescuers carried us home, and one of them with the aid of his mother put us both to bed. Their mother called the doctor and did everything possible for us under the unler the circumstances....."

The house in which these two girls laid was surrounded by closely packed debris. The family with many others were living in three rooms on the third floor. It took a ladder to get to the window of the house.

Communications with Lucille Jackson had been said to be by the aid of field glasses and even written placards. A squad of soldiers on the west bank of the flood attempted to shoot a line across and secure telephone connections, but the attempt failed. The militia lines were piled all along the banks of the flood within view of the city. From early morning until dusk and night the militia men were beleaguered on all sides by frenzied relatives of those on the opposite side for news.

Later a government signal service was established between East and West Lucille Jackson and messages were sent from one point to another by means of an Abbessmuth switzer gun that shoots out a zigzagging wire with the message attached to the end of it. In this way communication was made somewhat possible between the militia men. All of the bridges small and large leading into Lucille Jackson were washed away, and on the arrival of about 1000 of the Royal Mounted, platoon, and pontoon bridges were constructed in various parts of the city. A small village north of Lucille Jackson known as Zinker has been completely washed away and most of her wreckage was swept into Lucille Jackson. However no lives were lost. A hundred and fifty men, women and children were marooned in as one big school house of the latter town. The water entered the second story of the building and was four feet deep on the floor. The men held the children, which numbered a score out of the water, and early in the morning rescuers who had learned they were there took them out of the second story windows in boats.

The Mayor of this little city, Henry Turner during the entire months period of the flood was marooned in the third story of his home with a three day old child and a very sick wife. The water was several inches deep on the top floor, and his wife was near death from illness and exhaustion.

Mr. Turner attended to the child and Mrs. Turner until rescuers were able to take them to the hills.

Men, women and children were falling from starvation, heat and sheer exhaustion on the streets everywhere, and it was a most common sight to see men by hundreds dragging their half starved wives through the streets in an effort to get them to a relief station to get enough food to keep them alive. They could get none.

It was her duty to save her babies, though of course she hesitated to leave her overconfident and foolish parents. So at five o'clock, when the final warning came from men in the street, she awoke the children. She even did not take time to dress them at all but put them both into a good sized garment, and putting a valise with them, she started for the high bridge across the river into the main and higher section of the city toward the Convent. When she was first across the bridge into the main section of the city there was no water in the streets but the river had increased to a tremendous volume and was roaring furiously.

But before she had gone more than a block or two, she could see the flood inundating the upper course of the river, overwhelming it like a rushing sea, and coming on behind her. She ran into a store at Third and First Streets. She was crying, and the men in the store asked her what the trouble was. She told them she had been compelled to leave her parents behind and wanted to telephone them to get a swift horse and wagon and leave at once. One of the men said he would go in his automobile instead for them.

She continued on toward the Convent. Soon the water on the sidewalk was over her shoes, and she was becoming terribly frightened. Hundreds and hundreds of others were running through the streets as she was. Many she could hear crying. More were calling to friends. She finally reached the convent and was given a room. Many women and children took refuge there. Soon the flood was in the lower section of the huge convent and rising above the second floor. When she looked at the window into the torrent sweeping down the street, she saw men and women swept apart by the current. They had fallen in near the Convent. They were carried past, part of the time on the surface, part of the time under. One of them a woman grabbed a pole, a telephone pole, she thought she was saved. But she was too exhausted to hold on long, and in a moment the current pulled her away. The poor lady went under and she did not see her again.

Horses and cows and other animals including many dogs and cats were struggling in the flooded street. There were many horses, hundreds. One fortunately found a foothold on the top step of the Sacred Heart cathedral near the Convent, against the door, almost across the street. He remained there two minutes until the increasing flood finally swept him along. Three other horses swept along by the flood found a foothold on a narrow ledge on the front part of the Sacred Heart Convent.

They were there for the full duration of the flood, and a warning was posted on the window opening on the ledge asking that no one open the window for fear of sweeping the horses of the ledge to their deaths.

While she watched the rising waters from the Convent windows, the first morning of the flood, contents of stores further up the street came floating past. They were not mixed. The contents of one store followed another. First the street was seen filled with floating furniture of all kinds, pianos, all kinds of musical instruments and even huge dining room tables. Then came counters of many stores, and every thing belonging to these stores, and thousands of pies, bread, and every thing seen in a bakery bakery. Then even came a tea store stock, and then the contents of other stores, and for days the water of flooded streets was filled with hot water bottles, and other rubber articles. So it went for days. During the night there was no light in the Convent and the air was uncomfortably warm both outside and inside. Food for all had been brought to the upper floors, but there was no water. Lights on the dining room tables were made of small salvaged altar and other candles of necessity, and even of greasy oil small dishes with a bit of tapers for a wick. With the reported evidence of the nearness of some portion of the ravaging forest fires, two days later, it became very hot, and people said Thermometers in the rooms registered 110. The children wanted to discard all of their clothing and go in the water not too deep on the lower floors of the flood, but we found the water to our surprise even so warm for comfort warmer than any one ever uses in a bathtub for bathing.

Then to make things worse fires broke out in buildings near them, and they did not know at what minute the fire might spread to the Convent. The first fire was in two dwellings near the back of the Convent. They all stood in the windows and watched them burn with a fear no one can suggest.....

Then a very large fire broke out on the other side. The employees of the Convent went through the building, and confiscated and hid every match for fear some of the younger children might play with them and set the selves and the Convent afire. Even after that there were no lighted dish and tape lamps. Another big fire was above them and burning wood floated down the current into the convent. Men took turns watching for each charred piece that floated down. A big hotel was still closer to the bigger fire. They feared this too would catch, and a rope was stretched across the street from the Convent to the buildings across the street alongside the hotel at the surface of the water to keep any one who might float down from being carried on past. It was not until the terrible flood had been on for nearly a month after that they were able to leave the Convent, that the woman herself learned of the experience of her parents.

No matter what was to turn up, or no matter what the peril they had refused to leave their home with the women who went for them in his "gas buggy." They told him over and over again they were not frightened, even though the water had risen to the second story of their house later on. Even then when they thought death was at hand and they really prepared to die, they feared not. Finally

a boat came and forcibly carried them to a big ten story house further down the street. Hundreds of others were rescued from houses and taken to bigger and stronger looking buildings. In the convent with the brave woman who saved a her babies at a probable sacrifice there were fourteen and one sought refuge and who remained safely there until the danger was passed.

Her room was on the third floor of the convent and was no near the main flooded district, that she could see many of the terrors of the waters. The last week of the flood continued without abatement during that entire week. On that day she saw scores of weaker houses collapse and eighteen people drowned. She was standing by one of the windows in a dark morning when a child a ten year old girl came floating down the flooded street on a few pieces of lumber poorly held together. Two young men in a most frail boat, tried to rescue her, but just as their boat reached the little girl, the boat was struck by the raft on which was the child. The boat was capsize, and the men were thrown into the water. It was impossible to swim against the terrific current, and the two men were compelled to give up the fight and sink, while the raft, floated on to shore and the child was saved.

The two men were drowned. Everywhere every day that terrible month she saw houses collapse, taking with one persons who were marooned, and those who had been staying on the roof. One house went to pieces very swiftly, and the persons in it in it never had a fair fight for life. The sight was terrible, she prayed devoutly that she would never be a witness to another one.

Yet this poor woman could not understand how it could be that an awful flood of this character would occur. At despite all the horror of this disaster and while these floods were raging on, and covering more country than the size of the United States, and devastating just as many cities and towns to a finish, with every city and town, hundreds of cities, and all the thousand of towns smaller or large going through a horror worse than Galveston did in the hurricane of 1900 but of many weeks of duration.

If the horror of the flood would have been only that and nothing else to confine it can be of all probability that nothing else would have sufficed for the enemy.

But while these flood horrors raged, the enemy were getting more and more in possession of Calavernia; in the west, and east and south, forest fires of incredible and indescribable fury were devastating more forests than can be spared, the enemy were committing horrible massacres, and a thousand other disasters were raging, and fierce battles as we will see further on, those of planders, November River and Robespierre Danton, Gracchus and others.

Some cannot account why the horror goes on. The question is:

"What is the matter with the Calavernia Government?"

"Are they licked, or are they too dumb to take in the awful situation and stop these horrors?"

"What is going to happen to Calavernia, and her sister southern states if these dreadful horrors continue?"

"And why is this steadily pushing on all the time, after his 'glorious' glorious defeat' at Angelina St. Claire Evangeline St. Claire?"

And why is it, while these awful floods from the waters of Abbeism horror continue is the forest fires running all the way up to Gulf Bend without being stopped?"

"And whose fault is it, as is written before, that general Concentinism Aronburg army was surprised by the terrific forest fire and struck, and that in fighting the horror the general was badly burned along with his rescuer Walter sturring, and his army devastated, with the loss of all the tents?"

Why did the forest fire run general Vivian's army from the region of St. Claire or Evangeline St. Claire which he was supposed to guard?"

The horror of it all was unspeakable. All of it had its source from the waters coming down from Abbeism and the raging floods still there. But if it had come down from Abbeism and the raging floods still there. The portions of Calavernia that were not flooded were those of the high regions, where the forest fires and other disasters occurred. Therefore Calavernia had the combination of two huge disasters, fire and flood, while other disasters though countless was also unusual.

General Vivian on one occasion said:

"The conditions of the country is heart rending. About three quarters of southern Calavernia are wiped out by flood, and about nearly as much is devastated by raging forest blazes and the like. The loss of life is deplorable, even if it cannot ever be estimated for years to come. Maybe the loss of life will never be estimated, but the greatest stroke of all for Calavernia is the ruin of the banks in many cities, because of the destruction of Abbeism the great Calavernia Financial center in the world, with the destruction of the city of Abbeism over bank in the gate of Calavernia crushed, and a panic occurred. That is one of the most awful situations of all. That also puts us in a jeopardized condition of the war, and the floods block our armies so they cannot advance much. Only I and my brother can advance, and only follow the Hanleys. Elsewhere because of the flood the enemy has all the fun. Calavernia is literally in possession of glandolinia, and it will take many big armies to drive her out. If Abbeism cannot get her armies through the scene of desolation Calavernia is doomed and we'll lose the war. Heaven help our Country. Abbeism is the greatest horror of all."

Throughout the city of Angelina Agathia, for over sixteen streets and

half a block distant the work of cleaning was most ignored. The health officers would run across instances in which many men who were cleaning had tried to find home that they might connect with a garden faucet, but had been unsuccessful. Then they had to go to work patiently with shovels to reduce the filth and mud on the floors of the houses where they were working.

Swiftly reaching and relieving the districts which endured the awful flood martyrdom of the month of disaster, the activities of the anti-contaminated districts of Angelina were finally turned toward the San Antonio River Valley.

Here a score of millions of beleaguered residents had entered into the flight fight with the greater flooded flood that was sweeping from Jesse Jencia toward the west. As fast as everything could be done, the local organizations were placed in charge, and got gross expenditures authorized from the Office of the Governor of the states now threatened. With general John Hendricks, commander of the military arm of that nation, the Chief Executives turned their energies toward the southern and southwestern sections of Angelina, the state, already the now spot emerged in the muddy flood tide.

Heldon, Tennellian, own having been entered by the expedition under General Painter, a depot of supplies was established, and some railway communication restored. Additional supplies rolled into this saved city, from the extreme north, and from other places in the northern north-west. Work was at last in the hands of the engineers, and some of the sanitary experts, while the capital city itself was being slowly but not crowded in good shape by men, thousands of well organized workers who reached and moved for every sufferer they could find. The one big spot in the extreme southern part of Calavernia state was Jesseism, where still even now, the most deplorable conditions were being recognized.

Being much more deplorable than those which existed and still existed in Angelina Agathia and Doron, Gale and other big cities.

In a word the city was utterly abandoned, and its streets were scenes of unusual horrors. While city after city, and town after town after town were still sending with sickening monotony stories of suffering and appeals for assistance which no one for a time could even believe, yet all told the same old, old, old story of danger passed and of a strong union of human forces dealing with the situation. This is a picture of wrecked Jesseism, a week after the world had ever thought the place had ever been stricken.

All factories were ruined, all people were cleaning away the mud and wreckage of the flood that had continually rushed over Jesseism for over thirty one days. The crying need of Jesseism is money. Thousands of workmen have had their homes and all they possessed swept away, and have nothing but the clothing they wear. Those who face this condition must have all kinds of help, and mainly substantial. The merchants and manufacturers have been wiped out, and can rely only on outside help, and thousands of working men will have to go to the city as they will fight to avenge this horror. Must be left, and many others who have visited Angelina Agathia, Dorothy Gale, and other stricken cities declared without reserve, that Jesseism has suffered by far the greatest loss of all, and yet because of the greater prominence of all other communities, they have gotten their distress before the country, while Jesseism almost wiped out of existence, all its factories wrecked, its business paralyzed, has been given much less attention because she cannot be communicated with.

Count de Biff submitted to the Governors of three or four states which had suffered from the flood an exhaustive report upon general conditions in Jesseism and other places showing that all streets with asphalt and brick had been ruined to a total loss. Every one of the sewers and the gas and other plants miles of every description in every home and residence and asylum were in such a ruined condition that for the people to live in them again would be an impossibility.

A large corps of Red Cross Nurses, reached Jesseism from the north to assist in family and distress nursing. All the teachers of the Catholic Schools were in the only surviving Catholic Church known as St. Peter's for instruction of preventing the spread of the plague, under Rev. Francis Hendro Snow M.D. pastor of the Church.

The Aronburgs, a partly ruined by the flood waters continually entering her but a new channel temporarily through the city and this did the damage. The city bridges, were all swept away and the havoc was complete. Every factory and manufacturing company in the city was not in operation and would not be so for months. The loss of one factory alone (there were hundreds totally ruined) is over \$1,200,000, while the smallest factories would be two hundred and three hundred thousand dollars. At a conference of war correspondents and newspaper men, manufacturers and business men the total loss in K Jesseism was fixed conservatively at \$15,000,000,000.

The following scenes in Jesseism were described by a lonely man whose name is not to be written here for his sake. He was not on his return from the flooded districts. He went there to search for his father and mother, who lived in the heart of the flooded district. He was also one of the few men with the exception of the state relief parties, who penetrated the rigid guard placed about the city by the Calavernia authorities. His description of conditions in Jesseism,

Angelina Aguilera, Dorothy Gale, and other cities through which he said he passed furnished a stirring but graphic outline of the problem which these cities faced for days. The authorities pressed into service every wagon, truck, cart, motorcar and automobile, or any kind of vehicle that had some service value. If a relief superintendent saw a wagon load of supplies started from one part of the city to the other, he stopped the first wagon he saw, and ordered the driver to haul the load. The driver obeyed.

After this misadventure men found his father and mother dead, after their days and nights of horror, he prepared to take his only relative an aged aunt out of the stricken city. He saw a horse and carriage passing by. The carriage was stopped and the driver ordered to take the lady where her nephew directed. The city on the days immediately following the flood was almost entirely without good horses. The animals caught in their stables by the rise of water, broke from their halts and died in the streets. Even the following day, when the men arrived in Jeannette, bodies of drowned horses lay everywhere in the streets. The entire country was placed under martial law to obtain horses for relief work in Jeannette. Even automobile trucks which were in working order were used almost exclusively in the city in carrying supplies.

Many relief parties came to the city, and went to work. No trains were able to enter the city, but there were many trains of cars nevertheless. They had been brought down by the flood. There was a curious combination of baggage coaches, freight cars, Pullman Pullmans, cattle cars, and engines and cabooses. Even diners had floated down with the flood. The man who entered Jeannette looking for his father and mother first went to Dorothy Gale, where he got a pass the day to enter the lines at Jeannette. Jeannette was kept of in these passes. He was compelled to show his about sixty times before he even reached the city. When he headed first to go through Angelina Aguilera for a motor route, he was told that as the passes were for Jeannette only they would not be honored at Angelina Aguilera, providing that city was not his destination. He therefore headed for Jeannette and did not stop until he got there.

Hotels that survived the flood at Jeannette were crowded with refugees from even Angelina Aguilera. A man who thought Jeannette was not hard hit and had fled thither. Men were sleeping six or seven in a room. One flood sufferer cruised by the experiences through which he had gone—became suddenly violent on the streets of Jeannette one night, and smashed all the plate glass store windows he came to before he was overpowered. The most distressing sights in the business streets of Jeannette were related by this unfortunate man who had lost his father and mother. When the waters had subsided they led left and three or four feet deep over everything. Great quantities of expensive shoes from children had been swept away by the stage dolers and the checker shoes which had been saved were not fit for use. Parts of buildings, drifted and all kinds of refuse, which the flood carried through plate glass windows and doors were strewn over the floors. Men were at work cleaning what survived of their business, homes, with tanks, hoses, shovels and saws and brooms of all kinds. Clouds of dust and noise and on little girls and boys worked at the cleaning up with the men. Families floundered with their tops warped in all shapes carried off by the floodings by the flood were left stranded here and there about the streets. The man even saw a boat which the flood had carried into the second story window of a house with such force that the boat was bent about the column in the room by the constant pounding of the water waves.

AAAAAA as one of the closing chapters in this great war tragedy of flood waters, can be imagined a picture of the condition in Jeannette as it appeared to many rescue workers and relief crews and Red Cross Missionaries, of those could have given most harrowing stories, because many of these men trained in the art of preaching have to the public were better able to paint a good and reliable picture than even the war correspondents.

When the water began to subside in rapid succession, when the flood tide began to lower, and before midnight probably 1,000 bodies, many of them badly blackened by their many days stay under the awful wall, had been recovered. For the first time large relief parties, were able to gradually penetrate parts of the flood zone, and they made the most of it by effecting rescue after rescue, thousands of them barely in time to prevent people from starving to death. Hopes of the scores of thousands of flood refugees, which grew as the water began to go down, and the flames which had been raging for days had apparently burned themselves out, were utterly dashed to pieces, when the fire started with renewed vigor in the heart of the city. Two great districts were a mass of flames shortly after it was believed the fires had been out, and for the first time in fifty five hours the fire departments that arrived were unable to work. The water had so far subsided that a number of engines were brought to the scene of the mighty inferno, but all the most desperate fighting against the conflagration had no effect whatever.

A great fight in the two blocks, between Henriette and Augustine St. Claire streets, and on Third Street assumed terrifying proportions. It seemed to be spreading to the south-west and across the streets to the stores that faced on post and second streets. Also word was received from the headquarters of the relief

Committee of the city that the minute horses and the fire fighting apparatus should be rushed to the burning zone, but a very few such equipment could be obtained for being rushed to the places. The police and a little militia that many Jeannettians disguised military looters were working the central districts, for all persons not able to give satisfactory explanations of their actions and who they were, and what they wanted in the city were therefore arrested. Also persistent and unconfirmed rumors told of such looters and incendiarism being shot. Excitement was running high. The wildest rumors were in circulation, and serious trouble was expected almost any moment.

Thirty three to forty four arrests were made during one night for looting. Two strangely acting men were caught early in the morning at the water edge with suitcases full of the city's government papers, belonging to the Mayor, and also papers and letters belonging to the military that patrolled the city. Their defiant answers were taken by the militiamen on a morning they had no right to the headquarters at the St. Vincent's school. They were taken to the militia headquarters and set the schoolhouse on fire, killing one of the guards, and injuring the chief officer in command of the city's whole militia force. They did not retain the suit cases however, and they were filled with all kinds of government and military papers.

One article was a love letter from the city's Mayor to his sweetheart in Pandora asking her for her hand in marriage. Another man was found with several military letters, and some gold coins, watches, and even silverware, which he refused to account for. He therefore also was arrested by the militia and taken to an office building, and was held under strong guard for further investigation. He later on was found to be a big professional Jeannettian spy. He was in all three buildings all of which were fiercely burning in the sections above the water, three thousand men women and children fought off the flames that threatened them badly.

Many of the party had been in the Jeannette Journal and Daily News buildings. Others were in residence houses. When the awful flames reached their rooms like Horror, after having ceased their ravages for two hours, these narrow streets, made temporary bridges over the roof tops and the alley to the main Tribunal building, which was one of the least type of reinforced concrete, with wired glass windows.

It was a thrilling escape those women and children made to the Tribunal building. The building stood at the corner of Seminary and Crosby streets. To get to the building from the structures threatened by the conflagration, planks had to be placed carefully over the all way, and to the endangered buildings. After the planks crossed to the Tribunal they climbed out to the roofs of the taller buildings. From this point the three thousand persons crossed the alley over the planked bridges. Once the men and women and children were in the Journal building, the men started a bucket line. The fire had approached from the Christie building, and the building was heated beyond endurance. On this and the floors, hundreds of barrels carried hundreds of pails of water and emptied it on the floor. Then the wooden buckets that were not needed by the bucket brigade were cast out of the windows filled and drawn in. By these methods they were able to fight off the flames until help arrived. The long sought for help arrived, when the relief workers carried the women and children to safety and then rescued the men.

All other kinds of hard work had to be performed by the men to keep the fire out of the Tribunal building itself after the wire glass melted. These were scores of heavy machines in the plant. Much of this was built of wooden parts. They therefore started in on this herculean task of moving these hundred tons of heavy machines shortly after they moved from the fire threatened residence buildings. It took six hours, but if they had not carried them to the south side of the building they either would have all been burned to death or drifted to their fate on twenty, improvised rafts, which they had built to float on. In the large number of fire endangered refugees, were many delicate little girls and boys terrified and crying as the flames threatened them. There were two hundred and eighty five women, and nearly eighty elder children, besides more than two thousand men. All these finally found safety in a tall building that was operated so wisely by the flood that no fire could reach it.

The only food the marooned people had was grapejuice and soured butter milk, candy, and condensed milk, which they got by foraging in other buildings. Nevertheless though scant this was the best tasting food to those really facing starvation. When the party crossed to safety from one building to another they could see the carcasses of hundreds of horses.

While the waters raged through all parts of the city, and the outside world really wrung its hands in sorrow for those who by hunger heat and death, had been threatened, there existed outside the floodzone a place in which planks had been

However the residents of that city in some sections were said to be very well provided and though the city too had suffered badly from the flood it would when possible render as much aid as possible to the city of Jena. There had been but in looking in some parts of North Bend, the information was given, and he was on his way to see the Chief of Police toward getting a system of public safety into effect. After a most nerve racking and nearly straining experience of sixty hours, the rescuers returned. Fully 100,000 people outside the flooded zone began to take on a most concise form, for many days even after the abatement of the great flood the city was actively paralyzed, paralyzed so far as protection of its

inhabitants who regarded the ravages of the terrible flood were a concern. There were some militia companies from close by mobilization camps not in the flood zone with headquarters in the surviving buildings. And their instructions were to shoot without mercy any strange persons or disguised flood-line vandals caught looting. All these companies have been through fire in some of the just terrible battles led on on furlough, and therefore went through their work as though they knew what they were there for. One morning a strange sneaky looking man was seen climbing into the first story window of a partly submerged house in Center Street. One of the soldiers called upon him to come out or be shot. The man paid no attention to the soldiers but opened fire. The soldiers returned the fire with spirit, and the man who ever he was dropped back into the water without a cry, was caught in a swirl of the current and was swept out of sight. In addition there were six hundred and thirty

Four deputy sheriffs sworn in by the Mayor. These were armed with heavy caliber revolvers and repeating shotguns, and ordered to go to the limit in protecting life and property as the feet of glendelinian vandals and ghouls became rampant.

In addition there were the police, and the militia which were organized under the direction of one of the good citizens. These men were mounted on good military horses and patrolled all districts of the city not under water. Again in addition, all of the merchants of the great factories turned their foot police, and were therefore employed at busy corners as traffic officers. These men were supposed to be on full pay, not by the city, which was unable to pay any money, but by the guiding spirit of the great relief work that was being carried on by many of the Committee heads. Strange to say however, with hundreds of broken wagons being repaired and scotching through the streets being pulled by the few horses that could be obtained, not an accident was reported from this source. The Naval reserves of pandora arrived also and were given charge of the work of guarding the incoming supplies, from what could be feared of raiding glendelinians. One man a resident of the downtown district, when warned of the approaching danger after the great explosions, took his wife and children outside of the town to a high rise of ground, and left them with many others who had fled there for safety. He then took the chances and went back into the town, and was caught in the rush of water. He climbed a tall strong looking tree in front of a ice cream parlor. In this position he remained for a day and night until a rope was thrown him from a window of a big building, and he was pulled to safety by some men and women who had been imprisoned in the house.

He was rescued later as were the people in the building, and the ice cream parlor.

Their suffering was not as severe except from the strange and smothering heat caused as mentioned so often before by the far distant forest fires. They had secured extra provisions from the Fair building a half a block away, and also food from the pantries of the ice cream factory, which were situated on the second floor. The fair and the ice cream company were of use in the heart of the flood district, and are situated on fifth and seventh street between Center and Western Avenues.

Eighteen Red Cross Nurses though extremely few for so immense an disaster and who came from Francis Atlanta and who arrived at Jena were a most welcome relief to the corps of nurses who had been on duty for many days with few hours of sleep at night. The nurses were stationed at the different branches of the main city's relief headquarters. A rescue party that entered the main flooded district found nineteen hundred men and women and also children on the roofs of a line of strongly built brick buildings on North Center Street. Some inside the houses were forced to cut a hole in the roof when the flood struck that section and for twenty eight days and nights had alternated between living in water soaked rooms and on the roofs with only a cracker between them for food. Many were half

dead with starvation, and lack of pure water to drink. Many from desperation took the chances and drank some of the flood waters. In one of these buildings the story of the death of a little girl, and the rescue of her brother was typical of the condition of human life and the experience of people in flood bound Jena.

Both of the children were young and they were imprisoned on the third floor of the house without food or water for ten days. However it appeared the little girl was more hardy than her brother, and while rescue was within a block of the building her brother died. She was saved and immediately given food. The rescuers were forced to leave her brother in the building.

In another of these buildings but not on the roof, two hundred and forty people were discovered, who had nothing at all to eat for nearly fifteen days. Rescue parties rushed a special boat of provisions to them, but could not attempt

to make any efforts to bring them to safety on account of the swift current, that the frail boats would be liable to meet with. Of course when it was more favorable for boats to venture on such excursions they were taken off, but it took many repeated trips. One of the most odd incidents of the great flood at North Bend, Angelina gate, was that of a surprised glendelinian creature, that being a young one in some way managed to find its way on a large concrete railway bridge joining the two sections of the small town. The animal was packed first amidst wreckage and became nightly stranded on the bridge, when the too flood was rising, and soon the approaches to both ends of the structure were carried away.

The glendelinian creature had been seen there for six days, and during the height of the flood stood belly deep in the raging torrent. It was a case of glendelinian sense with the animal. It swam hundreds of times up and down the deepest of the flood, but good salmer as it was did not take much chances in the main current for fear of being taken away from where he desired to remain. When the water receded he flew away. A tale of danger is related concerning the aged grand parents of Henry Gundorf. The uncle was eighty nine years old and his wife though much younger was crippled. They lived alone when the awful flood waters started to enter their home, and they were compelled to go to the second and then the third story. The water followed, and when it continued to rise the old man put a table on a bed, and getting up on the table with an axe, drove a hole through the roof. Then they climbed to the top of at least he did, and brought her with him. To his horror the flood still rose, and threatened to engulf the house entirely.

They were in this perilous position for two days, when rescued by a number of men who heard his shouts. The two were rescued to a small school building a four story affair, and later were driven from there to a broom factory, and from there to a tall residence. When the water reached the residence they again moved to the city court house. The next morning morning they were forced to move from there, and were taken outside of the town to high and dry land.

Many graphic descriptions of the horror of this flood that swept many residents of North Bend, Angelina, to watery graves could have been given, but there were too much to be written and would take too much time and paper. But one can tell his story as follows he being the new hero of the calamity story.

He was weary, or tired and quite a nervous from the frequent loss of sleep and he the nights he had witnessed, and he was seen to stagger from the relief train of the stricken little city at, Garytown North Angelina Angelina State. A most vivid scene was the death of fear stricken women and children who perished when rescue boats capsize. The roaring current and the terrible sights had maddened them and they fought when they were to be rescued, as they feared to leave the houses and go into the boats.

"It was too awful, and no one can ever forget the scenes," said this man, with a shudder. "And the weather was hot and damp, the flood was thick with steam like a fog, and the sight of that black water at night rushing on pitilessly just seemed to take the heart out of most of us, especially the women and children, who refused to leave the houses and go into the boats, when they saw a few captives. I was plotting to go one of the rescue boats to a small but tall building, and the boat was pretty pretty well filled. Six of the passengers were women and little innocent children. We were moving rather shakily through one of the main streets, when of a sudden the boat was struck by drift and the women and children screamed. We all were plunged into that boiling fuming current. I found myself in the water. I saw a little arm stick up for a moment, the arm of a little child. I made a grab for it, but it went down. There was no chance to swim in that Niagara. I seized the stern of the boat, and floated down with it until, came under a window. Helped by some from the windows the boat was again righted, I seized the stern with one hand and gradually with their help got aboard. I secured some long boards for oars, and I picked up one of my oarsmen a little later. He was still alive. Later we were bringing another load to another house, when a house floating house struck us, ground us clean under it, and killed every one excepting the one who managed to throw me myself from the boat as I saw it coming shooting to the others to do the same. It was a fight for life, and I was busily engaged now in saving only myself a second time not able to save the others. Altogether four times I was thrown first into the water, and I am wondering how I escaped, but nevertheless owe it to my Miraculous Medal and my prayers to God. The current swept around street corners with tremendous force and only the most experienced oarsmen could propel a staunch boat with any degree of success. One of the sailors from Grayley City took too wide a turn, and we then landed in the tree tops.

While in the tree tops we heard a roaring as of lions, and saw a large glendelinian creature swimming with the flood. While it was a horror to us he seemed to enjoy his experience and was roaring with delight.

Other glendelinian creatures had engaged the waters, and started for shore, at the outbreak of the flood, and that was the last that had been observed of them.

Another thrilling story of the flooded district of northern Angelina was to have been told by a priest, who reported he saw rescuers take two hundred and thirty eight persons from a house that was about to be swept away. While there he saw many volunteer rescuers make many desperate and thrilling rescue by taking the chances with their omivies and swimming out into the swift current, and swimming back with a flood victim. A daring young woman swam out and rescued thirty five men women

and children in one day. She was the bravest young girl that the priest, or any other person saw.... The priest saw a house with two women one man, and six children clinging to the roof, floating down the flood close in to the shore-dredger. The woman was silent, but the man himself and also the children were screaming, loudly for help. Persons on the edge of the flood had a good sized boat but they with the priest in it also, could not row fast enough to catch up with the house.

The house bore down on the Mc-Holleston and Pondera Railroad bridge, and with a loud noise crashed into it. The woman who was nearest caught the bridge, but the other two were thrown into the water. The children also went down but came up again near a tree. The eldest child helped the other two, and held on to the tree. The other women did not re-appear. The boat put out then and rescued those on the tree, and the bridge. Then ten minutes later, a large house with a crew of people on it floated down with the sea of water. Two women were lying on the roof. One old man was holding her. Suddenly the house struck a tree, and the shock threw every one into the water. Not one was saved. Then the rescuers put out in a boat, and caught up with the house. They saw an old man and woman inside in the attic. The old man had lifted his wife in his strong arms when the house started to float away, and carried her up to the attic. They were the only survivors. At Dorothy Gale city one could have seen the bravest man probably in the world. He was a farmer and lived across the flood from the town in a high ground far from the danger of the flood. He lent his big rowboat to a priest, who for hours used it for rescue work. They saved more than a dozen women and children during the first day. It was the only boat that could be used at that time. Although the brave priest could not rescue but three people at a time he sure was doing most noble work. Yet had to say many persons were swept away before he could reach them with the boat. Late in the afternoon the farmer came to the shore, and announced he wanted to get into the boat to help in the rescue work, as he had a large crew of people who could pull the boat and thus aid many more people. The priest protested but the farmer declared he would take the chance as he did not wish to see any one be drowned. The priest at first refused to do so, and so the priest farmer declared he would send hired men to take the boat by force. He said he wanted the boat to aid also in the rescue work, and that it was not suitable or respectable on his part to let a priest risk his life when he too could do something.

Still the priest refused to life up the boat, so the farmer got onto his raft with three men, caught up with the boat, tied the raft to the craft, and towed the priest ashore where the men gently but firmly made him go ashore. The farmer then made three trips, and rescued nearly a hundred people. Then in the heart of the flood they saw a rescuers boat capsize, and all the rescuers thrown into the water. Those in the water shouted for help. The outboard, who could not swim was clinging desperately to a porch post, and an old woman and two little girls, and a older girl of fifteen years were struggling in the water.

Believe me the farmer bent to his oars good and proper, getting to them just in time for neither of them could swim. When he reached them, the man and woman grabbed the side of the boat itself, and pulled it down until it shipped water. The farmer yelled at the men to let go, and got around to the stern of the boat where he could climb in. He sat in the boat, and he just had sense enough to obey. He managed, that is the farmer managed to pull the children, and the girl in on over the side, and had them placed on the raft, saving the woman also, and rowed them to a place of safety. The farmer at all risks kept up this work with the aid of his raft for days and sometimes at night with long dangerous hours of work, having many close calls, and seeing many strange sights, such as houses and cows standing on house roofs to keep their heads out of the water. At night when too far off from his own home the farmer then too tried to continue the work would secure lodging, and then the next day the work was continued, only it was harder as it was not and safety, the atmosphere sticky, and very windy.

He stayed at the same place that following night, so he had at least pretty good sleeping quarters, which was more than he ever expected. The next day as there were plenty of men by that time to run the boats, the farmer went out to manhandle, left, being helped all the way back to his shack where he was met by the priest who blessed him for it all, and saying that it was lucky that he took the dare, and went on the rescue work in his stead, for if he had not been there to operate both boat and barge, there would have been many people drowned.

The farmer had rescued 1,697 people mostly so a women and children. Many others could have related the scenes, indeed many of the women who witnessed, during the worst period of the flood, and also after the recession of the flood, and were able to point out the names of the people of Angelina Agathia and other cities and towns in extreme southern California, and northern Angelina, but they saw and the awful stories and experiences of those who were in the flood, relieved directly from them, have been so harrowing in detail, that they were prepared to be printed in as many newspapers as possible in order to arouse the people of the northern part of the nation as they had never been aroused before.

In North Angelina Agathia, they had observed the Arenaburgs had first flowered, flooded over and then broken a levee, and had carried destruction in its path for a month. Yet the survival of the awful situation there, as in other

parts of Angelina Agathia was that the loss of life happily was not so heavy as first reported, but probably the explanation of this can be best understood when so many deeds of heroism that have been written about in these stricken stricken cities can be finally recorded.

Everybody in the whole city of Angelina Agathia is completely homeless, and dependent upon the good people of the Abilene County for their care until some arrangements can be provided that will take the place of their former home. But each thing full evidence shows cannot be done. Lumber and brick and all building material though plentiful cannot be transported because all railway lines in California and northern Angelina and all other states hit hard by the series of disasters are entirely wiped out, and surely railroad trains cannot run on ground. The government has advised the best thing to be done for the people who have lost their all and face starvation to expel from the scenes of desolation, and if they agree to do so, they will be guarded and cared for by the military.

Provisions such as food and clothing, and the like will take months to reach the nearest section disaster or struck, and Abilene herself acknowledges herself about beaten in the war, by the monetary loss because of the disasters.

When reached Dorothy Gale city, and then passed, through Heidi Junction six times devastated by floods, and also through Jessamine, Lucille Jackson, and other cities I found the stories of the flood had been far underestimated.

The most excited of persons could not exaggerate it.

The disaster passed beyond its bounds. Heidi Junction was a city before of a million and a quarter of inhabitants. The other past disasters, left her so badly wrecked that only houses for five hundred thousand persons remained. Now in buildings at least she is a thing of the past. So it is with Angelina, Agathia Dorothy Gale, and a hundred other cities. Truly it can be and is absolutely proved that these cities are totally destroyed for the buildings left standing cannot be rebuilt and will have to be rebuilt and replaced. Never before has even Angelina Agathia been visited with such a devastating flood, and the fact that the loss of life, truthfully from 1000 has dwindled down to a mere nothing, and that the bodies found are only of those buried in the wreck of explosion shock, the flood is nothing short of a miracle. But none of the cities can be replaced for the war time and long after. Angelina Agathia, fair and beautiful and the most magnificent city of all Abilene and the world in general, prior to the day of the disaster, I found on the recession of the flood, a prostrated and mangled city. A dead non-existing city, a city of devastation and hideous. The flood having leveled left only one third the buildings she had out of a population of twice the size of New York, and Chicago and others put together. May she ain't got even buildings left to house a hundred people and these will have to be torn down.

The Royal Palaces of the Emperor though still standing are badly wrecked, the Imperial Palace itself is leveled to the ground and where it stood are the ruins of wooden houses carried and deposited there by the water.

The Emperor himself and his wife the Empress is homeless and destitute, and the flood when going away left great deposits of slime and many places more than four feet deep, in all the surviving houses, the streets, and in the lush bus business places of the people of Angelina Agathia.

As I could see when taking in the view, the destruction of North Angelina Agathia was something terrible. I once was at Galveston during the aftermath of the hurricane and flood there, and the same jaws of wrecked buildings are seen here but in a much more scale, more magnitude than ten times a hundred destroyed lives. Wrecked wooden houses are smashed to kindling wood, crumpled together like sardines in a box, and into large mounds and mountains of wreckage.

This mountain of wreckage extends to where the Emperor's Palace most handsome Palace had stood. The loss encompassed the complete destruction of North Angelina Agathia where the one and two story houses of frame construction were situated which were in all instances carried away in the flood, together with their occupants before they were rescued, and then deposited down here toward the central section of the city. So many rescues of the most bravest and desperate kind prevented the loss of life among the citizens of the city, though some drowned were not of the city proper, buildings belonging to other cities and towns floated down to join this mass, buildings from Jessamine, Heidi Junction Dorothy Gale and even from Eugene St. Clara. People perished in these buildings before they could be rescued. Among the proper inhabitants of the city itself it is seen no one was killed.

Nevertheless the streets of and of the people who were cooped up in the attics of the ruined buildings which did stand before the flood as they placed out to see the many homes of their friends topple over and proceed with their belongings over the swirling current to only be rescued with great difficulty are experiences the distressed the distresses of which could and never will leave the minds of those who observed these awful sights for nearly thirty days and nights.

Besides the terror of this worst of all floods were as I had first seen and then observed the terror of great fires--some a hundred or more big fires occurring every day and night in the city of Angelina Agathia at the time the people were crowded in office buildings, in big railway stations, and in their more substantial houses, and the approaching fire to those who were exposed to its devastating path was a cause of terror and distress to hundreds of thousands of people.

It was such people under such trying experience that were called upon after the floods to dig out the mud and filth of some place of partial habitation

Dear Father

These are the experiences of the inhabitants of the city of Angelina, Agathia, and the beautiful homes of violet, and her sisters in the city of Angelina, and also Angelina Agathia are gone, and if the good no survives through all the into shed parts of Abbeanna can see the mad and alive in the homes of the people of the cities not immensely damaged by the flood there would be a revival of generous impulses that the money raised for the flood disasters of the past, and for the many millions still homeless as a result would sink into a most insignificant proportion.

The distress in all the totally affected cities of Calvernia and Northern Angelina State is most appalling, and the needs of these scores and scores of millions of people so great that the Emperor Hanson Vivian had been compelled to make a personal appeal as the word of one who has gone through the disaster himself, and know of the conditions as they actually exist. I'm that Emperor Hanson Vivian, and my brother too is homeless.

A most interesting development of the flood situation in Jessica was the establishment of a new and rather unique system of relief work, which as time wore on proved very effective. The plan was originated by the Mayor of that city and had for a feature the personal pledge of full responsibility on the part of surviving individual citizens for the purpose of starting a carefully planned and safe expedition as none of the surviving homes in this city either could be repaired or even ref to a returned. Jessica as said before was the hardest hit of them all. A sufferer of the flood was selected by the Home Returning Committee, headed by Hanson Held, and assigned to one of the volunteers pledged to try and rehabilitate a home that could be found without being wrecked to any title total degree. And the volunteer was held personally responsible for the execution of the work and the care of the sufferer, and the personal element entering into the scheme made it very appealing but the attempt to do so on the returning of homes was of no avail. The Committee arranged a long pilgrimage through the stricken districts of the city and invited all who could do so to inspect the apparently surviving homes after the receding waters had left them mud covered, washed and torn. This was done as carefully as possible, and they sadly brought back reports that not a single house was fit for any one to live in and even those still standing standing and looking all right from the outside were found to a total loss inside.

How were school boys from the St. Michaels Catholic School at Lucille Rickson City went on that they thought was merely a last only to find themselves confronted by the difficult task of lifesaving in the raging torrents at a third city, in Northern Calvernia and only twenty miles from Angelina Agathia is a story full of pop told by a school girl of the same school in a letter to her father:

"Dear Father,

The flood lasted fully a month but the first week of it was the most eventful of it for me." she wrote... I had many brand new experiences which thrill and exciting as they were I'm sure I would not have missed for any reason and yet through which I'm also sure I and all the school girls with me do not care to pass through again. In short though I'm only a girl, I'm a good swimmer and a good rower and I went to work to help in the rescue work. I happened like this:

"Monday morning at about two o'clock, it being still dark, and very hot, we school girls were awakened by the teachers, (none) who said that there was a big flood at Angelina Agathia, and that Lucille Rickson was also threatened and the streets were flooded. We High School girls wired for boats from Wineshik. The Mother Superior wanted some of the high school boys to help to load the boats onto the barges, and then onto the flat cars, which were to carry them to Lucille Rickson. Ten others and myself went over to help in the work and just as the barges were about to pull out with the last load, one of the fellows dared another to go down to Wineshik. The result was that we all took the dare and climbed aboard the train. Of course not any of us either boys or girls were dressed for such a thing as roughing it. I had a pair of light shoes and summer clothing, and many of us wore the thinnest clothing of all as the weather was very hot. Just as the train pulled pulled out, I borrowed a hat from a girl friend. On the way to Wineshik city, we were sure we were going on a lark, and no one ever dreamed of getting the chance of running one of the boats. We fully expected to return to Lucille Rickson city the same afternoon. When we got to Wineshik, that is a within a mile and a half of the town, which was as near as we could get, we found there was not a single man to take charge of the boats, and we just hopped into the work on ourselves, each each taking a boat, and towing another one behind him or her. In the first house reached they found a woman up to water in water up to her waist and she was holding a three little year little girl above her head.

We rescued them and brought them so safely. Another house a man in it let us first his wife and three young children, and then himself using the sheets and blankets of his bed for a improvised rope. I rowed them to a place of safety, and went back with my boat for load after load of people, taking them off roofs, and out of second story windows. More than once I thought a young girl had to talk pretty rough to women or children or they wouldn't do as I told them.

We rescued three hundred and fifty people. One time when coming down a

Back

a street with my boat I heard a loud shout for help and saw a boat which one of the very students and my own brother had been running overturned. It's carman would could not swim, was clinging to a floating tree, and an old man and his wife were wife were struggling and screaming in the water. Believe me I bent to my oars and reached them just in the nick of time for neither of them could swim, which I reached them they both grabbed the wrong side of the boat and would have capsize it if I had not threatened to strike them with the oar if they did not obey me and go around to the stern of the boat, where I could help them climb in safely, and he seemed to have sense enough to obey. I managed to pull the woman over in over the side, though I slipped water in doing so, and rowed them to a place of safety. I kept at work until midnight, having six close calls, and seeing many strange sights as young Biangigomenean Creatures swimming leisurely in the water. Some even followed me about while I rescued people. I received lodging that night with a man whose wife and three children I had rescued. The next morning the work about that time was the same only it was harder as the flood had increased, and it had begun to rise to the second story windows. I stayed at the same place that night, so at least I had pretty good sleeping quarters, which was more than some of the others had.

The next day the flood threatening to wipe out the town and driving the people onto the roofs and top stories of the buildings we had to abandon the work as no boat no. would live in the flood, and we were compelled to give it up, and so we finally made for shore.

The boys from Lucille Rickson in trying to return from Wineshik to the city of Lucille Rickson found the flood tearing that city to pieces. The city for I was unapproachable, but nevertheless we had been lucky that we took the dare and went for it, for if we girls and boys had not been there to operate the boats, there would have been many people drowned. As far as we were able even on our return despite the fury of the deluge, saved people also from our own city.

Your Darling Daughter,

Minnie Angelino.

Lucille Rickson.

P.S. Lucille Rickson

is as flat as a postage stamp, and every one is homeless. *****

ANOTHER PHASE OF THE GREATEST FLOOD CATASTROPHE OF THE WAR. THE DINE NEEDS OF MANY MILLIONS OF PEOPLE.

Probably, one of the most striking views... of the conditions of the flood situation at Lucille Kissen, could be presented here in this part of the long story because again it shows the many unusual phases of the awful tragedy which afterwards developed caused almost as much damage and as many heartaches as it afterwards developed. Indeed far more than any human mind can picture, or that a million authors can write in all their power of mind, is inspiration and thrill, were the pictures of the deplorable conditions revealed in this city when the death dealing waters receded far enough to permit the full and entire exploration of the stricken district.... Even bodies many of them mutilated beyond recognition were to be found on all sides, and a jumbled mass of debris served as a monument to what once was one of southern California's most beautiful and prosperous cities. Next to Angelina Agathia, ruin beyond conceiving was to be seen everywhere and also it was probable that many years would be past before even a part of the city of Lucille Kissen will ever be restored. Men who for many years were leading figures in financial and commercial affairs of the city, and who had given large fortunes also for the benefit of the poor were standing with bowed heads, outside the various relief stations begging piteously for food.

Flood and flames wiped out their entire fortunes in a few short hours, and in many an instance cast even a pall of death over their families... Many grew desperate in their efforts to secure rations, and resorted to brazen breaking into houses to secure the necessities of life. Several persons drifted to this were mistaken for... and shot down by the soldiers who were forced to carry out the orders given them to shoot to kill when it was necessary that they use their gun to preserve law and order. Looting by Glandelinians with gain as their object added to the horror of the awful situation, and many bodies minus fingers and ears were strewn about, and earrings were the rewards of the Glandelinian spies and thieves who stole to secure money means to help carry on their wicked and bloody war.

A temporary morgue of large size was established where one could be put up, but this was soon filled to overflowing, and many bodies were taken to a camp on the outside of the city. Even the finding of a single body only was a signal for a concerted rush on the two morgues by people anxious to frenzy to identify their loved ones, but the maddened throngs were held in check by the troops. Unusually warm weather, pungent with strange smoke added immensely to the suffering of the refugees, many of whom had to bear the heat outside and inside. Without any relief whatever, efforts to provide them with cooler comforts proved futile, as all stores and places were wiped out. Many were reported dying of disease in one big school building, where the troops stationed the first hospital corps.

Cavalierian soldiers doing strict sentry duty along the edge of the immense flood saw a man and four women and a number of little children floating down the flood tide on a pile of driftwood. They were all screaming and pleading for help. As they reached the foot of Hanson Avenue the driftwood was lodged against the roof of a wooden house that was almost entirely submerged. The soldiers made several most desperate attempts to go to them in a large boat, but the swiftness of the current at that time spun their boat around as if on a pivot and they were forced to make their way back to save their own lives. All afternoon the sixteen harrowed sufferers screamed, cried and begged to be rescued. As night time was approaching a canon was brought from a near by refugee camp, and a long rope shot to them. Tying one end to the drift they managed to reach safety. A cheer that could be heard for miles went up from the watchers as the people were dragged out of the water. They were taken immediately to the refugee camp, given treatment and then taken to an emergency hospital in a town not struck by the flood. They were expected to die as they were suffering from a deadly disease....

"It was awful," said one of the soldiers. "The rest of the world will never realize how much suffering and privation have been undergone by the brave people of this city, and of many others. I have never seen anything that ever approached it. It far surpasses the flood disasters of the past. A mass meeting of the surviving citizens was held and the entire city was divided into four parts to enable the soldiers and Deputy Sheriffs who were sworn in to do more effective work in aiding the sufferers...."

Four thousand four hundred orphan children and their attendants and men and women were marched in the third floor of a big brick residence.

Emperor Robert Vivian himself also was caught in one of the refuge homes by the flood flood was the first man to make his way to the outside when it went down. He accomplished this shortly, early in the evening. When the flood showed evidence of falling Emperor Vivian was in a large tenement house when he was first caught in the flood, and when the water began to advance he with most of the royal members attempted to make their way to safe points. They were overtaken by the waters and without about twenty members of the Royal Courts sought refuge in a large tenement house, in third street, between St. Charles and fourteenth St. Angelina Agathia. For over thirty days the royal members and the Emperor himself subsisted on crackers and stale bread bits. At length when the flood was beginning to subside the Emperor leaped into the water in front of a taller building. His members tried to restrain him.

"I'm not trying to commit suicide, but I've got to get home to my wife the Emperor. He shouted as he began swimming. He managed to swim to a higher level in one of the flooded streets, and waded several blocks to safety. He ran for over two miles to where he knew his palace was. As he staggered into the room of what was then left of the building before it went to pieces altogether he fell to the floor unconscious.

He was rescued from the palace before it finally collapsed, and medical attention said his collapse was caused by exposure, and overworked nerves. The Emperor said that when the flood reached its height, he with many of the royal members at the tenement house rescued a woman and several of her children. The father and two little girls were struggling in the water, and as they passed the tenement, the Emperor succeeded in seizing hold of the man. He was pulled to safety. The children, two girls and a boy were rescued afterwards. The Emperor said that the refugees in the tenement building could see many dead bodies of men and women, and that they counted among them two thousand bodies of children as they floated and bobbed past the house. Evidently they were bodies of those killed amidst the wreckage of the explosion shock and the flood had washed them loose. One of the most awful things he saw was a score of men and women fighting for their lives. They were rescued by people from third story windows after much difficulty. Some interesting light was thrown on the situation at Jessica in the story also told by the Emperor.

"The spectator is never to be seen on a middle ground," said the Emperor when he was asked what he witnessed, after I went there at all risks to myself to see what the flood did there. The mind is put to such a test that it is at one extreme or the other. When I think of it now I am reminded of a school room of pupils bent over our difficult lessons which will result in their promotion or not. The blindest quiver sound outside the room sends them into hysterical laughter. We were just like then when penned up so long in the tenement building. But at Jessica I never imagined I would see such ruin and devastation. When we finally bucked the awful barriers of and we found a city of survivors, half or more of whom it seemed had gone mad temporarily. Most of them were even apathetic, and all the population were facing rank starvation. We wondered why they did not move about a little livelier and a try to stop that heart rending screaming that was coming from the nests of misery.

We got to the relief headquarters at Jessica, and were given what baskets we could secure to pass to the hungry. One man with a strange rowboat probably was like a jointraff or jointraff was risking his life every moment rowing to and from shore and bringing loads of refugees from the water bound houses. That said hundreds of words against Glandelinia and her flood and disaster making which though not exactly sinful to pronounce were not fit for printing nevertheless. He also promised anything he could do to for those poor unfortunate he couldn't reach, he told of the water slowly receding, of the danger growing less but too slowly to suit his will in their behalf, and whatever else he could think of. He then hit on the plan of attaching the baskets of food to a long piece of stiff cable wire. The wire was pushed up and the refugees from the flood seized it and drew the basket upward. That man with the strange rowboat is and will be there but not doing and unheard of if I can help it. He made about a hundred trips in twenty four hours. When I asked him his name, he bowed and granted, but readily accepted one of the medals I pinned on him. Then he rowed out again to get more food for the houses.

During the full fury of the flood at Jessica a man and a woman were seen clinging to a tree. They had sagged dragged themselves high above the water. At that time no boat could live in the an choppy swirl of water that raged around that tree. The woman appeared half fainting and the man hugged her to his breast. His other arm was wrapped around a tree. Time after time she looked wildly about her. She saw no help would or could come. She would look down at the fiercer waters below her and then struggle more closely to the man who held her. The poor fellow patted her with his free hand ever as he held her in the crook of that arm. God knows how long they may have been there before the man in the rowboat rescued them. The girl was taken down first and the man next and rowed to safety. Both collapsed as they were brought to shore. There was an appalling shortage in boats. Many more lives would have been saved had there been craft of sufficient strength to combat those raging waters. There was plenty of lumber but no boat builders.

I saw a large wooden house swept by waves. I was told it contained fourteen bodies. Another frame structure rolled by with the flood. Two ghostly faces looking most appallingly toward the shore showed in the twilight. I believe both were man and wife. The man himself was hanging from the side of the half turned house. The woman was holding to the roof. They rode by in the grim procession of death and destruction and were not seen again. Sickened by what I saw, I then kept away from the windows as I dared not to see any more. The tenement was surrounded by water. It was full of refugees. And I declared martial law in the tenement. This was one of the strangest and most terrible nights I saw in the grim city of Jesselton. Even then, I was marooned in Angulinia Agathia, and when the flood began to rise, scores of refugees of all kinds had taken shelter in my own palace thinking it would withstand the torrent. They were told of the dangerous nature of the flood but most of them not dreaming of the seriousness of the situation, remained there. We were all marooned. Later the old men torn with fears over their families and remorseful over their failure to leave when they had the opportunity began to think over it. In the meantime a district of houses a block away from my palace took fire, and the blaze could be seen from the palace windows. This to me and all the others occasioned a horrifying thought, and a committee men among the marooned formed a Vigilance Committee.

No drinking, smoking, no lights were allowed and I confirmed the orders. Nothing connected with matches or fire of any kind was allowed. I placed the movement under martial law. They took down the lace curtains. The wives of all the water-borne refugees however have all reported themselves safe, I hear by signalling to their trapped husbands. No fresh water was to be had had in the tenement, but some one of the men with the genius of a Robertson Crusoe, betought himself of a large water bucket, and we all took chances with drinking the flood water, but he allowed it to first be boiled as we had plenty of fuel and then strained with thick cheese cloth the dirt and filth out of it.

During the fifth day of the flood, I observed a team of horses belonging to a factory transport wagon floating down on the flood. They brought up in front of the tenement, and were seized by a refugee perched on a window. The driver who was still on the right rig unhitched the horses, and was lifted up into the tenement house. I even saw a glenglybunna Great tree swimming down the flood. I did not hardly sleep all the night. Then fearing the flood would devastate the palace I left it by getting a raft and got away. But I could not get any further than the highest bridge in the city which still withstood the flood. I tried to secure a skiff, but the current was so swift, that no man with a skiff or skiff or any kind of a boat would venture into the raging torrent. Yet I finally found a man who would attempt reach the shore. The man whom I hired was Frank John and the skiff in which we were riding was washed down the transformed street, not a swift stream. The water was by this time up to the second story of many buildings.

We were washed against a large telephone pole, and one side of the skiff was smashed in. As we neared a tree, I managed to catch on, and climb out of reach of the water. As the boat with Frank John shot away from me, I shouted to him to gain the next tree but he was swept against a building, and I saw him grab his hand through a window glass. He managed to hold on to the frame until several times three a clothes line from a window above. In this manner he was saved. I thought a great and famous Emperor, adored by my whole colony, nation, and fairest daughters in the world, was compelled to stay in the tree for nearly two days and two nights. It was terribly hot, and a heavy fog of some kind seemed to envelope the city at times and at night the far away horizon sky was lighted up with a glare as bright as a electric light. Finally becoming fatigued and the flood rising higher and higher until it threatened to either reach me or take away the tree, I began to shout for help, but the roar of the water was so great that my cries were of no avail.

Finally, I was aided by a man, from the window of a large tenement house, from a window of that building. I then climbed to the top of the tree, and dived through the large window of the building, protecting myself from being out by holding my arms close to my face. I heard knocks on the floor above me and thought that the people there above me would or were chopping a hole through which I might get up.

The water kept rising and there was barely room for me to keep my head above water. I attempted to dive down and open the door, but the muddy water had stopped that possible exit. I then managed to float to a strange bar near the door. I then hung onto this and kicked the door open. I swam through and when I reached the surface of the water, the men who had called to me pulled me into the room. Besides this man, who would not reveal to me his name, his wife and three little children, his two nephews and no niece, and a score of others were in the room. I was exhausted and was helped by several of them up into the attic where I remained all night. The next morning I was able to be up and went down and joined the party or reached Royalities in the Tenement building. The water was up to the third story by this time but sat on a stationary. There was no food, no fuel on hand, and the only drinking water to be had was to be obtained from the clearer portion of the flood which we took chances with though of course we had fuel and boiled it and then strained it as much as possible. That night for away we heard five explosions as loud as volcanic eruptions and looking at the windows we saw immense rolling clouds rise high in the mid air and a great red

He saw district after district in the residential and business sections of the city where the street lines were virtually eliminated by upheaved and overturned houses. It jammed against each other and against buildings which withstood the shock, is great and almost broken heaps of debris. Frequently tossed by floods the city was one third now destroyed totally.

Every side walk within view were torn up to a total loss, all telephone poles were broken off at their base and giant trees uprooted and embedded on the shapeless mountain of ruin which marked the broad expanse of a lately prospering city. Henry Belt as the Secretary's name is, received words of commendation and approval from the Authorities. The governors of the flooded states also were delighted with the work that was done at Lucille Hickson by the Secretary. He considered it a most remarkable military achievement. The residents were in terror for fear of a glendolinian army or ghouls before the troops reached the city, and the streets were blocked and the sanitary conditions were of the worst. As the waters went down the Secretary organized his own forces and began the work of restoring order. When he reported to the Governor of Galverinia he was personally thanked and urged to keep the work on under way. Lucille Hickson city was one of the hardest points in the state to handle because of the city's condition, and the destitute circumstances of its inhabitants.

Secretary Belt who was touring the flood district as the personal representative of Emperor Hansen Vivian, went to Big Girl Island next by boat. So impressed was the Secretary with the awful manner in which the situation was here being handled, in fact could not be handled at all, that he tried to wire and telegraph both Emperors Vivian and Hansen that every thing needed for the emergency was not lacking but could not be forwarded. The Secretary himself was told that the death list here would not number even one but the property loss might run into more than \$4,000,000,000 whether exaggerated or not for so large a city. With Secretary Belt were Major General Hendrie, chief of staff of the Christian standing armies, and four royal Government messengers and members of the main Gemini Leaders. G. Belt noticed that the swollen volumes of the Mic-Hollester and Arminie Han Rivers early left their natural course gouging out for long and record breaking extents that for the time being was virtually a new river course. The flood was indeed making river breaks.

General Hendrie who went over part of the ground twice, thought the railroad bridge above the city of Big Girl Island which fortunately remained perfectly flat during the on onslaught might have been somewhat responsible for the diversion of the mighty current so far from its regular course. He went into this phase of the situation with the army engineer leaders, and asked for a full investigation and report. Among these who sent to their deaths in the performance of duty were James Bonline, a member of the Gemini, and Francis Schilden of the Angelinian National Guard at Jesselton city. Both were drowned while doing relief work, Francis being caught in the current when a boat in which he was trying to rescue a number of women and children was overturned. At the time the current ran so awfully strong it swept all seven houses before it. On each of them persons were seen clinging, and their cries could be heard pleading for aid, which could not be given them. One large house had seven persons on the roof, and many in the upper story. The tricky current carried it to Alsea Island where it lodged among the trees, the refugees climbing into the tree tops when they broke the next morning the people, island and trees had disappeared. It was afterwards nicknamed the "floating island". Fifty seven hundred persons marooned in a factory were given aid by soldiers who succeeded in taking them water and food and other provisions by boat. A hotel just across the street where it was said a hundred and sixty people had taken refuge had collapsed, it being in the residential part of the town. Thirty bodies were recovered from the ruins in the first hour of the search.

With sixteen boats in the service, Hansen teen Abyssinkia Abyssinkia conveyed at great risk all flood flood sufferers to every available camp to be cared for, by the relief committee appointed for that purpose. 10,000 persons were made homeless in St Vincent city as the result of the flooding of all the homes by the back-water of the river which crept up following the spread of flood in that direction which pressure undermined a levee and caused it to collapse.

What was nearly a disaster was averted when a refugee train carrying only children on the B.M. railroad stopped just over a washout in the truck. The engine had passed over a hole. There were two hundred and sixty five girls and boys on the train, all of whom were taken off by nearby farmers. Forty others were taken off another B.M. railroad train which became stalled as the result of a washout. The water rose to three feet beyond any previous point ever reached. About seventeen hundred houses in the southern part of the city were entirely submerged by the water. The people were taken care of by refugee camps. Sixty boats, six freight boats, and the others gasoline gunboats and steam launches were put to work day and night removing people threatened by the high water, hauling from St Vincent that day a child disappeared in a washout on the Angelinia State side about ten miles. The trains had stopped running between these cities and the boy had started out to take a view of the flood. On the Angelinia State side the boy who was walking ahead, suddenly disappeared in a washout. All the homeless were moved from the vicinity of St Vincent into Lumbandon by people who happened to owned boats. About only 1,000 here were made homeless as a result of the water which penetrated

far up into the higher streets of the city... indeed what the breaking of one of the big protecting levees along the Mio-Hollesater and Grinnell Run rivers meant to the hundreds of thousands who lived along the shores of the mighty streams close to the border line of Abbeville and Calvernia and with what fear and trembling they watched the rising waters, and wondering what was wrong with the rivers, for they never acted this way before up here, could be understood in the following description of the breaking of one of these protecting levees before the force of flood waters at St Andrews, northern Calvernia 111-1-1.

With a terrible roar that could be heard for miles around like the Niagara Falls, more than one hundred feet of the levee broke at six fifteen in the morning and at eight o'clock the entire city and surrounding country was under from thirty feet to a hundred and sixty feet of water. Fortunately every resident of the city had been warned on time and had therefore fled to the hills, the warning having been given to them four days before. Therefore no lives were lost, but it is impossible to predict the loss of property. Hundreds of thousands of persons standing on the hilltops several miles away saw the large count down that had withstood high rises in the rivers for a hundred years most successfully now give way, and each turned eyes to the portion of the city in which their homes were located as the waters like an ocean, however the break had been duly expected and everything that the people were able to take from their homes and business houses were removed. Several persons with field and spy glasses saw hundred and hundred of houses collapse, every home and business home in the city was covered with water the whole town being submerged entirely. At the highest place the water stood one hundred and thirty feet deep and in the remainder of the business section and in the residence sections the water was two hundred and twenty five feet deep. The Abbeville, Bondinia and Calvernia railroad trucks running along the top of the levee were washed away. The levee partly surrounded the city, the Mio-Hollesater Run River running on the south and the Aronburg Run a few miles east. Newgreen is situated situated on the hills west of the city, and Greentown is south of the point. Every manufacturing company were heavy losers, and all the city's railroad depots were also under water.

About 15,700 persons had gathered at Greentown, a section of St Lawrence city and from that place they watched the destruction of their homes. Hundreds of persons had refused to leave saying that there was no danger but as the water neared the top of the levee all hopes of remaining in their homes were finally vanished and they were compelled to sought refuge with their friends and neighbors.

Newgreen is also a small town, but also here every house was thrown open and every one of the homeless were cared for. The supply of food and drink in drinking water at Greentown were most of the refugees sought the same relief. As was more and if not time would soon bring relief 15,000 including the people of the town itself would face starvation.

It was impossible for any one to reach any of the flooded cities or towns, not because the flood itself could be considered impassable, that was not so with its depth and width as long as rescuers would use strong boats, but the forest fires raging anywhere else the floods were not manifesting itself and therefore all provisions being sent were brought in to other cities, and safely placed where it was possible forest fires or floods would not ruin and all attempts made to pass the forest fires by streams and lakes, the lakes being purposely made to join the floods as far as possible so the rescuers could reach the marooned. But this indeed was very slow work. All provisions were taken to St Lawrence and San Salvador Junction, and also to Greentown but they were soon exhausted.

The water supply was even shorter than the food, and a committee was organized to take care of what there was and see that each person was given an equal share and see that not a particle was wasted.

The sight was most pitiful. Aged men and women, scarcely able to walk were compelled to leave their homes, even sick women and children, knowing for certain that everything they owned and had saved during their lives would be washed away. When the final bulletin of danger which was flashed through the city came the persons who had believed that there was no danger became panic stricken and had not it not been for hundreds of men and many children also women, many others would have perished. Every effort had been exerted to prevent a break or overflow of the levee. Heavy work had been thrown up on top of the levee to increase the height and works were even piled against it in an attempt to strengthen the lower levees or lower portions. Several thousand men went to work on the levee and every woman and child used the picks and shovels and other tools hammer for children.

Captured a swirling sea of murky water WHICH HE described as more powerful than the Ocean current in a storm, a German volunteer in the ranks of the rescuers at San Salvador when the flood struck that city, was saved by boatmen who put out from the improvised life saving station at the San Salvador Junction shore internment or refugee camp. This German Member whose name is Franciscom Aloyus had put on a raft at the Glades Avenue bridge and started southwest in the purpose of rescuing people marooned in a wooden wooden house ready to flood away. On his sudden rapid trip on the flood waters he said he heard a number of rifle shots fired and listened to the pleas of about one hundred persons who said they were starving, having had nothing to eat for nearly a full week. The waters of the flood rushed so fast, said Aloyus that he was unable to attempt to rescue one of them who frantically pleaded for help, and before he had time to

REALIZE IT Aloyus was being carried down the flood a part swarms of floating houses with people on their roofs or in upper story windows and attics. His own cries for assistance brought men from the shore of the flood who risked their own lives to aid him, and he was taken in tow. According to Aloyus nothing but a powerful motor boat could withstand the onslaughts of the waters of the flood. Aloyus reported that about two hundred and twenty five or more men were on the roof of a saw planing mill called the George Hanson window sash company... loaded with the greatest difficulty and at the risk of loss was taken to these men by boat from the food provision camp on the nearest shore.

Aloyus said he counted ninety women and children mostly little girls in one building that threatened to go to pieces, and fourteen in another all on the third floors. He said several young men who started out to rescue these, were now themselves hanging to trees, and that they had asked him to send help. Aloyus said he thought he could be of use as he had managed a raft in the floods of the past but the currents he met in the flood at San Salvador were total strangers to him.

The rescue of a planglomenian creature, unusual to even itself, showed that even these creatures even though they can live also in water because of their swimming abilities in the seas for deepest fish did not fancy being hemmed in a muddy dirty flood by wreckage. The rescue was started by a man known as Franciscomithery. Smithy going over the flooded district near the Jinnie's Street a bridge heard the planglomenian crying out and giving forth its signal noises for help from its kind never expecting a human being would be around. The poor thing and quite a large one though young was found closed in among a mass of wreckage of jammed houses, and timbers and furniture of all kinds, and because a wing and its legs were held was unable to free itself, and it was almost covered with wreckage. Even planglomenian creatures were flood sufferers. No wonder they take it out on the glandelinians.

Smithy managed to get a human hundredmen to help him and they managed in a days job to chop away the wreckage from the legs and wing caught, and soon the creature was free to swim off at will. Then when where the creature followed and after this it would not leave Smithy's side but remained, finally other planglins finding their comrade safe were overjoyed.

The arrival of a boat containing a priest and his mother recently operated on for appendicitis presented a pitiable scene. The priest and his mother had been taken from the priest house at which she was visiting when the flood started. She was stricken there, she could not move and the men lifting her from the boat to the train feared they would injure her. She was taken from the third story window of the flood surrounded priest house.

Another man suffering with a strange disease had to be carried from the boat to an ambulance in a blanket warm as it was, another rescuer who worked two days and most of the last night, had his boat accidentally overturned and was nearly drowned before he was rescued by his fellow boatmen. He was taken one of the camp hospitals where he died of his injuries later. Another boat man fell out of his boat when something or struck it. He was taken to the refugee camp where he was taken care of. It was reported that an elderly man was kneeling down for hours praying in a house half submerged in water and that he refused to be taken out for the reason of the glandelin glandelinians he said being responsible for the flood. Another boatman reported that several persons were in a house on the second floor and refused to be taken out. After darkness of the sixteenth day of the flood had settled over the depressing scenes, one boatman seen a light in the fourth story of a big wooden house. The boat came up alongside to the window the water being almost up to the fourth story, and he knocked on the window. No reply was heard and the window was broken. This aroused as of one of the two who were in the house and he roundly cursed the glandelinians and swore he would not be rescued until the glandelinians who were responsible for the disaster were caught. Neither of the men would come out.

Probably the presentment of an Franciscom woman saved an entire family from being fatal victims of the Angelina Agathia section of the flood. A month before James Jerrysonia who lived on north St Michael's Street (Angelina Agathia and who was a draftsman remained in Angelina Agathia to work there for a lumber concern, telling his wife to rent their home and prepare for removal to Angelina Agathia. Mrs Jerrysonia liked Franciscom city and was in a no hurry to get away. All along she felt sure something would happen that would make it unnecessary for her and her children to move. Besides she said the city of Angelina Agathia was too near the war zone and she feared something would happen there more than elsewhere. The husband however kept writing for them to come, asking them if they really loved him to make all preparations to join him in Angelina Agathia. Sometime later he suddenly became ill of the plague plagues then raging because of the other disasters and returned home the week before he the flood came. However Mr Jerrysonia soon grew better having had only a mild attack and he personally directed the packing of his household goods for shipment to Angelina Agathia. Not having yet obtained a house in the city of Angelina Agathia he temporarily stored his goods at Franciscom, and the family was to go to Angelina Agathia the day of the flood horror, but on that day it was impossible to get even out of Franciscom city as it too was flooded to a considerable degree. When they read of the Angelina Agathia flood they quickly

decided to take their goods from a storage and return to their home. Frank Litson, who was in the city of Dorothy Gale, told to a group of war correspondents and newspaper men together a graphic story of the flood disaster which overtook the city of Dorothy Gale. He said that up to the time that he left Dorothy Gale by boat many bodies had been recovered from the flood, bodies of those mostly buried in wreckage of buildings overthrown by the explosion shocks before the flood, the waters having probably washed them free, and it was estimated that many more would be found.

"For ten days and nights amid continual darkness day and night, and strange almost suffocating heat I was imprisoned with many others in a orphan asylum crowded with curious and frightened children and praying nuns. I said 'Lithonia' and we all could hear the shrieks and cries of people who were being carried away by the flood. It was a frightful experience and for nights far off the skies would be in three directions as red as a sunset that glowed unquenchably red. The flood came up most rapidly so rapidly that we were all driven to the third story of the orphan asylum, and there we waited until I succeeded in securing a raft large enough to convey most of us to a place of safety. I sent then to a rise of ground to view the flood and in thirty minutes saw at least a legion of bodies pass by on the waters. The conditions of many bodies gave us evidence they died more from suffocation being under debris from the explosion shocks more than from drowning. One man told me he had counted two hundred and seventy-two out of thousands of houses in one part of the city only three could be seen. All of the others appeared to have been washed away." "In Abbeysian Language the city of Dorothy Gale 'Napoleus'."

The great Manufacturing state of Abyssinkile, never before had added of the records of disasters of any kind before the war, but now as conveying an idea of the vast extent of the flood of water which has caused more damage to that country than even Angelina State, a few lines are given to show that even western Abyssinkile suffered to a most enormous degree, although there was comparatively little loss of life. Property damage to the amount of \$24,000,000,000 could be the estimate of the extent of the worst of the flood in western Abyssinkile. Over sixteen million people were made homeless, while business in all big cities touched by the flood were at a standstill. Railroads and street car lines suspended traffic, while hundreds of industries employing hundreds of thousands of men and women were forced to idleness.

The hot wave produced by the distant forest fires which swept over the flooded districts added to the discomfort of the sufferers. In Roseharon no lives were sacrificed according to the best reports from that place but the property loss was immense. Indeed the property loss there with its suburbs will be \$11,500,000. The relief committees were unable to cope with the situation. The president announced that an offer from a member of the Christian Society could not be received. A rescue boat sent to the home of a woman and her three children upset as they were being removed, and they were rescued from drowning with great difficulty. Bodies of many animals were taken from the debris at Grand Junction three miles south of Roseharon. Hundreds of workmen were busy at work cleaning up streets and steel plants. Troopers of the State police, the local police and a local independent military organization policed the town with hot weather and cessation of the rise of rivers the flood at Grand Junction fell slowly and fear of further damage passed. There was no loss of life, though destruction of property was great.

In Newburg over half a hundred thousand families camped out, their homes having been swept away by the rushing waters of the flood, which held that place in its grip for over two weeks. The loss in this neighborhood will be enormous. Other places hundreds of families were huddled in second stories of their homes, the water reaching a depth of six feet on the first stories. Under the direction of the flood supply Committee of Grand Junction, organized to aid victims of the Angelina State flood, the Steamer Agathia went to Newburg. Calvernia, so loaded with provisions and clothing. The Algate river at this point reached three times the height it ever went in its existence. Information to the citizens from the up river points on the Evangelina St. Claire, from which a branch of the flood came said there was no further occasion for alarm. The Evangelina St. Claire, Angelina gun and the McHollister Run Rivers with their many branches were still receiving other flood waters and going continually out of their banks and still spreading a heavy sheet of water over the low lands and wide stretches were still inundated, and at Quine thirty thousand persons were driven from their homes. Scores of industrial plants in one city, located along the banks of the Evangelina St. Claire were still under water, and there was easily 156,000 persons at work at out of work at one time. In the business section of the city pumps forced water from cellars of every building while the sidewalks were piled high with debris removed to escape the waters.

Pictures of the early scenes in the flooded cities convey vivid expressions and impressions of the situation that were later presented. As in the case of the more severe cases of the flood the one at Indiana was due to the flooded river overflowing but not breaking down one of its levees. Elsewhere the barriers gave way with a report that could be heard for miles through the city, while thousands of persons were driven from their homes, a property loss caused that cannot be estimated, public service corporations paral-

ysed and hundreds of thousands of acres of settled territory devastated. The work of the flood here began with the rising of the Evangelina St. Claire above its levees and this was augmented with disastrous results, while its channels went over their levees at many points flooding a large part of western Abyssinkile, the high water ending street car service, putting the entire water works system out of commission, and threatening other public service corporations in many cities and towns. The gas service of every city and town was also threatened, and the mails were held up by the flood. The catastrophe which became greater and greater resulted finally in the rupture of the Frankford Street Wells River Levee at St. Nicholas which up to that time had protected west Abyssinkile from the worst of the flood.

Within a short time the raging Evangelina St. Claire River had swept down two spans of the A.B.C. railroad bridges on the West Calvernia side, and was threatening bridges on other crossings. The eastern section of Calvernia bordering western Abyssinkile was flooded and there was predictions that the worst of the flood would occur at this point.

The breaking of the levees of the Evangelina St. Claire River was the most disastrous of happenings as it permitted the complete inundation of a very large territory to the northwest and southwest, as well as south and east. Were 2,345,678 people were driven from their homes and a more vast amount of property loss was occasioned.

Of course even for such a flood disaster as this there have been here and there some who injected some color into the gray mass of tragedy and turn a little sunshine onto the darkened horrifying scenes. One of these was George Lamerton who refused to leave his home at 1916 Cromton Avenue, Dorothy Gale city in the heart of the flooded district. He told reporters that formerly he had lived at Angelina Agathia, and was not afraid of any flood, whatever. Whatever he proved this statement by rescuing many of the marooned in upper floors. He being on a boat came to a eighteen rooming house where people were in the upper floors and after a full day's perilous work rescued them all.

The first mail delivery after the flood brought a letter to his son Frank in a high section of the city in which the man said among other things:-

"Do I do not boast as my sonny I have been rescued about four hundred persons. Mr. Lamerton rescued even some special friends of his, three other men, whose houses were not of the two story kind. He took them off in his boat. Elsewhere many men and boys even risked their lives when they entered frail rowboats, and shallow canoes, or went on rafts, and attempted to seek those in need of relief, and take supplies to those who preferred to remain in their flooded homes in Dorothy Gale City. They also rescued many people working day and night from the time of the beginning of the flood, till they almost collapsed from lack of sleep and exhaustion. One night these men rescued thirty people all living in a small brick house on North Avenue. They all had been forced to flee to the third floor of their home and had abandoned hope abandoned hope of ever being saved, when the rowboats reached them."

This rescue party also saved a number of orphans from a burning flooded home on Dorothy Gale Avenue, and on their last trip before being prostrated from exhaustion they picked up two women, three children from a house in Center Street and brought them to a hotel near the Main Street bridge....

By others several trips by boat and attended with unusual peril was made over to St. Ann's convent and school where nearly fifteen hundred children were marooned for two weeks, but the sisters and children marooned there refused to leave. They asked for food and pure water however, which was sent to them later. Many of the rescuers were armed with grappling irons and visited every house possible and rescued every one they could find. One boat had returned to the shore at noon on one of these days with two children and a man. One man who attempted to reach the sisters and children marooned in St. Ann's School and convent with a boat load of food and provisions got lost in a large coal yard. He came down to the flooded district in a boat from some point below, and just as he reached Main Street his boat was driven into the yard. To make it more difficult for him the waters were falling and before he could get out of the tangle of trees the waters had receded below the top of the fence, and he could not find the gate. Three men got on top of the orphan asylum and threw him a rope, which he made fast to his boat. For about four hours he rowed around the yard in an effort to find the gate, but was unsuccessful. Arrangements were made to take him out in a rowboat, but those who went to rescue him were captured and were rescued in turn by the children who threw him ropes.

The friendliness and faithfulness of a young Blenglonemenean creature was soon demonstrated to one party of rescuers. A small black creature with brilliantly colored and spotted wings was discovered in a large hall of a flooded surrounded house about two hundred yards from the bridge. He was giving some of his cries, and a number of rescuers called to him. The young Blenglonemenean finally braced up courage, jumped into the water and swam to the levee. The rescuers picked him up, placed him in a wagon, wrapped him in a rug and in about two hours the creature was dry and had quit crying. The rescuers left the wagon for a minute, and when he returned he saw the creature still waiting for him. Finally it proposed to remain with him for a long time.

A man was underneath his wagon in front of his home making repairs to the bottom when the water began to rise. Several men and women who were in the

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the vicinity and who ran when the waters began rising called to the foolish man, according to their testify he refused to leave the wagon and the last they saw of him, he was "tinkering away and the water was beginning to creep up on him." Another witness said he saw the man's wife and two children one a boy, and a girl who lived in the neighborhood make her way to the railroad tracks, that he heard her and even the children call the man a number of times and finally she and the children appealed to some men to save her husband or father. He was forced almost roughly to head her call and when he still refused four men picked him up and despite his struggles carried him away saying "what is that wagon worth to your life you poor boob." "....."

Another man whose name we'll mention here was Hank Weaver who lived at 1144 Landstone Avenue said that had people within his districts heeded the warning spread by himself and many others no one would have been caught or marooned. He said he rode on his motor motorcycle through St. Peter's Street, Morris, Center Street and adjoining streets warning the people that the flood was rising and discovering the levees and advising them to flee to more substantial buildings or to higher ground. Weaver said that only a few of the people followed his advice but that others closed their doors, and did not seem to either mind the threatening danger or thought he was fooling and did not believe him. "....."

Good work was done by Major Hanson Equal and many other members of Company D of the Mobilization Camps in addition to patrolling the main levee that did not give before the pressure of the flood, and preventing persons without passes, from entering the danger zone, they manned boats carrying provisions to the flood bound people, manned all kinds of relief boats and did all in their power to aid those in distress. The solid soldiers changing off shifts would be on duty during the whole duration of the flood day and night, and when the watches were changed those relieved from duty managed to get a few hours sleep in a number of abandoned abandoned cars in San Pedro Street near the bridge.

Maude Finney whose home also was in the flooded district had been also engaged in rescue work for nearly forty five hours, and with little sleep that time. He was less than forty five years of age, but he did the work of a young man, and he proved he had brought one hundred and forty five persons from their water bound homes. West Dorothy Gale city made a most brave effort to take care of itself, when rescuers and others from the city proper were able to reach the other side of the flood that found that probably 10,000 people had been provided for.

West Dorothy Gale's people on the far side of the flood waters rose as one and took in the homeless, the ill and the hungry.

Many big public places were thrown open and hundreds were taken to these places from boats that took them off from any point and landed at any street most easily reached. While so much rescue work was being conducted mostly at great peril and under great difficulties at any point of the city, rescuers were working tirelessly from the far and north and south sides, and the stories of heroism from countless persons and suffering rival those from those from any flood disaster in the war yet. Work on the West section of Dorothy Gale was carried on with still more difficulty, perhaps a trifle more than on any other side because of the limited means at the disposal of the people. At first not over two boats could be mustered in the section. Then carpenters fell to work, and made good strong boats of a crude, flat bottom type, but boats which could be handled with home made paddles and oars and which could not be capsized or swamped.

Hundreds of firemen and policemen who were continually at work in the west side of the city when the waters rose led the rescue parties. The engine houses were absolutely absolutely under water, but the men had managed to escape with all the apparatus. Every fireman remained on duty as a savior of life from water.

About two score women from an organization that established headquarters at one of the refugee camps with the purpose to distribute as much food as could be obtained for the hungry. Every one was required to register before receiving help and also the greatest care was exercised that bread and clothing which was so hard to obtain should not be distributed to imposters. Nevertheless the organization was badly in need of clothing, especially for women and children. So many came out of the flooded districts districts without sufficient clothing, and with the dangers of sickness being great that the situation seemed desperate.

One of the head members of the Gemini, about the time was in one of the districts and who had come with the advice of some of the generals to investigate the flood disaster said when he returned that he had frequently predicted the disaster that had come to flood the country as it is now inundated. "....."

"I have been repeatedly to the various governments of the State States, and also to the Board of Levee Works, to the engineers of various cities, and to other official officials of city and government. 2.2.2.2. "The same" man told them we would have another big flood disaster if all explosive materials were not removed from the path of the big forest fires then raging along the east of the Angelina State boundary. If not removed at least if the forest fires were not stopped in that direction. I knew that near the reach of the big forest fires great camps filled with explosives were situated for the purpose of working in blasting for farmers and others. Near one of the bends of the river the engineers had been constructing a new levee where a break had been made by some past disaster, and there gradually extending it along the river bed, and manufacturing establishments have been dumping cinders and other solid solid materials into the levee increasing

the pressure of the torrent going over them. The cause of those explosions, and also why the munitions were there in the path of that nothing hell of Heidi gate is also at a loss to determine, and investigations cannot be made as the conflagration spreading to northeastern Angelina gate have wiped out all means a bring about the results of an investigation, destroyed all clues entirely. But it seems absolutely suspicious. It seems also plausible but so far even Science has been unable to trace such connections. The cause therefore is a mystery.

The flood came also at the very time when stormy weather failed to come since the beginning of June. We do not always have storms of any kind in this part of California during the summer months, except far north. However it is a bad time of the year also when the weather is so dry, not to see to it that even our forests are guarded more properly, and therefore forest fires of these kinds could even be expected through even natural causes let alone done by the enemy and the war. Science therefore cannot offer no reason for this situation of the war. One point however that strikes as peculiar in that the operations in the river when even receding the waters of the past floods could not be even such that the weakest levee would have given way without some unknown and unusual cause. It looks though some thing is wrong concerning the concerning those explosions started by the forest fires. I understand also that the great damage in Angelina Agathia, Dorothy Gale, and Jencia, in California State was due to the overflow of the reservoirs of the Mc-Holaster Run proper because of their being lowered by the concussion of the explosions produced by forest fires.

The enemy can be prevented from doing this. All places where reservoirs are should be guarded. The fault of this great damage done and the loss of life is due to the carelessness of our authorities, rather than to the fickleness and caprice of nature and the enemy.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN
BRAVE DEEDS BY ALL, HUFFS AND STATIONS, AN ADORSED
NATION. CAUSES OF FLOODS AND FLOODS, ABLENNIA BEETHING WITH
ANGEL OVER FIRE AND FLOOD DISASTERS, FLOOD CONDITIONS UNDER
ABLENNIA TO BEHOLD FURTHER CATASTROPHE CAUSES.

During this tremendous disaster, bravery lacked neither rank nor station. It may thrill the soul of all great heroes of the past in Ablennia to meet such a foe they needed a hundred Napoleons or Wellingtons, and George Washingtons, Grants and Abraham Lincolns. It may never the soul of the most humble. From the ranks of the most lowly have come many countless persons whose daring could have inspired any history. It was so during the flood horror in Angelina state and throughout southern Calvernia. Everywhere in countless places the story of this great flood is marked by feats of daring and fearless accomplishments. Brave men by the countless thousands contributed to the richness of the heritage that will be history for Ablennian in all time. Those whose quiet bravery was effective would receive medals there would be such a long list of them that two hundred books would be needed for their names. The long list of men and women and even elder children who faced peril not for a moment but for days and weeks, and passed through with great credit, men and other heroes who were far from the spotlight when their gall came may never be known. In thousands of various ways men saved the helpless public in a large way. In Angelina Agathia, in a large Telephone building, an unknown man marooned alone for forty thirty four days, sent messages and delivered orders for the military and the chief executive of the state, a service that saved many lives, sticking to the tank when waters threatened, and the menace of fire appeared.

Not once in all that long vigil did he falter. The Governor of all states has proclaimed him a man in a whole nation, who forgot or did not care for his own safety that others might have a larger chance for life. Side by side with him in the most fearless devotion was another unknown person whose voice appeared that of a woman from some Telephone company in Big Girl Knool. Before the wires went down disrupting all communications she telephoned thousands of miles through the flood sections, issuing warnings, seeking out bits of information, for the military officials, and the Governor, carrying to a score of places the first welcome message that help was coming.

From Angelina Agathia, to Little Girl Knool, from Marie Korman city to porothy Gale time after time she searched the flaming hills and forested dunes of the fire ravaged state for news and to deliver messages of warning to town in the path of the "red plague" while hundreds of thousands of dollars a waited for the company if its wires were commercialized, for eighteen days over ninety per cent of the service was gratis, done for the good of the state, for the benefit of humanity, done to save human life.

One of the soldiers, and who was member of the military company at Little Girl Knool, and his company did their work in a manner that when heard of aroused admiration and surprise in the nation. Out of communication with Jessonia, and knowing troops had been called for, Colonel Hendon volunteered to go to Angelina Agathia, forty miles, for orders. He made it through seas of water and mud, and took church with near by forest fires as well, and even was occasionally fired at by the Glandelinians in ambush. Part of the time on a motorcycle, part of the time wading the water, part of the way on foot, fighting his way through bushackers and ambushes, he walked and fought his way into the Angelina Agathia state house, covered with mud and drenched and asked for orders.

Through the mud and water and facing perils, innumerable he made his way back to Little Girl Knool, and the company turned out. Two miles out on the rail way the waters stopped the train. Out tumbled the soldiers and waded and swam the waters and for eighteen miles trudged through the deep mud, through a fierce hot wind. They landed at the Jessonia improvised refugee camp at ten o'clock at night and went on duty there. There was their arrival was a Godsend. There were hundreds of thousands of frantic people who had been rushed from their homes. Families had been separated, many lost, men, women, and children were frenzied. The place a total ruin was in darkness, without police protection and vandalism ran rampant.

The military force superfluous, restored order, and the refugees numbered safely. At every turn there could be stories like this to be told of the National Ablennian Guardsmen, ordinary citizens called to duty, of government, officers soldiers and life savers, and of every other person who went to the aid of their fellow man, and as many militia as could be forthcoming responded to the call.

It was hard and most dangerous work, hours were long, and accommodations not what they could have been desired. There was neither lodging nor complaining. Men on duty slept on stone floors after long hours of toil in the waters, and rose to repeat the same uncomfortable and dangerous tasks. Not in any other history of real flood disasters, fires or war horrors has there been a scene similar to that which maintained at the many stricken cities and towns in the flood zones, when wherever possible the Federal, State, and Civil Authorities established a "Tented city" for the flood refugees. WHERE hundreds of thousands of homeless people were temporarily sheltered. Yet with the lack of bright sunshine, sweet pure air, and a fair portion of supplies the people were not cheerful, and did not face the future

brightly. An ample provision could not even be provided for the stay of all in the camps built of wreckage, and these improvised refugee cities grew slowly. Each shelter accommodated fifteen persons but because of the badly crowded conditions it was necessary in all instances to put more than half this number in a shelter until others could be erected from the wreckage. Many of the refugees who found their way into the improvised city went from buildings which was the refuge of many thousands in the early and later days of the flood. To augment the care of such an enormous number which the flood left an entirely homeless, with a cure proposed of being entirely without shelter except improvised tents, additional refugee stations were established in various sections inside and outside of the torn up cities and towns. Even the very army camps outside of the flood zone and the mobilization camps at porothy gale partly untouched by the flood this time were used for the purpose, but these of course were not sufficient. All the hundreds of thousands of tents sent by the War Department and from the Headquarters of the Angelina state National Guard could not arrive until a few weeks or longer because of their slow transportation down the rivers and through the flood zone, the only way open, though a risky trip. As communities began to realize the effects from the raging fire storm and flood effects this little story can be related to show how effective was the angry waters.

Completely cut off from the outside world, for probably many months to come and forth a whole month and a few days hemmed in by swirling currents, at the junction of the Great Mic-Hollister River, and the famous Aronburge Run, and wholly inundated in every place the flood waters at their very least being in a depth of from eighteen to twenty feet, the whole Ablennian country through one lone foreign war correspondent learned on October 8th 1913 for the first time that Emperor Vivian lost his palace and his all, was for a time until he could get off to go on duty, in the bread line, that the war in the West was going insane with fury, that the battles of Evangeline St. Claire and Big Girl Knool were still claimed not christian victories, that Glandelinia was already victorious in the south, that a terrible plague was sweeping hundreds of thousands of lives out of existence, that Jessonia, and Angelina Agathia were totally destroyed, that the Glandelinians were mobilizing as far as her armies were, that a series of battles had caused more enormous loss than the death list of all disasters combined since October's entrance, that many of the best and most reliable christian generals are dead or disabled for life, that Little Girl Knool was destroyed, hundreds of cities with her, that the awful fires in the forests were spreading toward the Marie Osborn and Mic-Hollister woods, and threatening hundreds of town not touched by the flood, that 678,899, 578,000 had died because of the plagues, that many towns had fallen into the hands of the enemy, that to the enemy Calvernia had now fallen the inhabitants fleeing, and that the countries of Angelina and Calvernia and many other states was now emerging from the worst flood disaster of all record, and all aid to the stricken districts, to even those formerly made homeless by past floods was cut off by the worst forest fire ever heard of.

Also that a hundred other cities even as far as southern Angelina and southern Ablennia and Abyssinilia is without electricity and other means, every town plunged into darkness. At Jessonia, the Ablennian occupation garrison reported thirty dead from the effects of an unusual hot wave coming from the southeast, and in addition there are hundreds of prostrations. A message even from Zaneville northern Calvernia said forty people were sealed to death when a boat they were riding capsized in a river flowing northwestward, and which was carrying away on its surface burned trees and limbs. And unrelenting heat, lack of sunshine, a strangely white hazy sky, and strong winds hot and burning have turned large sections of the states into a October swelter, so far north when for that region winter should be already on the start, with snow ice and cold waves. Populous cities which usually at this time are covered with heavy smiles of snow, are experiencing through mysterious causes 110 in the shade and will going up, without any sunshine to boot and a strangely yellowish white sky, while great rivers especially the northwestward bound are so warm that no one dared wade in them. Millions of cooked fishes are discovered.

From all parts of Calvernia overwhelmed by the southeasterly or southwesterly winds comes unceasing reports of the worse human suffering, inside the flood zone or outside from worst weather conditions in three hundred and fifty years, and no let up, and neither ruin, and neither rain nor sunshine, while a stinky haze covers the towns at times like a fog.

Too many large cities to mention here are isolated, and their populations stay indoors to escape the greater heat outside. Even now to make matters worse all railroad service has been utterly demoralized. Angelina State is being isolated from Calvernia and the rest of the world, no communications being possible. Over the Angelinian zone further east, a strange fog hangs for days which smells like smoke. Trains connecting the near east with northern Calvernia and Abyssinilia south, with continental Ablennia have been unable to proceed beyond Pandora and Francis Atlanta because of impassable fire barriers. The Ablennian government announced that if the heat continues it too would soon be compelled to seek cool cooler regions to do their work. Near the northeastern boundary of Angelina state it

is also reported that thirty villages have been wiped out by a fire plague sweeping upon them. And because of the complete shortage or stoppage of a transportation the authorities have been unable to send rescue food and relief to any point of the double disasters. As far north as Sacramento, Abbeville, every one was suffering intensely from hot weather. And so many industrial establishments have been closed that because of the heat millions of workers have been forced into idleness. Schools throughout the country are shut, and hospitals are crowded with sufferers; from heat and prostration. Passenger passage with Abbeville via California has ceased, and in northern Abbeville southern warm winds had or has prevailed there in October for the first time in his history, for which at this time 10 to 28 below zero is the coldest. It is thereby evident so tremendous are the forest fires that this coming winter only the farthest north will see cold weather, except when the winds are off the north. So dangerous are these forest fires that now from every city and town in the whole nation all men not in the army were volunteering to be transported to go and fight the blaze, and standing armies were ordered to do so too.

In Appleby Town, near where Jessica was almost annihilated, a conference of Geminis with local Realty owners all over the country and officials, estimated the losses of the forest fires alone for timber burned up to this time of probably twenty billion dollars.

An important phase of the flood history is that which I can relate to the manner in which the first news of the disasters reached the northern sections of the nation and the extreme south. Practically all the flood, and forest fire, and war news which was given to the newspapers, for weeks after the flood, emanated from the Angelina Agathia, and Jessica districts over one small little telephone wire secured by a Pandora newspaper.

From this this point the news, and also many official messages were so quickly disseminated by circuitous methods, for instance one telegraph circuit was made to reach Sacramento, Abbeville, consisted of telegraph lines to various cities not in the war zone, and back from there to Angelina Agathia. Pandora, in Abbeville State received its news and information from the stricken section, by way of Francis Atlanta, to or through Central to New Agathia, to New Albany, and back to Pandora. In some cases a circuit was established by using a telephone line newly erected to complete a telegraph circuit and it was not for two weeks that even a small line of telegraph service was established.

The difficulties of re-establishing the telegraph service in an unusual section where can be witnessed on the fourteenth day after the deluge reached or passed its worst the early risers in the city of Igloo rubbed their eyes and for the first time since the flood beheld a full fledged steam boat floating over what once had been cornfields. Far out on the yellow lake the boat rode on water that washed the back yard fences of the community.

The boat was feeling its way over what had once been farm lands, pushing thru wreckage. Therefore there was a surprise, when this brave boat crew worked their big boat through the dangerous flood, and in that hot weather engaged in the dangerous mission of getting the north and south close together again by splicing broken telegraph wires. There was a crew of expert linemen on board, and the boat which was chartered by the Abbeville electric wire company was loaded to the water's edge with cable. The task proved most Herculean. When the big bridge, Abbeville-Bondina and California Bridge over the Evangeline St. Claire was swept away, the wires snapped and the poles were snapped away. A cable was stretched across the river and the broken end was attached to it. Where possible, poles were set upright. The work was rather crude, but it was necessary and it worked. Then while the people Igloo strained their eyes the boat backed out, and went over the flooded bottom to the spot where the big bridge over the river once stood. There the same work was performed and the wires were repaired at other spots along the former right of way of the railroad, twisted out of all conformation by the flood. Later the boat dropped down to the site of the boat bridge near Nelson Bridge, and the same work was accomplished there.

Throughout the whole duration of the flood the weather in two hundred and fifty years continued the hottest without abatement in all sections also of the flooded region, and those who did not die because of the flood died because of the heat, and thousands were prostrated. Heavier smoke in the skies than ever caused more than the usual darkness, and at night the darkness was pierced by strange ruddy glows. Outside Pandora sixteen persons were killed and thirty five injured when two flood relief trains missed their danger signals in a smoke fog and plunged off the tracks near a washout and into the flood. Reports came from Francis Atlanta that the Mic-Whirther Run River was strangely steaming for the first time in its existence, and that millions of fishes were floated on the surface dead.

Many rivers also were floa blocked with wreckage causing great difficulty to the water traffic. A severe hot wave from the northeast is being felt throughout the southeast of Angelina State, but there also is unusually little sunshine, but here railroad traffic has been able to proceed regularly.

The weather in Angelina Agathia was the hottest for weeks in four hundred years with a temperature of 144 degrees, pouring natural summer hot weather and

the highest mark ever exceed 102. Several times however when the wind here veered southwest the mercury would sink to normal, but the moment the wind veered east or west, or north west and north then the heat wave was terrific, and sticky. For some reason or other the hot wave was felt more in Angelina Agathia than in other places because the city was, have been nearer the forest fire zone than any other place place to receive the heat from them. The Forest rangers headquarters announced that California and Angelina is divided by two cyclones of forest fires, one raging in southeastern California, the other above the southwest and moving the same direction, northward. The wind is sweeping them on headlong. It cannot be said which forest fire is the most gigantic, or whether the bigger one will last the longest or whether the many fighters coming and attacking against it will win out, but the flood naturally saved the main cities from being burned out of existence altogether.

If loss of life was small from flood the death list nevertheless mounted from hot weather conditions throughout all sections of the country except by the heat when blown by winds. All advices emphasized the severity of heat, smoke and lack of sunshine throughout most parts of California, and sections of Angelina State. Death attributable to the hot weather occurred in all the larger sections of the Nation closest to the forest fires. Yet though the heat is felt in southern California, Abbeville, Concanina, Tripconina and other places, California, one of the worst forest sufferers. In Pandora, California, it was 110 degrees, here by this time the highest usually is 45, at Francis Atlanta, where the usual temperature is the same at this time of the year it was 124, the hottest spot in that section. The northwest section of California was harder hit. Six persons here overcome at Pandora, strange animals from far distant woods have entered the city, and one man saw two deer in his front yard. Passengers of the Interstate Express told stories upon reaching Francis Atlanta of having been visited by animals of the forests all kinds even terrified wolves, which howled around the cars, scratching the doors and windows and trying to enter. Overhead in many spots Bling, looms creatures flew excitedly to and forth peeping at a snubbin with their signed roars. The stories of attacks upon Grandchildren came by the Hongkong were numerous from western California, and the neighboring woods.

In Angelina Vine the weather changed from moderately cool to intense tropical climate, an African heat. A fierce northeast wind bursted many thermometers of thermometers so high they rose, and it was so hot hundreds died and thousands were prostrated.

The river relief boat which left for the sons of flood and was due to arrive at Evangeline St. Claire from Francis Atlanta did not arrive until three days later than expected, having been held up. In the great Mic-Hollerter River in a blind fog smoke cloud and fierce hot headwinds, and stopped in its progress by a terrific burning fire far in front, though three miles away made it too hot for any one to remain on deck. The crews and relief workers had experienced a most terrifying ordeal.

Far out along where lines here the conditions along the entire Mic-Hollerter river as they prevailed provided a panoramic view of the flood. Flood isolation provided in every town along this river for nearly a hundred miles. They stood engulfed in the flood with the water in many of them to a deep depth from ten to twenty feet in the more exposed sections, and they all too suffered from the heat and lack of sunshine. Their inhabitants were thrown on the care of the Government of the flood and river line, and the country people did their part most nobly. Haveright suffered less than others, Harocian was more fortunate, but they were submerged districts, with hundreds of houses wholly under water. Some houses were carried off bodily by the current. Across the river at Mic-Hollerter city, a hundred thousand houses had to be vacated as the water rose around them. Osborne had the water up to the roofs of many of its houses. One of the sights near the town was an isolated patch of ground. Inhabitants of the menaced districts at the coming of the flood made desperate efforts to reach the foot hills. The condition of Osborne was repeated at Dorfil. Flood supplies were scarce and the residents had taken refuge with the farmers. Milton showed little signs of distress, though it was badly flooded. Pelton was deep in the waters and its former residents were with their former friends in the highlands. At daylight the flood had full control of the whole town. The citizens occurred for their own good as far there was no call for outside aid. A hundred other villages were no longer on the map. Hundreds of disconsolate looking men disconsolate looking on from fishing at boards from the river in the vicinity of their former homes yearned to be all that was left. Many of the houses are under water, all others have floated away. The city of Angelina Junction, a thriving and busy Angelina city was a sight to behold. In the few days of the flood one quarter of its beautiful beautiful houses were wrecked, or swept away, while all the others there had to be abandoned. All the roads leading out to Angelina Junction were blocked. The county pike to Angelina Agathia from there was under forty feet of water, not even the cross arms of the telephone poles pointed out whence this beautiful beautiful Angelinian thoroughfare passed. Milton was supplied with rations. It had been under the waves. Many rescuers on boats of great trouble with hot northeasterly winds, and their crews said it was the

best urged that the Federal Government, a government of the State of California should undertake works to prevent the enemy from making further floods, on the main big rivers which happen to run through the more vital sections of the states. It is clear in such cases, if the enemy cannot be prevented at all from doing these things then it is better for the Federal Government to have nothing to do with flood prevention during the war.

3. Also another thing, if of important discovery by the enemy plus was the extent to which the Federal and National Government had participated in the expense of constructing a reservoir system at the headquarters of the River Engineering St. Clair which had been determined in such particular case by an investigation of the Government experts possession the necessary training and facilities for undertaking a study of this nature. The investigation showed that the promotion of the preventive of the flood horrors will require the reinforcement of the flow of a huge stream during the dry and wet season through the aid of great storage reservoirs, and showed the number and cost of such dams necessary for this purpose and though the Federal Government had a satisfactory basis for sharing in the expense of constructing a larger system intended also for preventing floods, the enemy leaders decided first to allow it to be accomplished and then to surprise the workers and blow them and their work up. The enemy knew which was also a coming evil to their cause would it be accomplished and it was this, that should the successful floods being prevented come about, and that it would be a great success for river navigation it would enable Christian war fleets to fill down the rivers and lay a snail in every direction upon the California valley.

Under any condition the enemy was to prevent this if possible, possible, hence though the Virgin River knew it not, and will never know, this is the reason why the enemy knew these floods, to never navigation down the rivers.

They planned to destroy all river boats and they could not be deep enough to float even a sailing vessel. The only river they still had to do this with was the Klamath. This was as it is feared to be their next object.

While to carry out the recommendations of the waterways commission as to reservoir construction and other works, and which were to be introduced early in the war. Cases were seized by the enemy spies and brought to the Glendale government, who snatched them to the Glendale government not on the specific question of preventing future floods the commission said.

"Despite all the attempted hindrance from the enemy the commission has given special consideration to the feasibility of constructing reservoirs on all the tributaries of the rivers, and the work to be covered night and day, by armies of troops with machine guns. From the information obtained it appears that such a plan might have greater prospects of success here than any other part of the flood in the country. The damage caused by the floods of the past and the forest fires now raging are enormous. In the second place all investigations show that a large number of actually good reservoir sites exist on the principal river branches.

And a study of these floods in California shows that most of them occurred from November 1912 to September 1918. There were a large number between July and August however that were not as severe or damaging. The government engineers decided that had such reservoir systems been in existence, and all losses and damages caused as they should have been when the war was in its infancy, the catastrophes of the past years and now would have at least been partly averted. The Angelina and California states decided just after the first big flood ensued to adopt the plan. They proposed to carry it out by sound leases, and asked the Federal government because of the benefits which would result to navigation—to co-operate by bearing a share in the expense and by authorizing a strong corps of engineers to construct and operate the system of reservoirs. They urged prompt action because from the approach of the dangerous foe the most desirable reservoir sites were in danger of being ruined. Everything was done to obey this appeal, and everything with success by the enemy was done to frustrate it.

The waterways commission also declared that the job of reservoirs would be feasible for the prevention of enemy-made floods, if the dams are of sufficient size and quantity but the enemy would interfere. The government has pursued the most expensive policy of trying to bring a stop to these flood disasters, but to no avail. The combined efforts for flood prevention, from additional sources, and from a more uniform effort of all state governments, unless if the foe still remains in possession of any part of California will be of no avail. It also has been demonstrated that more forest have been destroyed by the enemy, than there grows in the Western world. Therefore although a far from complete, fully cannot be fully protected from fires, yet drastic measures must be adopted to protect and devastation by the enemy's torrid, in all regions should be adopted.

That the country is aroused to the highest pitch is also indicated by the indicated by the attention of all organizations, local and National also and which following the awful horrors one after the other called on the Abilene government to adopt drastic measures which might in some regard safeguard the cities and the people.

Among these was the General Branch of the Abilene State waterways commission, which adopted resolutions requesting the Imperial Government itself to consider

the propriety of treating the problem of flood prevention in the region of the Arroyo San Miguel, the San Miguel and other great rivers as a national problem, and also in order that the enemy might be dealt with according to means probable without delay. Count De Biff, framed the resolution. And then he said in a thundering speech that lasted for hours which only a little is given here:

"All these flood, forest fire, and other great disasters caused by the foe will not only continue, but will come in greater and greater intensity with still more disastrous consequence, while we stand idly by and monkey with the means to guarding lives, and not trying to form armies big enough to drive the damn foe out of our lands. This last flood might naturally have occurred mainly, because the other big rivers were carrying away by gradual process the remaining waters of the past northern Californian floods, and for them to carry off all this water without a new disaster when levees now are undermined by explosion concussion is utterly impossible.

The most feasible and reasonable plan to prevent future floods such as we now are having, is not the deepening, and straightening of the rivers, or making reservoirs, and especially the widening of these streams, but to make the enemy do the "rabbit" race out of the country. It is easier to prevent future floods that way than to go through all the trouble of constructing reservoirs, and to remedy the consequences of the floods. Host of the rivers which did not flood us did not flood us cured for their own usual burden by overflowing into the natural national burdens or basins found along their course, and they would have not flooded us at all even at high water mark from rains and melting snows if it had been for the enemy.

With the enemy being at hand the reservoir system will or not do. I have one reservoir which in this country is as large as the State of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio in American with a depth of four hundred feet, and which hold the water that was emptied into the northern California State at the great flood which wiped out Abilene and other great cities. Many good railroads which had been constructed at an enormous expense have been wiped out. Great factories by hundreds which have been erected along rivers have been destroyed. All other northward bound and southward bound rivers receiving the waters from the past floods is required to do ten times the work that nature intended. All the past floods permit unusual amounts of waters to flow in a very few hours rapidly into the remaining rivers, that under different conditions would be days and weeks reaching the streams.

You can restrain the waters in reservoirs, but in so doing at this time of unusually violent war, you store up greater disaster for the future. The enemy would wait for times of abnormal winter snows, or abnormal rainfalls of springs to fill these reservoirs to a great measure and then wait for a good opportunity to break them with explosives, with a dreadful resultant damage and loss of life. One lesson comes good on this like with the disaster of the Lake Bellona reservoir. Levees which keep the waters to the channels and which have always been builded higher and higher have not been guarded with the care they should have been. Any attempt also to prevent the enemy from forest fire taking in my judgement is ridiculous. Facts and figures and this big fire and many other now raging prove that. This year of our greater forest fires now are being. Our government started to prevent a recurrence of the flood that devastated the Angelina and other counties. A survey of the flood which had receded was made by one of the engineers. They found that in addition to the damage in Angelina Agathia already known, a two thousand five hundred and sixty foot bridge between Jessica and Hilda over the Mic-Hollester River had been swept away. Its strong powerfully made abutments had been washed out. All other parties who considered plans for preventing a repeat repetition of the war made floods which have usually cost the residents millions of dollars per street, to say nothing of the cost of lives, but there was no means for the work to be under. The new disaster of northern Angelina placed the devastated states in the position of facing the largest problem of reconstruction and refinancing it not only has set but which because of the enemy in possession of large parts cannot be done under any conditions. All public service corporations were hard hit. Hundreds of counties in California alone are staggered by stupendous losses and municipalities have burdens doubled and quadrupled a thousand times.

Indicative of the awful situation, in Northern Angelina State alone, one of the many flooded counties alone lost forty nine big bridges, that it will cost a million to place or replace alone for one of them. A similar situation existed in every other county, differing only in degree to a bigger sum. This does not include the damage to railways, highways, small and big culverts, and hundreds of little bridges. It was estimated it would cost \$150,000,000 to restore the bridges claimed by the flood. Cities, villages, and towns and districts, shouldered the load to a still greater degree. Municipalities have the burden to carrying for the unfortunate since flood and other disasters started and the more... expensive problem of rebuilding with a great hindrance from the enemy.

The proper birth place and the progress of a conflict, the general course

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also half of the damage done by the flood would fall upon the railroad. One of the high officials of the Mc-Holleston and Pandura railroads, which had corps of engineers declared it would require \$56,000,000 to restore bridges on the Pandura system through the war zone states, and that all transportation facilities, need not be looked for in years. Besides bridges however the railroads of these states, and of the nation lost many while depot systems in the cities and big towns inundated along with communication. The Abbelesonia, Gondina, and Calverline railroad and hundreds of other lines suffered in proportion. These losses because of the war cannot for a long time be financed. Every piece of material for piling, bridges and also quick reconstruction of the roads could not be found in these states, and would have to be loaded for shipment from the extreme northern states.

Bonds in great numbers were sold to raise the funds. There was no other way of financing. Bonds are slow sale in Calverline, with public ownership of utilities, home rule and franchise revocation all open problems to bond buyers. Because of the enemy investors take no chances. The problem of re-financing this way becomes doubly serious. All traction lines in the flooded states were cut in bits. Bridges innumerable disappeared, tracks more in number than even in the United States. States and Groups were wiped out, and enormous damage was done to the railroad in property of trains of cars, thousands of them, and many most expensive engines. These losses will also have to be financed.

It will test the fiber and foundations of all the large and small corporations. The estimate by all authorities and the governors of the flooded states that in this last flood alone the property loss would exceed that occasioned not only by all the past flood and other disasters combined, but by all storms as well, proved to have been modest. An odd feature of the immeasurable loss was at first so little of it was insured. Most buildings were only insured against fire and cyclonic storms, except in Angelina. Agatha the loss from fire was inconspicuous so far as known. Sixteen States, the hundreds of counties, and the many cities are now face to face with the most discouraging or problem of all, in which there was not even the ray of hope of the traditional capacity of the Abbelesonian to surmount all obstacles.

The Angelina State Legislature immediately after the first and other floods continually took up the consideration of measures and flood prevention plans formed by the many city committees, and they have not been carried out. These plans were sanctioned by the Emperor since the Abbelesonian horror. The plans however are of a comprehensive nature and include an investigation of the natural sources of the rivers, water, soil, forests, coal gas and oil by all committees, at the risk of being assaulted everywhere by disguised and dangerous Glandelinians so dangerously that very little of this has been accomplished. The investigation proceeded proceeded legislation to prevent the enemy from producing floods, and so fierce was the enemy's efforts to prevent all these intentions, there could be no agreement as to what was best to be done.

Some had suggested it would be well to guard streams in the lowlands with whole armies, there danger from the enemy is more serious, and floods are by them more rampant. But this so far cannot be done, or if done the enemy can fight the armies off. This would only add more to the present trouble.

What to do to stop floods in this situation said one of the Committee men calls for study, and also to stop forest fires there is need of preliminary investigation of how the forest fires are made by the enemy. To do this is more risky than taking a chance on the loss of a man's soul. We have haven't any forests in the south east and south east of Calverline that isn't burning. That is all there is to that. No disaster came like this in the history of the world before. The enemy have struck us, and struck us hard as if with a battering ram. We cannot do anything now. We are whipped in hindering disasters.

Also there were two bills made up, one to prevent forest fires in the state forests, and the other to up hold all who start up forest fires, and to give them no quarter. The first bill authorizes the D.R.G. as the agent of the state, to take up numberless forest fire rangers to scour the forests day in and day out to watch out for the slightest signs of fire. Near Soundfend on the Mc-Holleston and moving northward the forest fire has consumed in twenty four hours nearly seven hundred thousand acres of forests. The farmer in the region of these burning forests must sacrifice his farms for these fires. Near these forests there had been built long ago a series of storage dams on the headwaters of the rivers, and the retaining of as much rainwater as possible on the watersheds which served for the three purposes, of keeping farms moist, supplying towns and cities, and of making navigation possible seemed necessary to be blunted by orders of the state government, and risk a new but forewarned flood with the purpose of trying to stay the conflagration. Yet to do so seemed a waste. Much of the soil constantly carried off and lost became sediment in the dams, and was recovered, the water so held filtered through the surrounding areas, stimulating vegetable and forest growth, and preventing wells going dry, and they have usually seen the sudden flow of waters causing more disastrous floods than have yet happened. For fear of a flood too severe in results the plan to burst these dams to stop the progress of the forest fires was fiercely opposed.

In Pandura where the flood manifested itself to some degree a throughout in-

spection was made of every house and result it was plain, determined that it could be a very long time before any of the houses could be repaired. It was estimated that 115,000 residences and buildings would have to be repaired, painted, plastered, and fixed up before they could be regarded as houses. There were found 4,567 houses, where it was necessary to build foundations to strengthen, to repair, put in floors and windows, rebuild chimneys, and make other repairs before any of their owners could move in again. There were 2,000 houses which it was found necessary to raise or rebuild. The Citizens Relief Committee on advice from engineers, decided that this reconstruction work could require nearly two years even if building material could be promptly obtained, and so far as the business and industrial buildings building, are concerned it was estimated by architects who have looked carefully over the different premises that it would require four years before repair work and also rebuilding could be accomplished.

Only in the main section of the city proper did factories, and all houses escape entirely, and only on the higher ground where the flood was only from one to four feet in depth. The Chief Engineer of Pandura Pandura Commissioned by the State government, completed his plans for rebuilding Pandura beginning the rehabilitation. He announced that fourteen departments had been created, with an assistant engineer in charge of each. One had charge of the building of the streets and alleys, another the levees along the wide river of Pandura running through the city, another the sewerage system, still another the bridges, the street car system and so on.

Ever since the big disaster began the great sympathy for flood, explosion forest fire and other sufferers, has made the whole nation in to every one. Stronger and stronger and more stronger grew the will and resolution to help, even when it involved great sacrifice, and this was general, and in many a case it meant devotion to the giver, who did good in every possible way. The Red Cross and many other Catholic societies have filled the wage earner with their contributions, these in all cases were a part or half of their means of support that could ill be spared, and men and women and children too, who wanted nothing said about it, and then turned and went out to face the struggle again many to enter the army.

Those who entered the army gave all, and not one of them thought twice, about whether they should give in greater respect, than their own. They had been helping one another all their lives, and it seemed not so much an unusual source of rare duty as a natural thing to do to respond to the call from the west, south and north, and southeast, where an unknown number of people from series of on series of terrific disasters have lost their lives, immeasurable amount of property, and whole millions for months and months were homeless and suffering from plague, disease, hunger and hot weather, and lack of sunshine.

The spirit of helpfulness was so much abroad and so active and unselfish following these series of disasters among people of all conditions that even the acts of charity broke all records known. It is a good thing for everybody, not only in this war torn country I'm writing about but for our own country as well. Sympathy is a great means, a greater teacher of charity toward one another. The man of means gave tremendous, just enough that would not destroy their wealth or make them go broke.

In Abbelesonia the man of position and wealth seen the working folk folk ungenerously giving to the relief relief fund for weeks and months without a month forgetting, half of his means and wages and depriving themselves of necessities, in the giving, and therefore the man of means not to be outdone in charity charity who denies himself something when he signs a check, a heavy check to help in the common cause, and also give money to help in the plans to see that levees and dams are protected from such a dangerous foe.

The Abbelesonian Government ex, experts who made a study of the floods, and this particular big one declared there was no direct relationship between the big flood that swept Abbelesonia off the map, and the floods which devastated northern Angelina and other states, as a climax for the month of September and a part of October of 1913. The authorities therefore are of one opinion regarding the floods.

That in a general way, the greater rivers were continually relieving the receding waters of flood after flood after flood a north and west, coupled with the fact that wicked Glandelinians by fire devastated the forests, burning away the trees, causing the forest fires to hit dynamite sheds filled with explosives in conflagration the ground which each effort of the enemy to undermine levees, or to purposely at the annual flood time to crowd the banks of the rivers until the widest channels were not sufficient to carry off the water.

Forest fires if in explanation might be local however and of various types, but they too when they grow into intensity, beyond escape can from the terrific heat, they produce form in their advance violent connotations of the atmosphere, and differing from other atmospheric disturbances in the extent over which they spread, say for instance the size and extent of the fire on its advancing side, and the sudden changes which take place in the direction of the hot winds over wide areas. There is perhaps no question in science in which there was as large an addition of speculation with the attempt made to reduce in spite of the enemy the phenomena of these tremendous forest fires under general laws, the reason being that the forest fire observations are too few in number, and too wide apart to represent the proper birth place and the progress of a conflagration, the general course

of the hot gales they come, without drawing level, on a point over. At the beginning of forest fire, however, the area of almost every forest burned over is either oval, circular or elliptical. Rarely in America and America and Canadian forests is the form of forest fires much more elongated. The outline is occasionally very irregular, but in the case of California and elsewhere, the forest fire storms have passed into two three or four more distinct fire hurricanes, or it comprises three or four distinct several immense fires like the ones now raging, some may even call it. If they please satellite or regular forest fires.

The animal peculiar form of Soviet life is one of their general characteristics. This is a most important feature, whether in determining the practical rules for the warning to towns in danger, or for the forecasting of their approach, at particular points, in respect of the direction from which they are expected to come, and the veering of the wind to a terrific screaming hot gale during their approach.

The extent over which the forest fires spread also is very variable, being according how long the fire without hindrance, but in California often two or three times greater than the size of a hurricane storm, and more rarely, even five times that amount, as for more than the whole of southwestern California it being overruled by a single forest fire at one time the area of other forest fires lasting elsewhere at the same time varies in size, sometimes extending and sometimes contracting like storms according to the action of the wind, and it is worthy to remark that when a forest fire contracts, it is a calm it is doing so.

On the other hand when it increases in extent, the heat becomes fiercer, the configuration increases in its burning, its winds increase in violence, and if meeting with obstructions in broken up into two or three parts, which become separate forest fires, with the fire height increasing accordingly by each.

The direction in which the prevailing motion of forest fires take place differ in different parts of California—not always being determined by the prevailing winds, as their fury and heat will force them to advance against the winds if assisted by its own fire hurricane. Thus, for example, the wind is supposed to be a north-easterly, but not break the usual south-easterly forest fire in travelling both from south-west and south-east, and at other times portions of it set of every wind, but travel toward some point in the quadrant lying between the north-east and the south-east, namely like some great electric storm.

Normal Junction, National Gravel, the north branch of the Big Muddy, and the southern portion of the Normal Range region, but such westerly course was temporarily due to transverse heat setting trees afire far in advance while the mother fire was moving due northwest, the northeasterly course being afterwards resumed by these westerly moving fires also.

parts of the most violent section, sections of the forest fire fall under this head, present fires do not always proceed in the same uniform direction from day to day, and through the change which occurs in the direction of their progressive motion a general small, yet occasionally, it is very, great, and hurricane force which is felt; these are the cause of the conflagration.

Thus, of the many interesting features peculiar to the action of this great southeastern California forest fire, which raged on up to present time in the first part of the war, none are so remarkable as that the latter class of its progressive action, it was first observed in the general fire, when it struck Irwinville, from which it suddenly changed course, and advanced east to general Conceptionville. A change camp with a view to the city of San Bernardino, where little Jannie was lost for a time and in April, and then turned northwest, through the Horton and Hinsdale Counties, devastating the forests like a flame ocean of hellfire, it thence retraced eastward straight through Joshua tree, to action to glorianna region into, Carol, passing those cities which were at once saved from the flames, it flooded, from which it passed to northeast toward Evangelhoe. So clear definitely, the time it arrived near this city it was a half by the flood and it turned northeast and twelve miles later it had taken such a turn and a whole army of men could not stop. It was so trailing, for during the times of general action and finally, and completely, it was extinguished, a certain, all of the smoke.

[illegible][illegible]

The direction of the eddy of the fire whirlwinds, especially, when it only rages in the path of the fire differs from the rotation of clouds in storms. In that it may take place in either way, according to the position of the fire.

Also, according to the direction of the fire, the terrific forest fire given rise to ascending column of terrifically heated air to prodigious heights, which in swelling descending currents of colder air continuing to these results in eddies that draw up with them large clouds of flames and burning embers and upon the whole produce of the conflagration is borne forward by the fire winds to yield its produce. This is the origin why a terrific wind always precedes a terrific forest fire. Thus the fire make the forest fire appear on a scale of the most appalling and large.

This exhibition of the film continues to portray whirlwinds like tornadoes, and cyclones by the use of lighting and other contrivances in all their variousness, and are generally accompanied with heavy rain, hail, and electrical discharges, as forest fires are also of frequent occurrence in America. One and many other stations during this immense exhibition, being great dangers to forests and plains, but a further north they have not yet occurred. During the advance of this electric fire, whirlwinds of flame have been to occur, forming a column or so high, could about 4. The ball pillars of fire arising from the main mass of flames below the 4. Whirling around their axes and exhibiting the progressive movement of the whole mass.

as previously in the case of humans. The sea of flames at the base of the whirl
fire vortex is more intense violent combustion, resembling the surface of a solid in
rapid oxidation. This is generally a lack of the heat of the flame that would
produce this, and has been seen for really in forest fires of California and
other western American places. But there are a few distinct physical phenomena
and probably not too diverse at the swirling action of a vortex combustion.

They are merely a shoots of flame in a well defined stage, of a very local character and they may not be accompanied by anything resembling, only, generally occur in a violent line that gets far beyond all control, being, quite caused by the amount of forests blazing at one time, from which the flames may differ only in point of temperature, size and the amount of fuel on which they are burning, at once, with the sudden blast of a suddenly heated air to back.

That that a forced life, a dependence on the dominating side, a violent system of discipline is needed, but it has been done. The side on which the strength is most easily obtained is most violent, and this following only in the course of the life, like the case of a transformation of discipline. Heated kills too is their actual strength, but they sometimes are treated like in violence. In the heat of the fire as well in the heat there is a sacrifice like sacrifice in their character, while at the same time the intensity of heated atmosphere is stronger, and more above the fire the fire becomes more immediately into evidence for its violence, and the side follows the same course as the fire, but the strength differs only in the heat of the place in which.

1. A large part of the Christian nation, not affected by the disaster, the wave of great humanitarian action and self-sacrificing love since the first flood disaster occurred was quickly made aware of some of the needs and the extent of the ravaging forest fire spread through the United States. I found expression in a host of demonstrations in all cities and towns of the States farther north, editorial tirades, and contributed articles, and in taxing the resources of the most vitriolic columnists.

The new papers are filled with strong resolution of a program to fill all vacant, long held, and established jobs of every conceivable unit, including chemical, mechanical, electrical, hydraulic, and nuclear, the necessity of additional highly specialized technical training of all segments of the energy sector, and the need to drive the energy out of the marketplace. "Rush," however, is not a mere proclamation. It is the first of a series of letters to Congress and the public that will be sent out in the coming weeks to explain a program that will be developed and implemented.

A third demonstrator, Dr. H. P. Pender, Altoona, Pa., wrote to me after his imprisonment during the storm, that a day and well into the night, he, along with a "big" fellow, a colored man, were taken into the town for having a draft board station because they were not accepted by the military. They were held all night in the jail and finally released without documentation. These individuals will go for days and days, tried without conviction, the old religion. Communist infiltrator, the general idea of the storm was to be responsible for the disaster. Of course, the idea was to get the flood, because the flood

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WALTER STARNING EXPLORES THE HORROR OF THE AWFUL CALAMITY
IN FAITH OF THE AFRICAN REGION, AND BEHOLD, STATE.. HE HEARS INDEED OF
THE TRAGIC DEATH OF HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE. FRIGHTFUL
NUMBER OF THE DEVASTATION FOR HIS MEMOR.

"WITHIN fifteen minutes in the Bengal state, hundreds of thousands, nay millions of men, women and children swept to sudden death while in a bed. Beautiful cities and towns buried under mudslides in a few minutes, or wrecked under in appalling downpour of wreckage hurled by explosions far and wide. For months after scenes of suffering and immeasurable devastation that beggar a description from a hundred million libraries. The whole of western, and southern Calvernia, and the uppers parts of Angellina and other states devastated by resulting floods, and the whole of Abhrentia, and the rest of the civilized world, horrified by the appalling news of the greatest calamity of all kinds ever known. Such is the tragic story of Calvernia Calvernia and other states."

So thought starring as he after having traveled miles with his followers viewed the still flooded ruins of Murchanna. He said to Angeline Jones who looked at the scene wide eyed in horror:

"There have been in the past during this war, and also throughout the world many disasters, by flood fire, explosion, earthquakes, volcanic eruption hurricanes and the like, but none of them put all together could equal this one. Even the Lake Belvidere calamity was a far less malevolent horrible as it was. The dreadful Arronburgs Pan flood which occurred somewhat later did not result in an eth part of the loss of life that has visited Murchann and other cities by flood and explosion convection and other cities whose doom has been sealed by this dire calamity. In fifteen minutes, or even in the twinkling of an eye in Abbeysan as it were a whole city full of sleeping people were plunged into the jaws of a sudden death without evening without even awakening to realize what was upon. Fine residences shared the fate of the most humble buildings of the poor. Even buildings devoted to business, churches, markets ships in the river harbors of the city, all were consumed by the ruthless rain of fire hurled by the explosion or shaken down into ruins by the shocks."

"The awful news of the overwhelming disaster had come as a shock to the whole world," said Angelina Jones. "In my trips back from the disaster zone to find my way back to the Christian lines, I observed bulletins in all the places I passed, through being surrounded by great masses of people, desperate in their efforts to obtain the very latest reports. I know they were among many of the friends and people who had stricken friends and relatives of all kinds in the stricken region, and they were kept in suspense as to their fate. Every where I went I heard them speak of the terrible calamity with bated breath, and I saw that in the towns committees of relief were being formed. As we continued on, through other towns the magnitude of the disaster grew from day to day, and every fresh report added to the horror already experienced, and it was made very clear to even me by girl and boy companions that many hundreds of thousands of inhabitants had been swept out of existence by flood and explosion. We had our experience in Abbeville but we said nothing. We believed they would think we were crazy if we said we came out of Abbeville alive, after what they read of the fate of the city."

He began to realize that Abbeville was indeed the scene of the most tremendous explosions, whose consequences had terrified the whole section of Abbeville for over fifteen minutes, and indeed he realized the disaster culminated in a series of explosions which indeed was a most devastating and far reaching cataclysm, no explosion of any volcano ever reaching such a maximum, he knew now that in Adelaide fifty thousand people had been buried in a single moment, and ruin had been wrought throughout the whole state by the consequence. The explosions no doubt surely did vomit vast clouds of smoke and debris, which darkened the sky for an entire morning and spread over three hundred miles of land. The explosion even had as mentioned changed the configuration of the land, and sunk a whole country, and made cracks over the country side o for over five hundred miles.

ABOUT two hours and a half had passed, and what had once before been a narrow yellow canopy of blue northern Californian skies, was now a strongly grey um like that which heard deadlands on approaching thunderstorms, but the color also told that it was smoke. General Thomas, now Walter Starnung had lost himself in these woods during one of his scouting tours he had hummed softly to himself, and had thanked God that he was still alive, and had escaped two widely rushing wings of the worse and most terrific forest fires he had ever seen in his life, and which he declared to himself was worse, ten times worse than any Violet, and her sisters had ever observed. Whatever the blow might have been he did not know. Before leaving the army for the scouting trip to the city of Calverino he had blessed general Robert Vivian for detaching him to this most important military mission on which he had now been bent for four days before this adventure. At first he had been more than glad that he was traveling alone, and in the deep beautiful Mc-Hollister Woods, and thing that as he felt sure for many weeks his unusual adventure would carry him deeper and deeper into these beloved woods which he had long before desired to explore. Before being overtaken by the first rush of the maddened Red Plague he had made his morning coffee over a little bonfire of his own at the edge of the most magnificent Mc-Hollister River, with the green forest of fir and spruce and pine crowding like an inundation of walls on all sides of him, and for that the he had come to the bonfire for a hundred times that just then it had been a nice thing to be alone in the world, for he was on what his comrades, the generals themselves and the whole Anglinian and Abbeoninian armies and even the Vivian Girls called "a most hazardous undertaking, which they themselves were not in favor of, especially in these terrible days when the war itself was growing insane."

"If anything happens to me through the army, accident, or forest fire," Walter Starring had said to himself, "There would not be any one to notify except the military and the Vivian Girls if necessary. My father and mother had died at the hands of such Glandolphins, a long time ago, then again."

One of the very tender himself knows, Walter Starring was never a man who talked very much about himself, and also never liked anyone to talk about his or even give him praise, not even from the superintendent general Vivian himself or others not even from the Vivian girls, yet there was not a zo soldier in any army who knew him who did not love and respect general Walter Starring, and the whole nation and all the generals placed their confidence in him and talked of him as one of the best men since in the whole christian army next to the members of the "Comdine. General Vivian knew much about en Walter Starring, which he might have told, but he and his friends kept it to themselves for they too knew as they sensed the shoredness of it. Even it may be said that even Walter Starring did not know that the secrets that he never spoke of to any one was known to general Vivian and his staff, and also to Violet, and her sisters.....

Of that too he had been thinking of, even while fleeing across streams and swimming over and across small lakes while in his desperate flight before the branch of the great fire. It was the thing which first of it, had driven him to do his great scouting and spying work. It might have twisted and disrupted the earth under his feet for a time, but nevertheless it had brought about results. For he had come to love his country and Country in its time of distress and with a passionate devotion. He also in a way still more adored God. And it also seemed to him that the time had never been when he had lived any other life than this while scouting and spying under the open skies of a clear day. But to my under smoke clouded skies was a different matter and an unusual one. When he first came to know Violet and her sisters he had been thirteen years old and now he was fifteen or a little over. A newly made member of the Company through their effort and designs he was now as good as any of the members. But he was not always a good natured officer. Above all else he was unusually severe in his nature, even worse when he made prisoners of the Glandolinians, and he was a lover of his adventures no matter how thrilling they might be. He was a great worshipper of God and His Blessed Trinity, and his devotion to the Blessed Mother and the saints was unusual so that the Vivian Girls looked upon him as a fighting Saint. He was also a worshipper at the shrine of Gods own Crucifixion Calvaryish country, so onward before the fiercely advancing forest fire he had fled, deep into the smoke laden wilderness of the Mc-Hollister Run eighty miles north of Evangeline St. Claire, sometimes congratulating himself on the present effort of his escape being a success though for hours the fire was always within great nearness in his rear and from even that distance of eleven miles the heat from the conflagration was suffocating and a great wind was blowing. A hundred and sixty

miles further on he knew was the main sweep of the great forest fire burning of a course of many miles unknown to him, and sweeping through valley and up slopes of ridges like a great adze advancing hall, and the city of Fort Mic-Hollester as it is generally known was in its path, while another main branch of the fire and the general one which was darkening the skies over hundreds of miles of country was two hundred miles beyond that, and he had heard that the city of Gainer was being destroyed, and still beyond that the main northern branch of the great Red Plague was sweeping like a fire hurricane across the Mic-Hollester Run, extending to extend its full length of fifteen hundred mile trail to the western sea. He was unusually surprised and apprehensive, for there seemed to be no end to this world of forest fires to him. He was glad there were few towns or people in its path, for all people of his own side who were so righteous he loved. That hour ago while fleeing the secondary branch he had looked out on the river, as a number of boats looked out on the river as a number of boat loads had forged up against the stream, all loaded with men going somewhere to aid other rangers to fight the terrible Red Plague.

The boats were large and there were six rowers in each boat, twenty men to one boat. They towed smaller ones which had their fighting apparatus in them. They were quiet. Their clothing was wet showing what nature of a fight they were going to put up. They rowed swiftly like Vikings, and to him they were the appearance of fire fighting demons of another world. He had watched them until they had gone upstream far beyond eye sight, and then he had halted to view which way the swing of the fire was making. And Walter Starring felt the thrill and excitement of those hours, when strong men were coming from everywhere to try and overcome the Red Plague, and when the smoke clouds in the sky darkened far the landscapes of fair Calvernia like a ugly as a red hot iron, when out of the deep wilderness, threaded by the branches of the Mic-Hollester Run came a adventure and courage, and red blooded fire fighters. He felt sure he was north of Evangeline St Claire city, yet he wondered why he heard a strange rumbling and roaring sound in that direction. Maybe it was the noise of the forest fire. Yatsoon would be fire now that way also, for at night the distant black blaze reddened the trail toward that city. It was the fires triumphant—at the edge of a Calvernian Eden, the northern fire also victorious, and yet apparently paying its tribute. For at the northern end were battling it along a stretch of many miles, the 100,000 fighters of all kinds, added by the four hundred rangers, with all the effort behind them giving lives blood and labor that a holy land will be preserved from total forest destruction.

Walter Starring had thought of these things that hour ago of swift flight through blazing brush and ground fires, as he now crossed by wading and swimming a narrow section of one of the rivers smaller branches known as the Krimine. From down the other nearest branches, the St Ann and San Pedro, the Red Plague had been sweeping in ravaging fury, since the first signs of it three days ago. The Red Plague here was a seething inferno. Steadily week, after week, the northern stretches of these woods had been consumed by the Fire Plague, while elsewhere through long months of summer and winter of the year before and now, in millions of sections of the country and other states, fires of all kinds, the Red Plague, explosions and floods and so on had run rampant, while in every city and town, and in the story of these terrible plagues of disasters brought on by a terrible foe had been written as Calvernia's fate. A story of the triumph of Glandelinia by means of disasters. A story of tears, a story of unspeakable millions, of hunger, disease, and drownings, of quick or slow death, a story of countless strong men and women, and helpless children and babes in arms living in the faith of the Grand old Catholic Church with the best blood of Abbeinnia still surviving in their veins even though they were reeking in Calvernia being wiped out in floods and unspeakable disasters which astonished the world.

Walter Starring knew that through those same winter and summer months, the greatest learned men of Abbeinnia had been having investigations made for the cause of such awful disaster plagues. Now the hundred and fifty miles of trail and roads and railroad lines between Evangeline St Claire and Pandora City, the only only door that opened to Calvernia without being in a possession of the foe, were now packed hard by thousands of men, putting up a desperate fight against an enormous forest conflagration, that for other fires in the past year was as a world conflagration compared to mere bonfires.

In competition fought the rangers of the forests. It was believed the fire started with the late July disasters of flood and explosion, sweeping a domain reaching from Evangeline St Claire regions to the Calvernian sea coast. Freight that grew more precious with each mile it had advance down streams, and which must reach the beginning of the waterway was in the path of the Red Plague.

How the fire started no one could tell, but it started before the battle of Evangeline St Claire as said before. The fire storm was at full sweep by now. Yet in temperature that almost scorched men lungs the men and rangers did not cease their fighting against it. But then there was no let up in the furious rush of flames heading on toward the cities of Edmonder, Winnie, and Mot or went rose, and other points across the river. This fire fighting which Walter Starring knew of was no effort of philanthropy. These men cared not whether the fires went on ahead or not, whether the fires destroyed all the forests or not so far as destruction of woods was concerned. But too many towns lay in the path of the Red Plague, and unless the fire was checked or put under control, there would not be any checking of the world's greater fire disaster on record. go the awful pendulum swinging touching on the one side, horror disaster and devastation of war and its disasters, on the other great loss of lives and property, heat and hardship, deep fire mucks blazing forests for hundreds and hundreds of miles, and skies darkened with smoke and flaming waters blown by great winds, with many refugees fleeing in all directions. Now now in this second late portion of the war, the glory of a brave nation was at hand, and even wilderness town people were coming up with all kinds of weapons and materials to meet and fight the Red Plague. Many branches of the Mic-Hollester Run were athrill with the wild amulesead fire fighting battles. Countless droves of on all fire fighters went on into the wilderness, countless boats drove past the slower and lighter we scow bridges, huge ships with two rows of oars heaved up toward the conflagration tightly wove cribs of timber, and giant rafts made of many cribs were ready for their long drift with fire fighting materials into the forest fire regions.

Out on this hundreds of miles of waterway threatened by gigantic fire storms a world of fire was gathering like an enormous red hot storm. It was a fire swept mile of the Calvernian Country, and each post and gathering place along its length was turned into a mob of fire fighters, splendid with the strength and bravery of Red blood, clear eyes, and souls that always read the World of God in every position possible way even in wind and tree, and battle and war disaster horrors.

But it was an hour ago that Walter Starring had vividly pictured these things to himself close to the big river, while watching the far distant fire and the enormous cumulus clouds of rolling black clouds of smoke forming into mushroom rolling thunderheads and even other shapes, and many things may always happen in the sixty minutes that follow any given minute in any mans life.

When he first started on his way hisone great purpose was the same as the Vivian Girls, it was to bring back information why the enemy created all these horrib horrible disaster, and impossible to bring back the man who knew of it dead or alive, for the enemy surely was responsible for this terrible Red Forest Plague, who had for the last year destroyed countless lives, many towns and immense valuable forests and farm lands and plains of high grass in a blind scorching passion of demon vengeance. For the last year it had been thought that even because of war such forest fires could not even exist. But now the evidence was finally observed. Fire was raging in many sections of the country and also in the state of Angolinia. People by hundreds of thousands had fled before them or witnessed them from afar. Fast always followed rumor. The existence of the most tremendous forest fires became a certainty. Therefore the military law took up once more a hazardous trail, and following on the course of so many other tremendous disasters, Walter Starring was the spy it sent.

"Get the information or bring back the man who knows of the cause of such disasters dead or alive." were general Vivians last words, and backed by the impatient words of Gertrude Angeline and Violet and her sisters, so then to help him went on the same quest as told before but in an entirely different direction.....

And now thinking of that parting injunction, Walter Starring grinned or smiled, even as the sweat of heat and death damped his face and body in the heat of the far distant forest fires. For at the end of the so two hours hours and a half that passed since his escape from the two branches of the pursuing fires, the unexpected happened, like a thunderbolt out of the smoke clouded skies. At this time if I have to tell it Walter Starring was huddled behind a rock, not hardly any larger than his own body, and he was groveling in the hot white sand of the river shore like a small bird making or trying to make a nest for its eggs, and as he did so Starring told himself all this without any reservation. He was as he could have really said in an awful fix. And he had nothing to cover his head for a bullet had swept his hat from his head, and his black hair was filled with sand and dirt. He was sweating all over mainly because of the heat of the atom atmosphere. But nevertheless his blue eyes were alight with a grin sort of humor, though he knew that unless the ammunition of the other party ran low he was going to be a dead man. For the two hundred and twentieth time in as many minutes the general had looked about him. He found himself directly in the center of a flat area of sand and river shore gravel. One hundred and fifty feet from him the wide river passed on swiftly. Two hundred and fifty feet on the opposite side of him was the dark green wall of the fire massed forest.

geon wall of the fire menaced forest. The thin wisps of smoke playing in it seemed to him like laughter now a whimsical sort of strange merriment roused by the sheer enormity of the strange joke that which had seemed to inflict upon him. Between the great river and the trees mostly balsam and spruce also fir was only the low rock behind which he was now crouching like some small animal seeing a wolf and therefore afraid to rush out into the open even for escape. And to make matters worse his rock shelter was a mere upjutting of the solid floor of the shale that was under him. The river wash sand that now covered it like a carpet was not more than four or five inches deep, and at a point where he saw it more extensive and deeper a sensation of some kind told him the sand stretch was a dangerous bog. Therefore he could not dig in, and he was even dangerously close to the edge of the quicksand. There was not even enough of his shelter and not even enough of the quicksand within reach to scrape up to pile near his rock for a protection. And his enemy who ever it was, was more than a hundred yards or so away, nay it was more than one enemy, and who ever they were, they were most determined, and the deadliest shots he had ever known. Eight times Walter Starring had made experiments to prove this, for he had in mind a sudden rush to the shelter of the distant timber, rather to face the forest fire than be shot at like this. Three times he had raised the crown of his large hat slightly above the top of the rock, and three times the marksmanship of either one of his hidden enemies had put a little hole through it with neatness and dispatch. The third bullet had carried his hat a dozen or so feet away. Even whatever he happened to show a patch of his clothing a bullet replied with unerring precision. Four times they had drawn blood. And the humor now faded out of Starring's eyes.

Not long ago he had exulted and had been thrilled in the bigness of the scenes of raging forest fires so close to him, and where strong men of both sides met hand to hand and eye to eye in battles and skirmishes. There were the other kind also in it, the sort that made his profession of man hunting a thing of real reality and danger, but he always expected these in spying and scouting trips-- forgot them-- when the fire through the wilderness itself filled his vision. But his present situation was something unlike anything that had ever happened in his previous experience with Glandelinians. Throughout his services in the war up to now he had faced many kinds of danger. He had fought with Glandelinian scouting parties, prowling spies and child stagers. There were any times when he had almost been killed. The leader of a Glandelinian scouting party who had raided many a Christian wagon train of provisions, had come nearest to trapping him and putting him out of his misery. This Glandelinian raider had been a desperate man and had few scruples. But even this Glandelinian officer would not have cornered a man with such blood-dripping unfairness as Walter Starring found himself cornered now. He also had no longer a doubt as to what was in the others' mind. He felt sure his enemies were not shooting at him to wound, and make merely a helpless wreck out of him. It was absolutely to kill. And it was not difficult to prove this. And this he did by a test. Careful not to expose a part of his arm or shoulder he drew a white handkerchief from his pocket, fastened it to the end of his rifle, and half the flag of surrender three feet above the rock. And then he had with equal caution slowly thrust up a flat piece of shale, which at a distance of a hundred yards might appear as his shoulder or even his head. But scarcely was it four inches above the top of the rock before there came the report of a rifle, and the shale was splintered into a hundred bits. This proved his enemies were even tighter. The accuracy of the marksmanship of the others was appalling. He knew that if he exposed a part of himself for an instant to use his own rifle or the heavy automatic in his holster he would be a dead man before he could cross a trigger. And that time he felt equally sure would come sooner or later. His muscles were growing cramped. He could not double himself up like a four-bladed jackknife forever behind the altogether inefficient shelter of the rock.

His executioners no doubt as he observed from the puff of smoke were hidden in the edge of the timber, and not directly opposite him either, but nearly a hundred and fifty or more yards downstream south of the distant forest fires. Nearly a hundred times he had wondered exceedingly why the Glandelinian fiends with the rifles did not stealthily creep up through the timber, and take good open pot shots directly at him from the good and vantage point which lay at the end of a very straight and direct line between his rocky shelter and the nearest trees. For he knew from that angle he was not able to properly shelter himself and his enemies could really get him. But the snipers who were more than a hundred yards or so below had not moved a foot from the ambush since one of them fired the first shot. And that had come when Walter Starring was crossing the bog so close to where he was threading. The string of the bullet had left a singing sensation at his left temple--half an inch or more to the right and it would have surely killed him. But swift as the shot itself, he had dropped behind

the only one protection at hand, and this was the sheltering rock. For more than three hours he had been making efforts to wiggle himself free from his bulky shoulder pack without exposing himself to a coup-de-grace. At last to his joy after a more desperate effort he had got the main thing off. It was a tremendous relief when he thrust it out beside the rock, almost doubling the size of his small shelter. Instantly there came the crash of six bullets into it, and then some more: He heard the rattle of pans and wondered if his skillet would be any good after to day, and whether he would have anything to drink left. But for the first time he was able to wipe the sweat from his face, and then to stretch himself. And also now he could think. Walter Starring as he always does possessed an unalterable faith in the infallibility of the mind, which he always believed was better in all cases than the best of rifles. Now that he was completely at more ease he began reassembling his scattered mental faculties. Who were these strangers who were sniping at him so treacherously and which such deadly aim and hatred from the ambush? Who in the world were they and? Another crash of lead in tines tinware and steel put an unusual and very unpleasant sensation and also emphasis to the question. One of these shots was so close to his head, that it made him wince, came now with a wide area within reach about him--he began desperately scrambling up the sand for an added protection. There came a long and tiresome silence after that third clatter of distress from his cooking utensils. To Walter Starring, even in his long hours of most deadly peril, there was something about it that for some moments brought back the glow of humor in his eyes. It was hot sweltering hot in that a packet of sand, and the fire of the blazing forest was sending sweltering fads that made it very uncomfortable for him, and sometimes as far away as the great forest fire was he fancied he saw clouds of flame reach almost straight overhead, and it was growing a twilight darkness. He could have tossed a pebble to where a bright eyed Galverinian Toucan was cackling itself backward and forward in its strange jerky movements accompanied by friendly little chirping noises, the strange singing and ad scraping of the long bill these birds usually do when singing.

Everything about him seemed friendly and he did not seem at all to have any fear of the distant forest fires. The river rippled and murmured in strange bubbling song just beyond the yellow throated Toucan. Just beyond him. On the other side the still closer forest though smoke wrapped like a thin fog, was a strange seemingly hidden region instead of a paradise of shade and contentment it would have otherwise been if it was not for the forest fire smoke gloom, and outside of the strange fearless little Toucan it was devoid of hidden and bird life as everything had fled before the Red Plague. Outside of the singing of the Toucan he could not even hear the beautiful twittering of the birds which he loved so well. The Toucan now fluttered up to the end of a silvery birch limb, and it seemed now to Walter that its yellow throat must surely burst with the burden of its song and its body swelled in and out with its effort. The little fellows black body, scarcely smaller than a rabbit some times seemed to swell in and out in his effort to vanquish all other song.

"Go to it Toucan" chuckled Walter Starring. "Go to it. But better beat it before the forest fires consume you."

The little Toucan that he might have crushed between his two hands gave him a lot of courage. Then the beautiful bird suddenly stopped to regain its breath. In that interval Walter starrng listened to the more stranger noises deeper and deeper in the forest. Strangely crouched on chronic sounds of winds they were over without a break in the noise. And these surely were bloody war days. That was the odd thought that came to Walter Starring as he lay half on his face, his fingers slowly and cautiously working a loop hole between his shoulder pack, and the rock shelter. The air was growing hotter. These were awful war days, all up and down the big rivers, where now no matter where they may be no man or woman sang for joy, and where no children now layed played, and who could be forgetful of the long hard days of the winter last year when the war for a time threatened to be wildest. And in forest, plain, and swamp, was this spirit of grim war also devastating the land. It was supposed to be the mating season of all feathered things. But there was no sound, which usually is heard from countless nests, the peeps and twitters of a new life, no mothers of the first born were seen anywhere teaching their bird children to fly, even though the dora of Nature school stood wide open. But the beautiful Toucan songster at the end of his birch twig alone seemed to proclaim his own joy over something, and appeared to challenge all the world to beat him in his auditions.

Walter Starring found that he could hear between his pack, and the rock to where the Toucan was again singing, and where his mysterious Glandelinian enemies lay waiting for the opportunity to kill him. Even if the slightest movement betrayed his loophole his minutes were unnumbered. But it was taking a chance, for he had worked cautiously and carefully an inch at a time, and was confident that the beginning of his effort to fight back was up to the present moment not discovered by the Glandelinians. He believed also that he was sure where the ambushers were concealed. In the edge of a low hanging mass of fir and balsam was a fallen evergreen lying close to another quicksand bog. From

behind the butt of that pine, he was sure the number of shots had come.

And now he was even still more cautious than before as he began to slowly work the muzzle of his rifle through the loophole. As he did this he was thinking of some hidden Glandelinian spies or agents. And yet almost as quickly as this suspicion took possession of him, he told himself that the thing was utterly impossible. It could not be any kind of a glandelinian, or any of the scouting parties behind the imeloc log. The idea was inconceivable indeed, when he considered how very carefully and hidden the secret of his mission had been kept before him. He had not even said good bye to any of his best friends not even the Vivian girls, leaving by the rear of the lines as if he was only deserting. And because he was after information concerning the great war disasters of last year and this, he was stalking his prey out of uniform and totally disguised as an idiot. Surely, and positively there had not been anything to betray him. Besides the nearest Glandelinian army must at least be more than fifty or more miles away, unless something had tempted the rebel generals to come up the river to rescue general Federal.

And now even more cautiously, than he had made the tiny opening, he slowly began to work the muzzle of his long rifle through the loophole. If he used logic at all there was but one conclusion for him to arrive at. The assailants might have been or were some clever Glandelinian agents who might have shadowed him all the way up here up here through forest fire and peril.

A nother ad series of smashing captions among his comestibles, and other possessions, came to drive home the fact that even that part of the situation was absolute out of the question.

Whoever were the snipers, had small contents or small respects for his persons entirely, and yet his enemies surely were not in grievous need or a good gun or even ammunition or the contents of his pack. They could not even be vandals. A sticky mess a condensed cream was running over Walter's hand, and this made him doubt if there was a whole tin in his kit. Therefore he lay very quietly for fully two minutes on his face after probably the one hundred and fourth shot. His eyes were now turned toward the river, and on the far side, more than a quarter of a mile away, a number of boats were moving swiftly up the swift current of the stream. They were driven by motors. The smoke almost shrouded them in a heavy veil at times. Across the water came an unintelligible shout in response to the rifle shots. It therefore occurred to Walter, that he might make a trumpet of his hands, and shout back as loudly as he could, but then he realized the distance was too great for his even loud voice to carry its message for help. And besides now that he had the added protection of the pack he felt a certain sense of humiliatlon at the thought of showing the white feather. And also if a few moments more would make things come all right and good, and all went well, he himself would settle for the enemies behind the long log...

However he continued the very slow operation of working his rifle barrel between the pack and the rock. The Toucan had discovered him however, and for some reason or other seemed very interested in the operation. It therefore left the birch branch alighted to the ground and came a score of feet nearer, and was perking its head and snatching on its short legs as it watched with inquisitive inspection the unusual manifestation of strange life behind the rock. It a strange note had changed to an occasional sharp and querulous cry. Walter of course wanted very badly to wring its neck. These cries of the bird might have told the other fellows in that he was still living and moving. It seemed an age before his rifle was through, and every minute he expected another volley of shots. He therefore flattened himself out in the fashion of an Indian, and sighted most carefully along the barrel. He also was positive that his enemies were watching, yet he could not make out anything that looked like even a single head anywhere along the log. At one end was a clump of deeper foliage. He was sure he saw a sudden slight movement there, and in the thrill of the moment was tempted to sent a bullet into the heart of it. But he saved his cartridge. The reason was because he felt that if he fired only once--and missed--the advantage of his unsuspected loophole would surely be gone. It would also be transformed into a deadly menace. Even as it was, the next bullet of one of his enemies should enter that way. He felt the strong discomfort of the thought, and in spite of himself a great tremor of apprehension ran up his spine. He now even felt a greater desire to wring the neck of the inquisitive Toucan. The creature had circled squarely in front of him, and stood there tilting its short black back tail, and bobbing its head as if its one insane desire was to look down the length of his rifle barrel. The bird was giving him away. If any of the enemies was only half as clever as his marksmanship was good--))))))--Suddenly every nerve in Walter's body tightened. He was positive he had caught sight of the outline of a human head and shoulders in the foliage. His fingers pressed gently against the trigger of his musket. Before he breathed again he would have fired. But a shot from the foliage beat him out by the fraction of a fraction of one second. In that precious time lost, his enemy's bullet entered

the edge of his kit-----and came through. He felt the shock of it, and in the space between the physical impact, and the mental effect of shock his brain told him the horrible thing he dreaded had happened. It was his head, his face. It seemed to him as if he had suddenly hurled his face and head suddenly into the hottest water, and that what was left of his skull, was filled with the rushing and roaring of a great flood. He staggered up, clutching his face with both hands. Then the world about him appeared to be twisted and black, a dizzily revolving thing--yet his still fighting mental vision pictured clearly for him a monstrous bulging eyed Toucan bigger than a mountain. Then he toppled back on the white sand, his arms flung out limply and he lay with his face turned toward the direction, wherein one of his murderers lay.

As he fell his body then lay very clear of the rock, and his pack, but never theless there came no other shot from the thick clump of pine. Nor for a time did any one show himself. The Toucan a bit startled at this sudden change in the deportment of his friend behind the shoulder of rock had flown up to a high tree top, making a terrible racket. And it was this racket that roused Walter staring to the fact that he was not dead. And it was a discovery that thrilled him, that, and the fact that he made out clearly a patch of sunlight in the sky, or was it the gleam of approaching fire, as it still seemed also very dark. However he did not move, but opened his eyes wider. He could see the blur of the timber through the smoke. On a straight line with his vision was the thick clump of all various pines. And as he looked some foliage at some distance parted, and a figure came out. Walter drew in a deep breath, and finding that did not hurt him, he gripped the fingers of the hand that was under his body, and they closed on the butt of his service automatic. He would win yet against the assassin if god gave him life a few minutes longer.

His enemy advanced slowly. As he slowly drew near, Walter closed his eyes more and more. He must keep them shut, and he must pretend to be dead, when the other came up. Then when the second bullet put down his gun, as he naturally would--his chance would be at hand. But if a quiver of his eyes betrayed him-----He closed them tight. But again dizziness began to creep over him, and the fire in his brain grew hot once more even hotter. He then heard the faint sound of footsteps unlike that of a man and softer, and they stopped in the sand close beside him. Then he heard a human voice. It did not speak in words, but gave utterance to a strange and unnatural cry, and sounded more like a child's than an adult's. With a mighty effort Walter assembled his last strength. It seemed that he brought himself up quickly, but nevertheless his movement was slow, even most painful-----like the efforts of a man who might be already breathing his last.

The automatic hung limply in his hand, its muzzle pointing to the sand. He looked up trying to swing into action, that apparently dreadful weight of the weapon. And then suddenly from his very own lips, even in his utter physical condition, fell a cry of surprise wonder and amazement.

His enemy stood there in the glare of distant fires, staring down at him with big dark blue eyes that were filled with horror. They were not the eyes of a man, neither that of a boy or woman. Walter staring in this most astounding moment of his life found himself looking up into the face of Angelina Aronburg herself. And in her possession was a rifle. She had shot him.

For a matter of over over thirty minutes or more--may to Walter Starring it appeared even longer--the life of these very two seemed to express a most vivid and unforgettable tableau. One half of it that Walter saw--the thickly smoke covered sky, the dazzling bright flames far distant and apparently near, the little girl in between. The pistol had dropped from his limp hand, and then the weight of his body tottered on the crook of his under elbow. Then mentally and physically he was on the point of collapse, and yet in those few moments every detail of the picture was painted with a brush of fire in his brain. The girl wore a large round hat. Yet her face just now was as white as no other face he had ever seen/ living or dead, and to him as he had observed her eyes were like pools that had caught the reflection of some kind of a fire, he saw the golden sheen of her hair, the poise of her slender body--its shock, its stupefaction, and horror. He even sensed these things without without doubt even as his brain wobbled dizzily, and then the larger part of the picture began to fade out of his vision.

But her face remained to the last. It even grew clearer like some strange kind of a cameo framed in some iris, a beautiful, staring horrified face, with shimmering golden tresses blowing about it like a golden veil. He noticed the hair, that was partly undown undone and not in curls as if she had been in a struggle of some sort, or had been running fast against the strongest hot breeze that came up the river. Maybe too she was a fugitive of the forest fire. He fought with himself desperately to hold that picture of her, then to utter some word, and make some movement. But the power to see, and even to live died out of him. He sank g back with a queer sound in his throat. He did not even hear the answering sound or cry from the little girl as she flung herself down with a quick little prayer to God for help on her knees in the soft white sand close beside him. He did not even feel the slightest movement when she tried hard with

all her little strength to raise his head in her arms, and with her bare hand brushed back his sand littered hair, revealing where the bullet had struck him. Then the first sensation that came suddenly to him was a cool and comforting something, that began to trickle over his burning temples and his face. He could not tell whether it was water or air. But he was water, and subconsciously he felt sure of that, and in the same way he began to think, even though it was very hard, desperately hard to pull his thoughts together. For some reason or other they apparently persisted in hopping about, like a lot of crazily moving, obscene objects in a dance, and just as he almost got hold of one, and reached for another, the first would slip quickly out of his reach. He began to get the best of them after a time, and he had a strong desire to say something. But his eyes and lips seemed to be sealed tighter than ever, but later however came the beginning of light, and a flash of consciousness. The little girl was working over him, he knew that for he could feel her and her movements and sense them. Then finally he heard a voice close over him saying something in a sobbing whisper or monotone which he could not understand. After a desperate and most mighty effort he finally managed to open his eyes. "Thank God and His Blessed Mother you live sir!" he faintly heard the voice say, as if coming from a long distance away. "You'll live. You'll live." "Trying to" he mumbled thickly, slowly, feeling a sense of great elation. "Trying."

He wanted to curse the light for leaving him, for deserting him, for as soon as she was through, his eyes and his lips shut tight again, or at least he thought they did. But nevertheless he began to sense things in a most curious and strange sort of way. He believed some one was slowly dragging him. If not why did he feel the grind and screech of sand under his body. But he also sensed the intervals when the dragging operation paused. And then after a very long time he seemed to, or fancied he heard more than one voice. There were two, three, four--sometimes a murmur of them. Then odd visions came to him. He seemed to see a girl with shining golden hair, and darker eyes, and then swiftly she would change into a number of girls, and boys, with hair neither black, brown, or like blazing gold. Then there was a different girl. He sensed all were pretty and sober especially his twisted mind would call them together.

The second vision that he saw was like a radiant bit of the sun, her hair all aflame with the fire of it, and her face a different sort of face. He was always glad they remained close to him. Maybe he was dying, and angels were coming to claim him or his soul.

To Walter Starring, this most interesting and happy experience in his life night had occurred an hour a month, or a year for that matter. He seemed to have had a most indefinite association with the beautiful Fairies. He felt sure he had known them a long time, had seen them somewhere else before, that he surely knew them a very long time and very intimately, it seemed. Yet he had no memory of the long fight, in the hot sand, or of the river, or of his flight before forest fires, or of the inquisitive Toucan that had so unconsciously marked out the line, which his enemy's last bullet had traveled. He felt sure he had entered into a new world in which everything was vague and absolutely unreal, except those visions of beautiful children about with their pale beautiful faces. Several times more he fancied he saw them with marvelous clearness and each time he drifted away into absolute darkness as black as ink, with the sound of a voice growing fainter and fainter in his ears.

Then for the soldier came a long period of time of utter chaos, and worse than that, of soundless gloom. He fancied or dreamed he was in a large dark ravine or pit in the forest, where even his subconscious self was almost dead under a crushing oppression. At last a red glow began to glimmer in this pit or ravine, a glow pale and indistinct, and a long distance away. But it increased and crept steadily up and forward, through the awful eternity of intense darkness, and the nearer it came, the less there was of the blackness of the dreadful "night." (Unconscious still) From a glow it grew into a flaming sea, and with the rush of two flaming seas came a sudden dawn. In that dawn he heard the singing of a bird, and stranger still the bird seemed to be low but above his head. When Walter Starring opened his eyes, and also understanding returned to him, he found himself under the silver birch, upon which had been perched the Toucan.

For a long while he did not ask himself how he had come there, nay nay he was not able to, or able to comprehend it. For a long time in a half dazed manner he looked steadily at the river before him and the wide strip of sand. He noticed that across the river on the opposite side were the rock and his dunsmack pack. Also his rifle. Then instinctively his eyes turned to the fir ambush further down. That too was in a shroud of smoke now. But where he lay or sat, or stood, he was not at all positively sure what he was doing right at that moment, it was not so shocking with smoke and not quite warm as elsewhere. The green of the cedar and spruce and balsam and other fir and pine was close about him inset with the silver and gold of the thickly leafed birch. After some moments he discovered that someone had bolstered him up against a spruce sapling. Between

these two especially where his head rested, was a high pile of soft moss freshly torn from the earth. And within close reach of him was his own kit piled filled with clear and sparkling water. He was very cautious and careful, as he moved himself forward, and then he slowly and almost painfully raised his head to his head. His fingers came in contact with a bandage. For four minutes or six even after that he sat without moving, while his amazed senses seized upon the strangeness and significance of it all. In the first place he knew for certain that he was either still alive or had died, and was in another world. But even this fact of realizing after all he was living was less remarkable, than the other things that he began to realize had happened. He remembered the final moments of the strange and unequal duel. It was astonishing for a former and best friend of his was Angeline Arnburg or as she is called, Gertrude Angeline. Moreover after she had blown away a part of his head, and had laid him helpless in the sand, and dangerously close to a treacherous sand bog of unfathomable depth,--she had, in place of finishing him there--dragged him to this nook, and tied up his shoulder. It was hard for him to believe, but the ball of water, the moss behind his shoulders, the bandage, and certain visions that were reforming themselves in his brain convinced him. A girl friend had shot him. And surely she had worked like the fiends to kill him. And afterwards she had saved him. He grinned as another realization came to him. Before he left camp he had met her and she told him she was going forth to trail a glandelinian spy who had escaped her and to kill him for shooting her two months ago and swiping her plans. He grinned. It was final proof that his mind had not been playing tricks on him. No one but a real spy would have been quite so unreasonable. A real foe not making a mistake would have completed the job. In the dark and mark of the forest fire, she had at that distance mistaken him for that enemy.

He now began to look for her up and down the white strip of sand, but he saw nothing but the smoke mark like a gray fog. And then in looking elsewhere he saw the very Toucan perched on his or on the toe of his shoe looking carefully and attentively at him. He chuckled at its nerve, for now he was exceedingly comfortable, and also as exhilaratingly happy to know that the incident so far was over and he was not dead. If the Toucan had been a man, he would have been willing to shake hands with him. For after all if it had not been for the bird getting squarely in front of him, and giving him away, there might have been a more horrible end to it all. He shuddered as he thought of the mighty effort he had made to fire the shot into the heart of the fir bush--and perhaps into the heart of Gertrude Angeline.

He reached for the pail, and drank deeply of the water in it. He was surprised to observe he felt no pain. His dizziness was gone, and his mind had grown suddenly clear and alert. But the warmth of the water told him almost instantly that it had been taken from the river some time ago. He had observed the change in color of sky and shadows. With the instinct of a man trained to note details he nulled out his watch. It was almost seven o'clock in the evening. More than five hours had passed since the Toucan had got in front of his gun. He did not attempt to rise to his feet but scanned with slower and more careful scrutiny the edge of the smoke smudged forest, and the river. He had been mystified while bringing for his life behind the rock, but he was infinitely more so now than before. Never before had he any greater desire than this which thrilled him in these present minutes of his readjustment--desire for the return of the girl scout and her companions again. And then all at once there came back to him a mental flash of the other girls. He remembered as if something was returning to him after a dream, how the strange and whimsical twistings of his sick brain had made him see three or four faces instead of one, three girls, and some boys. Yet he knew that the first picture of his mysterious assailant, the picture painted in his brain, when he tried to raise his pistol was the right one. He had seen her dark blue eyes glow, he had seen the bright sheen of her golden hair rippling in the wind, he had seen the white pallor in her face, the slowness of her as she stood over him in horror and fear--he remembered even the clutch of her white hand at her throat. A moment before evidently mistaking him for the foe she was after she had tried to kill him. And then he had looked up and observed her like that. It surely must have been an unusual and uncomfortable trick in his brain that had seemed to flood the very skies with golden fire of her hair at those.

His eyes gradually followed a long furrow in the white sand, which led from where he sat bolstered against the tree, and under red now she put his across the river. He felt sure it was the trail trail made by his body, when she dragged him up to the shelter and coolness of the timber. One thing that Walter Starring did was to keep his weight no lower or higher than a hundred and seventy and therefore he wondered how she a little girl, had managed to drag up and rob probably across a long bridge of the river even so much as that of dead weight. But she had. But surely it had taken a great deal of effort. He could see very distinctly seven different places in the sand, where she had stooped

to earn. Being also a new member of the Gemini, Walter Starring had already earned a reputation as the expert analyst of the main Abbeismian anomalies. In the most delicate matters it was never that general Vivian did not take him into consultation. Also he possessed an almost uncanny grip on the working process of a spy mind, and the first rule he had set down for himself, was to regard the acts of a commission rather than the one outstanding act of such a thing as a commission. But when he proved himself moved to himself that the chief actor in this drama was a chessmate. For him it was a very thrilling game. And he was surely was frankly puzzled now—until one and a half after the other—he added up the sum total of what had been omitted in this instance of his own personal adventure. Hidden in her an ambush the girl and her companions one probably who had shot him, had been in both purpose and act, determined to destroy him. Thinking he and act, determined to destroy him. Thinking he was a glandolinian who she had trailed through the burning woods. She had even disregarded the white flag with which she had pleaded for mercy. Her marksmanship was even of fiendish cleverness. Up to her last shot she had been, to all intent and purpose the avenger of her loss previously two months ago.

The change had come and the realization of her mistake, when she looked down upon him bleeding and helpless, in the sand. Undoubtedly she had thought he was dying. But why, when she saw his eyes open a little later, had she cried out her gratitude to God? What had worked the sudden transformation in her? Why had she labored all alone to save the life she had so strongly desired to end a number of hours before.

If his assailants had been Glandolinians, Walter Starring would have found an answer. And the chances were he might have been shot by the probably and Gertrude and others may have come to his rescue. Or it might have been a case of mistaken identification, or an error in visual judgement. Any one can easily make a mistake. But the fact that his analysis or in it he was dealing with a beautiful christian girl made his answer only partly satisfied. He could not forget the expression of her eyes, the beauty their horror, the way they had looked at him. It was as if a sudden revelation, had suddenly come over her, as if either looking down upon her own bleeding handwork or that of a glandolinian foe, the righteous soul in her had revolted, and with that revelation had either come repentance, and pity or pity and horror.

Yet this left him but two conclusions or three conclusions to choose from. Either she had made a mistake, and the girl had shown both horror, and desire to end when she discovered it, or maybe some one else had betrayed him in the heart of the white strip of sand or he had been ambushed by glandolinians who had trailed him from the camps and she and her followers coming upon the scene went to his rescue.

The time for the sun to be another hour lower in the sky had come, when Walter Starring assured himself in a series of cautious experiments, that he was not in a condition to stand upon his feet. Across the river was his pack, and in his pack, were a number of things he strongly desired—his blankets for instance, a steel mirror, and the thermometer in his medical kit. Also he was beginning to feel quite anxious about himself. There were sharp throbbing and stabbing pains back of his eyes, especially where the bullet had hit him. Also his face was becoming very hot, and he was surely developing an unhealthy thirst for water. He felt sure he was having either a fever, or the heat of the forest fire was increasing his misery, and which ever it was, he knew what heat of forest fires, or fever meant in this sort of thing, especially when he is alone. He had also given up hope of the return of the girl and her companions. And it was not reasonable to expect her to come back, after her going for assistance when probably assistance could not be gotten.

Of course she had bandaged him, bolstered him up, placed water beside him and then had probably been compelled to leave him for work out the rest of his salvation alone or maybe she had gone to get a boat. But why the devil did she first bring him across the river, and then not think of bringing him his pack.

He began to work himself toward the long footbridge on his hands and knees, slowly for he desired to obtain his pack or at least reach it. Suddenly he found that his slightest movement caused him pain, and that with this pain, if he persisted in movement, there was a sudden synchronous rise of nausea. Anyway the two seemed to work in a sort of unity. But his medicine case was very important.

Now, and his blankets and his rifle if he hoped to signal for help, that might chance to pass on the river. And what he feared was that the forest fire might come up to the spot where he was, and what could he do in his condition? A foot at a time, a word at a time he edged his way down toward the bridge and then he felt sure he was three hundred years in crossing it. But he got across, but it was torture. Then he added his way down into the sand toward where his pack was. His fingers dug into the footprints of the mysterious gun girl. He

approved of their childish size. They were small and narrow, scarcely longer than the shoe prints of a ten year old girl—and they were made of flat shoes than those with high heels. It seemed an interminable time to him after leaving the long bridge before he reached his pack. When he got there a heavy pendulum seemed swinging back and forth inside his head, beating against his skull. He lay down with his pack for a pillow, intending to rest for a time. But the very small minutes and even moments began to quickly add themselves one on top of the other and gradually passed into hours. Whether the sun slanted behind the smoke clouds or not he was not sure but nevertheless it was growing warmer, very warm, and close, while now within him he was becoming consumed by a burning thirst, and it seemed a drink of ice cold water alone would relieve him. Nevertheless despite the noise of other sounds far away he could distinctly hear the ripple of running water, seemingly the laughter of it among the shore pebbles a few yards away. Then the river water itself became even more desirable than even his medicine case, his blankets, his rifle or whatever else he would desire. The very song of it above other sounds, invited and tempted him, bloated out all thoughts and desires of other things far from his mind. Therefore with all his strength he continued his journey, even despite the apparent swing of the pendulum in his head becoming harder but the sound, sound of the river coming nearer, and nearer. At last he came to the wet sand, and fell on his face and took deep draughts of the water. Then after he drank his full share he felt no desire whatever to go back, at least he felt too weak to even try it. Therefore he slowly rolled himself over, so that his face was turned up to the sky. Under him the wet sand was soft, and despite the warmth of the atmosphere it was comfortably cool. After a time he felt more relief and ambition and the fire in his head died out. He could hear now sounds in the distant forest, not evening sounds but the noise of far distant crackling of fire. Then there was a crash not so far distant, and he felt sure it might be some animal fleeing to the edge of the wide river to escape the "Red Plague", or perhaps it was a deer or a bear fleeing before it. The sky along the whole horizon was becoming lighted up to a strange electric light glare apparently to his senses.

Nevertheless Walter Starring loved that sort of sound, or at least he felt that way, even when a pendulum was beating back and forth in his head, and the bright distant glow of forest fires was interesting and thrilling him greatly. It was like some healing and soothing medicine to him, and therefore he lay with wide open eyes, his ears pricking up once after the other of the strange sounds, that not only marked the change from day to night, but warned of the fury of the "Red Plague" devastating hundreds and hundreds of millions of dollars worth of valuable forests because the enemy hated Christmas and its King.

Then he was astonished to hear the cry of a lion, its cry of alarm and knew of one bird fleeing before the fire. Then from across the river in panic and fear came a cry that was a terrific howl. Walter knew that it was a wolf or an escaped town dog also a fugitive of the fire hurricane.

If the fire was coming his way he wondered if it could leap the wide river. If so it would be a miracle. The glows gathered in, the glows grew brighter and more extensive, and then it did not appear to be darkness as the darkness of night is known otherwise. It was a reddish darkness brighter than the strange yellow glow of the time when the sun sets early in the summer evening, and still throws its ruddy light in the western sky at seven o'clock or later in the evening. The beauty of it and the thrill filled Walter's soul, even as he lay on his back in the damp sand. A strange seeping sound then told him he was only ten feet away from the bog. For a moment he was tempted to desire seeing his enemies who had shot him sinking in the yellow muck. Now far southeast of him came a sound of steam and boiling hot steel, and the whole world seemed to grow strangely red dark. Thrilling as it was he dreaded these forest fire horrors, Calverinia's Great Red Plague, days of what he called "Calverinia's Fire Purgatory" made by the enemy, the time when Calverinia's crowded civilization, had at last understood, how the enemy was killing them off by floods of fire and explosions and massacre and rendering all of them homeless.

To night the glow came much earlier because of the smoke clouds in the sky and he had begun to think maybe it was not time for real darkness yet but because of the forest fires. Realizing in August it gets dark about eight o'clock he looked again at his watch and received a surprise. Why it was ten o'clock. How long did he lay at his pack before he came to the river to drink. He was astonished.

It was very still, for even the breeze had seemed to come up the river though in the east there was a strange roaring and crackling sound. And as Walter listened, existing in the thought that the coolness of the wet sand was drawing the fever from him, he heard another sound. At first he thought it was the splashing of a large river salmon which abound plentifully in the Mc-Holleston Run. But he listened more intently and when it came again, and still again, he finally realized it was the steady dip of paddles. A sudden thrill

came upon him, and with some effort he raised himself to his elbow. A reddish dusk covered the river, and he could not hardly see. But in a few moments more he heard voices as the paddles continued to dip. And after the passing of a few minutes when they came nearer he knew that one of these was the voice of a little girl. Then his heart gave a big jump.

"The girl is approaching. She is coming back," he whispered to himself. "Now again she'll be here."

The first illusion that came upon Walter staring, and which was as sudden as the thrill, that leaped through him, was to cry out to the occupants of the approaching unseen boat. The words came to his lips, but suddenly he forced them back. They could not reach him, surely could not get beyond the reach of his voice, and therefore he waited. After all there might be profit in a most reasonable degree of great caution. He therefore crept back toward where his rifle still lay, sensing the fact that a moment he no longer gave him any amount of distress. At the same time he lost no sound from the river. The voices were silent now, and only the dip, dip of paddles was as he approached slyly and with extreme caution. At last he could barely hear the trickle of them, yet he knew the canoe was now being steadily nearer. There was surely a very suspicious secretiveness in its approach. Perhaps the little girl was captured by Glandolinians, and they were returning to find and put an end to him.

The thought sharpened his vision. He saw a thing like long shadow, a little darker than the glow of the river, it room grew into shape, something glided lightly upon sand and paddles, and then he heard the guarded splash splash of feet in shallow water, and saw some one pulling the boat up much high. Four other figures joined the first, and one was a perfect giant. They advanced a few paces and then stopped. In a moment a voice called softly.

"Walter Starring. Walter Starring."

There was a very serious tone in her voice, but for that moment Walter Starring held his tongue. And then he heard the little girl say: "It was here Jack Evans. I am positively sure of it."

At this moment there was a great deal more than just anxious anxiety in her voice. Evidently her words trembled with dire distress and apprehension. "Evans if he is dead, he sure is still up there close to his house. We must get him before the forest fire comes tomorrow." "Near."

"But I am not dead yet," said Walter, raising himself a little. "He is here beside a stump of a tree."

Instantly she ran to where he was lying, his hand clutching the cold barrel of the rifle which he had found in the sand, and he was looking up at her with a face that was perfectly white. Once more to his surprise he suddenly found himself, staring into the glow of her pretty blue eyes, and in that glowing red light which precedes the coming of a gigantic forest fire, the fact struck him that she was lovelier than he had seen her before, unusually lovely for a child, coming to him a man. He fancied he heard a throbbing note in her throat. And in another moment she was suddenly kneeling beside him, and then leaning very close over him, her little hands groping at his shoulders, her quick breath betraying how swiftly her little heart was beating.

"I hope you are not hurt so badly as all that," she cried.

"I don't know," replied Starring. "You made a perfectly good shot at me. I believe you shot off a part of my head. At least you have shot off a part of my balance, because I have discovered that I'm not able to stand upon my feet."

"I shot you?" she exclaimed in surprise. "Why I---I" she said no more, her hand touched his face gently, remaining there for an instant, and the palm of it softly pressed his forehead. It was the touch of a little child indeed. Then she called to the men who he heard was Evans. He never saw this soldier before, and he made Walter think of a huge chimpanzee as he came near, because of the shortness of his body and the length of his arms. In the half red light made by the distant forest fires he appeared like some huge nightmare of an animal with a bulldog face, a great tall hulking creature in a purple uniform of some high officer, or of something not of this world walking upright. Walter's fingers closed more tightly on the butt of his automatic now. As Starring not being a real Abbinannian and hardly knowing the language well, as the Vivian girls used to speak to him in English he could not understand very well what she said when Gertrude began to talk swiftly in patois of Abbinannian and so on. Yet knowing it a little brokenly he caught the gist of it never theless. He observed she was telling Evans to carry him to the boat, and to be very careful, because Walter was badly hurt. It was his head she emphasized. Evans must be extremely careful of his head.

Therefore Walter slipped his pistol into its holster, as Evans bulldog face seemed to hunt over him. He tried to smile at the beautiful little girl to thank her for her solicitude after rescuing him probably from some one who had nearly killed him. There was an increasing glow and warmth in the night, and he began to see her more plainly. Far down out on the middle of the wide river was a large sheen of carmine light a light glowing brighter and brighter

and advancing. The light seemed also to be coming up, but brighter and redder but apparently true triumphant in the fact that smoke clouds failed to blot it out. Between this sheen of light, and himself he saw the head of Evans. It that glow apparently it appeared to be a wild and savage looking head, wearing a large rounded hat covered with feathers. His long arms slipped under Walter. And then gently and without the slightest effort he raised him to his feet. And to his great surprise as easily as he might have lifted a small delicate child, he trundled him up in his arms, and walked off with him over the sand.

Indeed this was not at all expected and Walter was dumfounded, even a little shocked and also felt the most impropriety of the unusual thing.

It embarrassed Walter to be carried off like a little baby, especially in the presence of a little girl who might after all have saved him from the one who had deliberately put him in his present condition. And Jack Evans did the thing with such beastly ease. Indeed it was as if he had been nothing else but a small boy of no weight at all, and Evans was a giant giant. He would rather have staggered along on his own feet, or crept on his own hands and knees, and therefore he grunted much as Evans on the way to the boat. He felt at the same time that the situation owed him something more of discussion and explanation. Even now after having rescued him from the man who had half-killed him, the little girl was taking rather a high handed interest in him and he had never known her before. She had however assured him in broken English that she had not made mistake, that she did not shoot shooting, and was sorry that he made the mistake in thinking so, and that she was sorry she and her friends had not heard the shooting before. It was she and her companions who had been in the boat he saw while the ambush was before him. The shooting had attracted her and her companions and they had found the gun nest and drove the assailants off. He had remembered that there had been a succession of shots just after he was hit, and had at first believed they were directed to him. She said only one had fired at him. But after this explanation she did not speak to him again as she looking at the distant fires was in a hurry to start. She said nothing more to Evans, and when the Abbinannian placed him in the bottom of the boat in the midship part facing the bow, she and her small companions stood back in silence. Then Evans brought back his pack and rifle, and wedged the pack in behind him so that he could sit up upright. After that without even pausing to ask permission, he picked up the children one at a time, and carried them through the shallow water to the bow, saving them the wading of their feet.

As she and two others turned to find their paddles, Gertrude's face was toward Walter, and for a moment she was looking intently at him.

"Would it trouble you if I would ask who you are, and where we are going?" he asked.

"I am Angelina Aronburg, but every one calls me Gertrude Angelina," she said. "As to where we are going that is only mind work. We are going wherever chances takes us. We must go before the fire comes. I'll surely leap the river and we must hurry."

He was amazed at the promptness of her words, for as one of the working factors of the long arm of the Gemini spies, he accepted it as that. He had not even expected her to tell her name, even after she chanced off the party who in so cold blooded a way had attempted to kill him. And she had spoken calmly but anxiously of "being overtaken by the fire." This fire forest fire was associated with the cause of the disasters, as he felt sure he remembered. He was not sure just what course the red menace was taking, but he was positive it had not come so far up to his hiding place yet. Her name repeated itself over and over again in his mind. Evans shoved off the boat, and two of the children besides Gertrude dipped in their paddles in and out of the water, which was shimmering in the red forest firelight. But he could not for a time, get himself beyond the pounding of that name in his brain, or of her startling words. And he had heard the name before but forgotten it. There was something significant about the other names she said they called her. Something that made him grope back in his memory of things. Gertrude Angelina. He whispered it softly to himself, with the rest to the steady sweep of the paddle in her hands. Yet he could not really think of anything to the while. It was a puzzle to him. Therefore a strange feeling of irritation swept over him, disquiet at his own mental slowness. And to make it worse for him the strange dizzy sickness was coming into his wounded head again.

"I have surely heard that name---somewhere in the army before," he said. There was a space of six or seven feet between them, and he spoke with complete distinctness.

"Most every body has, Walter."

Her voice was exquisite, clear as the note of a bird, yet so soft, and low that she seemed scarcely to have spoken. And it was Walter thought something unusually evasive---under the circumstances. He turned her strongly to turn around and say something. He wanted first of all to ask her if she knew who it

among his enemies who had tried to kill him in ambush. Indeed it was his right to demand a full explanation. And it was his right to have the chance to take that rascal back to the army, where the Court-mart Marshall would ask an accounting of him. She must know that surely. There was only one way in which she also could have learned his name, and that was by prying into the conversation of his enemies before she routed them. Therefore she not only knew his name, but also that he was Sagan Sergeant Colonel of the Gemini. In spite of all this she was very deeply concerned, frightened, and she appeared to be greatly excited at times, and even mortified. He leaned nearer to her, the movement sending suddenly a sharp terrible pain between his eyes. It always drew a cry from him, but he forced himself to speak without betraying it.

"You saved me from the mysterious enemy who tried to murder me--and succeeded. Have you not anything to say?"

"Not now Walter--except that it was a man who shadowed you, and I am sorry that I and my followers did not come along sooner. I pried into the identification papers which one of them dropped and which I still have in my possession, and he knows what your purpose was and was sent by the rebels to kill you before you succeed. The Vivian Girls intend to do the same next month. I will warn them to keep on the look out. But you must not talk so loud or we'll all be shadowed. You must remain quiet or talk in whispers as this woods may still be full of those scoundrels and they'll snip us all in the dark. And I'm afraid the bullet though striking a side blow has partly fractured your skull."

He was surprised to hear her say she was afraid his skull was fractured. And she expressed her fear in the casual way she might have spoken of having a head-splitting toothache. He leaned back again against his dunghill back or sackcloth, and closed his eyes. Probably he thought, she was right after all. Indeed these fits of dizziness, and nausea were very suspicious. Often they made him quite top heavy, and filled him with a desire to quickly crumple up somewhere. And he was clearly and consciously of this, and of his fight against the weakness. But nevertheless in those moments, when he felt better and his head was clear of his aching pain, he had not seriously thought of anything like having a fractured skull. And if she believed it, then that was why she had been treating him so considerately. She always sat facing him, and dwelt on matters more definitely than he had expected.

Because he was looking for information of the cause of the disasters he had been trailed by an enemy agent to prevent his purposes she had told him. And she really was sorry for him and feared all of them would be shadowed. She had made those statements in a way as if she was worried more than she cared to show, and not in a matter of fact way. And to his surprise though she was an Abbeismian she had spoken in more perfect English than even Violet, and her sisters could, but in her words were the inflection, and volubility softness of the Abbeismian blood which must be running red in her veins. And her name was Angelina Aronburg, the only one known to her as Gertrude Angeline.

With his eyes closed, Walter called himself an idiot for thinking of these things at the present time. Privately he was a hunting man out for the most important information in the world ever known of, out on the most important duty on record, and here also was duty right at hand, fifty or sixty miles north of Evangeline at Claire City, and still he was after the information of who brought on these disasters by the command or request of the army. And he would have sworn on his life, that some of the worse Glandelinian generals had never gone at a killing of innocent children in massacres more deliberately, than this she same Glandelinian skunk had gone after him behind the rock. And this mere stripping of a child's clothes had saved him. Now that it was all over and he was alive, she was taking him somewhere as coolly, and as hurriedly, as though they were pursued by something more menacingly than the forest fire or even the enemy. Walter shut his eyes tighter, and wondered if he was thinking straight. He believed her when she said he was badly hurt, but he was as strongly convinced that his mind was clear. And he lay quietly with his head against the rock, his eyes closed, waiting for the coolness of the river if it ever came to drive his nausea away again.

Then he sensed rather than felt the swift movement of the boat. Indeed there could not be thought to be any perceptible tremor to its progress. The current and a perfect craftsmanship with the paddles were carrying it along at sixteen or so many a mile an hour. At least that was what he fancied. Then he fancied he heard the rippling of water, that at times was almost like the tinkling of tiny bells, and more and more he became to him that sound, as he listened to it. It struck a certain note for him that was somewhat a surprise. And to that note another seemed to add itself, until in the purring rhythm of the river he apparently caught the murmuring monotone of a name, Gertrude Angeline, Gertrude Angeline, Gertrude Angeline. The name became to him an obsession. It meant something. And he surely knew what it meant, if he could only whip his wandering memory back into its proper shape again. But that was surely most

impossible now. For when he tried to concentrate upon the name, his head ached and throbbed terribly. He finally dipped his head in the water, and held it over his eyes. Then for fully an hour he did not make any efforts to raise his head as he desired well from the pain. In that space of time not a word was spoken by Evans, Gertrude, or her other companions. For people in this region with probably any unseen perils lurking everywhere in the forest it was not an hour in which to talk. The distant clouds had increased swiftly and tranquilly. And there was not one star out, where there had been gloom, the world was now a flood of ruddy glows and golden fire light. At first Walter Starring allowed this to filter between his fingers, then he opened his eyes slowly. He felt more evenly balanced again, and the pain was partly gone.

Still as before straight in front of him was Angelina Aronburg. The curtain of reddish tinted dusk had risen from between them, and she was full in the radiance of the forest fire glow. To Walter Starring her figure was exquisitely girlish as she saw as he saw it now. She was now bareheaded as he had not yet seen her and her hair hung down her back like a shimmering mass of fire red gold in the fire glow which even now was getting brighter to an alarming degree.

Something just then told Walter she was going to turn her face in his direction, and therefore once as he dropped his hand over his eyes, leaving a space between his fingers. Indeed in another moment she surely was looking at him closely--very anxiously, he observed.... She then turned a little toward him that she might see more clearly. Then she resumed her nodding with the others.

Now Walter was somewhat elated. He felt sure that it was in all probabilities that she had looked at him a number of times like that during the past hour. And she was either disturbed or apprehensive. It was surely evident that she was greatly worried about him. He felt sure his condition was beginning to frighten her terribly. In spite of the beauty of her eyes, and the slim witchery of her little body, he at first had been suspicious of her. At first he had felt sure he would give his very soul to have her down at the camp as his prisoner that very minute. He could and would never forget that long period of sleep behind the rock, not if he lived forever on the earth. And he had decided that if he did live, she was going to pay, even if she was lovelier than the most beautiful creatures of Paradise paradise. At first also he had felt very irritated with himself that he had observed in such a silly way the beautiful glow of her hair in the daytime, and her eyes. He had said to himself what in the world does prattleness matter in such an awkward situation.

But now he had realized that it was not mistaken, that only Glandelinians had fired the shots, and that she and her followers were in that boat at the time he felt like making a trumpet of his horns and shouting for help. And without calling for aid she had come.

"A shame!" he said to himself "To suspect her when she is innocent. A shame indeed."

Walter drew himself up very slowly until he was sitting erect. He wondered what Gertrude Angeline would say if he told her about his strange vision. But there was a half mile between his vision and hers, as he had been warned not to mention it to any one. His hand in groping to his side fell upon the butt of his pistol. Neither Evans or the girl and her companions had thought of disarming him. If they were his enemies it would have been very careless of them. Then a new sort of thrill crept into Glandelinian blood. He began to see where he had made a huge error mistake in not laying his hand more carefully. He wondered his enemies had surprised him. It was this girl and her companions who had saved him after the assassin shot him. It was Gertrude who had stood over him in that last moment when he had made an effort to use his pistol thinking she was the up reach of his assassin enemy. It was she who had saved him from the sniper who had tried to murder him. But at the first he had not known this. Even now it might be impossible for him to retrieve for his blunder. He leaned slowly toward her again determined to make the effort.

"I have a desire to ask your pardon," he said. "May I not?"

His voice rose and startled her greatly. It might be as if some stinging whip lash had struck with its tip against her bare neck. He was smiling when she turned. In her face and eyes was a relief, which she made no effort to suppress.

"You believed I might be dead," he said softly. "I believe it was that a cursed fever--and I want to ask you your pardon. I think I--I know--that I accused you of shooting me either by design or mistake. I now cannot believe it, I do not comprehend it. It's impossible. I could not think of it in my clear mind. I'm quite sure that I knew it was some rascally Glandelinian who had been shadowing me who shot me like that. And it was not who do a in time and frightened him away and saved my life. Will you forgive me, and accept my profound gratitude?" There came into the glowing eyes of the girl a good reflection of his own smile. Then it seemed to him that he saw the corners of her not mouth tremble

a little before she answered him.

"I am really glad to be feeling better Walter staring."

"And you surely will forgive me for saying such beastly things to you!"

"What beastly things?"

"About you shooting me."

"I shooting you? When did you say that?"

"I'm sure I accused you of that to day."

"You must have been saying that in your fever sir for I do not remember it."

"Don't remember it?"

"No." She was lovely now more than ever when she smiled, and she was smiling at him now. "If you want to be forgiven for saying things while in your ravings, why yes," she said, "I can forgive you that, because it is sometimes not wrong anyway to tell lies about me in delirium. But I'm not lying when I tell you it was not I who tried to kill you Walter. You do not know me but I do know you and have seen you with the Vivien Girls often. And therefore you are all right. It was I and my companions here who tried to save you before the glandelinians killed you. And I hope you'll know it by now."

"But—"

"You must not talk Walter, especially so loud. It is not good for you in your condition and besides you'll be overheard by hidden enemies in these burning woods. Evans will tell Walter not to talk until he is safe."

Walter heard a movement behind him.

"Mr Waltrise, you must stop so talk, or Glandelinian enemies shoot from once more and maybe be all in so boat." came the voice of Evans in broken English close to his shoulder. "Do I make so word plain so Mr Waltrise comprehend?"

"I understand you sir very good," grunted Starring. "I understand you both."

And once more he leaned back against his dunghack or sack, staring again at the witching forms of the lovely girl scout, as she calmly resumed her paddling in the bow of the boat.

In the many minutes following the efficient and unexpected warning of Jack Evans, an entirely new kind of interest entered into the situation for Walter Starring. He had more than once assured himself that he had made more than a great success of his spy and scout profession, and also of his process of profession of inquiring after military news and information, not because he was brighter than the Glandelinian generals, but largely because he possessed a sense of humor, and no venturies to prick. He was in the game too because he loved the adventure of it. He loved adventure, and was an adventurer. He was, loyal to his duty, and as an officer of the Thirty Fourth Infantry of Hansons command he felt the pulse and thrill of life as he loved to live it. And the greatest of all thrills came when he was after a glandelinian spy or agent as clever as himself or cleverer.

When time he was sniped by one of those very men he might be after for he felt sure that he was shot by a Glandelinian who may really know all about the record breaking explosion and flood disasters just passed and still going on. This time, the first time in his life too, it was a little girl who had come to his aid. Of what state she was from he had not yet made up his mind. Her voice low and sweet musical, her poise, and the tranquil and unexcitable lowliness of her continually smiling face, had at first made him believe she was a foreigner, for seldom was an Angelinian or an Abbeoninian observed with such hair for mostly you see nothing else but black haired people. But as he looked at the slim girlishness of her young figure in the bow of the boat, accounted by the soft sheen of her partly uncoiled hair, he wondered if she really was an Abbeoninian or of some other Nationality, whether she was one of the escaped child slaves. If so that will account for her hair which was not at all the black of the Abbeoninian. It however would take the clear light of day to tell him. But she alone could not hardly talk English, and if so very brokenly. She had spoken to him in her own tongue. But whether an Abbeoninian or of some other nationality, she had handled him so cleverly that the unpleasantness of his earlier experience began to give way at last to an admiration for her capability. Maybe she was or could do the same thing a nurse could.

He wondered what other general Vivien or his brother Hanson, or even Violet, and her sisters or the Head Supreme Person of the Glandelin would say if they could see The Looker for the more important information dropped up here in the center of the boat, saved by a golden haired but to the enemy a dangerously efficient bit of feminine lowliness—and a big bull necked, bulldogged faced chimpanzee or an Abbeoninian officer.

Evans had confirmed the suspicion, that he was still in grave danger, even though this mysterious girl was bent on saving his life on all costs and even some distant beyond the forest fires on all costs and even him at all risks and to save his life in him, at their own expense and also come to his rescue when only a few hours ago one or all of them had had a share in the battle with those who tried to kill him in a bush was a question which only the future could answer. It did not bother him if with that problem now. The present was altogether more interesting, and also there was but little doubt that other

developments more important were close at hand. The sound of Gertrude Angelina and Jack Evans was sufficient evidence of that. Evans had warned him that even the sound of his voice even subtly in a whisper was dangerous at the moment when hidden enemies might lurk, and he could have sworn that the girl, and even her companions, had aided her full and strongest cooperation of the solemn warning. She seemed to fear of the hidden enemies than of the approaching forest fire, which even now was seen at that distance looking it almost as light as day. Yet he held no grudge against the case or the adventure though he felt he'd like to wring the neck of the rascally misadventurer who shot him like an assassin. And an odd sort of liking for the officer with her began to possess Walter Starring just as he found himself powerless to resist an improving admiration for Gertrude Angelina, and even her girl and boy followers who over they were. The existence of the information he was looking for as a success so far became with him a sort of indefinite reality. But the point he was heading for was a terribly long way off. The forest fires and other perils was very near. He began thinking of Angelina Aronson as Gertrude Angelina. He liked the line better.

And for the first time since the boat journey had begun he looked beyond the brightly glowing head and the slender little figure in the bow. It was however a terrible sight. Ahead of him the river reflecting the forest fire glow was like a river or a shining sheet of molten gold. On both sides more than two miles apart rose the dark walls of the forests like low hung oriental tapestries. The sky seemed rolled and balled a canopy of bulging mountains and cumulous clouds of smoke of black pink and yellow colored smoke sacks, loaded at times far off along the zenith and horizon with blizzards of flying smoke and embers, and at intervals he could see flames rising upward and piercing the thicker clouds along the horizon like lightning spreading with almost perceptible movement along the horizon.

Walter was thrilled by this sight. And yet to night it was unusually still. It was so quiet that the briceline of the saddles was like subdued music. He did not like this. His soul always rose to the glory of the Glandelinian nights, when the moon shone and the sky was studded with bright stars. And he appreciated them most when there was stillness. But now the scene was like as if he and his rescuers were running away from Purgatory with no one apparently in pursuit. From the smoke checked forest there came no sound. Yet he knew there was no life there now as every creature had fled before the Red Flame.

To have shouted out something in this hour would have taken a great effort, for our blessed Lord Himself seemed to have commanded stillness upon the earth.

And then suddenly to his surprise there came drowning upon his ears, a strange break in the stillness, and as he listened the shores grew further away, and then far to his rear he saw giant masses of golden something reeling replacing the thick verdure of balsam, spruce and cedar. The hissing and roaring grew louder, and apparently an enormous clouds of flame soared hundreds of feet skyward, until they made the sky turn into flame itself. There could be no meaning of this sudden change. They had passed a point where a head of the enormous fire was moving speedily, and it had come up at once catching as it seemed miles of trees in a stretch at once.

Walter Starring was astonished. That day at noon he had believed the head of the fire to be one hundred miles off. Now they had come to the rivers edge, and what astonished him more he saw that Gertrude Angelina and Evans were quietly and unexcitedly preparing to run past that vicious stretch of forest fire heat that was felt terrifically at that distance.

Unconsciously he gripped the gunwhales of the boat with both hands, as the sounds of the conflagration grew into low and mullen thunder. Then came a terrific hot wind across tearing a sea of blazing limbs and fairly flinging them forward and about entirely across the river. In the bright light ahead, he could see the forest walls not yet burned writhing in the gale, until it seemed as if the forest channel was crushed between two terrific elements, fire storm and hurricane, and the flaming embers like glowing streamers lighted up a frothing path of water a mile and a half wide that made Walter hold his breath.

He would have avoided this place even in broad day. It was the St Ann rapids and dangerous almost suicide to dare run that vicious stretch of water.

He protested wildly but she said—

"Good heavens Walter that fire will get us if we don't. Wide as this stream is it'll cross. The wind will carry embers. See trees are ablaze already on the other side. We'll have to run the fire gauntlet or perish. Better the danger of the rapids than the fire."

He looked at the girl in the bow as she spoke. The slender figure after throwing water all over herself and her companions from a bucket was now a little more erect, a thin glowing golden head a little higher. Indeed in those moments of awful peril he would have liked to see her face, which could have been reflected in the glow now to good advantage, the wonderful something that must be in her eyes, as she rode fearlessly into the teeth of the fire menace and rapids ahead. Swept by a crazy wildgale of wind the flames were leaping across the river in perfect singing roof, but nevertheless he could see that she was not afraid, that she was facing this peril of both fire and rapids with a sort of thrill and exultation, that there was something about it

which thrilled her until every drop of blood in her body was racing with the grand impetus of the stream itself. The rapids she knew would carry her swiftly past the roaring wall of fire roofing the sky overhead. Strong hot eddies of wind blowing like a hurricane puffing out from the forest fire tossed her loose hair about her back in a glistering veil. He saw a long strand of it trailing over the edge of the boat into the water, and then four brands of flaming fire fell in the boat, one striking her in the back. There was an insane roar of falling trees now, the terrific crackling of the flames, and up rose a sudden long flame on the opposite shore. As the boat sped on he watched it spread to thousands of trees within sight like the swift sudden move out of a storm, and it made him shiver, and he wanted to cry out to Evans, that he was a fool for risking her life like this in this seething hell. And for the moment in his excitement he forgot that he alone was the one helpless man in the boat, and that in the rapids an upset would mean the end for him, while Evans and his five little companions might still fight on. His thought and his vision were focused on the girl, the walls of fire, searing the shore and sky--and of what lay ahead.

Then he saw a number of burning trees fall toward the river shore side. Then he was surprised by a mass of froth like a long high windrow of snow, which rose up before them, and then the boat suddenly plunged into it, with the swift news of a shot. It splattered in his face, and blinded him for an instant. Then they were out of it, and he fancied he heard a note of laughter from the girl in the bow. In the next breath he called himself a big fool for believing that.

For the run was dead ahead, and the girl became vibrant with life, her paddle flashing in and out, while from her lips came clear sharp cries, which brought from Evans frog-like bellows of response. The seething walls of fire searing a thousand feet shot past, strange red inundations rose and plunged under them, black mountainous rolls of smoke, topped with wreaths and canopies of many colors and shooting shoots of flame seemed to race upstream along the shore with the speed of living things, the roar he became a drowning voice--and then as if outreached by the wings of a swifter thing--dropped suddenly behind them.

Smother water lay ahead, and all was darker only lighted by the reflection of the fire left behind. But they could not be too sure. It was also moving along the banks of the river. Yet the channel broadened and the water became smoother and smoother though the fire forest fire light filled it with a clearer ruddy radiance, and Walter saw the little girls golden hair and clothing glistering wet and her ears dripping.

For the first time he turned about and faced Evans. This man was grinning like a bulldog.

"You all are a confoundingly queer pair," grunted Walter Starring, and he turned about again, to find Gertrude Angeline as unconcerned as though running a rapids in the face of two towering walls of fire was nothing more than a matter of lay play. Therefore it was impossible for him to keep his heart from beating a little faster as he now watched her, even though he was trying to regard her in a most professional sort of way. He reminded himself that she was an iniquitous little Jezebel who had saved him when his enemies had almost almost murdered him. Violet and her sisters too had been like her, but his business was not sympathy in such matters as these. At the same time he could not resist the lure of both her audacity and courage, and he therefore found himself all at once asking himself the amazing question, as to whether Evans was one of her retainers or guardians. It occurred to him rather unpleasantly that a while there had been something distinctly proprietary in the way this man had picked her up on the sand, and that Evans had shown no hesitation a little later in warning him of his peril of drawing hidden enemies to the shore if he did not keep still and not talk. He wondered if Evans was an Abbotnion.

The five or six minutes of excitement in racing between the forest fire and of the excitement of the boiling waters of the rapids had acted like a tonic on Walter Starring. It was apparent to him that something that should not be there had given way in his head, and he was feeling him of an over action that had been like an iron hoop drawn tightly about his skull. Of course he did not want to have rack Evans or the others knew a snap out of this strange in him, and he therefore stooped lower against the dunnage pack with his eyes still on the little girl. And he was now finding it increasingly difficult and trouble some to keep from looking at her even though she was a child. She had resumed her paddling, and even Evans himself was putting tightly strokes now using great energy. He saw that the boat shot like a swift arrow with the down sweeping current of the mighty river. Six hundred yards below a long and wide bend in the river, and as the boat gradually rounded this, taking the shoreward curve with dizzying swiftness, a wider and still straighter water lay ahead, and far down this Walter Starring saw the far distant glow of new fires. The forest here had drawn back from the river, leaving in its place a large stretch of broken tundra of rock and shale more than ten miles long and further on a wide strip of black sand along the edge of the stream itself.

Walter Starring knew what it was, a large upheaval of the tar bogs caused by some natural distasteful disturbance. Beyond by a strange blackness where there

was an immense clearing in the forest too wide a rent for the worst fire to leap across there was a strange deeper blackness than the shadow of night and he knew there were tar and oil bogs. If the forest fire ever leaped there surely would be an inferno. The distant fires were drawing nearer, and suddenly the still night was broken by the wild hubbub of many fugitives no doubt fleeing from a burning town. Walter heard behind him a shocking note in the throat of Evans. A soft word came from the lips of the girl, and it seemed that her head was held higher than before. The noise of screams and words and shouts increased in volume. It thrilled Walter as they apparently bore down upon it. Though it was the cries of fugitives it was somewhat rhythmic, throbbing savage music, that for all forest fire horrors had come from the throats of such fugitives since the war began. It was not the cries of those who were fleeing before the enemy. It was like an exclamation, a roar and scream of human voices unchained exultant with the desire of escape from the Red Magpie, savage in its horror.

In that sound men and women and even children were straining their vocal muscles, apparently shouting to beat out their nearest neighbor, bellowing like bulls in a frenzy of sudden terror. And then as suddenly as it had risen in the night the clear voices died out in the distance. Then a single shout came up the river. Walter thought he heard a low rumble of something thundering. A war wolf howled diabolically, and the night was still again.

And that was the sign the fugitives had gone off in the far distance. Walter stared ahead. He felt sure that shortly his adventure would take a new turn. Something was bound to happen if they went ashore. But it was evident she did not intend to go ashore. The peculiar glow of the distant fires in this new direction had puzzled him. Now he began to understand. The forest fire on the east bank of the stream was trying to run a race with the boat while traveling along the shore. Many times he had seen forest fires like these burning up and down the forest stretches of the Val Calverinian rivers. He had helped to fight fires with his own men, but he had never seen anything quite like this that was unfolding itself before his eyes now.

There were eight of the distant fire glows over an area of many miles to the east, and closer he imagined he saw sheets of yellow flame going apparently fifteen feet in the air. And nearest one of them he very soon made out great bustle and unusual activity. Many figures in a long line were moving about and doing queer actions. They looked like strange dwarfs at first, or gnomes at play.

In a large fire world made out of strange witchcraft. But Evans was sending the canoe or boat nearer with powerful strokes, and though still distant the figures grew taller, and the distant sheets of flame higher. Then he knew what was happening. On this portion many rangers and men of some neighboring towns were out attacking the fire and trying to subside it or head off its course. He could also still burning tar somewhere, and could see some large boat tied up in the strange yellowish light. There were large stretches of trees and men dressed in abattoirs, but far off were using picks and shovels, or cutting down trees, and beating at the flaming ground for long stretches with wet sacks, or men with spades lustily throwing dirt on the ground fire. In another direction another bunch of men were seen on horses racing back and forth to the river with pails to fill barrels on wagons within easy sight. Still nearer other men were working nimbly with long axes to cut down trees, or even setting dynamite to blast down trees, and others fighting the ground fires that were rapidly approaching the black tar that oozed up from the bowels of the earth, forming along many points immense jet black pools that Walter could see glistering in the flame of the distant fires. He figured there were hundreds of men at work. Close inshore just outside the stretch of light was a large single scow. Toward this scow Evans sent the boat. Then as they drew nearer until the laboring forest fire fighters ashore were scarcely six hundred yards away, the wildness of the scene impressed itself upon Walter more strongly.

Never had he seen such a force of fire fighters as this, pick moving, and their abattoirs covering gleaming in the ghostly illumination, they apparently were fighting against time. They were too far off to see the approach of the boat, and Evans did not draw their attention to it. Quickly he drove the long and wide craft under the shadow of the big Calverinian tundra. Yet hands were waiting to seize and steady it. Walter hardly was able to catch a single glimpse of the faces. In another instant the children were aboard the scow, and Evans was bending over his. A second time he was picked up like a small light bundle in the powerful choppy-like arms of the officer. The distant glow showed him a scow bigger than he had ever seen anywhere before, and three quarters of it seemed to be cabin.

And into this large and handsome thing of it a cabin Jack Evans carried him, and after a muttered prayer, and without lighting a fire to break the darkness laid him upon what Walter thought must be some sort of a cot built or placed against the wall. He made no sound, but let his self fall limply upon it. He then listened to Evans as he moved about muttering a long prayer to himself, and closed his eyes with the faint struck a match. A moment later he

heard the door of the cabin close behind the officer. Not until then did he open his eyes and slowly sit up. After looking around carefully he found himself to be alone, and after a few moments he observed something that drew him. It was an examination of himself. He had been on many a river boat, and never saw a cabin like this. It was thirty five or four / forty foot long, and at least ten feet wide, and twelve high, and inside had the appearance of the exact rooms of a house belong to the wall to do. The walls and ceiling were of tricolor paint, the floor was of cedar varnished thickly and shining like a mirror in the glow of the lamp that Evans had lit. And it was the work and exquisite workmanship and also craftsmanship of the wood work and designs that caught his eyes first. Then he observed other things that astonished him still more. Looking down he observed that under his feet was a thick soft rug of soft green velvet. And two magnificent white bear skin lay between him, and the end of the room. The walls were hung with pictures, mostly of scenery, and one of a famous Italian Saint, and at the seven big windows were curtains of ivory lace draped with damask. The large lamp which Evans had lighted was fastened to the wall close to him. It was of polished silver ripped on the top with pure gold, and threw a brilliant light. Looking carefully he saw it was a large candle lamp. There were eight other lamps like these and they were not lighted, but though they had the same color of the lamp and their greasy appearance, but Walter made out the very first thing he was staring at—a beautiful organ. He slowly rose to his feet, for he could not believe his eyes, and then he made his way toward it. He passed between chairs. Near the organ was another door, and a wide divan of the same soft green velvet upholstery. Looking back he observed that what he had been just then lying upon was another divan of the same kind. And close to this were book shelves, and a table on which were magazines, and papers and a woman's workbasket, and a waist basket also, and in the big waste basket sound asleep—was a large cat.

And then over the table, and the sleeping cat, his eyes rested upon a large picture fastened to the wall. In a background was a mighty army holding at bay an immense herd of fiends. It was a battle of Christians against demons.

He took a quick step toward the table—then suddenly caught at the back of a chair. "Gounfound my head!" he exclaimed. Or was it the big boat starting to move, and rocking suddenly under his feet. Then suddenly to him it seemed as if the cat was beginning to turn round in its basket and the basket seemed to be turning different shapes. There were half a dozen battle pictures instead of one, the lamp was shaking in its bracket, the floor was tilting, the boat was sinking and filling with water and burning at the same time, over the water was burning, the air was becoming smoke, the ceiling was coming down to him and the floor was rising up to crush him, great ghosts of horrible objects appeared out of the darkness, everything was becoming hideously contorted and out of place. To him the river itself suddenly rose from the ground and its full length stood up, the forest fires began to burn the stars, and the moon began to make faces, then a strange shroud of darkness gathered about him, and through the darkness Walter staggered blindly toward the divan. He reached it just in time to fall upon it like a dead man.

After this final breakdown there seemed to have been a most interminable time, especially since the breakdown of his physical strength, and then it seemed forever and ever that Walter Starring lived in a strangely black and dreadfully dark world, where apparently a horde of unusually frightful creatures appearing and disappearing were shooting every now and then, sometimes red hot arrows and brimstone and fire into his brain. And it apparently seemed that he was a lost soul. Whether they were there or not, he did not and could not hardly sense the presence of human beings, nor that the divan had been changed into a bed, and the eight lamps lighted, and that wrinkled brown hands of an old surgeon were performing a miracle of wilderness surgery over him. He did not see the aged old face of the doctor, an army and ranger surgeon, as the poor bent and tottering doctor called upon all a his ninety eight years of experience and upon Our Blessed Lord also to bring him back to life. And knees hour after hour, nor the dead white face and wide open staring eyes of Gertrude Angeline as her silver white fingers worked with the old doctor's doctors. Apparently he felt sure he was in a gulf of utter blackness, thick with the spirits of torment and fury. He fought them desperately and crowded against them and he fighting and his loud cries brought the look of death into the very eyes of the little girl whose face continually banded over him. Neither was he able to hear the slightest sound of her voice, nor feel the soothing of her hands nor the powerful grip of Evans, as he held him down with the critical moments came.

And the good old doctor like a machine that had looked upon death a thousand times gave no rest to his claw like fingers until the work was quietly done, and after that it came to be that something appeared to drive the arrow shooting fiends out of the darkness, that was trying to smother Walter Starring. After that Walter lived through an eternity of unrest, a life in

which he seemed absolutely powerless and yet tried always to desperately struggle and contend for a overpowering over things that were trying equally as desperately to forcibly hold him down. There were long lapses of it without break, like the long hours of awful stormy weather or of dreadful oblivion that comes with coma, and also there were often times, when he seemed keenly alive and alert, yet unable to move or act. Then gradually the darkness gave way to sudden flashes of light, and then these flashes helped him to see things, but not a potentially they were curiously twisted, then floating, and then began to fight themselves insistently upon his senses. Then apparently it seemed he was back in the hot sand again, and then he heard the voices of Gertrude Angeline and of some one else seemingly shouting to others to pick him up and hurry out of the path of a fire. Then it was always these children came to him when the fierce devils returned to attack him with flaming pitchforks and darts. From somewhere else, and the other would come out of the darkness from some unknown place and with the beautiful sign of the Cross frighten them away.

Once in a while he fancied he could hear their voice like a soft whisper in his ears, and then he felt occasionally one or the other touch him with cool soothing hands, and comfort him and quiet his pain. After a time he grew to be greatly afraid, when the darkness would swallow them up, and in that dark, near he would call desperately for them, and always he heard their voice in answer, and sometimes that of Evans.

Then came the longest of all the oblivions. He then imagined that he was floating delightfully through a large cool space, far away from the fiends and other creatures of horror and torment, then it seemed that his bed became don't other clouds, and on these clouds he suddenly began to drift far off, with a great golden sea of a smokeless fire below and above him, and at last the cloud he was on slowly began to shape itself into a forest of beautiful galaxy like beams, and these forests changed to immense ferns, and then gradually shaped themselves into strangely formed walls, and on these walls were pictures all of burning forests, and of himself burning with them, and then there was a large window through which a big fire was entering—and then he heard a soft voice, was followed by the most wonderful music that seemed to come to him from another world.

Later on it seemed that there were many other creatures beginning to work in his brain, apparently building up and sending together the loose ends of things that the parent demons had ruined or broke apart. Then apparently Walter became one of them, working so hard that frequently a pair of blue eyes and others came out of the dawning of the night to stop him, and then other quieting hands and a voice or two soothed him to rest. The hands and the voice became very intimate. He missed them often when they were not near, especially the hands, and he therefore was always cropping for them, to make sure they had not gone away. Only twice after the floating clouds transformed itself into the walls of the boat cabin did the dreadful and chaotic darkness of the apparent internal regions fully possess him again. In that darkness he heard a stranger voice. It was not the voice of any of his childhood rescuers, or of Evans or of any fire fighting rangers. It apparently was close to his ears. And in that awful darkness that was apparently smothering him, there was something terrible about it as it droned slowly the words "Thou enemy had killed my little girl." He tried to answer, to call back to it, and the voice came suddenly again repeating the words, emotionless hollow as if echoing out of a grave. And still harder he struggled to reply to it, to say that he was Walter Starring, and that he was out to look for information and find out why the enemy made all those dreadful flood and other disasters. And suddenly it seemed to him that the voice changed into the flesh and blood of Gertrude Angeline herself, though he could not see in the darkness—and he reached out suddenly, gripping fiercely at the warm substance of flesh, until he heard another voice, the voice of Gertrude Angeline entreating him to allow his enemy to go. It was this time that his eyes shot open, wide and seeing, and straight over him was the face of Gertrude Angeline nearer to him than it had been even in the visionings of his dreadfully feverish mind. His fingers were clutching her shoulders, gripping like steel hooks.

"Walter, Walter" she was crying. For a full minute or longer he stared in surprise, then slowly his hands and fingers relaxed relaxed, and his arms dropped limp. "I beg your pardon—I—I was dreaming" he stammered weakly. "I—I thought I was—""!!!!!!"

He had seen the pain of worry in her face. Now changing swiftly however, it lighted up with relief and gladness. And now his vision cleared by long darkness and the change came in an instant like a flash of sunshine. And then so near that he could have touched her—she was smiling down into his eyes. He smiled back. It however took a great effort for his face felt stiff and very much unnatural as if it had been made of plaster.

"I believe I was dreaming of—going out to hunt for the reason of flood and explosion disaster," he continued to apologize. "I hope I did not hurt you!" The two girls had one from her lips as swiftly as it had come. "A little

Walter. I am glad you are better and have recovered your mind. You have been very ill since you were wounded by the sniper."

He raised his hand suddenly to his face. The bandage was there, and now a long scuffle of beard on his cheek. He was puzzled, for why this morning he had fastened his arm in a mirror to the side of a tree and shaved.

"It was six days ago you were hurt by the sniper," she said quietly. "This is the late morning of the seventh day. You have been in a struggle and great fever. My friendly doctor Ja na Ja has saved your life and an after a week's hard effort. You must lie quiet now. You have been talking a great deal."

"About—about the clues as to who caused the dreadful disaster— and also why?" he said.

"She nodded.

"And of you and your friends?"

"All of them, even yours."

"And of others too."

"It may be so Walter."

"And of a many fierce devils with fiery darts and arrows, and of great forest fires, and of enemies trying to pull me down into a dark, dark pit?"

"All of those too."

"Then I haven't anything more to tell you," grunted Walter. "I guess I have told you all I know. You saved me from the man who shot me back there. And here I am, what are you going to do next?"

"I'm going to call you to have him take care of you," she answered promptly, and she rose swiftly from beside him, and moved quickly to the door. Though he desired to be made no effort to call her back. Nevertheless his wife was working slowly, refusing themselves after an awful carnival in chaos, and he scarcely noticed that she was gone, until the cabin door closed behind her. Then again he raised his hand to his face and felt his beard, six days. He turned his head so that he could take in the length of the cabin. It was filled with subdued sunlight now, a western sun that glowed softly, giving depth and richness to the colors on the floor and walls, lighting up the things on the shelves, and the pictures with a warm this of life. Then his eyes traveled slowly to his own feet. The divan had been opened and transformed into a bed. Then he discovered that he was undressed. He had on a simple beautiful night gown. And there was a big bunch of wild flowers of many varieties on the table. His head cleared swiftly, and he then saw himself a little on one elbow with extreme caution and listened. The big boat was not moving. It was he believed still tied up at the same place, but he could hear no voices out where he had last seen armies of men fighting the forest fires in the distance. Had they succeeded in checking their course?

He then dropped back on his pillow, and his eyes rested on the flag. When his blood stirred again as he looked at a map which indicated where the great Abbeinn disaster had so lately occurred. Wherever people went and came that disaster was well known of and spoken of with horror and excitement. Yet it was not common. Hardly was it seen, and never had it come so far south as other floods joining it. Many things came to Walter now, things that he had heard in general Vivians lines, and up and down the rivers, through country side, in cities, and towns, in rural districts and everywhere he had traveled. Once he had read the full end of a report the Emperor of Abbeinn and her state had sent in to every Christian general.

"We do not know why the enemy did those things, but Concoctinn Aronburg has sent any agents to find out. Few men have been able to recover from the horror of it, and other great disasters, which spread to the far handwaters of the Mis-Holocaust Run. Concoctinn Aronburg stated that there had never been flood or disaster explosions in this region or where he advanced, though forest fires have surprised him, and it is fact that neither Pickle all or Vivians in these disasters which have undermined the apprehension of the whole world. The Concoctinn made a no success in their own investigations."

At least that was the unusual gist of what Walter had so intensely read with great interest of Emperor Vivians report. But he had never associated it with the reports on other great war disasters past or present. It was of the horrors heard and read awful stories, the total destruction of Bengal County that he had and so many other towns and villages by the biggest flood that ever occurred in fiction or reality. And so it was Abbeinn and her destruction. "Mainly he no great find out why she was destroyed."

He closed his eyes and thought of the long winter weeks he had passed near Northern Angelina, watching for some sign of evidence of anything those who knew about the cause of the first great flood horror of November.

It was there also far later he had heard and read most about this great Abbeinn flood and explosion horror, and yet no one he had talked with, had ever seen it. No one knew whether it was a true report or whether the nations only dreamed of it, and if real whether it was caused by explosions of unusual force or of

natural results like earthquake or distant volcanic eruptions which had thrown down the mountain dikes and let the torrent loose. Some stories said that the disaster was along but gradual, that even now though it was early in August and so late since that time, Abbeinn or what was left of her was still under a vast expanse of water, other said that the flood still existed in some parts of the territory so that some of the towns thus inundated would be recovered or restored for many years. It was after these horrors he had learned of pergar, and about this great Concoctinn leader, and yet no one had talked with or had even seen him, no one knew whether he was young or old, a piggy or giant. Many declared that he was strong, that he could twist a gun barrel dials in his hands some others said that he was old, so old that he never appeared young.

And never did any of the Angelinian soldiers, or any one upon his mouth about the Supreme Person Hendro Darger, the master of all the Concoctinn and its branches. Everywhere he remained a secret. No matter what he did he did not disclose his identity, so that if one saw a fleet of soldiers on horseback, with the Concoctinn standard one had to make his own guess, whether Darger was among them or not.

But these things were known—that the keenest, quickest, and strongest man of the army, and of his mothers brought to the generals of various or less the richest and most important information, and that they carried to all Christian armies the greatest numbers of race of child slaves that any one could have ever thought of procuring. So much the name Darger dragged out of Walter's memory.

It came to him now when why the Concoctinn were so occupied in trying to find out the cause of so many disasters. But his memory had lost its grip on that awful incident while retaining vividly its hold on the stories, and rumors of the mystery Concoctinn man Darger.

Walter pulled himself a little higher on his pillow and with a new interest scanned the cabin. He had never heard of such a disaster before. Yet here he had received the proof of its existence, and of the greatness of its extent. This now easily made history of the great northern of Calverlinian war floods, and always been of absorbing interest to him. He sometimes wondered why it was that for so long a time the outside world had known so little about it, and believed so little of what it heard. A long time ago he had named an article telling briefly the story of this half of a Calverlinian continent, for which a country for two years nearly, war and tragedy of unusual fury, had come on to be added by the most gigantic floods of record, and come in down on in a way to horrify and thrill the hearts of men women and children.

He had told of huge forts with thirty foot stone bastions, that had been swept away by the torrent, or great river marshes which had fired their horridness in battle being stranded on ground far from rivers. He had described the coming into this northern section of the Calverlinian state, of thousands and hundreds of thousands of the bravest and best blooded men of Calverlinia, Angelina and Abbeinnia, and how these many thousands had continued to come with relief and provisions for the many millions of survivors and refugees refugees, bringing with them prisoners of war forced to work to rebuild the damage done, until out of the wreckage of the great northern disaster rose many camps for refugees. And these rescuers he had called lords of northern Calverlinian men who he held power of life and death in the hollow of their hands, until the great flood yielded its last victim, on who showed flood disasters they were overpowered, then the enemy of mankind.

And Walter after writing these things had stuffed his manuscript away in the bottom of his trunk at army barracks at Angelina Agathia, for he believed it was not in his power to do justice to the people surviving of this horrible disaster.

The powerful and beautiful Northern Calverlinian cities and towns were either gone or still under flood waters. Like dethroned Christian Monarchs, stripped to the level of the most humble men, they lived in the memory of what had been. That was not under water still lay scattered in wreckage over hundreds of miles of land. The wreckage hill at Mildred greenburg still remained, and the mighty hand of the Concoctinn ruled the destinies of the Calverlinian people, and were bent on looking for the results of the disaster, cause and the reason why, and who was really responsible.

It was this thought, the thought that the whole nation, the Concoctinn, the law, and the interest of the world in general and one of the powerful forces of the wilderness had set in this cabin of the big boat that came to Walter, as he drew himself still higher against his pillow. A greater thrill possessed him than the thrill of his hunt for the men who know anything about the making of such awful disasters. The men among the glendolinnians who ordered these big explosion and flood disasters to be created, were the worst of all murderers, whole and murderers of whole nations of people, and the worst of all, a dreadful holocaust for whom there could be no pity. Of all things the whole nation wanted those men who caused the disasters most, and he Walter Starring was the first chosen one to consummate its desire, while violent and her sisters were going to try their own luck at it in the next month, fearing he and others might not succeed. Yet in spite of that he felt upon himself the strangest unrest of a greater adventure, than the quest for the ones who may know of the cause of such disaster horrors. It also was an amazing thing, that could not be seen,

urging him, rousing him from the slough into which they had fallen because of his wound and sickness. It was surely after all the most vital of things, a matter also of Angelina's own existence. It also consisted of his own life. Gertrude Angelina had absolutely lost all chances in her successful effort to save him from a hidden assassin who had tried to kill him deliberately, not only with a blade and intent but because he was out for that information. That she had saved him afterwards only added to the grave necessity of an explanation, and settle the present matter before he allowed another thought of the Abbeismian flood and other horrors to enter his head. This strong resolution reiterated itself in his mind as the machine-like voice of duty. He was not thinking of the Gemini law, and yet the consciousness of his accountability to that great law kept repeating itself. In the very face of it Walter Starring knew also that something besides the obligation of the thing was urging him, something that was becoming deeply and dangerously personal. At least he was trying to think of it as quite dangerous. And that interest was his unbecoming interest in the fact that the girl knew all about his adventure. It was an interest distinctly removed from any unusual code that might have governed him in his many experiences of adventures with Violet and her sisters themselves. Comparatively or surely if they and Gertrude were in the room now

The Vivian girls would have been a hundred times the lovelier. He conceded the point smiling a bit grimly as he continued to study that part of the big cabin which he could see from his pillow. He lost interest, temporarily at least, in the Abbeismian flood. Not long ago the one question to which, above all others he had desired an answer was, why had Angelina Aronburg rescued him from the accursed who worked so desperately to kill him in ambush and so hard to save him afterwards. What interest had the beautiful little girl in him. He had heard lots about her, but this was his first meeting with her. Now as he looked about him, the question which repeated itself insistently was, what relationship also did she bear to general Concentinian Aronburg.

Undoubtedly she was his niece. For her course caused a fierce blooded offspring he thought, one like Cleopatra herself, not afraid of an adventure of her own not afraid of the worse enemies, not afraid to destroy when necessary, and equally quick to rescue any one from peril, and to make amends if she did make a mistake.

There suddenly came the quiet opening of the cabin door to break in upon his thought. He hoped it was Angelina Aronburg returning to him. It was the good old doctor however. The old surgeon stood over him for a moment, and then put his hand to his forehead. He said something and nodded his head, his sunken eyes gleaming with ardent satisfaction. Then he put his hands under Walter's arms, and lifted him until he was sitting upright, with four pillows at his back.

"Much obliged," said Walter. "That is making me feel better. Yet if you don't mind doctor -- I have not had anything to eat for six days, and --"

"I myself have brought you something to eat," Walter broke in a very soft voice behind him. The doctor had slipped away, and Gertrude Angelina stood in his place. Walter of course stared up at her speechless. He heard the door close behind the old doctor. Then slowly Angelina Aronburg drew up a chair, so that the first time he could see her clear eyes with the light of day full upon her face. He forgot that six days ago, she had rescued him from his deadliest enemy. He for that moment forgot the existence of the tremendous Abbeismian flood. Her slimness was as it had pictured itself to him in the hot sands near the verge of the forest fire. Her hair was as he had seen it there but it was more a better formed now and she had a big red ribbon on her head rounding him off the wings of some butterfly. But it was her eyes that he stared at, and so fixed was his look that the red lips trembled a bit on the verge of a smile. She was not embarrassed. There was no color in the clear witness of her skin, except that redness of her lips.

"I thought you had dark blue eyes," he said bluntly. "I --"

"Please Walter," she interrupted him, sitting down close beside him. "Will you please eat something now?"

A spoon was at his mouth, and he was forced to take it in or have its contents spilled over him. The spoon continued to move quickly between the bowl and his mouth. He was therefore robbed of speech. And the girl's eyes as sure as as he were alive were beginning to laugh at him. They were a wonderful blue, with little golden specks in them like the freckles he had seen in wood violets. Her lips parted. Between their bewitching redness he saw the pines of her white teeth. In a big crowd of beautiful children, with her glorious golden hair uncovered, and her eyes looking straight at him, one would have picked her out. But close like this, with her eyes smiling at him she was indeed a adorable little girl. Something of Walter's thoughts must have shown in his face, for suddenly the little girl's lips parted a little, and the warmth went out of her eyes, leaving them cold and distant. He finished the soup, and she rose again to her feet.

"Please don't go yet," he said pleadingly. "If you do I will get up and follow. I am quite sure I deserve a little something more than just soup."

"Not now," she said. "It's the doctor's orders. But he says that you may have plenty of boiled fish and muffins for supper." she assured him.

"You know surely I do not mean that. I want to know why you rescued me from

the man who shot me, and what you who is a little girl think you are going to do with me."

"I answered you because you are of our side -- and I do not know what to do with you except keep you on the boat," she said looking at him most tranquilly, but with what he thought was a growing shadow of perplexity in her eyes. "Evans said if he caught the man who shot you he will fasten a big stone to his back and throw him in the river with his hands tied behind his back. Evans means what he says. He thinks the man is a blood thirsty --"

"As the glandelinian officers who tried to murder a whole nation by flood and explosion," Walter interjected.

"Exactly," Walter said. "I don't think he would allow any one to hurt you now if he can help it, and he won't let you go on in your journey unless I told him to. And I don't believe I'm going to allow you to do that for quite a spell." she added, the soft glow flashing back into her eyes for an instant. Not while these woods are so full of perils and such big forest fires are sweeping them. And you must not forget the splendid work the doctor has done on your head. My Uncle general Concentinian Aronburg must see that. And that if the general wishes to let you continue on your odd adventure, why --" she shrugged her slim shoulders, and made a little gesture with her hands.

In that same moment there suddenly came over her a change, nay about nearly as sudden as the passing of lightning itself. Or we may say it might be as if she was hiding or trying to hide something she did not want to let out, and yet which had suddenly broken beyond her control, for an instant and had betrayed something important she wished to say. The beautiful glow went out of her eyes, and in its place came a sort of light, that was almost fear or pain, or contrition or whatever else one emotion may be there. She came nearer to Walter again, and somehow, looking up at her, he thought of the little fawn singing at the end of its birch twig to give him courage. It must have been because of her throat, so white and soft, which he saw pulsing like a beating heart, before she again spoke to him.

"I have a terrible confession to make Walter Starring," she said, her voice barely rising above a whisper. "I'm sorry I found you going out on such a mission. It is too dangerous. I have tried to persuade Violet and her sisters from going but they won't give up. I'm sorry the sneaky hurt you, but I can thank God and His Blessed Mother that I saw that man behind the rock from my boat when I heard the shots. But I cannot tell you more than that because it would be to your peril and cure. And I know it is impossible for you to proceed onward to your mission because I won't let you." she paused one of her hands creeping to her bare throat as if to cover the throbbing that he saw there.

"Why is it impossible?" he demanded. "I'm leaning away from my pillow so that he might bring himself nearer to her."

"Because you are of the Gemini, and I found out a personal friend of danger."

"The Gemini yes," he said his heart thrumming inside the breast of his. "I am one of the members. Violet and her sisters coaxed me to join. I am out to get the information that even the whole world is seeking, and to capture those who might have had a hand in it as they are the greatest of murderers. But my commission has nothing to do with the shooting at me behind the bush. Please explain to me what that has got to do with it. Am I your prisoner and you may mistake for me for a hidden enemy?"

"No that is not it. But your mission is too dangerous. I don't want you to go. And it's too difficult."

At that moment Walter Starring placed another thing higher than duty, and in his eyes was the full confession of it, like the glow of a subdued fire. The little girl's fingers drew more closely at her throat.

"Then let us be friends," he said. "Friends for we are of one side."

"We are friends," she said, her eyes widening slowly as if she saw that now born thing riding over all other things in his awfully beating heart. And she drew a step nearer to him.

"I'm not so sure what your mission is," she said, forcing the words out one by one. "I am going to investigate it however before you can proceed. I have discovered you, and know who you are and therefore I'm not going to allow you to run into too much peril. The army cannot spare you."

After this, Walter Starring was wondering exceedingly, to what great depths he had fallen in the first moments of his strange disillusionment. something like an electric shock, perhaps even more than that, must have betrayed itself in his face. But now for a moment or so he did not speak. Later he called himself a great fool for allowing such an adventure to happen to him, for it was as if he had measured his preferred work by what its future might hold for him. In a low quiet voice Gertrude Angelina was saying again that for reasons she stated before she objected strongly to his proceeding further, even if she had to make him a prisoner to keep him with her. She was not excited, yet he understood now why it was he had thought her eyes were very dark blue. They had changed very swiftly. The Violet freckles in them were now like likelittle flocks of gold. They were almost watery in their glow, neither blue or gray now, and with that threat of gathering lightning in them. For the first time he saw the slightest flush of color in her cheeks. It deepened even as he hid out his hands. He knew

that it was not anything like embracement. It was the heat of the fire back of her eyes.

"It's funny, and strange," he said making an effort in speaking like a man who had committed a rash sin and wished to reconcile himself before God. "You see I have been told that Conventinian Aronburg wishes every secret service man of the army to go and also I have been told that Abbiann was flooded by Manley's order, as he wished to prostrate Calvernia so she cannot stand on her feet to resist him, and if it is the truth general Vivian wishes greatly for the information, and therefore it is hard for me to give up the undertaking when I have even promised Violet and her sisters that I was going to make a try. But that is not a reason you should wish to prevent me, even though we be friends is it. Or do you fear I am doing something which the Vivian Girls desire to do themselves."

"He felt that he was humbling himself again, except for the six days growth on his face. He tried to laugh, but it was a rather a very poor attempt. At Gertrude Angeline did not seem to hear him. Nevertheless she was looking at him, apparently looking into, and through him, with those wide open glowing eyes. Then she sat down."

"You as I have discovered are one of the best well known members of the great Gemini." she said the softness gone suddenly out of her voice. "Therefore you are one of the most honorable men I have ever met Walter. Your cause is against all wrong. You seek the information regarding the cause of the great flood disasters as well as the explosions. Is it not so?"

To him it appeared to be the voice of an inquisitor. she was demanding an answer from him. He nodded.

"Yes it is so."

The fire in her eyes deepened. "And yet you say you want to take such an awful chance, in spite of the fact that a hidden Glandelinian sniper has tried to kill you. And you were pursued for nearly fifty miles by forest fires and had a terrible time to escape and got almost overtaken once. Why do you wish to risk all this Walter when others cannot succeed either. Why commit suicide. I would not do this either on the case under no circumstances unless I had a fair play. And surely you haven't no show at all. Why take such chances Walter?"

"He was cornered. He sensed the awful humiliation of it, the impossibility of confessing to her the wild impulse to her the wild impulse that had moved him before he knew she was the famous girl say Angeline Aronburg which all of the worse Glandelinian generals fear. And she did not wait for him to answer."

"And if you secure this information, and even catch some of those responsible--what will you do with them?" she asked.

"They will be burned at the stake," said Walter. "They are the worst murderers the world has ever seen since it came into being. Look at the horrors they were responsible for. Great explosions, fires and enormous floods wiping out countless numbers of lives. Some one has got to find them."

"And one of the Glandelinians wishes to kill you because he knows what your purpose is--who almost succeeds--what is the penalty for that?" she leaned toward him waiting impatiently. Her hands were clasped tightly in her lap, the spots were brighter in her cheeks.

"From fifty years to life," he acknowledged. "But of course there may be circumstances,--"

"If so you do not know them," she interrupted him. "You say that those who were responsible for the big explosions and forest fires, and such awful floods are murderers. No they are assassins. You know I saved you from the scoundrel that tried to kill you. Then why is it you would disregard my advice and desire to continue on your dangerous mission, and risk such perils from the enemy when it will avail you nothing. Why Walter. That may be ingratitude."

Walter shrugged his shoulders hopelessly. "I shouldn't it is true," he confessed. "I guess you are proving I was wrong in my intentions. I ought to reward you, and allow you and your followers to take me back to the Christian lines as soon as you can. But you see it strikes me there is a big personal element in this. I was a man almost killed. There is no chance of our returning that way unless the majority of the forest fire passes. And I thank you for aiding me when that scoundrel tried to assassinate me. You have nursed me back to life, and therefore I must--"

"But that does not change the situation or alter it in a bit," insisted Gertrude Angeline. "If I had not come in time you would have been murdered. Do you understand Walter. If it had not been for my arrival I am quite certain he would have followed on that shot that dropped you by filling you full of bullet holes. I at least would have called it assassination not murder. You may call it murder but assassination in my view point is worse. If that Glandelinian sniper is still in the woods, then I also am in peril for rescuing you. And an honorable man, would not therefore disregard my advice but I'm only a little girl. I am a mere child and know a lot about when it is safe to make an expedition, and when it is not."

"But Gertrude, these men who created those flood, explosion and forest fire disasters are worse fiends than the devils of the infernal regions. They deserve

no mercy at all. I think someone ought to capture them if able to find them out. Think of the Vivian Girls. Don't they go out on adventures that no general approves of, when women should do it in their stead. They are too good for such things. And--"

"Perhaps Walter you are right. But they adore you and don't like it. They are worried about you. They sent me to trail you, to shadow you until I was able to save you."

She was on her feet her eyes flaming down upon him. In that moment her childish beauty was like the beauty of one of the Vivian Girls almost. The poise of her slender body, her glowing cheeks, her golden hair, her gold flickers with the light of diamonds in them, held him speechless.

"I was sorry and went back to save you," she said. "I wanted you to live for them, after I saw you like that on the sand with a big forest fire coming head-on. Evans said you are indiscreet, and that I should have killed your one y who shot at you without mercy but I didn't. Perhaps he was right. And yet even my followers have that pity for you. I'm firm in my own decisions. You are under my care, and you must obey even though I'm a little girl. You shan't go until I know all is well. If you refuse to listen to me you're my prisoner until all is safe."

She turned quickly, and he heard her moving away from him. Then from the door she said more firmly holding her head high:

"General Jack Evans will take you comfortably Walter. No more my words."

Then the door opened and closed. She was gone. And he was alone in the cabin again. The swiftness of the change in her surely filled him with great amazement. It was as if he had suddenly touched fire to an explosive. But there had been the flame but no violent destruction. She had not raised her voice, yet he heard in it the tremble of an emotion that was consuming her like fire. He had seen the flame of it in her face and eyes. His purpose and the nature of his mission which was really exceedingly dangerous almost to suicide, had surely tremendously upset her, changing in an attitude or in an instant her attitude toward him. The thought that came to him made his face burn under its scrub of beard. Did she think he was intending to commit suicide. The shock that must have betrayed itself in his face, when she said she was in knowledge of his mission--had those things warned her of unseen perils moving against him? The heat went slowly out of his face. It was impossible. She could not think of such things facing him. How could she a little girl know it must have been a sudden giving way under terrific strain. She had warned him, she had told him of the worry the Vivian Girls had about him, and she was beginning to realize more and more his peril--that even Evans was right--that she should have even destroyed that one sniper, and not allowed to him the chance to escape with only a wound.

The thought pressed itself heavily upon Walter Starring. It soon brought him back to a realization of how small a part he had played in this whole hour in the cabin. He had felt sure offered to go on a mission which danger he had no right to face, even though he was a member of the Gemini. Her quick girlish instinct had told her there could be no distinction between him and her own peril, unless there was a reason and a show for him at least. And now reason had suddenly come to him with the first glimpse of her as he lay in the hot sand. He had fought against it in the boat, it had mastered him in those thrilling moments when he had beheld this slim beautiful little human creature riding fearlessly into the boiling waters of the rapids while she utterance rushing past the gauntlet of forest fires. Her eyes her hair, the sweet low voice, that had been with him in his fever, had become a sure and definite and unalterable part of him. And this must have shown in his eyes and face when she chided him for his "foolish Adventure"--when she told him the dangers of it. And now she was afraid she would not listen to her advice and she would feel keep him as a prisoner before she'd let him go. She was regretting that she had not told him sooner. She had not understood, what she had seen betraying itself during those few seconds of his proffered friendship with her. She also saw a man whom a sneaking on a enemy had nearly killed, a man who represented a Gai Gemini, a man whose power held Glandelinian spies in the hollow of his hand. But the Glandelinians were watching for these kinds of Christian agents more than any one else. And she had looked startled when she told him what she knew of the dangers he was facing.

In the science of the Gai Gemini analysis Walter Starring always placed himself in the position of the one he might be hunting. And now he was beginning to see the present situation from the view point of Gertrude Angeline. He was satisfied that she had made a desperate struggle to save him, and that until the last moment she had tried to down the man who betrayed him. She had shown all inclinations to explain the situation to him. She had made all the explanation she could. And it was simply a matter of common sense to concede that there must be a powerful motive for her warning. There was but one conclusion for him to arrive at--the danger he was facing in his adventure, was more important to her, than in keeping the secret of why Violet and her sisters were worried about him.

Walter was not unconscious of the breach in his own armor. He had once weakened

just as general Vivian had awakened that day three weeks or so ago, when the Vivian Girls wanted to go out to Vivian Wicky to learn something there.

"I'll swear that they are not going," the general had said. "I'll gamble my life on that. It's too dangerous."

And because the chief Christian general, with many years of experience behind him had believed that, the Vivian Girls had been able to go to that dreadful place, but had gone on other scouting work. But once a prisoner had been brought before the general when they were in his presence one who it was claimed he knew all about the flood horrors. Walter that is himself had caught this man. He would never forget the last time he had seen the eyes of these Vivian Girls, great blue glorious pools of gratitude as they looked at him, blazing fires of venomous righteous hatred when they turned on the prisoner. And Walter had said to the general "Abbasniam is justice is blind if something is not done to force a confession out of the prisoner." But the general not being a stickler on regulations when it came to Walter, had made no answer. The incident came back to Walter as he waited for the promised coming of Jack Evans. He began to appreciate general Vivian's point of view, and it was comforting, because he realized his own logic was assailable. If general Vivian would have been question that prisoner now still, he knew what the argument would be. There was absolute proof of such a crime against this Glandelinian prisoner, but nevertheless he had fought long and desperately to hide his guilt. In the case of Gertrude Angeline there was proof of his own dangers now. She had tried to kill the sneak who had shot him from ambush. She was justified before Heaven to do so for the Holy Christian cause. Therefore she had properly warned him not to proceed until she saw an opening for him.

In spite of the legal force of the argument, which he was bringing against himself, Walter felt greatly unconvinced. Violet, and her sisters had they been in the place of Angeline Aronburg, would have finished his assailant then and there if they had to pursue him through the woods to do so. She would have realized the nonsense of letting him escape, and probably would have commanded their followers to capture him also if possible. But Gertrude Angeline had forgotten and therefore had gone to the other extreme. She was repentant of course of having allowed the scoundrel to escape, but was making restitution for her mistake, and in making that restitution had crossed far beyond the dead line of caution herself. She had frankly told him who she was, the danger of his adventure, she had brought him into the cabin of this boat in her desire to save him, and therefore in so doing had apparently hopelessly ensnared herself in the new net of that same peril—if that hidden enemy or enemies saw fit to act. She had done these things with courage and conviction. And of such a girl scout probably less than eleven years of age, Walter thought, general Vivian and all his officers and even the Vivian Girls must be very proud.

He looked slowly about the boat cabin again, and apparently each thing that he seemed to observe was a living voice braving up a dream for him. These voices seemed to tell him that he was in a refuge under the care of a little child angel. Through the two western windows, came the last glow of the western horizon of forest fire far off hiding behind smoke clouds it being now night, but it was like a golden benediction finding its way into a sacred refuge. Here in the forest there had once been happiness but now it was threatening desolation.

How she could have found this refuge he could not tell. In a dark corner but on one of the big white bear rugs lay the snore sleeping cat. And then at the far end of the boat cabin a large Crucifix of Our blessed Lord glowed for a few moments in a last hope of the gradually disappearing fire glow.

Unconscious stole upon him now. He believed her now. And again there rose up in him that new born thing which had set strange and new fires in his heart, and which from this hour he knew he must fight until dead. For an hour after the last of the glow was obliterated by heavier smoke he lay in the gloom of darkness. Only the lapping of the water under the boat, broke the strange stillness of the evening. He heard no sound of life, no voice, no tread of feet, and he wondered where the girl scout and her followers had gone and if the big boat was still tied up near the big bar bays and whether the fire had struck there or not. And for the first time he asked himself another question.

"Where was Conventinian Aronburg and his great army?"

It was utterly dark in the cabin at this time, when suddenly the stillness was broken by low voices on the outside. A few minutes later the door opened, and some one came in. A moment later some one lit a match, and in the strange shifting glow if it Walter saw the strange face of Evans the Guardian of the Vivian Girls. One after the other he lighted the lamps but only four of them, and he did not turn toward the bed until he had finished. Then at this moment Walter had his first good impression of the man. He was tall and built with the strength of a giant. His arms were very long, and he was as straight as a stick. In the darkness and glow of the lamp light his head appeared strangely like the head of some gargoyles coming to take him. He was wide eyed, somewhat heavy lipped, and if in that strange garb he now wore he looked more like a fierce pirate and cutthroat of Walter. Such a man he thought if he happened to be a Glandelinian. Instead of an Abbasniam could easily make play out of the business of murder. And yet in spite of his ugliness, Walter again felt a strange inclination to

like the man more than ever.

Evans grinned. Walter observed that it was quite a huge grin for his mouth was quite big. He said,

"W. say you ver lucky feller!" he announced this in broken English. "You sleep lak that in vines so bad and not back on that sand bar lak so dead feash in se forest so lak I bring you Walt. But what Gertrude done see one gran beg mistake. I say to she, Capture se sniper and tie se rock round heem neck and make heem wait heem see. Flunge heem once in se gran beg reavor, Gert. And se say, she too late, she no catch heem in se time even though she shh shoot heem a liddle. she say to me, she says make heem weel, and feed heem se gran feash in se dish. So I bran you heem se gran beg feash which she promise for youse, and when you have se eat, I tell you somet'ing."

He slowly returned to the door, and brought back with him a large wicker basket. Then he slowly and carefully carried the big round table and placed it up beside Walter, and then carefully laid out before him the boiled fish which Gertrude had sent to him. With it was bread and butter, and some cheese, and a large earthen pot of hot tea.

"She say to me says she, that eem all you have because of se favor. I say to her said I I do not stuff heem with much so that he die."

"You too don't want to see me die. Is that it Evans?"

"No, no, but se Glandelinian sniper I kill him when I see. You make wan ver good an for se grand Gemini, Walter, and se Vivian Girls, for whom I'm se guardian, they say to me says they, Walter heem verry foine man." Evans was no longer grinning. He stood back and pointed at the food. "You eat quick, for sure se am se hung'y. And when you have made se gran beg feash, I tell you somet'ing quick."

Now that he saw the luscious bit of finnan and Haddy before him, Walter felt more hungry than before, probably possessing the hungering emptiness of those six days and six nights. And as he ate he observed that Evans was performing curious duties. He straightened a couple of rugs, took out one big twelve foot one and shook it like a handkerchief making clouds of dust out side and then brought it back in, then ran fresh water into the flower basket or vase, picked up half a dozen scattered socks that he accidentally knocked down from the case, and then to Walter's increasing interest, produced a dust cloth from somewhere and began to dust. Walter finished his fish, the two slices of bread, the thick slices of cheese, and his tea. He then felt tremendously good. The hot tea was like a trickle of new life through every vein in his body, and he had the desire to get up and try out his legs.

After a few moments when he was through eating, as briefly as possible Walter told Evans in English also, of his adventure, why he set out, why he thought he had been shot, and then of other things.

"What's your purpose?" Evans demanded, coming up ferociously with the cloth in his great hands. "You no see sir, that your situation is ver foine! It's dangerous. You like eat a suicide!"

"No I do not think it is anything funny Evans," grinned Walter. "I was just thinking of finding out the cause of floods and explosion disasters. You know that of Abbasniam, and other places."

"Abbasniam," exploded Evans, dumping his dust cloth and bring his huge hands down upon the table with a smash, that almost wrecked the dishes and made the table jump like a frightened thing. "You have eat, and now you no you lissen. You have never hear properly or see before of se flood at se Abbasniam. Do you know who seon most of heem. Well an eat see se. See I see heem beg flood. See eat nap on se wall of se cabin. Well eat shows se beg flood, and what course se take. See. On se map here, is what was se levee of se beg rivers. Abbasniam city se biggest and strongest place and best place in se north countrie. Flood se go four hunder miles in se day covering all se countrie drowning many peoples. Gertrude Angeline, she escape narrowly with she life with se friends who with her in se city when se explosion crash took it place. Explosion se crack se ground for hunder miles round like se shivered glass in se window pane if I crash se feast through heem like die. And he she. And he shattered a glass frame of a broken window in the cabin with only a blow of the palm of his hand. See what I mean. I run sixteen or hunder miles without stop for rest to try give alarm to some places, no catching se horse on se way as no horse be there. Flood pull down se forest of se trees quicker than se tornado. I was not afraid of nothing when se disaster co'ed. You lissen. You hear what I say."

"I hear you."

"Que liddle, Bein. Then I tell you w'at Evans that I see see se going do with you, you of se Gemini. Gertrude she say she no let you proceed on your journey until you get well. she say you make van gran beg mistake to go out on your trip. she say she too much little bird heart, to take that chance herself, and too much pity for you to die. I say to her, says I, keep heem here, so what happen se eedz eyes behind se rock won't happen again. I tell you, Walter woods, she full of hidden enemies, we have to hide ourselves often. But se Gertrude, she say to me, do I not let heem go away until he get better or he may not live. I'm telling you. You hunderstand heem. And she tell me to come and bring you nice beg feash, and tell you what is going happen if you try go away from these batu bateau and go after adventure for se information. There is no one can gain se inform. Enemy too wise, too many spies could. You compran! If you

try go away, and we know not what to do, and enemy was going kill you and not our fault. Woods are full of danger. If not so enemy, then so forest fire. Gertrude say you must not go away, and she tell other boys and so girl about--to keep eye on you so you won't go far away. She tell a bring sat word with so forest. Everywhere set I see dangerous. Forest fire she burn hundreds of miles of so country already it. You know what I mean, enemy. Hear don't act. You listen hard what I say."

If ever a worker of great iniquity lived on earth, Walter might have judged Glandelinia as the greater of it all. In this part of the war up to now at least, the Glandelinian nation had worked herself up to a most ferocious pitch, and carried on her war against the Abbeonians states now with flood, fire and explosion horror more than fighting. And if there was ever anyone who hated the Glandelinians Walter also might have judged Evans as that in a man in these moments. His eyes rolled when he spoke. His wide mouth snarled in the virulence of its speech. His thick neck grew corded, and his huge hands grew or clinched menacingly upon the table. Walter remembered that Evans himself crouched around against Glandelinia was a fierce as a pirate, yet in other ways was a gentle as a child. This man could shock a cow with his monstrous hands, and yet a minute or so before he had settled the cut, cleaned the rug, watered the flowers and dusted. He was dangerous to the Glandelinians. Walter could see that in his face. And in the same breath Walter sensed the fact that if he himself was a Glandelinian and tried to harm Gertrude or even the Vivian girls, that would be sufficient to fire his awful strength and fury into a blazing volcano of action. Getting a good view of him in the lamp light Walter saw that despite his bulldog expression of face he was quite handsome nevertheless. Since a guardian of the "Princesses" and others was priceless under all conditions right. And he had warned him of danger the same as Gertrude had.

"I think I understand what you mean sir," he said. "She warned me too, saying I must not go out or make any effort to understand condition or otherwise she would make me a prisoner until I will. She says Glandelinians hide everywhere, and that I will be killed if I try to go away alone. Are you sure what she says is true?"

"What you think I lie wait. Jack Evans, who guard so Vivian Girl Princesses with so life, who go through so dangers everywhere, who fight so battles, who destroy so enemies to save them, who save you from so snipers. I lie. If so think so go ahead leave. You will be one great big fool. Glandelinia. She like kill you for she know your mission. You go, you sorry."

"No, no, I do not believe you are telling me an untruth. But I know now why she told me, that when she was near. How does she know that I'm in my such peril?"

"Because she, through so Vivian girls see need of so plan and she come after you, sort of shadow you lak, set eyes why. She then say to me save she, Evans, you tell him he must wait for general Conventin. Arronburg. And you tell him you and mainly, so he make no mistake and go away. And she tell me set before all so followers of her--all so boy and girl scouts, gathered round so bang camp fire--and they all shout up like like so trumpet--that any watch and warn you, if you try go away. Go if you like, no one stop, you so own boss, but if so do, and if anything happen to you, set eyes not our fault."

Walter reached out his hand. "Let's shake Evans. I'll give you my word, that I won't try to go away, until I see all right, or until it is in my power to do so, and we've had a good stand up fight with the wicked Glandelinians u with the earth under our feet, and we have whipped Manley like the dog he and his army in and are. Is it a go?"

Evans stared for a moment, and then his face broke into a wide grin. "You like like so bang battles with so enemy Walter?"

"Yes. I love a scrap with such a wicked man as he is. And I love to keep company with a good man and soldier of Christlike you."

"One of Evans huge hands moved quickly over the table and embraced Walters. Joy shone on his face."

"And you promise to come with us, when you are strong and well. And to stick with Gertrude through so adventure?"

"If I don't Evans, I'll let you take the rock around my neck and drop me into the river."

"You are brave comrades," cried the delighted human element. "In and down so rivers can no man of so Glandelinian or y, no Glandelinian general, shut out while Conventin Arronburg. You will like him when you see him. He ever read you hear see. "Sold only his face grow clouded. "But so head wait!" he added anxiously.

"It will soon be well Evans, especially if you will help me Evans. Right now I would like to get up if I'm allowed to do so. At least I want to stretch my legs. Was my head bad?"

"Ever bad yes. So bullet, head scrape so scalp off--no no, and break about so temple skull, and turn so brain so sick. Doc say so bullet make so rock head you, not so bullet set. I think you be good fighting men in we. Manley has no like me, no like you, no like so Vivian Girls, no like so Gertrude. We too dangerous we fool harm plenty much."

"And will you help me?"

Evans was a changed man. And again suddenly, Walter felt that night his gentle strength of his arm as he held him to his feet. For a few moments he was a trifle unsteady, but nevertheless but Jack Evans close to his side ready to catch him if he fell. So way, he walked slowly to one of the windows, and looked out. Across the river fully a mile and a half away, he saw the glow of fires.

"How came?" he asked.

"No wait. I KRT see so forest fires. She come up after us. She no go out. Bang blaze. Burn all country. Woods of so Mic-Hollister Run so no so in so smoke. So much smoke have make so bang fire, so hi bang water flow, so bang explosion to destroy so people of so a fair Calvernia. I no like sat. He no like so Glandelinian. From home Violet, and her sisters, say suffer from too much. He no like."

"Have so moved from the tar horn?"

"Yes three four days down so river. Fire she come up. Fighters say no could stop. Say burn so up to so tar horns. Out, all out, out what bang fire. Black loss zaburn like miles of bang gasoline tanks. Sky drakened like so arches by so black smoke all over miles of so country. Times she shoot so ten thousand feet. He no make mistake. He exaggerate. I tell so set eyes true. If you no believe, why ask so Gertrude Arronburg. She tell you set too."

"Why could they not stop it, and if they were beaten why are they not camping over here with us? They could add to our protection."

Evans gave a disgusted grunt. "Fire too bang, had to run lak us. And she also say you must not have noise or so heat of so bang fire near. She say to me save she, set disturb, and set make so worse with so fever. For so joke I say to her, say I, she see make you her husband so ten day. But she only laugh at set, and snap her little white finger. So fighters, they no can stay. They must make so try for so fight elsewhere or fire she go too bang. Wait general Arronburg come. He break Manley's head with hands two fists for making so bang fires in home beat country. I hope we have so fight with so Manley before then wait."

"We'll have it anyway some day Evans. We have armies of our own. Where is Conventin Arronburg, and when shall we see him?"

Evans shrugged his shoulders. "Nabby work, nabby more. He and home away, haem so long, long way off."

"Does he know anything about the destruction of Abbeonin?"

Slowly Evans turned Walter staring about, until he was facing him. "You ask what he know about so Abbeonin? Out. Out. Foolish question, wait. You need not ask nothing about what Conventin Arronburg knows about Abbeonin. The maid. No man in so world, no keep in so world, no so man in so world does not live who does not know about so horror at so Abbeonin. Gertrude she see so disaster. She look so part in so wrecking of so city. She seen so earthquake caused by so grand bang explosion. She see so grand bang flood. You ask her and she tell you she no make so bang lie. When you don't believe she prove to you, what she see. She got so picture of what she was."

"Everyone must know about it as I understand it," granted Walter, while talking back to his head. "But no one seems to know who was responsible. Will you bring me my pack and clothes in the morning. I want to shave and dress. I look like a pig in these whiskers."

"Whatever you desire, she will come in to borrow," Evans answered.

Evans was ahead of him, stretching the pillows, and stretched out the rumpled bed clothes. His huge hands were quick and capable as a woman, and Walter could not help admiring this ingenueness of the powerful officer. Once in the crust of those gorilla like arms that were working over his head, and it would be all over with the strongest man in even his own Division. He himself was on.

"Scant the report about set once more see, set--what?" he demanded.

"I was thinking, Evans--what will happen to me if I go out on the mission when I am well, but it isn't going to happen. Manley is not going to do anything to us, and I'm going to help general Vivian batter Manley away so badly, that no one will recognize the army for a long time."

"You wait," exploded Evans making a horrible grimace. "As for so Glandelinian who make so bang floods, and so bang fires, and so bang explosions, I choke him. I'll pound in his back to think of something else to say."

"Isn't he done now?" admitted Walter. "They are hard to find. Maybe we'll never know. He pointed down at the bed. "I'm driving her from that I'll bet," he said.

"I don't like it. Is she sleeping over there in the camp?"

"No I know not, but she see not here in so room. There room have belong to you," declared Evans. "You ask bad guess eh? You not drive her out. She got so room of her own. You no need to have so worry."

He then began to cut out the light a lights, and left only the moon nearest the door burning. He turned toward Evans, said good night, and then went out. Nevertheless Evans had not exaggerated. There was danger in his going out, for

he heard a click of the lock in the door. It was the intention of Gertrude to look him in, so that any one prowling about finding a locked door would not think any one was inside the cabin, or which boat was anchored near the middle of the river. Walter had no desire to be down again, for there was an feeling of uneasiness in his legs but outside of that the evil effects of his bullet wound made sickness no longer oppress him.

The army doctor in his camp would surely have called him something like a fool, for not allowing himself to get well in the usually prescribed way, but Walter was somehow or other already beginning to feel the demand for action. In spite of all the physical effort he had made, he found that his head did not hurt him any more, and also his mind was keenly alive. He returned to the window, through which he could see the extensive fires on the western shores, and found no difficulty in opening. As he did so he discovered that a strong window screen kept from him his eyes thrusting out his hand and should-ers. Through it came a warm, an unusually warm breeze, from a westerly wind, and he wondered if the warmth was not from the distant fires. Nevertheless it was fresh air and he did him good to fill his lungs with it again, and smell the fresh aroma of the forest. But occasionally there was the smell of burning wood and leaves in the air. It was awfully dark, and the enormous fires far across the river were brighter because of the deep darkness.

There was a no sign of the moon in the sky now, and strain his eyes as he could he could not see a single star. From far in the west he caught the low series of intonations of strange thunder, and knew from the sound fire fighters were blasting trees. Walter turned once more from the window, and went slowly to the end of the cabin in which the big organ stood. From here he observed with more ease the second divan, and after some examination he also observed the meaning now of two closed tied curtains, one at each side of the big cabin. They were drawn tightly together on a stout wire stretched two inches under the ceiling, and they shut off this end of the big boat, and turned at least a third of the unusually large cabin into the privacy of another persons bedroom. With growing uneasiness Walter felt sure he saw the evidence, that this had been the sleeping quarters of one of the chief heads of the forest rangers. At each side of the organ was a very small door, and he opened one of these just far enough to discover that it was a wardrobe closet for some girl. A third door opened on the shore side of the boat, but this was locked. Shut out from the view of the lower end of the cabin by a Japanese screen was a small dresser and a mirror. In the bright illumination that came from the nearest lamps, Walter bent over the open sheet of music on the organ. It was a hymn heard frequently in all Catholic Churches a Christmas Song.

His blood seemed to tingle, and suddenly he felt as if his brain was stirred by a strange and new emotion, a growing sensation that made his feet very uneasy, and also filled him with a strange and strong restlessness. At least he felt as though he had come suddenly to the edge of some great danger, some where within him a strange feeling and knowledge seized upon it, and understood.

Yet he knew it was not physical for him to fight. It was a strange peril which crept up and about him, something which he could not see or touch, and yet made his heart beat faster, and the blood came into his face. It seemed to draw upon him to be victorious over him, dragged his hand forth until his fingers closed upon a lacy crumpled bit of a handkerchief that lay on the edge of the keys of the organ.

It was that belonging to Gertrude Angelina, and like a thief he raised it very slowly and carefully. It smelled faintly of crushed roses, it was as if she were bending over him in his sickness again, and it was her breath that came to him. It was not thinking of her or of Angelina's famous girl scout. And then sharply he caught himself himself and placed the handkerchief back upon the organ of the keys. He tried to touch at himself but there was something where he went before there had been that thrill of which now he felt greatly ashamed.

He turned back to the window. The light had grown brighter and the blunder of explosions which showed many were blasting trees was coming nearer. He believed that believed that this branch of the forest fire, was coming up fast out of the west, and with it a dark darkness that was like the blackness of a pit. A strange dead stillness was creeping in now, and in that stillness it seemed to Walter that he could hear the creaking, all the creaking and hissing sound, also a crackling noise of the rushing flames, that flowed over the advance of the fire storm. New fires further off were glowing out, and as he looked at it, and as he stared into the darkness as if trying to pierce distance and place to see what sort of a shelter it was that Gertrude and her companions may have out there, there came over him these moments a desire that was almost mad. It was the desire to get out to escape, to leave behind him the memory of the cabin, and of Gertrude Angelina, and to persuade more on his own great adventure, the quest for the information concerning those who knew something about the making of the flood and explosion disasters. It was.

He heard the flames coming. Then he felt the motion of the boat. It was moving, and it was evident the girl decided to get to the middle of the river for safe keeping. At first the sound of the flames was like the crackling of hundreds of millions of popping popcorn, then suddenly it was like the roar of a winnowing windstorm. It was like an inundation of fire, and with it came drum

after crash of timber from any falling trees, and now the black smoke was billowing by a perfect roof of flames, and all along the shore as far as he could see the whole stretch of trees simultaneously burst into a sudden wall of flame with a hissing roar. It had been a long time since Walter had observed such a fire hurricane. He closed the window to keep the heat and smoke out, and after that stood with his face flattened against the glass, staring over the river watching the trees burn like hellish fury. The nearest trees were all burned through now, and fell, and he shuddered. No amount of fire fighting ever done would keep that fire deluge back. He wondered if his big boat was safe, and whether the fire would leap across the river river. And now there was growing up a terrific wind with it. The trees on the fire side were torn down like paper made trees, flaming branches ripped off, torn to pieces or carried to the other side of flung with a hissing roar into the water. He imagined Gertrude Angelina in that awful tumult, and distress, the branch blown out of her, being forced to throw herself into the river, to swim with the logs and to reach it half drowned, blinded by the fire of fire, broken and beaten because of that even the thought of her companions did not seem, his mind. Thousands upon thousands of fire fighters were entirely inadequate to cope successfully with a fire storm like this that was burning the very forests on both sides of the river now, and roofing the whole stream for a great distance into a sea of fire. Suddenly he went to the door, determined to try and help her and if there was outside, to have his help. He beat desperately against it, first with one fist and then with both and felt it was unusually warm. He shouted. There was no response but the boat was moving faster and he could hear the noise and feel the trouble of engines. Then he exerted his strength, and forced his weight, against the door. It was solid.

He soon turned around, and then his eyes suddenly discovered in a corner with the light of the furthest lamp struck dimly his back and clothes. In ten seconds he was in possession of his pipe and tobacco. After that for nearly an hour he paced up and down the cabin, while the forest fire burned with or fell into the river with loud hisses, while the forest fire consumed the woods as it went upon destroying all life off the face of the earth. Comforted by the motion of the boat, and the company of his pipe, Walter did not feel it wise to beat at the door again. He waited and at the end of another hour and a half, the forest fire hurricane had stood down to a clear, and the trees and all brush were blazing straight upward. Looking out the window again he saw the water of the river covered with smoke, the cabin felt quite warm, and looking in the glare of the fire light, he observed to his surprise multitudes of dead flames floating on the surface of the river.

By god" said Walter to himself "the fire had made the water hot enough to cook the fish. It was a surprise the boat is not afire. The walls of the cabin are good and hot though too hot for to be touched with the hand. The thunder of falling trees continued, but the main forest fire had traveled east, and a again. The air that came in was like that from a blast furnace, and it probably did not take him his even an instance to close it again. Nevertheless he puffed out a cloud of smoke, and looked somewhat worried. Yet through peril in the worse place. If his miseries were true then Gertrude Angelina had certainly gone through a trying experience to night. And in a way the whole thing was a bit tragic. He was having visions now of a golden haired girl soaked to flames. He found a more he told himself that it was a good thing to think of her as he glanced out of the window again. He believed she was somewhere in another cabin wringing out her clothes now, and the scouts were working hard to boat out for the terrific ground fire to die down. They failed to escape. Probably he was hating the glandulins more for bringing all this discomfort, and humiliation upon her. It was not honorable that to narrow him any net even to make general, her uncle think and do if he knew that his niece had probably given up her own cabin to this streamer. What complications might arise if something like that came about a dozen times or more before he was roused enough to realize

It was past midnight, very past midnight, very late too, when Walter shivering looked himself to bed. Even then he was not able to sleep any length of time. The noise of the moving boat, and the sound of burning flames and hissing grow less and less as the boat got further and further from it, and the sound dropped itself off into nothingness slumber came at last. Nevertheless, that conflagration seemed entirely. Then he slept. Well at least, but not that, he might have been something like very close to sleep, or again had been asleep and was rousing for a moment close to consciousness, when he realized he heard a voice. It came about a dozen times or more before he was roused enough to realize

it was a voice. And then suddenly, perceiving his slowly waking brain almost with the shock of an explosion it came so distinctly to him that in a moment he found himself sitting up straight, his hands clenched, eyes staring in the deep darkness, waiting for it to come again.

Somewhere very close to him, evidently in his room, a parrot within the very reach of his hands, a strange and indescribable voice had cried out in the darkness the voice which twice before had lost the slaves mysteriously in the waters below. The enemy has by flood killed a little girl. The enemy by flood has killed my little girl. The enemy by flood has killed my little girl. The enemy by flood has killed my little girl.

And Walter, staring holding his breath listened for the sound of another breath, which he felt sure would be the cry of the cry was in that room. For perhaps three minutes Walter made no sound whatever, at least that could be heard a few feet off from him. But just as yet was not fear that held him so quiet. It was something that he could not explain afterwards even to save his own life, even though he might have fancied it to be the sensation perhaps of one who for himself confronted for a moment by a presence more potent than that of flesh and blood. The enemy by flood has killed my little girl. Three times, once in his sickness or twice in his sickness, someone had cried out those words in his ears since the hour when Gertrude had rescued him from the accidental who had brushed him on the white carpet of sand. And it seemed as if now the voice was right in his very room.

Was it Jack Evans the first by some sort of unformed hunches, Walter listened carefully. Another minute passed. Then he slowly reached out a hand and groped about him, but very careful not to make a sound, urged by the feeling that someone was almost within reach of him. He then flung back his blanket, and stood out in the middle of the floor.

Yet he heard no kind of movement, not even a soft footfall of retreat or advance. He then lighted a match, and held it very high above his head. In its yellow glow he could see nothing alive. He lighted a lamp. The cabin was empty. He therefore drew a deep breath and went to the window. It was closed a/c closed. Nevertheless he believed the voice without the slightest doubt, had come to him through that window, and he fancied he could see where the screen netting was crushed a bit inward, as though a face had pressed heavily against it. Outside the night far and near like looked like the glowing of the river strike in hell. The sky heavy with clouds yet was bright with glaring glows. But outside there was not a ripple of movement that he could hear, except except that he felt the heat in steady and swift movement, which gave him some evidence that the forest fires were moving after them. After that he looked at his watch. He must have been sleeping for a very short time, with the voice round him, for it was nearly one o'clock. In spite of the great glows, dawn was far off. When he looked out of the window again, they were at times paler and more distant glows but then the sky was darker. Sometimes it was light as if at night the world suddenly became a blaze of sunlit glory. He never went back to bed, and did not awaken again until after seven o'clock. Then he was restless, and felt himself surrendering more and more to the pain of his presentment.

It was at this moment that Evans came in with his breakfast. He was surprised as he had heard no movement or sounds of voices to give evidence of life anywhere near the boat. Instantly he made up his mind it was not Evans who had uttered the mysterious words of a few hours ago, for the general had evidently experienced a most uncomfortable night. Though he was like a rat recently pulled out of water his clothing was burned into rags. His burned clothing hung upon him sudden and heavy, and his hair was wet. He at the breakfast things down on the table nodded to his guest, said "good morning" and went out again. For several moments again he felt a great sense of discomfort, added by shame that swept over Walter staring, as he sat down and started to slowly eat his breakfast. Here he knew he was comfortably and luxuriously housed, while out there he felt sure in the river Gertrude Angelina was still remaining to escape the awful heat of the forest fire, and that when she would come back she would surely be drenched, and even more miserable than Jack Evans himself. He had often thought of the perils also that Violet, and her sisters had also gone through. What amazed him however was the breakfast. It was not so much the chicken, rich in its own flavor, or the sweet pot also, or the pot of coffee that was filling the cabin with its de la laurens, that roused his wonder, but the hot brown flapjacks that accompanied the other things. Hot flapjacks. And after a deluge of fire and horror that had seemed before his very eyes to burn every square inch of the earth, now had Jack Evans turned the trick.

Jack Evans did not immediately come back for the dishes, and for over an hour after he had finished breakfast, Walter a kind smoked his pipe, and watched the blue haze of tremendous fires in another directions on the far northern side of the river. Still it made the very world in spite of heavily smoke clouded sides appear a blaze of sunlight glory. His imagination carried him across the river. Somewhere over there in an open spot where the fire had not blazed yet, was he knew an immense stretch of forests with trees nearly only a foot apart. If the fire should reach that--- but there was little doubt in his mind, that it would and he heaped the in imminence of the blame upon the glandulins. That

was his opinion of it. And suddenly a knock at his door drew his attention. But it was a light, as well as a quick, tap, tap, tap, not like the fist of any man or even woman. He called "Come in", and in another moment the door swung slowly open, and in the flood of light from the forest fires, poured into the cabin, with a rush of very sultry and smoky air stood Gertrude Angelina.

It was not her presence or even the beauty of her, that held him so suddenly spell bound. It was a sort of shock after the vivid beginnings of his mind and sensations of his heart in which he had seen her in the river a fugitive of the forest fire. Her hair glowing in the sun bright clare of distant flames, was not wet, and she was not the forest fire terrified little girl, that had passed in tragic horror through his mind and heart. The water of the river, nor the heat of the flames had not touched it. But she did show that she had not sleep all the night, and that it was at her orders that the boat went on its way when the fire again caught up. When she came in her lips greeting him with a little smile, all that he had fancied with regret in the earlier hours of that dreadful night crumpled away in dust. Indeed he felt a great sense of immense relief. Again for a moment he forgot that she was a mere little girl. She was one of the best christian girl scouts, and as he looked upon her now, one of the most girl scouts of the Abolitionist armies.

"You are looking much better and stronger this beautiful hot morning," she said, with real pleasure shining in her eyes. She had left the door open, so that the glare partly filled the room. "I think the forest fire excitement and other things may have helped you. Wasn't it awful. We were caught up twice since I rescued you?"

Walter swallowed hard. "Quite unusual," he managed to say. "Have you seen Jack Evans this morning?"

A little note of laughter came into her throat. "Yes. I don't believe he liked it so much. He doesn't understand why or how forest fires can move so fast. Did you sleep well Walter?"

"An hour or maybe two I think. When the forest fire came up again I felt greatly worried about you. I did not think the thought that you had been a surprise by the sudden advance of the fire storm. But it does doesn't seem to have even surprised you."

"No. I was over there, and quite comfortable, though I had to shut the windows to keep the heat out," she nodded to the forward bulkhead of the cabin, beyond the wardrobes and the organ. "There's two more cabins ahead," she explained. Did not Evans tell you that?"

"No he didn't. I did not ask him where he was."

"In many ways Evans is very odd," said Gertrude. "He is exceedingly careful of me and greatly worried about the Vivian Girls. Even when I was on adventures with him he was just that way."

She now started moving about, apparently as if in no way at all was his presence disturbing her, and started her usual duties of the day, rearranging the curtains which he had crumpled with his hands, placed three or four chairs back in their proper places, and moved from this to that with the air of a housekeeper who always starts brushing and cleaning up in the early morning. She was not at all embarrassed because he was her guest or prisoner which ever way you may call it, and neither did she show any signs of being uncomfortable, or restrained because of the startling message she had sent to him by Evans. She was a glorious and active girl scout, and in her apparent unconcern about his presence he found himself sweating inwardly. A bit nervously he struck his match to light his cigar then extinguished it. She noticed what she had done. He had done.

"You may smoke your cigar if you like," she said in his sweetest tone. "General Concentration Arronburg smokes a great deal, and I like it." Then she went to a dresser or drawer in the dressing table, opened the drawer, and came to him with a box half filled with cigars.

"Jack Evans prefers these on all occasions and nothing else," she said. "Do you want?"

His fingers seemed to be all thumbs as he took a cigar from the readily proffered box. He almost swore at himself because his tongue felt thick, and he could not find speech. And also it might have been his silence, and that betrayed something in his mental clumsiness, that brought a faint flush of color into her cheeks. He noted that, and also that the top of her shining head came just about to his chin, and that her mouth and throat, looking down on them, were bewitchingly soft and sweetly sweet.

And also what she said, when her little eyes opened wide and beautiful on him again was like a knife cutting suddenly into the heart of his thoughts. "Used to live here to sit at my uncle's feet, and watch him smoke and so did my sister." She said.

"Well," she said, "I'm sure I'm glad it does not annoy you, because---I like to smoke." He replied somewhat lamely.

He placed the box on the little reading table, and looked at his breakfast

dishes especially how he had cleared every plate.

"You like flapjacks very much, don't you? I was up early this morning, making them for you...."

"You made them, you a little girl?" "I did," he demanded, her words almost a most amazing revelation, and looking at her as if he did not believe he was speaking right.

"Surely Walt," I used to make them for myself every morning, until I got sort of tired of them. Even my uncle is tired of them though he used to be fond of them too. He said to me the nicest thing about me was my pancakes and flapjacks and also muffins."

To mother his fingers seemed to be all thumbs and nothing else when he took a cigar second time from the box.

"How about the other two things the he that is especially fond of?" asked Walter.

"Ah, general Concentinian Arrenburg's little secrets Walt," she laughed softly, the color deepening in her cheeks. "It wouldn't be right and fair to tell you now would it."

"Perhaps it wouldn't," he said slowly. "But there are one or two other things very important, Gertrude."

"It will be quite all right for you to ask," she said, as she started to pick up the breakfast dishes, not at all perturbed by the fact that she was offering him a great privilege which had the effect of quickening his pulse for a moment or two.

"Thank you fairly," he said. "But I don't mind telling you it is going to be difficult for me to do that--because--well this is a most unusual situation, isn't it? In spite of all your kindness, including in what was your good intentioned endeavor to save me from the scoundrel who tried to put an end to my earthly miseries behind that rock, I believe it is necessary for you to give me some kind of explanation of some thing I'd like to know. Don't you?"

"Did't Jack Evans explain to you last night?" she asked facing him.

"He brought a stern message from you to the effect, that I was in grave peril should I leave here without your permission, that I must make no attempt to leave here under any conditions, and that if I did do so, I would face death and unseemly perils in these woods. You had given your boy and girl scouts instructions to watch me as if I was about a prisoner."

Sir now nodded quite seriously. "That is right Walt."

His face flushed. "Then I am in mysterious danger because of my mission? These very woods threaten a with death?"

"You are perfectly safe if you make no attempt to leave," Walt. "The woods are fire swept there is no escape except by this boat. And where fires do not rage hidden enemies are looking for you, and trying to shadow you. I know because I learned everything. Would it not be fair, if I made you a prisoner if you would refuse to listen to reason, rather than let you run into such danger?"

"Fair," he cried, choking back an exclamation that would have vented itself on a man. Don't you realize what has happened? Don't you know that according to statements of my, and the proofs of investigators, and every other news known that Galverinus has been because of the enemy visited by flood after flood, and explosion after explosion causing terrible loss of life, and that according to every law of God and man I should find and arrest, the glandelinians who either had anything to do with some of these disasters, or who know of the secret reasons for it? Is it possible that you don't comprehend my duty. Did not Violet, and her sisters give me plans as to what I was to work out? If you still disagree, what shall I do?"

If he had noticed he would have seen there was no longer the flush of color in her cheeks. But her eyes, looked straight at him, and they were tranquil and not at all excited. She nodded.

"That is why you must do as I ask even if you have to be a prisoner if you refuse to listen to reason Walt. It is because I do realize I like you, and so does Violet and her sisters, and they too would never forgive themselves if anything happened to you. If they had at first realized the danger they would have not allowed you to go. I shall tell you why that happened behind the rock, and if you do not believe me I shall refuse to even talk to you until you come to your senses. If I let you go now, you would probably get trapped even by the awful forest fire and perish and then because I let you go it would be my own fault, I would be responsible. So you must, stay until general Arrenburg works with his army which is advancing from behind where I'm heading the boat. I don't know what to do except ask you, and not let you come for your own good until then. If I was in your place you would do the same. And what would you do?"

The question was so honest, so like a question that night had been asked by a puzzled child, that his argument for the situation of Galverinus horror and the law concerning it was struck dead. He stared into the pale face, the beautiful waiting eyes, saw the pathetic intertwining of her slim fingers, and suddenly he was priming in that his honest way, which made the whole army love

Walt. Star log. "You are doing perfectly right as far as I am concerned," he said. At this a swift change came into her face. Her cheeks flushed, and her eyes were filled with a sudden glow that made the little violet freckles in their dance like tiny flocks of gold. "From your point of view surely you are right," she repeated. "And I shall also be a tempt to leave, until I have talked with a general Arrenburg over the situation. But I can't quite say--that now--that he is going to help in the situation."

"He surely will and can," she assured him confidently.

"To see, to have an unshaken faith in general Arrenburg," he replied a little surprised.

"Yes Walt," he is the most wonderful Christian general in the world. All our generals, even our superior generals, and the Emperor adore him. And he will know what to do."

Walter shrugged his shoulders. "Perhaps in some nice quiet place, he too will be surprised by the end of it."

"Perhaps. But I do not think he will allow that to happen. I should have no doubt to it."

"Oh you would."

"Yes, Concentinian Arrenburg's army is big and strong, and he is afraid of nothing in the world, and he will do anything for me. I don't think he would fail you in anything if I asked him to help you."

She turned to resume her task of clearing up the breakfast table. With a sudden movement Walter snatched the chair close to her. "Please sit down," he commanded. "I can talk to you better that way. As an officer and as her of the Glandelinian it is my duty for you and my own good to ask you a few good questions. It is not in your power to answer them, all of the, or not answer any. I have given you my word not to act until I have seen general Concentinian Arrenburg, and I shall keep that word. But when we do meet, I shall not largely on the strength of what you tell me during the next fifteen or twenty minutes. Please sit down."

She sat in a big deer chair, which must have belonged to some big stout man, and then she faced Walter. Indeed between its great arms her slim little childish figure seemed lost and fairly out of place. Her blue eyes were level, and clear, and waiting. They did not look wary or even nervous, but so coolly and calmly beautiful that they surely disturbed Walter. She raised her hands, her slim fingers crumpling for a moment in the soft thick coils of her hair. That little movement, the unconsciousness of it, and the way she folded her hands in her lap afterwards disturbed Walter even a little more. What a glow on earth it would have been for some one to possess a child like that. The thought made him uneasy, the same feeling he had when first in the presence of the Vivian Girls. And she sat waiting, a vivid a vivid softly breathing question mark against the warm coloring of the plant upholstered chair.

"Then you rescued me from the dirty sneak who shot me," he began. "I saw you first, standing over me. Before I saw you, I thought your approach was that of the Glandelinian sniper coming to finish me, and then you had tried to get my gun ready to surprise him. When I saw you I did not shoot. It was then that I saw something in your face, horror, amazement, as though you felt sure the glandelinian had done something, you did not like to see any one do. You said I want to be free of this anxiety. I want to understand. I want to find out everything if I can. What you tell me who it was that shot me, why he did it, and why that change came over you when you saw me lying there?"

"Yes Walt. I am able to tell. I told you because. He is one of those snipers who trailed you because he knew the purpose of your mission. There are more than he. That is why I will not let you get foolish and leave." She was not antagonistic or defiant. Her voice was not even raised, nor did it betray any unusual emotion. It was simply decisive, and the unflinching steadiness of her eyes, and the way in which she sat with her hands folded, gave to it an unqualified definiteness.

"You mean that he was not the only hidden enemy, and that it was only a mistaken guess on my own part if I thought it so?"

"She nodded."

"Could General Arrenburg get me some of the information?"

"If general Arrenburg thinks it wise to do so, yes."

"Will he?" Walter little turned her and looked her general in the eye. "After that you dropped me up into the shade, dressed my wounds, held a prayer for me, and made me as comfortable as possible. In a few hours sort of my life I saw I knew what was going on. And to tell you the truth a most curious thing happened. A vision--the loomed still a little nearer to me--at times there was a light as if five of you girls."

He was looking at her hands, expecting to see her fingers tighten about in her lap but she did not while she said in answer:

"Of course you were badly hurt, and it is not strange for any one in such a condition to begin things like that Walt, but I can say you were right."

"And I seemed to hear two or three voices," he went on.

She made no answer for the moment, but continued to look at him steadily

about smiling at him. "And the two others had hair that was like burnished gold, but in the glow of forest fire lights looked like copper and gold. I could at times get a glimpse of your face, and then more, and then again and again--then--I have thought I was a very heavy load for your hands alone to drag up through that sand to the shade above."

She held up her two hands to hug at the walls. "They are strong little hands," she said.

"You are small, only a little child," he insisted, "and I doubt if you could drag me across this floor."

For the first time the quiet of her eyes gave way to a warm fire. "It was indeed very hard work," she said, and the note in her voice gave him a warning that his questions were about to draw laughter from her. "You wait are over presumptuous to think if I dragged you alone. I didn't drag you to the tree at all. What I dragged was a small log to use as a pillow for your head, upon which I piled a lot of grass. Evans carried you to the tree and laid you down. Evans said I was a fool for letting your one who shot at you escape. And if you saw two of me, or three or four it can't be I. I'm only one. It was none of my girl scouts and nothing mysterious. Are you going through the confusion that news of the Vivian Girl Princesses were with me Walt. If you do, then you surely must have imagined something unusual. It was Jennie Turner, Mildred Maxwell, and Angelina Fisher. They saw you shot down before I did. Anyway through now with your desire to go off."

He made a gesture of despair. "No I cannot break the desire. But what if you won't allow me to if there is so much evil as you say. Don't you let me go on my journey to sorrow. I must obtain that information."

"I surely can not. You must wait."

"For your Uncle?"

"Yes for General Concentration Arrowburg Arrowburg."

He was silent for a moment, then said "I raved about a number of things when I sick, didn't I?"

"You did, and especially about what you thought happened in the sand. You called the other girls the 'Darlings of the Nation'. You were so near to the top of course it wasn't amusing. Otherwise it would surely have been you. You saw a hair in gold, almost. And she shook her hair loose so she could see its color."

"Who do you say about?" he asked.

"Because General Arrowburg has often told me that when I was in the sand there are beautiful shining golden clouds in it. And the glow of the fire was very bright that late evening in the sky Walt."

"I think I now understand," he nodded. "And I'm rather blind too and thank God and His Blessed Mother. I like to know that it was you and your companions who saved me from the man who tried to kill me. It proves you are just the same like the--"

"Vivian Girl Princesses," she interrupted him softly. "You also talked about them in your sickness Walt. It made me terribly afraid of your condition--so much that at times I almost wondered if the goodness had not succeeded after all. This experience makes me understand well what is going to happen to you if I should let you go too soon. I'm not hindering you, but just waiting for a safer opening for if you go now you won't succeed anyhow. And what terrible thing Glendelina did in the lower Abbeonian states she will again do in spite of all the information you may succeed in obtaining. What could she have done more terrible, than I have seen, especially at Abbeion and any other places. I tried to find out why, and good as I am in seeking clues and information and so on, I know not the reason yet. Glendelina is shrewder than we are. I think. The one who obtains that secret is a miracle."

"And is that why you have given all of your followers to hold me as prisoner or watch me as one if I try to escape?" he asked. "Because I am putting myself in such unusual peril?"

"Yes it is for that reason that I am keeping you for General Arrowburg," she acknowledged. "If the Glendelinians have no mercy for us girl and boy scouts, you also could expect none from them. Therefore I do not wish you to be rash. If I own moment even you, then I'd be determined to go with you even if it is to destruction. And surely you would object to that too wouldn't you?"

"Why yes. But what terrible thing did happen at Abbeion. Gertrude. You say you was a witness of it."

"Nothing much as a witness, except of the ruin and flood. We were almost a part of it," she said. "The Glendelinians. The Glendelinians are the worst made that disaster by explosion and flood surely were criminals of the worst sort on record and not soldiers at all. And I was convinced then, and am convinced now, though there is no proof of it, that 'Dionys' was a partner in this crime as he made the order I'm sure. He was very dangerous at all times as you know of yourself. And that I think is what made the disaster of such magnitude. What terrible thing did you hear that flood do Walt?"

"Quite a good deal--but very unusual to me," he said feeling that Glendelina herself was putting him where the earth was unsteady under his feet again. "But I will tell you. Gert I don't believe it unless I see with my own eyes. For Abbeion was a city of the largest sort, say making five cities in one--concerning the

size of cities of America say like New York Chicago and so on put together. The one section. And I will not be convinced, and am not convinced now, that that sister city of Vivian which was double was not destroyed, or was a partner partner of all the other horrors. She might have been buried under the sea of flood waters but maybe now she still exists if only showing certain height above the water. That city was strong and very beautiful. And her strength I think in what might have saved her. He was fingering his unlighted cigar as he spoke. When he looked up he was surprised at the swift change that had come into the face of Angelina Arrowburg. Her cheeks were flaming, and there were burning fires screened behind her the long lashes of her eyes. But her voice was unchanged. It was with a quiver that betrayed the emotion which sent the hot flush into her face.

"Then you judge the situation without absolute knowledge of fact. You claimed as you hinted into your fever that it was all a joke, because you never saw the disaster, even though millions of people surviving elsewhere fought so desperately and crazily to save remaining lives."

"I do believe she was inundated terribly, I believe she was affected had. But wiped out as she they say,--no--no. That seems a fable,--impossible."

The long lashes fell over or lower like fringes of golden velvet closing over the fires in her eyes. "But you do not know, you did not see yourself."

"No absolutely," he conceded. "But maybe better investigations than those before--"

"I might even now show, that one of the most wonderful and beautiful of Abbeionian cities that ever was erected is--no--no--no--no Walt. It is not hard for my one to furnish you all the proof you need. I'll take you to see myself, so will General Arrowburg my uncle. So will Penrod, Jennie Turner and my other friends. If at us it may take an angel to do it."

He started, thoughts traveling themselves in his hand. How she had crept over him. She had almost convinced him. He had almost convinced him of uniformity to the one creature on earth his strength and his weakness were bound to protect as if he almost was calling her a liar, when she is so unimpaired righteous. And yet in his hand a voice seemed to cry out. "What doubts have you about the total destruction of Abbeion. What tell her she lies to you, a girl honest girl?"

He rose suddenly to his feet, and stood at the back of his chair, his hands gripping the top of it.

"Maybe you are right," he said. "Maybe I was wrong. I remember now that when I got a news paper, I saw reading of the horrors of that disaster. All night. Then I went out to find out more details. I went into a small house all tired out but with no intention to sleep. But I was tired--and did. I must have slept for an hour, and when I awoke I was sitting down beside me and reading my paper. It was Jennie Turner. She had the good opportunity then to have a good argument with me about the disaster."

Thus he went over the face that was looking up so steadily at him. "Yes she could have started a more successful argument with you--while you were there. But she didn't. Why?"

"I don't know. Perhaps she had the idea I would not have believed anyhow. Two or three days later I was convinced she would not have hesitated, and would have made me believe her. I guess if she had to take me to prove it. I caught her twice planning to go to the scene of Abbeion and how we came with her. And a third time late at night when we were within a day or two of General St. Clara creek, she almost got me to make such a trip, but so for Violet and her sisters just then objected. So I conceded she never did succeed in convincing me in anything at that time. But I'm sure that she tried, especially toward the last."

"And because she failed, she said you was a 'Doubting Thomas'. Yet something is wrapped inside you, and you have made up your mind Glendelina will be a shall be punished for such a crime whether you believe in its intensity or not. You can't expect me to believe her, or her own. We were witnesses to it and there the result was that you still believed Abbeion was the big city swept away by a 'severe flood'. But it was not an inundation. I think it was a great city swept by hundreds of miles wide and went to a long way. Was not that enough to convince you. If it is or almost to disbelieve me, simply because you did not see it yourself, that you don't believe Abbeion might be a partner in the destruction of her sister cities and towns."

"It is rather very strange indeed," he said, "a sort of great indecision in his voice. 'Doubting Thomas' and others asked me that very question. I thought he was surprised by the unusual news of such a great time. I'm sorry, very sorry. That I talked about the disaster. I told him when I was sick. But I don't want you to think I am a bad sort--that say, I'm sorry to think about it. I'm going to ponder over the whole thing again, from the time I first read the news of the disaster, till the reality of all horrors I had afterwards, and if I find that I was wrong, I shall ask your pardon for de basing your words Gertrude."

As he said this he could not help seeing that--a flashing instant in which the final confession of truth in her face, as though his words had

WALTER SEEMS TO SHOW CONFIDENCE IN GERTRUDE ANGELINE
AND SHE SHOWS CONFIDENCE IN HIM.
THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL ARRONBURG AND HIS...

As he looked at her of old, he observed a quick sharp gaze and so in her white throat, and then with a sudden involuntary exclamation that was always hers, she held out her hand to him. For a full minute he held it close, while her little fingers tightened about his own, and the mere thrill of them set his blood leaping with the thing he was almost desperately fighting down. She was even so near to him that he could feel the throbbing of her body. For an instant she bowed her head, and the sweet perfume of her hair came into his nose. Nostrils, the lustrous beauty of it much closer to his lips. Then gently she withdrew her hand, and stood back from him. To Walter she looked more like a still younger girl, yet it was the almost lovelessness of childhood of saintly parents that he observed in the flush of her face, and in the eagerness that was flashing unashamed in her eyes.

"I'm not frightened about your condition and will care more than," she exclaimed her voice trembling a bit. "When general Concentration Arronburg comes with his vast army, I shall tell him everything, and I know he will give you all the help you need. And then you may ask him all the questions you may desire, and he will answer you as properly as he will not cheat. He always plays square and he knows a whole lot. You will love general Arronburg and he will try to give you clues to the one who shot at you when you were refused behind the rock."

She made toward him a little gesture as if to invite him to the door. "Everything is safe for you out there now," she added. "I shall tell general Evans and the others. When we are tied up further on you may go ashore. And let us forget for a time all that which has happened. Wait. Let us not even think of the information you are after until general Arronburg comes."

"General Arronburg," he exclaimed. "If general Arronburg did not come?"

"I should be lost, and so would my followers," she broke in quickly. "I should want to die for fear."

Suddenly through the open window came the sound of a voice. It was again the weird monotone of the old lady, the broken backed woman. Gertrude Angelina went to the window. And Walter followed her, looking over her head, a quiver near that his face almost touched her hair. The poor old lady had come back. If she was watching a boat that was heading for the boat house boat.

"You heard him or her asking for her little girl," she said. "It is strange. I know how it must have shocked you, when she stood like that in the door. Her mind like her body is a wreck. Walter, and whether she really is your aunt I cannot tell, as I never saw her. We have brought her all the way up here to find general Arronburg's army who it is said has her little girl,-- a maybe. Early this year during the Algonquin horror, one of the soldiers found her in a forest on a slope, she having fled from a forest fire and being almost caught. She was one of the flood refugees and fleeing the waters ran direct directly into the path of one of the 'Red Pigeons'. The soldier carried her on her shoulders. The doctors managed to save her life but could not restore her reason, and she has always been like that. General Arronburg it is said knows her, and loves her, and the poor old lady worships him and did follow him about like a dog. Her brain is gone or her mind rather which way you put it. She does not know what her name is but general Arronburg knows her, but we call her 'Win'. And since day and night, she is asking that same question. 'Has any one found my little girl?' Sometimes if you will wait--I should like to have you tell me if you can see as much as I can what was so terrible about that big disaster, and if you feel the same as I do."

The boat was by this time half way across the river, and from them came a sudden burst of wild shouts, probably like that of warning. It was a boat load of fire fighters. Walter could make out eight men in the boat, their oars flashing in the morning sun that was trying to pierce the smoke clouds in the sky. Gertrude looked up at him suddenly, and then he saw that even now she was not excited. He did not think of her as a mere child just then. He did not think of her even as Gertrude Angelina or a girl scout or of her as Concentration Arronburg's army. Indeed in that upward glance

of her eyes was something that thrilled him greatly, to the very depth of his soul. She seemed for a moment to reach him of his own emotion. It was a glimpse of the life that was in her, but she was dead at him, and then she faced the river again, and then he turned utterly forward, so that a warm breath of wind floated a shimmering tress of her hair against his cheek. He then turned still nearer to her, he being a man of child worship, holding his breath, until his lips softly touched the back of her head. And then he stopped back, while a strange related feeling came over him. At least his heart rose, and apparently choked him, and his fists were clenched at his side. However she apparently had not noticed what he had done, and now she seemed to him like a bird yearning to fly out through the window, throbbing with the ardent desire to answer him in his questioning look and then she was smiling up again into his face, hardened

with the same rate a people which he was just then. Then, going with his self. "There are no rangers and they are earning a living going on for a season," she said. "They are great men for while fighting the worst of fires and seeking all wells, they laugh and sing. They have any kind of a game, which are in these wildernesses, all their own wives and families and with their are sometimes in formal houses, and they are happy to know they are doing in saving their own places from destruction. They are like children, and if you see like glorious children of God."

She ran to the wall, and took down the Algonquin banner. "General Concentration Arronburg is somewhere in front of us with his army," she exclaimed. "He is coming down with an enormous army, such as we never had seen in our country yet, and we are waiting for him. But each day as the fire continues after us we must float down with the stream. The rangers are coming now for the heat as it is theirs. We shall travel slowly now, and it will be wonderful if the flood of fire do not overtake us again. It will do you good to see of side as we are a sight of the fire left to follow. Wait--come out with me. Would you care for that, or are you fearful. Or would you rather be alone?"

In her face however there was no longer the old restraint. On her lips was the gleam of a half a life, the smile she usually always has, in her eyes a glow that the blood in his veins. It was not a flash of conquest. It was something deeper, and warmer than that, something real-- that in Angelina Arronburg telling him plainly that she wanted him to come. He did not know that his hands were still clenched at his side. Perhaps she knew. But her eyes did not leave his face, eyes that were reaching the invitation of her lips, openly asking him not to refuse.

"I shall enjoy it immensely to come," he said. "You resemble a guardian angel to me, when I should be yours, as a man should protect a child, and how come you protect me?"

The words came from him not merrily. He of course scarcely heard them or knew what he was saying, yet he was conscious of the strange and unusual sound of his voice. He did not know whether he was betraying himself beyond that, did not see the deepening of the wild rose flush in the cheeks of general Arronburg's army. He picked up his pipe from the table and moved to accompany her.

"I believe it would be better for you to wait a little while," she said, and her hand, resting for an instant upon his arm. Its touch seemed to be as light as the touch of his lips had been upon the tip of her head, but he felt it in every nerve of his body. "Your doctor is seeking a special lotion for your hurt. I will send him in and then you may come."

The huts about the approaching forest fighting fire rangers, was near as she turned toward the door. From him she looked back at him swiftly. "They are coming to warn us about something. Wait," she recently said. "And I too am suspicious. But I am no longer afraid now. And if it was not for the fact that the world would be very beautiful again. Can you guess why I did not want to be afraid again? It is because you have given me your dear little Wait, and therefore I believe you will be wise and be safer."

And then she was gone. And for many minutes, probably a full hour he did not move. The shouts of the fighters, was followed by the grating of something along side the boat, which gave to him like the sounds from another world. It seemed also that within him there was a crash that was much greater than that of any physical thing. It might have been the truth that truth breaking in upon him, surging over him like the waves of a stormy sea, breaking down the breakwater upon which he was seeking refuge. Inundating him with a force, that was mightier than his own will. A voice in his soul was crying out the truth,--that above all else in the world he wanted to reach out his arms to this glorious creature, who was his friend, and the voice of general Concentration Arronburg, this young Algonquin girl scout of general Algonquin command who had rescued him from the Algonquin snare who had tried to kill him, because he was known and his father, and her sisters were far, far, far more beautiful than she was. It was her smiling ways. It was the worship which general Arronburg himself had have for his young girl scout who was his niece, and the shock of it was like a great hit standing in the wake of the fire he had been fleeing from. A breath that was sweet as any came from him, and his fists clenched until they were purple. The general Concentration Arronburg's army. And he Walter Starnes, proud of his honor, proud of the strength that had made his men, had at first dared to think that she by mistake had shot him. He stared at the closed door, he coming to another thing--the place of his weakness, the homeliness of the thing that for a time had eaten into him and consumed him. And as he stared the door opened, and the doctor came in.

During the next half hour of an hour or more, Walter was as silent as the doctor who was attending to him. And he was surprised to find no pain, when the doctor quickly removed the bandage, and bathed his head in the lotion he had brought. Before a fresh bandage was put on, he looked at himself for a

moment in the throw. Indeed for the first time since he was shot he had the chance to see his wound, and he had expected himself to be struck with a large and disfiguring scar, but to his surprise there was no sign of his hurt, except a small inflamed spot above his temple. He stared at the doctor, and there was no need of the question that was in his mind, for the doctor readily understood, and his face became wrinkled into a smile.

"As the doctor could not speak English like Evans he spoke to Walter in Abbinemian and said: 'When you were being fired at by the enemy, the bullet hit a rock or a piece of rock or a part of which you hid behind, and the rock hit your hit, and not the bullet. The rock almost broke your skull, bending in a bone, but I operated and straightened it again.' And by motion he showed how the operation had been done. Walter did not make off to Evans yet that he could attend the Abbinemian language. However he shook hands with the doctor in silence, then the latter put on the fresh bandages, and after that went out, saying good bye, and closing the door softly after him.

For some time there had been subdued activity outside. The shouting of the forest rangers had ceased suddenly, a low voice was giving some commands, and looking through the window Walter saw that the boat was slowly swinging toward the wider portions of the river and still further off from the shore. He turned therefore from the window to the table, and lighted the cigar that Gertrude had given him.

In spite of the mental struggle he had made during the presence of the doctor, he had failed to get a grip on himself. He still desired to obtain that information, and his blood still ran to that sense of thrill of the great crime of one against a thousand, the pain in which the Christian may act on one side of the board, and the enemy on the other, with the cards between. It was the great war gambles. The cards meant life or death, failure, or success, there was never a chance in this game, one or the other had to lose. Had anyone told him that soon he would meet the crippled woman who he suspected to be his aunt every nerve in him would have thrilled in anticipation of that hour. He realized this as he paced back and forth over the thick mats of the cabin floor. And he knew that he alone was not on the quest, and that Violet, and her sister were planning to do the same thing, for the next month. It was impossible to lie to herself. The cause and of those who knew the origin of those disasters, was of more importance to him than anything else. And Gertrude Angeline—General Arronburg's niece, only a little girl about—His eyes fell on the crumpled handkerchief, on the keys of the great old organ. And in silence unconsciously he was crushing it in the palm of his hand, and yet once more he felt the flood of humiliation and shame and other feelings sweep over him. Gradually he dropped the handkerchief, and the great inspiration of his own life seemed to rise up into his very face, and encourage him. He always was a good scout himself, clean and sure in his work, and all this had been his greatest pride. He hated the men who was a coward, and it was almost his instinct to destroy the man, who demonstrated another scout's place by being a coward. And here in the sacredness of a Calvinist country he found himself at last free to face with that greatest fight of all the ages.

Finally he closed the door, and as he threw back his shoulders, until he almost snatched them, he smiled, as if a sudden thought that it was a secret to him had suddenly come to him. And after all he thought it did not matter to him had he can go through a small bit of fire and heat—If he came out of it without being burned, and deep in his heart he knew that Gertrude was acting as his guardian when he felt sure he himself should be her own protector as surely she herself a little girl. What he had done when Gertrude stood at the window he of course could not now undo. He went to the door, slowly opened it, and stood outside looking for a glimpse of the sunshine, which now fell down however to pierce the thick smoke clouds that hung over the sky like a storm cloud. Nevertheless it felt good to him to feel the warmth of the distant fire heat, even though the air just now was not sweet enough for his lungs, and was somewhat tainted by the fumes of smoke from burning pine and leaves. The boat was far off from the shore drifting swiftly and sure steadily down in midstream.

Jack Evans was at this moment sitting near the south end of the cabin, and to Walter's surprise, he nodded in a friendly way, and his wide mouth drew or broke into a grin. In real daylight to Walter Evans did not look as ugly as he thought. "Ah it was coming soon the fulfillment of satanism of our age, my friend," he chuckled. "And so when will be in his ink that wait, you so little have rooster capture a so glandolinian my who are so scarce, and common, I want give you so help, common!!!!!!"

The reflection in Jack Evans' eyes reflected itself for a instant in Walter's. He turned back into the cabin, bent over his neck, and so found among his clothes a small writing book the size of a school composition. He looked it over, and found the contents interesting. He then making a sign. His next action above all others was accomplishing placing a sign for the cause, and wherever he went, either on pleasure or adventure, a composition book went with him, and now here was Jack Evans inviting him on, writing for him to get well. He went out and placed the book under Evans' nose. He looked at it curiously, seeing that the writing was in English and fortunately English Evans could read better than he could speak it. "The Compos' book" he nodded. "Does no matter, does no Christian any know here

hasty in an empty book it. It is strange Walt, but you sure can make as good writing in an English. I can make good what is plain. Perhaps you are not meant to be in what is write."

Turning over the pages one by one, Walter stopped at a certain spot. "Do you see that general?" he asked. "Well I will tell you this, that this is not a history. It is the plans of securing the information that I have been looking for, when the proper time comes. When I follow out these plans, I will enable general Vivian to obtain all he desires concerning the great disasters of the past or past. Why? Because I am determined to obtain that information or die. I do not want to be a failure, which I would surely do if I did not carry out these plans. Then when I have succeeded in my mission—"

The bull like neck of Jack Evans seemed about to burst, and his eyes appeared ready to pop out of their sockets, as he said in surprise:

"What you make those plans yourself. Why so are as good boy. You take as chance in carrying them round, and if so get in as hands of so greatest fighting men of so glandolinian army so plans will be so caught. You, you—The word flood of his great surprise sprang to his lips. emotion choked him, and then looking suddenly over Walter's shoulder—He stopped, something that was in his look made him turn. Four paces behind him stood Gertrude Angeline, and he knew that from the corner of the cabin, she had heard what had passed between them—she was biting her lips, and behind the flash of her eyes he saw worry.

"You are planning something?" she asked. "Evans you are looking badly." she reached out her hand, and without a word Walter gave her the composition book. she glanced over it carefully, yet Walter saw little lines of doubt come into her white forehead.

"They are good plans you have written here, Walt. Surely they cannot mean much though I'm afraid. Some day when general Conventinian Arronburg comes with his army, will you teach me and Violet, and her sisters how to make them?"

"Always it is when general Arronburg and his army comes," he replied a little impatiently. "shall be waiting a whole year!"

"Two or three days perhaps, a little longer. Are you coming with me a little ahead Walter?"

However she did not wait for his answer, but went ahead of him looking looking at the writing book. Walter caught a last glimpse of general Evans' face as he followed Gertrude around the end of the cabin. Evans was smiling at him confidently. They reached the bow of the boat, a deck fully twelve feet in length by nine in width sheltered above by a sort of awning, and comfortably arranged with chairs, several good rugs, a table of considerable size, and to Walter's amazement a hammock. He had never seen anything like this belonging to a forest ranger before, nor had he ever heard of a river scout so large and so beautifully made or luxuriously appointed. Over his head at the tip of a flagstaff attached to the forward end of the big cabin, floated the grand National Flag of Abbinemian. And under this staff was a large screened door, which undoubtedly opened into the kitchenette which Gertrude had told him about. He could not make any effort to hide his surprise and confusion. But Gertrude Angeline did not seem to notice it at all. Put the pucky little lines were still in her forehead and he wondered what he was going to say.

"Is it true that you have given your word to go on this adventure later, and have Evans as your companion?" she asked.

"It is true, Gertrude. And I feel that general Jack Evans is looking ahead very joyously to the occasion."

"She is! He is!" she affirmed. "Last night he spread the news among all my followers. Those who left to join general Arronburg this morning have also taken the news with them, and there is a great deal of excitement and much betting. I am afraid you have made a very bad, bad promise. No man has offered to seek any such information of the flood horrors from the enemy since they occurred—not even my great Uncle general Arronburg, nor others, who says that in planning and other things that Evans is more than a match for him."

"And yet they must have little doubt, as there is betting, and it takes two to make a bet." chuckled Walter.

The lines went out of Gertrude's forehead, and a half smile trembled on her red lips. "Yes there is much betting. But those who are for you are offering most years military pay against uniforms that are used. The odds are about fifty to one against you Walter."

"The look of pity which was clearly in her eyes, brought a rush of blood to Walter's face. "If only I had something to wager," he groaned.

"You must not make the attempt and draw Evans into it. I shall forbid it." "Then I and Evans will steal off into the forest, and have the adventure out by ourselves."

"You both will run into grave peril. He is terrible like a great beast when he fights, but he knows too when he is facing grave danger. I think he would desert even me or the Vivian girls for a good thrilling adventure. But you Walter—"

"I also love a good stirring adventure or two," he admitted, unshamed.

Gertrude Angeline studied him thoughtfully for a full minute....

"And by following out these plans?" she asked then handing him the composition book.

"Yes follow out those plans. Evans may use his head, but I shall use those,"

plane, so that I shall not fail in my own quest at least. I promised Violet and her sisters I would do so."

For another flash her lips trembled on the edge of a smile. Then she gave him the book entirely a bit troubled, and nodded to a chair with a deep cushioned seat and with arms. Please make yourself comfortable Walt. I have something to do in the cabin, and will return in a little while."

He then wondered if she had gone back to settle the matter with Evans at once if possible, for it was clear she did not regard with favor, the promised adventures be with himself and Evans. It might have been of course on the spur of a careless moment that he had promised to go on this kind of an adventure with General Evans, and with little thought if anything that it was likely to be carried out, or that it would become a matter of great importance with the few followers of Evans and Gertrude Angeline. He was evidently in for it, he told himself, and so was Evans strong as he is, and even though as a fighting man Evans could probably be as fierce as a thousand tigers to the enemy. He was glad of that for he knew Evans could do lots with his strength, sword and pistol having heard much about the general. He grinned as he watched the bending back of Gertrude's boy and girl scouts, and of Evans two hundred men followers. So they were betting one hundred to one against him. Even General Arronburg might be induced to bet with him. And if he did-- the blood leaped for a moment in Walter's veins, even the thrill went to the very tips of his fingers. He stared out over the fogged smoke of the river horizon almost unseeing, as the possibilities of the thing that had already come into his mind made him for a minute or two oblivious of the world. He possessed one thing, against which General Concentinian Arronburg and even a Gertrude Angeline would wager a half of all they owned in the world in military property. And if he should try and gamble that one thing, which had come to him like a strong inspiration, and should accomplish the dangerous mission--

He strode back and forth over the deck, no longer watching the rowers or the smoke shrouded shore. The thought grew stronger and stronger, and it seemed as if his mind was being fiercely consumed by it. Thus far from the moment the first shot was fired at him by the glandolinians from the ambush, he had been playing with an astonishing adventure in the dark, and amidst great and terrible forest fires. But fate had at last dealt him a trump card. That something which he possessed was more precious than any money or gold to General Arronburg, and the great general therefore would not refuse the wager when it was offered. He would not, could not dare refuse. More than that, Walter was sure he would accept very eagerly, strong in the faith that the mission would not be so successful. And when Gertrude Angeline knew what the wager was to be she too would pray to God and His Blessed Mother to guide Walter. He did not hear the light footsteps behind him, and when he turned suddenly in his pacing, he found himself facing Gertrude Angeline, who carried in her hands a little note book. She sat down in the hammock, and wrote something on the book with her fountain pen. For a moment he watched her while she wrote. It was probably evident that his thoughts went to her, for he was almost frightened as he saw her cheeks coloring under the long golden lashes. The second time she wrote again, and while he gripped at his own weakness, he tried to count the number of trees which was closest to him. And behind him the beautiful eyes of General Arronburg's niece were now looking at him with a strange glow in their depths.

"Do you know," he said, speaking slowly, and still looking toward the shore. "Something tells me very unexpected things are going to happen when General Arronburg arrives with his army. I'm going to make a bet with him that I and Evans will not fail in our mission, unless of course the Vivian Girls make the same attempt and win ahead of us. I am sure he will not refuse. He will accept. He must. And General Arronburg will lose because I shall win my purpose. It is then that I'm sure unexpected things are going to happen, especially when we sent in the information to our generals. And I am wondering--when they do happen--if you will be very close, related over it."

There was a full moment of silence. And then:

"I don't want you and Evans to take such chances," she said.

She was writing very swiftly when he turned toward her again, and a second time the long lashes shadowed what a moment before he might have seen in her eyes.

TTTT The morning was passing like a dream to Walter staring?..... He was permitting himself to take in all the view that he could observe. And he was sitting so near to Angelinian Arronburg that now and then he felt uneasy, and he fancied her his guardian angel in disguise for from her came a faint scent like the delicate scent of a rose. It was like a breath of crushed roses, gathered in the deep cool of the unburned forest, a whisper of strange and unusual sweetness about her. Yet only when he was close did he observe this, and yet he did not know where she had obtained the flowers if she did get them. He fancied she might have gathered roses from some near by swamp where sometimes he had seen the grow. Evidently she did not know he was thinking these things. There was nothing in his voice or mind he felt sure to betray his thoughts, unless she was a mind reader. He also was sure she was unconscious of the fight he was making.

Nevertheless it seemed that her eyes were laughing and even smiling with him, she continued her writing, and then she talked to him as she might have talked

to a superior general of Concentinian Arronburg. She told him how Evans had put the rangers to test when the barrage, the largest river forest ranger boat that had ever been on any river, and that it had been built of dry cedar and other lumber so that it floated like a feather wherever there was water enough to run such a big boat. She told him how Jack Evans, had brought the smaller cabin down from some other partly wrecked boat, and how he had saved it from being pitched into the river by carrying the full weight of it on his shoulders when they met with some accident in running from a forest fire through a swift and dangerous rapids bringing it down. Jack Evans was a very strong man, she said, with a note of pride in her voice. And she added, "Sometimes when he picks me up in his arms, I feel that he is liable to squeeze the life out of me."

Without answering he turned his face toward the far shore, where the wilderness seemed to reach off into a smoky eternity. What a glory it would be without the horrors of war and forest fires--the beautiful green seas of spruce, cedar, and de cedar and all other kinds of trees, the ridges of poplar and birch rising before them like silvery spurs above the darker billows, and afar off mellowed in the sunshine, and sun mists, the distant guardian forests of the flanking Vivian Hills sentineling the country beyond. Into that beautiful mysterious land on the further side of the Mio-Hollister Run Walter would have loved to set his foot ten days ago. It was the duty after that information he was still desiring to seek after, and now what could he do. What a fool he would be if he went off now. Everywhere was fire. Whole ridges of forests many miles, nay leagues in extent, monstrous mountain tops, and sides, forested valleys and plains and so on he knew were seas, but not green seas. They were flaming seas, the terrible "Red Plagues" of the forest, and through vast distances the forests he always loved all his life seemed to whisper the awful perils to him, and ahead of him the river seemed to look back, nodding over its "shoulder", warning him menacingly, telling him the awful warnings of the forests was true. It streamed on swiftly, more than three miles wide at this point, and in its indolence it seemed to sing the very song of dreaded warnings. In that song Walter seemed to hear the same whisper, that he would be a fool to go away even when he would be allowed to, even with -- Evans. If the enemy was not there, then it was the fire. Yet the lure of the wilderness shores crept in on him and gripped him as of old.

The realization of this was like a sharp thrust into his heart.

For an instant they painted a vision for him, a picture of a world of forests, a world of country covered with forests, seeming to burn all alone like a purgatory of trees, while he seemed to sense the vision of Gertrude Angeline crushed under the weight of a fallen tree, so tightly that she could not breathe.

In that mad moment of his visioning it was almost a living breathing reality for him there on the golden fore-deck of the boat. He looked at the rowers of a number of boat loads of men in six boats, and then his eyes came back to the end of the barge, and to Gertrude Angeline. (())

Her little toes were now tapping the floor of the deck, and she too was looking out over the wilderness, and it seemed to him that she appeared like a bird that wanted to fly away.

"I should like to go into those hills myself, but I'm afraid of the fire!" she said without looking at him. "Away off yonder."

"And I should like to go with you so you will be safe!"

"You love to run before a forest fire Walt?" she said.

She rose out of the hammock suddenly, and placed her little book into her pocket.

"I have almost forgotten something. It is for you to eat for it is near dinner time, Walt. So I must turn in for a little while. For you personally I am going to bake a pie. Then we'll eat together."

The dark screened door of the kitchenette closed behind her, and Walter walked out from under the awning, so that he could be out more. There was a no longer a doubt in his mind. He was more than fool for even starting out. My Heavens. The whole country of Galverinia must be on fire, Galverinia becoming a seething Hell. He envied other nations, not torn by such wars, and yet he felt sure before he would desert his own cause now he knew he would rather put a pistol to his head and blow his life out. He was confident of himself there. Yet he had started out on a rash adventure, and out of the frying pan into which he had fallen, he knew also that he must drag himself, and quickly or be everlastingly lowered into a fire sea in his own esteem. He stripped himself naked, and did not lie to that other and greater thing of life that was in him. He felt also that he was really no fool, but also that he must not be any such thing as a coward. Only a coward would postpone such an adventure because there was grave peril, only a coward would let live the thoughts that burned in his brain, and he was more than anxious for the quick a touch of general Concentinian Arronburg and his great army. After that everything he felt sure would happen quickly. He thanked God, and praised the Blessed Virgin and the saints, that the inspiration of the great wager had come to him. After the adventure was he had won, then once more would he be the great famous scout holding the military

military tramp hand in the thrilling game. Loud voices from the boats ahead and answering cries, from Evans in the stern, drew him to the open deck. The boat was close to shore to his surprise, and general Evans was working the long stern sweep, as if the power of a railroad steam engine or locomotive was in his mighty arms. The boats had shortened their tow lines, and were nouppling at right angles within a few yards of a gravelly beach. Then there was a few strokes more, and the men who were bare to the knees, jumped out into shallow water, and began tugging at the tow rope with their hands. Walter looked at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. Never he thought had he passed so quickly as that morning on the fow forward deck of the big barge. And now for some reason or other the rangers were tying up, after a drop of twenty or so miles down the river before advancing fires, and he wondered how swiftly general Arronburge's army was coming down from the opposite direction.

He was suddenly filled with the overpowering desire to feel the soft crush of earth under his feet again, and not waiting for the long plank that Jack Evans was already swinging from the scow to the shore, he made a long leap that put him on the sandy beach like a kangaroo. Gertrude Angeline he knew had given him this permission, and he looked to see what the effect his act had on Jack Evans.

The face of the general was like sullen stone. Not a sound came from his thick lips, but in his eyes was a deep and foreboding warning, as he looked at Walter, and shook his head dolefully as he pointed toward the fire. In them were suspicious suspicion of enormous peril for Walter, warning of the deadly danger of what would happen in the woods if he went too far, or did not come back when the time came to return. Walter nodded. He understood. "I won't go too far," he said. Even though Gertrude had faith that he would return safely Evans had not. He looked doleful and frowning. Four times glanced swiftly toward where the terrible Red Plague was burning. Walter passed between the men and the boy and girl scouts, and to a man and child their faces turned on him, and in their quiet and watchful eyes, he saw again that strange warning and suspicion the unspoken fear of what would happen if he forgot his promise to Gertrude.

Never in a single outfit had he seen such splendid men and children. Slim tall, clean cut, sinewy, they were stock of the best christian soldiers of all and all of them were young. The older men had gone out to fight the fires advance. The reason for this dawned upon Walter and he said to one of them:

"Why worry if I do not return? Not one of you could beat me in a race through the forest, there is not one that can outrun me or cut me off before I had hours the start, and so you easily could trail me if I am in danger."

"Yes," said one almost sullenly. "But we cannot outrun forest fires. Better be careful. If anything happens we are not responsible and you."

Passing beyond them, he passed to look back at the big boat. On the forward deck stood Gertrude, and she too was looking at him now. Even at that distance he saw that her face was quiet, and troubled with great anxiety. She did not smile, when he lifted his hat to her, but gave only a little nod. Then he turned and slowly crept himself in the green balsams that grew within fifty paces of the river. Then the old joy of life leaped into him, as his feet crushed in the soft moss of the shaded places where on a real clear day the sun could not break through.

He went on, passing through a vast and silent cathedral of spruce and cedar so dense that the gray smoke covered sky was hidden, and came then to higher ground, where the evergreen was thick also with birch and poplar. About him however was profound silence. There was no song of the hidden warblers, the scolding of distant jays, no birds or life of any kind. Soon he came to a beaten path and other paths worn in the earth by the hoofs of moun and caribou which no doubt had fled before the fires. Half a mile from the bateau he suddenly sat down on a long log, and filled his pipe with fresh tobacco, while he listened carefully hoping to catch the subdued voice of life in this land that he loved so well. But there was not a sound, and suddenly the curious feeling came over him that he was not alone, then those of birds and beasts he had been hoping for. He seemed to sense that they were staring at him, seeking him out from in the darkest covert waiting for him to shove on, dogging him like a ghost. Where did they Evans men or enemies? Within him the howl like instincts of the man hunter rose to the suspicion of invisible presence, and he quickly threw himself behind a tree, drew his revolver and waited.

He hoped again to hear the chirps of birds but all was silent not even the sound of the peewee, or any warbler and he then thumbed down the tobacco into his pipe feeling apprehensive. Gertrude might believe he would be safe, but Evans and his wary followers had ways of their own of strengthening their faith. Maybe they were shadowing him for his own safety. They were soldiers and rangers and they knew how to save any one caught in a fire trap. Deliberately he struck out a hundred yards of a new path turning back for he did not return by the usual path. About twenty times he found the prints of men. Testing the form of the feet he gave a gasp. Why had they not shot at him? They were the imprint of the shoes of Glandolinian soldiers or spies. They had shadowed him and yet done him no harm. Why? Maybe the men of Evans' gang

too close by, and the Glandolinians must have known these men are dangerous and had fled. Evans with his slaves up, was scrubbing the deck of the ship, when Walter came over the gang plank.

"There are hidden enemies in them, but I fear they were disturbed by some one," said Walter pointing at Evans. "Those Glandolinians may have been too clumsy to hunt well. I am afraid it is dangerous for even your men to go too far ashore."

Jack Evans stared as if Walter had stunned him with a telling blow, and he spoke no word as Walter went on to the forward deck. In the meantime Gertrude Angeline had come out under the awning. She gave a little cry of relief and pleasure.

"I am glad you have come back safe, and not injured, Walter. I was afraid those woods are dangerous if not from fires, then from hidden enemies."

"I am glad I came back to see Gertrude," he replied. "I think the woods are unhealthy for even your men and boy and other scouts to travel in too. I was shadowed by enemies I assure but they did not do anything to me."

Walter had now felt that a part of the old time strength had come back to him since his adventure with the hidden sniper. Alone they sat at dinner, and to his surprise Gertrude Angeline waited on him, and he now found it easier to look into her eyes without betraying himself. A part of the afternoon he spent in her company, and it was not difficult for him to tell her some of his adventures during the past months, how he himself had the strange luck to witness every flood and fire disaster of the war, except that of Abbieann, and how body and soul the cause of Our Pleased Lord, and the holy country of Abbieann had claimed him though a foreign englishman, and that he hoped to live all his life or die in Abbieann when his time comes. Her eyes glowed at that. She told him of two months she had spent in Abbieann, of her experience when the disaster came there, and her joy when she managed after terrible sights to return to general Vivian's army. It seemed for a time they had forgotten general Arronburge. They did not even speak of him or his army. Twice they saw the poor insane woman, but this time she did not call out for her lost child. And a little at a time she told him of general Arronburge's army, and of his approach sooner or later, what time he would come depended the speed of which the great army was advancing.

A part of the afternoon he spent on shore. He filled a potato sack full of sand and after placing a face on it with a large unusually shaped nose and sewed a hat to it suspended it from the limb of a tree, and after saying to the men around that it was general Manley pummeled it with his fists for an hour much to the curiosity of the men and boys and also the girl scouts, who really in their hearts wished it was the actual face of general Manley. Nevertheless these exercises assured Walter that he had not lost any of his strength, and that he would be in form to go out on the adventure with Evans when the proper time came.

Toward evening Gertrude Angeline joined him and they walked for two hours and a half up and down the beach looking at the great mountains of smoke clouds far off, the sheets of flames shooting through them, and watching the thunder clouds of clouded shapes of the higher smoke clouds as they spread out in long forms like roul rolls, like snails and sometimes like arches and fans with millions of boils and cauliflower forms on them. It was Jack Evans who got supper. And during the supper, Evans ate with them and spoke a lot to the guardian of the Vivian girls and their friends, what adventures he had in the past, and how he being a child slave when a boy escaped, and how he obtained his immense strength. And after that Walter sat with Gertrude Angeline with Evans close by. The camp of the men and rangers was one hundred yards below the boat screened between by a stretch of hardwood, so that except when they broke into a chorus of laughter, there was no sound of their voices. Soon Evans went to the stern, and as night came on the old lady howled near. At last he sat down in the edge of the white sand of the beach, and there she remained a silent and lonely figure as the twilight deepened. Ever the world hovered a real quiet sleepy night and distant glows of the forest fires grew brighter and brighter. Not a sound could be heard, not even the droning of the red crickets, nor the twittering of the night birds or any other night sounds. A great shadow floated out over the river close to the boat, the first of the questioning clouds of smoke crossing a patch of red glow nearest to the boat in the sky. One after another after the darkness of night thickened, the different distant glows of the forest fires appeared here and there, near and far, making the thick mountains of rolling smoke assume strange forms and colors. As they but seemingly over the far distant forest tops rose a new glow appearing slowly, and the glows grew brighter and larger and more extensive and the smoke clouds thicker and more rolling. A mile or so down the river there suddenly came the loud and panicky cry of a loon probably one of the lone birds on flight, and in the river the night feeding trout, splashed like the tails of leeches, and then over the roof of the smoke covered wilderness came the coughing and sneezing cry of some mouse also in flight, and that cry seemed to sound a sound of warning. Through the stretch of hardwood and pine glowed the camp fire

of the waiting rangers---while close beside him, and very silent, in these hours of unusual silence, Walter felt growing nearer, and nearer and still nearer to him, the unseen peril of some kind for them all, and he looked closely at Gertrude who also was very close and going without moving at the great sights made by the distant forest fires, which she knew was still heading their way and they had not long to remain on shore. On the strip of sand, the broken and crippled lady rose, and stood like the stub of some misshapen tree. And then she moved slowly on, and was swallowed up in the yellow glow of the night.

"It is at night that she seeks for her lost child," said Gertrude with a sound of pity in her voice, for it seemed as if Walter had spoken the thought that was in his mind. For nearly six minutes Walter remained silent looking at the glow himself with excitement, tense excitement and awe. And then encouraged by the excitement he said:

"He ask you asked me to tell you about the reason I'm looking for the information concerning the Abbiann and other disasters. I will if you care to have me. Do you?"

"Yes. What do the powerful Geminian members and general panger, or his Chief Assistant William Schloeder, say about the awful disaster?"

He then told her making the story as short as heon possible was. And not once in the telling of the story did she speak or move. He told how he had read of the disaster, how refugees had spoken to him, how violet and her sisters showed the letters Gertrude and her friends had written to the, and how he himself had observed pictures of it in papers and photographs. It was a terrible story at best he thought, but he did not weaken it by smoothing over details. This was his opportunity. He wanted her to know why he must possess the information, and capture the ones responsible if possible dead or alive, and he wanted her to understand how important it was that he also learn about the insane woman for he felt sure she was his aunt missing since the Lake Sollicita disaster. He told how he tried with violet and her sisters to make a special trip to the scene of the enormous disaster, and how when they were only a quarter of a mile on the way when they were barred by terrific forest fires, and had to go back.

"We saw one whole mountain side and summit all afire," he said. "It sure was like the violent eruption of some mighty volcano, nay looked like the eruption of Mt. Pelvian as we have seen, and we at first thought it was a volcanic eruption. But who ever made this big flood that you said wiped out Abbiann, was a fiend, a devil in human shape, and there'll be no mercy for any of his men either if he and they are caught."

Then he went on. He described Heidi's post, where the big explosion that started the floods and leveled Abbiann to the ground by the concussion, and where the main tragedy had happened, then told of the scenes that many of his own friends had witnessed, and of the forest fires in the bargain. It was an unusual disaster he conceded that, triple disasters in one, a cowardly act indeed on the part of Glendolinia and her officials to command this to be done. And it could not excuse even what happened. Abbiann as newspapers said, big a city as it was, was a thing of the past, as well as hundreds of other cities and towns, and the immense floods increased so as to if it happened there spread over all of the United States and engulf cities like Chicago, and all others. One witness who escaped crept off into the slumpy forest half dead. Then he came back three days later with three friends and all they saw where the city of Abbiann once stood was a vast sea of water as far as the eye could see. Who the friends were investigators never knew but suspected were of the Gemini. There was an investigation by these, but all through the investigation nothing could be learned as the flood erased all clues of the cause of the disaster. In spite of that all efforts were made to trace the source of the explosion. Then the terrible thing happened. The fugitive and the three friends were suddenly surprised by strange men, and were bound hand and foot, and fastened in an old shanty. Then one of the captors set fire to the "cant" and stood outside near the edge of the flood, and laughed like a man madman at the dying shrieks of their victims. It was the season when the rains up north were the heaviest, and there were but few people at the post. Two strangers attempted to interfere, and the secondaries killed them too. Four deaths that awful day no six--two of the horrible beyond description showing the Glendolinians knowing the flood was known tried to cover up the crime. Resting for a moment, Walter went on to tell of the many days of unavailing search made by members of all government and police and Geminian officials and Christian spies and scouts, after that, how no trace of the cause of the disaster was found, and though one Glendolinian who might have known something about it was caught, he killed his captors and got away. Then came the rumor that Menley was wholly responsible, and the rumor grew into official belief, and now was sent by general Vivian and the Vivian girls to try and gain the information while the following month they too might try if he failed. For a time there was silence after he had finished. Then Gertrude rose to her feet.

"I wonder," she said in a low voice "what Jennie's Turners own story might be if she were here to tell it. She also was with me when I was in Abbiann." She stepped out from under the awning, and in the full radiance of the glow of

the distant forest fires he saw the pale beauty of her face, and the crowning luster of her hair.

"Good night," she whispered.

"Good night," said Walter.

He listened until her retreating footsteps died away, and for hours after that he had no thought of sleep. He had insisted that she take possession of her own part of the cabin again, and Evans had brought out a bundle of black blankets. These he spread under the awning, and when he drowned off it was to dream of the lovely saintly face of the beautiful Angolinian child about he had last seen in the glow of distant conflagrations.

It was late in the morning of the next day that two unusual things suddenly or gradually happened---one that he had prepared himself for, and another so unexpected, that for a space it could have sent his world of worlds crashing out of their orbits. With Gertrude Angeline he had gone to a ridge line for particular flows she had desired, which he found two miles back from the big river. Returning a new way, they came to a shallow stream, and therefore Gertrude Angeline stood at the edge of it, and there was laughter in her shining eyes, as she looked to the other side of it. She had twined flowers into her hair. Her cheeks were even richer in color than usual, and her slim figure was very exquisite in its wild impulse of life. Suddenly she turned on him, her red red lips ailing in his face.

"Will you carry me across?" she asked.

He did not answer, for for he was a tremble as he drew near her. She raised her arms a little while she waited. And then he picked up up, she being against his breast. Her two hands went to his shoulders as he waded into the stream, he slipped, and they clung a little tighter. The soft note of laughter was in her throat when the current came to his knees out in the middle of the stream. He held her much tighter, and then as stupidly he slipped again, and the movement brought her much lower in his arms so for a space her head was against his breast, and his face was crushed in the soft masses of her golden hair. He came with her the rest of the way to the opposite shore, and then stood her on her feet again, standing back quickly so that he she would not hear the pounding of his heart. Her face was radiantly beautiful, and she did not look at Walter but away away from him as she said,

"Thank you."

Then suddenly they heard swiftly running feet behind them, and in another moment one of the brigade men or rangers or whatever they are called came dashing through the stream as fast as he could. At the same time there came from the river a quarter of a mile or so away a loud thunderous burst of voice. It was not the voice of a dozen men or a hundred, but probably half a hundred thousand, and Gertrude Angeline grew tense, listening, her eyes on fire even before the messenger could get the words out of his mouth.

"It is general Concentinien Arronburg," he cried then. "He has come with the great army, and you must hurry if you wish to reach the big boat before he lands, as he alone with his staff is coming down the river on a huge raft."

In that moment it seemed to Walter that Gertrude forget the world was alive. A little cry came to her lips, and then she big hid him, adieu and left him running swiftly saying no further words to him flying with the speed of a fawn to the big boat. And when Walter turned to the man who had come up behind then there was a strange smile on the lips of the lithe forest running runner as his eyes followed the hurrying figure of Gertrude Angeline. Until she was out of sight he stood in silence and then he said:

"Go. Come Walter. We also must meet general Arronburg."

Walter moved slowly behind the man, having no desire to hurry whatever as he felt tired. Yet he wished to see what happened when Gertrude Angeline met her uncle, and he wished to see what this great general was like. Only a moment ago she had been carried in his arms, her hair had weathered his face, her hands had clung to his shoulders, her flushed cheeks and long lashes, had for an instant or so lain close against his breast. And now swiftly with a word of hearty apology and inviting him to follow swiftly she ran or had run off to meet her uncle. He almost spoke that word aloud as he saw the last of her slim figure among the trees. She was going to her uncle from whom she had been separated a long time, and there was no hesitation in her manner of going or in her invitation for him to follow. And why confound it was he so slow after all in following.

He quickened his steps narrowing the distance between him and the hurrying ranger. Only the thoughts in his brain had made the happening in the creek anything but an accident he told himself. Gertrude had asked him to carry her across just as if she would have asked her uncle only. It was surprising to him that he had slipped in midstream and that his arms had closed tighter about her, and that her hair had so strangely brushed his face. She remembered smothered laughter when it seemed for a moment that they were going to fall into the stream together. Probably it would have happened if he had not watched his step. Surely she would never guess it had been near accident then comedy for him.

Once more he was convinced, that he would prove himself a workling and a fool if he backed out now. His business now was with general Arronburg, and the hour was at hand when he could start the game. He was looking still for this hour, he having prepared himself for it and had prepared himself action that would be both quick and decisive for he MUST obtain that information, and help

bring full evidence against Glendolinia for the great disasters of the war... and yet as he went on his heart was still thumping unsteadily, and in his arms and against his face remained still the sweet warm thrill of his contact with the unusual child. He felt as if he had carried one of the Vivian Girls instead. He could not drive that from him. It would never go. As long as he lived, what happened in the creek would continue to be a reminder. He did not deny that crying voice inside of him. It was easy indeed for his own mouth to make the words. Who could therefore call himself a fool and a weakling if he backed out now from his plans, and these words were absolutely full of strong meaning. The truth remained. For the cause of such child heroines like he would see the end of Glendolinia or die. The truth came to him. Why children beautiful as she had perished by the thousands in the floods. This brought a blazing fire in his breast, a conflagration that easily got the best of him, a thing which he fought not, and when he thought of the forest fires ravaging the beautiful country in which such children loved to live in, a forest fire raged within his breast. He clenched his fists and his eyes blazed with devilish anger. He did not think of danger for Gertrude Angeline as she was careful and alert making the chance for such a thought inconceivable. The tragedy of the war was one-sided. It was Glendolinia's own folly, her own danger, and his own folly and danger if he did not find out the evidence for which Violet, and her sisters had sent him out to obtain at any cost. For just as he loved and adored all children like them and Gertrude, so did he love the country that sheltered him, its generals and law, and His God and the Blessed Mother most of all. His love of God was as strong as a lover's love for a beautiful woman.

He came to the low ridge close to the river, and climbed up through the thick birches and poplars. At the top was a large stretch of bare ground over which the soldier and ranger had already passed. Walter paused there, and looked down on the broad sweep of the Mc-Holleston Run.

What he saw was like a great picture spread out on the great bosom of the river and the yellow and white strip of shoreline. Still a quarter of a mile upstream, drifting down slowly with the current, was a mighty raft, something which he had not expected to see, and for a space his eyes took in nothing else. On many a river he had seen thousands of rafts used by the military but never a raft like this. It was two hundred feet in width, and three or four times as long, and it looked to him like a little city swept up from out of some mysterious land to be transported to the river. It was dotted with tents and canvas shelters. Some of these were purple, green, blue and yellow, and some were white, and six or seven were striped like the Angeline flag. Behind all these was an absolute wooden house, and over this there arose a long tender staff from which floated the National Abbeemian flag. The raft was alive. Men in splendid uniforms were running between the tents. The long rudder sweeps however looked dull in the evening darkness gathering, and once again the glow of the forest fires appeared and now the raft looked like a little city swept out or up from some arctic and savage desert land in the glare of the fires. Rowers with naked arms and shoulders were straining their muscles in fifteen big boats that were pulling like ants at the giant mass of timber. And in the woods on two sides everything seemed to be alive, and glancing closely that way he saw the woods alive with soldiers thicker than an earthfull of ants of purple color it seemed. Arronburg's army had arrived. And to Walter's ears came a deep monotone of thousands of human voices, the chanting of soldiers as they marched.

Nearer to him a louder response suddenly made answer to it, and then the rolling fire of salutes. A dozen or more steps carried him round a projecting stretch of brush, and he could see the open shore where the big boat was tied. Gertrude Angeline had crossed the strip of sand, and Evans was helping her into a waiting boat. Then Evans shoved it off, and the four men in it began to row. Two boats were already close to the immense raft, and Walter recognized the occupant of one of them as the old lady. Then he saw Gertrude Angeline rise in the boat and wave something white in her hand.

He looked again toward the raft. The current and the sweeps and the tugging boats were drawing it steadily nearer, and a thrill of excitement came over Walter. Standing at the very edge of the raft he saw now a solitary figure, and in the glow the man stood out clean cut as a carved statue. He was a giant in size. He was uniformed beautifully and wore a large rounded hat, and he was looking steadily toward the bigger boat, and the approaching rower boat. He raised an arm and a moment later the movement was followed by a hoarse voice that rose above all other voices. It boomed over the river like the sound of a thunderbolt. In response to it Gertrude waved the white thing in her hand, and Walter thought he heard her voice in an answering cry. He stared again at the solitary figure of the general, seeing nothing else, hearing no other sound but the thunderous sound of the deep cry that came again over the river. His heart was thumping. In his eyes was a gathering fire. His body grew tense. For he knew that at least he was looking at General Concontinian Arronburg, one of the best Christian generals known, and uncle of one of the noblest girl heroines he had known next to Violet and her sisters themselves.

As the unusual sign of the situation grew more and more upon Walter staring, a flash of his old humor and humorous anger returned. It was the same grim angry humor that had possessed him when he was forced to shelter himself from the sniper behind the rock, and where he thought for a while his enemy would really have a

chance to kill him right off. Fate had played him a most dishonest turn then, and he believed it was doing the same thing to all the southern Abbeemian States now. Unless he deliberately kept on his purpose Abbeemian would continue to look upon his states still torn and raked with disasters. Only yesterday he had strapped his binoculars to his belt. To day Gertrude had looked through them perhaps a score of times, for they had been a source of pleasure and thrill to her being much better than those she usually has. Now, Walter, thought they would be good medicine or otherwise to him. He would see the whole thing through, and at a very close range. He would not even leave himself any room for the slightest doubt. He had laughed scornfully behind the rock, even when bullets were sipping close to his head, and the same grim smile came to his lips now as he focused his glasses on the solitary figure at the head of the raft. The smile increased when he saw General Concontinian Arronburg. It was as if he could easily reach out and touch him with his hand. Ad never in the world, he thought had he seen such a soldier. A moment before a flashing vision came to him out of a rural country, the multitude colored tents, the half naked men the great raft floating about without perceptible motion on the placid bosom of the great river had stirred his imagination until he saw a strange picture. But there was something about a few feet of his eyes. He was more like a heavy set movie picture actor, who acts the dangerous hero roles always seen on the screen. One great arm was raised as Walter looked, and his tremendous voice was rolling over the river again. His hair was combed well and black in color and he wore a mustache in Irish style, and he was laughing as he waved and shouted to Gertrude Angeline—a joyous splendid giant of a man whose head almost on the point of lopping in to the water in his eagerness to clasp in his arms the little girl who was coming to him.

Walter drew a deep breath, and there came an unconscious tightening at his heart as he turned his glasses upon Gertrude Angeline. She was still standing in the bow of the boat, and her back was toward him but she too had seen him and waved several times to him to come. He could see the glint of the fire light in her hair. She was waving her hands cheerfully to him now, and the poise of her slim body told him that in her eagerness she would have darted from the bow of the boat had she possessed wings. Again he looked at General Concontinian Arronburg. And this was the man, of whom a Glendolinian general it was said could match with the biggest army. It was inconceivable. Yet he had heard Gertrude say that often and now he heard her voice apparently repeating those very words in his ear. But she had surely been joking with him. She had been staring up this little surprise for him. She had probably wanted him to discover with his own eyes what a splendid man this chief of one of the best Christian armies was. And as yet, while Walter continued to stare, there came to him the unpleasant thought of the unusual thing he was looking upon. It struck him like a clashing discord—the fact of danger for even him and his army in this enormous woods—a condition inconceivable, and out of tune with the beautiful things he had built up in his mind about the army and the general, his niece, and his own mission. In his soul he had envisioned even Gertrude and the Vivian Girls as lovely lovely roses, easily crushed, easily destroyed, a sweet line of treasures to be guarded from all such horrors of a "fore sy" war, a number of little Violet creatures as fragile as they were brave and loyal. And General Concontinian Arronburg standing there in full uniform at the edge of his raft, looked as if he was a leader of some army that all the army of earth and hell could not lick.

There was something about this great man, something even saintly about him. He needed only the attire and Walter could have sworn he was the "Great Heart" we read of in the Pilgrims Progress written by John Bunyan. At least these were his first impressions, impressions roused by thoughts of Gertrude Angeline, being his niece.

Then the reaction swept over him. General Arronburg was not an officer of lower rank than others, even though his excited mind unconsciously had at first conceived him as such. There were gladness and laughter in his face. There was even the contagion of joy and good cheer in the voice that boomed over the river. Laughter and shouts and chants answered it from the shore, while the rowers in Gertrude's boat burst into a wild and exultant snatch of song, and made their oars fairly crack. And there came a solitary yell from the old woman, who was close to the head of the raft now. And from the raft itself came a slowly swelling volume of sound, the urge and voice and exultation of red blooded men a thrill with the glory of an unconquered Christian army, and the wild freedom of their leaders. The truth came to Walter then. General Arronburg was the beloved big brother of his whole army.

For a long time he waited, his muscles tense, his jaws set right good and tight. Good inspiration, a righteous sort of inspiration set upon him for his being willing to wait for his coming, and not show the showing the moral cowardice by going off against the advice of Gertrude or Evans who knew when it was best to remain and when it was best to go. The boat was very close to the raft now. He saw Gertrude after looking back at him, turn and herself fling a rope to General Arronburg. Then the boat swung alongside. In another moment General Arronburg had leaped over, and Gertrude was with him on the raft. For a space everything else was hidden out of sight from Walter. Then he saw General Arronburg

arm ga arms gather the alba form into their embrace. He saw Gertrude's hands go fondly up to the soldiers' faces. And then, what a great man,-- Walter cut the distance there. He turned his shoulder to the raft, and snatched the binoculars in the case at his belt saying to himself: "Would to God she was his daughter instead of his niece. He was worthy of a hundred good children like her." Some one was coming in his direction from the big boat. It was the soldier who had brought to him and Gertrude the news of general Arronburg's arrival. Walter went down to meet him. From the foot of the ridge he again turned his eyes in the direction of the raft. General Arronburg and Gertrude Angeline were just about to enter the little cabin in the center of the drift of drifting mass of timber, and just then the messenger said to Walter: "You poor boob, why did you not follow instead of standing there gazing. General Arronburg wanted to see you awful bad, now he is coming to you. Stay and meet him in the ship."

It was easy for Walter Starring to guess why the soldier had turned back for him, and why the second message to him. Many men of the forest rangers were busy about the big boat, and Jack Evans himself stood in the stern, a long heavy pole in his hands, giving command to others. The big boat was beginning to swing out into the stream, when Walter leaped aboard. A wide grin spread over Evans' face. He eyed Walter keenly and laughed in his deep chest, an unmistakable suggestion in the note of it.

"You look to be seek 'alt," he said in an undertone, for Walter's ears alone. "You look ver unhappy on pise lak lecture boy about something what happen when you took ze pack through ze glass up there oh? Or see it is zat you grow frighten because you fear ver soon general Arronburg might I not let you go on ze adventure? Res eet sat?"

"A quick thought came to Walter. "Is it true that no Glandelinian general no matter how good his fighting men of the army is can not whip general Arronburg?"

"Evans threw out his chest with a mighty intake of breath. "Then he exploded: "No Glandelinian general in ze world can lick ze general Arronburg."

"I do believe general Arronburg is a good man and has a powerful army to back him," mused Walter, letting his eyes also travel slowly from Evans' feet to the top of his head. "I measured him well through the glasses, Evans. He will some day have a great fight with the best Glandelinian general living and leading armies and that is with general Isner Hoidi wylstee. But I am afraid he'll be no match for that Glandelinian general."

He did not wait for general Evans' reply, but went into the cabin and closed the door behind him. He did not like the taunting note of suggestiveness in the other's words. Was it possible that Evans suspected the true state of his mind, that he was worried about Evans, general Arronburg his whole army, and all the others concerning the nature of the burning forest, and that his heart was sick because of what he had felt and believed all along. He flushed hotly. It also made him very uncomfortable to feel that even Evans himself might have guessed the great and hidden danger lurking in those dreaded woods."

Walter looked through the window toward the big raft. The boat itself was drifting downstream, possibly two hundred or more feet from the shore, but it was quite evident that Jack Evans was making no effort whatever to bring it close to the floating mass of timber, which as he observed in the fire glow was making no kind of change down the river either. Walter's mind painted swiftly, what was happening in the cabin into which Gertrude and general Arronburg had disappeared, and he wondered what would happen if the great fire would come up just as the raft grounded on the river. At this moment Gertrude was telling of him, of the adventure in the hot patch of sand. He fancied the suppressed excitement in her voice as she unburdened herself. He saw general Arronburg's face change its color his muscles tighten --- and crouching in silence he seemed to see the misshapen form of the insane woman listening to what was passing between the other two. And then suddenly he heard very close to him again the mad monotone of the insane woman's voice crying plaintively: "Has any one seen my little girl, nelli! nelli!"

His blood ran a little faster and his old craft was a strong living thing within him once more. Love for his cause had strengthened his desire and also his great ingenuity. For a long space or time a thing had risen before him that was mightier than the majesty of the Abhisennian military law, and he had not missed the telltale eye---because of his love for his country. Now he had shot squarely for it, and the bell rung in his brain. Three times three again made nine. Facts assembled themselves like arguments of in flesh and blood. Those facts would have convinced any Christian general, and they now convinced Walter Starring more than ever. He had set out to get that information, very important for the cause, and he was going to do it, and he, Walter would like to know the one who was going to stop him. For all these past disasters, Glandelinia to him was like a monster who had painted the blackest page of crime in any history of worlds, and therefore he was going to obtain the chance to go alive or dead.

The thing was a shock, but Walter no longer tried to evade the point. His business was no longer with a cause supposed to be outrun by a foe. It was with the efforts to find out who was really responsible for the disasters, and he would like to see who would prevent his going, Angeline, or Glandelinian, and also Evans. He smiled a little grimly as he thought of his approaching adventure with the Vivian Girls' guards. General Arronburg would be astonished at the position he had also in store for him. But he was sure that general Arronburg

would accept. And then if he ran out in his adventure, for and for Violet, and her sisters secured the information they so ardently desired. The smile faded from his lips. His face grew much older as he looked slowly about the cabin of the big boat, with its sweet and lingering whispers of the presence of a brave girl heroine. It still was a part of her for it seemed still to breathe of her fragrance, and her holy beauty, it seemed to be waiting for her, crying softly for her return. Yet once he had been with other child scouts even lovelier than Gertrude Angeline. He had not hesitated then to go into their company. Without great effort he had secured the friendship of Violet, and her sisters, and had sent her their enemies all of them to--- well need not mention the word but we know what the word is. And now as he recalled those days, the truth came to him that even the in the darkest hour, Violet and her sisters had repaid him a thousand fold. They had not failed to do what they promised him. With him they had fought bravely and defiantly. And had Gertrude Angeline done that? Yes done as much was also a great and brave scout worthy of her co mission with the Vivian Girls. If not for her he would be in the grave now. And she in danger, secret danger. His fingers clinched slowly, and a thickening came in his throat. His hatred of Glandelinia burned him.

Would she bring on him a exulted place by telling general Arronburg of the many hours they had spent to gether and how he had shown his gratitude to her for saving him. Would she confess to him the secret of that precious moment when she had lain across or against his breast, her arms about him, her face pressed to his. Would she speak to him of secret hours, of warm flushes that had come to her face, of glowing fires that had at times burned in her eyes when he had been very near to her. Would she reveal everything to general Arronburg Arronburg her uncle. He was powerless to combat that voice that told him no. If she did what would the general do? Even Violet and her sisters had helped him fight the enemy openly, and had not employed their beauty as weapons. Gertrude Angeline had put between him and danger a strong barrier, and that was the general himself. What he was thinking seemed laughable, yet he knew there could be no discriminating distinctions between adventures now that he was determined to play the game to the end, for the Country's cause.

When Walter went out on deck, Evans was sweating from his exertions at the stern sweep. He looked at Walter and noticed there was a change in him. He was not the same a man who had come into the cabin an hour before, and the fact impressed itself strongly upon Evans. There was something in the appearance of Walter that held back the speech at the end of Evans' tongue. And so it was Walter Starring who spoke first.

"When will general Arronburg sent for me to come into his presence?" he demanded. "If he doesn't go soon, I'll go to him."

For an instant Jack Evans's face darkened. Then as he bent over the sweep the sweep with his great back to Walter, he shouted audibly, and satill: "Would you go Walter, surely why did you not go when she called to you. They been waiting."

Evans did not look over his shoulder, and as he did not see the hot flush that gathered in Walter's face. But Walter was sure he knew it was there, and that Evans had guessed the truth of matters. There was a confident note in his voice as if he could not quite keep to himself the surprise, that he that is Walter had made a great mistake in not following after Gertrude as she had asked him to, who if his own judgement had been followed would not have been on the adventure with him long ago. It was the final surprise to Walter. He realized he had made a mistake and his muscles tensed. For the first time he felt a desire to shoot a naked iron covered fist into Manley's mouth. He laid a hand on Evans' shoulder, and the lay latter turned about slowly. He saw what was in the other's eyes.

"Until this moment I have not known what a great pleasure it will be to go out on the adventure with you," said Walter quietly. "Let's make the plans of it to morrow---in the morning if you wish. Take word to general Arronburg, that I will ask him a great favor that I wish, that I will obtain the information, a gamble as large that I believe he'll refuse to cover it. But I do think much of this general Arronburg having heard of him so much though it is the first time I have had the chance to see him. I believe him to be a big fighter, like yourself. And also a dangerous man to the enemy as well as his army. Mark my word, he may tickle the danger is so great for us that he will not accept my wager."

Evans did not answer. He was looking over Walter's shoulder. He even did not seem to have heard what the other had said, yet there had come a sudden gleam of exultation in his eyes as and he replied still gazing toward the raft:

"I believe you myself as Walter. See General Arronburg, so being general he seems to answer for himself. I hope he does not refuse to let us do it, for sat would spoil our great country to morrow."

Walter turned toward the raft. At the distance which separated them, he could make out the graceful and quiet figure of general Arronburg getting into a boat. The humped up form already in that boat he knew was the insane woman. He could not see Gertrude Angeline. Very lightly Evans touched his arm.

"Wait as must go in ze cabin," he suggested softly. "If something important happens between ze two eet eet, eet bes, to many eyes do not see. You understand we I mean wait. Maybe spies around. You no like zat eet?"

"I understand," nodded Walter.

For some time Walter waited in the cabin. He did not look through the widow window to watch the approach of general Glandelinian Arronburg. He sat down and

picked up a prayer book from the table upon which lay the same old cat fast asleep, was as cool as ice now, and his blood flowed evenly and his pulse beat unhurriedly. Never had he felt himself more his own master, more like grappling with any situation even dangerous. General Arronburg was coming to interview him. He had no doubt of that. Perhaps not unusually at that. But one way or another something unusual was bound to happen in the boats cabin within the next half hour. Now that the impending day was close at hand, Walters seemed for having Arronburg go into the making of a stupendous wager seemed to him rather ridiculous. With calculating coldness he was forced to concede that general Arronburg would be somewhat of a fool to accept the wager in mind, when it seemed impossible to carry it out. For Gertrude, and the chief of the Angelinian ladies, the best thing would be to move on into the safer parts of the woods and not run headon into the face of one of the worst forest fires on record. As his mind charged itself for the approaching interview, Walter found himself staring at a picture of a Saint, and he looked at it closely. Then Walter replaced the book on the table without weakening the cat and looked toward the door. No General Arronburg would not hesitate to even also warn him not to make the trip. Not if he Walter Starring made the solution of the matter a necessity. There were times he told himself when it was confoundingly embarrassing to force the letter of the gambler's law. And this was one of them. He was not afraid to disregard advice, and there was no one who could stop him if he so desired to go in spite of him, as the papers on him proved he would if possible not accept no hindrance and could arrest any one hindering his purpose. But he was not a reckless man and did not believe in trying to accomplish anything that might be like suicide. He was now thinking again of Gertrude Angelina, and then of violet, and her sisters. The scraping of a boat against the side of the big barge recalled him suddenly to the moment at hand. He now heard low voices, and one of them he knew was general Arronburg. For an interval the voices continued, frequently so low that he could not distinguish them at all. For ten minutes he waited impatiently. Then the door swung open and general Arronburg came in.

glowily and respectfully Walter rose to meet him and saluted, and at the same moment the great general closed the door behind him returning the salute. There was no greeting in either one as it was the law they could not greet each other like civilians did. Both were unexcited, sure of themselves, impassive as a thing of steel. Both were ready to fight the foe. They always expected to fight. It only remained for general Arronburg himself to show what sort of a fight it was to be when the proper time came. And Walter was amazed at general Arronburg without betraying that amazement. In the vivid ruddy light of distant fires that shot through the windows (Walter having not lighted a lamp) the chief general of the best christian armies stood looking at Walter. He wore a yellow silken shirt just now open at the throat, and it was a splendid throat that Walter saw, and a splendid fighting head and face above it, with its coal black mustache and hair. But what he saw chiefly were general Arronburg's eyes. They were the sort of eyes he liked to see in a fighting Abbaonian general, the greenish brown that reflected the fire light like polished flint. But a just now there was no flash of battle glow, as he was not war excited. A glandolinian army was far from him. And general Arronburg was not either excited nor in a bad humor.

Nor did Walter's attitude appear to disturb him in the least. He was smiling, his eyes gleamed with almost boyish curiosity as he stared admiringly at Walter—and then slowly a low chuckle of laughter rose in his deep chest as he advanced with an outstretched hand.

"I am general Concentinian Arronburg of the Abbaonian National National army," he said. "I have heard a great deal about you. Colonel Starring." In seeking after your information you have had an unfortunate time, and now if you need I am come to help you."

It was astonishing to Walter to have this great general come to him, a mere under-rank colonel with an extended hand of real friendship, when he had anticipated only a military greeting. At general Arronburg was smiling at him in a way his own father used to smile. There was no doubt of that. And he had the great chance to tell him that though he had been unfortunate in his adventure that he would give him all the help he needed. Walter's attitude did not change as he reached out a hand to meet the other. But there was a responsive gleam of humor in his eyes and on his lips, and seeing these things, the general turned his hand then to the open box of cigars, and then said as he handed two to Walter:

"It's funny" he said, as if speaking to himself, and with only a drawing note of the Abbaonian in his voice. "I come to this point, find my place in an awful fix, a terrible situation, rescuing a colonel, go through a forest fire twice, and the stranger happens to be one of the best known friends of the famous vivian girls. I know so well, gracious but—say it is strange. And my little niece saved his life, and made his peace, and gave him my own bed, and walked with him in the forest. Ah what a lucky boy you are Colonel. I wish indeed that you were my son." He turned looking at Walter and then continued: "Yes indeed you are lucky Walter. But for any one would my Gertrude have done that. You are lucky because the sniper did not kill you behind the rock, and you are lucky you did not perish between forest fires, you are lucky he shrugged his big shoulders. And now you are to receive my help Walter. But heavens I cannot understand why you desire such an adventure when you know the likeness

of such an one enemy. I sure cannot understand. It is more perilous than any adventure I ever heard any one go out for before in a life."

To say his life Walter could not in these few seconds measure up the great general's life had said nothing at all but allowed general Arronburg to do the talking as he should. And now general Arronburg stood there, one of the finest Abbaonian soldiers he had ever looked upon, as if he were overcome by a great wonder. And yet Walter also sensed the feeling that that Gertrude had clutched for him and more was true. He had given him assurance of her unlimited confidence that her uncle could adjust to any situation in the world, and Walter responded that general Arronburg measured up splendidly to that particular type of man. The smile had not left his face, the blood in or was still in his eyes. Walter smiled back. He recognized the cleverness of the general too. General Arronburg was a man who would smile like that even as he fought and lead troops through the thickest battle, and general Arronburg was like that now, and Walter loved a smiling fighter, even if he had to go to the death with him.

"I am colonel Starring of general Vivian's right grand division, and also a member of the powerful Gemini," he said. "Sit down general won't you, and I will tell you a few things that have happened. And then—"

"No, No I do not think it is necessary sir. I have already already listened for three hours and a half, and I am a man who does not like to hear a story twice no matter how interesting it is. You are of the Grand Gemini I know it from that ensign you wear. I love the Gemini, and especially their grand leaders. They are the bravest of men I have ever known, and all kinds of brave men are my brothers. They have done a whole lot for our country's cause, and are doing everything like you are attempting now. I know your mission for the Vivian Girls themselves wrote to me about it. You are out to find the reason if possible why and to what purpose the enemy made all the disasters of the past. Mainly what their purpose is. Is it not so. And you were shot at behind the rock back there. You were almost killed. And it was a skulking cowardly glandolinian an oak woodchid the shooting. Yes for a time she thought were you were dead. She tried to shoot your assassin. But she says it was bad shooting for her. I have taught her better, and so have violet and her sisters and others but the glare of distant fires was blinding there in the hot white sand. And after that I know everything that has happened. General Jack Evans also was right. I shall ask him a lot about the situation. But also you know Gertrude must have her way, and my Gertrude's gentle heart was touched because you are a brave man and a soldier Walter. But I am not surprised for I have heard lots about you. And therefore we shall be friends. Only as a friend will I take you along with my army to let you make on out plans for your purpose. And we are going there, to get out of these burning woods. It is danger out for even my very army. If I had known this I'd have taken a different course. But one third of my men will do what they can to check the course of the blaze."

In spite of what might have been said and what might have been the entirely proper thing to do at this particular moment, Walter's face broke into a smile as he drew a second chair close up to the table. He was swift indeed to readjust himself.

It suddenly came back to him how he had grinned behind the rock, when death seemed so close at hand. And general Arronburg Arronburg was like that now. Walter measured him again as the chief of the Christian armies sat down opposite him. The gleam that lay in his eyes told Walter that the general was not afraid of anything on the face of the earth, even of the worst glandolinian or others.

"We are smiling now because it happened to please us immensely," Walter read in them. "But in a moment if it is necessary we shall give glandolinia all the fight she wants."

Walter looked a little over the table and studied the general for several moments. "You go we are not going to be able to go very fast on the march if the army fights the fire then, Your Excellency," he said. "We might be forced to stop many times during the advance, and there you and your armies could fool the enemy if you will and use the whole army at intervals to fight the fire. If they who have always terrorized the enemy cannot overcome the fire, then it must be 'some fire'. If we both could I know it: we would capture every glandolinian general there is in glandolinia overseas to make them answer for the awful flood and other great disasters that have happened. There is one thing I'm sure you know general. That is largely up to you if you'll answer. Why did the hidden glandolinian sniper try to kill me behind the rock. And what did he know about my mission when I tried every means possible to keep it a dead secret, even from my best friends?"

General Arronburg's eyes did not for an instant leave Walter's face. But slowly a change came into them, the smile faded gradually, the blue went out, and up from behind seemed to come another pair of eyes that were as hard as steel and cold as ice. Yet they were not eyes that showed excitement or passion. And the general's voice when he spoke, lacked the deep and vibrant note that had been in it. It was as if the general had placed upon it the force of a mighty will, chaining it back, just as if something unusually terrible was hidden and lay chained behind the eyes.

"Why should we two men play like little children Walter?" "!!!!!!" He asked. "We might as well come out squarely, honestly like men. I know what happened. You were almost killed by the sniper, and you heard that poor wreck of a woman call for her baby girl. My niece has told you about that—how one of my men found her in the forest, with her mind gone and her body broken up like you see it now. And about my niece general Arronburg's fist grew into knotted lumps—"

on the table. "No, I will die---I will kill all the glandelinians before I'll let the enemy harm a hair of her head. I will tell you why the skunk shot at you behind the rock. We are men both of us and of the nationals even though you are of a foreign nation. You sat out on your mission. Violet, one of the Princesses wrote me a note telling me that they were not able to warn you on time but that they saw several or more mysterious men follow you out of camp but at a distance. It was one of them, I am sure that shot at you while you were sheltered behind the rock. Gertrude told me when she and her party came up in the boat and on hearing the shots leaped ashore and answered it, they saw or she saw four men run and two of them looked like the "Mutt and Jeff" spies of the foe. But we are not afraid. And you in my place---what would you do Walter, fight the fire with my whole army or use half of it for the purpose and sent the other to continue the advance?"

In the moments silence each officer looked very staidly at the other. "I would use half of it to fight the fire while the other retreats," said Walter slowly. Then when necessary rest that half and put the fresh section into the fire battle. If it was for the purpose of trying to check such a fire I would fight it sectionally with the whole army."

"He believed he was drawing the net now for the conflagration, that it would catch the big fire where he wanted it. He leaned a little over the table. "And I too must help fight it when over necessary," he added. "You know our laws general. "We don't go back without winning the fight, unless we happen to be hoodwinked hoodwinked or die. And I and you would be stupid men if we did not understand or try to understand the situation here. It yet would be easy for any hidden glandelinian enemy to get rid of me in the bargain. But I don't believe if I had a good guard of sharpshooters my path way would be so dangerous." A flicker of a smile crossed his lips. "And Gertrude---Gertrude."

"General Arronburg interrupted him. "It will please me to have you call her Gertrude. And it will please me also. If we only had eyes that could see what is in her little heart. Life is strange and full of different kinds of adventures. Walter, it is a great time for us all, I swear it on my soul. "He shrugged his great shoulders smiling again straight into Walter's face. "She what happened? You set out for the most record breaking adventure ever made by any one yet. My niece comes up in her boat on time to save to you from the scoundrels who shoot you. She pitons you, saves your life, brings you home, and---it is true, learns to care for you more than she almost could. But that does not make me astonished. Walter, she would do that for any one in trouble like you have been. What she does I like to do. As the rule of old time pirates do "dead men tell no tales" Walter, but there are times when living men also keep tales to themselves. And that is what you are also going to do for your safety sake. Walter, you are going to keep to yourself, the thing that happened behind the rock, and you are going to disguise yourself so no one can know you. You are going to keep in your heart the mummings of outpour mad lady. Never if you value your safety will they pass your lips. I know it is for your safety. There may be even rebel spies in my ranks who know. I'll stake my life on it that you will keep mum." General Arronburg was talking slowly and unexcitedly. At least there was even an unshakable confidence in his deep voice. It did not imply a threat but only a warning, even though the general was sure of himself. And his eyes had deepened into blue again, and were more friendly.

"You would stake your life?" repeated Walter questionly. "You would do that? On what?"

General Arronburg rose slowly to his feet, and looked about the cabin with a shining light in his eyes, that was both pride and exaltation. He moved toward the end of the room where the great organ organ stood, and for several minutes his big fingers touched the keys, and he played the "Abbasian National March", then seeing the lacy bit of handkerchief that lay there, he picked it up and then placed it back again. Walter did not urge his question but waited patiently. In spite of his effort to fight it down he found himself in the grip of a mysterious and strongly growing thrill as he watched the great general. Never had the proud presence of any general before have the same effect upon him, and strangely the thought came to him that he was matched, even over-matched. It was as if general Arronburg had brought with him into the great cabin something more than the splendid strength of his body, a thing that reached out in the interval of silence between them, warning Walter that all the efforts of the whole world would not swerve the chief of the christian armies from what was already in his mind. Then for a moment the thought passed from Walter that fate in was in store for glandelinia if general Arronburg ever got big enough armies gathered together. His vision centered in the man and general alone, and as he too rose, to his feet, an unconscious smile came to his lips, as he recalled general's warnings.

"I ask you your Excellency" said he, "that if you would really stake your life in such a matter as you say, then can what would you stake it. Of course if your words were merely accidental, and meant nothing." "

"If I had a thousand lives, I would stake them one on top of the other, as I have said," interrupted general Arronburg. Suddenly his laugh boomed out, and his voice became louder. "Walter Arronburg, as you are a brave man I have come to offer you just that test. Out if it was not for Gertrude the glandelinian sniper would easily have killed you then. He could have put you at the bottom of the river, and how completely he could have made you disappear. And then all of wicked glandelinia's secrets would be safe. They would not be found out by the best christian spy in the world. And the man who ordered the floods and

other disasters would be safe for a time. That reason had an easy answer against you as a man who in making efforts to destroy a little child, you were absolutely helpless then. But she saved you. It is best for you to go with us on the march until we have a chance for you to easily slip under a window as only there can you secure the information and no other way. So you are going on to the southward with us, and if at the end of October you do die, you do not willingly say I have won my wager---that you do succeed in obtaining the information for the Vivian Girls, I general Constantin Arronburg, the greatest leader of all christian armies, and the best fighter of all, will go with you into the forest, and you may shoot out of me the life which is the end of the game then. Is not that fair. Can you suggest a better way---between men like you and me."

"If you will let me sir, I can at least suggest a way that might and should have the virtue of saving much time," replied Walter. "First however I must understand my position here, especially if going with your army through the burning forest. I am---take it in as much peril as your whole army?"

"I presume so, but where you go?" declared general Arronburg. Then the eyes of the two officers met on a dead level.

"As soon as the opportunity comes I'm going to go on my adventure, and yours is going to be my help," said Walter. "It is a little sport in a way, and there was fixed up between us, for the rank surprise of the Glandelinian nation. I have heard that in strength and with the sword and pistol and other things general Jack Evans is the best fighting christian general ever known in any Abbasian army. And I fear therefore do not like to go anywhere just now unless I have him as a helper. And he has agreed to go."

For the first time general Arronburg's placidity seemed to leave him. His brow became quite clouded, there was a momentary frown in his face, and there was a certain disconsolate helplessness or hopelessness in the shrug of his giant shoulders. Indeed it was if Walter's words had suddenly robbed the day of all the light for the chief of the christian generals. His voice too carried on with a unhappily and disappointed note, as he made a gesture toward the window.

"Walter in my army as well as among your friends, there are many men, and now they have scarcely rested or slept since word was brought to them that you, was to make a special adventure and go out on it with general Jack Evans. Heavens but they have gambled without even seeing you until the very uniforms on their backs are in the hazard, and they have even cracked their very muscles in labor to overtake you. They have prayed away their very souls to god and His Blessed mother, and even all the saints and Angels that it would be a good successful adventure you are about to make, and that you would not run into any peril that would be too great. It is like an adventure of one man going out with one rifle to hunt a thousand tigers, which will fight among themselves before they eat you up too quickly. It has been a long time since any one of our best officers and soldiers have ever gone on an adventure, and also along time since my army has ever had a good fight with the enemy since we have dared to stand up against Inner Wyltze at Delights Junction and Gedomind. Ugh it tasks my heart out to tell you that the adventure cannot be until I say so. That now is too dangerous to proceed."

General Arronburg made no effort to suppress his emotion. Indeed he seemed more like a huge disappointed child than a great man. He walked to the window, peered forth from it the raft, and as he shrugged his big shoulders again something like a groan came from him. The thrill of approaching triumph kept through Walter's blood. Even the flavor of it was in his eyes when general Arronburg turned from the window.

"Q Are you disappointed or scared, general Arronburg. You would like to see me and Evans make the adventure right way."

The blue steel in general Arronburg's eyes flared back. "If the price were a year of my life---I would give it---if the peril was not too inner brain-sure as it is now. The Glandelinians would discover your plans too quickly. I'm an sure, I love to look upon a good brave man, especially one who is successful in anything he goes to undertake."

"Then you shall see a good successful adventure, your Excellency." "If I discovered the Glandelinians would kill you, Colonel. Think also of the cruel forest fires ranging for hundreds of miles. You are not even big yet. You are not any match for such an adventure."

"I shall accomplish it, general,---accomplish it so that Abbasia can whip Glandelinia, and now she is her master."

"Do not know the situation or the nature of such an adventure, Colonel. For ten times many of the general have tried that, and have been unsuccessful."

"But I shall succeed in my mission," repeated Walter. "I will even wager you anything in the world---anything possible---even a life---against life---that I shall succeed---that I shall accomplish the most astonishing adventure on all record."

"My niece has made me promise that I will try and stop your intentions," the general said.

"And why---why should she insist in a matter such as this which properly should be settled by the Vivian Girl Princesses themselves. If only they say so I'll

postpone the trip. I must do it or Ghandolina will continue to take such awful disasters, and maybe catastrophes that will be worse than the Albigaon horror."

The glow before had faded from the face of General Armstrong, but in a moment it became clouded again, though he laughed with a "Thank you so much." My little niece is a very gentle hearted girl, and I think that she is a perfect little princess. She laughed and thought that it was a joke, and a general usually was so often ridiculed by the "Vivian Girl" people. But with this girl it is quite different. She was able to see the face when she started and went to let her go out on such an unkind attack with penance, who also she is greatly concerned about. You also is afraid that if you will never come back again, and she does not want you to come to and up in disaster. But I tell you I am not so sure about your safety either Colonel. And she does not try to hide but anything from me. She tells me everything like a little child. And so--"

"I'm going to make the adventure a success," said Walter. And he wondered if general Aronburg could hear the thumping of his heart or if his men gave betrayal of the hot flood it was pumping through his body. "General Jack Evans and I have pledged ourselves. We shall fight the enemy by gaining this most important of information, and will proceed as soon as possible, unless you tie one of us or both of us hand and foot. And as for a wager-----"

"Yes what have you to wager?" "I'll give you a demanded general Arronburg very eagerly.

"You know the odds are tremendously great," temporized Walter.

"That I understand Colonel."

"But making a tremendous adventure without a wager would be like a pocket book without money, your Excellency."

"You spoke truly, Colonel."

Walter came nearer, and laid a hand on the others arm. "Your Excellency -- I hope you and your grand little niece-- will understand what I am about to offer. It is this. If Evans and I do not make a successful issue of the adventure, then I and he will disappear into the forests, and we 'll never face the Vivian Girls or their friends again. No whisper of our presence will ever reach even the world. I will forget everything that happened in the past, and will brand ourselves as the greatest failure of all times. All this if we fail." He paused and waited. General Aronburg made no answer, but amazement came into his face and after that a slow and burning fire in his eyes which told how deeply and vitally Walters words had struck into his soul. "And if I should happen to win?" continued Walter, turning a bit carelessly toward the widow. "Why I should expect a large payment from you. If I do win your fulfillment of the great wager will be to send to the Abbotinian Government my records and gain for me a position as a general in your co. co. command. That is all I am asking for no odds, though you concede the handicap for us both, I and Evans is tremendously great."

He did not look at general Arronburg. But behind him he heard the others
 deep breathing. For ten minutes he sat there motionless. Outside they could hear
 the soft swish of water, the low voices of men in the stern, and a shout and
 the barking of a number of dogs coming from the raft face on the river. For
 Walter the moment was one of great suspense. He turned again at his ear only
 as if his proposition were a matter of but little little significance to him.
 General Arronburg was not looking at him. He was staring toward the door as if
 through it he could see the powerful form of general Jack Evans standing before
 it. And Walter could see that his face was flaming with a great desire, and that
 the blood in his body was pounding to the mighty urge of it. Suddenly he faced
 Walter.

"Colonel, listen to me carefully he said. 'I know you are a brave man, that you are a man of honor, and I know you will bury secretly in his heart what I am going to tell you now, and never let a word of it come--even to my niece Gertrude. I do not blame you for loving her as if she were your own child. You could not help that. All the soldiers and officers do. You have fought desperately to keep it within yourself, and for that I honor you. How do I know. Why because she has told me. A heart of any good child understands, and her ears are quick to hear also.' Colonel, when you were wounded or on to death, and your mind was wandering, you told her again and again you would give anything if she was your own daughter, that you loved her as a father loves his only child--and when she brought you back to life, her eyes saw more than once the truth of what your lips had betrayed, though you tried desperately to keep it to yourself. Even more Colonel, she felt the touch of your lips on her head that day. She understands. She has told me everything, openly innocently, yet her heart thrills with that sympathy of a child who knows she is loved by a friend. Colonel if you could have seen the light in her eyes, and the glow in her cheeks as she told me these very secrets. But I am not surprised Colonel. No it is only because you are a brave man, and one of honor that I tell you this now. Yet it is necessary that I tell you, because if we make the big wager we must drop my Noice from such a gamble. It would not be right for her. Do you comprehend me, Colonel starring?"

There was a pause a momentary pause then the general continued----"We are two officers two men, one an Abbinannian, and the other an Irishman, both strong men, strong in the holy Abbinannian cause, good fighting men good officers, one a great record breaking general, and the other a professional record breaking

christian spy. I general Conscientious growning--cannot feel the sense of hanking a child's heart which is pure and sweet, clean and a lover of Our Blessed Lord, and where a man has fought against a love with honor, also has also fought against Our Blessed Lords enemies with the same fury, as you have fought, and you, Walter Starring, of the great and noble Gomini--cannot + know strike with your hard mans hand that tender little heart, that is like our Blessed Lords most beautiful flower, of paradise, and which this moment is beating faster than it should with the fear that some hour will betray you if you go too soon on such a rash adventure. It is not so Colonel Starring. We will make the wager ~~you~~---yes. But if you go out on the adventure too soon, and you cannot succeed in a thousand years effort I'm sure--I will bring you a good high commission in my army and have you my next suucessor in case I fail in battle. But in case of such peril I will not under any conditions despite that permit you have in your possession allow you to go too soon because of the peril. No never. Yet I swear if you go when the proper time comes and you succeed I will do you the favor, if you win + will secure for you the com mission but then you must furnish evident proof that you are able to tell all you discovered, and of who the ones were who ordered the wackling of the great war disasters of the past, and that is very considerable, Walter. Please for her sake, wait a little while until we advance near enough to secure a view of vanoyles army, and get out of the reach of this unusual Red Plague. Do you agree?"

Slowly Walter held out a hand. Ge a general Conventinian Aronburg gripped it tightly, and the fingers of the two men met like bands of steel.

"To morrow you and general Evans may make the plans if you like," said general confederian Aronburg. "You two will face such terrible perils that I'm afraid I should both of you may not come through it alive, and the nation will never forget it, or forgive it: it'll am sorry. Such a man as you I would like to have as a good brother. And Gertrude I'm afraid she'll never forgive me. And she always will remember it. The thought will never die out of her heart, that I was a beast you let you and Evans go out on such an adventure. But it is best for the safety of the nation. You are doing your duty. And my men. Ah heavens but it will be an unusual expectation for these Colonels. I'm sorry."

Slowly his hand unclenched. Then he turned to the door as if reluctant to boggle a moment later it was closed behind him, and Walter had w was alone again. He had not spoken this time, or replied to the engulfing truths that had fallen so fall quickly quietly and without a betrayal of confidence in the outcome of the adventure from general Arromburg's lips. Inwardly he felt he was crushed. Yet his face was like stone, hiding his shame. Then suddenly there came a sound outside that sent the blood through his cold veins again. It was general Arromburg and many of his men who had boarded the boat praying for Colonel Starring. It was not the prayer for the successful issue of a undertaking, but the feeling of a man whose heart was bleeding, and into whose life there had come an unexpected pain or grief. It sound of the prayer was wild and free, and filled with fear of the results of Walter's adventure. And Walter listening to it, felt something that was more than admiration for this great general growing within him. And unconsciously his lips slowly repeated the prayer, "Blessed Lord Jesus preserve the two brave men on the adventure and let it rather be a failure than anything bad happen to them." Amen. In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost Amen. "....."

For over an hour Walter stood at the boat window, and watched the boat that carried general Conscientious Armstrong, and his men and others to the shore. This time it moved slowly, as if general Armstrong was loitering for a purpose, and was thinking deeply of what had just be passed between him and Walter. Walter's fingers tightened, and his face grew tawny... as he gazed into the glow of the western section of the forest fire. He was here now probably two weeks and several days and never had seen the sun and always the sky had been heavy with smoke. Now that the stress of the new nerve breaking moments in the boat's cabin was over, he no longer made any efforts to preserve the sense of coolness and decision with which he had encountered one of the greatest of the Christian generals. For a time deep in his soul he was crushed and humiliated. Every nerve in his body felt as if they were bleeding.

AN UNUSUAL DISCOVERY.
THE FIGHT WITH TWO SPIES.

He had heard general Arronburg's prayer a moment before, but it sounded like a man who was stabbed at the heart. And he was going back probably to Gertrude Angeline like that—drifting scarcely faster than the current that he might secure time to strengthen himself before he would look into the eyes of his niece again. Walter as he watched could see him motionless, his right shoulder hunched forward a little, his head bowed, and in the stern the same woman and two other men paddling listlessly, her eyes on the face of the great general. Without voice Walter cursed listlessly, her eyes on the face of the great general. He had told himself he had made a splendid fight in resisting the temptation of backing out of so great an enterprise. But now what was his own struggle compared with this probable tragedy which even general Arronburg feared his two friends might be facing.

He turned from the window, and looked about the cabin room again—and his face burned in its silent accusation. Like a living thing it painted another picture for him, and for a space he lost his own identity. He saw himself in the place of general Arronburg. He was the uncle of Angelina Arronburg, loving her even as the general loved her, and he came as general Arronburg had come to find a friend of his and his niece in his portion of the woods, a friend who had taken in the boat once belonging to one of the chief forest rangers, which boat he had been, when general Arronburg's niece had a runed back to life, a man who had loved her as if she was his own daughter, who had told her of his love for such children like she, who had kissed her, who had held her close in his arms, whose presence had brought a warmer flush and a brighter glow into eyes and cheeks, that until this friends coming had belonged only to him. And he heard her, as general Arronburg had heard her, pleading with him to keep this man and Evie from going out on a very dangerous adventure, her heard her soft voice telling of them the things that had passed between them, as he also then saw in her eyes—

With almost a cry he swept the thought in a picture from him. It was an unusual thing to conceive, impossible of any reality. And yet the truth would not go. What would he have done in general Arronburg's place? . . .

He went to the window again. General Arronburg was better and more calmly minded than he, for he had come quietly and easily, offering a hand of friendship, generous smiling, while he Walter staring had returned the first handshake as well as he knew how. His eyes first passed from the boat to the raft, and from the raft to the hazy billows of green forests that melted off into countless miles of distance beyond the river to border against the when shown of fire lights beyond the forest horizon line. He knew that on the other side of him lay that same distance, north, east, south, and west, vast spaces of a forested region studded with forest villages and towns, the same green and golden forests, ten thousand miles of forests, a million hiding places, where hidden armies may lurk and where countless tragedies might remain forever undisturbed. And all this forest was in grave danger of being consumed by an enormous fire. The thought came to him that it would not be difficult to slip out into that world and disappear. He almost cried to general Arronburg. It was the voice of Jack Evans in a snatch of wild and discordant song that brought him back in to grim reality. There was after all that awful unseen peril, and the ways of the accused Glendoline.

After some time he finally observed that the boat was moving faster, and that the paddles of the men were working steadily and with forceful speed. General Arronburg no longer sat hunched in the bow, for now his head appeared to be erect, and he was waving a hand in the direction of the raft. Then a figure had come from the shore too, and Walter caught the glimpse of a little girl in dress something white fluttering over her head, waving back at general Arronburg. It was gone Angelina Arronburg, and he moved away from the window.

For a few minutes or moments he wondered what was now passing between general Arronburg, and his little niece, in the hour or two that followed. The big Rangere bateau had kept abreast of the raft, neither moving faster or slower than it did it, and three times Walter gave in to the strong desire to scan the deck of the lumber raft of floating timbers through his powerful military binoculars. But he saw a better the general or Angelina Arronburg there again until the coming of evening on the and he was on shore somewhere. Then later a general Arronburg appeared—and he was alone. Even at that tremendous distance over the broad Nico-Hollister Run River, he heard the Throbbone voice of the general. Life sprang up everywhere thicker than the swimming of a forest of ants where there had been the drowsy of complete inactivity on the raft and in the forest. A dozen or more of the great swamps were swiftly manned by men who appeared suddenly from the shaded places of canvas shelters, and striped tents. A low murmur of voices rose over the water and then the murmur was broken by howls and shouts as the men ran to their places at the command of general Arronburg's voice, and men in the forests as far as Walter could see were spreading out to many a tree at one time and soon there was the roar of many explosions, and down crashed hundreds of trees. The fight

against this forest fire or the effort to check its course in this direction it possible was begun. The work was to make a wide and long breach for the first move of battle. Walter gripped himself, as he listened and watched the slowly drifting raft. He could see general Arronburg clearly, and also his staff which appeared suddenly also shouting as excited midway on the river. For now the big river boat or bateau had worked itself quite nearer. He could see the hard heads and naked arms of the men at the swamps, while many men appeared running this and that way in the forest with long saws and axes. The ever thickening smoke caused by the distant forest fires filled his lungs with that spicy smell of burning pine needles and leaves and pine wood, as that picture of intense excitement lay before him, and and and there came into his own excited soul a covetousness and a strong yearning where before there had been great humiliation, and the grim urge of duty. He found it hard to breathe the air of that burning distant world, he could look at the scenes far off with disgust, he felt he could not tolerate it—and yet he knew that he and his country or the country he served was a part of it—was all the Christian world, and all the unfortunate homeless refugees were a part of it. He felt sorry for the homeless he felt his heart swelling at the exultation and joy in the song of the soldiers as it was evident they were quickly making a large forest breach as quickly and positively many trees were being cut down, and many houses were being brought up to haul them away, while men chopped away the branches. They were making a purpose to stop the course of the fire in this direction while the rest of the army moved on. And yet he was irrevocably an alien, not even receiving his second papers which he was waiting so long to gain his share for desired citizenship. And in spite of all that he was sent out, to find out why the enemy made a perfect sea of destruction throughout California and parts of Angelina and other states, he was an agent of a powerful and merciless force against such ravaging glendolines, that carried with it terrible punishment and death, for those responsible for such awful disasters if caught.

The crew of the big big boat had joined the shoremen in the fighting, and yet as Walter looked through his binoculars again over the ridges and hollows of the forest tops, he could almost discern the course the forest fire was taking in following up the movement of the boat. Walter understood now what general Concentin Arronburg's command had been. Even the large raft with its tented city of life was preparing to tie up for the night, and men were placing in empty spaces all kinds of explosives, tools, and piles of sacks, blocks, shovels and the like. The fight was going to be general. Concentin Arronburg was determined to outwit the fire if possible. A quarter of a mile beyond the river still widened, so that on the far side was a low distant shore, toward which the effort of men at the swamps were slowly edging the raft. A number of other boats shot out on the shore side, and dropped anchors that helped drag the big raft in. Two others tugged at low lines fastened to the shore side bow, and within twenty minutes the first men were plunging up and out of the water on the white strip of beach, and were whipping the fire lines about the nearest trees, while others brought the new explosives and other implements on shore. Long lines of men were working hard as far as Walter could see, cutting down trees, and when they fell break off all their branches, while others were digging ditches as long as deep trenches. Walter was unconsciously smiling in the thrill and triumph of those last moments, and not until he saw a whole line of great trees crash down to heart with a roar like a broadside of cannon, did he sense the fact that Jack Evans and his own followers, and also a number of Gertrude's boy and girl scouts, were bringing the big boat to the opposite shore to be on the safe side, and now both raft and houseboat were anchored for the night, while the fight to prevent the advance of the fire in this location was on in general. It was evident to Walter that general Arronburg was determined to defy the fire in this manner and encamp here for a short space of time.

As the shadows of the distant forest deepened when the glows faded out probably before ever increasing clouds of smoke, Walter felt impending about him an oppression of emptiness, and loneliness, which he had not experienced before. He was disappointed and surprised that the big boat was not tied up just then with the big raft. Already he could see men starting to light small ground fires far in the distance heating at them with empty sacks and making ground ditches or hurling dirt upon the flames. Spirals of new smoke became clouds, and he knew that it was evident the advance guard of the main fire was coming very close, evidently was very near. He looked at his watch. It was only after four o'clock. My gosh he thought, no wonder it is dark like evening. It's the sky covered so thick with smoke. And all the time Walter had thought it was the gathering of night. Then he watched the increasing glow of distant fires again and it was as red as a sunset in the west, and elsewhere against the still thicker shadows more advancing ground fires threw up long streamers or ranks of yellow flames.

On his own side Jack Evans, were preparing their own part of the work, eating however as they done so. It was five o'clock when a soldier waiter had not seen before brought him his supper with the only question,

"How would you like to go out and help stop the fire sir?"
He ate without answering, scarcely noticing the tasteless taste of his food, and half an hour later the soldier reappeared for the dishes, saying kind of sheepishly "I think sir the fire is going to give us a successful resistance."

new heavy forest fire in my day but not one like this. It in flames and smoke
I'm going out to fight that's called."

It was not quite dark when he returned to his window, but where the glow was
not too bright the far shore was only an indistinct blur of blackness and
gloom. The glow of the distant but nearer fires were brighter and appeared nearly
the whole horizon. One of them though still away seemed to cover the distant
sky with flames while one of the foremost of the ground fires, being twenty miles
long threw its flames sometimes twenty to thirty feet in the air and had
begun starting new crown fires with amazing rapidity but not heading toward
the fighters as yet. But the big one was catching up and Walter knew it.

And he wondered what Angelina Arronburg was doing in this great and
exciting hour. Last night they had been together, as if they were daughter and
father. He had marvelled at the witchery of the fire glow in her hair and eyes;
he had told her of the beauty of it, she had smiled, she had to laugh merrily
with him, for hours they had sat in the spell of the night lighted by distant
forest fires glowing the sky with red brightness, and the unusually reddishness
of the river. And to night, now, she was with general Arronburg, watching the
men as they worked desperately to subvert the advance of the "Red Army."

She had not forgotten him and hoped he was safe. He felt sure of it. She was sure
if he was to leave now even to do so without saying a word he would never see
her again as he had seen her then, and something of bitterness came to him as
he thought of that. General Denshchikoff and Arronburg, could he have seen her in a
year, when he told her she was the bravest girl in existence, would have shook hands
with him in a still more friendly way in that meeting in the clubhouse last night
who had told general Arronburg all she could have revealed. There were things that
she could not keep to herself, which she dared not keep to herself if she desired
Walter to receive the honor. Did she feel that enthusiasm as he was feeling it
now as he watched the soldiers at work like so many busy ants. And it was yet
impossible to think otherwise, and for that reason more than others, he knew
that before long she would see him again and probably that night. And when she had
told him of what nights she had observed during her forgetting it also all
the way from Altkhenn to Angelina Arronburg, he had seen her eyes flame with
that same hatred of Ginnadzhik, that he had observed in the eyes of Violet and
her sisters when they heard the news, and believed her letters.

With the dull hub of a thing that of late had been given growing shade
of him, he wondered what had happened to him must in the morning that had gone
under the worn of flood darkness had been a thing of the past. Last night and
the night before strange dreams of her had come to him in restless slumber. It
was disturbing to him that he should wake up in the middle of the night
dreaming of her as that morning with general Arronburg, when he had gone to his
bed with a mind filled to overflowing with the sweet presence of Angelina
Arronburg. And now his mind reached out poignantly into mysterious darkness,
and doubt even as the darkness of night really was spreading itself in a
thickening and reddish canopy over the river. He felt within himself, "If that
woman here is my hunt, and the flood has been the cause of her loss and
condition, a more intimate of mine why to the Ginnadzhik's life!"

Gray black and pinkish clouds, multitudinous rolls of clouds had followed
the glow of distant fires, and sometimes sheets of flame seemed to break
the gray clouds overhead. When Walter turned from the window it was so dark in
the cabin he could not see. However he did not light the lamp, but made
his way to the couch, and sat down in the silence and gloom, and he saw his
growing slowly and carefully for the safety of the fighters outside.

Through the still open windows came to him the noise of the fight going on still
farther a than ever, the shouts of command, the explosions of dynamite, the
falling of trees and the sound of heavy guns. And now and then the shouts of men
above it all he heard the lapping murmur of water under as it rushed under the
wheel and side of the big houseboat or barge, and far off came the never ceasing
whispering noise always heard at the approach of a great forest fire. For a long
time he sat in this darkness saying his own prayers over and over again as if he
could do nothing else, and the more he prayed the stronger was his prayer. And
then he was suddenly aroused by a sound that was different, than all the other
excited sounds,--a low monotone of voices, the dipping of oars instead of a
paddle, and a long wide rowboat passed close under his window, and up the
shore. He paid small attention to it, but continued his prayers. It was still at that
when he finished the Gloria -- the boat returned, and its occupants boarded the
barge. It would have seemed very little interest than had he not heard a voice
that was so familiar like that of Ginnadzhik. He drew his binoculars and looked
and indeed the boat in the area, and stared through the darkness toward the
door.

A moment more and there was no doubt. It was almost shock that sent the blood
lapping through his veins for the incredible Ginnadzhik had happened. It
was Angelina Arronburg out there in such a night, talking in a low voice
to Jack Peters. Then there came a heavy knock at his door, and when Walter said
"Come in" he heard the door open. Through it he saw the ruddy glow of the outside
night partly shut out by an immense black black shadow.
"Colonel starting," called the voice of voice.
"I'm here," said Walter.

"You have not yet come to bed Colonel?"
"No sir."

The heavy shadow seemed to suddenly fade away, and yet there still remained
a shadow there. Walter bent forward as he looked the shadow and said
childish eyes of it. For a moment there was silence. And then,
"Will you light the lamp Colonel?" a soft voice came to him. "I want to
know in, but I could not be able to see in this darkness and will
knock something down."

He rose to his feet, fumbling in his pockets for matches.
He did not turn to face Angelina Arronburg, when he started to light the
first of the great lamps made of gilt, and which were hanging in the center of
the cabin, flooded the cabin with light. He then approached the second, and after striking another
the third, and so on, until he had lit all the lamps. He then stood before her
He observed that she was watching him intently, but then a little bit more, and
he thought that something must be wrong for she looked worried. He stepped
a little bit forward, and she also seemed to be a little more tense in her
eyes, and he wondered if she was more at him for not following when she bid him
follow. But he did notice she was looking at him very steadily, as she herself finally
smiled and nodded.

Walter started, and his tongue came in the way of his mouthpiece.
"What is it all this evening that you have been sitting in the dark?" she
asked above the others, and closing the door. "Did you not expect me to return? And
why did you not follow me this afternoon? Did you not expect me to return? And
as suddenly this afternoon? Or was you advised or shy of presenting yourself?
I before the general in my commandant was hostile. Afterward I myself was allowed
that I did not grasp you by the hand and have me follow. Of course I was excited
Walter and he smiled, it was so long since I saw him."

"Of course," he hurried to interrupt her. "Understand General Denshchikoff
Arronburg in a lucky moment caught me as well as himself in the garden
even in when you and the whole nation can place faith and confidence. But I
was so mixed that it was hard to the end and could do nothing else but watch
and stare."

"He absent even seemed to me for tonight a new thing you as I did, and not bring you
with me as I did. Walter said that I being a great girl about, and you a
high school of the family, that I should have shown my better courtesy than to
leave you like that, who was a member in our own army. If you were brought to
his camp, you see I have returned like a good little girl to make peace."

"It was not necessary, it was I who should have followed you."

"But you were very late and I should have followed you."

"He nodded." "Yes."

"And besides," she added, as quickly and calmly, that she was much pleased. "You
were so always anxious to be on this big boat. And general Arronburg
believe me, you are."

"But this is an honor," said Walter, the blood rushing to his face. "You
have taken up all this for me. You heard this once and not to me not let me go
the great general."

General Arronburg cannot place to night as he has must of his part of the
day working hard to try and stop the forest fire from heading in our direction.
The forest he will not leave the shore. He replied Barbara bending from his
table which she had brought along with her. And I like me little more forward."

But he stopped himself, for he could see a sudden entry, deepening in the shadows
of the general's face, as she looked for something in her bag. He therefore
felt that if he continued on he would see some sign of a flat blunder, that in
general the trouble itself was also not quite reasonable to expect that so
long as Barbara Arronburg could appear again like this on the first night of general
his arrival, he told himself, perhaps there was some a serious danger for
the whole army and that it was hardly the general, and therefore he had must
be able to find out at all times. He looked at the general of Ginnadzhik
in the center of the table as the he could see at her was slowly. If
Walter had been unpleasantly and unpleasantly observing the situation
black, the little girl could in no way even evidence of the situation
seemed to accept a high in her eyes, but it was not a account of Barbara
not, for she was so embarrassed in not very much, and as she looked at him
he was more filled with the flash of laughter which he had caught her eye
stealing to restrain. Then finding an old a great book, she seated herself
and again he saw he found himself looking down on the drop of her long lashes
and the unusual glow of her luminous hair. Tomorrow in a moment of tranquility,

shadow into light, and he was amazed to see that she was laughing back at the general, and that her two forefingers were thrust in her ears to keep out the loud bellow of her Uncle's unusually loud voice. She was not however disconcerted by his unexpected appearance, but joined in the humor of the thing with the general, though he fancied he could see something in her face that was forced and uneasy. He believed that under the surface of her composure, she was suffering a distress, which she did not care to reveal. The general advanced and carelessly patted her head with one of his big hands, while he spoke to Walter:

"Has she not a sweet voice for a child of her age Colonel? From any children, did you ever hear a sweeter or as sweet? I say it is enough to get down into the soul of a wicked man and convert him unless he is already half dead in his sinfulness. That voice--"

He caught Gertrude's eyes. Her cheeks were flushing. And her look for an instant, flashed lightning as she halted him.

"Goodness, goodness I speak it from the heart. Why he persisted with a shrug of his huge shoulders. Am I not right Colonel Starring? Did you ever hear a sweeter voice for a child of her age?"

"It is wonderful," agreed Walter, "but you ought to hear the Vivian Girls when they sing," and he went on wondering then if he had hazarded too much.

"Good it feels me with happiness to now of one man who is loyal to those great heroines. And now both of you good night. I must return to the shore. We have not finished the work yet and soon the fire'll be here."

A shadow of vexation, crossed Gertrude's face.

"You seem to be in great haste."

"For overcome fire plagues and pesty disasters, you are right, Gertrude. I am most anxious to get back to my war troubles there, and you and --"

"Will also bid Walter good night," she quickly interrupted him. "And you will at least see me to my room, Uncle, and softly put away for the night."

She held out her hand to Walter. There was not a tremor in it as it lay for an instant soft and warm in his own. She made no effort to withdraw it quickly, nor did her eyes hide their softness as they looked into his own. Mutely Walter stood as they went out. He heard the general's voice rumbling along about the darkness of the night, and the stronger red glare in the sky and the stronger swell of burning forests and of the wind that was starting to rise. He heard then pass along the side of the big boat forward, and about two minutes later he knew that the general was getting into his boat. The dip of a paddle came to him. For a long space there was silence, and then from far out in the black shadows of the immense river, rolled back the great voice of general Concentin Arronburg singing a hymn to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. At the open window he listened. It seemed to him that far over the river, where the giant raft lay, there came a faint answer to the words of the hymn.

With the slow approach of the great forest fire coming on a third time to catch up with the boat, and which was advancing over the wilderness, and while large portions of Concentin Arronburg's army was working hard to break it or breach it if possible, Walter felt more strongly the growing unrest that was in him. He heard the last of the general's voice, and after that the distant fires seemed to die out slowly, giving way to utter blackness, and to others it might seem it was going out. But not so. Thick clouds of smoke were rolling in advance of the flames so thick as to utterly obscure the glow. Continually there came the musketry discharge like roar of many blastings, some close, some far, and some very near, and the fury furthest like the faint low rumble of thunder, added by the noise of as many trees continually falling. Including this was the sound of axes, and saw, and shouts of men. The air was growing heavier and smoke perfumed, and to night even there was no sound of a night bird over the breast of the river, and out of the thick cedar and balsam and other trees there came no cry or whisper of the nocturnal life that had fled before the advancing "Red Plague." In that unusual stillness Walter put out the lights in the ships cabin, and sat close to the window in darkness.

He was indeed more than sleepless sleepless. Every nerve in his body seemed to demand immediate action, and his brain was fired by strange suspicious thoughts, until their vividness seemed to bring him face to face with a reality that sent his blood stirring with an irresistible thrill. He believed that he had made a strange discovery, that general Arronburg had left his raft utterly deserted because of the battle with the fire. What he had visioned the conclusion he had arrived at, seemed inconceivable, yet what his own eyes had seen, and his ears had heard pointed to the truth of it all. The least he could say was that general Arronburg who loved his niece, like a daughter, and whose attitude toward her was like that of a good father in the presence of a child of whom he was fond in more than a fatherly sort of way, was going to be in danger of some loss, unless he Walter Starring interfered. His affection as he expressed it, was parental and not in the careless yet loving way of a Uncle. Even there was nearly the betrayal of a lover, the suggestion of a husband who cared deeply, and who could be jealous of another man. Yet he felt that, so good a man so great a general was in danger of a tremendous loss of something. For why was that strange light in the cabin of the raft, which flickered a moment and then went out.

Sitting in darkness, thickening with nearer approach of thick smoke

clouds

clouds, Walter recalled also the stab of pain mingled with humiliation, that would come into the eyes of Angelina Arronburg, his niece, when she would stand facing her beloved uncle in morning greeting and discover he suffered a loss. He heard again with a new understanding the low notes of those in her voice as in singing the hymn she had called upon Our Blest Lord to help her--and hear her. He could guess of the tragedy then. Now he knew, now he was suspicious, and he thought of her lying awake in the gloom beyond the bulkhead, her eyes wet with tears the following night, grieved over the turn. And general Concentin Arronburg unconscious of the mysterious light in his raft cabin had gone back to the shore singing defiantly in the night. Where before there had been a feeling of delight in his presence, there was now dread for the results in that cabin.

There was a great reason for general Arronburg's masterly possession as commander of a mighty successful christian army, and it was not, as he had thought because of his bigness of soul. It was because he cared and loved his country and its cause as much as he loved his own niece. He was a splendid general, one that Emperor Vivian can be proud of, slaying his game against haunty haughty Glen delin as well at the beginning, but ending it with crushing success at the end. He loved his count country as he loved Gertrude Angelina. He had spoken often of his country as he would speak of his own child, and he had treated Gertrude Angelina more like a daughter than a niece, and was so passionately in the face of even a situation which roused the spirit in all his officers and soldiers. And suddenly recalling the thrilling hour in the large white strip of sand, and all that had happened since, it flashed upon Walter that the general was using his niece as the vital moving force in a game of his own--that he was having her to keep a good eye on him that is Walter himself. To achieve, a certain mysterious something in avoid the too quick carrying out of his too hasty plan of going out on an adventure that both the general and Gertrude and even Jack Evans knew would have a fatal ending if entered upon too hastily. And the general and Gertrude were right. Yet he could not forget the infinite faith Gertrude and the general, had expressed in him. There had been no shading in her watching and bringing him through a crisis during his illness, or in her belief that her uncle would straighten out the tangles of the dilemma in which he and she had become involved. Adding these facts as he had added the others, the general saw the truth of some danger staring the general himself, out of the darkness of his cabin room. Gertrude Angelina loved her uncle as a father, and both were good to him. Why let such a matter go unvoiced. Again the light appeared in the cabin and disappeared. A heavy crash of thunder from a big falling tree, brought Walter back to a realization of the impending fire. Taking advantage of this the unseen foe in that cabin would ransack. Walter rose to his feet in the chaotic gloom, facing the bulkhead beyond which he was certain Gertrude lay wide awake. He tried to laugh. It was inexcusable, he told himself, to let his thoughts become involved in probably a fancied danger.

Gertrude Angelina Gertrude Angelina in the final situation did not appear to be especially apprehensive, and her mind was not in turmoil. Probably she would thank him however in for his interest in the matter.

He went to the window. There was scarcely a breath of air, it was uncomfortably warm, and unfastening the screen, he thrust out his head and shoulders into the night. It was so black that he could not hardly see the shadow of the water almost within reach of his hands, but through the chaos of gloom that lay between him and the opposite shore he again made out a single point of yellow light. He was positive the light was again in the cabin on the raft. His temptation to go and investigate was growing stronger. He was more apprehensive. A huge sheet of fire suddenly seemed to break through the utter gloom almost spreading across a portion of the sky showing the rolling shapes of the closer walls of smoke, and behind him he heard sweeping over the forest tops like a roaring hurricane the quickening march of the fire storm. There was more crashes of explosions of dynamite and falling trees. Walter drew in his head and shoulders. He tried again to make out the raft or light on the raft. But it was gone.

Mechanically he began taking off his clothes, and in a few moments he again stood at the window, half naked but with his holster and cartridge belt still around him in a water proof belt. The crashing of falling trees sounded elsewhere, and in the renewed flashes of fire, Walter's ghost-white face stared in the direction of the raft. In his veins now an insistent and compelling desire was overcoming. Over there probably in that cabin was some one who did not belong there, and something might happen if Walter himself did not take advantage of the gloom and near approach of the forest fire to go to the raft and investigate.

It seemed to be almost a presentiment alone that drew him bare head and shoulders out through the window, and every hunting instinct in him urged him to adventure. The unusual stygian darkness was torn again by a distant sheet of flames piercing the smoke clouds, and in it he saw the river and the vivid silhouette of the distant shore. It would not be a difficult swim and it would be good training for the morrow. Like a badger worming

his way out of a hole, a bit too small for him, Starrling drew himself slowly through the window, for he did not care to go out by the door way for fear Gertrude would see and question him, and he did not want her to aid and run into the peril he might chance now. A brighter glare of flames shooting through the rolls of a smoke caught him at the edge of the big boat, and he hid slunk back quickly against the cabin, with the thought that other eyes of hidden enemies might be staring out into that same darkness. In the pitchy gloom that soon but gradually followed, he lowered himself quickly into the river, thrust himself under water, and struck out for the direction of the big raft.

When he came to the surface again it was in the more prolonged glare of the approaching conflagration, that prolonged for a considerable time. He flung the rapidly warning water from his face, choose a point several hundred feet from the raft, and with quick powerful strokes, set out in its direction. For two minutes he quartered the warmer current without raising his head. Then he paused for a moment floating unresistingly with the swift sweep of the big river, and waited for another spell of fires illumination. When it came he made out the tented raft scarcely fifty or less feet away, and a little below him. In the next spell of lesser darkness he found the edge of it, and dragged himself up on the mass of timbers. The thunder of explosions and falling trees, and the sounds of axes saws and shouting men had been rolling steadily on as if a battle was going on, and Walter crouched low, hoping for one more good flash of fire light through the smoke clouds to brighten the raft. It came at last good and strong as if from the infernal regions from a mass of inkly roily cloud far to the west and north, so strong that it strongly illuminated the whole raft, showing all the tents and shelter, and giving him direction but compelling him to hide for a space also. Before this glare became obliterated by the smoke he saw the deeper shadow of the cabin forward.

For many minutes as the glare now continued he lay where he had dragged himself without making a movement in its direction. No where about him could he see any other sign of a light, nor could he hear any other sound of life. There probably was not a single soul on the raft. All of the men belonging to the raft were evidently with the rest at the work of checking the progress of the forest fire.

Walter had no very definite idea of the next step in his adventure. He had swum from the big boat largely under impulse, with no preconceived scene of action as yet urged chiefly by the hope that he would find some suspicious person in the cabin, and that something might come of it. As for breaking down the door, and rousing the suspicious person too suddenly—he had at present moment no very good excuse for that. No sooner had the thought and its objection, came to him than a broad shaft of light shot with startling suddenness through the blackness of the raft, revealing the whole raft cabin and everything else on shore as bright as day. Swift as the sudden flare itself from the fire Walters eyes turned toward the doorway of the cabin and saw a certain man suddenly disappear and heard the door slam shut. Walter held his breath in amazement, staring at the doorway, the glare now continuing without a letup and growing brighter and brighter. Walter for a moment now seemed to be measuring the forest fire possibilities. Who was in that cabin? It could not be that the general had gone in after all and did not go on shore. Maybe he could be mistaken. No word had come from the individual, and therefore there was one guess to make. It was positively certain that the general was not on the raft. He decided to hush the party. The spies of Glandelinia are usually cleverer than any one would have supposed, but he too was clever. But why seize upon an opportunity to raid the cabin on the raft. What could be their object or his object in wanting to hide himself on the raft?

He stood up on his feet and mopped the warm water and sweat from his face, while the gradually decreasing gloom hid the grim smile that came slowly to his lips. Close upon the thrill of his astonishment he felt a new stir in his blood which added impetus to his determination and his action. He was not disgusted with himself, nor was he embittered by what he thought a moment ago as the evident fact that a suspicious character was in that cabin. To be beaten in his game of hunting for important information was something to be expected, and Walter always gave proper credit to the fair winners. Just who was in that cabin, and why he was there, it was his duty now to find out.

An hour ago he had never thought of this going to happen, and now he felt that he would rather cut off a hand before allowing a Glandelinian spy to go roaming around general Arronburgs cabin. He felt no uneasiness or fear as he approached the cabin for all what Gertrude had done for him had destroyed all reason for any delicate discrimination on his part. As there was no one apparently on the raft he had no fear of chance discovery. The flames had drawn closer, but the night at one particular point would remain dark for a long time, and in his bare feet he made no sound the sharpest ears of a dog twenty feet away or five feet away might have heard. Close to the cabin door, yet in such a way that the sudden opening of it would not reveal him, he paused and listened as he said a prayer. Distinctly he heard a mans voice, but could not distinguish the words. A moment later came the laughter of another man, and for an instant a hand seemed to grip Walters heart filling it with holy rage. There was no clear and homely in that laughter. It seemed indeed to tremble in an exultation of success in some-

thing he was doing inside the cabin. Suddenly the man came nearer the door and his voice was more distinct. "I tell you comrade this will be the greatest joke of my life," he heard him say. "We are safe as no one is on the raft. If it should come to the worse, we can settle the matter in another way. I cannot but sing and laugh, even in the face of it all. And she in that very innocence which amuses me so has no suspicion, neither had her uncle or others—"

He turned and vainly Walter layed his ears to catch the final words. The voices in the cabin grew lower. Twice he heard the laughter of another man. The second one when he spoke said the words in a voice that was unintelligible. The thought that his random adventure was bringing him to an important discovery possessed Walter. The spy, he believed had been on the very verge of disclosing something which he would have given a great deal to know. Surely in this cabin there must be a window, and the window would be open—

Quickly he felt his way through the darkness to the shore side of the cabin. A narrow bar of light at least partly confirmed his judgement. There was a window. But it was almost entirely curtained, and it was closed. Had the curtain been drawn four inches lower the thin stream of light would have been shut entirely out from the night. Under this window Walter crunched for several minutes hoping that in the calm which was proceeding the advance of the forest fire it might be opened. The voices were still more indistinct inside. He scarcely heard either one, but twice again he heard the laughter of one or the other. The grim smile settled on Walters lips as he looked up at the narrow slit of light over his head. He had an overwhelming desire now to look in. After all it was a matter of military business—and his duty. He was glad the curtain was drawn so low. From many experiments of his own he knew there was small chance of those inside seeing him through the four inch slit, and he raised himself boldly until his eyes were on a level with the opening.

Directly in the line of his vision was a short man. He was seated, and his back was toward him, so he could not observe his face. He was dressed heavily, and he wore a peculiar hat. He scarcely looked at the taller man who was on his feet looking at a certain number of papers, not until the taller man reached to a desk and crumpled a small book in his big hand, and laughed. It was a laugh filled with the unutterable joy of possession. The smaller man rose to his feet, and put something into his pocket. Then he turned. His face fronted the window, and out in the night Walter stifled a cry that almost broke from his lips. For a flash he was looking straight into his eyes. His parted lips seemed smiling at him. He dropped down his heart choking, as he crouched close to the door looking over his pistol. It was hard for him to get a breath. He stared through the gloom in the direction of the boat. Gertrude Angeline his little girl scout friend was there. In her little cabin all alone on the estate was Gertrude, and how her heart would be crushed if she knew who the two were rifling general Arronburgs cabin. Within the two the cabin were the two vilest wretches he had ever known, that Nutt looking men of the Daily News. Funny side, that tall International Sp. y. And with him, was the man, small one who looked so much like "Jeff. They were dangerous he knew, but he decided to act, to surprise them, and if not capture them at least frustrate their work.

The shock of the amazing discovery which Walter Starrling had made was as complete as it was unexpected. His eyes had looked upon the last thing in the world he might have guessed at or anticipated when they beheld through the window of general Arronburgs cabin the faces of the two International Professional spies which were the most dangerous of all. The first effect of that shock had been to drive him away almost almost frantically frightened. Of course his action had been very involuntary almost without the benefit of reason as if the two spies had been the very Vivian Girls giving him such a shock, and which it was both insult and dishonor for he himself to allow to go unavenged. He realized now that he had made a very serious mistake in leaving the window too quickly. But he had no intentions of leaving the raft, for there was something very revolting, something too revolting in what he had seen, and with the revelation of it a swift understanding of the truth which made his hands clench as he sat down near the edge of the cabin waiting for them to come out so he could surprise them. The thing was not however uncommon. It was the same monstrous story as old as the war itself, but in this instance it was filled him with a sickening sort of horror which gripped him at first even more than the strangeness of the fact that he Walter Starrling was the first Gemini Member to come face to face with these famous and most dangerous of all spies, not Glandelinians either, but working in her cause for the tremendous sum of wages they receive for every attempt successful or not. His vision and soul were reaching out to the bog big boat lying in darkness on the far side of the river, where Gertrude Angeline was alone unconscious of the fraud in the boat raft. His first impulse was to fling himself in the river and race to her—his second to go back to general Arronburg, and call him forth to give the spies a good reckoning. In his own profession of man hunting he had never had the misfortune to kill any Glandelinian, but he could kill these two professional spies now for he knew and still remembered what the cowardly second-rate had tried to do to Penrod because he would not confess the hiding place of Jennie Turner. His fingers dug into the slippery wood of the log under him, his blood ran hot, he was fury stricken and

and his eyes blazed the fury of a wild enraged animal as he stared into the wall of gloom between him and the girl scout Gertrude Angeline. If she only could have known why did he not tell her and she could have made plans for causing their capture as they too were her two bit enemies. Why was he such a fool to go off alone. She is only a little girl of course, but nevertheless her nature, prowess, quickness and so good at the pistol makes her our times better than himself. Why did he do it? These were the questions which now pounded in his brain. He suddenly recalled his reference to the plans he was going to make with Evans, his apology to Gertrude Angeline, that he would not let it go for no one as it was his duty, and he saw again the queer little twist of her mouth as she let slip the hint that she was not the only one of her sex who would know whether he was successful in his enterprise. But now something struck home. Sure it can be possible, these two professional spies may know something about the reason why the flood disasters and other horrors of the war were made. But did they know more than that. And if only Gertrude could know the truth, and was with him, or could her heart on ly be filled with suspicion and fear, aggravated by his going off the boat alone, she would surely call some of her retainers and follow him to the raft.

Again Walters mind flashed back, recalling her words concerning the perilous adventure he was making or intended to make, when he first told her his story of the situation. There could be one conclusion. Angelina Arronburg knew full well those two men on the raft. If she only knew they were there. As cooler judgement returned to him, Walter refused to concede more than that. For any one of a dozen reasons, these two professional spies might have been hidden somewhere on the raft when the general came down the river with it, and it also was quite within reason, that Gertrude Angeline might have some apprehension of him if she knew he was absent from the big boat, and that possible intuition would have begun to impinge upon her a disturbing fear of something that might happen. But she had no such suspicion, and Walter knew that if she had sensed even feared that these two strangers might be on the raft, ransacking her uncle's cabin she would have been a little tigress let loose upon them in a way they would not withstand. From what he heard of her she was a little volcano when aroused despite her easy winning ways and that smile never leaving her face. She had betrayed no anxiety to him of any such dangers to her uncle's plans in the days that had passed, despite her prediction that the woods may be filled with hidden enemies on the lookout for him, she had waited eagerly for general Arronburg, like a bird she had gone to him when he came, and he had seen her crushed close in the general's arms in their meeting. It was this night that would have made the shadowings of her unrest a torturing reality if she only knew. And she would have gone to that raft as quick as she did in meeting her uncle. "My God" he thought "If I could only attract her by a single word. But the spies would see the signal and escape. So he told himself that there was no way to make Gertrude Angeline know the truth, not as he had seen it through the window of General Arronburg's cabin. Confound those spies. She had been hurt however when the general had told her he was going out into those dangerous forests to check the curse of the "red plague". He had seen the sting of it, and in that same instant he had seen her soul rise up and triumph. He saw again the sudden fire that came into her eyes, when general Arronburg urged the necessity of his haste, her saw her slim little body grow tense, her red lips curve in a flash of fear and disdain. And now as Walter thought of these two spies his muscles grew tighter, and he heaped all kinds of imprecations upon her and her war of destruction and wholesale massacre of whole countries at once in California. Angelina Arronburg might be hurt by general Arronburg's own dangerous duty, she might guess her uncle's eyes and thoughts were too frequently upon another cause--but in the glory of her child hood, and possible sainthood it was impossible for her to conceive of a crime such as he had witnessed through the cabin window. Crime it surely was, he was sure of it, for what business had those two voracious to go spying and eavesdropping upon private matters of a nation they have nothing to do with, have no business to spy upon as long as that nation is not at war with theirs. One an Italian and another a Mexican. And then suddenly like a blinding sheet of lightning out of a dark sky, came back to him all that general Arronburg had said about his niece's niece, and also what all other generals and even the Vivian Girls had said about general Arronburg and his army. He had pitied and respected general Arronburg then, he had respected this great cool eyed giant of a soldier and officer who was fighting gloriously and desperately and

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successfully in the face of a situation that would have excited the whole world. Frankly general Arronburg had told him that Gertrude had cared for him her uncle more than a parent, and with equal frankness he had told him, and revealed her confessions to him, that she knew of his fatherly love for her too, of his kiss upon her hair and of his temptation twice to fold her into his own arms. She too had told him all of her unguessed greatness, goodness and fate and yet of his his humble humbleness despite it all. Now he loved general Arronburg as if he was his own father, and these two spies, these two darn criminals-- they-- kill these two professional spies now, would he not be justified, and might not general Arronburg or his niece have an equally just desire to kill them if they knew of their presence. Suddenly Walter made a decision. He would wait until he had a chance to capture them. He knew where they would land on his leaving the raft and he would get there before they did, and expose and fight to capture them if possible. And Gertrude Angeline--

He decided to wait. Slowly he lowered himself into the warm wash of the river with another silent prayer to Our Blessed Lord, and an invocation invocation to the "Little Flower of Jesus, and the Blessed Virgin, and instead of going to the shore as he would struck out toward the other side of the raft, toward where he could watch and surprise these two arch enemies of Abba's holiness. He crossed through the darkness to the west end of the raft, but drifted with it and reached the opposite shore part of it a quarter of a mile below the Bateau, and a great sky full of flame came through them, revealing plainly the whole length of pebbly wash along the shore and throwing a great heat felt even by him on the raft. He then was tempted to crawl back to be under the window but then he felt it would not be to no advantage. He saw the window however, and noticed the narrow slit of an opening that one of those spies inside had turned the lamp very low, and therefore he rubbed his muscles until they burned. He must be fit for the coming struggle, and the knowledge of that fitness filled him with a savage elation. He must frustrate those spies, and he was not going to let all Hell's legion stop him. A good humored love of sport had always induced him to fling his boxing sports into the face of any powerful man, and Walter was equally as powerful as Evans himself. The approaching fight, was going to be the biggest physical thing that had ever loomed up in his life, either with guns, or with fists, and he yearned for the time to come when those two spies would leave the cabin and run into his path on the raft. The closest parts of the forest fires was not yet up, it seemed evident the soldiers were winning their portion of the battle, but the flush of it was searing the sky like a strong sudden sunrise pouring an equally dark night simultaneously, and therefore he listened for some sound that would prove the spies were preparing for their escape from the cabin. If Gertrude Angeline was still awake she would soon hear the conflict and sound the alarm. There was noise still ashore, the booming of explosives, the roar of many falling trees, and other indications of the fight against the approaching forest fire, and across the river he could hear the shouts and prayers of the soldiers and rangers, and through his own view he saw to the left walls of heavy gray smoke rising like a rolling canopy mountain far above the trees tree tops and he invoked all the Blessed and Saints in heaven to ask our Blessed Lord to aid them in checking the course of the terrible plague of fire.

All this time Walter waited, tense so with the desire for action to begin. He sensed no premonition of evil about to befall him when the unequal encounter between the spies both of whom too were powerful, and never such a his body was alive for the combat. He thrilled with an overwhelming confidence, trusting their purpose, an almost dangerous self conviction of approaching victory in spite of the odds in weight and brute strength, which would be pitted against him. A dozen or more time he listened at the bulkhead of the raft between him and Angelina Arronburg, and though he managed to have secured some needed her assistance, and needed it badly he thought if he was to at least

to capture the two spies, and make them confess if they knew anything about the origin of the flood and other great disasters of the past months. It was eleven o'clock that night, when he heard one of the men come close to the door, and ask if his smaller companion was ready to go. Then the tall man appeared and found himself suddenly confronted by Walter. He met "Mr. Mutt" faced him, with pistol drawn. For an instant the eyes of the two men met, and then swift as lightning, his arm shot out, and knocked the pistol out of Walters hand, but still simultaneously, Walter struck with the flat of his hand struck the spy a terrific blow squarely in the middle of the face or between the eyes. The sound of the blow was like the smash of a paddle on smooth water. As the spy staggered back flung almost from his feet by the force of the blow, a subdued cry of amazement broke from him. And then in another flash, the spy had caught himself and whirled like a wild beast. Every muscle in his body was drawn for a gigantic overwhelming leap, his eyes blazing, the fury of a beast was in his face. Walter waited prepared to meet the rush of a madman. Yet he knew that at least in one way he had met his match in this international spy. In the splendid service of which he was a part he had known many men and soldiers, even spies of both sides of iron and steel, men whose nerve and coolness not even death could very greatly disturb. For a flash he had transformed the chief of the Glandelinian spies into a volcano which broke into savage fury, yet neither the crash nor the destruction had come, for he directly gave him good and heavy blows in quick succession that seated him every time. The spies face darkened. He drew back half a dozen steps, and cried out a word to his companion to come out and help him. Walter wondered what his chief general Dargar would say if he saw him now, backing away slowly from one man and then the other, as either one or the other giant advanced upon him, for he knew his face might be betraying to the two scoundrels anxiety and indecision. Very slowly, yet with eyes that seemed to shift uneasily, he watched his trick and the effect of it on either spy. Twice one or the other man followed him about the rounds of the raft. A third time Walter maneuvered his retreat. And then:

A howl broke out in the middle of the smaller spies throat. Swifter than anything Walter had leaped in at him first. The bigger one saw him strike. He heard the terrific blow. They saw the "Jesse Jeffs" head rock back as if struck from his shoulders by a club and he saw and heard another blow, and a third like so many flashes of lightning, and he went down as if shot. The man the two had laughed at was no longer a hopping sparrow. He was waiting bent a little forward, every body in his muscles in his body ready for action now against the taller man. As the bigger man rushed him, the "Jeff" fellow staggered to his feet. His mouth and bleeding and choked with splinters, and a great lump was beginning to swell over his eye. A deadly vengeful fire blazed in his face as he also rushed like a mad bull at the powerful opponent who had tricked and mortified and humiliated him. This time Walter did not retreat but held his ground and a yell of joy went up from "Mutt" as the mighty bulk of the smaller spy descended or rushed upon his adversary. It was an avalanche of brute force, apparently crushing in its apparent destructiveness, and Walter seemed to reach for it as it came upon him. Then for two minutes there was a quick succession of raining and tremendous blows interchanged like seen of a prize fight, then Walters head went down, swifter than a diving goby, and as "Jeffs" arm swung like an oaken beam over his shoulder, his own shot straight for the others mouth. It was a bulls eye blow with the force of a pile driver behind it, and there was a perfect shower of teeth at his feet. "Jeff" roared like a demon rushed him again and almost caught Walter on the side of the head, but his own fist caught him on the pit of the stomach and the crowd that forced its way out of "Jeff" "Jeffs" vitals was heard plainly by "MUTT". His weight stopped his arms opened, and through that opening, Walters fist went a second time for the others jaw, and the second time the spy sprawled out upon the logs. And there for a moment he lay and made no effort to rise. "MUTT" with his great mouth open stood for an instant as if the blow had stunned him in place of his master spy. Then suddenly again he came to life and once more rushed at Walter himself. For Walter the opportunity was too tempting. He swung and with a grunt the gorilla like body of "Mutt" rolled over that of the second chief of Glandelinian spy spies. This time Walter did not wait but followed up so closely that the rescal had scarcely gathered the crook out of his knees when another blow on the jaws sent him into the end again. Three times he tried the experiment of regaining his feet, and three times he was knocked down. After the last blow he raised himself groggily to a sitting posture, and there he remained blinking like a stunned giant with his big hands clutching the rounds of a log.

He stared up unseeing at Walter who waited over him, and then suddenly at the cabin, and the shore and muttered something incoherent as his head wobbled and "Jeff" himself seemed to hear it, for he stirred and raised himself slowly, until he was also sitting in the sand staring at "Mutt".

It was about twelve o'clock when one of the shore men saw the fight and raised a hue and cry. Walter joined him, even shouting "Miss Angelina Arronburg! Miss Angelina Arronburg! Two spies on your Uncle's raft." quickly men on the shore joined him. The uproar seemed to bring the spies back to their

enses. They staggered to their feet, and staggering in to the cabin closed and locked the door. Walter tried to follow but a minute later saw the two men swimming to the opposite shore, and suddenly a portion of the cabin burst into flames. Walter would have plunged in, but as soon as they were across the two started a dangerous pistol fire, which kept him from his intention. Finally they were gone and Walter swam for the Christian side of the shore, while a large number rushed for the raft to extinguish the fire in the cabins he swam to the shore. Walter was sure he caught the slight movement of a curtain at the little window of Gertrude's cabin in the glow of fire light. He raised his hand, and at that the curtain was drawn back entirely, and a moment later she was on deck, signalling to her own scouts, and shouting to some other men to get out the cabin fire. There was great excitement, but the first concern was rapidly getting the blaze under control. The raft was swarming with the men, and on the shore side of it had gathered a crowd of excited men.

It seemed odd to Walter that over the incident they should remain so quiet, when he knew the natural instinct of the soldiers of Arronburg's army was to voice his emotion at the top of his lungs. He spoke of this to one of the soldiers who shrugged his shoulders and grinned.

"There was no man of general Arronburg's," he explained. "Hoon general, hee hee no men make hee noise at--what you call hee incident of ze burning cabin--what you call hee some one make hee fight with some persons on ze raft. And if hee catch hee there was goin to be hee gran fun-o-ral, Colonel."

"I see," Walter nodded. He did not grin back at the others humor. He was looking at the crowd of smoke begried soldiers. A giant handsome figure had appeared out of the center of it, and was coming slowly down to the river. In it was general Arronburg. Scarcely had Walter reached the shore, when he leaped forward to meet him. Behind general Arronburg came Jack Evans. He was stripped to the waist his clothing having been burned off from him, and he was knarped from the knees down. His gorilla like arms hung huge and loose at his sides and the muscles of his hulking body stood out like carved mahogany in the glimmering flicker of fire. He was like a prize, a human creature of monstrous power, tall and straight as a st. stick, something good and fantastic to look at, for wicked enemies to back away from, to fear. Yet Walter though he saluted both scarcely noticed him. He met general Arronburg, faced him and stopped--and he had gone swiftly to this meeting--so that the chief of all Christian generals was within earshot of many of his men. General Arronburg was smiling. He held out his hand as he had held it out before in the baten u cabin, and his big voice boomed out a greeting. In his hurry to explain the situation Walter did not even look at the extended hand, and then swift as lightning, he said--

"General You have been spied on, hoodwinked. Your cabin has been raided. I fought the spies, but they shot it out with me and escaped into the woods after setting the cabin on fire."

The news was as if Walter had struck him a terrific blow squarely on the back. Not a single soldier within sight but heard it, and as General Arronburg staggered back, a subdued cry of amazement broke from the waiting men. Evans stood like one stupefied. And then in another flash the general had recovered himself. Before all his army he had suffered the deadliest insult that could be offered a man of his country--a treacherous blow struck by the traitor raid of the spies. Anything else one might and will forgive, but not that. So much a man if not avenged or stopped was a brand that passed through his whole army and even child scouts would call out "White Feather--White Feather" or "You have the back bone of a jelly fish--You have the backbone of a jellyfish" or "Yellow back--Yellow back", or "Gold foot susie--Gold foot Susie" to the man who was coward or foolish enough to receive such a raid without resentment. A rumbling growl rose in the throat of Evans in that moment, when it seemed as if General Arronburg could about kill the man who had struck him thus--in the back. He saw the prickle of his own plane gone in a flash for he too had something important in the cabin. In a moment both were on the raft, with one of the men and Walter entered the cabin. No, thank God nothing was missing. The spies had not taken anything, but they might have duplicated and so the original had been changed. For a moment Walter saw a mighty struggle in the soul of general Arronburg. The giant held himself back. The fury of rage died out of his face but his great hands remained clenched as he said for Walter alone--

"That was a playful blow for you Walter. It was a joke from you spy!" "It was on you, general," replied Walter. "You were raided by a cowardly spy--a skunk, who put a little boy once in a barn with pottymakers because he would not tell a secret. I came to this raft to fight in seeing a suspicious light in the cabin, looked through your window, and saw what happened there. They were not fit for a decent man to fight with, yet I fought them, and they escaped and tried to burn the cabin."

General Arronburg's eyes widened, and for a breath or two he stared at Walter, as if looking into him and not at him. His big hands relaxed. Then he looked behind the transformation in a moment, they were amazed for of all he waited only the general and Evans had heard Walters words, though they had heard and so seen the evidence of false work on the raft.

"You swim to the raft" repeated the general in a low voice as if doubting what he had heard. "You looked through the window and saw—"

Walter nodded. He could not cover the sneering position in his voice, his contempt for the man who escaped him.

"Yes I looked through the window. And I saw those International Profounders of spies who resemble 'Mutt and Jeff,' the lowest spies raiding your cabins."

The general suddenly turned to his son.

"STOP, those spies if possible. Go across the stream, follow their trail through the woods, and do not come back without them."

And the general's voice broke out of him like the sudden crash of thunder. His face was livid, his eyes shooting flames. Then he controlled himself with a mighty effort. And then as if he saw something which Walter could not see he tried to smile, and in that instant Walter caught a grin cutting a great slash across the face of Jack Evans. The change that came over general Arronburg now was as swift as sunlight coming out from a shadowing stormcloud. A rumble grew in his great chest. It broke in a low note of curiosity from his lips, and he faced the boat in the river.

"Colonel you did it because she befriended you, and for my sake too. Is that it? You went and fought to save plans—"

"For the cleanest, finest little girl scout who ever lived, your niece, for you and for your Blessed Country."

"It is grand," said general Arronburg as if speaking to himself and still looking at the big boat. "Yes it is very grand, Angelina it is grand. A foreigner has told you he loves our country, and you too as if you were his child, and he had secretly kissed you, and then held you in his arms—and now he fought two spies stepped in sin, spying for a business not of their own and fought them to defend your, and my plans and Evans from capture and so succeeded. So what else can I do but recommend him to a reward. Vivian! I must reward him. I must reward him until he cannot climb any higher. And then I will send him back to win out his mission and receive all the help he needs, and for that blessing he has willingly fought two dangerous spies. Is it not so, Colonel? He was willing and no longer excited when he turned to Walter. "Colonel, I will reward you. And also the wagers shall stand. And in this hour let us be good and honestlike men, and make confession. You love Abigail and this country and all in it including Gertrude and the Vivian Girls as your own? Is it not so? And I—I love my country and all in it as I love no one else in the world, and still better our Blessed Lord who had done us so much good in our holy cause. No as soon as you will have it let us straighten the thing out. If the spies are captured we'll make them pay. Evans in the meantime slouched away like a beaten scold to explain to his own officers of what had occurred on the raft, and as that news spread like the fire itself in the fir tops, there came but a single response—shriill and terror and that was from the throat of the insane women."

And now general Arronburg was smiling again, and now he betrayed no sign of the tempest of passion that had swept him a few minutes before. His cool steady eyes had in them a look that was positively friendly. The general spoke in a low voice to Walter.

"Colonel it seems a shame that you should have had to fight these men alone. I like you. I have always loved a man who would have fought to protect a woman, but to fight and protect the property of a general and his niece, a little child too makes me see reason as I never saw it before, and as they might have done, nor had they destroyed your beauty. Yet if these spies had first observed you spying through the window tonight, they would have killed you with as little time as possible, for as regards us and you their disposition is terrible. We have contempt for such men, such infamous men who being foreigners spy for our own enemy just to get rich and not for the sake of even her cause."

"I believe they are ready for the pursuit, general," said an officer. "The others have gone before."

For another moment general Arronburg hesitated as he thought of what horrors those woods might contain for any pursuers so long into them.

"I'm so sorry to take the chances but we must—"

"Are you ready, general?"

"In such a situation it is not fair, and if anything happens she will not forgive me. Well we let them go, but warn them that if anything does not look right, in case of a smoke of the fire to make themselves a marked trail so they can find their way back. It is like three hundred miles fighting a child to go out into those dangerous woods now."

Then at the general's command they were off. Then he listened as Walter told of the scene on the raft. At the sound of the colonel's voice the men grew tense, and the attitude of the listeners was not one of uncertainty or of very great expectation in spite of the staring faces and muscular tightening of the line. He knew what was passing in their minds and in the low whispers from lips to lips. They were listening, and the unusual scene of the fight and its result struck home even to Jack Evans.

After this, Walter picked up his hat which was left on the raft, and with the general he returned toward the Boat in a long rowboat. There was

demonstration behind them, and to Walter the whole thing had been a clear mistake and he was not at all reluctant to get off from the raft as quickly as his dignity would permit. Before he got off the "Mutt and Jeff" followers offered to show the general on shore and put a further dangerous bet upon his prowess. But he wanted to laugh, and he thanked God at the top of his voice for the absurd run of good luck that had made his triumph not only easy but utterly complete. He had expected to win, but had not expected such a terrific fight before the last blow was struck.

And there had been a great fight. And yet he was returning to the boat without a single scratch, his hair scarcely ruffled, and he had defeated both of the spies, and most disgracefully and removed nearly all the front teeth of one of them. It was inconceivable—and yet it had happened—a veritable burlesque, an opera bouffe affair, that might turn quickly into a tragedy.

If either the Mutt and Jeff "Spies" or their followers suspected the truth of it. For in that event tonight have to face them again in a terrific gun fight with the bad luck all on his own side, and he was honest enough with himself to confess that the idea no longer held either thrill or desire for him. Now that he had seen both the "Mutt and Jeff" in battle against him, he had no further desire for another encounter with them. After all their was a great merit in caution, and he had certainly the aid of heaven just at the present moment. He was a bit suspicious of the attack of the affair.

The spies might demand a re-hearing when they had the opportunity.

Not until they were half way to the boat did Walter dare to glance over the shoulder at the man who was paddling, to see what effect the scene had on him. He was also a big mounted clear eyed powerfully muscled fellow, and he was grinning from ear to ear.

"Well what did you think of it comrade?"

The other gave his shoulders a joyous shrug.

"Gee great. Have you heard of one man named Joseph Andrews, Colonel? No. Well I am he, what a great christian spy. Evans he have sent me twenty times to spy and I made no fail. It was grand fight you won on so spies. To bad you no capture them. Many times I have seen the same thing. It was funny but you deserve one grand comess."

"Yet it is funny," agreed Walter speaking in english too. "It is a bit too funny. It's a pity I did not capture them for I felt they might know something of the information I'll be out looking for concerning the floods." Suddenly an inspiration hit him. "Joe what do you say—shall you and I go off now, and go through the adventure?"

Like a sprung trap Joe's mouth closed and the grin was gone.

"No, no," he grunted. "There is too much danger, and Joe Andrews must save his duty for other otherwise unless I'm sent. For why you wish to go don't you know? See dangerous. Angelina Arronburg, she hate so sing of her dangerous mission. Iak she hate so devil, Colonel. Take my advice and don't go."

His paddle dug deeper into the water, and Walter's heart felt lighter. He could now in the fire of glare see no one aboard the boat below when he climbed from the boat. Looking back he saw that other boats had started from the opposite shore, and that the fight was raging against the fire with redoubled energy and it was successful. Then he went to his cabin door, opened it and entered the general for a moment or so remaining outside to speak with Evans. Scarcely had the door closed behind him when he stopped, staring toward one of the nearest windows that opened on the river.

Standing in the full glow of the distant forest fire which entered the window was Angelina Arronburg not even in her night gown but in her girlscoat uniform. He was facing him. Her cheeks were flushed, and her red lips were parted. And as he looked he observed that her eyes were aglow with a fire which she made no effort to hide from him. In her hands she held or still held the binoculars he had left on the cabin table. He then guessed the truth. Through the glasses with the help of course of the fire's light she had watched the miserable fiasco. He felt creeping over him a sickening embarrassment, and his eyes fell slowly from her to the table. He held his breath when he saw what lay there. It was the entire surgical outfit of an army surgeon, and there were basins of water, and white strips of linen ready for use and a pile of medicated cotton, and all sorts of odds and ends that one might only to ease the agonies of a dying man. The evidence could not be mistaken. She had expected him to be brought back more dead than alive, for she had seen more than for him then he thought, for on shore were glendolians who would have shot him down had not the spies been in the way of their aim. They were their confederates, and she had prepared for the thing she had thought was inevitable—even his head was nicely turned down, its fresh white sheets in inviting an occupant. And Walter looking at Gertrude's face again felt his heart beating hard in his breast at the look which was in her eyes. It was not the scintillation of laughter, and the flame in her cheeks was not that of embarrassment, and neither was shame. And the ludicrousness of her misadventure had not struck her as she struck him. She placed the binoculars on the table, and came up to him slowly. Her hands reached out, and her fingers rested like the touch of velvet

"It was magnificent, splendid, and grand," she said softly. "It was more than I expected. I heard the noise of the battle while I lay down. I saw it all. It was too bad I wasn't there."

She was very near her breast almost touching him, her hands creeping up until the tips of her fingers rested on his shoulders. Her scarlet mouth so close close he could feel the soft breath of it in his face.

"It was grand and splendid, and magnificent," she whispered again.

And then suddenly, she rose up on her tiptoes and kissed him three times so swiftly it was done that she was gone before he sensed that wild touch of her lips against his cheeks. Like a swallow she was at the door, and the door opened and closed behind her, and for a moment he heard the quick running of her feet. Deliberately with that ravishing glory of something in her eyes---General Arronburg's new voice had just kissed him. On her tip toes, her cheeks like crimson flowers, she had given her still redder lips to him. And now his own lips were burning, and his heart was pounding hard and rapid. Rapidly, and he stared for a long long time like one struck dumb at the spot where she had stood by the window. Then suddenly he turned to the door and flung it wide open, and on his lips was the reckless cry for Gertrude's news. But she was gone, and at the tail of the big sweep sat only one lone soldier guarding watchfully.

Walter would have now gone to bed, but the three boats were drawing nearer, and in them were a number of men---and Walter knew that they were watchers set over by the general to keep off the spies from theateau should they dare to return. Then a fourth boat left the far shore, and when it had reached midstream he recognized them as were officers. He went back into the cabin as the general and Evans still stood on deck, and stood where Gertrude had stood---at the window. She had not taken away the basins of water, and the bandages and other things were still there and the pile of undyed cotton, and the suspiciously made up bed. After all probably he might have been losing something by not occupying the bed---and yet if the butt and Jeff spies had messed him up badly or licked him, and a couple of soldiers had begged him in between them, it was probable that Gertrude Angeline would not have kissed him. And that kiss of Angeline Arronburg would now remain with him until the day he died.

He was thinking of it, the swift warm thrill of her velvety lips, red as raspberries and twice as sweet, when the door opened and and and and General Arronburg came in the in in. The sight of him, in this richest moment of his life gave Walter no sense of embarrassment. Between him and General Arronburg rose swiftly what he had seen to night---the two spies raiding his cabin, trying mainly to rob the girl scout who lay a moment before had pressed her lips close to his, and as the eyes of the two met, there came over him a desire to tell the other what had happened, that he too might be surprised. Then he saw that even would not surprise the general, for the chief of the christian artists, standing there with his big rounded hat on had caught sight of the things on the table, and the nicely turned down bed, and his eyes lit up with sudden laughter, and his white teeth flashed in an understanding smile.

"Gracious, I see she expected you would get hurt, and was preparing to nurse you with gentle hands," he chuckled. "See what you have missed Colonel starring."

"Yes but I'll say I have received something, which even a fine nursing makes nothing whatever," declared Walter with a smiling face. "And yet right now general I have a greater interest in knowing what you think of the fight---and if you are preparing to pay for the wager."

General Arronburg was chuckling mysteriously in his throat.

"It was splendid---splendid, but it would have been much more better for you in particular if you had captured them, for they know a whole lot of what you might be seeking. And Jack Evans and I saw her run out blushing in the fire light like a red rose in July, and that she did not say a single word, or stop to greet us but flew like a bold into the shadow of the nearest trees on the shore."

"She was dismayed because I worried the spies in the fight, general....."

"No, no---she was like a lark filled with joy."

The general seated himself at the table, and heaved out a groan as he said:

"She saw the fight with the spies. And she did not have the needs to bandage you up did she? Would to heaven some of the men had captured those spies. They got away with something belong to her."

"Perhaps she can destroy her plans on that and frustrate the enemy, general."

"And I am ashamed to go to my own part---with this groan. I blow struck her and and---Colonel. And on top of that disgrace---you insist that I continue on the wager."

"I do."

General Arronburg's face hardened.

"Oh, I am to continue it. After all I tell you about the dangers of such an adventure. And do you know I am conscious of a great secret. Do you believe it is so?"

"And what is that?"

"I know the man who shot you in ambush. But after I told you---what then? Will you later on continue on the adventure, or do you recall that I gave you any guarantee Colonel? Did I say I would let you go? Did I promise I would allow you to go off into these fire swept woods where if you are not overtaken by the

flames some of the "landolinians" hidden in the wood woods may kill you and sink your body to the bottom of the river. If I did I cannot remember."

"Are all those landolinians beasts as well as murderers and---"

"Stop. Do not tell me what you saw through the window even though it has some thing something to do with this. The landolinians are worse than beasts, they are no men. Had they had the chance they would have even killed you from shore in this cabin knowing what you are after. I'm not trying to keep you from performing your duty, even though the landolinians are trying to kill you, and yet it may be necessary if you still insist on going out of the proper time. You understand Colonel. To allow a soldier to go out on a rash and suicidal adventure is a greater crime of the military government, than of preventing him to go under such necessary conditions. I am hop helpless otherwise. I must pay the wager when you win, but before you even go when you do, it is fair that I give you timely warnings."

"You mean?"

"I mean nothing as yet. I cannot say what it will be necessary for me to do after you have heard what I know about the ones who shot at you from ambush. I am quite settled on a plan just now, Colonel but the plan might change at any moment. I am only warning you that your adventure is the greatest hazard on all record, and that you are playing with a fire of which you know nothing whatever because it has not burned you yet."

Walter seated himself slowly in a chair opposite the general, with the table between them.

"You are wasting time in attempting to frighten me general," he said.

"When the proper time comes I'll proceed on the adventure even through hell if need be. Yet who are the ones who shot at me?"

For a moment the general was clearly troubled. Then his lips tightened, and he smiled grimly over the table at Walter.

"I am sorry Walter. I like you as if you were my own son. You are a fighting man and no coward, and only fate being against you caused your failure in capturing those so spies. I should like to travel shoulder to shoulder with you in all things, and such a thing will be, for you do not understand yet. I tell you it would have been many times better for you, had you captured those two spies."

"Well it is the spies I am interested in, general. Why do you hesitate?"

"I hesitate. I am not hesitating Colonel. I am giving you a chance. He leaned forward, his great arms bent on the table. "And you insist Colonel Star ring?"

"Yes I insist."

Slowly the fingers of General Arronburg's hands closed into knotted fists and he said in a low voice.

"Then I will tell you my secret Colonel. Those two International spies know a whole lot of who are responsible for the floods and other disasters. They know it all, and the ones who gave orders for such disasters to be made. They are even responsible partly in it themselves. And---and---they are the ones who shot at you in ambush, and when Gertrude and her scouts drove away and of which one, she said she wounded."

The astounding statement of the great general who sat opposite him held Walter Starring entirely speechless. He had guessed some mysterious cause of his being so treacherously shot at, because he was going on an adventure for certain information the whole world itself was looking for and which he himself was after, but did not suspect this, and general Arronburg with his hands unclenching, and a slow humor beginning to play about his mouth waited coolly for him to recover from his amazement.

In those minutes, when his heart seemed to have stopped beating, Walter was staring at the other, but his mind had shot beyond him---to the girl who was the general's niece. Angeline Arronburg who had saved him when nearly killed by these two rascally spies. He wanted to cry out against the possibility of such a fact that those were the men who had ambushed him, yet he sat like one struck dumb as the monstrous truth took possession of his brain, and a whirlwind of understanding swept upon him. He was thinking quickly, and with a terrific lack of sentiment now. Opposite him sat general Arronburg, almost the wholesale loser of important documents in his cabin because of those two spies, and he Walter Starring was almost the victim of them also. Angeline Arronburg the general's niece had lost her important papers. Jennie Turner, was one simply of her kind, and he'd have given anything if she too was with him on the raft during the fight. And general Jack Evans the soldier scurrier, and the poor broken woman, and all the homeless army were of general Arronburg's breed and kind, and suffered at the hands of these two dastardly spies. Love for the country had proven to him the facts which now crowded upon him sadly. Like a lamb the general and his army might have fallen among dangerous wolves. A fighting coolness possessed him as he spoke to general Arronburg.

"I will admit that this is a tremendous surprise. And yet you have cleared up a number of things very quickly. It proves to me again that comedy is not very far removed from tragedy at times."

"I am glad you see the humor of it Colonel Starring," general Arronburg was

deem dream that came to him it was the spies who again faced him in battle, and he awoke with that dream a thing of fire in his brain. The day light was not yet showing itself and the flush of the fire glow was just peering the sky along the horizon, and he dressed quietly and carefully listening for some sound of awakening beyond the bulkhead. If Gertrude Angeline was awake she was very still. There was shore noise on the christian side of the shore, and across the river he could hear the singing of thousands of men, and through his window he saw the distant fire smoke still rising above the far distant tree tops. The forest fire evidently was following. It was an ore orderly who brought him his breakfast and it was Gertrude who returned for the dishes half an hour later. After that Walter waited, tense with the desire for new adventure, but the boat had been going all night and there had been no letup in the steady creaking of the long sweepers, even in the swifter current, Walter could hear the working of it, and he knew he had seen the last of the more slowly moving raft. Near one of the partly open windows he heard two men talking just before the bateau shot into the wider section of the stream. They were strange voices. He listened and shot into the Arnonburgs raft was made up of forty five cribs seven abreast, and that time times when the river was too narrow for the huge raft, the huge craft had been split up so that each crib could be run through the narrow part by itself.

That would be a big job indeed, Walter assured himself. It would be very slow work as well as greatly hazardous, and as his own life was in no immediate jeopardy as long as he obeyed orders he would have ample time to in which to formulate some plan of action for himself. At the present time it seemed for his own good the one best thing for him to do just now was to have patience and wait according to general Jack Evans instructions. When Walter began to think about the situation, he felt sure there was a saving element of humor about it all for he had always wanted to make a trip down the big Mio-Hollesater Run River in a big boat, and now he was making it.

At noon a guard brought him his dinner. He was not sure whether he had ever seen such an Abbeemian soldier before, for he was a tall lithe fellow built to run like a deer, and who had beside his rifle and pistol a most murderous looking knife at his belt. As the door opened Walter, caught a glimpse of three others. They were business like looking soldiers, with a muscled built for hard work and fight, one sitting cross legged on the bateau deck with a rifle over his knees, the other standing with a rifle in his hand, and the third with a shouldered musket with bayonet attached pacing up and down before the door. Instead of appearing to be guarded from enemies he looked more as if he was a prisoner. But general Arnonburg knew Walters peril and was guarding against it, for twenty times suspicious persons during the night had set up a storm of rifle fire at the barge which the guards had returned with telling effect. The soldier who brought his dinner wasted no time for words for guards under duty were not supposed to talk to any one without necessity.

He merely nodded, murmured "Good day" and went out. And as he began to eat, Walter did not have to tell himself twice that general Arnonburg had been particular in his selection of the guards, and that the eyes of the soldiers he had seen could be as keen as a hawk when leveled over the tip of a rifle barrel. They meant business in his behalf. It was another guard and a stranger who brought in his supper, and for three hours after that, until the darkness came on, there being no sunshine that day the boat continued to speed down the river. It had made about sixty de ho miles during the night and day, he figured.

It was still twilight however when the big bateau was slowly run ashore, and tied up, but this night there was no sound of voices or wild commands and shouts or singing of men. Walter looking through his window, there was an oppressive silence about it all. The shadowy figures ashore were like a death watch than a guard, and to dispel the gloom of it he lighted two of the lamps in the cabin, whistled, and as a solemn chord he knew on the organ, and finally settled down to smoking his pipe. He would have welcomed the company of general Jack Evans or one of the guards, or Gertrude and as his loneliness grew more and more on upon him there was something of companionship even in the subdued voices he heard occasionally on the outside. He tried to read an Abbeemian newspaper but the printed words jumbled themselves and meant nothing.

It was eight o'clock, and again the smoke clouds of forest fires had once more darkened the night, when through his open windows, he heard a shout coming from some distant point down the river. Twice it came before it was answered from the bateau, and the second time Walter recognized it as the voice of general Arnonburg himself. A brief interval passed between that and the scraping of a boat alongside, and then there was a low conversation, in which even general Arnonburgs great voice was subdued, and after that the sound of the turn of the doornob, and the general himself came in bearing a large basket under his arm.

Walter suddenly rose to meet and greet him, and saluted. Yet Walter was surprised for it was not like the coming of the old fashioned general, and on the general's lips there was not the slightest sign of a smile, not could Walter observe in his eyes any sign of the flash of good natured greeting. His face was

was darkly and fiercely stern as if he had traveled far and hard with his army on either an unpleasant march or a retreat, but in it there was no shadow of any kind of earning or remorse, as there had been in that of general Jack Evans. It was rather the face of a tired man, and yet Walter staring saw and knew what he saw was not physical exhaustion. General Arnonburg possessed something of the thought Walter had in his brains, and his mouth for an instant opened and he said:

"Yes, I have been having a rough time on the roughness of all in my born days so far," he nodded. "Three times I was snipped at by hidden enemies who probably thought I was you. This basket is for you."

He placed the basket on the table. It held nearly half a bushel, and was evidently filled to the curve of the handle, and what lay in it was hidden under a cloth securely tied about it.

"And you are partly responsible," he added stretching himself in a chair with a gesture of weariness. "The Glandelinian snipers are trying to kill you even from your cabin, Walter. I can see it for the marks of bullets against your cabin door and walls, and of the testimony of the guards that they had a 'Hot night' last night, and used about six rounds of a munition answering the steady running fire from the other shore. And in spite of the fact that even I was fired on I bring you good things to eat. Half the day my noise has been fussing with the things in the basket, and then insisted that I also bring them to you. And I have brought them simply to tell you another thing, something good for your ears. I am sorry that we all have to go through this, and I am sorry for her too, and you, and I believe Colonel Starring you will find as many tears in the basket as anything else, for her heart is crushed and sick because of the humiliation she felt and steel feels every time she thinks of the past disasters, and of what she herself had seen soon."

He was twisting his big rough hands, and Walters own heart went sick as he saw the furrowed lines that had deepened in the others face. The general did not look at him as he went on.

"Of course she told me. She tells me everything. And if she knew I was telling you this in particular, I think she would feel much better. But I want you to understand. She is more than what you might think she is. And that kiss she gave you last night for defeating the two Professional spies came from the lips of one of the best little girls God ever made, Colonel Starring."

Walter, with the blood in his now running like fire, heard himself answering. "I know it. She was excited, glad I had not been injured by the scoundrels." This time the general smiled, but it was like the smile of a man suddenly grown forty years older at once. "Don't try to answer now Colonel. I only want you to know she is as pure as the saints, and has a great popularity with Violet, and her sisters and all the best, christian generals, and the nation in general. It was unfortunate but to follow the impulses of ones heart is not always wrong. Everything has been unfortunate since you came. The enemy is on your trail. My warning, hers and Evans's is correct. I have to have you guarded as if you were my prisoner in stead of a guest. But I blame no one except--"

"The two professional spies."

General Arnonburg nodded. "Yes I have sent my best woodmen and runners, good day daddy longlegged fellows to trail these spies if possible. Gertrude is in the cabin on the raft now, and because of so much shooting last night, and as it might be renewed she cannot dare cross the stream to come here. But even then I cannot blame her very greatly for being careful, Colonel, for it is impossible to show yourself now without being shot at. Tell me if I am right as to your and her peril? You must know. You have come to love her as well as you love the Vivian girls. Do you believe she too can be in peril?"

"It seems very unfair," protested Walter. "Angelina Arnonburg is your niece. General, is it possible she is too in danger?"

"Yes I fear so."

"And you too?"

"I'm afraid so too. You must know these two International Professional spies are so different from other spies, and they have no ways of the enemy either. One of them, the smaller fellow with the Jeff face is a spainard and the taller man from Italy. They have spanish and Italian ways. That makes them both dangerous. Therefore we have to look out for them both. I love Gertrude too much to allow such perils to come near her and therefore the raft cabin is guarded like your own. Is it possible for a big heart like mine not to do that? Colonel!"

With almost a snort Walter rose to his feet and stared through one of the windows into the darkness of the river.

"Your Excellency," he said without turning his head. "The evidence at all Abbeemian headquarters, at all headquarters of every state, city and town condemns these two Professional Spies as the two blackest hearted murdering agents of Glandelin on all records. But whatever these crimes were they are far less atrocious than the one they tried on Perrod because he refused to reveal

Walter looked through one of the barred windows

the hiding place of Jennie Turner or for now to take to them bushwhack Gertrude Angeline like you said they have done for me. I am not ashamed to confess I love her proper probably a little less than I do Violet and her sisters even, because to do it would be a like a sin. I love her so much that I would sacrifice myself to any torment or peril. If that sacrifice could bring her back to better times to care only, and keep her out of sight of those scoundrel spies whose hands are stained by the crimes for which they must hang if caught."

He did not hear the general as he came from his door. For a moment the general stared at the back of the colonel's head, and in that moment he was fighting to keep back what wanted to come from his lips in words. He turned to face Walter, faced him again and did not pause until he stood at the cabin door with his hand at the latch. There he was partly in shadow.

"I may not be able to see you again colonel until we reach within sight of a part of your goal," he said. "Not until then will you know---or will I know what is going to happen. I think you will understand strange things then, but that is for the approaching days to tell. General Evans has explained to you that you must not make an effort to even show your face at the door or window too much. You would regret it and so would I. Two of your guards were killed last night and four hurt. If you have red blood in you, colonel---if you would understand a little that you cannot understand now---wait as patiently as you can. I'll send enough long-legged men into those woods to run the snipers to---will you wait Colonel. Staring and pleasant dreams."

"Good night your Excellency" nodded Walter.

In the pale shadows he thought a mysterious light of gladness illuminated the general's face before the door opened and closed again leaving him once more alone. With the going of general Arronburg, also went the oppressive loneliness which had gripped Walter, and as he stood listening to the low voices outside the undeniable truth came to him that he liked this man more than he ever did before. He was a general warning him still about his peril and to look out for these professional spy scoundrels, and he felt irresistibly the impulse to love and respect him, and to feel sorry for him. He made:

He made no effort to shake off the feeling, and he knew more than one good Christian general had always warned him and his friends or even the vivacious girls to look out for unseen perils. And stirred by this impulse he knew that the evidence of his peril was a sure fact.

But his loneliness was gone. With the visit of the general had come a new unexpected thrill, the revival of an almost feverish anticipation the promise of impending things, that stirred his blood as he thought of them.

"You surely will understand strange things then," the general had said, and something in his voice had been like a key unlocking mysterious doors for the first time. And then "wait as patiently as you can."

Out of the basket on the table seemed also now to come to him a whispering echo of the same word "wait." Therefore almost cautiously, bashfully he laid his hand upon it, and then a pulse of life came with the longed-for whispering. It was from Gertrude Angeline. Also the warmth of her hands seemed to be there still, and the sweet breath of her perfume seemed also to come to him as he removed the cloth. In the next moment however he was trying beginning to laugh at himself and trying to call himself a fool for it was the breath mostly of the newly baked things which she had made, especially she favored "hot cakes" he said he liked so well, besides hams, and everything else that will make your mouth water.

AN ADVENTURE THROUGH THE RED PLAINS..... WHAT GENERAL ARRONBURG THOUGHT OF IT.

NEVER before had Walter felt the strange inspiration of her presence more strongly than in a moment. To him it was like being in the presence of some celestial being. He could not explain or even try to explain to himself why the visit of general Arronburg had broken down his loneliness feelings which seemed so insurmountable over a hour or so ago. Any kind of an analysis was not possible, because he knew the transformation within himself was without a single shred of reason. But nevertheless it had come to him, and with it his strange peril whether within or without took on another form. Where before there had been thought of leaving disregarding advice and go on his advance, and a scrambling to locate that information if he had to kill every Glandelinian he captured to do so, there filled him now in a intense desire to reach the point general Arronburg was heading for.

It was far after midnight when he went to bed, because for a time he stayed up to watch the distant movements of the glows of distant forest fires, and knew by their appearance they were becoming tremendous. He however was up with the early dawn one of the guards waking him. He at first scolded the guard saying:

"Why its night time you boob. It's only midnight."

"Midnight no eye" said the guard. "Its after ten o'clock in the morning. There is so much smoke from forest fires that to day there is no daylight."

This surprised Walter, but in looking out of the window he could see by the small lights of bonfires on the sandy shore the army of men were preparing their breakfast. Wait Walter was somewhat apprehensive, even though he was eager for the days work to begin, and for the army to continue its march, and in that eagerness he pounded on the door and called to one of the guards that he was ready for his breakfast with the rest of them,, but that he this time only wanted coffee to go with what general Arronburg had brought to him in the basket basket the evening before.....

That afternoon the big boat passed the thick sections of the Mt. Hurraria sections of the Laramie and almost impenetrable Mt. Hollister Woods, and before the time for the sun to be well down in the west arrived, though of course all day there was intense midnight darkness Walter staring through shining lights of the distant conflagration saw the thick slopes of the north branch of the far distant Borden Hills, and the rising peaks of the nearest sections known at the St. Ann and St. Marys heights all crowned with forests which at many points seemed strangely shrouded with dark fogs as if they were volcanoes going to erupt. He felt uneasy as he thought of these sections evidently being in the path of the "Red Plague" and when the fire should come up "Good night" How his eyes would have popped if he could have been on a higher elevation and would have had a view of those same hills. These hill sides were afire in a most terrific conflagration but just now the smoke was so thick that the glow of flames did not pierce them. These ridges afire really caused the prolonged darkness of the day. He had no inclination however to leave the boat to see how the situation lay. He'd sooner chance a forest fire than Glandelinian snipers as the peril from them he felt sure was more certain. He wanted to go on and with a still more growing uneasiness he saw there was no intention on the part of the crew of the bateau or of the army to alter on the way. There had been no stop at noon, and even with the approach of night the bateau was not to be tied up on shore. For twenty four hours the bateau had traveled steadily and swiftly, and it could not have made less than one hundred and twenty miles as the river ran. The big raft, Walter figured, had not traveled a third of the distance and he feared it may be overtaken if the fires came up again. Never once had the wind changed direction to turn the horror another way. Always the same course the fire had swept growing worse and worse every hour.

The fact that the bateau's progress would bring him to some point far out of reach of the forest fire before long, before the main army or the general could arrive on the raft did not check his uneasiness. It was this interval between their arrivals which held a great speculative promise for him, and the action of the fire storm seemed about to frustrate this for him. In that time if his luck had not entirely deserted him, he would surely make discoveries of importance, but what made him wonder was why did his enemies have the nerve to risk the dangers of the forest fires also to try and get him from ambush every inch of the trip, for as long as he was awake day or night never did the sounds of shots from shore camps, or the new wing came from the guards, and he could count the number of bullet holes on the wall inside the cabin where they had come in through the windows.

Day after day the journey continued without rest, and so the distant and near shots along the fourth day after leaving the scene of the point where they met with the general's army, it was Jack Evans again who brought in Walter's supper, and he granted a protest at the long and desperate efforts of so much of the army hundreds of thousands of men unable to check off the course

One day about a hour or so later Walter looked through one of the barred windows

of such a big fire. When Walter questioned him, he shrugged his shoulders and said dispassionately: "Heem o me bang foire, bougeest foire that has made us bang a sweep over so forest since we war begun. I no lak but here can not be help. We must make us trust in Blessed Virgin and our Blessed Lord. Nothing else can make us bang a sweep."

At this time the bateau was crossing the main stretch of the big river, slipping past the region of the fat & distant Mic-Allister Run, where it entered the bigger lakes far beyond. All this time there hardly had not been any thing we could call day light, and the darkness was oppressive and the atmosphere unusually warm. The thermometer on the boat sometimes registered from ninety six to one hundred and five. Two hours later the bateau entered the portion of the river where it swelled out like a great and wide lake, of very enormous extent, gathered this lake on both sides by enormous forests. That night the rejoicing of the men ashore was that of men who had come out from under a strain and were throwing off its tension for the first time in many days. A great fire was built on the sandy shore, and after they piled wood upon it, a number formed an altar from big box boxes and the like and thought though it was evening a priest offered a Mass that the forest fires would not come up too soon. Then in the flare of this fire a smaller one was built and kettles and pans were soon bubbling and steaming over it and a great coffee pot that held three or four gallons sent out its steam laden with aromas that mingled joyously with the odor of burning balsams and cedars in the smoke laden air. Walter could see the whole thing from his window, though he looked out from the side of it for fear a sniper might take a pop at him from the opposite shore which also took in the view of the window. This time when Jack Evans came in with the supper he found the great fire was at cooking over the fire was fresh smoke steam. As there had been no firing of guns except the answering shots to that of hidden snipers on shore, he was puzzled, and when he asked where the snipers had come from general Evans only smiled, shrugged his shoulders and winked at a covey, and went out singing a hymn about the Blessed Sacrament. But Walter noticed there were never more than four men of the boat guard ashore at the same time. The rest was always aboard the bateau, watching every movement on the opposite shore, or for the alarm of a rifle flash.

And he too felt the thrill of an axe to cut working suddenly within him, and this thrill landed in swift swift running blood when he saw the men about the fire suddenly jump to their feet and go to meet new and shadowy figures that came up swiftly and indistinctly just in the edge of the forest glow. There they mingled and were lost in identity for a long time and Walter wondered if they were more of the soldiers who might have been in further advance of the fire to warn these of its swift approach. After that Evans and others quickly ceased the fire, and came over to the bateau on a boat but not to sleep. No one but Walter went to sleep that night.

The next morning Walter again woke up to find it still as dark as ever, though on the sandy shores the cook fires were again burning, though far in the distance the horizon line for an enormous extent was breaking the darkness a trifle by a time a tint of the great fire glow, and at when the voices of many men roused Walter, he went to his window and saw thousands of figures, where the night before there had been only a score. Yet in the glow of the fire on the sandy beach he was not able to recognize any of them, all being strangers, and dressed in the uniforms of Winkie Abbeemians. He however realized the significance of their presence. The bateau had been travelling southward, but the waters of the mighty river flowed southward toward Lake Kwanmilin, and the bateau was heading for this lake as from the conversation he overheard the fire was cooking on in such a tremendous sea that only in this lake would the bateau be safe now. He caught a glimpse of sixteen big tug boats a little later, and six six men to the crews of each tugboat, and after that the bateau set out slowly, but steadily downstream for the huge lake.

For hours seeing a tremendous increase in the glow, Walter was at one window or the other, with something of awe working inside of him as he saw what they were passing through—and between. He fancied the water trail was like an entrance into one part of the watery entrance so road of in "Dantes Inferno" a region of dark and unbroken horrible hellish mystery, a country of hellish darkness and horror, broken only by the strange weird reddish glow, a country possibly of earthly lost souls and eternal death shut out from the world of sunshine and beautiful forests of trees he had known. He wondered how a forest fire could make so much heavy smoke to overspread a country in darkness like this. The stream widened and widened but in the darkness he sensed the feeling and odor of steam and wondered if the water was not hot. The forests along the shore on both sides was so dense that even in daytime any one would not have been able to see into it, or through it. The tree tops revealed at times in the dazzling light of the glow hung in a tangled canopy overhead, and a glow of archaic blackness filled the channel below, so that at points where the glow did shoot through it was like filtered rays of a setting sun shining on black soil....QQ

There was no sound except the dull, clug, clug, clug of the tuben's tugboats, and the ripple of water along the sides of the bateau. The atmosphere

was very hot to day unusually hot, more like that of the great deserts of Africa, or better to say like the Death Valley of California on its hottest season. Walter kept the doors and windows closed to keep the smoke of the bateau very comfortable, and the general who had come inside to get some of the food said it was stifling.

The men on shore though they seemed to stand the heat well, did not shout sing or laugh, and if they talked it was but in low whispering tones, and often they wiped the sweat off their foreheads. There was no cry of any kind of birds or animals from ashore, and no more shots came from the opposite shore either. There was a dead silence.

And once Walter saw the face of general Jack Evans as he passed the window, and it was set and hard and filled with the look of a person having the awful superstition that he was passing through the uppermost section of the hellish country. And then suddenly the end of it came. A flood of great reddish light burst in at the windows, and all at once voices came from ahead, a shout of excitement, a yell of surprise from the bateau, and Evans himself started shouting commands in wild words from the bateau to the men on shore who answered in chorus. Walter found himself grinning despite the excitement of the moment. Yet Walter could concede that the intense darkness of the forest passage had put strange thoughts into his own heart.

The terrible fire however was branching off but before nightfall, Evans and another man came in warning Walter to stay on board the boat until further notice for they believed the heart of the conflagration was reaching the shore of the lake, but that it was through some probable chance of good luck changing its course. For four hours Walter watched the labors of the men, as they beached the raft which appeared close to the boat again on long rollers of smooth birch, and rolled it foot by foot in that intense heat outside over a cleared trail until it was launched finally into the wide lake itself. That night Walter was not hardly able to sleep as it was now even so close inside the cabin.

The following morning the river seemed to be no longer a stream, but a long wide lake, bordered on both sides by impenetrable forests, and at least the bateau was anchored about half a mile from the edge of shore near the edge of a great open in the forest with either by nature made or once cut by woodmen for a purpose. There was some excitement here then than ever, even though to day there was only twilight darkness, but never the less it was too dark for Walter to understand the meaning of it. There were many more voices. Then voices were at his door, and after a loud knock, and in answer to his "Come in" it opened. Walter saw a guard and Evans first. And then to his amazement, general Arronburg himself stood there, sitting at his and nodding good morning though he was sweating as if taking a Turkish Bath with his full uniform on. It was that time in the open door was like a warm breath from the Death Valley itself, and it was strong with the odor of pine smoke. It was impossible for Walter however to repress his amazement, and astonishment. "Welcome to my army," greeted the general in return. "You are surprised? Well I don't see out by a dozen hours--in a bar boat Colonel. It is only for your safety that I should be here to give you welcome. You will have to come with us, for the fires are due in all their fury, and will be on the water of the lake so that though it'll do no harm to the bateau you'll not be able to live on it because of the steady heat."

Behind him Evans and the guard were looking very sober, and then he came in, and the guard picked up Walter during a dawning sack and threw it over his shoulder.

Walter followed, and out in the open he sensed the heat to a very fierce degree. When he stepped ashore it was like that of an oven, and Evans and the guard being behind Walter, with four or five shadowy figures ahead, with the general walking a by his side, started on. There was no more voices, and he, and the unusually large clearing, and into it led a wide trail, which they a mile there was intense blackness over and like the roof of a cavern, nor did to the right a glow appeared. No one spoke. Even general Arronburg was silent, and at the end of a mile the trees began to open above their heads and they came not even half a mile away, was a village inside such a dangerous fire. He knew it before the general had the chance to say a single word. He raised it with the lighted windows, fully a thousand houses, without a curtain drawn, or a lighted place to be built of logs in the heart of a fire endangered wilderness, and at his side he heard general Arronburg say: "A beautiful place we struck unconsciously Colonel. I have seen this town before all built of sweet cedar where birch is not used, but the people in it must be warned. I can't see for that purpose. But we'll give the fire here after the one hour."

Magnificent. An hour or so later Walter looked through one of the barred windows

upon a world still lighted by the distant fire pines. He could see the dark edge of the distant forest that closed in the little forest town near the river and about him seemed to be a dense level land with level meadow rich brown and there the shadow of a building in which the lights by this time were dim. The smoke clouds were still thick in the sky, and a strange quietness hovered over the world he looked upon. Yet true below him floated up now and then a puff of strong tobacco smoke. The guard under his window was evidently awake, but he made no sound.

A little later he made it an undress, put out the two lights, in his room, and stretched himself between the cool white sheets on the couch couch. After a time despite the warmth in the room he managed to doze off to sleep, but it turned out to be a restless slumber filled with trouble troubled dreams. The dreams were as if he sinking into some kind of a mire, and that there was terrible frightful darkness overhead, while all around him trees, stones, water everything even the muck he was sinking into was burning. Twice the dream partly awoke him, and the second time it seemed to him his nostrils sensed a more sharper tang of smoke than that of burning tobacco, yet he did not or was not just then able to fully rouse himself, and the hours passed, and now sounds and smells that rose in the night binged themselves upon him only as a part of the troublesome fabric of his dreams. But at last—there came a tremendous shock, something which beat over these things which chilled him, and suddenly aroused him to consciousness, finally forcing him to arouse himself, open his eyes and get up.

Even before he was totally awake he found himself on his feet. It was still very dark, but he heard many voices, voices that were not subdued but filled with a wild note of excitement and cowardice. And what he sensed indeed was not that of tobacco smoke. It was heavy in his room, even though the windows were tightly closed. It even filled his lungs and made him cough. His eyes were smarting with the stinging of it.

Finally there came to him a sense of being fully awake, and with a startled cry he leaped to a window. He looked to the south and west, and gave a cry of surprise and horror. As far as the horizon line extended he looked out upon a flaming world. He saw also a long row of forested slopes far off to the right and they were one mountain of flames and smoke. With his fist he rubbed his smarting eyes. For a moment the glow was gone and he saw outside he thought it. At first the strange deepening gray which he also saw outside he thought must be the coming of dawn ghostly with that mist of smoke that had come into his room. But it was a rolling wall of well it soon at day would be called white smoke. He could see legions of shadowy men or figures of men running wildly in and out, and disappearing with strange grotesque implications on their shoulders, and he fancied he could even hear the voices of many women and children, and from beyond the edge of the forest to the west and south came the howling of many dogs, and even the howling and screech of cats. One voice suddenly rose and boomed far above the others. It was General Aronburg, and at its commands little groups of other figures shot out into the gray smoke gloom and did not appear again.

Again in the southwest and along the whole western horizon as far as eye could take in the view the sky was flashing with red, and Walter opened the window to look out. A sudden breath of air blowing hotly but gently in Walter's face told him the direction of the wind. The wind had changed direction during the night, and made the conflagration change course. The beautiful little town lay almost in the centre of the growing line of the worst conflagration that Walter had ever seen before. He saw it was coming with the speed of race horses.

He quickly dressed himself, and went again to the window. Quite distinctly now he could make out General Evans under his window running toward the edge of the forest, at the head of a large brigade of men and even boys and men of the town who carried axes, cross cut saws, and other thin as used by rangers to fight a forest fire with. It was the last of Jack Evans soldiers that he saw for some time in the open meadow, but from the front of the house he could hear many excited voices, chiefly of women and children, and guessed it was from there the finally final and desperate efforts against the fire were being directed. The wind was growing much stronger in his face and hotter, and with it came a sharper tang of smoke, and the widening light of the fire seemed to be fighting to hold its own against the deepening pall of flame lit gloom caused by the heavy smoke advancing like massive storm clouds of erasus with the wind. There then seemed to come a low and distinct sound of some kind with that wind so indistinct that to Walter ears it was like a strange unearthly murmur more than a thousand miles away. He strained his ears to hear, and as he listened there came another sound like a moaning sobbing voice far away in the distance. The sound he heard now sounded like grief, something that went to his heart, and held him cold and still. Though the sound was like the sobbing of a little child yet he knew it was not that of a child. Nor was it a woman's. It evidently was the sound of the fire hurricane far away. An army of rushing figures came out into his view, and these hurried across the meadow with weapons on their shoulders and disappeared into the timber in spreading ranks where one great solitary evergreen showed dully gray through the ever increasing veil of smoke mist. For a space of time Walter looked after them, a strange being in his own heart. It was as if he had seen an whole army of men not going into the

face of a most deadly peril, to fight back that peril, and at last he shouted out to some one to tell them it was folly. But there was no answer from under his window. Even the guard was gone. A nothing lay between him and the outside and he was down the stairs and outside in a few minutes with an ax of his own ready to help save the town. He hurled himself against the nearest tree, using the ax with powerful swings. He saw the lines of men working desperately hard, but not the thousandth of an inch could he see them winning any headway, yet he himself worked until he had brought down three trees and his ax was dull. Then he paused and studied the situation more carefully. Only one thing would avail them, and that if a big rainstorm came. Nothing else.

For about five minutes or longer after seeing the fighters being beaten by the advancing conflagration, Walter looked wildly about him, a strange and sad and heavy beating at the heart. With the doring of so many rangers it as to him as if he had seen as many innocent helpless children going to fight in the face of such a deadly peril, and losing, and at last he shouted for some of the rangers to bring back the soldiers and the towns folk. But there was no answer, except from the distant shouts of the fighters and the strange roar of the awful thickening smoke. Nothing lay between Walter and escape if he was cowardly enough to desert. But he ran over to where he saw a group of men working like mad to chop down trees, and he thrust himself among them, using his ax and staid studied the taller trees more carefully. Only one thing now would avail him and the rest of the fighters, and that was some object with which he could bring down those taller trees. He looked about him for an explosive shed but he saw not a shack for which to answer the purpose because of the fact the smoke hid things like a thick fog. Then not far off his eyes fell on something that looked like a barn. Eagerly Walter ran for it. The barn was locked but he used his ax, and hustled the lock but before he had opened the door he heard a great voice coming round the end of a building, and it was giving commands to another large party of men rushing to do battle against the advancing flames.

It a moment it was followed by general Conconthian Aronburg, who passed under a window and faced a large pine tree, as he shouted to the men to form in line and go at the fire with might and main.

Suddenly Walter called over to him, and the general turned and looked at him through the thick smoke gloom, his head bare, his arms naked, and his eyes gleaming wildly as he listened.

"A branch of the fire has went that way twenty minutes ago," Walter shouted. "It is raging in the forest toward where you see the dead spruce patch yonder. And it is going to leap the clearing general—I'm afraid—you better sent some men there, or the town is doomed, and we will all be trapped and your whole army of millions of men. Hurry general. We are going to head it off here."

If there had been other words to finish, the general would not have heard them. He was running toward the dead spruce with thousands of men at his back all with weapons necessary to stem the conflagration if possible, and Walter saw him disappear where the other men before had gone.

Walter knew the rangers trick in blasting down great trees, yet to carry out the explosives from this ammunition shed which it proved to be without a doubt without dropping any was a difficult problem, and it was nearly a quarter of an hour before he had loaded a wheelbarrow full of the most powerful blasting powder and sticks he could find. He intended to even blast great gaps and trenches in the ground by mining. He no longer had to hold his breath to hear the wild wailing moaning in the wind, and where there had been dense smoke gloom there now glared sheens of light, and black mountainous clouds, rolling and twisting over the tree tops far away of the south and western horizon forest line and east so as if mighty broods were now playing with them from behind. They piled up like thunderheads upon thunderheads, and the rolls were huge, and fantastic, and frequently pierced by flames that dart stretched across the sky at times taking it very light.

Walter now rejoined the nearest rangers, and one after another he blasted down trees. Strong this the other rangers secured explosives from the barn but it did no good, the fierce heat drove them all back inch by inch, even though they had made a good stretch of ground free from trees entirely.

Instantly Walter faced the direction taken by general Aronburg and those who had followed him, it was his purpose now to fight the flames there, and he felt as he thrust forward why he ordered all this devastation in California and elsewhere with this section of the forest fire overwhelmed that impulsive like smoke some inundation. General Aronburg had gone into the forest with 10000 men. The opportunity was here at hand, and if the fire was not stayed here either the fight might as well be given up.

Positive also that Gertrude Angeline had been left with the raft, the thought that the town might be devoured by the onrushing conflagration did not appall Walter just now, hardly he did not even worry, as long as the people escaped. The town held little interest for him now. It was to check the

And he ran toward the old dead spruce trees, bringing as much of the explosives with him as he could carry. He reached a path way which turned out to be a faintly worn trail, where it entered the thicker section of the forest beyond the spruce and here it was very narrow while the trees at many places were very close together and with brush thick with leaves hanging close to the sides of it, so that Walter now it was not in general use, and that but few feet had ever used it. He followed swiftly, and in five minutes came suddenly out into a great open thicket with smoke, where long lines of men were fighting and working like demons. It was a scene of confusion and death. A rifle shot in width, it

Here he saw despite this open which was a clearing a trail some hundred feet across and he saw that it was not sufficient to head off the fire, for it was high with brush and dry grass, and it ran in a semi circle as far as he could see through the smoke in both directions. Thus had the people of the town hoped to safeguard their property but it seemed no chance as the advancing fire was being preceded by a hurricane of wind. Walter followed the faintly beaten path, and up and down through the fog of smoke he could hear many voices, the sound of falling trees, the crash of axes, and other sounds and knew it was this great circular fire clearing that the people and soldiers and also the rangers were watching and guarding, but the fire though it had swung this way did not reach here as yet. So thick was the smoke that he could not see any one as he trailed across the clearing across the open. In a new soft path of the earth he found many footprints and he deeply made and wide apart, the footprints of hurrying men, telling him that general Arvonburg had all his followers were ahead of him, and that the general was somewhere directing the fight when he crossed the clearing. The footprints led him to a still more indistinct trail in the farther forest. It was here he knew the men were bottling and this trail he now followed went straight into the face of the fire ahead. He followed it. The distant murmur had grown into a shrieking roar over the tree tops, and with it the wind was coming stronger, and the smoke thicker. For half a mile he continued along the path, and then he stopped knowing he had come to the dead line, and he saw many men strutting in confusion before the advancing fire. Here the distant trees were rarely three feet apart, and they for miles in extent or so far as smoke and view would allow were all alike like huge lumber yards, the flames leaping way up and roffing the distant branches in their shotted tangles. Over him was a swirling chaos. The fire wind had grown into a terrific roar before which the trees tops nearest him and beyond him to the rear bent as if struck by tropical hurricanes, and in the air he breathed he could feel and sense a swiftly growing heat. For a space he stood there, as the others ran past him shouted "Run for your life you fool. The fire is beyond control." He was still standing there however breathing quickly in the face of a nightmarish peril. He did not see anything of the general. Where had he gone? What had become could it be that dragged him still further into the path of death? But had he struck aside from the trail? Was he alone in danger?

As if in answer to the questions there came from far and near of his but to the right a loud cry. It was general Arronburus voice, and as he listened, it commanded over and over again for the other men to retreat. Yet something in the cry held Walter. There was a note of terror in it, a wild entreaty that was almost drowned in the trembling wind, and the meaning that was in the air.

Walter was ready to turn back, but he had already approached too near to the red line line of death, and the clouds had already approached too near away the flames welled in the clouds themselves, yet that cry of general Avenbury urged him on like the lash of a whip. He turned back and then plunged and in the wild dangers of making no longer ill. He fought a trail under his feet three times again in a day, and then he heard the gun and the cry, and ran straight toward it. The cry he had recognized, and now he heard a great friend was ahead of him and he himself in great peril, and now the moment for Walter had passed. When danger or fear of death would have driven him back. When the general and his men had been alive and fought, he would live, and he gripped his ax and flung his blanket over his shoulder and ran straight to the top of the hill which he had to fight. He ran against his face and hands.

[illegible]

"Help we are trapped."..

Again he started northwestward through the dense spruce slopes. Enormous mountains of resinous spruce, black as ink were swirling skewed along the two sides of the giant valley and in the center now too. Under that lush pall

the use of tin on were exposed through the receptacle in which they are to be hidden from a search by the lighting of the smoke. If the tin and tin cans could be made to burn in five or ten minutes they would be completely safe, and it would take him more an hour to reach the safety of the chimney.

He could find no trace of the path of the clothing.
Again the rider in the forest wildly swung his rifle, or he hurried the slight edge of the forest of general A. substance voice..... He felt sure driven back by the fire the general and his men were running like and toward the tip of that wedge, crying out now and then for aid. And always he bent ahead until at least a mile from the riders. Walter came to the side of a narrow stream and saw what it was that made the edges of the forest, for under his eyes the stream split and two arms of it widened out, one along each shore of the stream was a wide fire clearing made by the axes of the town people, in that direction the fire had spread and was still reaching, and it was a boiling hell of fire and billowing volcanic fountains of smoke and shooting sheets of flames throwing a blinding glare and lighting the rest of the forest for miles and so greatly was the heat of it that even when he stood Walters clothing started to smoke and it parched his face and hands. Dashing himself into the stream to soak his clothing, and to dash water into his face, he found it very warm about his feet. Then he looked across on his own line of advance. The fire typhoon had passed, but the wall of smoke was not seen any away, and yet what he could see through parts of the smoke clouds was not black any more, and yet what that had been brown. It was smouldering like a furnace, the dark corner of a world was a fire, and smoke rose as if from a low filled crater. Little tongues and big death-balls and now there was no wind here - only the shimmer of a distant coming smogging farther and farther away.

And then out of that waste across the river, Walter heard a terrible cry. It was General Ansbachburg still calling--even in that waste of hopeless death--for aid. Into the deepest part of the stream he was like a piece of drift wood, and only waste water came in to drown him. He saw where General Ansbachburg had come out of the water, and where his foot had placed it as he was scouldering red hot ash and char and scouldering de vis shal. It was a terrible inferno but this trail the colonel followed. The air he breathed now was stifling hot, and filled with stifling clouds of ash, and it dust, and smoke. He could not hardly see, and he went burning shoe leather. His feet struck red hot ash under the sky skeletons still crackled and snapped like so many ears of wheat and burst hot, and his face burned, and into his nose came a smoky burning pain--then skeletons too close together to pass through and they were founded in shining flames that spread the sky like a burn and died.

The general feared the sky like a hurt wild pinto by a shattered man, smoking chimneys no longer ceiling for aid, but were crashing through the air forced to turn aside, where the general had rushed through a half-dozen times of burning debris, and a third time following where the general had gone, his feet felt the sudden stab of living coals. In another moment he would have shouted of aiding, the great general stopped where the burning forest seemed to suddenly enormous white smoke filled spaces catching the burning pillars of the standing of the black edge of a cliff, which leaped off into a scoulding fire below a wide one, and which was like a white hot volcanic crater of irreparable size, big enough to hold many real big volcanoes and it was all flames and brightly valley extending as far as one could see between two ridges one of which in the distance looked like a ridge of volcanic in eruption, and as an hour was checked with living spruce, turpentine in eruption, and the growth held only about three feet apart and washed with drenches and bushes lit of horrible death, general Arreburto stood looking, and Walter heard a strange meaning coming in his breath. His great bare arms were black and scorched with heat, his hair was burned, his shirt was burned from his shoulders. Walter of a face that was like a black mask--and when he saw it was Walter who had spoken, his great body seemed to sag--and with an unintelligible cry he pointed down.

Walter Staring saw nothing with his half blind eyes, but to his terror under his
feet he felt a sudden giving way, and the five cotton tangle of earth and roots
crushing into the hot depths below, smothered in an avalanche of white hot ash
that was rising round him. Fortunately they only went on for a distance down and
stayed there. Then his fingers clutching at the living roots, he hid with a
savage cry slinger to his feet, and looked around to find general Ambergburg a

"Fine indeed," nodded Walter. "And you!!!!!!!!!!"

"A bit scratched and a broken leg, Mitt will be around in two weeks the doctor said," he held up his padded hands. "I would have died, and the country would have lost a great man for the army of his cause if you had not carried me to the river. Jennie Turner says the nation owes you her cause for having saved it." He.

"That is what I have come to tell you about," said the general. "The instant they knew you were able to listen and comprehend both Jennie's murmur and my voice insisted that I come and tell you things. But if you don't feel well enough to hear me now."

"Go on--" almost threatened Walter Starnin.

The look of cheer which he observed in the general face had faded away, and milder saw in it the sign of sorrow which had nettled them. He turned his gaze toward the fire not through which though far away the glow of still burning fires was coming, and nodded absently.

beyond record among soldiers and rangers. The forest fire, a loan
burn started by the toll call, fully raze thousands of acres. They were
trapped and the remainder of them are badly burned and injured, when I and they were
they were reached. All the other fighters there under full force and in even though
they were injured. The total is fifteen thousand dead, and 25,000 injured
by falling trees and burned. They were burned there they had been found, injured
by retreating rangers beaten back by the forest fire even heroes and brought
in by the forest fire. Even himself was the only survivor and he was not
injured.

injured. I thought his legs as great a miracle as his arm. He was not
batter man than when I saw him will ever live. What he did was greater and
all the others; and Colonel he told me that despite the right and fast in
the first single the fire was handed off from building on Boulevard St. Omer. He
sat cornered the fire when he saw the flames sweep through the valley like an
ocean and hell fire. I was then trapped, though I did not fully understand my
 peril until I saw the calamity happening. But he was it all, and he drove
to also come to my aid he but he was out of by that enormous fire man of the
valley and squads of his own men were trapped. But he was it all over the
the threatened destruction of all my men because we were trapped. And after that
he knew how and why my men and his own and many others were trapped. And after that
word of it did he tell me until I become better. Two were trapped but not a
to Colonel. You remember that wedge of forest you saw. He did not want me on
that part of the fight. He did it alone with his own command, and he saved
that section of the forest from burning to the north. He saved the train killed
a number of men, and he was forced to retreat deeper into the dangerous forest
A falling tree crushed one of his men out of shape, and his mind went at the
same time, so that he fled into the forest and disappeared in the wild hurricane
of fire. That is the kind of man we want, brave. That is the kind about you should
have for a friend. Jamie Turner. She is great.

"Jennie Turner," cried Walter. And who is the other?"

"My darling Naice, who has a missing and lost sister."
"Lost sister?"

"Yes."

"The Anna Aronburgs!"

"Yes but for my sake and here don't tell a soul what I'm going to tell you. That boy Radcliffe who goes about with Peirce is her in disguise."

"It is the truth," said General Arrunburg, "and do not know what you say."

"It is the truth," said General Arnonburg. "And Arnonburg displayed as that boy in also my niece--and Jennie Turner--whom you saw carrying you--"he handed smiling into Walters aching eyes, taking full measure of recompense in the others heart breaking attitude as he waited----"Is my cousin, Colonel Starbuck, my youngest and nearest cousin."

"Yes my cousin said the same."

THE my cousin, and the bravest hearted girl scout that ever lived #0 for #0 I

comprehend in all the world, and so Anapolita Argarigua and her displaced sister," cried the general, "I have pride in his vote." "It was she and Gertruda Anapolita who saved you, when the professional spies shot you almost to death on that shore of sand Colonoa. I tell you even the victim girls would have done what they did, bring you back to life. Why? I mean colonial and you will understand at last. She had known all about your purpose to go out that dangerous expedition, she knew your peril was bad, and so she and Gertruda sat out with a squad of boyacutas to trail you down river in a boat. Yet they feared the work to do, they risked peril of their own in shadowing you, the dangerous of forest-fire, and the enemy as well, as treacherous quickness in the water and on shore. Yet she and they loved you, and the more worried they were about you the more they hastened after you and the more they prayed for you, for they knew you had shadowed you after you left camp. Some time ago she had rescued Perro from an attic filled with rattlesnakes, so knowing your dangerous adventure to begin it was then that they set out to make a good flight to save you, and you know how that misadventure made that flight, colonial--until you recovered."

The General was leaning from his chair, his face shaken. "Tell me did she not fight those glandulins who shot you?" he cried. "and you untill the last long time ago did you not fight to save her from an unseen unseen peril?"

"In it is so," murmured the colonel.

"Well she was intimidated to rescue you and so was Jennie Nimmer." wait on the general. "You saved Gertrude's life 1 year ago. Now I won't let her be killed. I go to bail the rest of it. It went through the Vietnam area that Gertrude and Jennie Nimmer learned that you who had saved them were on your way down this coast to lead Hanoi's army to find information concerning the floods and other disasters created by the enemy. And the big Abkhazian flood and you were the first to identify the men about as if the world had been flooded by a four day rain. Well, you know, and that particularly you men doing the investigation should."

She was in the camp when the messenger came. She had but one desire--to save you --to kill if possible the Professional Spy who had trailed a you and she left camp to trail you and them. She and Janita disappeared from camp with a party of girl and boy scouts that day. You know how long after winter went happened. They were coming down river in a boat despite the fierceness of approaching forest fires. They heard the shouting--and saw the flames--and chased the two intruders--but you were guided out by the wind so that you

It was she who ran out to the front door, pulled out the shotgun and pointed it between trees, ready to fire again if the two men appeared again. It was Gertrude you saw standing over you, it was she who knelt down at your side and prayed and then --

The general paused, and he smiled, and then grinned as he forgot himself and tried to rub his two bandaged hands together.

"Water, late Mexican things you will find. I found a few things, and stood over you, will a partridge nest down at your side, loving you. Yes it is true. She looked upon you as a brother. And then for a space of time they fought over you for life and death; for the apias returned on the opposite shore and renewed the firing, and they won, wounding one of the apia. Then as you lay there bleeding and hopeless you looked pitously to Jennie. - I saw her, and she came to me, and they dragged you to a place below, 114 after that they walked on together, and pined, while my army was making down mountains strong from the north.

The Pasadena mind works very quickly and strangely. Miller, and perhaps it was that Miller, who could intuition which made them do what they did. After this incident Gertrude knew it would never be far from her mind. Her adventure as it was too well let out, so in their belching of things, she insisted on not allowing you to proceed if she could help it, while Jimmie Turner came back in a flat motor in boat to meet me and tell me of the proceedings. Both were frightened over your situation and danger, and when I seen the whole thing I had gone too far for me to mend or prevent, and I knew you must be held back from proceeding on your adventure to the city, and I told them to go home. The Princesses telling them the whole situation, when I saw what was happening, that you loved our Country as well as well that you were willing to fight for her honor, when you thought even at our property was in danger on that raft, and of course it was-- I miss sure it would all end well. But not one of us could take any other chances until I knew, and regarding your part continuing even on the boat, there were hard at your mind, and minds on land and sea.

The general shrugged his shoulders and said, "on matters of combat I have again and in his voice was a little break as he said "I am not going to tell you much more if I don't, Colonel," and I had left him to love for our country, and these beautiful girl scouts and violet and white misters would not have had no chance to tell me anything but I did not know how to tell him. He closed of telling you that Magill's was with us, though now he is going back to Ireland, and besides that fight of yours, against those two spies on the raft. Interested me very much for I saw in it a wonderful test in a man who might become one of my generals if he chooses wisely between his duty and other things." I loved you for it, and I saw the whole fight at a distance and I think what you heard that "little" fellow at the raft was a really bold and now my voice and

Jennie Turner loves you for bringing me out of the fire, and I'll love you forever. Violet and her sisters, will hear of it, and you'll love me too.

"Put you are not listening."

The general had noticed that Walter was looking past him toward the open road and he said when he saw the look that was in the colonel's face.

"Aida-de-oump," he called loudly, "Come here." "Hill."

In the moment there was the sound of running feet outside, and the Aida-de-oump came rushing up. The general held out his two great handgloved hands, and Walter met them with his own, one handgloved and the other one free. Not a word now was spoken between them, but their eyes were the eyes of men between whom suddenly came the faith and understanding of a brotherhood of of love as strong as life itself. Then the orderly wheeled the general from the wagon and, and the colonel straightened himself up against his pillows, and waited and listened almost impatiently, until it seemed that two hearts or even four were thumping inside him in the place of one.

It was a long time, he thought, before Gertrude Angelina stood near the opening in the rear of the wagon. For a breath she paused there looking at him as he stretched out his handgloved arm to her, moved by every yearning impulse in her soul to come in, yet apparently ready as a bird about to fly away. And then as he called her name, she ran to him, climbed into the wagon and dropped upon her knees at his side, and his arms that therefore went about her, inseparable to their injury--and her hot face was against his neck, and his lips crushed in the smothering sweetness of her hair. He made no effort whatsoever to speak beyond that first calling of her name. He could feel her heart beating against him, and her hands tightened at his shoulders, and at last she raised her glorious face so near that the breath of it was on his lips. Then seeing what was in his eyes, her soft mouth quivered in a little smile, and with a broken sob in her throat she whispered:

"Has it ended all right Walter?"

He drew the red mouth of the child to his own and with a glad cry which was no word in itself he buried his face in the lustrous tresses he loved. After wards he could not remember all it was that he said, but at the Angelina Arronburg had drawn a little away so that she was too big at him her eyes shining gloriously and her cheeks beautiful as the petals of a wild rose, and he could see the troubling in her white throat like the beating of a tiny heart.

"And you'll be careful as to where you go when you recover!" she whispered joyously.

"Yes and when I bring you back to Violet, and her sisters--and tell him or them of my adventure here with you he'll reward us both. They said if I could not gain the information they too were going to seek for I need not chance it unless I want to, you see." He held out his arms again. "You see" he cried his face and throat in her hair again. "I've found many good experiences up here and again a new and good and glorious girl scout. Are you a little glad Gertrude?"

Outside not far from the wagon general Arronburg waited in his wheelchair grunting miserably now and then at the long time it was taking Jennie Turner to discover certain things a little distance down the road. Finally he heard her coming riding on her beautiful horse from the direction of an open glen in the woods, and the general quickened and tried to rub his handgloved hands when she again came up to him her face pink and her eyes shining with the greatest thrill that can stir a child scout's heart.

"If we had only known," he tried to whisper, "I could have brought my army down quicker." He desisted at a great occasion for having saved my plans from being discovered by those unprofessional spies. But tell me--could you too see? Did you hear? What--"

Jennie Turner put her hand over his mouth. "In another moment you will be shouting," she warned. "Maybe I did not see, and maybe I did not hear the fight on the raft--but I know there are many happy people now in the very world because of him. And now if you want to guess what is going to happen next--"

"Walter Starring is going back to general Victoria's lines."

"No."

"Well then if you insist, you and Gertrude are."

"Yes, and the next!"

The general chuckled. "Walter Starring," he said.

"No, no, no. If you mean that--"

"I mean always that he must go unless you want him to remain with me," corrected general Arronburg, kissing the hand that was gently stroking his cheek. And then he leaned his great head against her where she stood behind him, and Jennie's fingers ran where his hair was crisp with the alight of fire, and for a long time they said no other word but let their eyes rest upon the wagon where Walter and Gertrude were.

If it can be stated that during the fire of Walter Starring experienced in these woods in which while rescuing general Arronburg and where but a few and the general were burned a large portion of the forest fire was said to have struck the big town of Jonesville on the first of September, and the whole town went up in flames, the fire also doing immense damage in the gum plant forests and heading toward the general Mis-Hollister woods close to the boundary line of the Virginia and Angelina States. The fire is no extended that all kinds of transportation is absolutely halted, and the whole country in that region because of the heavy clouds of smoke covering the sky and in twilight darkness since the past three days. However, he extensively other spots in the wooded regions at this section in the north boundary of Angelina State on the Mis-Hollister Run River and elsewhere were threatened by the huge conflagration was not yet known, but it was reported that Evangelina St. Clare was still in danger!

Later--18 eighteen rangers fighting the fire were killed, scores were hurt and thousands of dollars worth of property were ruined by an explosion caused by the forest fire which struck a dynamite plant while sweeping across northwestern Mis-Hollister forests that same day!

The known dead of the rangers were: James Anderson, head man of forest police killed while attempting to put out fire near Cantt. Belton Anderson his brother, Hendrick Gunter, forest ranger also trying to put out fire near shed.

The villages in the path of the fire storm were: Malden City, Penderro, forest Glen, Glendale, Honor, St. Ann and St. Paul. Destruction of many telegraph and telephone poles and wires made it impossible to learn of other towns menaced by the fire. One other ranger was killed when the fire reached the station of another trapping him. His charred body was found half a mile away from where the other rangers were lying dead. Another ranger also died in the ruins of the forest. Six others at this spot were injured. Two other rangers were killed while they were chopping down trees. A surviving ranger was injured or partly burned.

Probably two thousand people were saved by a ranger and to two of his men they rode into one of the burned towns, and warned the people to flee before it was late, and directed others to a large lake just as the fire hurricane struck. The town was consumed and the fire went on. One unidentified man was burned to death but dying a hero. He ran into a lone house when he saw the wall of fire coming and shouted a warning. The occupants managed to flee to the river and reached safety but the farmer or man whatever he was was not able to get away so quickly as he was overtaken, and a falling tree felled him to earth. At the town of Penderro sixteen persons were killed, many were injured, and unusual property damage was caused by two distant explosions that occurred near the village when the fire set off some mysterious blasts. Ten were also killed at St. John and two hundred and sixty injured. The business section of the town was completely wiped out with thirty business buildings, and eight houses demolished by the shock. Many other structures suffered severe damage, but the fire did not reach here, yet it is to be feared that the death list would mount when some communications could be feared with many outlying sections which were in the path of the storm of fire.

At the town near the San Juan forests about twenty million dollars damage was done or caused by the forest fire which struck them early on the morning of September the 1st and late that night as still raging elsewhere. The hurricane of the wind reached its highest strength at the time the fire came up at about 11 o'clock in the morning just before that time, the smoke was so heavy that the people of the town did not see a chance of hardly escaping before a hot rushing wind blowing one hundred and thirty two miles an hour, and roofs of large pieces of wood were carried away by the force of the fire gale.

From what many witnesses claim the force of the fire hurricane might have been at an estimated rate of one hundred and fifty miles an hour, but at the rear of the giant conflagration there was no wind hardly as the sea of flames leaped straight up into the air. Because of so much communications destroyed by the tremendous forest fire scores of large cities were even in darkness and completely isolated from the entire country, and all telegraph and telephone wires and poles hanging down all over and all transportation being stopped now. The extent of the loss of life or injuries among inhabitants was not known. Even river shipping on the waters of town in the path of the fire gale suffered heavy losses for they could not get away and they too were consumed. A freight steamer pulled in at the anchor during the fire storm but was overwhelmed. The roof of a small hotel in the town of St. Helena was carried away by the wind when the forest fire approached the town as also was part of the roof of a I.M.C.A. Hundreds if not thousands of lives in this town suffered either partial or total destruction, and trees by the tens of thousands had been uprooted many of them smashing into homes and falling across streets. Many of the popular trees and pines in the garden of a rich man's palace had been flattened while in the building itself windows and doors were blown in by the wind. As the weather and other bureaus stated that though St. Helena had borne the brunt of the fire hurricane as far as the town is concerned, the fire it was striking a branch in its vicinity would not threaten the town with destruction, but nevertheless all the able bodied citizens men women and even older children girls and boys flocked to the threatened point determined to fight the fire should it come upon the town.

This is one report received by the Bureau of Angelina Agatha--11 Penderro, Sept; 1th 1913. -----The forest fire bureau issued an advisory forest fire warning to night as follows: //

No report to night far west of Angelina Agatha between Dorothy Gale and Wild Junction. However big forest fires central in consuming fury near southwestern

Point of Haldi Junction, moving just now west, and southward, and
pass on at near Haldi Junction Chamberlains, and home and Topsy, a few feet
morrow morning. Greatest caution and timely a warning given and advised to all in
habitants in towns and villages near its path. This is a dangerous forest fire.
Big Haldi burning, a new in flames. Inhabitants in panic as they flee. In-
habitants of Membi, Koley goblin and Angelina Agathia giving warning as said towns
also are in grave danger. The Observatory says that Big Girl Knoll and Haldi
by the record breaking forest fire, sweeping Chamberlains and Haldi. Observatory
officials said that the forest fire warnings had been sent by wireless to many
towns in this vicinity but that there was no ground so far for alarm for Haldi
Junction or Big Girl Knoll, unless of course the direction of the wind changed.

In this vicinity more than a score of new towns, and a dozen good sized cities
in the rich Mic-Hollister gun section were added to the forest fire area to night,
as the enormous conflagration swept across a hundred mile stretch of the Mic-
Hollister gun toward Melbourne driven forward by a terrific hurricane of hot scorching
wind. A wide section was isolated. Danger reports also indicated that the winds were
somewhat less severe than those elsewhere but the fire nevertheless was fiercer.

This section of the conflagration had an advancing front extending from below
Good heaven, now to above the districts of Swangline St. Clare, and preceding the
advancing sea of fire wind waivered from fifty to eighty miles an hour were ex-
pected. All wire communications here also were disrupted and the glow of the fire
at night could be seen for more than a hundred miles away.

The weakness of the forest fires was added to towns bordering on the State line
of Angolia and near the once scene of horror of Lake Belicia, where terrific seas
of horses racing fires inundated wide areas of the forested regions like a landslide.
Lava ocean. Most of the towns were in darkness because of broken power lines and
the inhabitants were fleeing. Buildings by hundreds were reported to be unroofed
or otherwise damaged in Calce, Lake St. Belicia and other smaller places with
the conflagration closing in on the town. Big Hedda became isolated when fires
went down while city officials were relating to the authorities that a
eighty nine mile an hour windstorm hit and scorching and blinding thick fogs of
smoke was sweeping the city. Little Hedda had sent no news to the outside world late
at night and it is feared she is burning burning. It is reported the heart of this
section of the conflagration is raging over the southwestern Herbert County, as far
as has been learned there has been no loss of life in this district. Apparently the
Apparently the forest fire was more than half way on its course from its starting
point to these sections after ravaging a two hundred mile strip along its path
last night and early to day, the fire having started in twenty different places.
It is a terrible incident realizing that four or five other big ones are still
raging since two months ago and 10,000 smaller ones growing into big conflagrations.
Grave fears were felt for the great Mic-Hollister Run Forest also in the
immediate path of this immense fire storm.

One Forest Ranger whose name is Juan Antonio drove or rode a horse
fifty miles over almost impassable roads to a small town to warn people of the
approach of the fire, and also gave the first report on the destruction wrought by
the dangerous forest fire in the city of Little Hedda and the near by ones. His
account follows:

Melbourne, September 1th Calvernia State. --A two hundred and fifty
mile strip along the Mic-Hollister Run River suffered severely the last two days and
also last night and to day from terrific forest fire fires preceded by dreadful
hurricane fire winds that left a trail of desolation from the locality of Eva St. Clare
Evangeline St. Clare city to Haldi Junction. It is more extended and more destructive
than the other big forest fires still raging in southwestern Calvernia. Central
Calvernia and elsewhere, and the accompanying wind is violent enough to smash windows
unroof houses by the thousands, tear great trees up by the roots, tie knots in
telephone and telegraph wires, and threaten these very towns with complete destruction
from the advancing fire sea itself.

Joan City suffered an estimated damage of \$1,000,000 by wind, for stores windows
were blown out by the hundred, roofing of all kinds was stripped off like kindling
every telephone and telegraph was put out of commission and telephone and telegraph
and street car electric wires strewn over every street. The fire fortunately turned
around the town as there was a big fire breach. Fort St. John suffered more than a
million dollar damage for thousands upon thousands of roofs were torn off, and
the tremendous sea of fire set off set on fire many buildings until a good part of
the town was destroyed and debris lay all over the streets. Here there was another
heavy sufferer mostly from fire, torn roofs, smashed windows, and signs smashed
down and blown away. Only the desperate efforts of the inhabitants have saved
the town from total destruction by breaching a good deal before the fire came up.

For twenty minutes the wind was from the direction of the approaching fire exceeding
one hundred and thirty miles an hour. The fire was catching the trees said to be
at the rate of a thousand a second or more.

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have been able to save her. As she went with Angelina 'ichee along the river
she noticed that in the skirt another smudge had formed from the heat. Fearfully
she tried to get out of enlarging the hole.
"I'm not too far off yet or the heat might singe your body," said
Angelina.

"Really would it now?" asked the little girl. "Why it will kill me if the dress
burns."

"But you must not just the same," said 'ichee.
"My net!" asked the child as she held a real little girl, and questioning an
older before she knew what it meant.
"You mustn't because otherwise you cannot bear the heat on your skin," repeated
Angelina 'ichee.

As she looked about her anxiously. Still she did not understand for it seemed to her
the fire was going down still more, or some minutes Angelina 'ichee tried to explain
the actions of a forest fire is treacherous.

"But the fire is not so bad now here," the child persisted.
Angelina 'ichee then made an effort which wrinkled her brow. She did not know for sure
whether the fire was going down or not, but no signs about showed any such thing.
Her memory helped her, she pointed to the frock, to the tear and shook her head.

"If we all spoil our clothes then we will have to run around the gods naked for
days and the soldiers won't like it," she added.

"The soldier's soldier's won't like it?" asked the child looking puzzled.
"No," said Angelina 'ichee. "It's nothing though if you are on fire like the rest have
and cannot be blamed. But your dress don't burn so quick as you must not tear it
unless you have to." And she pointed vaguely to the burning trees and brush about a
hundred yards away to their right. This little girl felt a remote fear of the fire, and as
she looked she suddenly tripped on a stone and her little white legs sprang up in the air.

It would be very strange to detail at too great a length the few days of
flight that continued. The cries for their mothers which had been common on the
first experience of the flight from the fire now ceased to be uttered, for during the flight
the time passed swiftly as it does during terror and confusion.

They had gone far from the stretch of fire by reaching where the wind blew
either direction, they were alone in the woods, without shelter, without regular sleep
or meals, without orders, and without regular bedtime. They were not happy, they found
fruit or fresh cold water, under the trees the rough dry grass was harsh.

Quickly they began to hope they were out of peril and would reach some Christian
city by and by. When they did dare to lie down to sleep they would dream of their comrades,
of their parents, of Benard, and Islet and her sisters, a army cut, the faces of their
beloved relatives, brother -- brothers and sisters bending over them. It conveyed
nothing to make them happy. It was the cruel effects of dreams. The strange appearance of
a member's mother correspondence corresponded with their clothes. It seemed they were
brought from heaven by the fire so hard did they feel, and as the fire was very extensive

at night even come here they realized they must find the Christian lines or die.
In perilous conditions, and the constant menace of falling trees caused the child-

at times to scatter apart, though the majority of the children were real Abbeonians
the predominant language among the children was not that of Abbeonians, because the
majority of the children had been so often among Angelinians. Only a little over half the
children spoke Abbeonian, there was a strong Angelinian contingent, there were six
Abbeonians, ten little Abbeonians, whom no one thought they could understand. One of
the children may gain an idea from the following conversation which took place on the
second day between Angelina 'ichee and the little Abbeonian girl, Francis. They
talked along for a while, inspecting each other shyly, as new children will. Then the
child began to sing. I stepped on a burning pile of rubbish, and I've hurt

my foot."
"My foot is singed. I stepped on a burning pile of rubbish, and I've hurt
my foot," said Angelina 'ichee, with her blue eyes looking intently at her.

"I did not see it when I was running and walked right into it. That's how I hurt my
foot," Francis repeated pointing to her foot which was red and swollen and also blistered.
"You don't you do something for it?" asked Angelina 'ichee.
"I have lost all our supplies," said Francis. "I cannot do anything for my foot."

"I did not," said Angelina. "We are all in the same fix, burned and singed, and sick and
died. I also hurt my foot and have to lie up. This is a nice mess we are in!"
This makes me hate the Angelinians all the more," said Francis.

Most of the conversation had become impossible, because of the heat and
smoke, but a little later when both little girls during the continued flight were
sitting down a hollow with one of the boy scouts whose name was Jose, a little
Abbeonian boy, he stubbed his foot on a stone and fell. He hurt it quite badly but
nevertheless he bravely held back his tears, and Angelina 'ichee herself suddenly suggest-
ed that she should kiss his foot to make it well, but the lad was too bashful to allow
her to do so, and the little girl influenced with amaranth zeal, asked him if his foot
hurt him very much. Upon this Jose gained the impression that she had been a sort of little

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But now they were fleeing before a world of infernoes, they had no swift conveyances to help them along, and through in their minds the idea of flight from woods to woods survived. Seeing no soldiers, no dangers and the like they were discouraged, to some from fear and suffering shapes of trees and other objects and even clouds of smoke became blurred, so that within a few hours they imagined they saw evil creatures in the shape of fire approaching after them, creatures neither shaped like man nor beast.

Angeline Picheu tried singing but it did not cheer any one. As no impressions came to survive, and especially to strengthen the faith and courage of the children, they weakened because of the increasing peril all around. They were frightened by the mere shadows of moving tree tops, they developed more complicated ideas of dangerous things, and were inspired to new fear by the apparent shun of such objects in fire, and they feared they were in the "bad place" already.

One important column of the fugitive lives comprised those led by three boys, three good looking little boys, of an inquiring but quick turn of mind, and not at all inclined to desert even girls. So you may imagine a scene which might be denied by even the forest rangers. The three were beating their way through brush and grass. Donia being the strongest was leading the way along the banks of the river, while the other two boys followed behind thirty of the girls.

A little one of the boys clambered up a small rise of ground, and the others followed him.

girl, with blue eyes and a prettily formed mouth, and she wished to accompany them. Another of the bunch was led by Juan Arantit, a very thin dark tall and bony little girl, already downy on the arms and legs, her face by the Mandolinian face she was a very tempestuous, ill natured child, and when rebels had seized her to stab her strangle her she had fought with her finger nails and teeth if not with weapons. It otherwise she was good to her friends of her own cause, and little

Francis, impressed by strength and resolution had joined her aqua squad. Had they all been a little older, they might have accomplished their flight much better, but since they could not do this, they kept close to the better ones. Usually came Angelina, Alice and the rest. She represented almost the very spirit of the vivian girls. Time passed and the child refugees were still unhappy enough, fighting for their lives and not yet aware of enemies or fresh perils. Yet during this flight, flight on the land seven more of the children had died overcome by heat and smoke, or some out of weakness and fatigue, some under a blow from a falling branch, and one was lost in the forest and never found again. Finally since it was boys and not girls whom death took so easily the number was reduced to fifty nine, of whom twenty four were boys, and thirty five girls. The death of so many of their comrades greatly impressed them. They were no longer even able to conceive the pain of dissolution, they realized that a few hours before, one of their fellows was, and now was not. Yet they had no time to take

They were waiting now for the initiative.
So far at least a quarter of an hour they looked curiously over the gun wale, constant
ly being carried on along the shore by the water. At last however the boat grounded for
the first time and at this point some of the fires had gone down so that the shore was walled in the
dark. The smoke was high mingled with shoots of flame now and then. Even sometimes
the dense smoke rising high and flames were now pointing at the strange sight of this
large white smoke and flames. After some hesitation a small girl almost timidly
climbed out of the boat, jumped on the hot sand, and went slowly toward the
shore. She was smoking for curiosity. This daring landing was effected by a girl scout
whose name was Winnie Allen. She was at the moment like a white cat except for
her shoes on her feet.

The only draw as near to the wall of fire and smoke as the boat allowed, yet little's example had spread so quickly that the children were gradually climbing out of the boat for as it seemed the fire had burned down somewhat there would be more safety even here than on the river. Falling trees hurled sparks and embers over them, and some trees falling into the water drenched them with hot spray, but yet they all boldly clambered upon the sand, and watched with gasping breath. Only ten children stayed on the boat in awkward positions, lying twisted or face down, these had died from the effects of the slow suffocation, and from burns and scalds, and four were girls, the girls showing in time of trial the stamina which is always theirs.

showing in time of trial the stamina which is always theirs.

The sandy beach of the river rose steeply toward the forest fire. Indeed the whole shore was a wall of cloud and fire. Along the steaming beach of the river the children edged their way, many forgetting for the moment their hunger and thirst, and looking out for falling trees and burning rubbish. They were on the north bend of the river which was now a smoking seething hell, a inferno so fatal that if the children had gone any closer they would have been singed to death from the heat, and the land on which the children found themselves was a pen., and in fact a long stretch of burned woods lay across the northern point toward which the fire was not traveling but the children did not notice this. Had the children been able to see through the dense smoke, they would have discovered this avenue of safety and pure air. Yet the children did not struggle close to the fire for hunger and thirst and more suffering came upon them.

They clung closer to each other than ever, and now they felt as if they would give anything to see the friendly Christian lines again. The heat of the fire sent at them so severe gusts that it would have slain any child if they went closer. They were urged to the river, where at once they were lying flat out of reach of it. In drinking deeply of the hot water, but keeping their heads and bodies out of reach of it. Now in this hot moist air, the whole forest was indeed a place of carnage, a fight between forests and fire. The hillsides outside of the sight of the children were blazing smoking volcanoes.

the children were blazing smoking volcano.
However and though the river was thickly lined with the burning and burned trees, the rest of the children might still have died of the heat, if they had not kept on away from the e.g. edge of the fire. As they went on they watched the relentless smoke half frightened of it, then another big tree crashed down in their very midst, and the children had much difficulty in preventing themselves from being burned. One of the little girls screamed as her rag & dress blazed up but the little boy ran toward her. He had much difficulty in tearing off the burning dress but he was a dogged little boy, and tugged with both hands at the burning cloth, and at last pulled off a large portion of it. The others followed him, the dress was torn off and left lying, and the little girl stood there completely naked but they could not help help it it was better that way, than be burned to death, when ever another tree threatened to fall toward them there was an absurd jostling, and a pushing of each other to get each other out of the way, for the children escaped from hell it seemed, were still fugitives. Another died from the heat, adding his name to the roll of dead.
As much did their clothing burn off that they had been compelled to tear off much so that all were half or completely naked by this time. Yet one little girl who still was much more completely naked than the others was wearing a burned brown linen frock. Though it had been burned several times it had not yet occurred to her to remove it, and probably she would have succeeded. In fact the buckle was so firmly set that it was difficult to suggest she would have been burned to death and no one would

'My name's Francis.' 'What's your name?'

Then as luck would have it because of the collision with the burning launch the boat again almost grounded on the shore, and a tree which had burned through just at that moment fell with a crash right upon the middle of the boat. At once the children were smothered by the heat of the burning embers, but without a word the strong red headed boy yelled to some of the other boys, and they were quickly looked in combat with the burning trunk, while seeing them so desperately employed, the other children to save themselves and the boat also threw themselves upon the tree, the little boat was a scene of battle against fire, and the danger of being thrown into the scalding water where neither sex nor weakness even appealed. They were in desperate peril, they were even reached over the age of eight, and yet already they were like men and women saddened by the perils of life. It was this rush that saved the boat, for so many pitched upon the burning log, managed at last to roll it off from the boat, and it fell with a mighty splash into the water and with a loud hiss the fire in the trunk was quenched, several of the boys and seven girls had their lips, torn, their clothing half burned from their bodies, charcoal and even partly burned. One girl had a bad gash on her abdomen and chest from a sharp point of a burning branch and forgot in the peril and excitement the boy attended to their injuries and burned as much as he could. Then they had to get out about the water and no sooner had this been accomplished when another tree fell and caught the two children under it killing them instantly. They could not even get to them so fierce was the heat and as the boat again drifted on into the hot atmosphere.

rom From over the gunwale of the boat a row of small touselled heads peered at the land which seemed new to them - safty now, since they first secured the boat all had been a mass of fire on both sides of the river and to the children the peril had appeared more sudden than it would have been to an adult for they had been taught about perils and therefore knew their situation. Many were still crying conscious of their thirst. They had tried to drink the river water but had no cut or anything to scoop it and to use their hands was impossible for the heat of the water was growing worse. Of these was little Francis who was weeping persistently, only knowing that she was thirsty, and unable to conceive the future as to her safty. The winds which had sent the flames in long stretches across the river had by degrees ceased blowing, and now had almost fallen, thus allowing the flames from either shore to rise to a astonishing

er it was dawn or night. The disaster had happened to them suddenly and they could not tell when it rose and fell in the steaming hot waters. The terror of the children, their bewilderment continued, and the restlessness of their experience wanted them to take them more when which they could hardly do in this boat they were so closely packed. They wriggled on the thwarts to escape the fierce heat of fire and water, and they pressed close to each other, and once in a while a child would start to cry anew, and cry for Panrod, or Violet and her sisters. Yet there was no one to still their tears.

men, as there was no food, or drinking water, and as they were terribly exhausted, little by little they fell asleep inspite of the perils all around, except two or three, and especially Angelina. These, who prayed persistently for the safety of the trip down the raging hot river. One of them however could sleep soundly because of the heat and suffocating conditions of the atmosphere, and they again awakened and this time racked humanity began to move. Most of the children already felt ravished but there was no food for them there. Among the childescote thus. In such peril was a small boy scout named Art, about the age of eight, yet a boy quite tall for his age, very stout, stout, with black hair, white skin and had deep blue eyes fringed with black. He was among the most reckless because of the heat and smoke, and because of this pushed frequently against a girl of his own age, who with three others shared his thwart. She was a pretty child, having dark brown eyes and a mass of heavy dark hair. She was sad and sticky with the river water, and she was almost naked so much of her clothing had been torn or burned from her. He observed that he suffered more than she. He did upon which the little girl placed her arm around his neck and tried to console him. Of course the little boy roddened, but nevertheless he felt grateful and in a moment had his arms in a tight hug.

"You are a good boy," said the little girl. "I'll tell Penrod you were good to me."

41 however with curious persistence, being only

so the little boy strove again for more fish, while those who had secured their

their mouths. The little fair girl noticed this, and a sudden animation came to her face. "please get me a wish," she wailed. "i'm hungry."

at even at the risk of becoming too noisy,

Now when the child scouts had been so suddenly surprised by the tremendous wall of fire sweeping upon them, they came upon the banks of the river. One leaped into the water and started to swim across, though heaved up and back and forth and onward and pounded and pulled at by the raging currents. One of them desperately swam against the troughs of the waves, which dashed them back and forth, and trying to carry them under. Some succeeded in getting to the middle of the stream, but at every pull of the current after every rush and dash of the wild waves, the children grew more tired and weaker in their struggles, and some already were drowned. Others had secured a big boat which was beached on the shore and pushed out. It was indeed a most terrific scene under the flame-robed sky of the "le-lester" river, a sky thick and hellish as if with the roof of hell with smoke and long streaks of flames, and roaring with the most tempest, flamed and clouded with plumed clouds of fire and sparks. As the boat was pushed off and careless at that the flames rose in floods from the trees on even the opposite shore, and poured across the sky in parching hot sheets, and about the shore they just fled from the fire curled in rage of appetite, forming immense far reaching tongues, and great blood red maws, and running wildly along the shore in lines and lines of far reaching waves, roaring and hissing, and casting a veil of white and pink smoke over the terrified child fugitives. Their clothing was smoking, and to the scream of the frightful hot wind, and the pounding of the waves produced by the river current joined the shrill cry of escaping steam as if some small stream shrieked in its last agony before boiling out of existence. One of the little girls put her hand in the water and drew it quickly out. It was getting hot too. "I'm rose to the surface dead and I increased in number, one of those swimming in the water were close by and were helped into the big boat but others could not reach it and drowned or got to the opposite shore only to probably perish in the flames there. Mildred and Angeline Riches were in the boat. Yet upon this atom so near awful eternity the child scout's scouts struggled for existence, clinging to the gunwales of the boat, and lying low so as to ward the heat of the flames. They were being dragged close to the shore again, and one of the tall trees gave way, and struck the boat, almost upsetting it and hurling blazing leaves and limbs along of all of them. The boat then rolled off and disappeared reduced to a black swimming object, which slowly hissed itself out, and then went out.

Some of the little girls especially had their clothing set on fire, and their voices of fear and horror were heard about above the shouts of the boys. Several of the boys saved the girls by the hair, dragged them to the bottom of the boat, and with wet clothes slapped the flames as hard and as fast as they could. They then fell together locked upon the bottom of the boat the boys for a while fighting the burning dresses ferociously, and were victorious at last.

"We will have to keep away from the shore or something will happen to us yet" said one of the little boys whose coat smoldered from the fight.

"But you saved us," said one of the little girls. "I'll tell Phred when he sees him again that you are a hero."

There was crying among some of the other terrified children, but only a little crying, and they kept low on the bottom of the boat, and another tree almost fell upon the boat as it threatened to go aground on the shore, and the children every one of them were covered with a shower of spark but not otherwise injured. Above all the voice of M Angeline Riches was heard giving commands to the rest. Almost grounded at the shore the boat found itself at the apex of the fires assault. From the shore the flames were rising like a great wall, which were burning all the trees, and which flooded the sky with tongues and clouds of fire. Almost simultaneously while these big waves of flame soared skyward there by hundreds were menacing the boat as it floated on so close. As the boat almost grounded the trees fell again close by. It seemed as if from contrast scalding hot water and leaping flames fought for the possession of the boat and its small occupants each intent on destroying. A sort of panic quiet invaded the hideousness of the scene for none of these children had ever witnessed a forest fire of such fury before and struggling with conditions that became rapidly more terrible they did not know what to do and gave themselves up for lost. Death too was busy in the boat, and as some died in the boat from the heat, and as they feared to keep those in the boat they were cast into the hot water.

There were in this big boat a hundred and thirty children and only ten of them boys and the rest girls, two thirds of these under the age of even six and eight, and it seemed impossible indeed that these children could have ever survived the terrible experiences they were to go through. The elder children of whom there were eighty six, took care of the more frightened younger ones. Though the boat finally made for deeper water once more and though the boat was old it was strong and it managed to get caught in the full current of the river and set out northward toward the direction of one or the Christian camps so far away where they could be in safety and whence help would come. The boat continued on down the street in the face of the fiery inferno with the terrified, half scorched, suffocated children, with dead fishes floating all about them, yet forced onward by the current. Then came another threatened disaster, the boat struck a hidden rock, and a seam was almost parted, and the scene in that lurid firey inferno

as boded to bury, and were forced to leave them in the path of the fire, without fear for just now death seemed nothing to them. The survivors were all entirely naked at this time, since their clothes had long before been left upon branches of branches, or discarded because they were smoking and smoldering. From the heat of the sphere their skins varied from a lobster to a pale brown color. Sometimes because the heat they were inclined to languor but a vertiginous Angeline Riches allowed no one to stop, and only when it was safe were they able to halt and sleep for a few hours. Then they only sleep lightly as if they apprehended the enemy or the close approach of the fire. The constant coming together of Francis and Angeline Riches had been a thing because of their a haste to move. Some of the boys were with Angeline Riches, in this country boys never despised little girls, neither did girls have any hatred for the boys. Though neither had reached yet the age of ten, their points of view as to the peril was clear, and they were on good terms. Especially this incident had impressed all the boys and girls upon each other as dearest friends and comrades, and nothing could have so separated them just now.

Joe followed alongside of Angeline Riches, and when the company had to get from sheer fatigue and from hungry hunger, the boy and girl sat side by side at some time, behaving as children do. Across the river far off they saw another lot of trees go up in a surge of golden flames, and made a bright light. Yet despite a burning smothering heat these two children sitting there made a spectacle touching quite primitive. Both had well formed long legs, both tanned to natural brown. These naked children sat carelessly side by side, their elbows touching, their hands forming feelings and thoughts. They sat watching the flames in the distance, but with a certain amount of regret. After a short time he rose to his feet, and as a cry. Angeline Riches understood the peril, and with common accord both child giving commands to the rest started forward. When a li new took advantage of the position of the ground, working their way through grass and weeds less than three feet high, and here felt secure from the fire if it did not head this way. Then "see an" and Angeline Riches looked into each others faces seriously, and there formed in their minds a combat fit for the disposal of empires. They both were determined to get the lot of the woods out of the woods safe and sound. However she noticed that Jess looked a little discomfited, for after a moment she said:

"Let's head north-west."

The boy gravely nodded his head, and both started forward again, and went aimlessly. For a while to plan something desperate desperate. Yet during flight the companionship of this boy and girl was sweet.

"Shall we stop under these trees and rest," said "Iches." "It is so hot. I don't like it when it is so hot do you Jess?"

"But the forest fire makes it so hot," said Jess. "And we have had no day time for weeks."

"Wonder why the fire keeps burning so long?" said Angeline.

"I don't know," said Jess.

They pondered this problem for a moment happily equal in their ignorance. The suddenly

Angeline said:

"I think I hear something. No noise that warns me of peril. I wonder if there are other fires trying to head us off."

"I'm afraid so," said Angeline. "For I can hear the noise too."

They knitted their brows, trying to guess the real cause of the noise, but their attention finally wandered.

"But do you really think it is?" said Angeline.

"I don't know, but I don't like the noise," said Jess. "Do you think the fire is working around us?"

"Yes I'm afraid it is," said the girl with a little fear in her voice.

"Let's hope we are a little mistaken," said the boy. "If it does we are surely lost, for our escape will be cut off. We must find some way out."

Angeline Riches looked at him with admiration. They went onward through the sea of trees, while some of their companions were already disappearing, or running for trees to tree. For a moment at times you could see a little head where corn colored hair rippled, another head hardly more male, crowned with blacker hair, red lips as if gasping, and pass among the foliage so fast that only the flash of a white eye, and a humbly nimble little limb was seen. It was as if the satyrs pursued the boys, or the nymphs the satyrs. It came again that while the majority of them were again trying to sleep, that one of those who went on guard duty observed far in their left that the far far distant wild running forest fire, was surging toward them in an oblique manner. He gazed intently at it with the new scene, and also used his sense of smell. For a moment he stared at this new terrifying scene, with the caution of a startled beast. Then convinced the fire was working around him and his followers, and seeing no one conscious of it, he yelled and screamed as loudly as he could to give the alarm.

They were all aroused and were surprised and horrified to observe the movement of the conflagration. Angeline Riches had thought from the noise she had heard that it might happen, and she became more apprehensive than ever.

Indeed the flames spread quickly, and it was a miracle to see the flames a burn this much speed and yet it was evident that these children needed suffering and peril

to bring them closer. Angelina's boy friend was closer to her that day and were watching the flames, which now had run over a large portion of the forest to their left, because for reasons not known to them—it burned so swiftly, Jones was just as troubled by this as Angelina was, for the fire was fiercer than ever.

"There is it going!" he asked the girl.
"I do not know," she said. "Then she saw tears in his eyes."
"It is no use to cry over it," she said.

"I'm not going to cry," the boy replied angrily. But he did not resist when she patted his shoulder, with a rough well meaning little hand. Then they started for a new direction in headlong flight.

Yet it was at that moment, that a big tree which had been displaced from its roots by a ground fire growing near it began to topple over, and before any one could even try to avoid it it crashed down and caught Ann Angelina's feet beneath it. At once a large number of the boys and girls leaped toward the tree, and together they pulled at it with all their might trying to get it away from the girl who though not hurt was held down by it, some of the others who had halted watched them without offering aid, as those who were bewildered by the accident usually do. After a while the weight and size of the tree proved too great for the boys, and they had to desist to resume a momentary rest, some of the other boys who had gone on ahead and who had been attracted by the scene came up now, and they proposed to join in helping to raise the big tree so she could get out from under, though of course the girl was not much hurt, but merely surprised and shaken, and as the others still watched them at their efforts they were called over to come and help. While all were thus striving one of the branches struck the girl in the cheek cheek, which caused her to yell with pain, and a trickle of blood ran down her face. Perhaps it was her cry that made them all strive with greater effort, but when she saw blood upon Ritchie's cheek, he first broke off all the branches closest to her, and then they all flung themselves a little harder at the tree. If they had been men they would have succeeded very quickly, but but at last, Angelina's face, screaming with pain, her face bleeding, was pulled out from under.

A moment more Angelina's face was stuck staunching with her hand and the blood which flowed from her cheek, and Jones breathing heavily, his legs trembling, his chest heaving up and down from taking deep breaths, his eyes full of tears watched her. He was exhausted from his efforts and so were the rest, at he had strove the fiercest and therefore for several minutes his body was numb. All his strength seemed to have gone into this furious effort against the tree. Yet Angelina's face still seemed to be thinking for a moment only of her scratched and torn cheek as he watched her, as his heart ceased to beat so fast and his gasping was arrested, fear gave place to a disagreeable emotion created by this trickle of blood. It was more than pity but he did not know it.

So after a moment he came toward her, put his arms around her shoulders, and with a piece of cloth wetted by a stream washed the cheek where the blood flowed, unable to express what he felt, yet as she felt his arms around her, she cried less then she ceased altogether. He laid her head upon his shoulder, and so for a moment they stood embraced, two little figures, both comforted because they were happy again. Omitting something of the misery of the girl and all the other scouts must have taken some effect upon any of the stranger boy scouts. Jones indeed was surprised by the response of the little girl. For it can be said that when Angelina's face felt about her the grip of a stronger and comforting hand, she felt more braver than, and then stopped her sobbing.

Then happened something very pathetic. As if animated by some outer force of friendship, and even even love, Angelina too placed her arm around him, and so remained walking on as if she begged him to release him from the dreadful horrors of those woods. It disturbed the boys mind to see her so distressed, and the others watched somewhat puzzled. Her legs were zebraed with blinding scratches, her yellow hair stained and matted. Yet they did not know that at this very moment a big christian camp was very close by.

HOW THEY ESCAPE FROM PURSUING GANDELINIAN SOLDIERS, AND THE FOREST FIRES.....

THUS ON THE FOLLOWING NIGHT when the lost party had halted for a very needed rest, and when Penrod boys obeyed him well, when all had come up to him to find out his further orders, when he made sure that every girl or boy scout was properly armed, when he had organized them all once more and given command to Radcliffe he said to the latter. "The flames in the distance are getting higher and nearer and the smoke clouds are increasing. If we do nothing the fire will be master of all. There are even big brush fires ahead of us which we'll have to fight our way through."

Therefore by Penrod's orders and suggestions the half naked party of girl and boy scouts continued on and now proceeded downhill for about a mile through a dense portion of the woods each boy finding his way as noiselessly as he could until at last they came within view of one of the big brush fires that was started from sparks and which was spreading in their direction. All was as still as death here, and not even a night bird called while the long lines of ground fire smoked and sputtered as it burned the brush and high grass.

"Forward, attack the fire!" growled Radcliffe. Then for a moment could be seen running toward the fire in a long straight line the one hundred lads, and sixty brave girls each one having some sort of weapon. Radcliffe running at some distance in front. At his word the straight line took a southern slant so as to draw parallel with the line of fire which barred their way along the stream toward the direction of the christian camps. The barefoot were almost noiseless in these still woods, and there was no metal to clink thus it was a line of human child ghosts as it seemed running toward the brush fire. Releasing a general shout they all flung themselves upon the fire as best as they knew how and as safe as possible. Those who had wet cloths or wetbaths which they usually carried struck blindly at the flames there were moments of fire conflicts but the flames were gaining the mastery, they rose up, and burned forward in the face of its antagonist almost catching them in its hot tongues, making them fight in a grapple more deadly than that with a human enemy, mingled with the cries of those who had been slightly burned, and the crash of falling brush. Outside of the fire line some of them were rushing back in despair for they had lost control of the fire and all fled in the darkness. The flames went burning on lighting up the darkness.

If Penrod had been able to keep control of some of his troop the final battle against these flames would have been won in the first ten minutes, but Radcliffe and his lads in their madness were engaged with their part of the fire in a fight that lasted a long time, a fight where small pick axes and blows of wet rags and the like fell upon the burning brush without seeming to daunt so great a ferocity as that of the leaping flames.

There in the midst of the strife the lads had almost lost their heads and given way to instinct. Instead of fighting they were now withdrawing in panic and as Penrod and his gang of fugitive scouts drew near the scene of conflict, a long burning brush confronted them while screaming and half burned girls were being dragged away before they were burned too badly each boy conducting one by her naked arm. Radcliffe had lost only one boy who had been overcome by the flames and all had to retreat before the flames unable to resist it any further. The eyes of Radcliffe were full of shame, while Penrod raging at his side could only withdraw his own. If the flames had advanced any faster than they really did they would have overtaken the whole party and burned them burned them all to death. But the lads and girls were full of lively strength, they were not scared but amused and laughed as they withdrew, telling themselves that they had cut the fire in two nevertheless. So at last when they had cut the flames Penrod and his followers stopped to regain their breath, where the wailing of the injured girls and the angry cries of some of the boys arose. Five girls all under the age of ten had been snatched away from death in the nick of time. One boy was a dying having been fatally burned, wounds too from briars appeared upon the heads and bodies of both boys and girls one girl of whom had been killed by a falling tree which she had not escaped on time.

Then came the final humiliation of the lost boy and girl scouts. While they were grouped about attending the wounded, some one lay hidden behind some big tree and then it rone, with the supreme insolence of the strong a lone Gandelinian scout had stayed hidden behind this tree listening with amusement to the cries and tears, and then he walked past the group of scouts who were too paralyzed by surprise to cry out until he had drawn away. Penrod collected a few boys and bid them to come with him and make a prisoner of the rebel but they could not attack him for he withdrew slowly turning round every few paces and steady with his hand a long knife which he had drawn, from his side.

He had long flowing red hair there was blood upon his uniform and a smile upon his lips

which caused the little party though armed themselves to follow him full of desire to either make him their captive or shoot him down, yet not daring to. They followed him until they reached a group of slowly burning pine trees. There he suddenly picked up a stone and flung it so that it struck one of the boys upon the jaw knocking him unconscious to the ground. Then defiantly shouting one of the Glandelinian war songs he disappeared among the trees.

A heavy sadness brooded through all that night of disaster upon the boy and girl scouts lost so long and fugitives amid a burning wood, tormented by fire and enemy and facing hunger and privations. There were complaints of the wounded and slightly burned and foolish efforts to make clothing out of leaves. The boys and girls also feared that a large force of the enemy could have overtaken them and catch them in the flank or in the rear and destroying them all. They were suffering amid one of the greatest disasters of the war, having no sense of direction, the greatest sign of chaos reigning and the flight only continued. The main trouble for the child scouts in the attempt of fighting through the flames was they now were devoid of clothing and if the flames rushing on victorious had not changed course and spread in another direction, it would have driven the boy and girl scouts clear out of their way entirely and probably all would have perished.

Two hours later Radcliffe and Penrod, exhausted by so much running halted for a time and Radcliffe said:

"Whatever has happened to us now must never happen again."

"It must not indeed" said Penrod.

"But how can we get out of these miserable woods?" said Radcliffe. "We cannot now rest and tell ourselves that the pursuing or shadowing Glandelinians are content with all the evil they have done. They will come at us again when they see the chance."

They planned together as they continued on for nearly three hours and decided that all the boys besides carrying their pistols and cartridge belts must also carry other long weapons and so most of the onward trip for them, hardly stopped while they worked was spent in making crude long weapons out of branches of trees by means of cutting with their hunting knives girls and boys likewise arming themselves and making axes with pieces of stone which they picked up somewhat sharp. Thus the two hundred and forty remaining child scouts had somehow been extra way armed in case of hand to hand fight with the foe. Jennie alone had not armed herself for she looked upon all fighting with horror, but she was warned that she needed a weapon also or no one could save her, and Penrod made her a long spear.

Yet Jennie for a time refused to bear arms though she was strong for her eight years and Penrod who spoke with her thoughtfully held his chin for it did not occur to him that she might give in.

Finally three days and nights more had passed and this mob of boys and girls armed as they themselves fancied advanced northward boys and girls being mixed making a moving throng of half naked children shouldering each other, laughing sometimes, realizing not at all the dreadful times they still were to have, but anxious to find their way back to the Christian camps. Some carried axes, or wet boughs will filled with stones others had improvised spears, and there were no leaders except Penrod and his friend. Suddenly they saw bushes moving and Penrod tried to persuade the boys and girls to spread somewhat not to march or run in untidy clumps which the trees broke up. They obeyed, some going in single file as others ordered some two by two, some in groups and already many scattered upon the wings walking on, or stopping to pick berries on the way side or to shoot game.

Meanwhile the fugitives were still followed by wary Glandelinians maintaining a constant watch upon the movements and doings of the child scouts. Also Glandelinian scouts had reported much and so when it was the plan of the scouts to go through the safest part of the forest fire it was in fact according to the plan of the shadowing Glandelinians. That morning of the next day runners had brought to the leaders of the pursuers an exact account of their number and direction, also about the flanks of the retreating scout column, scouts who knew the best thing, but Penrod knew all the time the exact line of the rebel advance and from time to time had detached boys to watch what comes and come back and report. Thus as the sun rose higher, Radcliffe was able to determine the movement and disposed of twenty nine boys against a force of thirty, also among the twenty nine were eleven girls not too well assured of their courage. Again there was arrayed against the Glandelinians the righteous wrath of girl and boy scouts thus the odds which the young boy scout generals encountered were high enough, and to these was added the disposition of the rebel commander.

As Penrod considered Radcliffe as he experienced the delight of his ways which caused him to be called "The Battlesnake" he felt rather than thought that the enemy was less dangerous than his scouts. So he said:

"What shall we do Rad since the enemy is so near."

"Let the Glandelinians be near" said Radcliffe sulkily. "If they come nearer and we get the best of them we'll slay them all."

"But Radcliffe you must not remain here long. It is dangerous. Come now, you know your part. Time is pressing!"

"Dangerous" said the lad. "That's a foolish speech. None of the Glandelinians are dangerous to me. Let them come, I will not waste time going to them. I'm waiting the chance

chance to prove my nickname. I know the situation is desperate and that within an hour the enemy will arrive within sight, but how do you know whether we can even then avail against their numbers and ferocity. Only order could do that. But then it won't do for me to sit where I am or every one will think I am a coward. We are only kids but we have to be brave, we must not let the enemy find us unprepared in their path."

The force of boy and girl scouts was now divided. Seventy were placed under Radcliffe and remained hidden behind trees and stumps but in the path of the pursuers. Its instructions were to maintain its position, to give way if required, to a small extent, but in no circumstances to advance. Penrod's object was to engage with the rest the whole force of the pursuers in the rear. Meanwhile while the skirmish developed upon his own chosen front the remaining girl scouts would have marched a short distance to the west then silently descend a hill, then when they were assured the forces of the relentless pursuers were completely engaged with the "Battlesnake" they would fall upon the enemy's flank and rear and thus cast the Glandelinians into such a disarray, that the survivors would flee or be destroyed.

Only one thing did Penrod have some fear about and that was the persistence of Radcliffe. For he feared that instead of standing ground he would advance, and counter attack so swiftly and gallantly that the Glandelinians would be repulsed, and that when at last the moment came for the flanking force of girl and boy scouts to deliver their attack the they would fall upon the empty air, while the rebels retired hardly with a single loss and then they would prove too strong in my numbers to be driven back.

"You will promise to remember please had not to advance" he said again and again. "You promised me. You said you will not advance? Radcliffe promise me. You are so reckless at times that I fear for your bravery. Promise me that in the heart of the battle you will be careful!"

For Penrod feared Radcliffe too much to abandon him to his passions and he intended to command the forces of scouts as well as he could, keeping touch with James forces as well as call by means of two girls who would serve as messengers. He hoped to be able to control Radcliffe and to prevent his onslaught, while fixing the moment of the attack by those under James. Thus every moment the forest battle was expected to develop and one after another the flanking sentries ran panting up to Penrod announcing that the enemy lay now about a quarter of a mile distant. Quick as Penrod passed among his boys detailing those whom he had chosen to advance, and ordering James to march westward.

"When you have gone as far that the enemy cannot see you then James you will surely be far enough. Then wait until one of my messengers comes and bid you strike."

James party left, carrying no spears, but only their pistols since their rush must be swift and their conflict at close quarters. Meanwhile the central force under Radcliffe was lined up elbows touching each girl or boy with a long lance ready, and having also a wooden spear, but these were to be used in a hand to hand fight. The first conflict would be with pistol firing. With a beating heart, penrod as he paced up and down behind his line heard the breaking of branches and the voices of the enemy. He could still see the red hair of Radcliffe taller than any of his boy or girl scouts moving from side to side as he half lay in the front of the line behind a high stump with pistol drawn, and Penrod prayed:

"Oh Dear Blessed Lord Thou who art the Father and God of us all, stand with us your suffering children now, pursued by fire, suffering privations and in the bargain persecuted by ruthless enemies. It is they who cause the blood of so many helpless children to flow into the earth. And send if Thou wilt your plagues of fear into the hearts of the wicked enemy making them as flying deer. Oh" said by Thy faithful child scouts and their love shall continue to rise up to Thee as the smoke of the camp fires of the National armies whom we are so long seeking. Oh God Lord of battle, stand by us poor kids now."

His voice was strangled in his throat for he was afraid, he the general of all boy and girl scouts that a disaster might occur and now through the trees he could see the faces of the Glandelinians and their uniforms. They came closer not perceiving the boy or girl scouts, closer still, white faces and gray uniforms and back hats, groups lined up, and single soldiers. Radcliffe in his excitement raised the arm which had the pistol in hand and only just in time did Penrod catch it.

"W! Wait Radcliffe. Wait do not waste your shots. We are short enough in ammunition already as it is."

At that moment the Glandelinians had come into the clearing and suddenly perceived the waiting scouts. There was a moment of confusion, followed by utter silence, and hesitation could be observed in their ranks. The line of boy and girl scouts in their regular formation blocking the way with pistols drawn, motionless and forbidding made a picture which by its immobility would have daunted practiced troops. Troops.

But the Glandelinians started forward firing as they did so.

"Give them a volley," shouted Penrod. "Aim good and do not miss a single shot."

And at this command the pistols were opened on the enemy, and as many were struck as there were boys or girls and screams arose from the wounded, a second a

third volley was delivered causing the rebels confusion still more. Then Radcliffe sank upon one knee and the doubtfully advancing line of the enemy paused, daunted by the phalanx of spearmen as they were who silently awaited their onrush while reloading their pistols. Then there was a pause at which the child force and the enemy soldiery considered each other.

On " shouted the glandelinian leader, leaping from the front rank and waving his sabre. " Are ye afraid of young kids?"

" Wait of wait do not counter attack" whispered Penrod in Radcliffe's ear. At once the glandelinians rushed furiously across the clearing toward the line of scouts who poured in a fire of pistolry that mowed a number down but the rest rushed up and strove to break their way in, while Penrod behind the line spoke to each boy, and girl bidding them be firm and steady, neither to advance or retreat. There was much noise, shouting of the enemy and screaming of the girls some of whom affrighted by the sight of long bayonets had already run away. But the others among them the notable dark haired little jannie were animated with a fury greater than that of the boys. The struggle was one of individual conflict for the boy and girl scout - scouts held their line together, and the glandelinians surging about them struck at the spears and branches with the butts of their rifles striving to break them in two and to find before them defenseless child enemies but those being handier shot the nearest rebels with their pistols.

It was rather dark under the trees however and in this twilight a long grapple took place. Cries went up as a spear suddenly found a mark, or a bayonet went through a boy or girl scout or cries as three or four glandelinians flung themselves upon a boy or girl scout tore away his or her lance and suddenly crushed the scout under the blow of their musket butts. The ground received a dozen bleeding bodies trampled under the trampled under the feet of the combatants. Time was passing time enough to give James and his boy scouts the opportunity which the messengers had just told him to take. But the struggle indeed was not going at Penrod had expected, for the soldiers well experienced were brave. Six of the boys had fallen, and ten of the girls, though death was harrying the rebels rather than the scouts but yet the line of scouts was bending, while Penrod hurriedly caused them to take on a more regular shape for he had a sudden fear that they might be overwhelmed by numbers and destroyed.

" Radcliffe" said he marshalling his reserves, " Now advance slowly and attack them." Radcliffe gave a cry of joy as the mental strain was lifted from his mind and firing his pistol, he advanced followed by his lads, and other girl scouts. Trembling Penrod followed the slowly moving line and now the confusion was complete. Radcliffe shouting words of encouragement to his boys whirled above his head a heavy branch which crashed down again and again upon the heads of the men. But the line of boy and girl scouts were now underfired, for they had thrown their long weapons from them smiting only with the pistol shots. They were near the smoke of another coming brush fire and this kept in with green branches blew back across the sky veiled the conflict in acrid vapor. Blood was flowing upon the faces of a half of the combatants who now strove to gain access to each other across the fallen bodies which they trampled. And still the line of boys and girls retired, being reduced every minute by tens and twenties. They were in spite of Radcliffe or Penrod who created an emptiness about them with their pistol shots being beaten back.

Then came the diversion. There was a crackling up on the earth, a breaking of branches and the line of James' boys and girls came running behind the row of advancing rebels. Their appearance caused among the glandelinians a disarray which like a swift contagion passed to nearly all for as James and his scout rushed upon them, striking at them and shooting at them widely and making them realized that they were hemmed in by these wild fighting kids shots arose, the mobs in gray broke ranks, and flinging their arms away the majority of the glandelinians ran hurriedly to the right and left, seeking safety behind safety behind trees and rocks. But they quickly rallied and then did overwhelm the scouts and started to disperse them and for a moment the two leading boy scouts withstood the onslaught of the glandelinians but seeing the helplessness of the battle they too tears in their eyes and blood upon their faces broke away to the sheltering woods.

" On" shouted the glandelinian leader " Pursue the daring little " Christian dogs", annihilate them. Never let them ever return to their camp. Give them no quarter. It was too late the rally the force of boy and girl scouts. Already a half circle of the glandelinians was drawing about the small force of the boy scouts. A pistol bullet struck one of the boys it was James in the breast, and he fell upon his hands and knees heaving a hoarse cry. Instinctively Penrod, Radcliffe, and a number of others followed by the girls ran under a shower of bullets which did not however hit them. They ran for the protection of some pine trees where at last there would be some shelter, and as they entered the welcome shade a bullet struck another boy scout in the shoulder. He groaned and paused, holding a tree trunk with his other hand.

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" Come" shouted Penrod " It is nothing."

" I can't walk " said the boy."

" Come" said Radcliffe Radcliffe. " We cannot leave you for they will slay you. You are only hit in the arm you can walk."

Fortunately the Glandelinians had scattered widely in pursuit of the boy and girl scouts and only the sounds of the running conflict and the screams of the fallen penetrated into the dark wood. The others were alone, the rest of their party were breaking their way after them a little to the right so they went up and down hill for some distance, Radcliffe walking between them.

" Courage" he said to the wounded boy holding him close. A little further and we are safe."

" Courage" said Penrod also supporting him. " So they went on the lad in their grasp growing every moment more heavier. Another bullet hit him, his feet faltered, then dragged and suddenly he collapsed in their arms.

" Oh Frank, Frank" cried Radcliffe falling to his knees. He held in his arms the blood stained form of the boy scout who had been his companion for years and despaired desperately he clasped him in his arms. " Oh Frank he" he wailed " do not die here. It is Radcliffe. Look at me Frank. Frank please open your eyes."

Penrod stood above them helpless. He too suffered for this had also had been his friend but he did not suffer as did Radcliffe. The hard silent boy scout had never until then ever known how much he had loved Frank, how close he with little Jannie and Penrod he had lived.

" Oh Frank" he wailed. " Frank please do not die."

There was silence about them not even the cry of a bird broke through the clearing. The merciless heat of the near approach of the main forest fire was felt easily through the trees stained with the crimson blood of the conflict. It came to Radcliffe with horror that they were beset by rebels in the path of fire and that now he was losing one of his best boy scouts. So he held him in a grip so passionate that the dying lad opened his eyes. They looked into each others eyes, those two so alike in their olive skin, their dark red hair, their fair cheeks. Frank tried to speak, coughed, again and again but the gasp in his friends eyes animated him so that he tried to smile. His trembling hand weakly closed upon that of Radcliffe.

" Radcliffe" He whispered. Then his eyes closed, and his head sank to his shoulder, he was dead. The sounds on the right grew more pronounced, branches broke suddenly and the small party which had escaped, numbering James and a few there came close.

" Oh he is dead" cried Jannie and there was tears in her eyes. For a moment all in silence considered the lad who lay still and then as the sounds of conflict were carried to them upon the wind the wind, Jannie laid her hand upon Radcliffe's shoulder.

" Rad" she whispered " come. the pursuers are still near. come we cannot stay here."

But Radcliffe did not hear. Still he knelt upon the ground his arms about his friend his hand held in the dead boys grasp. At last he said -

" Dear" then with an effect of suddenness which made the others start he raised his head toward the sky and began to pray for his soul. Lost in a burning woods, Radcliffe was discolored and now Penrod seized him by forced upon the shi shield shoulder and demanded of him to rise.

" Come" he said taking him by the arm, while Jannie stood on the other side " come the enemy pursue us."

And so they finally led him away, while they were retreating there arose from somewhere a long modulated wail a wail without pain, a wail without words, yes something like a long invocation of pain a cry of pain a lament. It seemed to last a long long time like that of a mad dog and it affected the nerves of the remaining boy and girl scouts. And from where ever it came the long modulated cry rose and fell as they continued on. The rout was completed, and all the rest of the day the glandelinians were roving through the woods discovering here a boy whom they slew, there even a girl scout scout who was wounded and hand been forced to remain behind, and around her as helpless as she was the rascals started up a fierce brush fire. In a hollow they found one little wounded girl scout who was dragged out by the hair and then tied to the a small tree by the hair, a big pile of rubbish was stacked about her and it was set on fire and she too was burned to death.

Meanwhile in all this darkness of coming night the small party continued to flee, a small party of unfortunate boy and girl scouts all that was left of them, a very pathetic group comprising of only twenty boys, and four girls one of them half stupified by the bullet wound he had also recovered from which he had no hope of recovering from. And that there was Penrod and Radcliffe and all the survivors in their despair were now quickly racing toward the east over some of the scorched portions of the woods where perhaps there would be no foot or water but where at least for the time being there was safety. As they went Penrod walked on ahead finding his way by the light of distant fires behind came the rest and followed by Jannie who still watched Radcliffe who from time to time looking into his face appalled by its rigidity. At times she would fondle his arm making a sound designed to comfort him. Indeed Penrod was very conscious of this struggling procession all that was left of what he

have called a regiment and he thought to himself; "This is the enemy a glandelinian enemy who will massacre any body. Nearly all of my boy and girl scouts are dead, James is dead, good James who loved us so well he too is dead. Many more have died in the fire and in the river and the hand of the glandelinian lies heavy upon our heads. Indeed it seems as if even God himself has deserted us." For a moment as he walked on he raised his hand toward heaven and asked God why he and his band of boy and girl scouts had been so smitten for.

"Oh God" said Penrod within his heart "Why have we failed, why have we been thus in these woods for so many unknown days. Have we not loved you, though you speak not to us. Have we not worshipped you, though you gave us no hope of safety or refuge. Have we not feared you, feared your wrath. I speak Lord and tell me why we have been thus deserted."

He looked about him into the thickening forest looked up toward the starlit sky; "Speak Lord, oh God make your self visible to us. Do so refuge us God, refuge us." There of course was no reply, no hope. They continued on into the forest passing over stretches of already burned forests passing through it until they came out into another denser part of the wood after a flight of another day and reached a spot where a creek poured into a long thin stream.

They could not stop now in their advance or flight they must continue on until they find the christian lines at last. But the few soon found themselves hard pressed by the pursuing enemy and they had to finally make another stand behind a wall of rocks above a steep ravine.

"It surely is strange" said Penrod to Radcliffe "They will not desist in their attack upon us but here we are now in a post position which I do not believe they can easily surmount."

"It is odd" said Radcliffe "for us they try to climb the rocks as we can easily shoot them down and they cannot even reach us. Besides they must also swim the stream close by and many would drown there as it looks as if it is infested with quicksands."

Over the new battle was not to go as Penrod or even Radcliffe expected. When the pursuing glandelinian soldiers reached the banks of this river they spent some two hours in keeping up a heavy, heavy musketry upon the defender a all of the shots however spattering against the stone wall and doing no harm. In the middle of the night an attempt was made to build a sort of quick improvised bridge by means of tree trunks an attempt apparently so half hearted, that a sortie headed by Radcliffe resulted in a quick brief flight half in the water and half in the quicksands and half on the trunks where the glandelinians retired after a few minutes firing as they did so having lost only those who had been caught in the bogs.

Surprise however grew among the defenders for they could not understand why so weak an attack was being delivered on their defense and yet they had to be watchful careful being so few now and pressed by so many. It was not however until the next morning that they really realized that the rebels had amused and lured them by a real sham attack. They realized it only when over some hills that overhung the stream somewhat in their rear they heard the breaking of branches and the sound of men's voices. Now came a true shower of bullets, and a prepared tree trunk was brought into position and thrown across it and the glandelinians came swarming toward the position. What had happened during the night of sham fighting the glandelinian leader had sent a portion of his cool command around about a mile further west taking some hours in doing this, and now the two forces were closing about the defenders.

In a moment there was confusion and disarray, the defenders deserted their position at once and while the soldiers came racing from the rear to meet those who were passing over the bridge the child fugitives fled.

"Courage" said Penrod to a boy he was helping "soon we shall reach another ravine and then we'll make a better stand."

As they continued the flight no one pursued them so they ran down a sloping hill toward a place near a creek where they hoped to escape from the enemy altogether. Here upon the creek they came upon the body of one of the boy scouts. A bayonet was still fixed in his heart, his gun still in his hand.

"He is gone now also" said Penrod. "After awhile as it seems we will all be gone." Indeed the discovery of the real peril of this forest had meant complete sorrow and misery for the remaining scouts. Thus elapsed two more days of intense misery during which Penrod or others did not speak his mind entirely now occupied by the thought of the Vivian girls. At one moment of his madness he turned to rush right into the worse of dangers but they restrained him. None of them had hardly less than four hours sleep at night and one night when he had laid down and as he and the rest lay in fitful sleep he felt a little hand upon his shoulder. Before his opened eyes it was the face of Jennie Turner herself and a large number of soldiers were around wearing Scarlet uniforms.

"Why it's Jennie Turner" he said feebly "You have saved us. We are still in the woods are we not?"

A small brown hand gripped his arm tighter.

"Wake Penrod" she whispered. "It is Jennie Turner. Yes we are in the woods yet but you are near general Vivian's lines."

The touch her hand her near dear nearness made Penrod understand that by a miracle

he and his few followers had reached general Vivian's lines which were somewhere close at hand. Uttering an uncouth sound he rose to his feet and took her to his arms where for a while she lay weeping with joy. But at last she drew back her worn tear stained face and looking into his face said;

"Penrod I have much to tell you, and see I have brought something for you as a gift! The Vivian girls sent me with it."

She held out to him a long curl of golden hair.

"Jennie" He said "What is that?"

In a louder voice Jennie replied;

"Jennie Vivian gave it to you to remember her with while you are gone so long."

She could not explain explain as she would have desired to the scenes of the last few days for she lacked the words, she lacked the ready made phrases which emotion is expressed but at intervals she succeeded in expressing the splendor of the scene, which she told.

For a long time she had been in the woods with the party of soldiers hunting for the lost scouts during which she was not sheltered from the heat of forest fires and that the searching parties strong in numbers had spread out to a wide extent. Thus when Jennie Turner marched up to the river she said she discovered the scouts lying under trees and that she cried to her men;

"Penrod, it's Penrod and his scouts."

The soldiers had come to the spot at once. Now Jennie's eyes met those of little Jennie.

"Oh Jennie" said Miss Turner in a low voice "I'm glad to see you safe."

Jennie could say nothing for she was choked with sobs.

"Oh Jennie" said Miss Turner walking beside her "How have you managed to stand it all like this?"

"Penrod helped me" said Jennie in a low voice her dark eyes so blinded with tears that she could not see.

"Yes we came to the aid at last. We have conquered this gloomy forest. We are close

We are close to the christian lines now. So dear Jennie weep not. Why should you weep when you are rescued. Soon we'll all be within the christian lines once more

and then we'll be free from this peril."

Indeed Jennie did not understand at all why Jennie should be weeping but it came to her simply that it might have been from the sudden relief at seeing old time friends after so much peril and so profiting by that fact she gripped Jennie's hand and left her toward the soldiers.

"You'll be safe with us all now" she whispered.

Jennie silently gripped her hand and her voice was no longer choked with sobs as she said;

"Thank you Jennie for I do not think we'll have to do this again."

"What do you mean?" said Jennie "I do not understand you."

"I don't know but I think of it," she answered.

Now they reached the big group of christian soldiers all who were on horseback and all the children who had been roused were placed on extra horses. At the head of the column was Ned Perkins

"Come in" cried the general, surprised at the interruption, while his officers looked surprised, as general plover had given orders to his guards that just now he was not to be disturbed.

"Please your Excellency, I nor my sisters didn't go to fulfill our plans yet." and Violet looked as if she was in sore distress.

"Because your Excellency, we just made another special trip to the disaster scenes last week for a final inspection, and did not get here until this morning, and was pursued by the enemy sixty times. We were too far from the army to get here on time, and were almost frustrated on our attempts. But we decide to go to Jay, and we want your help, and we want members of the Gemini and others to shadow us, so to come to our aid if something goes wrong."

Very good plan Violet, but unusually dangerous to attempt, remembering your capture by the glandelinians only early last August, and your difficult rescue, with Jennie's experience with that racial class slave holder Augustinia St Clair, alias really James Deldon in disguise!" he said "You seldom attempt-----"

and we are going to find out more about it. I suppose that through their whole career so far as it is known, Violet and her sisters had not gone on any mission, spying, scouting or otherwise, in which they had not been successful. They were hornets to the enemy. In communion with their boy and girl scouts, and other able friends they had gone out on every military mission possible and never failed. Great help to Abba-Imania in the matter of saving christian armies from defeat, but a terror to the foe. Many of the readers I suppose would have said why did not the generals go instead? The answer to the question is simple. Being small violet and her sisters could do it best. Generals have tried, and failed. Goldiers have tried and never returned. Other officers have tried and never returned. The child scouts tried and succeeded every time. So they choosed to do so and let the officers take care of the armies.

"Well Violet Violet" the general resumed "Your record is good. But though you are a princess I'm sure cannot help disapproving of it. It's too dangerous. If you discovered while pretending to serve the Gladiolusian women I shudder to think of the result. Let the matter drop and sent the Gemini instead. They'll do anything for you, and so will the rest."

2 "I'm going with my sisters into Manlaye lines."

"What again?" demanded general Vivian looking astonished while his officers all looked serious and sober.

"Yes."

"Better change your mind."

"Your Excellency we didn't say anything else. We are surely going."

"Who told you to arrange the trip?"

"The seven of us."

"But it seems almost a suicide intention princess."

"D So sir it is not. We do not intend to allow ourselves to be observed or suspected by any one. We'll watch out for that and not our part. My we have actually played stage and acted, and rehearsed this all over again as if preparing for a show so the we could do our part as well as the best of actors."

"Does Cardinal Pedro George approve of it. Did you consult of it?"

"He believes I'm taking a great risk, but he says we should do it nevertheless as it is our duty seeing others fail. The Saints of God risked a lot for Our Blessed Lord, and we are doing this more for Him, so why not try it. God surely will aid us well in the adventure."

"Do you intend to have Pedro accompany you?"

"Your Excellency the mission is not for him, even though if he desires to go we won't stop him. Yet its too risky as he is not experienced."

"How do you know?"

"He proved it."

"But you, and your sisters, and even Angelina Aronburg, and general Breachart seem to have trained him well Violet."

"I mean your Excellency he is not trained for this line of work."

"Why not?"

"Your Excellency you are full of questions to day---you other generals" she continued "may be asked. Your Excellency we have so much to do we did not have time to give him sufficient time to learn. But we prevent no one if they wish to go. But we do not ask."

"Who are you going with you?"

"I've asked Gertrude, Angelina, Je Annis, Armer, Angelina Riches and others. They did not leave general Hanson Vivian's army till ever so late, and Gertrude was no tired out from her long travelling and exciting experiences with the enemy, she just didn't wake up this morning, for six o'clock army mass and had to go to the seven thirty. She got up ten after seven."

"But what interest have you in the originator of the disasters? It was caused by the enemy wasn't it?"

"Please Your Excellency.. it is most important to us and the nation that we should find out who ordered the making of the disasters, and to capture him if possible. I sent Pedro yesterday to notify Gertrude of my plans and though she too thinks it unusual she'll accompany me, though Jennie, and Riches are disapproving of it."

"Oh."

Making these plans had but one meaning in the matter under discussion. Violet and her sisters had succeeded in everything they set their minds on. They had spent whole minds or whole nights even in setting out on spying missions, and returning with all the information they wished to know, suffered anything for the success of their purpose and were more than living Marys. But of course this plan meant much more greater peril than usual, grave danger and record breaking difficulty in the undertaking, and some prodigious difficulty even in entering the foe lines to begin with. But general Vivian had known of everything they did before. Never had they failed. But such are the perils of all such undertakings, that in the general though he could not prevent them from going desired to advise against it, or what was better still go himself. Such are the horrors nowadays encountered in the many clandestine camps that general Vivian was really afraid for their safety. On making such a mission he hoped to send some one precisely to the foe camp in their stead.

The trip was sure to be so full of such danger that all those who persevere in it regularly never go forward, as to going backward that is impossible.

"Why my dear little princesses you are getting to be more like little dare devils every day. I don't believe you've missed fifteen trips to the enemy's camp since your rescue from the enemy last month," said the general.

"Please your Excellency we can do anything possible, and nothing can prevent us."

"Now girls, please listen to reason. I want you to do me a favor a bring me a written note, signed by all seven of you stating that I can go on that mission myself."

This was a terrible surprise to Violet, and her sisters for they did not expect this nor comprehend it. But Violet and her sisters have an intense repugnance to sending the best generals to such missions when the army needs them.

"No we'll not do that" they said together shaking their heads.

"Can you state to me why you do not wish to sent me?"

"Because the army needs you, and father relies on your ability as a good and able commander."

"As the general said 'Oh I see' there came into the tent ushered by the guard an apparition which caused the general to straighten up and fairly gasp. The other generals, and even Violet, and her sisters stared in blank amazement.

This little girl who had been ushered into the tent tripped in so lightly trotting all the way to them with such grace of motion and looking up out of deep blue eyes so smilingly into theirs that--- coupled with the circumstance of her being attired in tiny black slippers, brown ragged stockings, and covered with shreds and patches like a beggar mite that the generals felt as though a visit from a ragged golden haired haired fairy had somehow slipped into his tent to appear before the Vivian girls. It of course was Angelina Riches herself in disguise, and not even Violet and her sisters just then recognised her.

On account of her clever disguise her features were regular, her face a delicate oval and though her expression was under itself, there was a sign about her mouth and appearance about her eyes that showed she was shrewd, quick in motion, dangerous when aroused, and active and alert like a cat. And then in the least possible fraction of a moment in the face of a warm September day, and the dull thud of shovels without from so many soldiers at work there flashed through general Vivian's mind, Francis Thompson's exquisite poem:

"The hills look over the south,
And southward dreams the sea.
And with the sea breeze hand in hand,
Come innocence and she."

The little girl, slipped, and all in rags brought sunshine with her, and the smile upon her face with the light of bravery and confidence in her eyes a hint of spring. General Vivian at first believed a celestial child from heaven in disguise had come to aid Violet, and her sisters. Indeed it seemed that flowers invisible were blooming all about the general and the Vivian girls.

"Who are you little girl?"

"My general don't you remember me?"

"No I don't believe I ever saw you before."

"Why I'm Evangelina Riches. You gave me a gold medal in October for aiding Violet and her sisters so grandly in their expeditions of the months before, and for being the first in bringing them out of great dangers. I've got it yet. It's a large gold badge with the engravings of the Sacred Heart on it, and its got all the promises on the back. I know them all by heart and I'm teaching them to my girl scouts. I've got it yet, and keep it hanging over my chest as I can know it is always with me. Am I so disguised that even you princesses too do not know me?"

Yet I the author may regret to say that in the complicated work of attending to the movements of the army, superintending the investigations of the floods, refugee the homeless, directing the diversions during battles, fighting forest fires himself, making plans and attending to the work of all his staff officers, general Vivian though he did know her had completely lost all sight of his friend Angelina Riches aged eleven, and as he knew from the records, the second chief girl scout under the Abbess-eminence princesses so well known as the darlings of the nation. He had not even then known her because he had failed to read her through her disguise."

"Oh so its you Evangelina Riches. I failed to recognise you. I'm heartily glad to meet you again but you come around so seldom that you can hardly blame me for forgetting you so soon."

"Oh I don't blame you general, not at all. You have got such a lot to remember. You know I cannot remember so many things myself because I'm so busy. Angelina Aronburg gave me this note to give to you Violet, for you and your sisters to read. She says it is verily very very important."

She had been holding an envelope in her hand. Violet took it and while she tore open the envelope the girls took another look at Angelina Riches who stood at attention before them. The fine lines of her face, the Madonna like oval the long luxuriant real golden colored hair shining with dazzling brilliancy in the sunlight were the first things that could strike one. But there was one detail in which her beauty left something to be desired. Looking closely one could not but help see that the young girl was most cleverly disguised.

She had even disguised her natural complexion herself like a beggar wretch, and made it appear as if the rose color of her cheeks would soon be the rose of

yesteryear just as if they were fading fast away. She was near as beautiful as violet and her sisters themselves, but taller all slightly than the eldest, juicier, and appearing more prim and dignified, and cautious and yet active. While Violet read the letter to her sisters, Angelina Richee flitted and hopped about the tent floor like a little bird in the trenches, or branches on the tree top as she always did. She was never quiet, never it seemed could stand still, and only then when she still when she happened to be seated. She was offered a chair by a general but declined. The letter read: []

"DEAR VIOLET, AND YOUR SISTERS."

"I've sent Angelina Richee to help you as you suggested, and I will be on my way as soon as possible. Kindly take a good look at her, and tell me when we meet, if she is not dignified to the point of perfection and cleverness. As she is the brightest and the sunniest girl scout leader of our set we can depend on her as we always did in the past."

She attended Mass this morning and received Holy Communion before donning the disguise, not a general guess as is always on every day and Sunday but a Special Mass for herself, to bless her work with you and your sisters. No adventure no matter how serious appears to have any terrors for our assistant girl scout leader as you well know. Tell me if you recognize her the first moment she came."

Respectfully
Angelina Aronburg.
N.D.C.
General Munroe's Army.... "

General Vivian while the princesses read the letter called:

"Come here my dear Richee."
"She was trotting toward him at the word as though she intended running him down nor did she slacken her pace until she was quite upon him, when she caught a sudden halt in a manner quite beyond any creature of a large growth."

"Angelina do you intend to go with them too?"
"Oh yes Your Excellency. I and Gertrude, and Miss Turner intend to go when they start."

"What else do you intend to do?"
"That's all Your Excellency."
"Don't you think it's very dangerous?"
"Yes sir but I am not a bit afraid."
"Angelina did you have yourself well prepared? []"
"Oh yes sir. I'll have all of my scouts shadow me wherever I may go."

"What else?"
"I prepared for Holy Communion."
"Did you not conceal weapons and ammunition about you?"
"Yes sir, I have all I'll be able to carry."
"Didn't you plan to have a strong body guard?"
"We have good reliable men ready at a moment's notice. And cavalier also and the powerful Gemini."

"Good Gracious," the general exclaimed. "And to what use are you going to the body of retainers?"

"To shadow us also."
"And within the glandelinian camp?"
"Maybe we'll not need them there, and then maybe we will. So you see we do not know what to decide on that. Violet, and her sisters do not know whether the retainers will be needed that far, or whether they will last that long."

Retainers as a regular purpose for scouting parties outside the Christian lines where a popular column needs protection from an attacking scouting party of the enemy had always been general Vivian's work. But to have the retainers shadow their charges through and within the foe camps had never before occurred to him and seemed very unusual indeed. It was only later he learned that when everything else in the way of secret protection fails, and there is no other way for the purpose the simplest manner of securing protection on a dangerous adventure is to have bodies of men and boy and girl scouts also armed to the teeth shadow you wherever you go, especially when out on a perilous scouting expedition for discovering of the enemy's movements or entering the camps of the foe. The quest cost nothing to those experienced, and though the general had not yet learned how it is accomplished it brings results. Nevertheless although the general did not realize then, that Angelina Richee had spent the greater part of the day in selecting the proper men all powerful in strength and quick on the action and trigger, he felt sure there was dire peril

in the whole undertaking and to tell the truth he was almost scared to death for their safety.

"Do you like thrilling adventures, Angelina Richee?"
"Oh yes, for the sake of our holy cause. Why I don't even get enough---at least I think so, but Gertrude Angelina says that more people in this country die of great disasters in this war because there are not enough successful spies to learn the plans of such an enemy to have them frustrated. Or from cowardice on the part of scouting parties near such scenes. And then Your Excellency when I start out on an adventure I put more spirit in the undertaking. [] Do you like thrilling adventures sir?"
Not feeling quite equal to answering this question to the young girl's satisfaction the general went on:--

"Is that your best disguise?"
"General how can you ask that? Angelina Aronburg gave me these to put on. But they are real perfect and will help me to accomplish the purpose you know. And when I enter the enemy's camp I pick out the places where the enemy is not so thickly gathered or where there are no soldiers at all and I can ride and dash from one place to another. It is as good as playing."
"You dash from one part of the Glandelinian camp to the other as if you were a little bird eh?"

"That's just it general, how did you happen to guess it? Sometimes I can go through a whole Glandelinian camp without even being discovered by the enemy. I can make the calls of many little birds, and croak like a frog which signals my followers and even Violet and her sisters understand."

"What part of Munroe's army are you and the rest going to enter?"
"At Ambrose Fuller's camp is the one we call 'Fulla Prunes' Here's the way we are going to get there. When we come to the right part of Ambrose Fuller's camp, we are going through by night, through or by way of the thinnest sentinel line, and sneak into the Glandelinian camp from the rear. But don't you believe we are going all the way through there. No indeed. We know better. That part of the Glandelinian army is said to be the most dangerous, the officers unacquainted that is just awful, and Ambrose Fuller has a general under him who'd give a fortune to capture any one of us dead or alive. Angelina Aronburg says they are very dangerous. Now from there we go through another portion of the Glandelinian camp until we get to Munroe's lines. Then we come to our destination and Munroe's headquarters. If we had the chance to go to day it would be better. But we are too late and will have to wait until tomorrow. Then we start for 'Fulla Prunes' camp."

"How many of you girls are going to accomplish or try to accomplish this most dangerous and record breaking stunt?"

"There's three hundred (300) boys, there's I, Violet, and her sisters, who make three hundred eight, and Angelina Aronburg and the retainers. Angelina Aronburg is to be the guide and she can work fast. Penrod and Radcliff wish to join and we thought not approving of it as he is not used to such an adventure do not nevertheless hinder, and he and his friend follows us several days later. This is the best plan we ever formed."

"Why do you wish to take so many?"
"For safety. But it's their plan not mine. I made no plan as I must say. It is all theirs. We are also taking five hundred (500) girls. Last night I and Gertrude planned to find out what Glandelinian general ordered the floods to be made, the reason why the disasters were created, and where the Glandelinian miners secured all the explosive explosives. I forgot what we intended to do next but I think it is a plan to capture or shoot the originator to death. We might as well as the guilty ones, or party would be put to death anyhow. Our plans have been made a lot better."

"Sit down Angelina until Gertrude comes 'Bald Violet' she is trotting down the road already and means to go in a great hurry."
"Colonel Michael the general called to his side-de-camp without." "Come in here and fix for these beautiful heroines a good breakfast, and see if you can get it done quickly."

"You say you want what to be fast sir?"
"I BAI fix these heroines a GOOD BREAKFAST and don't go to sleep about it."
The side-de-camp had long been accustomed to such stern harsh orders, received especially after making a mistake, and he came in as asked, and while he prepared the breakfast for the eight little girls who kindly helped him and simultaneously gave him a number of autobiographical details, Richee called up by telephone one of the leaders of Penrod's boy scouts and girl scout regiment and coworkers in clever spying work Jennie Turner as directed by Violet.

"Is this you Jennie Turner?"
"No this is the telegraph operator. I've tried to get her and have line trouble. Try another line. The line must be interrupted suddenly and I heard something strange."

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 were as chasing a devil around a stump. Thereupon one of his staff generals with a foolish smile remarked that ever since the first three disasters and all the other forest fires raging then, scores of thousands of expert spies and agents entered the enemy's lines to find out what general or person ordered the causing of these disasters, and they even never came back, though some went to the glendelinian capital to find out. If you girl heroines live up to any common sense even to keeping your word to that admission, I'll call you miracle workers before the whole nation."

"Well Jennie I must say, that all this purpose of ours is very unusual, and we'll have to do unpleasant things, and make tremendous sacrifices, and apparently ride in with the glendelinian cause to obtain our end, but nothing will change our minds now. Tell me and there are, council held by the generals over this!" asked Violet.

"They debated over it"--- and there was a twinkle in Jennie's eye--- "and it came to an end with some of them, quite in favor of going in our places. There was not a thing in the way of changing their minds, and they said 'they might as well have the Masses of the Dead' said for us right now."

"I must say, this case strikes me as the most serious and the most astonishing I have ever come across in all my life" said Violet. "None of the generals ever felt worried over our other expeditions and they too were dangerous."

"And you might add, the most extraordinary," put in Jennie.

"Yes" exclaimed Jennie. "A general Hanson said that since being in charge of armies he had not been hounded with all kinds of christian and glendelinian spies---with all sorts of agents and investigating spies and scouts from spies that form the Gemini income from the spies and agents that visits a rebel or other glendelinian camp far, near on or in the interior, but I've never in all my experience known of any spies that would go through anything you girl scouts have or of any case where there was an any manner of slightest any number of spies in the camp but also there has been as much success as you girls made despite too much peril."

"That's a fact Jennie, excessive peril and great christian spies would appear to go hand in hand," said Catherine.

"If by object danger you mean mean nothing to mentioning of success in the great adventure---yes especially, if it is a sort of do-or-die performance, something like an act on the stage where you are liable you get the 'hook'. It does happen to spies with little or no experience even in time of calamity to desecrating christian spies, but we are experience and we mean to show our generals something. Other spies need only to be put on their feet. Well what have you done to prepare for the self adventure?"

"I send orders to have members of the Gemini keep us secretly shadowed as you proposed, and a supply of provisions to last us until we enter the foe's lines which we got to do through some shrewd trick only, as slipping past sentinels will be a thing of the 'we say a past for do holler' and we need flour, eggs, sugar coffee, a string of sausages and plenty of ammunition to rely on for emergencies. Then my girl scouts are going to do what they can to give us all the assistance there is in their power. All of us will be well provided for. As for the boyscouts who are to accompany us we've prepared plenty for them to do on their own line. Also there's a matter of reliable automatics for the chief boys---"

"Allow me to take care of that," Gertrude broke in. "Just a few minutes ago an officer went by and it may be---rude up to my tent this morning and handed me this note saying 'Gertrude I have heard about the expedition, you and Violet, and her sisters are going to make, so use that as a pass and a countersign into the enemy's line if you cannot get in any other way. General Hanson says get the best weapon you can rely on. I'll have many Hannos and pummas and gosses said for your safe return. He remounted his horse and rode away, before I could even thank him. I never saw him before, but nevertheless he was a priest!"

"Thank you Gertrude. I'll attend to the rest at once. Only one thing, forget to tell you," said Jennie, "remember looking at her closely."

"And what's that Jennie?"

"Walter Starring says he will also have us covered or shadowed so to be ready in case of need. He'll start a large body of clever scout's as soon as you are ready. If you say so we'll start to work to-morrow. I'll send our scouts everything that is necessary so that if anything happens to us we can at least be on our feet again. And our success will be the grandest achievement of the war."

"For all of which thanks be to god."

The sound of a galloping horse cut short what further reflections Gertrude was about to make and in general Vivian's answer to come in "come in" the tent door was pushed aside, and there in the entrance curtsying beautifully and smiling expansively stood Angelina Jennings herself looking now by reason of her new uniform rather more like a new Abbianni-princess than a girl scout.

"Oh Angelina Gronburg is that you?---Good morning general, I did not know that the princess had you for company. I just came to tell Angelina Gronburg

that general Hanson says everything is ready for the expedition to-morrow. Be he sends you to take a kind of circuitous route toward glendelinian Road as to keep sheer of wildly advancing forest fires that's burning all before it. He says it is terribly dangerous which ever way you turn, if not from the glendelinians the fire, and the latter is far worse. General Hanson wishes to have me go along, and says that if I do would it not be a surprise if all the boy and girl scouts will be jealous of me. General Hanson says to have me accompany you to-morrow."

"You are quite welcome to come my dear friend" said Violet.

"And we have such a fine time making ready and eating our breakfast this morning while general Hanson sent fifty thousand soldiers out to battle the fire and head it off while he prepared his retreat. Before we were through and our breakfast was over, I had to ride down and make a report to my scouts, and think girls, run plump into that 'bad plague.' I turned sheer of it after watching it progress for a time and, tell you girls it was a perfect fire sea and the heat from that distance was parching and the flames made a noise like a tornado and the smoke rolled upward like a volcano. We then had to loosen up on most of our provisions, and when I told them what I was going to do while watching the fire, they almost choked with astonishment and looked at me as if they thought I had gone mad. Yet they consented and when we said our prayers, and put in 'God Bless our Expedition' and make it successful' as headed for our camp keeping to the side of the forest fire. I'm going to say that prayer even while we are out on the adventure. Oh Miss Aronburg did you take a look at my uniform a new one." "One."

"The uniform is excellent, your shoes are strong and look well" said Gertrude. "But for goodness sakes girls if you go with us you'll be risking too much danger."

"No we won't Miss Aronburg, I can do real dangerous stunts if I want to," replied Angelina Jennings recovering her moral gravity. "But I just came in to report that everything is ready for the adventure. So I guess I'll go now. Good bye, princess, good bye Miss Aronburg, good-bye general Vivian. I'll have to go now, but see you girls to-morrow. My company is awaiting me impatiently."

"She made for the entrance---also fairly like in her glide---and then she astonished them all. She turned in the threshold of the big tent, faced them all and with the sudden movement that Violet and her sisters are so accustomed in observing in Angelina piches made a profound curtsy--- more profound than that which they had observed on her entrance, but to the Vivian girls alone. She sank and rose like the crest of a wave, and then saluted the generals."

"Jenny Jennings," General Vivian called as she was turning to go. "Where on earth did you learn that curtsy?"

"I've learned it from Angelina piches. She showed me how to do it whenever the general came to review the army, and when he came to speak to me. I also do it every time I enter and leave the church before the blessed sacrament."

"It was I who learned her" confessed Angelina piches. "Shee Riches as the girl scout disappeared. There was a man in Angelina's path whom I knew, your Excellency, Sister Mary Angelina, and when I went to school, she showed me how they used it, when the bishop or the cardinal came."

And then general Vivian recalled the days of his own bitter practice, and how long it took him to limber his stiff little heels for those curtsies. Ease of action does not come handily to all of us. But these two girl scouts Angelina piches, and Jennings could never--- supposing her to have general Vivian's expression--- could have penned his comment to save her life.

"They are fine girls both she and Riches" commented the Vivian girls together. "but if I were glendelinians and their enemies why I'd hide in a deep woods and never come out. They even beat gadcliffe who is called the 'Rattle-snake'."

"Thanks for the recommendation" said Angelina piches with a bow.

"Your Excellency do you know that Angelina piches and Jennings has everything that was in the making of good spies in the near future" said Angelina Gronburg.

"Indeed," the general answered, and being busy with something on his mind presently he forgot her observation. But it was to be recalled in the light of later events to see, it must be said that general Vivian did not know these two girls very well yet having seen so little of them. But he felt sure of them nevertheless and therefore therefore trusted they would make good in the adventure with Violet and her sisters.

INTRODUCING THEIR CLOSENESS TO THE GLANDELINIAN CAMP, AND SHOW-
ANGELINE RICHES IN HER FIRST KNOWN STUNT.

"Easy violet" said Angelina Aronburg her faithful companion toward evening with the glandelinian camp in full view. "Angeline riches says to be careful what move we make now. She says she is very fond of reading of adventures, but not a too sudden nearness to a glandelinian camp."

"Indeed,"
"Yes violet, she is suspicious that we are being watched, and shadowed by persons not our friends of our side. If we be careful entering the foe camp, it will be like like listening to a fairy story."

"It's quite a natural thing for me to enter a glandelinian camp," said violet saying it with her field glass. "But one of us yet has never been afraid to enter a glandelinian camp. Don't you think we ought to go forward now?"

"Yes violet, but if we are not careful we won't have much of a chance to enter. It ain't like past times violet. See as far as the camps extend there are so many soldiers on guard duty, and even the roads are sentinelled. And they have no large open spaces between them though they peaceup and down."

"Well Gertrude what are you driving at?"

The surprising part is that they had after skirted the forest fires niftily approached as near as possible to the glandelinian camp under general Ambrose Edwin fuller, and after scouting and making observations carefully and anxiously nearly all day long saw no chance whatever of slipping into the glandelinian camp and ran the chances nearly thirty times of being caught. There were too many sentinels on watch and not far off from where the girls were hiding was a large group of pickets well armed. These glandelinians too were a combination of zimmsmannians, growlowses, broodlers and gossens very dangerous indeed and very alert. There were only two roads leading into the enemy's camp and a long line of well armed guards were on either side. It seemed even impossible to approach the camp.

"The fact that this made Angeline riches somewhat uneasy, and have her hint to Angelina Aronburg that she was suspicious they were seen made them all very cautious. They had advised all their followers to scatter out a great distance, but also always keep the girls in view."

"The fact is Angeline riches has already hinted to me several times that she'd she would like to go on ahead and see if she can discover some opening in the enemy lines."

"Oh that's it, is it?"

"And she said you an awful high compliment."

"She did. Let's have it."

"She said that anything you would suggest, or any duty you would recommend or pick out for her would be just three times as exciting because you picked it out."

"What an inspiration for excitement the girl must have."

"She considers this a very dangerous undertaking violet."

"She didn't use that expression Gertrude."

"No but that's what it came to. She wants to know whether there's any chance of any of us entering the enemy's lines by a sort of trick."

"Did you undecieve her?"

"Sure I did! I told her we won't fail under any conditions. And that no one is asked to go where we won't go."

"A very nice way of putting it!" Joice commented.

Angelina Aronburg be it said was just eleven and yet despite her early years thought that Violet, and her sisters were taking an awful chance in making this expedition, and therefore decided to accompany them to watch that nothing happens to them. She was or is just the same age as Joice Vivian, but slightly taller, and having had experience with the enemy even in her most earlier years, knew more than the princesses did what to do.

"I told her we were going to--"

"What's that?" Joice interrupted.

"I beg pardon I told her you'd intend us to do a--"

"I thank you Gertrude."

"We were going to find out if possible which general made the order, or gave the order or made out the plans for these disasters, and that to capture him if possible and that you would not accept any backing, or that ever you may call it."

"Quite clear, Gertrude."

"Well I did make it clear. I said you or your sisters would not attempt anything that you couldn't do, or anything of the kind that was more dangerous than usual, and that you or your sisters couldn't be such famous spies, or army phantoms

if you were not successful, and she said you and your sisters ought to lead armies against the foe then."

"Gertrude are you and Angeline riches trying to make our vocation seem greater than it is."

"Not at all violet, but we share would want to see you in a higher vocation than a princess, as well as your sisters. But just now I wouldn't want you and your sisters to give up your present vocation on any account. Who would run the boy and girl scouts then?"

All the boy and girl scouts in the christian armies no matter what their rank fairly worshipped, violet and her sisters. If they don't find heroines in the Vivian Girls then they can't find any anywhere else; children are hero worshippers. If they don't find heroes in their daily round, they create them out of the common clay.

"Well Gertrude to return to Angeline riches. I am glad you told me she wanted to scout for an opening for us to enter the foe lines. The girls scout seems to have the eye of a cat, and though she seems to walk in fairyland she's as brave as a lion. What a pity so many boy and girl scouts with their quality have not the means to do what we can. But that Angeline riches comes to interview me and my sisters as soon as she can."

Accordingly while the girls who had edged themselves forward closer to the enemy's lines to get a better view of the dangerous locality, Angeline riches duly tripped among them. She was all quiet and grave, though about her tiny person radiated, youth, hope, and spring and the pyre of a puna.

"Well Princesses we are as close to the foe lines as we dare to go. I'm awfully glad you have sent for me. I have not had a chance to see an opening in the enemy's lines so far. I've counted the guards, and there's a thousand of them. You know the way things look now we do not have any chance to enter the enemy's lines unless there's an opening somewhere. Angelina Aronburg says that you alone know what to tell me to do."

"I suppose riches you'd like me to send you to scout ahead for a short distance and go to send you occasionally?"

"Oh yes violet, I should like it very much."

"How often about?"

"As often as it is necessary."

"Would you like to go and do it now?"

"Oh," cried Angeline riches rising on her toes, telling her eyes upward, and remaining thus ecstatically while she spoke "I should say, would I'd just love to go and about right now, as I dearly love a thrilling adventure. I'm not afraid of the enemy."

Saying which Angeline riches settled her feet once more on the rice ground. In avowing that she dearly loved to go out on a scouting tour, she had thrown out her hands in such wise that she gave one the impression that she had wings and was about to fly away. One of the nearest boy scouts giggled. He was standing behind a tree with his face in profile. Violet, looked hard at the boy who at once changed his smile into a frown.

"Have you discovered anything that will admit us easily past those guards Michael?"

"The princesses Violet, I could not see anything yet."

"To know I'm waiting for an opportunity to enter the enemy's lines so do it and don't pay so much attention to riches." Violet said dryly thus extinguishing Michael.

"Now Angeline I'm going to send you off to scout some distance ahead, and you have to be so much as you like but be sure to come back as quickly as possible when you are ready to bring me the information. Then we'll all slip into the glandelinian camp. Then when we can I'll have you to get some one to waylay a glandelinian general and force him to tell what he knows. Bribe him is necessary Angeline!" Michael she continued seeing him still at the same spot.

"Yes princesses!"

"Are you a clown?"

"No princesses."

"Then what in the world are you laughing at?"

"I'm laughing at something funny."

"At riches actions no doubt? I hate to lure you from your hiding place, Michael but since you are so interested in her, would you kindly accompany Miss riches on her scouting tour. If so she may give you something real funny to laugh about. Get a number of the boys together. It'll only take you a minute or so you know."

This sounded like sarcasm but Michael knew violet was mighty angry at him for giggling at Angeline riches, and therefore believed she was "rubbing it in" that he giving him an adventure probably not to his taste, but on the whole he was a sprightly toy, and enjoyed it all. He giggled again.

"Michael stop acting so silly and do as I tell you," cried Joice. "This is serious. We need something done you know."

"Don't you like lieutenant Michael violet?" inquired Angeline riches, when the boy scout had gone to gather together some of his most worthy comrades.

"I certainly do."
 "Why did you talk that way to him then?"
 "Because he deserved it."
 "If you had talked that way to me I'd feel just terrible."
 "I hope then that I will never have to talk that way to you Angelina. As for Michael he was laughing at your motions and I'm a little more at him for it. I did at like it. I did not scold him but gave him a sort of a hint."
 "Oh! see. Say ain't boys funny?"
 Michael saved Violet the trouble of pursuing this rather vast subject by suddenly focusing with this vast number of boys. boys—
 "Oh thank you for the permission, thank you ever so much Violet." cried Angelina
 "I don't care now whether I meet with some of the enemy or not."
 "What's that? you are not going that close to the enemy's lines?"
 "No."

Violet looked closely at her friends face. The roses of her cheeks were in full bloom despite her disguise. Her complexion always fine, was evidently clearer than before. She now went off with the boys. During the time they were waiting for her return, all had gone well so far with the girl spies. They had not been seen by the enemy as close as they were to his lines. For they had carefully hidden themselves, and from their point of observation on they had a steady view of the camp, and all the other boy and girl scouts had accomplished much, thanks to Violet and her sisters. In a word as any one might observe all that was needed now was to enter the enemy's lines. All the scouts were well supplied with weapons, ammunition and as Michael had observed, "The Vivian girls had put them on their feet, and they had stayed put. There might be quite a lot of so called romance in dealing with desperate spying expeditions, expeditions not heard of in any story book of course as much romance is probable in this volume and yet less gratitude from those for whom you do it for."

If the spy or so was working for earthly appreciation it would be in about nine-teen or twenty cases out of forty or be time absolutely wasted, but when one is working in a war fought only in all probabilities in a game like Abbeism's and her States, or in Gods holy games as it is here, and besides the saving grace of it all humbly speaking as that there is always hope for the successful spy, providing he is professional and a not an amateur. The leaders and others are too often mightily afraid and would not go through any dangers, that Violet and her sisters would risk. But in the Abbeismian armies, brave spies, all experienced and professional seem like been, and their are instructed and lead, and conducted by leaders and members of the Supreme Gemini, organized by Rodney Graves, and led by Hendre Durgar. However as regards to the boy and girl scout scouts in the Christian armies the reader may be dealing, it would seem with the bravest of the spies, child spies, and head organizers of the Gemini in person through their Emperor and Father.

And all those whom they worked for, and officered were grateful loyal and devoted, they did all they could to insure the safety of the under child spies boys and girls of Violet and her sisters during their own expeditions, kept them well supplied, and they gave a promise of being able to keep without any outside help their ability to do what they were able. Only when Violet and her sisters would be captured and held for a certain time by the enemy as had been the occasion then their followers would either be disheartened thrown into degradation or disorganization or go hunting for them in secret. Angelina Angelina pines favored Violet and her sisters as she departed with her famous courtesy on seeing in which Michael also imitated, and even then at his attempt Violet and her sisters checked desperately had in a vain endeavor to keep from laughing.

The boy nevertheless thanked God had a sense of humor. He was a very good pious boy scout with only trifling trifling mistakes now and then, very reliable for them as regarded to such matters. His mistakes was giggling too much when he thought he observed something funny, but no one was as yet like the boy scout period. And as for Radcliffe, Violet and her sisters were suspicious of him so often though they said nothing. They no matter how often they saw him watched him every move carefully, had him secretly shadowed and so on. Not that they distrusted him—no, not they could not believe for their very lives that Radcliffe really was a boy, and the noticed actions between him and June several times made them more suspicious. Violet once said to Gertrude herself "Looking at Radcliffe, do you think some day you'll ever see your missing sister?"

Gertrude following the eyes of Violet, would have immediately started questioned Radcliffe, but as sick as his sickness he was, none.

But now to tell the truth the expedition seemed so risky that Violet and her sisters did not want to make him or Radcliffe share the dangers with them, though of course accordingly to the military rules, if they wished to follow they could follow or object, but could stop them from going into places too dangerous. But just now if the boys had not really followed, the Vivian girls would have said later—

"For not having those two lads, we would have made a serious blunder."

dancing to watch Angelina Michon as she went to do her scouting work close to the enemy's lines from their own place of concealment, and as she went through a small wood, Violet, and her sisters took in the view before them. Angelina pines in the meantime was directing her followers to maneuver, and while doing so was exclaiming "you well—body whirling, hands and feet flying as a signal of some kind. Little as Violet and her sisters knew of the party, of motion it appeared clear to their somewhat untoward astonished eyes that this very fairy was one of the few with the natural gift of translating feeling—joy or excitement in motion, when in reality she was signalling in motion to her scouts the command "halt" which by movement they alone understood. They nevertheless recalled general Vivian's remark about "The dancing spy fairy." While they were still staring almost spellbound the fairy suddenly disappeared. The flying arms, and the flying feet suddenly shot into positions most demure and Angelina Michon no longer the fairy was a walking along with a no-demeanor which was plainly more than natural, and was as near the enemy's lines as she had dared to go.

Yet unknown Angelina Michon by this unusual stunt had illustrated illustrated to Violet, and her sisters the saying of the prestidigitator "We move so quickly we deceive the eye." Yet none of the enemy had observed her, and the boy and girl scouts who observed her apparently graceful movements had suddenly halted in scattered groups and suddenly alived out of sight, the moment she suddenly stopped her movement. Angelina Michon of course was unusual in her ways, full of cheerfulness in face of all trials, crosses and difficulties, fearless, strong, crafty and as shy as a phantom panther. However she was joyous she nevertheless would express it by many of her well known graceful actions, which only those who know her would distinguish from joy, and dignity, but if she was angry, she was as ferocious and as uncontrollable as an untamed tigress despite her age and smallness. Therefore the enemy feared her, and though great rewards were offered for her capture none of the enemy dared to lay their hands upon her secretly or openly and to surprise her was as surprising a sight which lays before you have a chance to fire.

ANGELINE AND LINE RICHES VISIT
CLOSE TO THE GLANDOLPHIAN CAMP.....

Angeline Riches in the ensuing six or seven minutes must have missed anything she wanted to observe, it was not a uncommon for her to look in every direction to get a view of an opening, but none she could see. She felt that she would rather miss many a supper than fail in her quest now. She not only strove to observe some point of entrance for Violet, and her sisters to enter the enemy lines, but she retained everything she saw. But as yet she did not see anything to pick up, even though her memory was unusual. On one occasion during these few minutes an cautious going forward a little closer, she heard an also quickly darted behind a tree to escape observation, a military voice. It was the voice of Angeline Jennings, somewhere, at some distance to her right. Angeline picked up, and for nearly five minutes listened. It was not her intention of course to play the eaves dropper. But Angeline Jennings was not engaged in actual conversation, she was giving directions to a number of girl scouts, for it seemed evident she had discovered something, she was saying something to them and whatever it was it made Angeline Riches feel as if she was glad in and the owner of the "Wonderful Lamp".

The flow of language was so easy, the words were so well chosen, the sentences so satisfying that at first Angeline Riches believed she must be reading, but on second thought she rejected the inference, no child of her age could read with such fluency as any and so natural. This strange and most curious seemed to have committed some entire story to her memory. After a time Angeline Riches made her way over to where she was. A circle of girl scouts stood around her was giving a spellbound at Angeline Jennings their spellbinder. All of them paid strict attention to her with wide open eyes and aglow mouths as if listening to some very exciting and stirring fairy tale. Indeed here was Romance in its primitive innocence. Angeline Riches was hesitating as to interrupt her when little Miss Jennings in a mad gesture intended to signify what she was explaining among partly raised, and suddenly observed Angeline Riches watching her.

"Oh there you are Riches dear. I was just telling my followers what to do. Did you hear me?"

"I did, tell me, and did you learn anything about the enemy camp?"

"I made an investigation twice, and I got some information for you. You see that long road well rounded? Well I never need to explain anything very much. I overheard one of the glandolphian officers, and I know what to do if the princesses will follow the plan. You see Angeline Riches, I overheard everything he said, and then I decided to tell it to all the rest. But I had orders not to leave this spot unless told to, and as you came out this far to meet you can convey the message to Violet, and her sisters. Oh we'll have an awfully good time. Listen a large party of rebel or glandolphian boy scouts went out this morning and have so far failed to return. I know the password and the number who went to it fortunately equals all ours. The best thing we can do is wait their return, capture them all, make them change clothing with us, and then detain a number of our followers to bring them into the christian lines as prisoners. Then we can pass an hour together on the return. Did you ever hear of such a good plan before, we can put out on the glandolphian camp in column formation, and as I know the name of the boys' leaders we can do everything the best way, and then if possible hide in the foe camp till dark, or as you suggested, nerve the glandolphian cause at pretension until what we are striving for is a thing of success. Then Violet and her sisters also can carry out what they set out for. Do you think such a plan will work Angeline?"

"Violet, and her sisters will try it, Jen, on your recommendation."

"I'll save lots of time too," persisted Angeline Jennings. "And if you have no dear fear as to the consequences we can attempt it at the hour they are to return. And if you haven't any plan you don't know or need to know the difference as my plan will pull us all through. It's just like putting out the lamp for a story in the dark."

"Isn't the name sometimes on guard now?"

"They are going to be changed in fifteen minutes."

"Are not those boy and girl scouts on the return now?"

"They will be coming within another two hours. They are late because of long distance."

"Come behind me," this time Jen.

She followed Angeline Riches, and they stepped behind a large tree.

"Jen, tell me just what you have discovered."

"That road is the only easiest way into the enemy's camp."

"Jen, what did you have to enable you to go so near the foe?"

"Nerve Angeline."

"Anything else?" with a smile.

"No Angeline, though of course recklessness is not very happy though they said."

"How long did it take you to discover this?" Michael told Angeline Riches to come right away?"

"No is Angeline Riches?"

"My Billy Gertrude Angeline then. Learn more 'I wish and you'll know us all." and she laughed. As Michael ran off as they Jen answered:

"About twenty minutes. The officers were close to my hiding place dressed like the Kings of the world and, overheard every word. I lost no time in observing what they said. The officer said general Federal had been wounded in the awful battle at Glandolphian St. place just past, that he was having a "Sick spell" and temporarily lost his command as a consequence. General Aitchfield go nurse or Dr Garbe whatever they call him who is in command sent these scouts out to watch us, but we out-sighted them. General Vivian says we are just born for good luck, and therefore must see that it stays with us. I wish Angeline Riches would hurry up, or maybe Michael is having a fine finding her. I wish you knew general Aitchfield-Dr Garbe. I wish he is just the most dangerous glandolphian general you ever heard of. The officers said of him "He's in going to tell us what he is going to do about the disasters inflicted upon the christian dogs." The name of the general who ordered the creation of the disasters is nicknamed the "Hardly Ever" he says."

"Well let us go to the princesses to look for Mr. Hardly Ever and when they see him come along, we all can try to capture him, and then he is going to tell us why he ordered those floods, and who put him up to it, and make a good confession all written, and then he's going to come along with us, all full of the information as to the cause of the biggest disasters ever known, and then he's going to come along with us to the christian lines as a prisoner. If he refuses--"

"It's certainly a good plan if it works" said Angeline Riches. "But when do you expect we'll ever capture him, when we have no description of him whatever ever whatever and know nothing about his features and manner of uniform and hat. You know it's rather said thus done."

"Well when 'Hardly Ever' comes into our trap he is at least going to give Violet and her sisters a library full of all the information that's ever written, and he's going to tell them what explosives his men used, and for Angeline Riches he's going to make a map of the next states glandolphian plans to devastate, give them information what ought to be done in the future, and a collected list of all the generals who are in the glandolphian army, and he's going to continue living. And he is going to make a list of the names of the glandolphian Government officials who are responsible, and Angeline Riches will obtain a written list of the names of the spots previously blasted as well as the dikes and levees, and I'm going to have a collection of all the towns previously named that were destroyed beyond recovery with a account to do the checking, and a list of the names of the grilling, and several of the names to make the examina-tion. Wouldn't that be fine as a record breaker?"

"It certainly would. When do you expect to capture that general? And when does Aitchfield-Garbe expect that general to come in. Maybe 'Hardly Ever'?"

"He won't tell. We'll have to find out for ourselves. General Dr Garbe keeps it a secret. The staff generals of this 'Hardly Ever' are government officials of high rank and no one knows who. The captain general of this officer is captain General Baines and his lieutenant is not known."

"I'm afraid Jen a good many things will happen before we'll ever capture general 'Hardly Ever' or his confederates."

"I guess so, but there's no harm in trying. I've been thinking about it all this while."

"Are you sure Jen about the time the rebel boy and girl scouts come back? I wonder what keeping Gertrude?" to herself.

"Just possible. You understand I've heard everything. When I discover anything I'm not the slightest girl to let an opportunity slip."

"I'm going to inform Violet and her sisters Jen."

"You the sooner the better. You see I've no fear of the outcome. When I've an opportunity I take advantage of it."

"And how about the plan?"

"Oh I've got that handy. If I have time I'll show it to you. Here comes Angeline Riches. She's always on the alert. You ought to see how she can manage it. I mean when she gets a chance."

"The boys come back now. Oh and get Aitchfield and come back here."

Presently with a feminine clinging to her, Michael and on the lookout, with Aitchfield and others followed Angeline Riches who was walking under cover toward where Violet and her sisters were hidden not making a vain effort at dignity. With no one little girl on the lookout far ahead, and the others in her wake, she was in all right and sound, walking now sideways, now backwards, and now not at all, in confusion.

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while possible was anything but dignified but they had to do this to be on the
look out, and Gertrude Angeline acted worse..... The reader must be reminded
they were perilously close to the enemy's camp. There is not far away between a lar
large group of tall pine trees a small pool of water, and near this this were hidden
the given girls. Into this place went Angeline Riches, and the others, and explained
things to the princesses.

"Are we to do it Violet?" asked Gertrude.....
"Too small a chance we but we'll try," she answered. "But as attacking those scouts
near this camp no I'll send off a party strong enough to see those scouts do not
return," and she sent Michael off with the order.

"Are you going to lead the procession?" Violet asked Riches.
Violet explained that the discoverer of the opportunity would make such an attempt
on her part ill advised, and presently the whole party was waiting for the time to
arrive hoping ardently the glandelinian scouts would not appear. And why while they
waited they partook themselves of a small meal. Violet had taken along with her
two small beef steaks, rolls and a small bottle of milk which she started to
make good use of. One of the boy scouts offered her some coffee, but as he only had
enough for himself, Violet declined the offer.

"Aint you going to eat anything Gertrude?" inquired Joice.
Gertrude explained that a breakfast just taken, when she had one and a hearty meal
at that just before was not desirable, and presently the rest were enjoying the meal
splendidly within full view of the glandelinian camp.....

"Angeline Riches, serious and solemn eyed now started in to heat her
breakfast with a will, while the others seemed to play with their food, seemed, for
in the long run their execution quite equalled Riches. Within a quarter of an hour
they were through though, and had an hour and a quarter to wait.

"I'd like to start now, as we'd never have a chance to come here again," said
Gertrude. "That's the sort of a move I'd make."

"Would that we could, but if we to the time won't work, and what'll happen if
the scouts would come after we entered and prove there are the real ones? We won't
have to wait an hour at least. It'll take a quarter of an hour to reach the
road."

"Would that be all?"
"Thank you, yes."

"I hope our scouts will delay the real party for good or long enough for us to
to have the chance to slip through," continued Gertrude.

"You and I hope we'll enjoy our adventure girls," added Angeline Riches, inspired
to their kindly wish by the shining eyes, and more than placid content of the rest.

"We will very much if the enemy gives us lots of excitement," answered Joice. "But
for the success of our undertaking, I hope the enemy for the time being will not
discover us, or otherwise we won't feel quite well this morning."

"You bet we'll successfully do it, we MUST," answered Angeline Riches, not saying
as the other girls could see by her disquieting glance at Violet exactly what she
wanted to tell girl like so many of her class said not what she wanted to say,
but what she could..

"You are a little worried, about the outcome of the adventure, especially one of
deep mystery like this one. I hope Gertrude you are not thinking of backing out!"
"I should say not," answered Gertrude, more anxious to proceed than to quit.

"It's very kind of you to volunteer to go with us Gertrude, isn't it, Violet?"
asked Joice.

"It is indeed," returned Violet, decidedly.

Angeline Riches was dumb. Over the delay red signals of impatience and distress
were spreading over her features. Considering it time to end the watchful waiting,
Violet looked at her wrist watch and arose. They had twenty minutes yet. Angeline
Riches made a dash for her horse's.

"Princess," said Violet and her sisters together, shaking her finger at her. "You
forgot something. We must first pray for success."

"Angeline Riches looked a trifle disconcerted, but she turned and stood at
attention, fastening her eyes quickly on Violet and her sisters, and watched for
further orders. Then Violet and her sisters with all the other girls in line
made a big sign of the cross, the rest following their example.

"Oh Dear Sacred Sacred Heart of Jesus aid us in our mission as it is a most
holy cause."

As Violet pronounced these words, all heads were bowed, their eyes were closed
and twelve pairs of hands were clasped in united ritual. "Amen" cried Violet with
vibrant earnestness and solemnity. Then each remounted their horses, and the procession
a little more difficult in the way, of a final prayer, then before made slowly toward
the appointed road. The leader of the girl scout column who met them was no less a
person than a really big, a slight bright eyed trim affable little girl
a child scout who taking the adventure at its best grasp had by her attention to
detail her ability and her executive ability raised herself in esteem favor of
Violet, and her sisters.....

500
She had from her hidden position behind a tree taken in with impatient interest
the consultation of Violet and her sisters with her leading scouts, they had
listened with deep concern to the conversation between the Princesses
and Angeline Riches concerning her discovery, and when the prayer was said by them
the tears came into their eyes. The reader may understand, just a few weeks before
a number of her elder scouts including her brother who day after day scouted on
the enemy had probably made that trip for the last time, for they never came back.
They had even said that prayer, said it with such faith, innocence and devotion,
but now she believed the enemy had laid them down to a sleep which this side of the
grave knows no waking.

As she waited their approach with a smiling nod of welcome she was eyeing eyeing
Angeline Riches.

"How did the plan come out Jen?" said the girl scouts as Riches made her famous
famous curtsy. Jennings attempted the same feat with good success.

"Violet, where did you get those two Angel Scouts? Girls you must go through an
adventure with me some time."

"We'll be glad to," answered Riches. "I wouldn't we Jen?"

"Oh yes," asserted Jennings earnestly.

"Did the glandelinian girl and boy scouts come in sight yet?" queried Angeline
Riches.

"Not yet," the girl answered.

"Then lets get started for the others of our scouts succeeded in detaining them."
said Violet. as she slipped something into her pocket. "It's my pass she" she announ
ced. "It ought to bring us through."

"Then forward we go," Joice continued.

They then gathered in a long column, in equal rank formation and proceeded in
silence to or toward the head bend of the road a silence of several minutes broken
suddenly by Angeline Riches.

"We have to be very careful in this ruse," she said.

And so it proved to be.

On reaching the bend of the road she signalled to Michael to deploy his
column and told him she was of "Riches Riches' Discovery."

"But danger lurks if we fail," the boy scout said. "I'm going to send my scouts to
cover our rear in case the scouts of glandelinia come at the appointed time, that
if if ours had failed to stop them. We must be on our guard, for if they successfully
worsted our band, they'll all be suspicious and make trouble in the camp for us."

"All right," Michael said Riches with a smile.

That smile was solved subsequently. No one were ever so cautious as these. They
knew they would pay for it if they were not, but the glandelinian boy and girl
scouts were already prisoners on their way to the christian camps, giving Violet,
and her sisters, and all their followers the opportunity they were looking for....

VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS TAKES ANGELINIA
ARONBURG AND THE OTHERS INTO THE ENEMY LINES.

VIOLET and her sisters were prompt in following at Angeline Richee's plan, and to their astonishment and dismay matters she discovered were not so good as supposed for the Glandelinians looked carefully at their faces, sized them up diligently, spoke to one another excitedly and made queer signs. By signal the Vivian girls reported the situation at one once and a warning all those behind to be on their guard at once, and to have their pistols ready in case of trouble.

"It is an extraordinary case," Richee observed. "The Glandelinian Guts are more watchful than ever."

"It certainly puzzles me," answered Angelina Aronburg. "But it strikes me our faces are not the same as the Glandelinian child scouts, and therefore it is evident that the Glandelinians are suspicious. The officer of the guard looked fairly strong at us and will not let us pass directly, but even supposing he'll let us pass in the end there's a good reason of his being suspicious of us, but how comes it he can almost tell by our faces that we are not the ones he's expecting. It might be well to have to fight our way out."

"I think," said Angeline Richee. "It would be advisable-----well after all the sentries are allowing us to pass."

And so they were. Therefore they rode carefully on, while Gertrude said;

"Our guns are lovely and well cared for, and we can trust Violet and her sisters to lead us safely through the adventure as they are a sort of spiritual phenomenon to us. I overheard them telling the guards all sorts of strange stories. He even told the officer of the guard that she intends to be an author and write books on war."

"We know," said Richee as they continued on past the gauntlet of guards. "She and her sisters even can do better than any one thinks. But isn't it anything unusual that such beautiful girls like they are have the desire to go through such an adventure like these, when what heavenly music, what lofty aspirations may already be germinating in their beautiful heads?"

"Despite their dangerous adventures they certainly have beautiful thoughts," Richee. Violet says the successful issue of the adventure is going to be dedicated to you, and if they succeed in obtaining the information they desire they are going to give you all the credit. But if none of us are successful we can turn the whole expedition into a circus and probably in disaster, and therefore we must seek all the help from God and His Blessed Mother, and continually beg the aid and intercession of the Saints, and angels."

"Talking of a circus," cried Angelina Aronburg. "That reminds me of something even more peculiar. I noticed that as we passed by all the guards closest to the Glandelinian camp, are looking at us very shrewdly. But they are allowing us through just the same, but nevertheless we must keep our eyes open and not allow ourselves to be drawn into a snare. If we succeed in getting in, Violet and her sisters will certainly enjoy it. Yes, I don't know of any girl or boy scout in any kind of an expedition who would enjoy this adventure the more. It is the most desperate move of their part and I fancy that we'll all share some of the excitement. It's a pity we can't arm ourselves with machine guns, pistols or rifles."

"I think we can arrange fair enough with our customary weapons Richee. We are close to the camp now. My followers intend to follow or cover our every move and they arranged for that before we got into camp."

They were now insight of the camp. But before they were allowed to pass they were examined closely, and cross questioned I'll call it. But they answered every question carefully, and shrewdly, without even flinching, apparently satisfying the Glandelinians who finally allowed them to continue on.

"I think," said the officer who was a goodlier, "it would be advisable to allow them to pass in. They must be all right I guess."

"But," said the officer, "the child scouts seem to be too lovely for those who went out, especially those in the lead. The leading girls appear to be very unusual."

"Who knows said the first. "They might have disguised themselves to escape the Christian dogs. Would it not be an awful thing we if we unknowingly allowed those Vivian girl spies to slip into our lines. Manley likes to meet these children every day for a good purpose purpose, but not without first getting at his hands on them, and they not knowing what dreadful thoughts what great desires of awful and terrible revenge, what awful inspirations may always be bothering him!"

"What ever they are, those Vivian girls have unusual bravery, Optimism. But Manley reward for their capture dead or alive will be given to only the one person responsible for it, but if he gets the huge sum he is supposed to give his helpers part of it, that is if any one helped him. With the rest of the money he could do as he likes."

"Talking of a reward," the other officer cried "that reminds me of the surprising impossibility of it. I have noticed the dangerous effort and difficulty of capturing them, and the greater difficulty in retaining them. I noticed also that other things are to be given out to those who capture them. If they were captured for good, Manley surely would enjoy it more. It is his favorite hope, and I fancy that their cries from torture, would be music to his ears."

"I think," said the officer, "some will arrange for their capture, Captain. If they are anywhere about, my boy scouts can shadow them, and they can easily arrange for bringing about their capture."

Being permitted to pass however, Violet, and her sisters and their followers gained a more easier entrance into the rebel lines than any other time in their career, and were even assigned to a boy and girl scouts camp and outfitted with more cleaner and good fitting uniforms and demanded to "wash and bathe themselves, to avoid detection, and to obtain the information they desired, they released the best plan was to make pretensions of serving in the Glandelinian army as Glandelinian child scouts. Therefore though it was a sacrifice, they assigned themselves for the most unpleasant tasks of their lives, for they saw no other way but to go through with it, or fail one or the other."

"Don't you think it is a wrong against our cause?" asked Gertrude the second day after they were working out in the drill fields with all kinds of scouts, and when after drill hours they happened to meet.

"I think we can arrange that Gertrude," said Violet. "It's our only way." Some time later the following code letter reached Violet:::

"DEAR VIOLET;

I and a number of my followers were to day summoned to general Manley's headquarters to take a message to general Heidi Mele-De-Garbes. Angeline Richee was with me during this important mission, and I must write to tell you about it. We took turns examining the message, before we delivered it, but though otherwise important we did not find it indicating anything that we were seeking for.

Angeline Richee claims she thought she discovered something, but I do not. When she was in general Mele-De-Garbes' headquarters, she missed nothing in view as an audience does from the rise of the curtain to its fall. As for myself I was compelled to go and spend most of my time in watching her, and preventing her from doing anything rash, or what would lead to our discovery. While the general while the general was reading the message, she stood motionless, her body at least was motionless, gazing at everything on the table. But her face. You ought to have seen the changes-----caution, the alertness of a cougar, awe, suspicion, anxiety, curiosity, temptation, merriment, laughter, enthusiasm, and an embracement. I couldn't begin to describe the emotions that were changing one another upon her face.

During the time I was waiting for his return message, she seemed to be looking looking all around the room too, and but still nothing moved but her eyes and her face. That's it, her eyes were observing everything, and when if officers came into the room in stately gray uniforms, Angeline Richee looked as I imagine little girls look and ought to look when suddenly getting on their guard. She was at attention apparently. The officers turned their eyes upon her and as two officers (all were generals) sat down but she took no notice of them. She had some plan in mind. When the officer cleared everything away from the table, she came to herself with a little sigh like a sort of peri at the gate of heaven getting one glimpse of the splendor within, only to have the gate closed in her face. I sometimes think all girls can be like her if they wish, but most grown folks don't give them a chance for an adventure.

Anyhow I'm so glad you suggested taking Richee with us, and though I gave or payed no attention to the comment of the officers, that three and half hours, spent in the general's headquarters was the most surprising in the way of any kind of an adventure I myself have ever spent.

Your little dancing fairy spy seemed quite at home in the general's Headquarters. To night if general "Hardly ever" comes to his tent I intend, please God to try and take him prisoner. I've escorted Richee to her tent that is her own, and all the way her conversation was an succession of ohs, and ahs, and exclamation points. There is one circumstance on our arriving at her camp-----God help us-----which caused me a little wonder and suspicion. We had not quite started up the company Street leading to her tent, when Angeline Jennings and others came hurrying down to meet us. For some reason they appeared very ill at ease, thanked me for bringing Angeline Richee safely back, and begged me most anxiously to stay saying it isn't safe for us to go ahead any further than day or explain things now, but the enemy had been suspicious, for rumors are that the real Glandelinian child scouts have escaped from the others and have returned, and we are on our guard. She spoke in a low

voice and was evidently very nervous & nervous.... This is a long letter but I thought you would be interested in it, and at least the last of it will put you and your sisters and the whole company on guard. Come to us real soon, but at dark. Joined by all the scouts in best wishes and prayers for seeing the adventure through, I am yours sincerely,
Angelina Gronburg....."

But the letter was by no means the last echo about Angelina Blanche. Toward Noon Violet was called to the army telephone and there ensued the following conversation. The author may as well give all the preliminaries, because it illustrates what a busy christian girl scout must endure with other christian scouts within a rebel camp numbering hundreds of members of boys, and daring girl scouts of eleven hundred or eleven hundred and covering parties if they don't know how many, besides keeping your eye on glandelinian soldiers when they hold you under some suspicion.

"Yes this is the girl scout camp," she declared. "Who are you?"

"Halloa?"

"YES?"

"Is this the Glandelinian child scout camp?"

"Yes, Yes, Yes," that's what I said, and this is the chief scout leader talking!"

"Is that you Princess Violet?"

"Say, who ever that is do you want me to betray myself while here?"

"But are you the person I'm inquiring for please?"

"YES, YES."

"Are you--?"

"Yes, for goodness sakes, that's what I said," impatiently.

"What?"

"YES, YES, YES," she began to bellow. "This is the PARTY you are seeking."

"Oh good morning Princess don't you know me?"

"Well who in the world is it?"

"This is one of your girlscoouts Gertrude by name?"

"Gertrude? Gertrude what?"

"Why Gertrude of course."

"Which Gertrude? Angelina Gronburg?"

"No my name is not Angelina Gronburg. It's Gertrude Angeline."

"Gertrude Angeline. Gertrude Angeline, who do you say?"

"Why Gertrude Angeline."

"Oh for the love of Mike which Gertrude Angeline?"

"Oh don't you remember me?"

"Then Violet became heroic.

"Probably," do. (Sarcastically) I know of three Gertrude Angelines in penrose Regiment of girl scouts, two to twenty two Gertrude Angelines in my special scout brigade, four Gertrude Angelines now in Angelina Gronburg's company of spy corps, a whole procession of Gertrude Angelines in Jennie's army corps, two in Joice's sister, four who have recently attended piches's in the last six months, and about eight eighteen hundred Gertrude Angelines who neither belong to any girl scout regiments in either general Vivians or Hanson's army, but which might be found in the telephone directory. "Well I'm one of the Gertrude Angelines who is captain of a scout regiment under you."

"Ah Gertrude now we can certainly go on." (No wonder) Violet reflected (That the best pious people at times will use profane language) I'm glad to hear from you Gertrude Angeline. What is it?"

"What did you say?"

"I say what is it you dumbbell."

"I say there was a little girl scout come to see me about an hour ago, about ten years old with a smaller companion, and two men. She said her name was Angeline Jennings. Do you know her?"

"I certainly do. Did she want to capture the whole army of the glandelinians?" Irony is a dangerous thing on the phone. Gertrude Angeline (which ever one it was) at considerable length, and with excited tone of voice pointed out to Violet the improbability all things considered of Angeline Jennings even intending to single handed of placing a whole monstrous Glandelinian army under arrest, when it was so hard for an equal size of a christian army to even whip it in battle.

"Well for heavens sake Gertrude what did you want, and don't waste so much time talking." Violet broke in almost angrily. "But why not come and tell me if you have so much difficulty over the phone. Some glandelinian might be eavesdropping over the phone, and we'll be detected."

"Can you speak english?" asked Gertrude.

"Most intently. "Well as soon as I turned my back, your young friend began to make a copy of the code. I could see everything she did in a looking glass on the wall of the tent. I kept my face turned from her and the little girl thinking that her companions were the only witnesses made ten copies of the codes with a speed that was simply amazing and, and—" What did you say Violet? Oh I was forgetting myself and speaking on my own time — oh excuse me — said —"

"Not to my knowledge. I certainly did not know sat about her. But you again spoke in our own tongue. Forget it for...evens saks untill so conversation is so offer."

"Well I never saw it so like... she walked on those six codes as if she had been gone through some greater training to do them all her life. You know it, or rather I could have said them; it was something mysterious about it she being fixed and so great basic explosion d-d-d-what we call big horrors--disast on you." [G]

great bang explosion ----- what we call big horrors ----- and you, a
distant that she, or so pronounced. The way Angeline Jennings did est was simply
astonishing. It was a code letter written to him, some 250 glandolishian general
known as it so "Hardly Ever" if Ol could only see these real names. "or could
she have made it a loving."

she have made it aaining." "So far as I know getrude the girl never took a code lesson h in her life." "Well can se best est. When she was se feenishd, she asked ze to give se codes to Angelina pichese to take over to youse. Then she asked ne whether she could foist bringed all her discoveries to me. I told her she would be welcomed in the in. You said it she never took se lessons making ze codes?"

"Then she must be a spy fairy."

"A WHAT?" Gertrude's voice expressed all manner of question marks and exclamation points.

"Oh I understood it. Well Angelina riches is on se way with se codes." cried Gertrude and hung up the receiver.

"Well I'd like to see them on particular business. But warn us if soldiers wish to see us."

"Perhaps you are thinking of playing chess with them," suggested Nicholas pleasantly. "Not at all." Angelina Riches made answer. "It is private." He only announced the two entered Violet's tent.

Angeline Riches with a small package under her arm was evidently despite her customary smile in a state of tense excitement. Jennings was as usual solemn eyed and burnded too with something she was busting to tell the vivian girls.

"I see girls there, #2 there is something on your minds." For the first time in her dealings with Angeline Kihoe, the latter seemed to be at a loss of speech. She looked at Jennings, Angeline Jennings looked at looked at her. She leaned over, and whispered in Jennings ear, who in reply snook her head slightly.

"It surely is not bad news I hope hope." Vicist said in a hope to break the silence.

"Violet" said Riches "IT--It's a surprise" and she looked around cautiously. "Oh you want to surprise me do you. Thank you very much. I love to be surprised and providing it is nothing bad. Go on and surprise me." "Haven't you got room for something on your table there?"

"Then, let could you and your sisters please come over and look over these codes" Angeline picked held up her package -- "And then sit down, and join Jennings and I will be the best."

They gathered round the table. Violet, and her sisters noticed as they took their places that the two girls were a little less daintily uniformed in gray. Of course they had a fairly good idea of what was to come. Of course they had a fairly good idea of what was to come. The mysterious Gertrude Angelina had given violet and her sisters some idea of how to look like a young lady.

her sisters the suspicion to what otherwise would have been a mysterious proceed-
ing. The Vivian girls were prepared then to guess that the codes then, was of
the 'Hardly Ever' general, and having placed them on the table they seated them-
selves according to directions. The two girls in the meantime explained the codes.
"Hardly Ever is general Francis Gannonlatonia," announced Angeline Richee.

"And he knows who ordered the flood and explosion disasters to come about."

With the first code they explained the amount of explosives used, the number of men who set the mine, being 1,000 per mine, the power of the batteries 800 volts, the length of the wire, six thousand yards, the parts of the country into which they were to be placed, the names of the rivers, lakes and dikes, already known, the points and directions. Violet and her sisters had observed codes being explained by professionals. But they had not seen in those professionals, work done so complete. It was indeed indeed indeed remarkable. a miracle.

"Capitel girls." Violet and her sisters exclaimed at the end. "who in the world taught you?"

"Angulina Aronburg taught me," answered Jennings "and she had a hard time but took patience with me. Once she almost thrashed a seaw dropper." b6 b7C

"On Jennings how good it was she did. C H How could any one stand an eaves-dropper."

"Well she certainly gave him a good slap, and a shaking up. We all saw how did she did it," corroborated Jennings.

"That sure was great. An savenodropper of any kind would get a saint mad, he's such a nut."

"But who did you say taught you Angeline?"

"I saw how codes were made," answered Riches "And I watched Angelina Aronburg when she made out codes, and then seeing I was interested she loaned them to me. I don't want down to normal. Making handwritings being wonderfully nice, wonderful."

Then I went down to general Vivians headquarters-----he is an awfully nice general---
and let him take a lesson from me before I forget the mysterious signs I saw."

There was to be some headway in this discovery hoped to be made on the next day to the extreme and volubly expressed delight of Violet and her sisters.

"How's Angelina Aronburg getting along with her work?" Violet asked as she returned the codes to their envelopes.

"Oh she's getting along very well thank you Violet." Angeline Riches made reply. "She's been working on everything she's discovered. How do you like the results of the codes I brought?"

"They are just right. You are a good expert with them, and so is Jennings."

"For the first time we stayed up all hours of the night to do it, and she said she was only too glad to accomplish it for you, in her teaching us."

"How nice of Gertrude Angeline. Is the rest of her girl scouts working as I planned?"

"They lost their chance yesterday. But they have during drill and leisure hours been watching all the glandelinian officers, listening to conversation, and to all they said, but the glandelinian officers seem suspicious of them too, and therefore though they see, it, not nevertheless say nothing with the scout s are within hearing distance. You know wicked as glandelinians are they won't use rash judgement and only do thing on evidence."

"Singular," Violet and her sisters reflected. "We are either catching the glandelinians for in important information while in the camp, and they are keeping their eye on us. We are either losing our chance for anything for our cause or just getting suspected. We are either pursued or their pursuers. Some day I hope to see our scouts successful and hope to heart they are both well arranged, organized, and working like a machine." These reflections they did not voice, but having dismissed the two girls with fawning congratulations, Violet telephoned Angelina Aronburg to look into the affairs of her scouts closely.

So far their efforts was a common success. Throughout the war so far Violet and her sisters had been successful again and again. And unknown to the glandelinians this was the first appearance of so many child scouts within the camp since the great conflict began, and though the glandelinians were totally ignorant of it their camp were filled with boy and girl scouts by hundreds for miles, who were bent on covering the movements of Violet and her sisters, and get the information for them also. Angelina Aronburg and her two most trusted companions were with her, and her sisters, and watched them and took care of them to such an effect that they felt sure of success. For to ally all suspicion, Angeline Riches continued to be the bright particular fox and human phantom but then all had to be careful and to keep down the suspicions they joined all drills of scouts in the camp and did everything necessary not injurious to their purpose and cause. Angeline Riches proved her merit again and again. With this first part of the adventure concluded, Violet and her sisters took care that the glandelinians did not get into their game, and every one did their best to such an effect that so far Angeline Riches had succeeded in discovering part way what Violet and her sisters expected of her. For the next two days the boy and girl scouts continued their work successfully, and then something happened after the drilling hours which made a considerable change in their hitherto pleasant success. Violet, and her sisters had noticed for some reason or other that since that day came things had not been just as they wished. They knew something was wrong. It was their fourth day in the enemy's lines and the enemy's army had remained stationary, and new forces was joining it. Seated at their table after returning from drilling duties, Violet and her sisters were going over the accounts of their work so far a pleasant successful duty when one of the girl scouts with very big blue eyes, and angle angle in beauty entered.

"Princess Violet" she began coming to the point at once. "Angelina Aronburg gave me this note to give to you. She says she does not know what to do about it."

The note in question had been placed in an envelope and sealed by Angelina Aronburg. It ran thus--

"Dear Violet, and your sisters.

I'm keeping Angeline Riches in her tent this day as she has been injured through Ned's blunder. All day long she has not seen herself and is wild with grief and anger. Angeline Jennings is out trying to learn the cause of it. Michael too is out of shape and to day is very sick. Could you get some one to investigate this. I have heard you have some of the Gemini with you. It is very hard to stand for this but do it for the sake of the cause. Ned is being a missing one so far. We are to arrest him on his appearance and sent him to you.

Respectfully
Angelina Aronburg."

"Mary June" said Violet carefully folding the note and putting it inside her waist. "You sent a message to Angelina Aronburg that she need not trouble about this affair at all. I'll take care of it myself."

About an hour later she went to the telephone.

"Is that you Gertrude?" (In English)

"Yes."

"This is Princess Violet speaking. Did you really send me that note?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen Angeline Riches lately?"

"Yes Violet. I was with her just ten minutes ago, and things do not look so good. Michael lost his opportunity this morning, or rather what he done succeed at he could not hold because of Ned's carelessness. He was in bed and in his tent this morning, and Ned said he must not be disturbed."

"Do you know Gertrude that I haven't received any news whatever since yesterday."

"What?" Screamed Gertrude.

"Violet repeated her statement adding 'And to day I've received no communications, and there's not a thing like news come to me or my sisters either, except this note.'"

"Why Violet you've been misinformed. I sent you six mysterious codes yesterday. I almost risked my life yesterday morning getting them."

"It was now Violet's turn to scream 'What?'"

"No said the notes were sent" put in Joice

"Gertrude," answered Violet. "You know I have in my possession her written statement. To day Angeline Riches is not in camp or on duty because through some reason she is laid up temporarily, and so is Michael. We have nothing to replenish our success."

Finally Gertrude again cried;

"Violet, listen. There's something wrong, and I'll go around and see what's the matter. I'm afraid we are under suspicion."

"Wait awhile Gertrude. Before we do anything rash, let's try to get our facts in good shape. First to begin with, are you sure the new codes were delivered?"

"I take it for granted. I ordered them to be sent from Cathleen's tent."

"Well I suppose I'll have to call up Cathleen and find out." And accordingly Violet called up this girl scout by telephone while her sisters just came into the tent and hear her. To Violet's question Cathleen replied;

"Certainly sent the codes yesterday afternoon before 5 o'clock. I prepared the sending of them myself. There was something mysterious written by General Federal himself, something about a new flood, well enough information to give us sufficient clues and a list of disasters made by the enemy since the war began. There was also a slip of paper with designs of dikes, levees, map of Lake Silvia or Seltola, the dikes of the flood making rivers, a plan of mine making, the next movement of General Welles whole army--and--and--well plenty of evidence to prove that some glandelinian general or more is at the bottom of the whole business. My boyscout John was to have delivered them into your own hands. I am surprised and worried sick that he has not returned yet as he is my brother."

Telling her aide-de-camp who blessed with excellency hearing had taking in the situation thoroughly to get Gertrude Angeline to make a good investigation, she summoned Mildred Maxwell to her tent, as she could and would tell anything she knows. Mildred came in looking troubled.

"Mildred is it true that the codes got waylaid somewhere?"

"Angeline Riches did not want to have you see that note for fear you'd be worried."

"So I suppose, but that doesn't answer my question. Are the codes waylaid somewhere?"

"The codes? No I don't believe they were. I'm afraid they are gone. Otherwise I could not tell you anything else Princess Violet. The boyscout did not return."

"And Mildred is it true that Ned did not return early to his camp as is his time?" Asked Violet.

"I do not know what time he returned if he did return Violet, not unless he had something to do with the disappearance of the codes. But Violet, be merciful to me and let me not hear his name again."

"And how about yesterday. We had an awful time. We ought to dismiss him from the way. If what I fear is true I'll--"

"Go get your horse, race to Angelina Aronburg's tent, and if he has been arrested by her scouts bring Ned to my tent as fast as you can."

Within two hours and a half Mrs. Ned entered, with Mildred Maxwell, and another girl. His step was slow and his smile was gone.

"Ned began Violet "Is it true that you have lost all traces of the codes from your tent?"

"Yes Princess Violet" he made answer hanging his head.

"Wasn't it true that you did not have the nerve to report the loss to me though you knew of it all day yesterday?"

"I had no chance to report the loss to you."

"Why did you remain away so long?"

"I was forcibly detained."

"And is it not true that you did not have full control over yourself all day yesterday because you saw something and Mildred got sore at you?"

"I had no time and plans made."

"But about yesterday evening. Did you not have the chance to trace the loss then?"

"No but I tried to do something."

"Nothing." Violet exclaimed with an energy, which caused Ned to jump and blanch as though she had slapped him with all her might. "Good heavens Ned Parker what about

the codes John was supposed to deliver to me? Why is he missing? What about the plans Angelina Riches sent you with yesterday afternoon?"

Ned had gone white. His head was down, he was squeezing his hands, but he gave no answer.

"Do you hear me?" cried Violet losing her patience.

The Glandelinians discovered what Ned had done and took them all away, last night.

"Ned you have lied to me and I am simply disgusted with you. I never thought that Ned Parker would tell a lie like that. You know it is a sin."

Then Ned raised his voice in protest to her reproach. There was no mistaking the sincerity of his opposition, or of Violet's grief, and he scolded as much as she did. "Excited though he was, and hurried away by anger, the pain in her eyes, the poignant pain remained to haunt his memory for weeks to come. Violet finally ordered him to sit down and was waiting for him to compose himself, when there appeared on the scene, Angelina Aronburg and Angelina Riches. The latter was a distressed night. Her face showed the haggardness of weariness, and watching, and one of her eyes was badly discolored.

"Violet," said Gertrude, while Ned tried to escape out of the tent, but was stopped forcibly by Mildred. "We have got the truth at last. Ned is a good boy scout most of the time, but whenever he thinks he faces too great a risk on anything he does, he gets scared at once, and then he hides until there is no Glandelinian soldier in sight. And when they do appear he is like a frightened lamb. Ned is a coward."

"I do not like to tell on my boy scouts and girl scouts either." Said the patient brave little girl scout of the black eye. "And I never would have told if I could help it, but I cannot stand a cringing coward no matter who he is. It's dragging my heart and soul into the dust. But I didn't think he would do that. When I had found it out, I had Angelina Aronburg write you that note. After Ned failed me in time of peril, I couldn't so much as look for him. I hoped he had been captured."

"But what became of the codes?" Violet asked.

"I do not know. I, Ned, and John went out to deliver it to you. It was in John's possession. A number of Glandelinian boys and girl scouts suspecting us attacked us. We tried to escape and though I succeeded in fighting my way out, the boys disappeared. Ned and John were captured. Soon six hours after that is just now Ned came back greatly scared without the codes having deserted me, and John. It was Gertrude who arrested him and she told him good and proper too."

"How did you come to injure your eye, Riches?"

"On I just ran against something, that remains as of the fist of a rebel or Glandelinian boy scout."

"Oh stuff!" Violet exclaimed impatiently to Ned. "You have been deceiving me and the rest right along. You are a deserter and if you was a man I'd order you to face the firing squad right now. I'm through with you for all time, and so are my sisters and every one else. We are too merciful to expose you. But the best thing for you to do is to leave the army and go back home."

"The princess Violet, I wasn't responsible," said Ned. "anyhow I did not mean to do it."

Now again Ned was lying.

"Perhaps you didn't," said Angelina Aronburg doubtfully. "but you are a swarthy cut just the same. You should see what happened to Michael through your cowardliness and carelessness. Everything was in disorder, our whole plan I'm afraid has been smashed, the codes are gone, and probably all of us will have to leave the camp post naked or be captured."

"By all means let's have him court-martialed, and sent home in disgrace," said Jennie Vivian.

"My girl and boy scouts said 'Said Angelina Riches vi with some spirit, are the kindest, the cleverest, the best any one could desire, and they are the most loving the most attentive scouts, that any boy or girl commander could have'—she paused a moment and then added—"But they won't have Ned no more. Neither will I or Jennie Turner."

"Yes," said Gertrude Angelina herself harshly. "and in order to keep him out of danger and what he is afraid of, we'll put him through our court-martial and vote him to be discharged and sent home."

"Angelina Riches and Gertrude," said Violet. "I'm sorry to have put such a boy in your command. We have been deceived by him. Good bye Ned."

The poor Vivian girls who had gone through a whole lot during the whole war were smothered and turned away. Any one could see the repressed tears struggling to their eyes. Looking back now the memory almost brings tears to mine. But who could blame the Vivian girls who were too angry, too mortified to stand for his cowardly desertion, such a too foolish and rebellious to perceive the sad note of the full situation. God help us all, we try always to do good but there are many who allow their feelings to influence them, so that therefore they are cruel when they profess to be kind merciful when they talk mercy hard hearted when they assume philanthropy. Ned's wounded self love had obscured his judgement, and so in unreasoning coarsety he deserted his girl scouts and wounded to the quick the loving hearts of the princesses and they need strength and consolation during these awful times.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURE OF ANGELINA ARONBURG AND JENNIE TURNER.

"I say Violet," said Angelina Aronburg during the early hours of the next morning. "I forgot to tell you about that awful mixup that day when Ned deserted us."

"Why did you forget to tell us?"

"I was too angry at Ned, and so forgot. It is nevertheless a pretty good story; and I kinda believe it will be of great interest to you."

"Did you tell any one else?"

"Yes I told Michael about it."

"Why did you tell him?"

"Oh because he was one of those who got hurt. I also told it to one of the Glandelinian officers who shadows us. It was a pretty good story you know, and I was very sure it would interest him."

"And was he interested?"

"He certainly was. When I told Captain Jack about the big floods in the past, and the danger of what more we might have in the near future, all caused by the enemy, and the devastating forest fires raging, about the great numbers who lost their lives, and the many millions of women and children nearly starving, and the great plagues raging, and of the floods talking their slowest time to go down, and some places maybe never, he sighed like the engine of a freight train when it's pulling a big load."

"The picture was vivid if overdrawn."

"Was he excited?"

"Yes."

"Did he not say anything?"

"I'll say he did. He made speeches. He told me never to stick up for the Glandelinians as long as I lived, and that he did not respect any nation who while making wars, could cause floods and other big disasters, and massacres and starve millions of children, and not only endanger the nation with plagues but the world in general. I shot back at him and asked 'Suppose Germany is responsible.' I say or he said no one knows who is really responsible until the princesses succeed in their mission. I said they were what everybody in the world says. The world declares Germany and his Confederates are responsible, directly or indirectly. And that's true Violet, I told him how I once got cornered by a Glandelinian officer, who got mad and attempted to throw me out of the window!"

"How did you escape that Gertrude?"

"Oh easily. I put a knife into him before you could say Jack Robertson. I said 'Michael let me tell you how it all came about, and why we are trying to find out who is responsible for the flood and other disasters.... That drew Michael's attention, and when I told him all I knew he hopped up and down grunting and chucking to beat the band. Then he told me what he thought of the Glandelinians and of these mighty disasters, brought on the starvation of a whole state of people, and what he'd say about them was plenty enough and what he said he also thought about them was not fit for a prayer book. He said that little Christian children was worth more in the eye of our dear Blessed Lord than the whole Glandelinian nation."

"Well Gertrude what was the result of your talk with Michael?"

"It's a long story Violet."

"Let me and my sisters hear it."

"Well Captain Jack did most of the talking. After making a lot of speeches he said that something ought to be done. I asked him what? He said Miss Aronburg if we must get all the Abbi-annian states into line we can. I asked him how he was going to do it. Then he got me to promise to go with him to waylay some rebel general, and force him to tell who caused the floods to be ordered since the awful disasters began. At first I did not care about going but Jack insisted it would be a good help to the cause. The fact is Jack didn't have the nerve to enter the Glandelinian general's headquarters alone, and I did. That is why he wanted me to go with him I think. So after supper I sat Jack outside in the Company Street."

"Then my word," Violet put in.

"For we sat all right and on the Company Street down a you should have heard the line of talk Jack handed out to me. He said the only way to bring a stop to the disasters was to firing but who ordered them capture them, and make an example of them before the world. Massacring the Glandelinian armies does no good, they'll massacre in return, punishing the wicked nation by making for them big floods first and other disasters or starting any kind of a rough sea roughhouse with them the Glandelinian nation herself if it is bad in results—always bad, and would have a terrible

result of the Glandelinian war. Jack got so worked up talking this way about the results of the awful floods, that we were both crying, and when we came to an army canteen nothing would do Jack but go in and get sixty five cents worth of provisions done up in a bread basket to act as bait. Jack had only thirty five pennies about him, and I had to loan him thirty pennies. He repaid me the first thing this morning and---"

"Yes, yes, yes, go on."

"We did go on Violet, and Jack finally explained to me how he would pretend he was a distributor of provisions and would present the basket to one of the officers, and then get to talking with another of the generals. The great mistake spies make Angelinia he said in these efforts is that they go pottering about among officer generals, pretending they were one of them. My Angelinia, he said, you can't do nothing by trying that, and there are many spies who even don't know their own minds long enough to leave them up. What you want to do is to trap and get the Glandelinian army officer. you can force a Glandelinian officer to tell anything you desire. If you use enough reason," said Jack. You can make a Glandelinian officer tell the most secrets, but as easy as not. And then Angelinia, he said once you have a Glandelinian officer in your power you'll have him leading right out of your hands. Then he got back to his first line of talk. He told me, always to be patient in everything. I do, even when good common sense told me to go at any thing I wished to undertake rashly. He said that any spy who always showed patience in anything he does was the one who even always won out."

"Well we'll have to get Jack to give a speech to the whole army," observed Violet sincerely.

"Well he did give me a real good speech, and by the time he had finished in fact before we had finished we reached the headquarters of general Kneley. He then turned or Angelinia as long as you live," he said in dealing with such desperate people as these never to lose patience. Much as I admire Violet and her sisterly efforts if they were only a little bit more patient they would accomplish more."

"Did you agree I with him Gertrude?"

"I--- why yes, Violet indeed I surely did--especially at that time."

"Thank you Gertrude. Proceed."

"By this time Violet we were on the way up the last flight of stairs. And then we began to hear very loud talking up above. It was general Francis gunda gunda Schmidt. who was talking. He was saying that he defied the whole world to interfere with his plans, if he wanted to make a secret map he would like to see who was the christian spy who would dare to come and take it away from him. He said he did not see where Abbleania had any right to interfere with the child slavery going on in Glandelinia if he wanted a child slave he had a right to make it suffer, that he was a free born Glandelinian citizen, that Glandelinia's cause wicked as it was, was in the right, and don't you forget it, that if anybody from Abbleania up to the whole world tried to interfere with Glandelinia's purpose of making floods and explosion and forest fire disasters and other massacres when it wanted to win a war that way Glandelinia was the nation that would show them where to get off. That's General Francis Schmidt talking," I said to Jack. Then we heard another voice. It was general Federals. He said the Glandelinian armies were not trying to win the war because the christian generals were too familiar with the country. "So you mean to say that in the cause only," cried general Francis Schmidt. "I'm afraid it's true," answered general Federal. Then we heard a noise as if there was a convention going on.

"As if the generals were holding a council Gertrude!!!!!!"

"Yes a council. We were at the door by that time, I with the basket on my arm and Jack in front. He gave a thundering knock at the door and when one of the generals said "come in" he threw open the door. About sixty generals were seated about a large oblong table with lots of books and papers on it, and general Francis Schmidt a fierce-looking man was walking toward us. "What do you want?" he said. "Good morning everybody," says Jack. "I want to general to see general Schmidt. I'm that that officer said Schmidt. What is it?" "I'm sent by Kneley but I want to speak to you in private," says Jack. "It's very important," Schmidt stepped out, and secretly Jack closed and locked the door. "You are not a christian dog are you?" says general Schmidt. "No I'm not such a thing as says Jack. Suppose general we come downstairs, where no one will overhear us." "Sure," says the general, and down the steps the went arm in arm like two long lost brothers. When we got to the first floor two flights down we walked to the front part of the corridor where there was a large entrance. That house used to belong to your aunt. You remember?"

"Most distinctly Gertrude." Violet answered. She could see that Gertrude had something worth telling. "Go on Gertrude don't leave anything out."

"There was a large lighted candle at the center of the corridor--the end looking north toward the National line, and right below it was a water faucet, and Jack who is powerful and big marched him up turned on the faucet and said in a voice that was louder than a whisper "Now you Glandelinian stripped Skunk, you can of a skunk farm, tell me who ordered the making of the flood explosion and forest fire disasters or I'll sent you to help the devil shovel coal. That" continued Gertrude did not exactly

bring any results, in fact he---"

"You may let that part go Gertrude."

"Thank you Violet," said Gertrude visibly relieved. "Then as the general refused to say anything, he gave him a sudden squeeze and a whirl, and before you could count one he had his head under that water faucet. Now will you tell?" demanded Jack. But in answer, the cursing, swearing and blaspheming that general Schmidt let out was terribly shocking. But Jack stopped that pretty quick. He gave a sudden jerk to the general's head, and the water got into his mouth and set him to coughing and choking something awful. Then he began kicking Jack in the legs but he just held on and didn't seem to notice at all. "Now will you tell?" yelled Jack. "No you spy," gasped the officer.

"They Gertrude turn on the faucet more," shouted Jack to me. I obeyed turning it on all the way. My leg is sore yet from the kick I got. I thought the Glandelinian general would be drowned, but Jack did not seem to take notice or probably did not care. By this time three or four Glandelinian soldiers were out in the hallway making comments. They would have rushed us, but I covered them with my pistols. One of them had a face that looked as if he had a bad case of small pox his face was so covered with big blackheads. But Jack did not notice them either. "Now who caused the floods?" But in answer the Glandelinian general kept on kicking. He landed this time squarely on Jack's stomach. "Stop your infernal kicking or I'll hold your head here forever," roared Jack. Violet, in a wonder by this time the whole Glandelinian camp full of soldiers wasn't in the corridor--Jack was making such noise. He didn't know it, I guess he thought he was only whispering. You see he was mad all through because he could not make him tell. The Glandelinian officer gave another kick and then stopped. Jack was choking him.

It was all quite for a minute--nothing but the sound of the water spouting over that big man's head. Jack was dripping water too but he did not notice it. Then that Glandelinian officer whose face seemed to be broke out into a bad case of small pox, said "It's a wonder the generals can't take an extra drink or two without fighting over it and trying to drive each other. Lieutenant whatever your name is," bellowed Jack "Mind your own business or my foot will do a real guard action." Seeing that the general would not tell what he desired of him he took the same head from under the faucet. General Schmidt had no fight left in him, he stood there blinking and sputtering.

"Jack," I whispered "you are forgetting the last backbit. Give it here he said. "I'll give this Glandelinian skunk a hat that will fit him." I handed it over to Jack and the next thing you know he clasped that skunk food and all over general Schmidt's head, he made it fit too somehow or other. Just then a rebel general in that room above had managed to break down the door and came running down the stairs, and when they saw Jack tormenting general Schmidt they shouted and set up a bedlam of cursing, swearing and blaspheming. Then they came heading down the stairs, some of them with drawn pistols and made toward us. "Run" cried Jack, upsetting a smoke lamp he lit on the floor on purpose, and down the stairs we went nearly breaking our necks, and not stopping until we were far off. We were pursued hard, but in the darkness of a coming smoke cloud from near forest fires we escaped."

During this graphic recital, Violet, and her sisters tried in vain to keep a sober face.

"You and Jack might as well get up a new organization for practical spy banditry," said Violet. By "By the way, isn't Jack out there now. Call him in."

Jack when called, entered and saluted. Indeed he looked too virtuous to be true.

"How are your legs Jack? Did the Glandelinian officer kick you hard?"

Jack looked at Angelinia Gronburg, and then he understood that the young girl scout leader had told of the adventure adventure, and he burst into a laugh that caused a flutter, as Violet, and her sisters afterwards learned among a large group of soldiers outside.

"I have been very much interested Jack by Gertrude's account of your spy work," said Jack grinning and reaching for his knee, which he rubbed gingerly....

"It is not so easy,--this spy work of that kind Jack. You were in danger."

"I should say not princess Violet. But I took chances."

"How did you know that general Francis Schmidt knew something about the making of the flood disasters Jack?"

"Oh," cried Jack "I learned all about it. And I'll go now if necessary and get the information or kill every Glandelinian general there is in the army. These disasters are unfair and going too far. I knew of another officer who also knows of the ones who ordered the floods, and when I cornered him he fought me like a tiger to get away he was so anxious to escape. Hold on here," I cried "I'll make you tell your secret or kill you. Go to H---ll," he shouted in answer swinging at me with his sabre and then missing drew his pistol and leveled it at me, and then in the split second he shot him."

"I understand Jack that you've made up some very good ideas as to how we little princesses should deal with the Glandelinians, when we spy upon them, especially officers and generals, and Glandelinian spies also, when there's great information to be obtained...."

"We must always get the Glandelinian officers first-----always the officer who knows the most information," put in Gertrude Angeline. "There are a lot of these so called spies who go snooping around the ignorant or more suspicious Glandelinian privates, and there's nothing to be found out."

"You're right," said Jack. "No doubt he intended to whisper these words. But any one out in the company streets could have heard it."

"And" continued Gertrude with solemn face "No matter how often we fail we must never lose our patience. We must strive harder for every time we fail."

Jack said nothing, but he showed approval of her words. Also as Violet, and her sisters saw out of the corner of their eyes there was certain pantomimic signs directed by Jack at Gertrude Angeline, expressing clearly that he did not want her to leave anything out.

"And on no account," Gertrude went on "is there to be any recklessness, any over cautiousness, overconfidence, and especially no backing out of the very game."

"What about the reputation of those generals Jack?" Joie asked.

"What do you mean Princess?"

"Their reputation. Did you look up the reputation of those generals?"

"I didn't in notice their reputation but I don't want to know it Princess. You see I didn't have a good look in their room where they were gathered. Besides we didn't have the chance to remain as long as I intended."

"I should say not," interjected Gertrude, "and the way we did get out with a bunch of Glandelinian officers chasing us, one with a million big blackheads on his face and trying to shoot us, was a sight for sore eyes."

"Sure" said Jack almost laughing. "The slight of the broomstick legs and pie faces of some of those goofy looking Glandelinian officers would start a whole world of blind and near sighted persons to going to moving picture shows to see them."

"And then Jack" Joie continued "Did you go into the matter of caution?"

"I only dared to go as far as their room alright," answered Jack. "I couldn't summon the very nerve to go inside."

"Ah Jack you may be a good spy but you are not at all scientific."

"Qin't I?" inquired Jack anxiously...

"No you are not. H..J."

"All the same" Gertrude put in "He gave general Schmidt the water treatment."

"Yes."

"And if that ain't science I'd like to know what is."

"And the general looked like a top popped skeleton," said Jack.

"If you had been a scientific you would have spent a week at least in trying to study the surroundings of the rebel generals---that's environment, and then you would have spent a month or two to find out all about, what the generals know, their caution."

"Sure but of information? I don't want to know anything about them, or their reputation, the old gray uniformed skunks."

"Well then heredity of enmity," Joie went on saying. "If you had been more scientific you'd have done nothing if you discovered a Glandelinian general or officer would not give in to your demands?"

"Well I'm glad then if I am not at all scientific."

"But he sure was patient," said Gertrude sweetly. "Pretending he also was a Glandelinian general, he walked down thru flights of stairs arm in arm with general Schmidt. The two of them at that time looked like a pair of cooing doves. And what followed makes me almost believe that Jack got you princesses beat in spy work. He says you Violet, and also your sisters are great indeed, but you'd be the biggest and the most record breaking spies on record if in your work you would only have a teeny weeny bit more of patience. Oh Jack studied it out, all out I'll say. He knows what he is talking about. I never saw any one as patient as he was as he stood for ever so long holding general Schmidt under the water or water sput spout, because he would not tell him who ordered the flood."

Jack looked at Gertrude in open mouthed wonder, and he was about to say something in answer but the proper words not coming, he remained open mouthed.

"Jack" said Joie "I must say I wouldn't have done what you did."

"You were too rash and could have caused us all to be under detection," interpolated Gertrude.

"But all the same" Joie went on "You Jack did in one way, what I'm inclined to believe was the right thing."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"You acted on impulse and sometimes impulse is the very thing to act upon, even though it is like throwing yourself into a hot furnace."

"Thank you princess Joie" said Jack with a smile.

"Only" Joie continued "I wouldn't advise you to get the habit of using the water faucet whenever you in your efforts to get information go catching or kidnapping

"Glandelinian officer."

"Do you think," placed myself in more greater danger, even if I would have been a little more patient?"

"I rather think you did."

"Jack looked as if he could not smile again."

"Never mind Jack, you were perfectly right. Cheer up Jack."

"Everybody's doing it," added Gertrude.

"Except the victims of the explosion and flood disasters," put in Violet, and her sisters nodded assent.

Nevertheless Violet and her sisters did not feel so easy. As far as they could understand, from experiences of their own, this was one of the most desperate means taken on record for any one to make a Glandelinian officer tell anything. Their own way of intention for obtaining information was usually to, eavesdrop upon the Glandelinian generals or other officers while they would be holding a meeting, or having conversation at certain places, but to seize one and try to force him to tell anything they wished to know---well it seemed out of the ordinary. They felt it could bring some danger if not upon themselves, upon Jack and Gertrude, though Jack had more to do with it than Jack did.

And what was more the attempt had been a failure for the general had refused to tell anything the two desired to know. They at first didn't say anything to Gertrude, or confirm their suspicions to her, but they dismissed Jack, and then settled down to do a little work of their own.

INTRODUCING MORE OF JENNIE TURNER AND A NOVEL
BOYSCOUT LETTER

NOT suspecting who they were a number of glandelinian girl scouts paid Violet, and her sisters a visit that afternoon.

"Did you hear what happened at General Manley's headquarters sometime yesterday?" one whose name was Jennie asked.

"What was it sister? Anything unusual?"

"Two christian spies, and a man giant in size, called on the generals, found general Schmidt and during council time got him to come outside of his room, pretending he had some important information for him. Then they got him out the big one seized him, and forced him along to a water faucet, and kept him there until he was nearly choked. They would have killed him the soldiers tell me, if the generals had not broken out of the room, raced down with pistols drawn and driven them away. It was terrible they say."

"Pretending to be ignorant of the fact, Violet asked:

"What could have been their object? Were they really spies or were they some foreign bandits trying to rob him."

"No they didn't do anything to show they were thieves. They were trying to force some information out of him concerning floods, and something about the explosion horrors that has been going on since the war began otherwise I do not understand it."

"Possibly," said Alice. "The christian spies wanted to steal his plans. Thinking to make it more stronger," she continued "I and my followers here were doubled crossed by a spy boy scout. Maybe he was also our enemy."

"Plans," exclaimed the girl scout "That's about the last thing I could imagine."

"Why?"

"Because the general confessed to every one that the two who grabbed him knew he had some information about floods that the generals had created."

"Why should they create floods? And how did they create floods? And how come they approach me with all that nonsense," she said thinking by this argument she might obtain some information."

"I do not know myself but they created floods. I thought you heard all in the news, but we must be going and if we can return we'll bring you some of the newspapers that tell about the floods."

And they were gone.

Gertrude who was in the tent at the time had pretended to be reading a large geography though she was covering her face with it, and looking at it upside down.

"You see Gertrude," Joyce said as the astonished girls came within. "The system you and Jack have inaugurated is of such a kind that fortunately for us all the glandelinians instead of taking you for spies you and your companion, imagine you to be a pair of cutthroats. Did not any of the glandelinian generals recognize you and Jack?"

"I hope not, when we ran outside it was quite dark, and besides we didn't fairly get into the room, where the generals were holding their council, and finally when the officers came running down and started yelling and cursing at us, we both dashed off before any one could see us well in that dimly lighted hall. Jack blue the candles out and the glass of the lamp was black from smoke and didn't give much light. I say Violet I hope we do not all be detected for what I saw Jack did last night, we might all be either taken or forced to flee like the camp, and our mission will be of no avail."

"I and my sisters promise Gertrude that if we can help it that mission of you and Jack will always remain a dead secret to the enemy."

To this day the best of the glandelinian generals do not guess the identity of the two christian philanthropists, (except Schmidt) who in their excess of desire for very important information held the head of general Francis Schmidt for some eight or ten minutes or even more under a large water faucet giving him an ice cold bath. As a result of Jack's phil philanthropy, the whole camp was being scoured for him and his small companion. General Schmidt assured his generals that he was sure the little girl who helped his assistant was Angelina Aronburg.

Danger for a while lurked everywhere for her, the suspicion of her presence showed in the faces, and in every conversation of all glandelinian soldiers and officers met with, and also in their actions. Much of this Violet and her sisters learned from Jennie Turner, and to keep her under cover for their sakes as well as hers she could not visit the for a while, so avoid suspicion when they dared to meet her she always smiled and bowed with the winning grace so peculiar to her, but to avoid suspicion for them and herself she pretended to show no candid confidence unless the place was clear of soldiers. Those not knowing the true situation would have thought that she had lost faith in them, and that she was ashamed of the princesses. No one knowing the real truth could answer

THE question. For the same reason too, Angelina Ichoe, kept out of their way. Meanwhile Jennie Turner the young Abbeannian tigress girl was in close communication with the glandelinian generals serving Manley in particular as a messenger, which notes and the like she secretly took the opportunity to recopy before delivery. Through her efforts Angelina Aronburg who had been keeping under cover for several days was persuaded to cleverly disguise herself, and return to her work in another way but warned to keep out of sight of Violet and her sisters and the rest for a time until notified further, and also to keep her eyes open and her pistol pistols well loaded. The good girl scout like so many girl heroines overburdened with the strain of keeping at bay out of reach of her enemies had simply lost hopes of any success in her undertakings and often suffered strongly from the almost overpowering temptation of drawing her pistols and shooting down in ambush every glandelinian general she saw.

Although Angelina Aronburg through their advice visited Violet, and her sisters no more; they had no reason to worry about her. The child scout was still leader in all their efforts and her efforts, and though Jennie Turner acting through their signatures was supplied with such help as they thought would best develop the girls success and her efforts. As they now were with a multiplicity of important affairs, and also to keep the enemy from being suspicious they did not do nothing to establish with Gertrude Angelina their old relations. Of course this had to be pretended otherwise disaster might ensue, which evidently came from the very conversation among officers and soldiers Violet and her sisters also overheard.

Many would believe by this that Gertrude Angelina was now thinking less of Violet and her sisters when in reality it was not the case. These few days had passed away, another day came dark and dreary and the sky black and dark gray with smoke clouds as if an approaching thunderstorm and the temperature was unusually high so that every one felt uncomfortable. Nevertheless, on that hot morning Jennie Turner was ready for the opening hand of the adventure, and with them to the surprise of Violet, and her sisters they brought Mildred Maxwell the same pretty little girl heroine we so well know. What she was to go through during the remaining many months of the war was enough penance for any little girl of her age. Whether truly existing existing or not little girls and boys in this story and outside of it are sure of heroic stuff. Usually they defy any peril, as if it did not exist.

"Good morning Princesses," said Jennie Turner. "I hope and pray that sooner or later we'll be successful in our undertaking. This you know is our friend Mildred Maxwell. Mildred, shake hands with the 'Darlings of the Nation.'"

In answer to which Mildred clasped the hands of the princesses most heartily while at the order of one of them the hide-de-camp retreated to a more respectful distance as was the custom from which cordon of vantage, unobserved by them except Jennie Turner, he peeped out at the girls with large investigating eyes.

"My friends," demonstrated Jennie Turner severely. "No matter where you are you are always a peeping curiosity complex, and you said you do not do any such thing. You are always talking good of Violet, and her sisters, and you said you wanted to see them succeed in everything they do so awful bad."

"I do want them to succeed," said Francis stoutly.

"Well then, try to overcome your curiosity. We'll mistake you for a glandelinian boy scout spy some day, and then you'll wish you had overcome your foolish habit."

There were several pieces of paper on Violet's table. She glanced over them, and then held one of them over, toward Jennie Turner, who took it with noticeable alacrity and glanced over it with promptness.

"What do you think of that Jennie?" asked Violet beaming.

"That's excellent."

"Well Jennie," Joyce inquired. "How have you succeeded so far?"

Yet Violet, and her sisters could to a certain extent, anticipate the answer. The two girl scouts were nicely uniformed, the gray color was good, their eyes were shining with intense excitement. Both notably Mildred had grown taller.

"Princesses we have made success, but had a delightful time of it. All of our followers have been working steadily, and Gertrude said she would not at all be surprised if final success did crown our undertaking. For most of our efforts have been great and yesterday we were working for a glandelinian general at Camp Dell, near the village of Goring View, and we just had no end of fun. I learned to do new things."

"And I," said Mildred, did "Discovered something very important."

"And Princesses," continued Jennie "the glandelinian generals had such a great council, and they had ever so many generals attending it, and me of my followers went into the general big tent, barefooted with a long stick in her hand, disguised as a housegirl. And Mildred was the attendant to the general, and brought to any one of them what they called for after secretly copying them off hastily."

"I secured one general thirteen times and secured thirteen pages from his original" said the accurate and solemn Mildred.

And many of the boy and girl scouts were with us. One of the boy scouts tried to teach us many tricks but we proved we could do anything ourselves."

"Yes we sure did." Said Mildred who by this time, was standing before Violet, and her sisters not so much in token of her growing confidence in them, as for the reason it was a good strategic position for getting on the good side of them an advantage of which she was not by any means slow to avail herself. Just then Michael in all the splendor of a dazzling new uniform stepped in to announce that there were some Gemini Members in the outer tent to see the Vivian Girls.

"Why Michael? Did Jennie Turner?" "How do you do?"

"In any way you ask." answered the lad.

"Did you discover anything important?" asked Violet.

"Yes," was taking a little nourishment from a general table while he was not yet there, and learned that though every glandelinian knew who ordered the making of the flood and explosion disasters and the like they pretend uttermost ignorance of it, and all our followers are taking days and night, watching every general, and listening to all kinds of conversation and waiting an opportunity to seize an important paper with the hope of learning something..."

"You haven't been successful have you?"

"I haven't but I have this." Pointing to Jennie Turner.

"Have you Jennie?"

"Not so as you could notice it."

"I thought so." exclaimed Michael. "It's not so easy as you think."

"Things ain't so well, Michael, and we are all being watched."

"Now what do you think of that?" growled Michael much displeased. "That's sure beautiful news you're giving me. Maybe it's not true" and Michael's face was glowing red fast.

"Yes it's absolutely true" declared Mildred. "I never saw so many looking upon us with suspicion before."

"Can you beat that?" ejaculated Michael much embarrassed. "I'll have to get busy and if anything happens signal the warning," and saluting he disappeared.

"Well Mildred" Violet said as she surveyed her from head to foot "do you still think you are able to continue your dangerous work, or do you want to go home?"

"This vacation" said Mildred is good enough for me."

"She was a little timid when she first began to serve with us in the army," explained Jennie Turner but she is very fond of the work now. She is always talking about the holiness of the cause and every night and morning she prays most heartily for the success of our side in the war. Don't you Mildred?"

"Yes I do" answered Mildred.

"I taught her myself Violet-and oh for you and your sisters who have suffered so much in our behalf and for the sake of our dear blessed Lord and his His other I'm going to try my best at everything in the future and get good credit and will deserve the nickname of "Little Princess of Abbelesman. And to begin with we ourselves must capture some glandelinian general and force him to tell us about who originated the flood, and so will Mildred, and we are going to prove to the world, what good girl scouts all of us including you Princesses are and can be. You are too are you not Mildred?"

"Gee my heart and hope to die," came the eagerest answer.

"Thank you girls, and as you are so good in doing all this for me, and my sisters I'm going to make it a point to lend you all the aid possible, and to remember everything you did every day at our own prayers, as we have been doing in the past eight or nine months."

"Oh Princesses" cried Jennie coming up on her toes "Have you really remembered everything we did every day?"

"Surely surely my dear"

"After all you have gone through yourselves all the danger," she says she ejaculated these words was dumb.

"To get whatever we do Jennie. Do not fear anything."

"I'll never forget all you do," vowed Jennie coming down on her heels with savage emphasis. "And Princesses and do you still still expect success for all our adventures?"

"Long ago Jennie."

"Oh" cried Jennie her eyes shining, and her face flashing red. "I thought you couldn't the way the war is going on so far. Vivian Girls I am so happy. And so is Mildred are you not Mildred?"

"I feel like a big bird flying away," answered Mildred. Jennie then executed her familiar courtsey something similar to that of Angeline de Richee, Mildred bobbed and then the two disappeared.

So this day passed as it had begun and for a time real success seemed to come for Violet, and her sisters. Jennie Turner, Angeline Richee, and Gertrude Angeline kept their eyes on the movements of every one of the glandelinian generals, and from a point of advantage listened to their conversation and brought Violet, and her sisters the most favorable reports.

The loyal followers of these girl scouts, had every justification for their assurance that no better girlscouts, or girl spies could be found than Gertrude Angeline, Jennie Turner, or Angeline Richee, nor more dangerous women persuaded. Between that day and two days later they overheard a glandelinian general out of sight once, but yet they never overheard anything concerning the ones who ordered the flood. On the morning of the fifth or sixth of September among the other important codes letters, the Vivian Girls received the following following:

"September the 6th 1913..."

DEAR DARLINGS OF THE NATION:

Once more we have almost succeeded in our quest. But dear Princesses may anything you dismay, for patience always wins. You Darlings of the Nation are the main spies, who take the places of those who cannot do the work you can for you are the chief professional spies of Abbelesman, and we are merely your aids. Of course dear Princesses we cannot write to you what we discovered as it might be observed, and I don't think Gertrude Angeline would approve of it either, if she made a regular thing of it. On this day of success we feel as good as if it was Christmas day. But especially we feel good to all Christians soldiers and peoples who have been so specially and especially kind in helping us. And Violet, and your sisters now know how awfully good you have been to us! If I was dead and if our blessed Lord allowed my spirit to do so I think I would be able to guide you safely through all future dangers and adventures.

On next Christmas day, Dear Darlings of the Nation I hope that the infant Jesus will bring you everything you need, and more the end of this awful war. Then it will be;

"On Tidings of Comfort and joy, Peace on earth to men of good will"

One more we must make a final effort but even now I do so wish we had already succeeded in the quest we are after and returned to the christian lines, and also to our generals with our information. I wish it mostly for your sakes. But we will pray for your and our success dear Princesses who are our good friends and most loving comrades.

Your Loving Companion,
Jennie Francis Turner/..

There was a number of other letters like this--only none quite so original--which Mildred stirred Violet, and her sisters strongly attracted. These brave Abbelesman children had humbled many of the greatest of christian generals. Yet who were they that so many, yet innocent and brave childrenlike these should think of all men with love, serve them and yet pray for them with fervor? It is claimed that poets have gone into east asia over the laughter of a little child. Yet what is their laughter, compared to their friendship and love? A poet has been able to answer that question. It is above and beyond all poetry. And yet to gain it one needs to be kind, sympathetic, and to show the little ones that supreme reverence which the poet says justly is due them.

And even if one fails now and then in kindness and in sympathy there should never be failure in reverence--these little ones forgive and forget so easily, and kiss the hand that smite them.....

"Just this morning."

"Yes we sure did." Said... Alred who by this time, was standing before a Violet,

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INTRODUCTION ONE OF THE BOY SCOUTS AT HIS WORST, AND OVERTHROW AT HER BEST.

The next morning morning

The next morning, ingmorning a boy scout met Violet and her sisters as they were returning from breakfast.

"Violet" he said "There is a little girl over in your tent waiting to see you and your sisters."

"They found Angelina Rishon huddled up in a chair. On seeing seeing them she arose not however with her usual sprightliness.

"Oh Darlings of the Nation" she said, and burst into tears.

"Don't cry Rishon. What is it my dear? Are the Glandolinians getting wise to us or is Jewdie Turner failing in her efforts again?"

Angelina Rishon after a short struggle controlled herself.

"It's worse than that. Ned threatens to desert us to night."

"Mr. Their hearts sank. A reding away" ki like the unsubstantial pageant of a happy vision they felt sure they saw their fane on which they had high hopes of success being a "parently frustrated."

"When did he decide to do this, Angelina?"

"He was out last night with some strange boys who sided with him, and when he returned to the camp at ten way past the ordinary time he remained up with them disregarding the orders of a taps, and being close by I could not help overhearing what he said."

"Rishon we are all sincerely sorry indeed."

"Q And Violet please, don't give him a chance to know you evenus out. And don't have him arrested now or he may surely expose him or us!"

"And why not my dear?"

"Because then he might also feel so offended that he might fully turn against us altogether, and even betray the cause which is so good, and which we all love so much, and it would be terrible if from anger he went to take sides with the Glandolinians and betray us all of the away enemy. You know which things are common nowadays. We have to be careful which way we turn"

"Angelina Rishon you may be sure just how I'll not have him arrested but you may be sure I'll have to report him to a sort of the Glandolinians that they'll watch his every move! In the meanwhile I and my sisters will go down to see him and try to coax him to turn from his evil ways."

"Oh will you Princesses?" exclaimed Angelina begging rising other tones and throwing in cut her hands with fashion. "How good. I hope he'll give in. We will await you there to night. And Violet and your sisters you'll say a prayer that he won't do it!"

"We certainly will."

"Good bye Princesses."

With her sweeping curtsey she was gone. Really it was a sudden disappearance. True to their promise Violet, and her sisters entered the camp of the disguised christian boy scouts, as the bugles were sounding for the call of officers to assemble. They were admitted by a delegation, Angelina Rishon, Angelina Gronburg, Mildred Maxwell, and others, all of them uniformed into that was actually exquisite. They were in looks and attire lovely little girl scouts, and as they appeared that night fit to grace the palace of any prince of emperor. Even in any camp these little human flowers of the north change all camp life into joy and cheerfulness, and touch the surroundings into a strange and unimagined beauty. All smiles, the girls saying nothing and their respective and carefully rehearsed salutes, Angelina Rishon her elaborate curtsey, Mildred a less elaborate sweep, Jennie Turner her graceful bob, and so on.

"Down in orchards," said Angelina Rishon. Let us have your umbrellas. We did not think you'd come out in this awful rain, and thunder storm."

During these ceremonies, Violet, and her sisters planned over the camp. It was large indeed for the small numbers in it and for some reason other, the tents were further apart, than usually seen in any other portion of the camp but clear as a Dutch, all parlor. Not far off was the Glandolinian Child Scout Hall. Beyond it important array, glittered a long line of field pieces of brass. They seemed to show to the best advantage, and a long line of breastworks was decorated with those pretty little Glandolinian standards which gave the earthworks an air of refinement even in warlike. But what surprised Violet, and her sisters most

were long decorations of Glandolinian bunting with here and there red, yellow and blue national flags hanging across the company streets, and giving the entire camp a very decorative appearance indeed. Jennie Turner herself smiling brightly said:

"Come I will lead you to Ned."

"How beautiful everything looks in your camp." Violet, overheard as she took her hand. "You girl scouts with your sunny ways would brighten any place, but this camp surely has a Glandolinian appearance."

"The other girl scouts and boys also have been working all day Princesses to get things in shape for you. We told them you were coming, and somehow or other they managed to obtain these decorations, and worked like little bays."

"We helped too," protested some of the boys.

"So you did my dear friends" assented the Vivian girls "and without you I don't see how they could have finished."

These boys thereupon looked proud and smiled at everybody, and everything in general.

"Where is Ned Parker?"

"He is in his tent. He says he's not feeling well," said Gertrude with a most suspicious smile. "All day he has been lying in his cot. Oh Princesses thank God, and H is Blessed Mother that he did not begin thinking of deserting till last night else we should not have discovered it. But now--" here she broke down and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Excuse me" she said recovering herself. "And I'll try to get Ned to come and see you." saying which she entered a large tent. Accepting the invitation to meet themselves, Violet and her sisters were at once surrounded by the smallest boy and girl scouts. Nor did they show the least surprise, when Ned came walking out. He was a fine looking lad, tall for his age, slightly built, and a decidedly blonde complexion. He looked harmless enough, only his eyes and facial expression gave hint of his high spirited nature.

"Greetings Princesses" he said advancing to meet them.

"The same to you my friend. I see you have a swell camp here."

"Yes Princesses it is so."

Violet motioned her girl friends to follow her to the other girl and boy scouts go outside as she wished to talk to Ned alone.

"You are going to spoil everything by backing out on us. W 2 "Said Violet/ andly."

"I was advised to by some friends and surely the advice is good and fair. You scolded me and therefore I'm returning it good."

"And you believe you will have a good time by being so foolish and and so wicked and sinful by leaving us flat like this so because we righteously rebuked you!"

"Yes Princesses. We all were created with a free will, and I choose to do as I wish therefore."

"I was. And by leaving us flat in the mud you mean to revenge my scolding is that it for fair. Look at the situation Ned not for us but for the sake of your soul. It is desecration to desert a cause like that is playing the part of Judas. You might as well go on and betray us then. You are making a most dangerous move. And you call it a good time by listening to the advice of your wicked companions, and desert your best friends because one of them reproached you for your blunder!"

"You nearly spoiled everything for me when you scolded me that morning."

"But your blunder was so serious."

"But I was accompanied by some of my friends."

"And you had a good time?"

"Yes Violet."

"And by a good time you meant a real blunder."

"I did not know it would happen."

"And yet you lose your reason and want to desert the cause of our Blessed Lord. Look at your hands lad. They are trembling. Your nerves are gone. You are excited very much over your intention."

"That's so Princesses."

"And you call that having a good time a p spoiling our plans do you. In the name of God my boy tell me what it is to have a bad time, or to have a bad time to come to you if you call that sort of thing having a good time."

"Princesses I'll think it over before I quit."

"If not for yourself or us, then for the sake of the cause, and the many millions of children which our nation is trying to free from bondage. Just think of the condition of these child slaves now. They are just as well off as lost souls almost. Suppose you had been alive for about six months it would be quite bad for you and you know it. When when did you say your prayers and go to Confession Ned, and Holy Communion last?"

"Just this morning."

"And yet you intend to desert us?"

"Yes."
"No wonder God had withdrawn his graces from you so you cannot even resist the awful temptation to do this awful thing. Receiving Holy Communion and yet intend to commit this mortal sin and commit a terrible crime to our Blessed Lord as well. A careless Catholic boy about like you need not the expectation of the blessing of God on his daily life, and he'll even excuse you to be taken by the same enemy before you get very far. You must repent and resume your duties as a Catholic should and resolve to remain with our cause as long as you live and repent of and confess that awful sacrilege you're committing. And to desert our cause now would be the same as betraying betraying our Blessed Lord to his worst enemies."

"Well I'll make my final decision to night but I cannot promise you anything until to-morrow or until you repent of that scolding you gave me as I do not take a scolding from any one whether I'm wrong or right. Now I'm at not fully decided I'm not able to think--oh what a fool I've been to come here my how on this expedition. Leaving everything to serve a cause that I believe right, and then be scolded for a slight mistake. I'll try to be ready to-morrow to make a final decision. Princesses. I'd like to go to you alone if I give in if you please for in all ways otherwise you have been very good to me and my followers, and they are talking of you all the time. But I did not like the scolding and I'm warning you Princesses to that I'm square in one way, and so I'm telling you if I go off so will all my followers desert the cause too. If I go so will they all, fifteen hundred boys and girls with me."

"Well how would to-morrow morning do at eight o'clock?" Asked Violet.

"Anything that suits you, suits me Princesses."

"Very well be at our tent to-morrow evening at eight o'clock. Now girls and boy scouts." Violet continued raising her voice "You can resume your duties, we have had our little talk."

Presently Violet, and her sisters took their leave with thankful hearts. The possibility of an ideal boyscout remaining firm to his cause--and still following him a column of lovely and bright child scouts gave promise of at length becoming a reality. Gertrude Angeline and Jennie Turner insisted on accompanying Violet, and her sisters to their tent. Once they were out of earshot of any Glandelinians, Violet, and her sisters stopped, Violet holding Gertrude by the hand.

"Violet Violet, is Ned going to stay with us?"

"You Jennie I think he is. He has promised me to interview us to-morrow evening."

Jennie's face became transfigured.

"Oh Princess I and my followers have been praying for it day and night." "Ned my dear means to do right but he's weak. Keep on praying for him. But I think nevertheless there's something something strange about him."

"Shall we ride all the way to the tent with you Violet?" Gertrude asked when in the girls' camp.

"Oh no my dear. We have angels for our companions."

"You have all the angels of heaven I think" said Gertrude simply. "Good night Darlings of the Nation and sleep tight."

"Before Violet, and her sisters could turn she was a actually racing down the company street. Gertrude Angeline and also Jennie Turner brought encouragement to Violet, and her sisters.....

That following evening punctual to the stroke of the clock, Violet and her sisters returned to their part of the camp after having been questioned three times by some very suspicious Glandelinians. There were they observed their own girl scouts on duty but in the casual glances they gave them, they failed to discover the presence of Ned Parkers. Scarcely the next morning had they seated themselves for supper in the Mess Hall when they heard someone stop inside the hall nearest to them. Violet went to the entrance and was about to ask if it was Ned when a girl's voice gave her pause.

"Don't be alarmed Princesses. I'm Mildred."

"There was bad news indeed Princesses."

"And where is Ned now Mildred?"

"He went away last night about two hours after you and your sisters left, Violet. He said he had to go away somewhere on an important mission or get into serious trouble. Jennie Turner wanted to accompany him, but he wouldn't let her. So he went out himself, and Jennie and Angeline and I stayed up all night. We repeated the Rosary and the Litany of the blessed Virgin eight times, while waiting for him to return. He got back at half four this morning and--here the little voice broke into sobs. "And Violet he made his final decision to desert. When reproached he told me to mind my own business, and threw a rock at Jennie and beat some of my followers for staying up--and he is making preparations to leave. And he'll be gone before very long if you don't stop him quick."

"The poor foolish boy" said Violet "It is his one great weakness Mildred, and we must all continue to pray for him, and in the end perseverance will win. We must be patient. Give us all our love and a good night."

"And Violet, I want to thank you and your sisters for all the trouble you have taken. Oh I and Gertrude were so happy last night. I myself felt as if I could fly. Gertrude all and all of us were so sure he was coming to interview you and your sisters last night or to night. And Violet I'm afraid he'll betray us to the Glandelinians for he said no one has a right to scold him no matter how great his offenses as he has a right to do as he wishes. I'm also afraid he'll kill Angeline Riches, he gets so savage when he knows any one is shadowing him. I don't mind his deserting us so much."

"Didn't he really say he's going to desert Mildred?"

"Yes he did Violet but he did not really say when he is going to do it. And I found it hard to ride here to night as my horses left leg is a little stiff. He fell once and threw me, and my legs, arms and shoulders are black and blue from the way I was thrown and therefore I am a little lame too."

By this time Violet could feel her blood tingling in every vein. After all she and her sisters had gone through, must they suffer this, which is far worse than all of their experiences of the past. Her sisters felt furious.

"If he deserts us he ought to be imprisoned. Imprisoned" Violet said.

"But he is only that way because he is still hurt over the scolding you gave him Violet. Oh if you knew him when he is himself. But I must go or my company will miss me."

Violet and her sisters repaired to their inner tent in a state of mind far from calm. The picture of their well-treated boy friend, who was the son of the man who had helped them escape from Captain Shakoley to turn again at them because he was justly chided for a blunder. And she did not scold him. She only complained. Impossible for him to do that. I cannot be. Why he had aided them in all evils before been most faithful to them. The scene of him now deserting them when they knew he hated like reason before to even be a moment out of their sight--rose so vividly before their eyes that for almost two hours they could not dismiss it. They remembered him in all ways how he could not bear their cries of pain their sorrows, and disappointments as the shame grief and terror in their eyes and face. Oh God, that in such a christian country like Abbeville such things can actually happen. Could he really mean to do it or (a little hope springing up) was he doing this because of a trick of his own in this fashion to secretly risk punishment from them just to find means of his own to obtain for them the information they were seeking. Gradually they seemed to hear the sobs and moans of countless persons made victims by the war and the suffering of the whole human race in general. The low sad music of humanity rose up into a wail. Presently the Princesses were meditating and also fervently and desperately praying the Rosary. More than four hours and a half must have passed, when they were brought to themselves by a call at the tent door.

"Miss Violet" said the guard "There's a little boyscout in front of the tent. He looks wild and he wants to see you, and your sisters in a hurry. He came on unobserved by the Glandelinians."

Her heart jumped. It must be Michael and a visit from him at nine of the night could spell nothing but calamity. Could the worse have happened. Had the girl scout been right in fearing that Ned Parkers in his anger would have really deserted. The guard had scarcely delivered his message, when Violet, and her sisters swung by him and clattered out in the open feeling it terribly warm outside and the sky red as a fire in the distance. Michael it was--standing in the road wringing his hands.

"Oh Princess" he cried running to voice who came first, and pillow his head on her arm. "Something awful has happened and I'm afraid."

So it was not Ned deserting after all. Violet, and her sisters breathed more easily. Gently lifting the boy's head Jennie said:

"What is it Michael? The forest fire coming here?"

"That might be too but that is not why I come. Jennie Turner sent me to watch Ned Parkers four times which struck me very funny that is strange. I then decided to keep my eye on him and finally discovered him making some kind of a preparation. Therefore I thought I'd try to stop him. I heard about a way and I thought I'd try it. So as I went I had his tent surrounded by hidden watchers. After a long while someone came out. He was a Glandelinian officer, the light of the distant fire revealing him plainly to me. As soon as he looked queer to me I jumped on my horse and came to you. But before that I certainly followed him saw him slip something into his pocket which through a clever trick of mine I easily secured. As soon as I secured it I raced here to you."

"What was it that you secured?"

"A letter."

"which pocket did he put it in?"

"The side o' o pocket."

"What kind of a letter is it?"

"I don't know violet, as I took no time to read it. It's this."

Michael produced a small envelope which he had kept concealed with in his right sleeve. Violet, took it inside the tent held it to a candle light, and read "To his gracious excellency general John Parker's son."

"How did that soldier come to be in possession of it?"

"I don't know exactly. I guess Ned wrote it or it may have been a message or an order."

"Wait, Violet said and shot over to where she had her telephone booth. Her good friend Angelina Aronburg fortunately for her on more than one occasion was quite near."

"Headquarters of Angelina Aronburg" came a voice.

"That you Gertrude?"

"No o this is one of her boy scouts. Who calling? The Princess Princess?"

"Yes, violet, Angelic Vivian."

"I'll get her."

"On a few moments of waiting."

"That you Gertrude?"

"Yes."

"This is Princess Violet. I've a hurry call. Can you start with me at once?"

"My horse is right at the tent door."

"Good. Come to my tent and we'll both go together. It's a case of capturing Ned before he gets away. He intends to desert us to night."

"I'm coming" said Gertrude excitedly, and hung up the receiver.

Although it took violet, and her sisters hardly two minutes to get their horses ready, Gertrude Angelina was waiting them before they had gone out into the road.

"Come along quick, Michael," voice said, and together the column of eight girls and one boy trotted, literally trotted from the child scout camp to the street of Company B a distance of one third of a mile to Ned Parker's tent. Voice fairly hurled, Michael toward his horse, the girls jumped on theirs at the same time, and thanks to the late hour and scarcity of the guard set this spot set off at a pace livelier than was legal, for their point.

"Tell me what I'm to know" said Gertrude, as they dashed down vacant Company street.

"Michael wanted to stop Ned Parker from deserting. As he hid near the tent a man came out and Michael secured a note from him. The note happened to be a message of some kind to general Hanley. I did not take time to even give it a look. If it had gotten into his hands I'm afraid it would have betrayed all of us. But I'm not certain I did not read it. I'm afraid Ned is not only a deserter but also a traitor, and we must capture him before he escapes....."

"Vivian, Michael how did you chance to get the note from the man?"

"I followed him, trapped him, knocked him down with a big branch of a tree, gagged him, searched his pockets, and found it. He had it inside the inner cloth of his coat. I took the coat and all until I got a certain way off, and then I tore away the cloth got the letter and burned the coat."

"Did you know it was a most dangerous move on your part?" asked Gertrude as the whole party swung west turning into the street of Company B.

"It did not seem so in the dark," Michael declared.

"If that officer had recognized you" said Gertrude "he and all of the Glandelinians will surely sure you of the habit of attacking Glandelinian officers in the dark effectually."

Fortunately Michael did not understand the importance of her words.

"Did anybody see you take that --a message out of that officers pocket?"

"No."

"Any one know of it?"

"No one Gertrude but you and Violet, and her sisters, and two boy scouts of your company command."

"Well no one is to know not even your command, so you understand young man?"

"Yes Miss Aronburg."

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes Miss Aronburg."

"Well you keep this a dead secret or the Glandelinians will capture us all."

Michael was duly impressed no less by the earnestness of Gertrude's voice than by the warning.

"I'll keep it Miss Aronburg for our own safety, cross my heart."

They were now in front of Ned's tent.

"Come that your leisure Gertrude" said violet "Tie all the horses as will you and Michael and my sisters will go ahead at a double speed on fresh horses. I'll let

I'll let you know when I want you."

When Gertrude and Violet reached the tent, they found some of the girl scouts on guard. Though they did not show it, the guards appeared to be very much excited.

"Oh Princesses thank you for bringing Gertrude Angelina. We did not know what to do. Ned has deserted us for sure I'm afraid."

"Remain on guard," said violet. "Come on quick Gertrude. We'll catch up with my sisters. We must catch him if possible."

The guards listened to the various sounds and the whispered voices within for what seemed to them generations. At length the girls came out with sober looks on their faces.

"He has escaped all right but he won't get very far girls," said violet, addressing the guards. "Ned Parker our ten-year old boy scout has deserted us for fear and only for the quick action of Michael here would he have succeeded in betraying us all. Tell Jennie Turner that she must signal to all officers of this army of a boy deserting the camp and they'll prevent any boy scout from leaving the camp under any conditions until further orders. Tell her also that by to-morrow that she is to watch every Glandelinian conversation. As for you Michael there is no need of further advice or service to night and after all one of us are in a state to make a pursuit. But early to-morrow you call upon us and we'll see what can be done."

Taking Gertrude aside, Violet gave her a few hasty directions, and presently after some moments Gertrude said to Michael "You might have brought about your untidy end by securing that message in the way you said. As it is there's no harm done. In fact it's going to turn out a good thing."

Gertrude was right. The capture of that message saved them from detection, but the hand writing to the surprise of Violet and her sisters was not that of Ned at all. A number of the shadows were detailed to capture Ned if possible. A number of boy scouts were ordered to accompany them and they received their instructions and pledged themselves to capture him or die. The note which was captured read thus:--

"To whom it may concern;

Be on your guard your Excellency. Vivian girl spies and their companions in the camp indigence looking for important information. Capture them if possible as they are dangerous.

A secret friend."

"And now Gertrude" said violet after looking over the message a second time "what is your opinion?"

"Let me see," mused the girl scout "My opinion is to drum him out of camp, and disgrace, flog him to tar and feather him, and Reichenbach up her decision for hanging him after two hours debate. My horse broke his leg, while on the gallop, I lost my night sleep, and spent twelve hours today trying to have him located. Suppose we call him before a general court-martial."

"I suppose" said violet with a strong accent on the last word.

"Of course" continued Gertrude "With the usual consequence of having a general court-martial of our highest officers in rank with the Christianians."

"And who is to be the judge?"

"The highest general we cannot."

"And who is that?"

"Either general Robertson or General Vivian."

"Those are very general."

"Yes."

"Why not make the poor boy face the firing squad then?"

"To be sure, why not. But I didn't think of it in time."

INTRODUCING SOME SUCCESSORS OF SIX HUNDRED SCOUTS! AND ENTERTAINING.
ANGELS UNAWAR'S.....

AS regards the girl and boy scout spies who accompanied Violet, and her sisters into the foe camp to learn who was responsible for the past disasters, every thing was not as it should be, though they were in the camp longer than a week. The child scouts had grown in shrewdness, loveliness and grace, boldness and caution, and to avoid suspicion served in the enemy's gray as Glandelinian child scouts, and Gertrude and Jennie Turner became the model model head of them all. Gertrude employed her scouts at everything possible to learn what she desired with an exception of serving in anything that would be an offense to Abbie's cause, and actually started on a good point. The only set back so far, was Ned's desertion. Violet, and her sisters remembered the day when Gertrude Angelina with shining eyes told them how she had a full chance to capture one of the Glandelinian officers who knew something of the information they were after, they remembered how she was able to tell them six hours after that there were many Glandelinian generals who knew those who ordered the disasters, and how she was planning to capture some of them and bring them to the very Christian lines and before General Hanson who would try to grill them into a confession. Gertrude had set her heart on accomplishing this at all costs.

"It's so near the time that our generals will begin to be greatly worried about us being gone so long," she said. "We must succeed soon so that we can be back to the Christians before we do succeed."

Many a visit did she and her followers make to every Glandelinian officer she could, a task happily easy because she pretended to serve them, and served them as much as allowable without doing wrong to the cause. She came in the morning after Ned's desertion with shining eyes.

"Oh Princess as I've found a general who if he is captured will probably give us the information we want. You know that little one story house of the camp belonging to Company D?"

"Very well Gertrude."

"About fifty generals including Stanley are going into that house to hold a secret meeting or council on tomorrow night, and we can get in there before they come and hide somewhere and listen to what they say. To-morrow morning I'm going to bring Jennie Turner, Gertrude Angelina, and Rhine to see it, and I'm sure she'll make her plans. Then we will come to get you, and nearly all the other girls will be close by to give us aid if we would be suspected by the foe. There is no better chance anywhere else."

But the following morning which had been so full of promise brought its heavy disappointment. The generals suspecting something something had suddenly changed their plans, and held their meeting at an unknown spot. It was Jennie Turner who brought the news and she came with saddened face to tell Violet, and her sisters that the generals had been suspicious, and fooled them all.

"The old story."

"Yes," said the girl scout. "We have all been fooled again. But it is not so bad girls. Michael is getting well enough now to get about again. Gertrude told me and Princesses do you know what?"

"What is it?"

"Can't you guess?"

"Some one bringing good news?"

"No. Fenrod has also unknown to us has been shadowing a with Radcliffe with him. He is afraid to leave us out of his sight for fear something will happen to us. But I'm afraid he is doing a very foolish thing Violet."

"I believe so too. I'm afraid that in entering the camp Fenrod is like a ship heading for the breakers during a storm."

"But he knows how to take care of himself as he is just as good as a ship coming into the harbor. Princesses I believe through him God has sent us help that we need worse of all."

"God bless Fenrod and keep him safe," Violet said.

"Amen," murmured her sisters and Jennie, "and girls too" the latter continued "Fenrod wants to accompany you and all the rest of your quest."

"But why Jennie? Why did he not stay with the Christian lines as where it is safer. The Abbie's officers of our armies as I happen to know are his guardians, he could not get better care anywhere else."

"Yes Princesses he says so himself himself. But you see, he says General Vivian believes you'll need the aid, and also the good general sent the boy himself. He thinks if the aid accompanies you on your mission, he can watch every place you go into and give you aid in case of necessity. But you must relate Princesses that you will need his secret assistance. Everyone thinks

if he secretly betrays you and your sisters, and all your followers and keeps you all out of unnecessary danger everything will be all right, for Radcliffe declares that the generals are all worried about you and your sisters. He's very experienced you know and I guess he deserves your company more than any body else....."

"Ah we did not think of that."

After consulting with Gertrude Angelina and assuring themselves that the young deserter was really out of the camp, Gertrude decided to detail a number of her followers to trail him, and if capturing him bring him under arrest to the Christian lines, while a secret messenger was to go off on the fastest horse to the Christian lines and warn all generals that the aid had deserted. Michael Michael himself a day later was brought back to his camp. On his arrival he found out from his lieutenant that he had sent half the number of the boys after the deserter Ned. There was no further talk of listening in on the generals at the same spot. It was the very reason of this unlooked for misfortune that Fenrod again came to the rescue. There also was again with him the boy called the "RATTLEBARK"..... who had accompanied him into the Glandelinian camp. He sent a number of messengers with written accounts of Ned's desertion to various generals within the Christian lines, who would at once take the matter up with an energy which would bring about the deserter's capture into this, no matter where he may be hiding himself. Fenrod knew that well trained members of the general would be sent to look for him inside both the opposing camps, and far and near at side, while Fenrod and Radcliffe themselves came upon Ned one time followers and in language that was very much to the point told them what they thought of them for not knowing the eagle eye on Ned and the boys boys and girls who were said to have deserted with him.

The first few days proved to be the most anxious in the history of the boy and girls of Abbie's cause and it was made certain by the regulations of the Vivian girls concerning the first successes of these scouts. All the little ones from nine years and upwards, even the tiny toddlers of six and seven whose mental development was above the average were to be suffered to do what they too could do on the scout work. Previously to this adventure only those who were fully thirteen were allowed to accompany Violet, and her sisters on their more desperate undertakings. There were many of this age still held from such adventures, and once looking over the child scouts record, Violet, and her sisters found there were to be six hundred children to be prepared.

Fortunately there was a large tent in the center of the camp, and the other on the following morning repaired this army of child scouts. The leading boy and girl scouts ushered them up, and when the Vivian girls arrived on the scene they found themselves facing an array of boys and girls scouts varying in age from six to fifteen years. After a Litany Prayer to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, Violet motioned them and down on the ground at the children's feet. It was a sight beautiful to behold. All were interested, and in earnest for the adventure, especially the older children, from ten to fourteen.

Violet and her sisters were to learn during this hour of council that these little girl and boy scouts were quicker to take in the simple instructions than boy and girl scouts of thirteen. During other times when within the main Christian line as they continually received their religious instructions.

As their white robes of baptism were less spotted, and the world, and the flesh and the devil could not get their unhallowed hands upon their tender souls, and as they took in the great truths of the faith and of the Catholic Church with an ease and simplicity not to be expected naturally from minds so immature they did not fear to go through any adventures. During all of these past days before coming coming within the Glandelinian camps with Violet and her sisters the attention of the slumbering children in everything was perfect. Once in a while it had been necessary for the instructor to say a word of warning to an overgrown boy scout, or a silly self-conscious girl, but the little scouts were perfect. This column of six hundred was so quiet that one inside the tent would find it difficult to imagine that it was filled. To day it was an inspiring scene for a child scout class.

All were in dead earnest for the sake of Abbie's holy cause. The older scouts had since they entered the army had run through a thrilling adventure and contracted the taste for rather the want of it --- which came of loving a Holy Cause, the latter had been led to conceive a stirring opinion of the charms of Abbie's holy cause in the dreadful conflict and spent much of their time in wondering wondering what the different generals thought of them at one of these daring child scouts had been caught or shot yet. and they were as good candidates for Holy Communion and love of God as they were for Abbie's cause. Thanks to the Holiness of Abbie's cause, and the Pope, and the blessed Sacrament their day is done.

Of all these girl and boy scouts however there was one who stood out most.

proximately as leader and that was Angeline Angolinis Arouburg, she lost a word which Violet uttered, who seemed to get the idea immediately. Any difficult question asked would find her small else were puzzled ready to answer. There is no branch taught, and child scouts of all, and of all the Child scout military schools of both sides which serves better while training them to serve the cause to also develop the intelligent, and except in the enemy lines the Christian doctrine. One may suppose it to be properly taught, teach flag and other signals, and all that boy and girl scouts should know, and yet fail to grasp the mental grasp of many such students.

The same may be said of the teaching of success. Full sobbing adventures. The former branch does not in a way appeal to a large percentage of otherwise bright child scout students, the latter owing to its pious and irksome achievements may at first fail to engage the interest of many a girl and boy scout. But with the help of the Grand Old Catholic Faith and Christian Doctrine properly taught while a thing of intense absorbing interest appeals both to reason and imagination and gives them the courage to go on with their scouting work.

Logic, po poetry, exactness also comes in for their share, and any private or military teacher who knows how to be interesting will discover very early in his or her vocation that he, or she cannot judge the intellectual gifts of his, or her pupils, in hearing them and answering questions during the time devoted to the study of this most important branch. Other things being equal the Abbess's child scout studies also Christian doctrine is far better equipped for the military adventures of his or her career, than the boy or girl heroine who would have been trained in a young military career alone.

A rose however is never found without its thorns. At the beginning of the plan to bring boy and girl scouts within the Glandelinian camp, Violet, and her sisters were occupied in relieving visits from puzzled or more or less indignant girl scout or boy scout leaders of other Commands.

"My little girl scout is too young to go on such an expedition," one would explain. "She is only six, and I enlisted as a scout when I was ten."

"Oh so you have? Have you been going on scouting expeditions every day this year?"

"Oh yes."

"And is it possible that you have not heard that we and all our followers went through hundreds of dangerous stunts, and spying expeditions with evident success, and also we don't drag any one with us unless they willingly come? And that we do not ask any one to go to places and expeditions unless we would be afraid to do, and have you not heard our father say anything about the new legislation made by the government as to the age of children going into the army as any how the enemy would massacre them if out?"

"I-----I-----I-----don't think so."

"Then read this please," and Violet, would hand the inquirer a printed document on the subject, and when you read it carefully, and understand what it is all about one back and we'll take it over most intelligently! Good morning he sure to come back....."

However that boy scout failed to appear and "He" stands for that class of boy scout soldier kids who enter the service only for a light sojourn. But there were some who had more serious difficulties, and among those were Gertrude Angolin el Jennie Turner, and Angeline Riches. The child spies had not been in the foe camp quite eight days, when Angeline Arouburg called again on the Vivian girl. Since she first entered the army up to now she had grown into a tall slim girl and was probably within half a year of twelve. Her oval face was a trifle thinner, but lighted with these contrasting features, innocence, bravery, shrewdness and intelligence.

"Violet, tell your sisters that I'm really sorry to trouble them, because besides also you but for our safety as well as yours, Angeline Riches and Jennie Turner have asked me so often to come to you everytime there is a difficulty that I really must."

"About what Gertrude.....?"

"About us girls for making plans to capture those officers or men known by knowing the secret about the originators of the flood. You see there are four of us girl scout leaders in this effort, myself, Jennie Turner, Angeline Riches, and Mildred Maxwell, and she is the only youngest leader. That means we have to do the main part of the work, and also means one is a retainer for each of us. Then there's to be the four of us dressed differently each day. We have already used four different pairs of shoes, six new uniforms, fifteen note books, and rounds of ammunition for our pistols too. Penrod says he is going to fit us out, and Radcliffe is going to assist Riches but he says two of our Princesses, are elected to accompany Mildred or all of us will remain a year in the foe camp and then probably accomplish nothing."

"I'll take care of the situation, and so will my sisters," said Violet. "At least she added 'I'm sure all of my scouts will be glad to do it.'"

"Thank you Violet." I and my followers are so ashamed of the slowness of our efforts to succeed, but since Penrod and Radcliffe came all of us have been working harder most of the time, and there's scarcely any success yet we are still more under suspicion you know how dangerous this work is, and Penrod says this adventure is like hunting tigers in the dark without weapons. He does not see any success for us until heaven reveals it itself. He said we ought to offer two new Recaries a day, five titanes, and a Novena of Rosaries for success. He now about Mildred Maxwell! She wants to try a different plan!"

"Well we can let her wait a while at least!"

"Thank you Violet. My followers will be so glad," she paused a moment then added "But I'm afraid M I M I Mildred won't."

"Indeed."

"Oh Violet for the cause she is the most enthusiastic little girl scout leader you ever saw, both for that and holy Communion, the latter most, she is talking about this more than any of us. Every day she makes me go over what you said in our instructions, and she asks me the most of the instructional questions, and you ought to see her pray. Even in this dangerous camp, so especially at night she fixes up a sort of shrine with a picture of Christ in His Crucifixion and when all is quite quiet and no Glandelinians are around she kneels before it every night with her hands clasped praying for success, and clasped praying for success, and she stays on her knees till we bundle her into bed for fear the Glandelinians will see her."

Violet and her sisters had noticed during that day of the council, little Mildred the most daring yet fragile child scout leader of them all. Her earnest eyes followed every motion of Violet, or her sisters, and her enthusiasm was striking. Answering the prayers for success at night, her voice rang out clear, sweet, redolent of such living faith as is found in adults, and smaller children. And if the Glandelinians did hear her they did not pay any attention.

"By no all means Gertrude we must first see Mildred about this before taking any action. Go get her Gertrude."

"Gertrude left, and half an hour later presently returned with the youngest girl scout leader."

"Good afternoon Mildred."

"Good afternoon Princess Violet."

"I hear you are making unusual plans for our success, and offered your Holy Communion for that intention?"

"Yes Princess."

"How did you expect to succeed?"

"By the help of God."

"How old are you Mildred?"

"Nine."

"Nine! That's rather young, and yet you are as good as the rest of us when you nine!"

"On the 28th of January."

Mildred was standing before Violet, and her sisters, shoulders squared, her head erect and her hands clasped behind her back. She though no relation whatever, bore a remarkable resemblance to Angeline Riches, as Violet and her sisters had first seen her, only Mildred's oval face was paler, her body stouter and her hair decidedly less golden.

"You are certainly great even though you're nine only a few months Mildred. But I and my sisters are getting discouraged, because we have not accomplished anything worth while and therefore we have decided to return to the Christians as soon as possible. We ourselves have been compelled to miss our Holy Communion because we are in the foe camp, and we miss our blessed Lord exceedingly."

Mildred's face changed, the smile suddenly left it and grave inquiry took its place. She looked at Violet and her sisters for some moments, a quiver came over her countenance, and then big silent tears began coursing down her pale cheeks.

"Don't don't cry sweetheart, the situation is not so bad at as all that."

But Mildred did nothing else but cry, and as she burst into sobs she caught Violet by the hand with both others and held on as though she were drowning. In deed as far Violet she felt like a pick pocket caught in the act.

"Say Mildred Violet presently said 'Are you really crying because you really miss your Holy Communion even in this dangerous Glandelinian camp?'"

"-----yes."

"Do you really wish to take the chances of great peril by having a disguised priest administer Holy Communion to you in this Glandelinian camp so far away from the Christian lines?"

"I do. I do. Oh yes I do. O-----o-----oh."

"I know what peril it is but I would take any kind of chances for Jesus Christ who died on the Cross for us all."

There was the sound of galloping hoofs; the jumping of some one to the ground, then the orderly came in and announced that an important personage wished to see Violet and her sisters.

"Yes I believe I and my sisters do. I remember you very well Miss Jennings which was absolutely true. Angelina a Jenn Jones bore the reputation not altogether unusual of running with a net of boy and girl scouts which in the matter of so speaking kept her agents and avocountants, and oth er parties not only off a respectable distance but out of sight altogether. They would lay in ambush for Glendalrhins and shoot them all down without giving quarter, or warn big. In other words she was to the terror of the Glendalrhins the most dangerous girl spy of all also, and successfully helped everyone where they needed information from the enemy. she never had been captured yet.

"That is precisely the situation Miss Jennings."

"Was it your angel that whispered you the suggestion, or the angels of oh 1 children murdered by the enemy or of that little girl over there?" and Violet pointed to Mildred upon whose face still lingered two belated tears.

"The fact in 'Violet' answered" she is. "and when I suggested that we have to I miss Holy Communion, or give up the adventure, Mildred at once became a Niobe, all tears. When you list a man on and your willingness to aid us all

"Gladly Princess. Who knows but she is too or will too turnout to be as good as the rest of us."

There were, Violet, and her sisters felt afterwards, angels in the camp, who entertained them unwares, and had not a little to do with their success. Guided by the attentive Angelina Aronburg who took in every word of this

"Angelina Jennings took more than the extended hand, she caught the young child up in her arms, and embraced her. Then while the older scouts soon a little flushed and her eyes blinking out the child down again, she turned

"Here Violet" by sliding her envelope. "It's a message of warning. Read it carefully, and I'm coming to see you again. Pray for me and for your subjects."

"Princess Violet, our little girl scout, fared Maxwell is 1 fear more badly injured than any of us expected."

"Well the fact is, since the phone is disconnected, Mildred insisted on my coming to see you personally before nine o'clock this morning. She does not care a rap of her

Very well then," said Violet, looking about cautiously. "If it is necessary to have one, we'll ask our blessed Lord to enable us to have a miracle, and beg the intercession of both His Blessed Mother, and the Little Flower of Jesus to O."

"You sure."

"Just as you say Princesses," said Jennie Turner, with her drybliss smile. "But one thing is certain not one of us are going to get out of this camp alive if we are not careful. It is extremely dangerous as it is. We are among the most dangerous of all blundermenings you know and they are the Mangaboos, and also Mungoobos."

"Five hundred hours per peril, with the usual discount to Glandelinia."

"You have a good opinion of Glandelinia have you not?"
 "I certainly have, since my sister was killed," answered Jennie Turner. "I'm sorry Violet, that I cannot speak that much of Glandelinia, but we people here don't use that kind of language."

And saluting and withdrew.

Having passed through conversation among land and in soldiers, officers and boys found that the forest fires of southern California had gone wild, and spread to the southwestern section of the Mid-Hollister woods, and that a single explosion had devastated many more towns and cities, and also that the Abraham Lincoln was

Now being suspected only to be results of volcanic activity, Violet charged her boy scout, Michael, to call up Gertrude Angelina, and Angelina Rhoads, and let them know that, whatever was being dreadfully devastated, Mildred of course a per, all was getting better, and that was some comfort, and her Holy Communion was forth coming. Michael got Gertrude on the phone by a new line easy enough but when he tried to

"I was not mentioning any feet you bonehead. I want 1918 Company M STREET."

"Company M Street? No, sir this is not. You are calling up general Manley's

Headquarters and this is he on the phone. What do you want? "I want to speak to the Child Scouts headquarters. The operator got me the wrong number."

Well that's all right, sir. What's the number and I'll get it for you."

Let you know. I'm general JOHN HUNLEY and I want that number 1-800-645-1111. I'll

connected with the girl scouts headquarters and do it quick or by golly I'll - " Monday got the number and Michael was able to converse to and with Angelina Riches to his heart content. Thanks to Mary Iv.

[illegible]

"appear like?"

"The greatest disaster ever heard of yet."

"What did it appear to be like?"

"An e-arthquake at first."

"Then was it an earthquake?"

"I don't know for sure."

"May you have the cause of hearing more about the disaster?"

"For twelve hours from then, unless every one is very sure about it."

"Are you very sure you don't believe it?"

"I don't know, I can say I don't believe it, and I can't say I don't. It is only what I don't know, I can say I don't know."

"I want to be positively sure before I spread such news around. I think the bad you know and may get us all into trouble, among our own crew, and the cos-
tined."

[illegible][illegible]

"We will see that it certainly is" put in Gertrude Angelina. "And Violet if you have no objection, Angelina, Lohse, and Jennings, myself, and the two boys will be here to see that nothing is frustrated."

[illegible]

"Well Mildred," said Violet in answer to her call.
"Princesses may I tell you but that now. I've heard the ~~angel~~ ^{angel} speak of it
it so often that I know now it is really true."
"Well Mildred if you like, but it is best to make your thanksgiving first."
A wave of beauty swept over her face as she answered: "I ~~do~~ ^{do} offer my Thanksgiving
and I am going to pray for you, and for your sisters." and left.

[illegible][illegible]

Yes, but the time these were going on, the Government had overlooked the forest fires which had been sweeping Southern and Central California for so long. Well, you know this has been an unusually dry season, and added by others this immense fire had spread destruction for months without abatement, and recently struck a mine of explosives or something, but all communication is cut off and is little known. As a result no one can get any communication with Angelina Azachland at the

"Yes, Father. But I've got a to make a different plan. Gertrude Angelina is my adviser. I know every one is praying for our success and actually I can feel it affecting me."

"Well, Princess Violet, any time you, and your sisters want a companion in your work, I will be present daily on

"Well, I guess I said it many times you, and your sisters want a companion in your work." So every morning she visited Gills strove harder than ever to obtain the information they were after, while secretly the disguised priest brought the Sacred Host into the house, and every morning either Carlotta, Angelina, or Jennie Turner was eager to see him. "I don't know," she said, "but I think he's got some news about the new disaster. Even she was touched into something finer for the present or the presence of the wounded child. On the sixth day from the news heard everywhere, her two sisters could not but observe that Wilfred was growing good in her efforts to obtain aid at the same time as she was giving her Holy Communion, & the priest heard her Confession at the end of which he asked:

"What do you know of the war, Wilfred?"

"The bad news can be gotten as the fires cut off all communications," she then answered.

"Not so good here!" she answered putting her hand over her heart. "I feel almost lik

"Do you want the disasters to be investigated, so the sorrow of the nation will go away?"

"And Mildred my dear if our Blessed Lord wants our Country to win this war despite all the havoc are you willing to sacrifice everything, even your life for Galvornias redemption from such an enemy? Are you willing to go through or make any sacrifice to see Glendellina brought to her reason?"

"Yes Princess violet."

There was a short pause. Mildred's lips were moving feebly, and then she said in a voice grown a little stronger;
"I have told him."

"I have told him."

The child looked up at the Vivian Girls as she said these words, and smiled. After her communion, while Violet, and her sisters and the others, knelt about her, they

Mr. Connelley, while violent, and her sisters and the others, kneel about her, they are distressed but in her thanksgiving.

Q. Did you see her faithful communion as they left the tent, I think there is more about the new season, then will ever learn until within the Pass camp. Mildred must know this herself, for just now as we were going she took my hand and said "be careful, Violet and also caution your sisters, not to appear too interested or excited about the news of the disaster, now anything unusual takes place here, it will turn out to be the cause of the disaster."

"All right, Violet, oh how I wish we could obtain that information, now, as I'm sick of this damned wicked glandellian camp."

slowly violet, and her sisters went their way down the company street, over toward their own part of the camp, slowly up the hill, from the third, to the fourth company street, and then hearing a strange sound paused. It seemed to her also

street, and then hearing a strange sound paused. It seemed to her also that in spite of being in daily peril, while remaining in a dangerous, landless camp than in a sense she and her sisters were walking with God, that angels, the angels of the dear blessed Eucharist, the angels of little children, and their own

angels of the dear Blessed Eucharist, the angels of little children, and their own guardian angels were accompanying her and her sisters, so why should the strange voices make her apprehensive. . . . Slowly almost reluctantly, she and her sisters resumed their way suddenly out of the bulky bulk of the great city of Glandville, many-

...make her apprehensive.. Slowly almost reluctantly, she and her sisters resumed their way. Suddenly out of the hurly burly of the great city of Olandellirian encampment her ears picked out light footsteps coming rapidly behind her and her sisters, and as she turned she was not at all surprised to discover Jennie Turner. He

elated, and as she turned she was not at all surprised to discover Jennie Turner. He had, as Violet and her sisters surmised, ran all the way from her own tent in that light graceful manner, she had observed in her, and also in Angeline Riches so many a time before.

"Princess" she said. "There is something wrong, concerning the meager reports of the news disaster. Mildred received a telegram a mysterious kind and she said it reads that it looks as if Calvarina has taken her turn. The State is like one in

The news disaster. Alford received a telegram a mysterious kind and she said it reads that it looks as if California has taken a hard turn. The State is like one in lying among while crucified, and Princessen, a sea a monstrous killing sea of forests fires is one hundred and fifty miles from here, and if the wind does not change

forests fires is one hundred and fifty miles from here, and if the wind does not change, Manley's army is in lost if it does not retreat on time. She called for you six times. She had read something very important from the telegram, and also heard something very important from some Lendelian officers in conversation near her tent. The

very important from some Angelinian officers in conversation near her tent. The disaster is something awful. One quarter of Angelinia Agathia is wiped out, and "Crotch" Gale is obliterated, and Jessica is annihilated. The floods are terrible down there."

Had Violet and her sisters heard that call, and why had their steps become slower and slower? Why had they even paused and waited? Why had they listened for those foot-falls, and caught them out of all the military noises of a great "Mandelstamian camp,"

They with a feeling of anxiety and misgiving, and even apprehension, and with loudly beating hearts huddled back. Mildred was gasping and breathing laboriously, as she as she excitedly related how she overheard the officers talking of the disaster being

as she excitedly related how she overheard the officers tell of the disaster being the greatest on record, and still continuing, that the telegram showed that Angelina Agathin and Dorothy Gale were lost cities, that from all the disasters, the war was

"As good as won by the foe."

"wildred," she cried three times, with pauses between. "Is this all true? Are you not dreaming. Did you really hear and read all this?"

"Good heavens gasped Violet. "A hundred thousand dead in Angelinia Agathia. The city wiped out. Millions between before the forest fire. Why I can't even believe the

city wiped out. Millions refugees before the forest fires. Why I can't even believe the

A black and white photograph showing a large crowd of people gathered on a street. In the foreground, a sign is visible that reads "GROVER BEAN". The crowd is dense, and the scene appears to be a public gathering or protest. The photograph is oriented horizontally but is placed vertically in the document.

"The officers not knowing I overheard them continued this. They seemed to get the secret anyway. They say the forest fire is responsible for the explosions that raged Abbeism and made this biggest floods of all in the war. and the flood has extended into the State of Angolonia this time, while parts of Abbeism are still under water."

Filled with dire distress, over the facts of such a disaster Violet and her sisters wept for a while to their hearts content, then recovering herself, Violet, set her sister Lebbie on guard outside the tent, and then said to the rest who were assembled about midnight bed.

"Let us all say prayers for the hundreds of thousands, of departing souls of our disaster and war torn country and world, and she first began the Litany for the dying, which she and her sisters know by heart. For fear of the Glandelinians however they said it quietly in a murmur and stood up instead instead of kneeling. With every invocation they became more impressed, and at the end of the Litany they paused to meditate, and then Violet went on reciting the prayer which follows the Litany]

LET US PRAY.

"Depart of ye armies of Christian souls, out of this sinful war torn world and then you stand before the great and glorious throne of God, receive your reward, and enter into the Kingdom of God, and being to a speedy and those awful visitations in the name of God, the Father Almighty, who created us all, in the name of Jesus Christ, who suffered and died for thee, in the name of the Holy Ghost, who sanctified thee, in the name of the Angels, Archangels, Thrones, Dominions, Cherubims, and Seraphim, in the name of the Patriarchs and Prophets, of the Holy Apostles, and Evangelists, of the Holy Martyrs and Confessors, of the Holy Monks and Virgins, and of all the Saints of God, thy servants come to us all, and to our Countrymen soon as possible, or while they abide in Holy Zion, through Christ Our Lord Amen."

And there in that lone and gloomy tent, in a strange hostile camp, with Violet and her sisters, and the rest weeping silently, any one with them could have been filled with the scene of intervisible presences. There was no safety in this camp for them, but of great danger, and yet they took these awful chances. The horror of apparent doom, that hung about the Calvinian country, and her people. Sister States, seemed to Violet and her sisters to reach all over the world, and of it, they and nations loving our Blessed Lord were all partakers, and several invitations unknown to the Vivian Iris were offered by Christian Nations to Abbeism to let them join in intervention and help her crush Glandelinia.

And also hundreds of thousands, nay hundred millions of little children, whom Catholic Priests had baptized, whom they in the name of the Church had adorned saying, "Receive this white garment, which mayest thou carry without stain before the Judgment seat of God, that thou mayest have life everlasting, which the Church had further adorned saying, 'Receive this burning light and keep thy Baptism so as to be without blame, observe the Commandments of God, so that when Our Lord shall come to His Nuptials, thou mayest meet Him together with all the Saints in the Heavenly Court, and mayest have eternal life, and live forever and ever' these little children haying at the bidding of the Church preserved their white garments unstained, and kept their baptism without blame, had by flood and fire and explosion horror departed out of that terrible world, and into their abode in Holy Zion, which if really happening they would have testified against the Glandelinians, before the Tribunal of God. If this story were true, these, also probably among victims of massacre, disasters and dying child slaves would be Chosen Bands to Heaven, so like the Holy Innocents, first flowers of Christ's Coming, yet so different, who would be terrible witnesses against all things recorded against the Glandelinians recorded already in these many volumes so far. The child slaves would have been many of the first, the numbers of the others have grown into the many millions millions scores of millions even. These poor little bands who either in reality, or in this story, followed the Lamb whither soever he goeth would have been made up of our children, and might have died, and after death, been changed into other Christs, by early Communion, and brought by these disasters early to Heaven, to be the Holy War Innocents of the Holy Eucharist, and bring such a downfall of a wicked nation like Glandelinia, that Babylon, Rome or other wicked countries never experienced, and in a way that would flatter against the wild and astonishing all historians, and writers, and all college professors including, the author....

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INTRODUCING A BOY SCOUT, AND SHOWING HOW IT SEEMED TO THE
ENEMY HE LED A DOUBLE LIFE.....

The strange boy scout called Red cliffs, who had followed Penrod and others into the glendinning camp to also aid Violet, and her sister. In their unusual quest, seemed to be the enemy of the boys. He knew him, so led a new or dubious life. Many rebel of the boys seemed suspicious, and even afraid of him, and when some saw him looking at them they walked away, or mumbled, and mounting their horses rode off. It took Violet and her sister some time to find it out but they did. They were not alone. One morning, and a part of the day, when the boys started making a game of the boys, and Red cliffs away, not slowly but quickly. Like all the other well known boyscouts in the Christian lines, he was also always successful in his missions. He still retained his darkly Aborigine complexioned face, and a high forehead. He had a womanly eye, and dignity, which often led Violet and her sister to think that he would in time qualify, as an exceptional dangerous undertaker. -- For the enemy who he did not keep out of his way. As long as Violet and her sister were in the camp, he was not in a him to note. Under his strangely golden hair which was bobbed long, like that of a girl, he also wore an expression for which apparent vanity in word and deed, was adequate, and make them think fanciful. He was a good looking boy, and could do things with ease, successfully with any boyscout, like any in a boxing match and outdo them in sports.

As we all know he began his service in the army, at the time the story records it, some time before the battle of Imiti. In Fort Totten, but he never was mentioned until sometime after the battle of Badling's junction. He always served independently with a company of well selected boy and girl scouts, and lost a very dear girl friend of his at that time, who was killed while on duty, which from his love of her he still will not forgive. One of his confidants later said he had no sisters, older than her and one younger, one of which was claimed to have been murdered by the enemy and the secretly sought for by the army of which she could not locate as they had no information of her whereabouts. It was said as to look any one.

He was a very brave man, the fiercest of the enemy being afraid of him as if he were a demon. He had killed the Vixen Girl, after they became acquainted with his life, chose him especially, because Porpor, being his constant companion and doctor, would give him help, because he strived to be a good man, and was not content with being a scout, he helped them in their expeditions, and army work, they intended giving him a chance to pursue his studies for improvement as a scout, once upon a time, when they heard, was that Radcliffe constantly thought of them, and was like a terrorizing ghost to him. He was the boy whom I have at times.

Also the fact that Jannie mentioned she had seen Radcliffe in Mummys camp, of the lady mysteriously shadowing and frightening her seemed strange to Violet, and her sisters started they were always watching her secretly. Violet, and her sisters in their claver and cunning way tried to discover in every possible manner, because of any of Quaker, and of what he really was, from day to day they had piled him with the banners Jennie

Q Did he camp there also, didn't even questions as to whether any of his men were
 A Yes, he would in his desire
 Q Radcliffe, how would you like to be Gertrude's brother?
 A Radcliffe raised his eyes from a map he was studying and made answer:
 Q "Gertrude raised his eyes" but Gertrude do you mean?
 A Gertrude Angelina.
 Q "Gertrude Angelina? Who is she. I never heard of her. Is she in this camp?"
 A "You do not understand. I mean Angelina Arronburg."
 Q "I couldn't see a subject."
 A "Yes, how would you like to be a Mandeliniun who is responsible for these awful
 disasters?"

disasters!"

"No Princess, I don't care to."

"My note!"

"Because it'd be guilty of all the horror that's going on now."

"Well Audcliffe how would you like to be one of us!"

"The boy scout looked at her in surprise."

"Wiolet, don't think I'd care to."

"My note!"

"It's wrong to be wishing for your position ain't it. Couldn't you accuse me of being full of envy or jealousy?"

"Audcliffe said would you rather be--- a girl or boyscout of the enemy, or one of those responsible for the Abbeclann flood?"

"Wiolet I believe I would rather be what I am."

"Violent, I don't think I'd like to lose my soul. Those disaster makers killed whole nations of people. I therefore don't like the idea of facing our 'passsed lord and have my guardian angel say, 'Master, this wicked one killed all the saintly galverinians.' And I don't think I like to keep good people even in war."

"You'd rather make big forest fires than?"
 "Violet, I wouldn't like that either. Violet, I don't think I'd like to be respon-
 sible for anything the glandolinians do, but why the questions?"
 "Just to pass the time away," smiled violet.
 "Just to pass the time away," smiled violet.

[illegible]

him not made life bad won him nickname in an esp excellent manner.

"Radcliffe" Jennie said one day, "You don't happen to have any information as to what's happening at Angelina Agathia do you?"

"No Princeps."

"You never did?"

"No Princesses."

"No I did not Princeps Jernie. I would not even take a look at such filthy stuff without necessity. All they got printed is "Christian Dogs".

"You never did read their paper!"

"Teo Frincoese and I told you the many words used only in Christian dogs. But I think I know a place where they are sold. Do you want to buy one?"

"I might Radcliffe, but also I'm going to send you on a mission to the general. General Munloy is going to give you a lot of money. I'll be there from there. And I thought if you had chance to buy a newspaper you might also have the chance to over hear and bring to me the information I and my sisters are after."

"Frincoese" said Radcliffe. "I think I can even secure general Munloy's uniform if

"Oh very well. We'll see about that when I've written the letter. I also want you to take Gertrude Angeline. But anyhow I think you better leave him the uniform to by compliments. It wouldn't fit me I'm sure."

"Princess, how far did you say it was?"

"Princess, I think I can easily go anywhere you want me, and come back with all the information you desire. If they won't give it to me I'll,---and he flashed his dangerously looking dagger.

"If the enemy boy scouts surprise you by the wayside, or want to know too much, and if they are too many for you to manage alone, signal to some of your followers and I'll send you aid."

"Oh yes Violet, I would," and Radcliffe for the first time in their presence to their friends showed a full and entire smile. Then another he left.

their surprise showed full and entire while. Then saluting he left.

For many weeks after first knowing him, Violet and her sisters had seen sent him on stirring adventures, that were perfectly ridiculous and made him take conspicuous passages, only to cure in surprise upon a boat, that he had been sent to the coast of California, and that he had returned from a glacial region, after his return as with a pocket full. A simple invitation to an expedition had effected what Violet and her sisters thought to be the impossible. To try him he asked him to secure something general money had in his hands the boy came back with the hands the full uniform, and having and was important child dispatches.

best pistols, his spectacles, and two important cipher dispatches. And Manley did not even know where these three things had disappeared to, or who took them, and none of his guards or fellow officers had seen any one enter his tent. During how his first few days in this Gdanskian camp with them, they had caught Radcliffe three different times in the act of "robbing" a Gdanskian officer of some main place in the camp, and he was again to it, and the officer only said word "staring struck" with such suddenness, that all was over. Staring could flash that terrible knife in an instant, and lost the officer writhing either seriously or mortally wounded on the floor when a more higher Gdanskian officer would observe him at something, the lad always checked himself, more than in expression of fear, and the Gdanskian officer was afraid to say a word or make a move, for fear the lad would suddenly be at him with that dangerous looking knife in his hand, which he could use quicker than a pistol, though he was handy enough at any weapon. Violet and her sisters therefore took great interest in Radcliffe. The day following Radcliffe was on his way to Gertrude Angeline with this letter, and with a note that resembled a check for five hundred dollars, and a little suspicious, thinking something unusual about the boys appearance, and thinking from his look the lad could speak only english, and who was able to speak it himself he demanded.

But life could not understand, though he knew the language from the sound, and said loudly in his own language to himself:

"Funny thing this. An Englishman, a Lobsterback, a greenhorn in our armies." Thinking for real he was an englishman, Radcliffe made as if to pass on, but the soldier signalled him; and then said in his own language;
"I'm no greenhorn, Lobsterback, or an Englishman. What have you got there bby
SCOTT."

"A girlscout gave it to me for a golden haired girlscout down in company & I believe one of the Virlian Girls dropped it."

"One of the Vivian Girls dropped it! Who is she?"
 "She's a girl of course."
 "Yes I know but what name?"

"Yes I know but what make?"

"It's none of your business, you Inquisitive Complex," cried Macdcliffe. You call me a dumbbell and still try to run you through," and he suddenly flashed his knife.

"Now, now Don't do that. I didn't mean to call you that. Put away your knife boy."
"I won't nuld Radcliffe."
"I didn't mean to call you that. Put away your knife boy."

"Well let me see that paper. I won't keep it."
The soldier looked at it.
"That is it," he demanded.

"That is it?" he demanded.

"Why you gimletton, can't you read it's a check," said Radcliffe.

The man gave it back to the boy and went on rumpling something to himself.

12-25-68

In a few minutes another man stopped him and said:
"What have you got there boy."

"It's a piece of paper,"
The soldier looked at it.
"What's that?"
"Did you think it was a piece of wood, you feeble-minded yoron. Can't you read? My boy it is a check for five dollars in our money on the Grutze Bank."
"That bank. Of a river?"
"No a bank, a house where they keep lots of money."
"Oh is that what it is?"
"Can't you say anything else but 'Oh is that what it is?' you spindle legged polt parrot. Yes and what would you want to be carrying a check, when some christian dog will be stealing the money. Do you expect to go to a bank you spindle legged cat in this camp to have it cashed? And what would that golden haired girl want with the five dollars?"
"I am no spindle legged polt parrot, or a cat," said Radcliffe. And my captain or the sender never told me what it was."
"Oh good night, Goodness Gracious. Are they any idiots in your company besides yourself. The trouble with you sony, is that you never try for anything unless you are told about it. You are I believe a stupid boy scout. When Gerald starting was here, he used to think of things out for himself, and that is the reason General John Manley thought so much of him and got him a fine position in the army as the highest head of the whole unless boy and girl scouts. If you keep on the way you are doing, general Manley will and by sending you as a dummy to the Christian Dogs."
"That girls scout camp is pretty far away, isn't it, and a half or so. You'll be surprised when you bring her the check, and see her face..."
"It's in camp or Division Division number 2, and see her face..."
"One after the other, footsore and spent, dragged themselves by heavily, twenty officers the check and told of his repeated conversation with so many soldiers and officers she was surprised not only at the look on her face, but also with some of the comments she made on the way. Going the two soldiers, and the twenty officers, as for the latter, those distinguished Glendallian officers and two soldiers, kept sedulously out of Gertrude's way for the enmeshing of six days. In the end she was laying for them, and the officers and soldiers, looking for a check, and she was laying for them. It was in this third week of their being in the Glendallian camp already when Violet and her sisters noticed a change, slight it is true, but striking in Radcliffe's humor. On entering her tent the next morning, Radcliffe appeared on horseback dismounted, and saluting said:
"Good morning Violet, I have some news for you."
Up to this time Radcliffe, unless spoken to had never spoken. All he did say when passing them, or they were passing him was Good afternoon, or Good morning, Princesses good evening or goodnight. But this particular morning, Radcliffe visited Violet with a surprise. After dismounting from his horse, he bowed made his customary speech, and then said the words "I have some news for you." Violet, who was standing by her horse, here, for the first time, and staring instantly drew his pistol. A boy scout strange to them suddenly beat it down the road.
"Who was he?" demanded Violet. "Never saw him before till now, but I came with news." "Don't know," said Violet. "I heard about the situation at Angelina Agathia." "I hear suspicious were aroused."
"I did hear news early yesterday morning, that was not good thank you. And now my boy will you be good enough to tell me what it is, and who gave you the news?"
"Yes Violet, Violet, and your sisters too. First I'll tell you the news giver. Princess it was Jennie Turner."
"Indeed," and Angelina Bitches were looking for the same information, and Gertrude came in to see them, and Jan gave me pointers. I went to get the newspapers, but they were all sold out. I was too late."
"Did she tell you to express the hope that Angelina Agathia is safe?"
"No Princess, she told me she's been too telling me that all of Northern Angelina is devastated by an enormous flood, and forest fire together, that the big Abbeism flood still raging is spreading immensely. I tried several times to find out the real details but I just couldn't. I tried one booth after another but all places had sold the last newspaper... I don't think Violet I got the news quite, but I hope to do much better this noon, or this evening, when I can get a paper. One place at which I asked the newsboy said he'd hold a paper for me."
"Well Radcliffe, I'll tell you what, you needn't ask me how much I heard of the news of these three disasters, because I and my sisters generally listen in for every information possible. But we are just now more interested in what Glendallian authority is causing all this ravaging disaster. But if you ever see me or my sisters coming in with flashing eyes, black frown upon our brows, and our fists doubled, there'll be no need to ask the question, for that's a sign I've received bad news."
"There was a pause. Radcliffe looked completely lost."
"Well Radcliffe, why don't you say something?"
"Princesses, you you ever get discouraged, when things go wrong like this?"
"Do you or your sisters, ever lose your temper, when everything goes on like this?"
"No we practice meekness. It won't do to get mad."
"Do you and your sisters ever have foul fits or anger in your eyes?"
"Get wait and see. Anything else?"
"And Princess Violet, and also your sisters, is Glendallian stringing Abbeism, and crucifixes, or beloved Galverina as I hear?"
"I really don't know Radcliffe."
"If she is I'll fix her," said Radcliffe, seriously.
Then he bowed, saluted, mounted his horse and waving a farewell wave off, it was on this very particular day just after Radcliffe had started off that Jennie Turner called Gertrude Angelina on the camp telephone. It was started as
"Please give me Gertrude 1876."
"Give me 1876."
"Yes, hurry."
"Is that you Gertrude?"
"Yes, it is. He's calling."
"This is Jennie, Turner. Boy Gertrude come one in your camp has forged my name

to a letter of mysterious origin. I don't make it out."
"What. Are you sure?"
"It looks mighty sure. The letter had reads, 'Tent ten, Company L' and the envelope is a military one too, the kind so far we are not allowed to even use. I am mighty suspicious. Could you find out who did it, and for what reason, and where the envelope came from? I'll say to my reckoning, it'll put me and all of us into a terrifying embarrassing situation and position not to say intensely dangerous if we do not cover it up. I'll send or take you the letter at once."
"Very well Jennie, I'll be glad to trace the matter up, if I don't like the looks of it, I'll show it to Violet, and her sisters, and they'll get Radcliffe to investigate it, or maybe they'll do it themselves."
Twenty minutes later, a boy scout dressed in the regalia of a small Garrolyian Kurd appeared with the mysterious document. After looking about him cautiously, he handed the note to her and said:
"Read that Prince and Gertrude."
"Sure enough, the paper and envelope came from Jennie Turner's camp, and it was an identification of the paper and envelope used by the Vivian Girls. The letter ran as follows:-
"To Jennie Francis Vivian, Princesses of Camps."
Dear Jennie, I have heard that you, the Vivian Girl (Princesses, had come to the Glendallian camp this month of August, and that you are going to force some of the enemy to give you very important information concerning the design of the Abbeism flood, and the explosions.
It would give me pleasure to give you all the news you want, I have been compelled to change my tent to Company D. Send Petrol at my tent as soon as you get this letter.
Your true Friend,
Jennie Turner."
This unusual letter, with the including of the signature was as near to Jennie Turner's handwriting as possible.
"Or what do you think of it?" ejaculated the boy scout. "Yesterday afternoon a delegation of thirteen girls, accompanied by your sister Jennie were ushered into Gertrude's tent, where she and Angelina Bitches, with Angelina Jennings and others, were examining a map. They were all smiling."
"Tell Princesses," said Gertrude, smiling and saluting.
"To a 'radio' ship," said one little girl scout smiling, "I'm Mildred Glendalline."
"Oh you are. I'm glad to know you Lizzie. Well Jennie dear that's up!!!!!!"
At this question Jennie looked uneasy.
"I came about that letter Gertrude."
"A letter? What letter?"
"Oh I thought you knew Gertrude. Jennie Turner wrote to me about it. That information she said she and you were obtaining."
"Gertrude I was surprised."
"Oh that letter with you---oh you have. Let's see it."
Gertrude then looked over, and then hastily turned it over to Jennie Turner, and she read it and said, "Jennie, either some one is putting a job on us all or otherwise, if it isn't a joke, some for within this camp who happens to know us had discovered our intention, and is trying to trap us by a ruse."
"Then Princesses, all of the girl scouts ceased to smile, began to look with unwavering eyes in every direction. Are you sure you did not write it," asked asked Jennie.
"I certainly did not Princesses."
"Oh" ejaculated Jennie. "I and my sisters will have to investigate this. Notify all our followers Jennie. And have Gertrude notify my sisters."
It was difficult to see how quickly Jennie Turner, edged her way through that crowd and made for the tent door. The next thing you know after a salute, all the others disappeared for various parts of the camp. We all had a start of two hours, and I hope we'll get through this safe. But didn't Jennie's letter tell you sister tell you this?"
"No," said Violet. "She did not return yet, but evidently, some of the rogues of a mischief some of the rogues of a mischief, got hold of our paper and envelope. I am sure it was wasn't none of my boy or girl scouts, because they are incapable of a joke of this nature, especially at such time and in this place. However I'll inquire of Petrol, or Radcliffe, they may show or discover something. What I learn I'll send you and Gertrude Angelina word."
Accordingly when Radcliffe returned from delivering a message to herself asked:
"Lieutenant Radcliffe do you know if any of our boy or girl scouts who might have used our paper and envelope to write a letter?"
"To write a letter?"
"Yes."
The boy scout looked at her in blank amazement.
"No Princesses I did not."
"I have not looked yet. Did you a low scout by his request have the use of a sheet of our paper and envelope for any special or local purposes?"
"No Princess I did not."
"Radcliffe, and my sisters are puzzled. Somebody's got into our tent, and I think has used our paper for a letter. I'll examine my contents and see if they are gone."

"For heavens sake, please let me see it." and Joyce opened the sheet, for Radcliffe here it is. Do you see this letter?" and the boy grew very pale and then red. He was trembling.

"This is a very serious Princesses. It places us all in danger."
"Are you, ---are you sure?" asked Violet.
"This is no joke girls. We have been doublecrossed. I'm telling you."
"Does this place us in a very grave situation Radcliffe?"
"Does this place us in a very grave situation?"

"How, Princess?"
In answer to his question, Violet and her sisters proceeded to give Radcliffe a little talk on something mysterious, that they believed they knew who the boy was, and of how he should find the boy who wrote the letter, and force him to confess and to tell them and to save him and not betray them, or suffer the consequences.

"Well then bring him to us and we'll give him a little talk on the ethics of our private tent, and the danger in this camp of signing other peoples names."

"Princess if you please I would rather stay here, and I would rather stay here was the boy suspecting something suspicious about it occur."
"John how would you like to be a real Glandelinian boy scout?"
"I don't think I would like it very much Princess, the Glandelinians, are too wicked."

"Look here John," W Jennie said on the fourth occasion. "What's the reason you have so suddenly come to love to sticking around here for guard duty? Do we fascinate you?"

"Princess, they are waiting to ensnare us."

"Who are waiting to ensnare us?"

"The boys are waiting to ensnare us!" and many of the soldiers and the boy scouts.

"How do they know who we are, and why are they also suspecting who we are, and what our intended mission is?" "I...,"

all the glandelinian compounds. Then I took a famous section to the locality he was staying at, John Manley's camp division, and down that famous road for a week, and came to an end in a place where I had been told there would be a surprise party. The surprise party was a surprise party for me. It was entirely unexpected. But this happened with Radcliffe himself. Radcliffe had not been told anything about it. He was going out that day, being a little tired, and was all alone in the tent of the "Glandelinian" being in the last half hour of his self imposed vigil, and was figuring out what he was doing in the last half hour of his self imposed vigil - he never it

"You see" Radcliffe explained to Gertrude later" the man though dressed in civilian clothes looked queer to me." Back therefore to the tent's entrance, Radcliffe hurried to the boyscout to go back and secretly look into the tent, and see what the man was doing.

clothes looked queer to me." Back therefore to the tents entrance, where he and looking in saw no one in the outer tent or outer section of the tent, where he had left the man seated. At first he thought the man had either, left, or that he

The spy, or thief, or whatever he was, startled by the loud explosion noises of the signal, was still more frightened as the tent opening was suddenly thrust aside by the mysteriously looking "gurgling" explosive" destined as it were to blow him up. He had ripped an opening in the side of the tent, on hearing the signal went and he ripped it much further in a frenzy of desperation at the sight of the

"Hold him" screamed padigliffe. "He's a dangerous spy..."

"There's the spy," one of them cried..
"There," cried all the soldiers, two who had seized the man. With men like these
unsubduable glandelinian soldiers, and boys like Radcliffe to deal with, the life of a
spy, or thief, would be full of unimagined surprises. Later the whole camp was aroused
by the news of a boy scout single handed, capturing really not a spy, but a notorious

"Oh have you discovered who the party was who were going to ensnare us?"

"Oh yes, it was Gerald starring alright, and some of his companions, one by the name of Fredrick Dargur or something, and the other whose name I forgot. They know me, and interviewed them. Despite the fact that they know me, and who you are, and your intent

"And how about the spy? Are they going to take it out on him?"

"Princess Violet, they did take it out on him last night, after I proved before the Court Marshall why I caused his capture. They gave him a good whipping, after tying

of his face, and in a moment he was all attention. As these lieutenants returned to their work, Violet's eyes turned so as to catch the effect on Radcliffe's face of the words of one of the lieutenants. The other Glandelinian generals who noticed while as busy as ever with their secret duties, had their eyes just then on Radcliffe, and seemed by a quick interchange of glances to suspect he was at least eavesdropping. To divert their attention from him, Violet made a paper wad, and unseen by the generals, threw it at the lad.

"They who ever throw that out it out" growled Radcliffe, frowning horribly, and making a mouth, and glancing toward the generals, though evidently he really knew where it came from. Presently two officers passed close to the door speaking in whispers. Violet caught the word flood."

"What's a flood?" cried Radcliffe, talking to the officer as he too heard the word.

"Your dreaming lad. I did not call you a flood."

"Well it sounded like it. My name is Fude."

"Oh, all right. Let's not argue," and the officer walked away. Yet to avoid suspicion on the boy, Violet continued to secretly throw at him, and if looks would kill the room would have been strewn with the corpses of Glandelinian officers.

"I wish you officers would quit throwing."

"We were just throwing," said one of them.

"We were just looking at you," said another.

"Maybe you were throwing your eyes at me," retorted the lad. "What's all these paper wads doing around me then?"

At this the officers smiled.

"Radcliffe," Violet said, when she and her sisters with the boy were back in their own tent. "Radcliffe for ways that are difficult, and astonishing and for tasks that are sometimes in vain, luck for all of us is peculiar. You are an astonishment. No one could fool Glandelinians more than you. What were these Glandelinian generals talking about during the council?"

"Princesses they spoke about floods, and other disasters, but nothing about who caused them. The way they looked at me so often made me think they were onto me," and Radcliffe's face expressed an intense sense of rage and outrage.

"They did!"

"Yes, and that Manly general, that looks so much like a sissy with his glasses on between his central face bugle slipped something into his pocket, that he did not want even think of it princesses any of his other generals to see."

"Ah that sure is suspicious. And Radcliffe do you desire to know the secrets of that something?"

"What else can a fellow do. That one known as general 'gnash-in-the-head' handed to Manly a written piece of something which was examined by all the other generals about three times."

"When?"

"Just before the Council was over."

"How could they have done that without my seeing them. It is terrible that we cannot obtain the information isn't it Radcliffe?"

"Yes Princess, I know it is."

Two days later Radcliffe entered Violet's tent with a bright new uniform. When he was asked how he got it he said that a Glandelinian boy scout on his order to save himself from a row of teeth knocked out, and two black eyes, and a bloody nose, exchanged uniforms with him. Violet and her sisters had also learned that Radcliffe had been secretly shadowing general Manly for these two days with the hope of securing those secret papers him himself but he had not been at all successful. For any career of Radcliffe, outside of once cleaning general Manly's headquarters of all his furniture, this proceeding was unusual, and so Joice expressed herself.

"Yes Princesses assented Radcliffe."

"Why did you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Shadow Manly."

"Princesses Joice I am determined to secure those papers for you. And I'll do it, or get the coat and the whole man one or the other."

Gertrude Angelina it happened, was sent down that morning with a message from Jennie Turner. Upon seeing Radcliffe, extreme delight showed itself plainly upon her features. Then saluting she said, "Good morning everybody. Good morning Radcliffe. Are you Princesses and Radcliffe co-operating together in this unusual or unusual work I hear of."

"Yes," said Violet. "how are you cooperating in this unusual work?"

"Pretty good," Princesses, except I haven't yet tried the stunt I saw you do yesterday. Radcliffe, you could have tripped Manly easily. You was so near. I don't know about the result, yet I thought you tried to slip your hand into his pocket. What ever he was doing, Violet, yet nevertheless his followers and mine are making some guesses. The enemy do know about the disasters. But Radcliffe, what were you doing, I saw you try to slip your hand into Manly's pocket, and only stopped when an officer turned around a corner of the tent."

"He slipped something into his pocket and I'm going to get it."

"Are you and Radcliffe more than good friends?" asked Violet.

"Yes we are, all the girls scouts are very fond of each other."

"Radcliffe," said Violet. "Are you and Gertrude good friends?"

"Yes, Violet, we are."

Sending Radcliffe on an errand, Violet, and her sisters tried to learn what Radcliffe was really attempting to do, when he and his followers shadowed Manly. Without seeing Gertrude was not able to answer the question, though she stated she had seen him shadow Manly every time he had a chance, and not only two days.

"Radcliffe," Jennie Vivian said later that morning, when he had come back, "I had noticed several of Gertrude's girlscouts, handing you and Angelina pictures and there others some slips of paper—have those girls been successful in some exploits?"

"Exploits? My Princesses, they took everything Manly had, at least I got it for them. See that chair I brought in here a moment ago? It belonged to Manly. Here's his coat with that leather in it and a package in his pocket. Here's also his wrist watch and also a new pair of spectacles and his razor razor. I also got here, his photograph and other things. They were successful too."

"My Heavens Radcliffe what will you do next. And what did they do?"

That good little girlscout Angelina Riches secured the drawing of a recently flooded section of Glandelinia. She said as she handed it to me. "Oh what a strange map" and rolled her eyes until she looked cockeyed, and Angelina Jennings wanted to know if I would bring it to you with my own 'resources' and continued Radcliffe his voice becoming excited, "Jennie, turn I want to know whether I'm going to bring general Manly's tent over to you next."

"That is what you might do next," laughed Violet, "and what about Gertrude Radcliffe what did she do?"

"She wants to know if I realize how dangerous it is to shadow Manly, and whether I intend to abandon my purpose. Oh gee, she does not know the half of it."

"And Radcliffe have any of those girls been giving you any assistance in your work?"

"Yes Princesses they have—those Turner girlscouts."

"What did they say?"

"Those under Angelina Riches says 'Oh what a lovely inspiration you got, and yikred axwell wants to know where I'll get clues we are here for,'" continued Radcliffe, "Jennie Turner wants to know whether I won't let her go fifty fifty on it."

"And what about Paired?"

"He is helping me. He wants to know if I'll bring him general Manly's headquarters next."

"On the following day, Violet and her sisters informed Radcliffe, on coming to their tent that they would leave him in charge that afternoon at two o'clock, as they had an engagement with Gertrude Angelina and her followers."

"And Princesses, you're not coming back?"

"No Radcliffe, we are going to a different part of the camp, to try and find out something Gertrude thinks she had discovered, so you can run the tent and drill my boy or girl scouts to suit yourself."

It however happened the party they were to spy on, did not hold the expected meeting owing to a misunderstanding in regard to the number who were supposed to attend, and the day on which it was to be held, and therefore Violet and her sisters, with Gertrude and her followers had nothing for it, but to mount their horses, and go back to their own part of the camp.

"I think," Joice said as she dismounted from her horse near the junction of the company streets, "that if you'll excuse us Angelina, I'll take a look in at my tent. Jennie Turner may have brought us some messages."

The latest clock in some distant stoupe in a town near the camp, was striking the fifteenth hour of the day, since morning, as Violet and her sisters turned the corner of the Company street on which their tent is located. They had scarcely entered the outer portion when from inside the inner tent, a most unusual and astonishing sight caused them to rub their eyes. When Violet and her sisters first entered the tent they had heard the sound of violent sneezing as if from eight girls, sometimes all at once, sometimes in duets, and too trills, and occasionally in solos. On staring Violet and her sisters observed they were eight Glandelinian girl scouts, and all of them sneezing violently, and they were a look of extreme distress.

Whether sneezing or not.

Violet and her sisters recognized at once the girlscouts they wished to avoid more than any as they had also tried to undo everything they tried to accomplish, and though under their command were very unruly, and hostile. Violet and her sisters recognized at once Margaret Bethel, with her black bobbed hair, Alice Jeaton, Lily Janwarus, Lucy Angell, and June Marie her their arch enemies. The other three they could not distinguish. Reaching toward the door way of this section and noticing as they did so, a young boy scout bearing a suspicious resemblance to Radcliffe, with some unknown contrivance in his hand disappearing like a frightened kitten into another tent, Violet tried to pull back the curtain. It was fastened with ropes sewed into it with the door connections. Drawing her hunting knife, Violet slashed the ropes away and drew her pistols. Also these ropes had been fastened to the curtain and tied to the tent pole in such a way that those in side were effectually imprisoned. Yet it was the work of five minutes to unfasten the ropes.

"Girls," cried the Vivian Girls, "What are you doing in our tent, and what's the meaning of all this?"

"Captain Violet," said Jane "It was—etchoo—etchoo—it was Radcliffe—etchoo."

"It was Rad—etchoo" supplemented Emily.

"The little pink tailed—etchoo—skunk—etchoo—etchoo—etchoo" added Lucy.

The whole thing was incredible.

"Do you mean to say," Violet began, "that Richard Radcliffe my com—etchoo—etchoo sneezed?"

"Etchoo, etchoo, etchoo, chimed in the girls, in relays of two and threes.

"That Radcliffe's my best bet boy scout, caught you girls in my tent where you don't belong, and—etchoo—etchoo—etchoo."

"Etchoo—etchoo—etchoo" went the eight.

Just then the most defiant looking lad that ever felt under their observation, stepped as far as the entrance.

"Princesses," said Radcliffe "for it was he, 'I believe you had better come outside, with your sisters. I think there is strong punishment snuff in this tent.'"

"Oh you think—etchoo—etchoo."

"Yes Princesses I think so. I put some of it in here myself."

The girlscouts were already out into the company street.

"What's that you got in your hand?" asked Violet.

"Princesses," said Radcliffe holding it up to the light as they reached the outer room of the tent, and making the statement as though he were telling them of Glandelinian destruction complete. "It's a mouse trap, and it's full of live mice."

It certainly was, there were fifteen field mice, and two rats in it. The girlscouts edged away and in their horror left off sneezing, but the Vivian girls unafraid of locked closer and Violet took the cage, as she and her sisters never were afraid of mice and rats.

"What were you doing with this that?"

"Nothing, just now Princess."

"Nothing," said Violet, "but I was going to. You see Princesses, when I got them through sneezing, I was going to open the tent door, and tell them all to come out."

"Yes."

"And then Princesses, when they got outside I was going to turn these mice and rats loose on them for spying in your tent."

At this solemn declaration, five of the Glandelinian Girl Scouts squealed, while Alice Lucy and Jane looked first and molten lava at the boyscout now their arch enemy too.

"Rudcliffe, how did you trap them in my tent?"

"Violet it was easy! I caught them prying around your papers and those of your sisters and also books. Therefore I told them there were some new codes in your diary that they that you did not want any one to see. And they fell for it, and I trapped them."

"Oh," protested the Glandelinian Girl Scouts when being suspicious of us just love to rubber."

"And they all fell for it princesses. Glandelinian Girl Scouts when being suspicious of us just love to rubber."

"Come with me Rudcliffe" said Violet, and hurrying into the main tent room, Violet shut the tent door, and she and her sisters fairly shrieked and screamed with laughter for fully ten minutes, while Rudcliffe looked on helplessly. Had Violet and her sisters been dying he could not have been graver. He still held the mousetrap full of the mice.

"Rudcliffe" said Jennie at last, tears streaming down her cheeks from laughing, "do you know that you are a joker, a humorist?"

"No Princess I was not aware of it."

"Are you any relation to Charles Chaplin, Tom Sawyer, or Ben Turpin?"

"Indon I don't know princesses, are they in this tent?"

"Are you any cousin to Huckleberry Finn, or any other funny man?"

"No but to night, I'll find out who my relations are."

"Rudcliffe how would you like to be a comedian?"

"I have not the experience Jennie."

"How would you like to be a clown clown?"

RA Rudcliffe smiled.

"I think I would be satisfied Princess."

From that day till their mission was finished, the Glandelinian Girl Scouts treated Violet and her sisters with profound respect, and always obeyed Rudcliffe more than before.

VIOLET, AND HER SISTERS SURVIVE
PERIOD, AND IN CONJUNCTION WITH GERTRUDE ANGELOINE, PRACTICES
PRACTICES SOMETHING MORE SURPRISING.....

In the meantime the various spying work at many different points was going on onrday day after day with what appeared to be the most edifying results. The boy and girl scouts of the commands of Violet, and her sisters especially the very small ones were quick and responsive in their efforts. Every day it was a wonderful and touching sight to even see how little tots of seven and eight, both boys and girls attending the seven o'clock secret meetings of their own initiative, and without the supervision of their leaders.

Gertrude Angelina and also Jennie Turner reported the usually marked change for the better, both in efforts, and perseverance, which they observed in the little brave charges.

Among those who could be especially mentioned was Mildred Maxwell. The mantle of holy war saints seemed to have fallen upon her, in our of time she was outstripping her friend Angeline Riches, not only in conduct and attention but also in quickness and grasp, and never..... Two days, before the hope of real success came, came there appeared at the entrance of the camp a and then to the tent of the surprise he proved to be her father. At first Violet and her sisters hearts sank at seeing them. Every morning over a period of a week they had almost been always been annoyed by child scouts from other parts of the camp, that brought anything but good news. Here, thought Violet and her sisters were some more peace.

"Good morning Darlings of the nation," said the little man "My name is Mr. Elnturn, and this is my little girl Gracedelinia."

"How do you do Darlings of the nation?" said little Gracedelinia, a child dainty in uniform, and carriage, and strikingly pretty.

"The pleasure is ours," said Violet herself but not looking just right. "But we don't allow any one to call us Darlings of the nation in this camp, from any one who we don't know, or the Glandelinians will make us think of something more important and serious than just Darlings of the nation. Just call me Captain, and my sisters also."

"Princess Violet" continued Elnturn to turn,--

"I do not know whether for heavens sake" warned Joice, "you may plainly call us by our names and it'll be better."

"Well Violet, I understand that you and your sisters have in this camp lots of boy-scouts and girl scouts looking for the responsibilities of the past flood disasters."

"So you found it out at last!" have you? Jennie said. "So many strangers seem to be just hearing of the existence of such disasters, and of the exploits of our scouts within this camp, which already in efforts for two weeks was getting on the nerves of us who every body here calls Violet, and her sisters, if it is all just for curiosity to do not therefore want to be interviewed by you. Good day."

"But we are not trying anything for curiosity Princess," said Mr Elnturn. And "I just came to this part of the camp yesterday."

"I beg your pardon, my name is not Princess, and do not mention that again. And also all the same it is too late to put your little girl in our scout companies, especially in this camp during work that has been going on, since the beginning of the month."

"Perhaps it is Violet." And the poor man looked very much disappointed, and perhaps you girl scout leaders do not understand. All right then. But without Gracedelinia I'll assure you before heaven you'll have a downfall in this very camp, he knows it all, the Glandelinians are onto you in every way, and they're only waiting for proof and evidence to seize you prisoners and your whole company. If you refuse our help I'm ever sorry. Come grace. I believe we are refused."

"Can't help it," said Violet. "We can take care of ourselves. And if you say what is true, we leave this camp this very night."

"But," interposed Rudcliffe, who was in the tent with them "Violet, have a heart and give them a trial. They look honest."

"Well as you say say Richard." Said Violet beginning to realize she and her sisters might be over cautious, and touched by also the evident dismay, which had come upon Gracedelinia's face. "Perhaps I and my sisters have been hasty. But then I cannot accept her into the girl scout camp under no conditions whatever, without a evident permit from general Vivian as I gave him orders to give no one permits he knew were strangers. He will allow her to assist me in other ways if she so desires, and if she proves her methods I'll see she'll get a permit. Has your daughter any military training?"

"Oh yes, Violet," put in Gracedelinia "yes." I asked your father "interrupted Violet. "Your statement does not pass you. Mr Elnturn has she any military training?"

"Yes Violet Violet. She was prepared in general Concentinian Arronburg army for ten months, and her mama and I had to go away last week, because a big forest fire came upon us last week, and burned our town unexpectedly just ten days before general Arronburg was to resume his advance northward, he and I have a permit secured by general Concentinian Arronburg from Emperor Hansen."

"You have. Now let's see it."

She looked it over.

"What you look so worried for Miss Gracedelinia," asked Violet suspiciously.

"Oh I must call you Princess, Princess Violet, the fire is surely coming here."

"It is what?"

"It is coming here."

"Listen you are telling me a story to scare me and my sisters."

"Cross my heart, and hope to die if I am, and anyhow I'll have it proved to you if you don't believe it. You can see it off from that signal station."

"You don't say?"

"You bet. It's a big one too."

"Rudcliffe" said Violet. "Up that signal station to investigate. If it is report to the first general you see. They are enemies, of course, but I don't want to see any horror from a fire here. Hurry."

As Radcliffe went toward the signal station, Violet said to the other two.

"Come into our tent. We'll have to give you an examination."

"On examining Gracedelina, Violet, and her sisters found that she was well instructed. And Gracedelina told a lot about the usual unusual immensity of the awful conflagration."

"Why Mr. Ellenturn?" Violet said. "This little girl is fit to take up scout work now."

"I knew it," cried Gracedelina, with evident joy. "Papa, I said all along that Violet, and her sisters would let me in her girl scout company."

"Hold on," said Joice, surprised that Radcliffe was not yet returning, "where did you say the forest fire is?"

"Southwest of us, and 100 miles away."

"Where is general Concentration Arronburgs army?"

"Twenty miles west from here. A part of the army fights the fire, but can't stop it."

"Where do you live?"

"Wherever we check our trunks. We have been homeless since the first disaster. We lost all, and my father and mother were drowned. My Grandmother is only living, besides my wife and child."

"Oh, and where are you staying just now?"

"In this camp. It is safe as long as we camp from Manley's main divisions. This is the east of picknells you know."

"Why Mr. Ellenturn?" said Angelina Vivian. "This child scout is fit to do the work now." But she thought to herself, "What is keeping Radcliffe?"

"But," continued Violet, "where did you say you were staying?"

"In this part of the Glandelinian camp."

"Very good. That's our section too. Well, if you stop traveling for about three weeks longer, it will afford me and my sisters great pleasure to have Gracedelina make her first test with my special girl scout commander. As for her relieving her Daily Holy Communion like we do here, well, I provide that is she does."

"Thank you very much, Gracedelina. This will take a weight off my mind. I really had to leave general Concentration Arronburgs army, it was a case of 'forest fire' necessity. The army encountered an enormous forest fire, near a big flood zone, and he fought several good engagements against the fire, but the conflagration keeps driving him back. Many places are threatened by the fire, and also the flood."

"Floods and forest fires both spreading toward this camp?"

"Yes, ahem, not the flood though."

"Say I ask what general Arronburgs engagements are?" Violet echoed. "May I ask what is doing?"

"He has over half the army fighting the blaze, besides a force of rangers and men citizens from towns and villages. But in Gracedelina, we are flood refugees, and now refugees from the fire. Aren't we?"

"And how do you like the experience?" Joice asked Gracedelina, looking at the child with rapt interest.

"Oh, I've been so long going through the experience so often, and so long at it, that I'm tired of it, and its getting on my nerves," she said with a gesture perfectly expressive of great weariness.

"How long have you been going through these experiences?"

"Nearly two years. I've went through forty disasters. I was a participant of the flood at Abbeville. I was at La Polana, and went through all the horrors."

"And how old are you, Gracedelina?"

"I am ten years old, Princess."

"Good heavens!" Violet and her sisters exclaimed.

It was really settled that Gracedelina should call at their tent at ten the next morning on the chance of getting her opportunity during that day of relieving a little private instruction. Violet, and her sisters cautioned the new child scout not to speak to any one else, whom she did not know of her profession, however a caution entirely unnecessary—and finally let her into the other g class of girls, and under the special care of Gertrude Angelina, who was to entertain her, after she received her instructions, and on such other occasions as should arise. So Gertrude Angelina alone of all the girl and boy scouts was confided the secret that was among them, a profession girl of experience. The usual stolid Radcliffe, who had discovered the truth about the girls remark about the fires heading for the camp, and who always was too busy to pay any attention as a rule to visitors or on new comers, was all alive with interest on the occasion of serving the Vivian Girls. Before they retired into the inner tent, Radcliffe had on returning before the ending of the conversation between Violet, and her sisters, and the new girl scout, kept his eyes steadily on Violet, and her sisters. As any one could have observed, there was a great awe upon his features, indicated by a mouth held wide open, and a rigid stare, and then as Violet showed the two visitors out of the tent, he held it open, holding it open, holding it open. He still held his mouth open and his eyes followed with a rare constancy every move of little Gracedelina. Gracedelina caught his stare as she neared the tent door.

"Are you the specially favored aide-de-camp of the Princesses?" she asked smiling into Radcliffe's face. Radcliffe still clinging to the tent door drew back as far as he respectfully as it was physically possible to go, and then replied:

"I'm only an ordinary boy scout leader, Miss Gracedelina."

"My names Grace Delina," said the little girl moving a step nearer to the manifest surprise of the boy scout, who was standing by the opening.

"I'm glad to know you," answered smiling. "You'll be under me to-morrow."

Then as the two went out, Radcliffe instead of closing the door on them, followed them out into the company street, and again allowing his jaw to drop, craned his head forward, and continued to stare to such an extent that to Violet, his eyes seemed in danger of popping out of his head:

"Radcliffe," she called. "Perhaps you'd like to follow those two down the Company Street would you not?"

"Yes Princess," said Radcliffe, re-entering the tent, with one last long—lingering long lingering look. "I would."

"Possibly that little girl scout is the ghost of your dead sister?"

"No Princess," answered Radcliffe in whose face still remained unusual excitement.

"Princesses," he continued with an unconscious sarcasm for murdering my sister, and another one who is younger the enemy will pay. Princess that little girl is an old friend of mine, only she did not recognize me in my disguise. And that little girl is a professional."

"Professional at what?"

"At spying."

"Oh who is a Professional spy is she? And who told you she is a Professional spy?"

"Why I saw her often, and we know each other long."

"Why didn't she recognize you then?"

"Because of my disguise. I once heard her and her father talking about her Vivian daughters, in their plot. I also heard them talking about an engagement they had with Gertrude Angelina at Manley's headquarters, something which he'll risk all to cause or bring about her capture."

"You hear Radcliffe to be singularly interested. Especially in her. What is the matter?"

"Princess I never knew that girl spy to fail once."

"Have you been on an adventure with her?"

"Yes, a hundred times, and she I never lets an opportunity slip once."

"Have you ever failed on an adventure with her?"

"No. And I've been on two very great adventures. I went through the Abbeville flood, as I wrote you and saw the explosion at Jennie Vivian City, and went through three or four other d disasters, and though I was in the thickest thickest of the fighting at the battle of Hendrick Junction on the Cedernine Creek."

"I thought I heard some one say you never had been on an adventure."

"Oh but they don't know me then."

"Indeed. Well Radcliffe I suppose you intend to tell all your boy and girl scouts that you've seen a professional a y spy who is a special friend of yours who does not know you in your disguise."

"I'm not going to tell a thing. I'll tell no one that Gracedelina Ellenturn is a professional spy. She's here to make an effort for us Princess, and surely wants no publicity. I'll tell her nothing, and I'll tell you nothing."

"Good, you are a professional yourself," said Violet. "I see you can keep secrets."

"Yes if necessary Princess. Only when it harms no one then I usually tell. But if I say anything now, and I don't know whether I have christians and glandelinians a mong my friends, I'll tell the biggest blunder of my life, and hurt her and all of us including myself too. None of us would know she is even."

"Good."

Gracedelina was punctual each day. Besides coming to interview Violet, and a her sisters, she and her father were seen daily overstepping on every do con vention unreasonably. Glandelinian soldiers, officers, and every boy and girl scout. One thing surprised Violet and her sisters from the first. Gracedelina was never alone. Whether hidden near Glandelinian officers, or on the company street, in the generals headquarters, or among working child slaves of the army, vigilant vigilant girl and boy scouts were always with her. Her followers practiced what some followers of some leader of girl and boy scouts profess to do, they never left their leader or comrades unattended. As a result their leader was as confident in them and as unsophisticated in her efforts as a girl scout leader in good surroundings, or dangerous situations always is, and her supporters obeyed her as children under the care of a good mother. Although Gracedelina was waiting the pleasure of Violet and her sisters in the interior tent each day from ten to eleven thirty, it was only for a short time, such as from impulsive duties, that either Violet, or her sisters, were able to instruct her. But the time did appear to hang heavily on her hands, she flitted about like some butterfly, or fairy, from one part of the tent to another, alighting to continue the figure, now on the table, where she drew some astonishing codes rather cleverly, now explaining her adventure of the past, then taking a geography where she examined maps and then studying a typewriter.

To the surprise of Violet, and her sisters, she kept Radcliffe in a state of great and perpetual excitement. The young boy scout in her presence, done all he could to help her, not content with giving her pointers, or following her scouting work in a perpetual movement of his own, he smiled on her every now and then, and winked his eye to Violet, and her sisters noticed with mild surprise. As for Gracedelina she made herself quite at home with Radcliffe, chattering with him, making him explain the different parts of the Glandelinian camp, the workings of the typewriter, and then as he offered her his seat, she would take his place and start beating out with grim determination her own code, while Radcliffe stood by with a look as if he should say he was uninteresting another member of angelia and was unaware of it.

So friendly were the two, and so attentive to each other at times, that one of the Vivian Girls seated in a chair, would raise her voice against their almost forgotten duty, all other kinds of duty or duties, Gracedelina was quite different, and all her vivacity was gone, and she was as quiet and as demure as any girl scout, or any girl, and that is saying a good deal could be, and it was doubtful who her whether a single boy or the girl scout of the whole Glandelinian army were aware of her presence, neither did the others, that is the christian girl and boy scouts knew of her addition to their own ranks, and if they did they did not pay any attention attention to it.

Gertrude Angelina quite proud of being delegated by Violet, and her sisters to take care of her was also extremely attentive to the new child scout. Not content with the ordinary duties and civilities toward her, she showed Gracedelina all over all over the camp from one part to the other, explained to her the different grades and divisions, and so improved or impressed Mr. Ellenturn that solicitous father after the first few days was content to stay in some remote part of the camp when and so long as Gracedelina was in the hands of the enthusiastic Gertrude Angelina.

Of course there was a great difference in their respective ages, yet the two had within the first two, to twenty four hours of their acquaintances acquaintance and loved eternal friendship, and Gertrude believed she knew Gracedelina as well as Radcliffe. In such other company they chattered like birds, and having exchanged with each other all the secrets about the enemy which they happened to possess, proceeded to each of them to try and secure new ones, and thus while at their work kept burning the fires of friendship.

Before the third day was passed, they were both wrapped in mystery, every now and

Gertrude, said, "If you disturb us again while we are so busy, you'll find yourself without bread and water, in the guard house. Now mind."

On the morning of the last day of this main effort, Violet herself was informed by Madcliff that both Angelina Aronson, and Grace- Dalina were outside, and each had a job to do. Violet girls privately.....They were almost hasty

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

"YES!"

"And I've been terribly upset this time. I feel as if I am in terrible despair."

"In despair?" Violet asked.

"Yes, and of losing hope of ever winning our cause. The war is as good as won by the enemy already. At the beginning of the war everything wasn't so bad as it is now. And general Grathheart said, 'The more wicked an enemy, the more the good suffer.'"

"I know the situation pretty well, and I don't see that we are either to lose the war or suffer disasters beyond our endurance. A good cause never loses."

"And Princess I've been a terrible failure this time during my whole service." Gertrude went on.

"A fair failure," Violet said.

"Yes, and a very poor one. All other boy and girl scouts are not as near so bad as I am. We've been in this camp so long and we haven't discovered anything yet."

"I know you pretty well Gertrude, and I don't see that you are either a failure or a quitter. If so we all are. I really tried a hundred times harder so to say than you did, and I made no better success. The enemy have outwitted us cleverly. Angelina Riches notified me this morning that she overheard that Manley may have destroyed or covered up all evidences. Gracelinda just now told me the same."

"Ah that's just it Princess. The enemy have fooled you, fooled us all. I'll bet the Glandelinian generals found out secret agents and spies are in their midst and therefore are keeping everything a secret from us, and covering up everything. When I found out the generals were suspicious I kept on the lookout."

"I don't blame you my dear."

"Neither does the other scouts. Everything we are looking for, the enemy does his best not to let us know."

"All christian spies," Violet observed, are not failures, when they cannot always find out everything from the enemy. To spy on the enemy you know is just as hazardous for us, is just as for the wicked to risk the loss of their souls by telling other peoples sins."

"But Princess Violet, no matter where we go, or what we try to do it seems as if the enemy is always doing, so that we wouldn't even know who are responsible for the great flood disasters. Look how determined Angelina Riches and others were in their work, and forever so long we tried also and failed, and then Princess, I'm just worried sick about all the past disasters. Princess I'm beginning to think Calvernia's ruin is a mortal wound to Abbiennia's glister state, and that Abbiennia is as a doctor not being able to save her, is it Princess?"

"Then Violet thought to herself, the nearest thing for a mortal wound for Abbiennia's State Calvernia on all occasions, were not the flood disaster of the past, and present, but the cruel and devastating forest fires, which were consuming vast seas of the country forest."

"No, my dear Gertrude," Violet answered "To begin with, no one can think at the time that the enemy are going to make such big disasters, and then cover it up so as to make it appear as natural volcanic disasters as it was said, in our work here we have to keep dodging so the enemy generals won't know what we are doing. Look how you, Radcliffe, Penrod, Jane, and others went through the Abbienn Flood, and we ourselves are also worried sick by the whole situation. At the time I did not even think the enemy could create such big disasters."

"Princess," broke in Gertrude, "When I and my companions were caught, in that explosion and flood disaster at Abbienn, I really didn't know what to say or do. It's an awful hard thing for a little girl scout to be almost a victim of a double disaster. I'm sure like to get even with the enemy by letting him be exposed exposed for it as I'm certain it is done by the enemy. And then general Vivian told me over and over again that I should do all I can to let the whole world know about it. But that is impossible, as so much communications of all kinds if literally cut off from the very world itself by these horrors."

"It would take the wisdom of an older heart than you had then," said Violet "to get out of such an awful flood situation. Don't bother about that point any more. We'll win yet."

"I'll not Princess, but that's not all. All the time I've been in the service, I've been trying to be successful, and only am once in a while. While working against the enemy I am full of frivolity."

"Good Gracious!" said Violet, for the third time.

"Yes Violet, I like to play dirty tricks on the enemy."

"So do I, and my sisters."

"And I love to torment the Glandelinian generals. I'm a J Katsenjammer kid to them."

"So and my sisters."

"And I do so love to solve the problem. I'd give anything to find out who of the enemy are responsible for these terrible disasters."

"You would."

"Yes, its terrible. I bungled yesterday. Manley still wonders who put that wasp nest in his room."

"Gertrude tell me do you do anything desperate or foolish, or that you think rash, almost at the risk of suicide to gain in anything you set out to do?"

"I think not Princess—that is—I to be safe Princess, I'll say yes. I did yesterday. If general Manley knew I caused that swarm of hornets among him and his officers yesterday he'd kill me like a dog. You ought to see him and his officers. They are a "swell" affair."

"Why did you do it?"

"I got mad mad. Because I dropped an ink bottle he called me a clumsy rat."

"And you showed him you was the "queen of hornets" Gertrude!"

"Yes Princess."

"Instead of trying first to do things rashly my dear, try always to do first what you think will please our blessed Lord, and bring best results and blessing for your undertakings and then you needn't worry. Is there anything else Gertrude?"

"Yes Princess. Now can our government prevent the enemy from making more disasters in the future. I have prayed and prayed and so have every one of our followers, and Angelina Riches, and we never knows what's going to happen to the whole country yet."

"I'm sure afraid the enemy will win the war."

"It's a very sad case Gertrude, Our Government, I'm afraid can't help itself directly. There was a time when it could, but that seems to be past. If Vivian Manley is captured it might help. We all feel the situation keenly. My Father the Emperor on several occasions has written to me and my sisters, telling me that it is impossible for him to find means to stop the disasters. I and my sisters must find a way and that is by trying to locate the cause and responsibility first. I sent Walter Starring to help by spying on Hubeam Manley, and he has not been heard from." Gertrude was weeping.

"Poor Calvernia!" she sobbed. "I'd give my life to morrow, to stop these disasters, and I'm going to offer my Holy Communion for the stricken states, and that ought to count."

"It certainly should," said Violet. "I and my sisters will do the same."

"And to day, this afternoon" Continued Gertrude—growing suddenly radiant—"I'm going to make my general attempt, and when I intend to make a general effort, do you know what I think of?"

"What Gertrude?"

"Of having a lucky chance of securing what we are after. This afternoon I hope I'll be successful."

"I'll pray that you are."

"I have something to ask!"

"What is that?"

"Don't you think something queer of Radcliffe?"

"Yes. There is something unusual about him. What do you suspect?"

"Don't say a word. To any one else, I suspect he is a girl in disguise."

"I and my sisters suspect the same thing."

"I have my suspicions, but I'll not mention it now," said Gertrude. "I'll tell you some other time for he is coming now and I don't want him to know yet. Good bye."

And the famous girls' scout was gone.

"Good gracious," Violet cried for the fourth time, and would fain have lapsed into meditation on the disaster situation, had not Radcliffe come in, and interrupted her with the information that the outer tent was filled with boy and girl scouts, who wished to see her and her sisters privately, and as some put it on important business. As Violet went out, he said to himself:

"So Angelina, Angelina Arronburg knows or suspects I'm a girl in disguise. Will wait later, and she'll have a great surprise. To bad I can't spring it on her now. Her sister indeed, Annie Arronburg."

THE TWO FAMOUS G.I.' SCOUTS HURSE A SECRET.

"So it appears," said John. "Yet that seems impossible, as you've been afraid to betray their masters, knowing the horrible penalty if they are caught. You've been burned at the stake or crucified. The last is possible, but I don't believe it, being disgusted with the whole matter. I'm going to take an adventure, and I and my sisters have made up our minds to give up the whole undertaking and return to the civilized land lines tomorrow, or find our way to some other glandulopian army, where we can believe the information we have heard of. You know we can't wait Starring on the same expedient for weeks. We've had our fun. We want to get out of here. We're going to leave this morning. We are making on the same morning we went off, and you wished him Luck and Darger, and others, but elsewhere have wired general Aronburg to try his luck and have not

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headquarters. All of his staff were out at the time, but doing night scouting. I heard when he was notified General Manley in getting out of bed decided to make a night investigation and examination, and arranged with guards and soldiers to keep watch outside, while he went within. In no part of the wing could he discover the light, but those who remained outside said they could still see it shining brilliantly through a window. It was then suggested by the general that someone should go into the empty wing, and place a lighted candle in another window for comparison. This was done and sure enough the second light appeared, and was visible next to the other, although on approaching close to the building the mystery light disappeared, while also the candle was mysteriously put out. But out there have been many similarly disturbing incidents. General Manley claims he has heard a peculiar tapping even in broad daylight on the walls of his building. The tapping seems to come from where the tables are situated, and proceeds to go around the interior of the building, and what the origin of this is they cannot tell.

Curious noises also have been heard coming from general Manley's dressing room table in one of his upper rooms. He said the noises are intermittent and quite audible in the day time. As a result of all these strange happenings, he has called expert officers to investigate. After their personal experiences they left convinced that the matter demanded further research. Many other officers are under no delusions regarding the "spy apparitions," and pointed out the spot where they had seen them disappear on swift horses. General Manley, I heard tell officers that he had seen the figures of girl and boy scouts on several occasions recently, and have also observed a very old fashioned house burn to the ground last week. At first Manley was upset and mentioned to the highest general, but he said he was dreaming, but on two other occasions he was positive he could not be mistaken. General Manley said that at nine o'clock last night, that he caught the glimpse of some boy scout, leaning over the gate near his headquarters, from where he was riding past. He saw the scout when he went to his bedroom and looked out of the window, he distinctly saw a party of child scouts ride away. Another time, when riding up the roadway, to his headquarters, he saw the figure of child scouts disappear through a maze of trees.

Manley declared that ever since the last two weeks there has been talk of strange mysterious spies, and that what has been happening inside, and outside the camp was due to what has been going on since the war started. Many soldiers general Manley states, has been distressed on seeing visions and lights, which they believed to be the work of spies that they would not venture within a mile of the building, for fear of being shot at from the windows. A feeling of dread permeates the whole camp, and is not to be wondered at, because it is not difficult to imagine spies in the grounds, which have been and will be the drama of fierce battles, and thousands upon thousands of tremendous tragedies per day all over the country. It would be difficult to imagine a more easily spying place than the interior of this Glandelinian camp. The very atmosphere here is uneasy and as the officers move through passages and corridors they feel the threat of danger. Conversation is suddenly interrupted by a noise or a tapping for which there seems no natural explanation, and as one threads from one room to another the very floor seems to echo with sinister sounds, and mysterious movements have also been heard coming from other portions of the building. This is our doing, so Violet as they might get suspicious we might as well make a last resort, and try the child slaves.

"Angelina Arronburg shake hands. You've solved a question that's given me no end of annoyance and anxiety."

"And so during the three days of special preparation Angelina Richee herself had been among the various slaves, who had been in time for all their duties in the morning regular, in the afternoon, and as Gertrude Angelina had said, viceroyally dominated and held down by the officers and the soldiers. Remembering all this, and knowing the value of child slaves, the Vivian Girls received Angelina Richee who brought one to her on the following morning. And what a transformation in the appearance between them and the child slave. The child slave was slave was tawdriy dressed, dull colored of face and her unkempt long bobbed hair was readily observed on her head. However even her eyes were not bright, her cheeks fully telling of the race, and the manner of her dress discovered to Violet, and her sisters the pathetic beauty of her gypsy like face framed in her raven black long bobbed hair, and wonder of wonders holiness had touched the features of the little child slave, touched them so that she looked like an angel, as innocent and as winsome as any child belonging to a saintly mother, though though she was in a Glandelinian camp.

"I've seen her," said Angelina Richee, "and a peculiarly clever little child slave, come to offer you whatever services, she'll have an opportunity for, and especially if she be allowed to go on with her customary work, so she won't be discovered. She also came to thank you, and your sisters for her kindness in giving her a humble little slave the honor. I've been with her, and the others of her fellow slaves for three days too. Princess, and can you, that a sister, a sister, a girl or boy, as their slaves are I would not, faintly could be found. Oh Princess, if they have the chance, they'll be as good as the best of spies for us. You should have seen them pray morning and night when their masters, or overseers are not watching. Why last evening the poor little slaves, had almost to be forced from their knees. God help them gain their freedom. And help her Princess. Princess, she wants to say something to you and your sisters."

Violet, and her sisters turned their eyes to the child slave. The boldness in her face showed she was able to be trusted though she also had the sweet air of childhood which the Glandelinians had not succeeded in robbing her of. She appeared to be about eight years of age, but was ten.

"Violet," she said, "even her voice was lovely." Since I know you and others with you are Christians fighting for our freedom, and who are here to find out responsible responsible ones for big disasters, I and my companions will do anything to help you succeed. But I want you and all your followers to pray for us, that we'll keep good, and succeed in our work for you. I know the Glandelinians are the cause of the floods, and the big fires, and I'm sorry."

"And with that she went in and Angelina Richee, "what are you going to ask our blessed Lord for when you try to help us?"

"Miss Richee, I'm going to ask him to help me, and then if we are not successful, I'll be a saint if he wills it. You see no matter how long we stay, the Glandelinians cannot put us into the danger of growing up as bad children. All the child slaves no matter where and who they are, live good little girls and boys."

The evident sincerity of the child slave moved Violet, and her sisters so that they could not trust themselves to speak.

"And now Princess, don't fail to say for me and my companions, that we may keep it up for you and succeed."

The unfortunate child slave of the worst possible child slave camp, of the worst Glandelinian army in an absolutely impossible surroundings, who was, worst of all, the child of the worst and most filthy, treacherous, and worst home, and insolent drinking parents brought the tears to the eyes of Violet, and her sisters.

There were many other efforts made that day, by all the followers of Violet, and her sisters, after so secret fervent communications, but while many did all they could and approached Glandelinian officers while in conversation, or looked through their papers and important maps, and documents to find, the clues, and worked hard, with hope and faith, the writer himself did not doubt whether any one did better as the abandoned child slave. It was quite late in the afternoon, when Violet, and her sisters felt very tired, and instead of going down to the other part of the camp to join her sisters at once she rested in her tent. It was half past three in the afternoon before she got ready to join her sisters and just before she started, in entered Gertrude and Grace.

"Why Girls" Violet exclaimed "Haven't you gone to the Mess Hall tent for your dinner yet?"

"No Princess" said Gertrude. "We couldn't go without pushing our work through." "Angelina Richee was coming too," added Gracelindia, "but after working so hard the fasting made her feel sick and faint, and she's waiting for us at the child scouts Mess Hall. Violet, she sent you this," and Gracelindia handed Violet an envelope, containing as she afterwards discovered mysterious chips, which Angelina Richee had taken from a general's table, a general whom she said was general Vivianstone. "And Violet, we want you to help us for helping us and I promise you we are going to do our best, like good brave little girls."

"Thank you girls, but you are not angels yet, and I think you had better rush off and get your dinner, or you will be overdone," said Violet, and she gave the girls a little advice first.

"And Violet," Violet said, "Am I to see the success of our adventure before the coming of next month? It looks as if we shall be here for only two weeks longer. Oh, the hope of Princess. It looks as if we shall be here for only two weeks longer. To have other working every night without the help of the Gemini, who have gone to investigate the whole horizon sky was so glimmeringly red last night, and we have sorted three nights, and Miss Richee secured that envelope, in general New Port headquarters, but the note or letter is signed by general Vivianstone, and I'm coming back here to morrow at noon with Penrod and we'll try and work out that cipher note."

"You will be welcome." "And Violet put in Gertrude "Would you mind our going over in the private part of your tent when the whole camp is asleep to morrow night?"

"That's up now?" "The two girls began to make all manner of facial and manual signals at each other. Gracelindia seemed to propose something to Gertrude, to which she at first strongly objected.

"Violet," said Gertrude at last, "it's a secret, but we'll let you know in good time. I've Violet," said Gertrude, "but we're being saved dropped."

And with this Violet, and her sisters had to be satisfied. The two girls came to bid Violet and her sisters up beautiful fare all farewell both excited with perfect grace the famous elaborate curtsy.

After they were gone Violet and her sisters began to inspect the letter in the huge envelope. It was a huge letter, and it ran as follows:

"Your Excellency general Manley; From the Vivianstone. Your Excellency, It might take a volume with a million sheets to write to you in full the effects the disasters of flood, fire and explosions have upon the people throughout the whole Abbeinnian Empire. The uprising is not general yet, because the news predicts the disasters at Abbeinn to be of volcanic origin and better let them keep thinking so. But it can be graphically explained here. Of course your Excellency, because the catastrophes cut off all direct communications with the whole world, and the devastated states it is a long time before the news reaches the people in Abbeinn, and we are doing what we can to delay it longer, and make more evidence of the disasters being of natural and volcanic origin. If we don't succeed Glandelinia is doomed to defeat. At first Your Excellency the news was only success Glandelinia came more and more until the news papers in every city, and town was full of it. Our city spies have notified me and others of the fact. And Your Excellency the papers sold so readily that they rose in price, but this did not decrease their sale.

On every street corner our secret spies have seen news paper boys and even men women and little girls, shouting and shouting the extras in a deafening uproar and making and sales generally. The spies bought some of the papers and sent them to me, your Excellency. All kinds of books and magazines, and novels were printed to me, your Excellency. The intensity of suffering, the extent of property destruction, the effects they had upon the land, and the plague brought on by them. They could not believe their eyes, to them the news seemed immense and greatly exaggerated all out of proportions. They thought it was impossible. But as each day came and went and the news increased, they began to believe the disaster stories. The people became aroused, they began to strike the disaster was of nature, many had and have friends in new roles regarding them districts, and they stormed the newspaper offices for news regarding them.

And what excited the people most were the many orators who held great open speeches in the streets, halls, public buildings, and so forth, recruiting stations

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The state Government copywrited them and sent them to the main National Government who had them published in all books and news papers. The real statements were then forwarded to Emperor Vivian.

The news of the true nature of this disaster was then learned throughout the nation by means of these books, and newspapers, and it aroused the people so that every man was mad for entering the army, and even slight defects of human conditions would not be permitted for exemption, if they are expected exempted for a slight eye trouble, or other mere conditions, they storm and wreck the enlistment or draft board, and now

most the members, form proper of their own select commanders and 80 of the nobility, and your yore court, did the time however people of higher classes, of the nobility, and newspapers and various books, and magazines exaggerated, but as had as reported that the they could not believe that the forest fires were as big as they were said to be. They heard that the force of the explosions near Abbiemann, sunk a whole country below the waters of Lake Geneva, thus lowering a part of the city of Abbiemann strong city like Abbiemann with such an enormous population should be wiped out without a trace left. That to them, seemed a thing much too impossible to happen.

Therefore they intended to have these things investigated, to find out all evidence of truth in the matter, and if all were exaggerated as feared, all such publications on these dealers would be stopped before the nation should be aroused to such a high pitch of great excitement for nothing. Those who are to investigate are the best and most reliable men. They know their business, and have gone forth with a hearty good will. It had taken them quite a few months to go over most of the territory by horse and motor car but found everything contrary to their own expectations.

"First... They couldn't find the site of Abbeysan though they knew for all certainty where the city had lately stood. They discovered some portions of the east to north but these were on higher elevation and in ruins beyond repair. Here the lower section of the city had lately stood a vast expanse of swiftly moving water could be observed, water covered with floating debris of all kinds. Soundings showed the water was over three hundred feet deep at the deepest parts, and that there were proven by divers to be remains of houses below the surface. At the spot where the water was not deeper, wreckage floated like immense immense log jams. They also could observe that the newspaper to the true to go to go to go the whole territory affected by the disaster would take many months as they reported only what they had observed.

Imaged for Your Excellency, Abkhazians believe the case and is an aroused nation. The whole world it is claimed says she is perfectly justified, for our country called Landaulina is said to be responsible for all of the terrible disasters of the past, and therefore surely is guilty of this biggest one too, and also the results of the terrible forest fire. The world claims Abkhazians deemed it perfectly justifiable to take long and long time to get out of the forest, and desire the end of the big war. Yet sir it is said that it was a very long time before any member of the Abkhazian government would believe that the disaster was caused by our Landaulin engineers. The authorities continually insist that the disaster happened through the vibrations of air concussions and earthquakes, and the shocks caused the floods. The reason they would not believe was because the disaster seemed too immense floods. But that caused by explosion and explosion, the reason they would not believe is because it was too terrible to have even any foundations for facts. All the reports of the disasters seemed too exaggerated to be anything outside of being caused by natural disturbances, and this was the reason your Excellency so many investigators were sent. The proven statements of the investigators staggered the Government officials, they could not believe the investigations were correct, but the investigators then in the face of very trustworthy clues had been brought back by the investigators, showing that facts remain to claim Landaulina is responsible. Inquiries were then held over the great calamities.

All scientific persons were called, even all kinds of diving engineering engineers throughout the country to join, and even every possible witness that could testify. Every witness told things that were astonishing, especially of explosions, explosions and flood reaching what has been known as the first stage of the explosion. The flood reached a point of evidence, Frank Goodman has been crushed or craved by the flood that ensued. The main thing that was debated on was where did such a tremendous flood come from, what in the world brought forth all this... And where it came from, the source of the flood. The flood came from the river, the river was not responsible, as the flood was too sudden, and the greatest force was in the neighborhood of Abbotsford and further north, and the torrent obliterated many of the greater rivers at once, turning them into raging seas. All that had to be done was to build levees along the river, and the water of the Lake Agassiz. If all the water came from these rivers, and the lake, then they must have been at an awful flood stage. But the river and levee engineers said,

Indeed the source of the flood was a mysterious and most tremendous mystery. It seemed, if even so, that the disaster traced the source of the flood. If it did it must have been for us. Probably the flood raised its own source from its own force and volume. But whatever was the cause the investigators could not find the source of the flood unless they believed in the possibility of a flood which would rise from the earth itself. Therefore believe in all probabilities if this enormous disaster had been caused by a natural earthquake, the Abbeisnians might have borne it more meekly, but as we are suspected for it Abbeisnians claim, it is too much. All she just wait for the evidence against us, and then she will strike. We see no other way than to stand up as we stand against us, and then she will strike. We see no other way than to stand up as we stand against us, and then she will strike. We see no other way than to stand up as we stand against us, and then she will strike.

It cannot be possibly describe it from the necessity of demand, many big recruiting many men and women in every city and town, and even then all these had their hands full.

Streets in front of these recruiting stations were covered and jammed with crowds of people demanding their turn for indistene enlistment, and those who were more im-

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With successive crises every man and eighteen year old boys y joined in their efforts to get into the army like the outbreak of a revolt that shakes a nation and convulses cities, and towns. Those in main charge of recruiting stations, and draft boards, unable to cope with the situation send messengers for help.

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It is impossible to any more... stations, as well as hospitals, schools, orphanages... size. Thus the results of these disasters. But what about our country? Should she be alarmed when she learns of... strictly enforced draft or conscription, what if she too is mobilizing her resources... it. How many she is mobilizing is only known to her... but evidently it will only increase the immensity of the task... whatever unless we strike the man who is behind such a mobilization on both sides is equally as alarming and giving vent to a warning of the main fury of this great war.

... dangerous as a million thousand

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various Abbelesian armies, such as massacres of the children, and everything that has happened since the first disaster at every disaster that occurred frequently far west August 1915 of this year, and so forth. The number of these awful disasters are immeasurable, there being 10,000,000 of them, and filled up a number of good sized books. The number of victims was uncountable, and the numbers to be taken care of is record breaking. When all this was done by our own side, as it is true, Abbelesian claims are that it is up to her to put a stop to it, whether it would be avenged or not depends upon the situation later. All the population are for making an example of our country before the whole world. They are for not giving quarter to any of our Abbelesian armies.

They are for giving back disaster for disaster, an measure for massacre, blow for blow. Every city, and within, or near the suburbs became the headquarters of and for the numerous mobilization camps spring up. Millions were in the large camps in no time and they are in a desperate hurry to go to the front. It can be said that in a few weeks time thousands of mobilization camps had sprung up all over the country and they are quickly crowded to their limits. Though we Abbelesians know that the disasters would be caused by the Abbelesians, Abbelesians to mobilize so strongly, it is said we have the over confidence that the devastation caused by the disasters would prevent those Abbelesian armies from coming down fast enough against our armies. Especially when so many railroad lines were destroyed, but I've learned that the Abbelesian Government planned to force all Abbelesian prisoners to restore the tracks under guard.

For example they have been made to work in disaster torn cities, though they say it is not meant to enslave them. That they were forced to restore what they destroyed, and it was either work or not eat. Therefore the prisoners also are to be put to work to restore the railroads, and the cost then would only be the material and the food for the prisoners. Now quickly this could be accomplished depends on the number of prisoners secured, and how complete the havoc done by the enemy made disasters.

But nevertheless the number of men entering the army of Abbelesia is intensely immeasurable. They could be formed into hundreds of vast armies, and when marching against us prove a most dangerous foe indeed. How vast the numbers are the Abbelesian Governments keep strictly secret.

No stranger or any one who could not give a satisfactory answer are not permitted any one in any one of the cities for fear they would obtain information. Of course the disasters have upset the Abbelesian Government greatly. Every disaster following so closely has caused a sensation beyond comprehension. The authorities of every state are continually apprehensive, and are sending every means to prevent a report they ever reaching them. It is blow upon blow, and next probably we would. Many times the majority of cities have been in danger of annihilation because they are striving to investigate into the disasters and their causes, and they better look out.

All the highest Christian generals also held some pretty exciting councils every time the news of a new disaster is sent out, and they believe in that the reason why we Abbelesians are able to stand such dire calamities, is because their ability is beyond control of the Angolians, and that unless our Abbelesian armies are driven out of Abbelesia nothing can stop us from continuing the horrors. We'll see that they don't drive us out.

They were glad to learn that so many people throughout the Abbelesian states are mobilizing for the army, and general Vivian believes it would be a great benefit for the nation, and bring a speedy downfall for our country. But general Vivian and many others believe that such mobilization would only cause a great increase in income in the war. Might as well say the latter is right, for it will and quickly too beyond what they even think.

Emperor Vivian himself is sitting copping and headless over the situation. It is a problem which he cannot face alone, even though he is the main head of the crazy Christian nation. After one disaster following another added to the list he feels desperate, especially when it is said he is rendered homeless by the Abbelesian flood swelling the Arrowhead River into a crazy sea, and forced by loss and emotion to join the Refugee Guard line just for experience which he cannot escape. Of course he has been disguised when he joined the bread line, or otherwise every one else would be offering to help him out. The destruction of his palace, and his Imperial city is to him the last straw. After all this, at he does not know what to do. Well he can sit on a tack for all I care, it is said he feels uneasy, dreads dreading that the cause will be lost. Well it is. Act immediately he cannot, because the floods and forest fires cut off all communications with the outside world.

He and his whole Royal Cabinet are cut off with it, and his whole country, at least he is marooned and his whole city. He can get to any one he wants, and they cannot come to him. This is his main problem. It is more than a problem. He feels that he cannot do a thing until the communications have been restored. And besides he does not even believe that the general uprising of the other states will alter the situation at all. He feared that it only would bring fearful and most disastrous battles, causing an immeasurable loss of life, and a more terrible number of those disabled or crippled for life.

And this he does not like. He did not even think the war was going to be so bad. He has even hoped that the war would be over way before this time. But this time he is sadly disappointed for the war disasters only came in like this. However despite the effects of the great flood that devastated his palace, places palaces and other royal buildings, the Emperor has not lost any of his Royal Members, and now he has gathered them together in the house of the city Mayor and has held a council over the most unusual situation. What the Emperor wished to decide upon was how to restore all communications of that he could also act and strike our country a blow from which we will never recover. How he debated over the situation with them, they could not find world for answer.

They do not know what to do themselves. To them it is a tremendous puzzle. On this occasion they are all in a hole as to say which in what directions will be nothing short of. They believe that the restoration of all the communications will be nothing short of a tremendous miracle. What makes the situation worse is that despite all the investigations made, no one could bring any evidence of what powerful explosives were used, how they were stolen and manufactured also and how the explosives were transported

to the spot without the slightest detection. If this cannot be accomplished we cannot be stopped from making future disasters. But what causes the greatest difficulty is that the forest fires, and the tremendous floods have destroyed all traces of clues that could have been found, and our troops have been careful to cover up all traces of despair. All the royal courts are now down, might as well as sink almost beyond their depth in the flood of despair with no such thing as reason in sight. He frequently petitions to god, and what is called his pious Mother for him.

The unusual excitement and the immeasurable mobilization of the most population of the Abbelesian States gave no encouragement to Emperor Vivian, and we have heard that he only comfort he has is of knowing that his beloved daughters are safe from the danger of them. Our Excellency. But what gives me some hope however is that nevertheless he is not heart and from them for months.

There is one thing Emperor Vivian desired and that is investigate the cause of the disasters himself but as it is so very difficult and dangerous he is strongly advised against it. To my opinion as is too he a yellow coward to do it and what that Christian Big leader would like to know is what the results of the mobilization will be. The reason he did and does not take heart from it is that he knew we are also mobilizing supplying just as immeasurably and that the issue of the war would be a matter of endurance and last. Well we'll stand the endurance more than they will.

In some measure by himself, for the tremendous disasters, not that he paused long, and its signs of his misgivings and did, but he knows his own confidence in strong strongly believing that nothing short of natural war disasters would make sense. Now when he realized it, it is too late. And on the spies notified us he is in a record breaking violence, and an immeasurable fury.

As he told them, dreadful consequences would happen through this gigantic mobilization, and that the civilized world would protest to the violence of the accompanying. If all communications could be restored he could not. Well we'll see that there will be restoration of communications. And the only hope to our observers was to restore of his own armies, and instead of directing the course and progress of the war from Abbelesia itself, to fight the war through himself and direct all army generals as communications would allow. Because of the great disaster affecting Abbelesia, within the worst Emperor Vivian feels that because of all communications being cut off the very nation was helpless, especially the devastated states of the North and the west... Abbelesia and northern Angolians states are the hardest hit of all, and both as well as Evangelina state are the ones where so much communications are destroyed. This is the greatest difficulty for the Emperor and his Royal Court, for this is the biggest "cross word" puzzle of record. Even hardly anything could be done to stop the floods, and the other disaster situations as most of the stricken regions could not now be reached.

Now, very little aid can reach them, and therefore they have to make the best of it among themselves, until aid comes to them. Emperor Vivian knows the whole mobilization nation is suffering from the effects of the terrible misfortune. There are many that are homeless even now that can not be reached by any rescuers within weeks and no telling how many are ill. Of course it would take a hundred million men to describe the situation as it really is. If it was not so far so much communications being cut off Emperor Vivian would have some hope, because never before in real history was there such a mobilization of troops troops. But the effects of the disasters are going to hinder the movements of those Christian dog armies a great deal, at least we'll see that they do. We'll see to it that they will not be able to move heads headway in the face of such an awful situation, and our side too will call in our powerful all efforts to frustrate the advance of these newly formed buldog armies. The main difficulty these dirty Christian dog troops would have is met with would also be from the ever increasing forest fires which is burning all around in that dire direction, and which we have set by fire bombs. Therefore the difficulties, the results of the floods and force of the explosions made the conditions impossible in many places and other localities flood waters not only still remain but increase, and if the floods can be traversed by boats it would be with great and immeasurable difficulty. Many thousands of railroad lines are wiped out, all other roads are not passable and many parts of forests are burned probably for all time into impassable swamps. How many are mobilized and how many are mobilizing the Emperor is never able to find out. Of what he knows he only learned through major de mayor details that came to him by couriers one swift launch, or brought by aeroplane. But he knows the whole nation is mobilization, and so do we. And we are nation in the wide world has ever mobilized in this fashion.

30,000,000 men are being mobilized in this fashion. In a few weeks we are getting ready for army service. In a few months time there are quite a number of them.

All these are mobilized already and still they are coming faster, and faster. It is a mobilization through and by the whole nation wholeheartedly throughout the whole country such as never seen anywhere before, and yet Emperor Vivian does not take heart. He has not got any, but only a pumping station in his breast. Yet he feels sure.

But the war is in favor of us, for he claims that evidence seems to show it to be a great deal. Our own side he says seem to be in full possession of the devastated states of Abbelesia except in the extreme south. Yet we hear if it had not been for general Richard Kindermine, and General Vivian, we would also be in possession of Angolians and other states. To begin with Emperor Vivian has made up by his own and carefully selected list of every disaster from early 1912 to June 1st, 1913 with the purpose when the opportunity presented itself of having them published throughout the country with the intention of raising the nation as the nation has never been aroused before. Many might have thought that that because of the disasters and their effects that the great Emperor would be very angry and also

But just now it was not so. He was too mortified, too apprehensive, to be angry. He was too sorrowful, too worried to be angry. The situation caused by this awful disaster gave him cause more for alarm and despair than an a for anger. If he would

[illegible]

against us who are known as a dreadful foe. But as has been stated before, as far as it seemed every flood had aroused all evidence and clues as to the origin of the frequent explosion like explosions, and therefore we have made investigations, and am still doing it; the Scientists are doing anything however, found no traces of any I could clue to prove who were responsible for the record breaking calamities. We will not deny we did cause the fires and explosions, but will not take blame for the floods, as we had no intentions, we thought of floods to be made, but we did not know we were making gods of the likes of the greatest two gods in the world, and we are making gods of the likes of the greatest two deities known which has on record. His purpose to use them is, to have them kept in the Governmental Records, and to spread them throughout the Country. The list your Excellency are as follows:

Excelsior, are as follows:

The first disaster written against the town of Virginia occurred with the beginning of the first century of the present century, with terrific floods occurring through an unknown cause. For the first greatest disaster much could be written about Highlands County and city, where an enormous loss of life and property was sustained. Beyond comparison, as coming in the beginning of the century, it brought more deaths than from drowning. Though not so unusual in magnitude as the bigger disasters coming afterwards, the cold wave and the blizzard of 1892-93 brought more deaths than any other disaster in the history of the town. No unusual in magnitude as the bigger disasters coming afterwards, the cold wave and the blizzard of 1892-93 brought more deaths than any other disaster in the history of the town. No unusual in magnitude as the bigger disasters coming afterwards, the cold wave and the blizzard of 1892-93 brought more deaths than any other disaster in the history of the town.

The first disaster on record.

It is the most frightful disaster on record.

Of cities and towns destroyed. Nine hundred thousand lives lost.
 4th... November 13th 1912... Devastating fire and explosion destroys Scheldadert
 and Perryville. Loss of life too great to be estimated. Only six hundred bodies re-
 covered. Floods follow from Lake Solito. One of first most severe breaking disasters,
 and the most frightful of all disasters combined, because of the intense suffering it
 caused.

3th, May 1th to September 3th 1918. -- Forest fires from starting point in Watson
and Del Norte Counties in southeastern California, downstate three thirds of the state.
Loss in property believed beyond immeasurable figures. Fire still raging. Cedars
are wind but has holler and attack. Irregular third burned.

4th June 1913. Date not given. Explosions destroys dam at Arronburgs gun 30 civil reported wiped out, and Angelina Agathia suffers immensely. Probably worst flood in southern California. Never receded as flood continued with rain relieving waters from other loss of life immeasurable but not known. Property loss unestimated but dreadful. Very towns swept away. Part of Jessica destroyed. One third of the city of Big Girl Knoll wiped out.

5th June 1918. Date not given..... Bengall county, and also Bengall, Herdwick, Jackson, Lucille, and Mic-Holleston states of Calaveras. Damage done by the disaster this quarter or more of Calaveras, not including the area swept away by huge flood, Mic-Holleston Sta., and through Jackson Lucille and Bengall county. The raging seas. Abbeville, in Jackson state, wiped out, Heidt Junction, Calaveras Proper and scores of big cities swept away. Mic-Holleston State suffers the worst. The other cities known in the latter states are Vignon, The Dove, El Verde, El Pozo, El Paso, Jackson, and Jackson cities, Santa Antonio, Mandro, Mildred Greenburg, Maruanna, and a Lucille, and Jackson cities. At Santa cities wrecked with terrible loss to property and loss of life. Next to Abbeville, Mildred Greenburg and Angelina Agathia cities and Logn of life. Next to Abbeville, Mildred Greenburg and Angelina Agathia cities. Girl Knool, and Heidt Heidt Junction suffers the most. Heidt Junction, suffering the lead. A record breaking loss of life with Abbeville and Mildred Greenburg. Some of Bengall County also but few bodies recovered. Property of all cities swept off the map. Total population totally wiped out, with Mic-Holleston state ground off the map. Total population of Jackson state wiped out. Heidt Heidt Junction, Angelina, Santa wiped out. Delight's junction near Virian Wickey swept down with the torrent to merge into wreckage into a like expanse of the flood. Three sections of Angelina State wrecked in a flood, which increases the others then still raging. Great flood is increased by September bursting all the dikes of the Arroyos River, and the water is wiping at Angelina Agathia. flood is devastating Angelina junction, Gertrude, Angelina and Maruanna cities.

8th. From June to August the other sufferers from drought, explosion, flood and
fire, Tomsall, Matlock counties, northeastern California, Gadsby, Christian and
Clallam Counties and John, Inyo, Kern, Los Angeles, Monterey, Plumas, Siskiyou and
Kearl and Alameda counties. Also in southwestern California, Kern, Inyo, Mono, and
Shasta, Butte, Colusa, Contra Costa, El Dorado, Fresno, Humboldt, Imperial,
Mariposa, Mendocino, Merced, Modoc, Nevada, Placer, Plumas, San Bernardino,
San Diego, Santa Barbara, Santa Clara, Santa Cruz, Stanislaus, Tehama, Trinity,
Tulare, Yuba, and Yavapai counties. Also in northern California, Alameda, Contra Costa,
Fresno, Kern, and Los Angeles counties which also suffered immensely. Other places to
suffer were Headrick city, Coast line of Angelina state, Mendocino, Plumas, and
springs of Monument County, also, Martinique city, and northern Angelina from the increase
known loss of life in all the disasters not counting Abbeville, is said to be over
5,275, 1894.

[illegible]

It is probable that Emperor Vivian will profit by publishing the list of these masters throughout the country. The country is so small that it is sure will arouse the nation. Africa, Asia, and it can be secured so when it is printed and illustrated in new newspapers, books, and even magazines, while he studies the papers and their effects, Emperor Vivian cannot understand how they could be so innocent. He knows he would give anything to know the loss of life at the Lake Sebilida flood. He knows the Arronburg Run and Bengali County Country horror. He knows that the loss of life has been dreadful. Of course, big fires, in the flood wreckage created most of his victims and the flood carried the rest to the sea. As the region was and is for some impossible to explore a check up on the missing cannot be taken.

And while, I conclude, conclude Your Excellency, I must warn you that the Vivian
Princesses have sent a party known as Sir Walter Starring to explore and investigate
the region. I advise you to stop him before it is too late.

Your Assistant Commander.
General Richard Herdrude
Vielvaunton.
Commander at North army,
Division B."

SHOWING HOW, AND WITH WHAT RESULTS THE GIRLS GO TO
UNDERSTOOD TO MAKE OUT THE CIPHER NOTE.

Are spying work and scouting always as agreeable as some people thing think they are? Are these kind of adventures even far apart. Or do they not in some cases go hand in hand? These questions rose in the minds of Violet, and her sisters full many a time during the days that followed their first entrance into the Glandelinian camp, after the reading of that letter almost disco discouraged them. Nearly all the child scouts, with the aid of the Geminis, and all who had followed them secretly into the camp in their first main attempt greatly to the unmy annoyance of many Glandelinian generals and other officers--were making first within this Glandelinian camp but secretly brave of forts to go to Holy Communion every day, and then to do everything possible to find out all violet, and her sisters were sacrificing for and constantly on if not in any consequence there was more of silvery laughter, more loveliness among them, more happy faces among the child slaves than ever before.

Violet, and her sisters did not think of questioning them. Of course in the matter of this kind of spying work, Violet, and her sisters with Gertrude Angeline, Angelina Riches, Jennie Turner, and Graedelina, appeared to lead all the rest, but the same was true of their shrewdness.

On one morning, which was turning out to be an unusually quiet day, the girls in separate partners, went from general Manley's headquarters to Federal's, from Federal's headquarters back to Manley's and then da capo. A man who did not know who they were, and what they were doing, would suppose they were Glandelinian girls scouts doing their own duty and helping the Glandelinian generals to mediate mischief against the Christ Christian armies, Radcliffe, and Penrod were two disturbed boys for several days. It seemed impossible for them to accomplish which charaxed them during scouting hours an attempt be it said, which completely increased once they were in desperate earnest in which they became known as the doom demon scouts.

Penrod had not yet got rid of his awe for the outcome of a real stirring adventure. The actions, of violet, and her sisters, and their followers, presented to Penrod and Radcliffe all the glory and mystery of mystic adventures. None none of the girl had not been slow to discover the boys point of view in this regard, and Violet and her sisters were prompt to avail themselves of what opportunities it presented. Penrod and Radcliffe belonged to Gertrude's staff, at the time they were really working for Violet, and her sisters.....

On returning from a prolonged visit at a general or a Glandelinian general's headquarters Graedelina, ably assisted by Gertrude Angeline, Violet and her sisters, and Jennie Turner took the strange code in hand with usual vivacity and characteristic energy assisted by the two boys, Angelina Riches who acted as guard was able to follow the proceedings almost completely.

"Penrod" began Violet "What is that of the code you are reading or trying to make out?"

"It's a puzzle of nine intersecting leaves of the tributaries of the Mic-Hollesier Run River," said Penrod raising his head, and then dropping it again. "It seems to be related to that six or seven big page letter you have been reading from general Brinestone or Vivianstainer, Vivianstine, or whatever his name is."

Then he and the girls were interested in this section of the code, there was a good deal of clues leading to something here, in particular of the part of the code he was trying to make out.

"Do you notice," said Gertrude in a very loud whisper. "How Penrod really makes out codes so easily. He guesses himself to find like a boy who understands all codes and cipher dispatches. That's the way my sister Anna used to read out cipher dispatches," she added, as she noticed Radcliffe look at her queerly.

"And just as added Graedelina. "There's something good here that I'd like to make out myself. See how he is concentrating himself, as he is trying to learn its contents. The Professional Professional boyscout finally dropped the code raised his eyes, and finding that the princesses and the girls scouts were considering the code and his work in it with great interest and great record record or great regard, smiled with satisfaction.

"The officer who had this, I can suppose did not even know who took it," continued Graedelina in the same low whisper. "It was a risky effort for Angelina Riches," commented Gertrude. "You'd never think any one would have the nerve to secure it. You'd think the general would be afraid of letting anything remain outside his desk, for fear of Christian spies and other agents. Anyhow I'd think so."

"Perhaps he was careless," Violet, observed.

"The general is so grouchy that he even does not know how to smile," declared Angelina Riches. "Maybe he is afraid of letting himself go for fear he might put big fissures into his face or split into it into all odds of shapes."

"Perhaps it's his early nature," Gertrude observed.

"When he is excited he reddens in the face naturally enough doesn't he?" said Jennie Turner.

"What has his surely nature got to do with it?" Jennie inquired.

"But who is the general?" asked Jennie.

"You know him well enough," said Angelina Riches. "He is very familiar with you, and you are very familiar with him."

"I cannot recall who he is, is he Manley?"

"No."

"Who is he then? Speak up. Don't keep us in suspense suspense please please."

"He's as of the highest generals of all," said Angelina Riches.

"I'll bet he is general Bisknell," said Angelina Vivian.

"No, he is general Raymond Richardson Fer Federal. He has a beard about a foot long his face looks like that of Beelzebub and he wears long hair."

"Oh so you took the nerve to raid his headquarters?"

"Yes, and I was thinking," Angelina Riches made answer "of part of a comic song I and another girl used to sing. It brought a crowd among and around us around us at any a time."

"Sing it."

There was a grouchy old man wearing an old night gown.

Which in color was brilliant in defile.

His face was so painted and a g ugly.

He thought it a secaloge to smile,

He put on a new face (False)

Covered with noodles long tender, and to grace.

He was then afraid to smile even a little,

For fear his face would change to brittle.

He sang like a tea kettle,

Made all his friends rattle

And return to him the old night gown.

And called him the ugliest of all beyond the town.

I saw him coming down the street one day,

They thought him a horse looking for his meal of hay,

speaking of him, a acquaintance asked him to smile, smile,

If he did, a frog would have stretched his face a mile,

His name no one would dare to utter,

Unless from laugh laughing so hard, some one would smother,

Yet he was a man of a great big show,

Looking like a big Hippopotamus that looks at you to blow,

And yet he is the mu most meaneest of all men,

To look at him he thinks would be a grievous sin,

To ask him for a single dime,

He would claim all is "Mine."

Suddenly Penrod having discovered something important threw himself back in his chair and looked almost as dazed as he really was.

"Penrod" cried Violet, and her sisters "what did you discover?"

"Please girls take up the code again. Now go on at this point,--no, no--here--no there violet, on here I say, yes, yes that's it."

The girls were almost hypnotized by what he helped them to trace, and by what he explained. He then raised the code about two inches even with his light so that all could see it, and moving his finger indicated something they all understood. The girls gave the code ten minutes of their valuable time pointing out that if ever they could capture the originator of the dispatch, it would stand them in good stead, but after present circumstances it was entirely impossible to apprehend him, showing how difficult it was to bring the subject to a realization. Also Violet herself pointed out that if they were over to be successful the capture of such dispatch codes and the like probably stood them in good stead, but after these present circumstances if they couldn't make better progress than this, their staying in this way so long would be entirely unnecessary showing them how much more dangerous it was and will be to bring the adventure to too slow a termination instead of quickly accomplishing their purpose and along too much blunder to make them withdraw from the camp unsuccessful in their undertaking which as Gertrude candidly remarked "wouldn't help the cause any."

One of the Vivian Girls (Jennie) went into the inner tent, and left the two boys at the rest, as no one could have noticed with no little amusement sedulously endeavoring to make a final success in solving the cipher dispatch. On returning from the inner tent, Jennie, for it was she, took up the dispatch again, first Graedelina uncertain whether it contained anything of the clues of the flood, they were after and relieving favorable indications that it might at that--expressed themselves as being quite satisfied.

"Penrod" she then went on, "Do you know, or do you catch on that and what it reads is?"

"Maybe it says, general you are a Gawkde-awk," said Riches.

"No," said Penrod "with a wink of an eye, and a slight smile." "Do

"Does it mean he is something good to eat?"

Every one smiled at this joke.

"If he is, I'll eat him," said Radcliffe.

"No I don't think he is good to eat," said Angelina Riches decidedly. "Any way a person who might be responsible for these disasters is worse than a rotten fish and not fit for wolves to feast upon."

"What does these words and numbers mean?" "?????" asked Penrod.

"It means that the general who is to receive the long letter Angelina Riches must communicate with general Johnston Manley and his staff as soon as possible. It is certainly a clue about the flood. You made a lucky find that time when, but it had been better if you had not found that letter. Such an insulting

correspondence. "Did you read it Riches before you brought it?"
 "Yes. It was beautiful, beautiful words. I'd have like to throw pepper into that man's eyes for such a letter."

Riches then read the other articles which they made out as—

"YOU DON'T STAND RIGHT——YOU DON'T SIT RIGHT,
 YOU DON'T WALK RIGHT——AND YOU DON'T CARRY
 YOUR HEAD ON YOUR HAND."

Penrod who had risen smiled for he too appeared to guess the words.

"There you are," exclaimed Gracedelina. "We are in possession of the best code ever secured. And with the most difficult puzzle I ever saw."

"You'd think," apostrophized Gertrude Angeline, "That the writer was insulting the general to whom it was sent. Penrod when you make it all out, let us know but let don't let yourself go too quick."

For thirty three minutes Penrod alone took great patience in his efforts, and Radcliffe helped him. He walked up and down the tent for ten minutes, paying most particular attention to the strange words. Also the girls gave him a few tips, on how to study it out. "Tip!" Violet calmly observed which would clear the mystery of the code, which would keep others from thinking they would give up the adventure, "which to do," she continued, "we certainly are not."

Before he was through Gracedelina marked with little slips of paper some dozen strange words of her own but in English with Violet's help, something in answer which she took from the code, and enjoined Radcliffe to rewrite four copies of each, one for herself, and one for Violet, the other two for Radcliffe, specifying carefully the size of the paper to be used, the color, and the amount of margin and spacing—all this to be done as soon as possible against their return, as they had determined to go out and make a tour. And when they did return after an unusually long time in coming back the rewritten codes down in Radcliffe's best best style were awaiting them. All of the girl scouts were loud in their expressions of delight and thanks, indeed they were so pleased that they must bring them to be approved by Violet, and her sisters.

Of course in the face of such enthusiasm, the Vivian Girls in turn felt bound to examine them with a certain degree of suspicion. In the next tent room, made it in their judgement was worth while prolonging this examination. Their eyes were on the written pages, but their ears and whole attention were absorbed in the speaker without.

"Penrod" came the voice of Gertrude. "Is it true that by discovering this note you and Radcliffe could take the chances to follow general Vivianstien and his staff over to their headquarters and if not observed or detected would conceal yourself in a room to see or find out whether this general knows something about the flood or not?"

"Yes, but I hope we can get the information."

"And could you follow Gracedelina's boyscouts to see whether they really acted suspicious and seem like other soldiers?"

"No, it's futile, no one can ever do it. Those boyscouts would die or kill themselves before telling a thing."

"Many say it can be done."

"No it is not true, it's a lie. It cannot be done without evidence against them." "Don't be too sure Penrod, it's hard enough to stand for further failure. Once you did a thing and was successful, why, didn't you stay so long at Manley's headquarters once, that you learned heaps of information and stayed there acting like a halfwit to throw off suspicion when a lieutenant colonel came in and told you to get out and go home saying to you 'Your Mama wants you Hazel'?"

"Oh gee that was it. And I remember telling that colonel that some one had been stuffing me with bad news. I didn't look to see what general Manley was doing as I had no chance. At that time there were no other officers around, but the soldiers were as watchful as cats."

"Penrod" continued Gertrude. "Was it not also true when general Manley came within with your reach the second time—you took something out of his pocket, which your success in securing was a value to our cause?"

"That's another fact," cried Penrod excitedly. "I never thought such a thing would happen."

"They are certainly well done," Violet said now, "that the dialogue had come to an end," and the copies are copies are very beautiful."

Gracedelina previous to her departure for another part of the camp, waited on Violet, and her sisters.

"Princess would you mind my having the use of your tent to-morrow night from six until near time for taps?"

"I think it can be arranged."

"Oh it is arranged."

"Indeed."

"Yes Gertrude knows all about it, and the others. And Princesses, will you and your sisters come too, Gertrude and I have a surprise for you."

"I and they will be on hand but alone."

"Oh but you and your sisters must not be alone Princesses. My girl scouts will be there, and Jennie Turner, and Angeline Riches, with the rest, and many other boy and girl scouts who helped us so far in our work."

However through some mishap Violet and her sisters were somewhat late, and it was at about five minutes after half past six that they entered the tent, and took their seats between Angeline Riches, and the two boyscouts. There were fully two hundred and fifty nine boy and girlscouts present, all evidently expecting something unusual. Gertrude Angeline and Gracedelina were not to be seen. Scarcely had Violet and her sisters seated themselves, when they realized it might be some sort of

a performance. Angeline Riches struck a tune, and then there appeared from behind a curtain, Gertrude and Gracedelina. They wore beautifully and modestly attired in Glandelinian and girl scout uniforms, one could see by their costumes, that they were naturally secured, the two girls all radiant in smiles made the famous cursey Violet say, and in their own language. It was the song of a flood disaster well known of the Yubah River, and was sung with emotion, and a feeling that stirred all who heard it.

It had variations. And yet so grand and thrilling was it withal that it gave hints of the floods really raging. Also it did express the stirring and poetical of flood gotten from books, followed by the old fairies, and innocent dances, other song numbers, cream and cake, allowed the entertainers to change their costumes, and then for fully an hour they held all within the tent spell bound with a good long lecture printed on a white screen, and a moving picture of the war and its devastations. Every one was intensely interested, no so much as Penrod and also Radcliffe. The latter was absorbed. "Gosh" he observed to Violet often. "I wish I could get up a show like this."

"That's now Princesses" cried Gracedelina as the girls at the end rushed out, and Violet hand "How you know why we were always having our secret meeting. We got this show just to please you, and inspire our little followers. Oh Darlings of the Nation were you not pleased?"

"I and my sisters certainly were, and so were my sisters. It was all of it very, very beautiful, very graceful. It was—the dancing especially—on how it fairly flew," that we all intently exclaimed Gracedelina, great delight on her expressive face. "That's what we should act as and live like angels, Grace. You Gertrude ought to be the head angels of the spy series, and you Gracedelina, are the angel of the christian series."

"I cried Angeline Riches "You've given me a capital bit of matter for advertising the cause. Now don't let this be a leading girlscouts, the lightfoot angels of the National Abbiecannon army. There's a inspiration to bring many more scouts to our standard."

"Angeline Riches" said Gertrude "Went over all our work, and we didn't miss anything. And Princesses, Gracedelina, and Jennie Turner, taught me lots of code lessons."

"They were apt pupils," commented Angeline Riches. "I've never seen any girl scout to whom learning comes so natural. For instance, she learned a lower tongue in her first lesson. This is well enough for Gracedelina now, but we must all finish out our mission and get away from the camp before our true identity is discovered. And the forest fire is coming closer you know."

"Say Princesses" said Penrod as they all went out into the Company Street "It was great."

Before going on duty, Gertrude and Gracedelina made much of bidding Violet and her sisters farewell. They were all gratitude and good will, which I the reader may add remained unchanged to this day. Toward eight o'clock of the morning about a day later, Violet alone happened to be passing general Manley's headquarters on her return from some supposed duty when Radcliffe who was coming out of the rear entrance accosted her.

"Princess," he began have you "Have you noticed anything strange about general Manley lately?"

"Beyond the fact that he carries his head high, and walks or rides as if he had the world in his domain I can't say that I have."

"Well come in, but be very careful as you do it, and just take a peep in the council room, but look out for the guards."

First seeing that the way was perfectly clear the two went up the rear steps on tip toes. The darkness of morning, had on account of the thickness of unusual clouds not diminished to twilight, and therefore fortunately they were still in the dark. The council room however was just then illuminated by five large burning kerosene candles which Manley had raided from a church, and which candlesticks stood on a large table.

Radcliffe and Violet could therefore see through the glass aperture in the center of the door without Manley seeing them, and they were so much in the dark, that if a guard passed by they would be unobserved, and strangely there was no guard about. General Manley had placed a large paper on the square table, and was standing in a position which to their untrained gaze gave Violet the impression that he had been working on it all night. There was a comic scene to this however. Holding one hand over the paper in a gesture intended to express that he feared it would slide off the general sat down on the floor. Recently he had placed his coat and some other articles on the back of his chair and it had noiselessly tipped over backwards, without the general's knowledge. Hence the queer accident. Speaking words not found in any prayer book the general arose, and it was easy to tell from the expression on his face, but only from the expression that to let him see you laughing at him was suicide.

Violet and Radcliffe felt perfectly sure also from the recent expression on his face that something very important was to be concerned about that paper. Was it something something of the flood? Violet was determined to secure it at any risk. She gave Radcliffe instructions. The general had changed his position position by this time and whenever on occasion he swung around he looked as ecstatic as a stange girl dancing the highland fling. He wore spectacles, more like the people of the rich do, one of those one eyed kind, which you hold by the hand, and also had a pair over his eyes.

Radcliffe was sneaking into the room from another quarter, but he had thrown a dark gray hood over his head. He changed his hiding place from time to time, and when the general would look around, the lad hid himself behind aavenport. Encouraged by his success, Radcliffe undertook to creep slowly toward the table, in which stood a lamp. He was bound to say he was unusually successful. Radcliffe began to smile. He waited, hiding under the table, until the general would arise again. His opportunity soon came.

The general intoxicated by his success stood up, and Radcliffe from under the table made the chair tip back. The general however stood for nearly ten minutes, studying the map more carefully, then he used a colored crayon to mark something on it. The general then sat suddenly down, flat on his back with a wallop to the floor the crash as he fell shaking the room, and the loud imprecations as well. There should have been a fractured skull but as a matter of fact there was nothing of the sort. Though violet had to stop her ears with her hands to keep out the "beautiful words" Menley was using. Radcliffe, seeing an overcoat hanging near the table had thrown it over Menley's head, and then quickly grasped the paper off the table, and then as the general's general's imprecations and curses broke more from control, Radcliffe turned quickly put out the lights with good blows of his breath, and before the general could arise to his feet, or adjust his eyes to the scene, as it was a little lighter outside now, or to even think of organizing a pursuit, both Radcliffe and Violet were gone.

In the meantime Gertrude Angeline and others remembering experiences of times gone by were warning their followers of where fire storm warnings were issued by some Glandelinian signal stations which said that a forest fire now southeast of the camp may strike anytime without warning. The camps southward were preparing to move but Manley's still remained. Yet the artillery men all along the river action were stretched in their batteries from St Augustine junction to Fort Andrew were ready all their munitions and explosives, sending on their munition wagons, and making away as fast as possible all objects as would be exposed to disaster from any fire that might come.

However no winds of greater than most ordinary velocity were reported, and barometer readings were about normal. From the Evangeline St. Claire district however by wireless through Glandelinian signal stations in the southern camps of Glandelin, and Federal, besides Blairbreadth harryes, came a story of hot winds of gale force sweeping the eastern fringe of the forests there during the morning before, and that a sea of fire was within fifty miles of the city and general. Aivane christian army was moving. Barometer readings were under normal, and fires were reported raging at plu Eleuthera and River Harbor towns.

Wind velocity beyond there was given as fifty six miles an hour. The fire gales rose early however however indicating the fire horror was raging left to the district.

At Titus River near the center of the area, where the signal stations reports said the conflagration might come closest the following morning, the barometer reading was still normal, but evidently showing signs of about to drop. About forty miles of Evangeline St. Claire in the far northern fringe of the threatened territory, the glass rose five points in the early evening, but the region was heavy with a fog of rose fire points in the early evening, but the region was heavy with a fog of smoke and the weather was 114 heat in the shade. Fort Andrew on the southerly edge had made a drop of four points since seven thirty in the evening, but late at night signal station officers said it showed slight indications of rising.

THE FIRST TIME, IN WHICH VIOLET AND HER SISTERS LOSE THEIR TEMPER. WHAT CAME OF THEIR OUTBURST.

Perrod one hot hot sultry morning (temperature unusually high for so late in September and morning mind you 110 in the shade) appearing in the tent entrance of the Vivian Girls looked very sleepy, heavy and downcast as if he was about to be hanged for a very serious crime.

"Why what's the matter Perrod?" Violet inquired, on noticing his condition, and rising to her feet, as she noticed that he still paused at the entrance.

"Violet I did not hardly sleep for three nights. I was even up late last night." "Oh you were? Writing Autumn Autumn poems to Jennie Turner, your first of girls friends?"

"No violet, what I was doing gave me no chance to write poetry. I discovered disappointing news at general Manley's headquarters near Company M Street, and I went down there."

"Were any of your boyscout friends down there with you?"

"Violet, I was there alone, and learned everything. Angelina Agathia is not the center of it, this worst flood on record. Thousands of cities and towns are devastated down there. Your fathers palace is destroyed, and he and your mother are refugees. The situation is more terrible than the statements in that letter Angelina piches took from Manley's headquarters. And this terrible darkness is caused by immense forest fires terrible beyond description, and a million are fighting it in vain. Here's the news that tell all about it."

"The only glanced at the headlines, and then set down on the nearest chair. Angels and main ministers of heavenly Grace defend us," quoted violet, and her sisters in one chorus.

"What's that Princesses?"

"Did you overhear any conversation about it from Manley, and his generals?" asked Jennie.

"No Princess I did not get the chance."

"What did you do?"

"I secretly read a bullet bulletin, while I sang a song."

"You did? What was it?"

"When Johnny comes marching home."

"No, no not the song, I mean what did you read on the bulletin?"

"A short detail of the great disaster."

"Perrod, do you mean to tell me that you had the nerve to appear before a crowd of the highest ranked Glandelinian officers and bawl out to them the song 'When Johnny comes marching home, while you read the astonishing news on the bulletin?'"

"Please, Princess Jennie that's all the further I got."

"What happened? Did you break down, or run from them?" asked Angeline.

"No Princess I did not break down, but the officer known as General Pugnose, (General Raymond Richardson Federal) was there, and he bellowed at me 'Stop that singing through your nose you teakettle' another said 'No he ain't coming back sweetheart', and another officer there whose face looked like a hot water bottle with warts on it, shouted 'Cut it out you saxophone' and things I don't want to say, and then every one of the other officers began to raise a fuss, a laughing, a snickering, and then, and then—"

"Well what then Perrod?"

"Princess I got that newspaper."

"How did it go it?" they all asked at once...

"I bought it, go it?"

"How was it done Perrod?"

"Princess there was a number of soldiers selling newspapers. I bought that from him. But Perrod, what possessed you to take part in such a move. Didn't you know it was very dangerous?"

"I didn't know that Princess princess. To try me Gertrude Angeline dared me. And besides there was so much excitement among the officers I wanted to see what was wrong. Besides there had been rumors of an enormous kind of flood, fire and explosion disaster combined, and as opportunities were offered for the best news, I thought I might read or hear of it. There was a great big fellow in front of me, who had a long walking stick with a golden edged crook at the end. He was uniformed as if he wanted to appear on a dress up stage. He was the one known as general 'mash-in-the-head'."

"But Perrod dear, don't you know that at these times, it is not very nice of you without our knowledge to go on such a dangerous adventure, that we do not ask you to go where we do not dare to go? Don't you know that these Glandelinian generals are very dangerous? Don't you know that your affairs might leak out to these disrespectful generals? Don't you know that you are very likely to be suspected and thrown into a prison tent?"

"Princess I did not know anything about it. But I'll not do it again without your advice."

"I should not like to see any of my best boyscouts going too near those dangerous Glandelinian generals. A wise boy and girl scout keeps out of sight of such generals. We take ourselves. And good a spy as you are Perrod, you are still an amateur you know. Your eyes always come up great worry, and for your safety we did not intend to let you know our purpose so you would not follow us here and yet you found out and came. And respectable boy and girl scouts obey their best friends wisely you know, and do not go anywhere without permission."

"Girls" said Perrod, "Angelina Agathia and poor Dorothy Gale cities was devastated by an expl. explosion and flood, and all aid to them and the whole flood district is totally cut off by the awful forest fires. All the outside states cannot render them any aid. All communication whatever is cut off. The whole nation is jeopardized. There are no news can come from Angelina Agathia. She is isolated entirely. Disaster strikes us all in the face, and the forest fire is fifty miles from here."

"What?" cried the girls jumping to their feet...

"It's true. And from the explosion shocks the cities acted as if they danced the highland fling. Then they got the full brunt of the floods, and Angelina Agathia was the first prize of being the center of the flood horror. And it is reported that the disaster is growing worse every day."

For a moment Violet, and her sisters felt sick and giddy. Had Penrod thrown rocks at them, or struck them in the face with his fists, and then kicked them while they lay prostrate he could not have astonished them more. Angelina Agathia, the Abbeinnian Holy City in the grasp of the worst Abbeinnian flood because of the onemy. Angelina Agathia the city in which they whom they had desecrated, their own home town, and whom they had hoped as the nation's main stronghold, presenting herself the victim of the worst disaster on all record with the greatest destruction of her property, and the sister city with all her mobilization camps Dorothy Gale squally affected affected. And the Emperor's beautiful palace gone, and their own home too. It was incredible.

"Penrod" said Catherine, looking at him as if she thought he was out of his head, "are you sure you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, indeed. If you doubt me, read the paper."

One did, and so did her sisters. Then a great anger surged through them. "Penrod, get Gertrude Angeline, or any one to come here at once." Saying, which the Vivian Girls entered the inner tent and fell to brooding. Had it been the echo of the past disasters only, Violet, and her sisters could not have been more char chagrined. The past christian successes had raised such high hopes in them, and now by this main disasters they were all dashed to the ground. They had come here to learn the cause of the past disasters, to find out who were responsible for them, the plans of their making and so on, and now they receive the news of this great exceedingly great disaster increasing ten fold in the flood horrors. Appearing to confide in christian successes, the situation of the war had deceived them. It looked indeed as if the enemy had the Four Aces. Honest indignation, grief apprehension, and that pitiful thing we call self love, and fear for the welfare of their nation united w to fill their hearts with what was little less than black rage.

Jennie Turner presently entered. She came in with her usual smile, but on seeing Violet's face, those of her sisters, and the glaring headlines of the newspaper lying on the table, became very grave, she was clearly as frightened as they.

"I see by your looks Jennie dear," Violet said very bitterly "that you now realize yourself without being told, what a wicked thing, what a cowardly, contemptible thing the Glandelinians have done."

"Yes Princess I do," assented Jennie, a look of pitiful dejected deprecation coming on her face.

"There's no need then," continued Violet herself with almost a sneer on her face "for us to enlarge upon the feature upon it. Such actions on the part of ignorant pagan nations in this world—especially any nation that knows not God or civilization—would amaze me and my sisters, to put it mildly very much, but coming from the authorities of a nation like Glandelinia, and in such a shocking manner, when she knows it a crime and not warfare—it's—its intolerable and beyondstanding for it's shocking even to the world and scandalous..." Voice paused. But Jennie said nothing. The child scout impressed greatly was struggling to keep back the tears and so could not speak, but she too was filled with black rage. Her silence of course Violet and her sisters could interpret rightly as the way with all of us when others take our sides when some one offends us. Violet was looking at her, and thought she too looked sullen. Violet's anger grew stronger as she then said:

"I trusted you in everything Jennie, and I know I can depend on you again. I want you to secretly flash news of the disaster to general Vivian, and if any one tries to interfere do your gun play without hesitation. We have been deceived again as to the safety of our southern states, and general Vivian MUST act to stop these disasters and SHALL."

Jennie was now weeping but Violet, and her sisters were too far gone to take notice. "Jennie" said Violet herself "didn't expect anything like that from Glandelinia, and I don't see how our governments can allow such things to go on without hindrance for us again. Now you may go and send the signal to general Vivian, and may you try hard to give all the news possible. Jennie Turner our nation must strike, strike it never did before."

Jennie Turner and gave an appealing glance and waited to hear more, but not so. Any person in a rage is a fool, but in all probabilities, Violet, and her sisters were exceptions.

"You may go now Jennie," Violet said, and Jennie left the Vivian Girls to darkness of heart. It was to be for them a busy morning, they were to leave in the forenoon for a three days stay in a neighboring Glandelinian encampment, and so pulling themselves together and not without difficulty banished from their thoughts the wretched episode the news brought them. Yet throughout all the business of code letter writing which they were to slip to some of their followers leaving camp for the christian lines, and relieving callers there was deep down in their hearts a feeling of utter misery, a sense of grave danger menacing the nation, of wrong and injustice on the part of the Calvinian government for not taking the most drastic measures to put a stop to these disasters of Glandelinia's making.

A few minutes minutes to twelve, Violet, herself happened to raise her eyes, and noticed on a table in front of her a beautiful bouquet of most beautiful large roses. See and her sisters had even seen them, when they first came into their tent, but had been too disturbed over the surprising news to give them any attention. Now for the first time Violet observed a card attached to the vase. Violet herself arose and with languid interest gave it an examination.

Mich.

It was a most dainty card, and the writing was done with exceeding care. Then as she read it, and still remembered the bad news, her heart grew heavy as iron.

"To the Vivian Girl Princesses.

With great and sincere love.

From Jennie Turner. and all the rest..."

The child scouts, facing dangers of every kind, day after day, sometimes ill fed, to whom ten cents was a fortune, had gathered a bouquet of flowers to show Violet, and her sisters their loyalty, love and gratitude, and with these flowers scattering their fragrance over their heads, Violet and her sisters had received bad news, the like of never before. It seemed ill judged, not right, not even just such unmerciful news should ever reach their ears.

"Penrod," Violet called out, "Go at once to Gertrude's camp and tell her I would like to see Angelina Riches at I.P.M."

The boyscout returned presently.

"Princess Violet, Gertrude says Angelina Riches took a squad with her, and is out investigating the news of the flood. Angelina Jennings took sick when she heard the news, and Gertrude sent her to her camp."

Violet, closed the tent door, and she and her sisters settled down, to make an examination of the news. It was to them like an examination of conscience. Being then thoroughly humbled by the news, Violet, and her sisters were able to see the situation on the clear white light of truth. It was plain to them at once that the southern states of Abbeinnia were in the gravest peril. Glandelinia should be called to order by the whole world. It was plain to them at once that Glandelinia was wicked as to her war for the maintenance of child slavery, cowardly as to her mode of waging it. The whole Abbeinnian Government should get a put a stop to it.

Such a way of Glandelinia waging war, was not to be tolerated. How easy it would be for various other Abbeinnian States had they pointed out to every tribunal the danger of these horrible scenes to continue, the shocking results of such unfair and brutal warfare on the part of Glandelinia. After all Calvernia was but like a child in the hands of a cruel stepmother. The frequentation of these awful record breaking war disasters had drawn the shocked attention of the world, and had Abbeinnia been more sophisticated, she would have known that this kind of war had its secret dangers. Who could blame Violet, and her sisters for giving a loose to their anger. Their memory from this point went back to past months, and all other disasters that had occurred.

They could recall ten of these worst floods, but they could not recall a single case in which the disaster had brought to Glandelinia the least good, while in all the results had done the most serious harm and caused the christian nation to mobilize with the purpose to crush her at Calvernia.

Coming to the earlier months of 1913 they brought to memory the astonishing horrors of the flood that all but destroyed Abbeinn. These disasters were all as it happened in Calvernia, Angelina, and her sister states the ones whose influence over Glandelinia had never weakened did not at that time suffer though the closest border borders to her with Angelina Agathia and other cities suffered to some extent every time two different flood disasters had extended beyond the districts of Angelina Agathia as had this as one. The news of the Abbeinn horror had given Violet and her sisters hours of misery. The Big Girl Knool and the Lake Solicia floods had almost brought them to abandon the spying vocation they had cherished from the beginning of their experience in the war, and cause them to flee to northern Abbeinnia. Yet a few words of advice from Evans, and they had thanked him and continued on duty all the better for the interview. Violet reflected it is to find means out to carry out designs to bring an end to Glandelinia's folly, or even to her.

It is easy to call to order, to threaten destruction to her armies, it is very difficult to carry it out, to do it right, and here late in the second year of the war with the north of September drawing to a close, Violet and her sisters studied the news with tearful eyes, to see how unlike the past disasters, this combined forest fire, and flood really was.

"Lord Jesus, be merciful to our millions of homeless.

and dying. Help our Holy Cause," she

she gasped, and those words as she then uttered them were as good a petition as ever she made for they came from a heart thoroughly humble, grieved, and resigned.

"When I see or find that operator," she finally said "She'll be operating and no mistake. I don't stand no such nonsense."

[illegible]

Bicknell is not like the others—not so brutal at least, and Vivianette might have gone there, to escape us. And I have little doubt that in the course of a week or two he will discover the originator of these awful disasters. He says he'll do anything you say, and you will say it for the success of your cause and mine. In my way, what he goes there he will be kept closer not only of suspicious disguise readers but practically all the more dangerous of glandelinian generals, and there's a member of the Geminis there known as Gingsore, a special friend of mine, and a rescuer of Jennie, who will take his in hand and see that everything he can do will be done. It is possible that Penrod will do his work well as to regards to this plan—in six or seven days or sooner, but he'll go there, there only if you, and your sisters allow him to do so. I believe this new turn in the disaster needs more investigation than those of the past.

Penrod got the permission.

For the next twenty four hours, Violet, and her sisters and the other girl scout leader, Gertrude, were busily engaged in consultation as to ways and means to keep their other followers on their feet without the enemy getting wise to their plans, to such effect that what at first seemed impossible gradually came to appear entirely feasible. To begin with, Gertrude would go out to clean uniforms for generals, and gettings of better plans being a detail which Gertrude Angeline would see to personally. Radcliffe posing as a dumbbell kid, would bring Aldred Maxwell to the rear of Manleys headquarters to cover for her, if she was discovered, and help her to get away. An Angeline pique would be obliged to leave Manleys camp for another, at an early hour, and return late in the evening Jennie Turner was appointed the head of those who remained. Violet excused other girl and boy scouts from drill much earlier, and so it came to pass that apparently Penrod disappeared from the scene of his many days of activity, and the rest of the child scouts entered upon a new order.

Gertrude Angeline was a skilful professional girlspy and never failed. She acted as a waiter for a number of high general officers, and being skilled at this too (having waited upon many christian generals) earned even great reputation among many unsuspecting glandelinian generals. It was not very handsome work, and often she got bawled out, but she was there to secure what violet and her sisters were after, and she was determined to get it for them. Angeline Jennings moreover saw to it that the special girl scout leaders were provided with proper uniform and better provisions. Jennie Turner taking after Gertrude became the "vulture" and Aldred Maxwell developed wonderfully in her own way. In a word no longer lumbered by interfering glandelinian boyscouts, the christian child scouts were becoming free from worry, were well advanced in their work, free from want, well nourished, well uniformed, and it must be stated loving their thrilling work as they did they were nevertheless far happier in the case of their work.

There were no need of anxious vigils day and night (secret vigils) no glimmers broken by the fantastic antics of sentries not asked for or devised. Gradually the wall of difficulty between and the efforts of their undertaking undertaking grew thinner. Yet to obtain further news of the flood, then raging seemed to be nil in vain they tried their hardest, nothing could be done. Evidently the glandelinians did not know themselves. Their apparent influence upon the officers in the matter of choosing to draw them into conversations on the flood however was without result in vain did they pretend to take the disaster as a joke, their arguments lacked force.

Somehow they could not talk to them on the flood question with any satisfaction to themselves themselves. Strong as their arguments were in themselves, the girl and boyscouts realized again and again that in their presentation to the foe officers they were pitifully weak.

In the meantime Gertrude was attracting a great deal of attention in her own work in a as a result of which she did not draw some suspicion upon herself. Therefore she knew she would have to be exceedingly careful, for even if she could get away, all her plans and those of her friends, would be spoiled if she was detected. Her usual attendance every day upon different glandelinian officers of every rank, brought her into contrast with a number of giddy glandelinian generals whom she was quite acquainted with, and they with her. If they recognized her it was a quick gunfire for her to retain her liberty. Her attendance upon these generals she realized she would be better without.

And though generals as they were they looked like effeminate sissy young jackasses, with ears too big for them, and who would bawl like a baby if you even touched them, and yet despite all that sissy faces they were dangerous, and would rather kill themselves than let an enemy escape. So she had to be careful. Also she was called upon to appear in the headquarters of general Federal and his staff more than ever, and he is the one whose term of identification by S Penrod of the man with the face of a hot water bottle with warts on it, though he left out the one foot beard and long bobbed bobbed hair. And this fierce man she had to attend more frequently than ever and when ever he looked at her she thought his eyes would fill her full of holes.

Gertrude never once invited the Vivian girls, or any of her followers to any of these places she went for fear of it ending in disaster. May more than that, they could see that for their safety she did not want them to come.

The fact in connection with some remarks made by several of their disguised geminis Members upon her work as a professional girlscout and spy tempted Violet, and her sisters to suspect that taking the news of the flood in a manner something wanting fires too seriously, Gertrude was now spying on the enemy in a manner something wanting even in a brave man, and that form of her earlier days, and the suspicion was confirmed by various little changes in the girls ways, of dressing, carriage, and the way of wearing her hair. This girl scout so it appeared to them was working furiously in her desperation to bring results, and they to do anything to save her from the risk she was desiring or running into, desired to take her place, and argued on that point with her for hours, but she refused to tell the places she went to, and so they looked on helplessly and prayed to God that the famous girlscout they knew so beautifully

sight in this mysterious work not risk terrible dangers unseen. Violet, was signing the quarterly reports of her leading girl and boy scouts one morning and paused with sorrow and dread over Gertrude. In the first quarter the letter E standing for excellent was credited to all her mysterious work. In the second something better than E took the place. And now for the third quarter the letters, M.V.C.E.D.K.L. told of something puzzling though encouraging, and there was also the word in capitals written by her "V I V I A N S T I E H".

"I must have a talk with Gertrude." Violet soliloquised. "She has gone from one dangerous place to another and now she is acting the part of a rash dare devil. She goes into places where I'd dread to approach brave as I am. Late nights, dangerous works, and no rest, God God—where is it to end. Gertrude Angeline is now doing what I, an I and my sisters never dared think of doing—a way anything but safe and reasonable. If I had only known I would have prevented it."

Her reflections were very remorseful. She blamed herself for much of what Gertrude was doing, thinking of which she we felt to imagining such dark episodes in Gertrude's future that she was obliged to check them as rash judgements. Many a prayer she and her sisters had said for Gertrude as she signed her report, she paused to breathe another. The ink was not dry on the paper when Gertrude came in. Violet, called her account. But her influence upon her in the matter of choosing her calling seemed to be in vain. In vain did she reason with Gertrude, her arguments lacked force. Some how she could not talk her out of the spying question with any satisfaction to her self. Wrong Strong as was her arguments were Violet realized her efforts was nil. Gertrude saw no reason for changing her purpose unless she wanted to be a "Quitter." If so all this must abandon the camp. She brought in a note. Violet opened it and read, "Dear

"Dear Dear Princesses,

The night before last I discovered something of great importance, and Jennie Turner on the advice of Angeline Rhoebe sent me to see Radcliffe, and Penrod this morning. Is it asking too much of you, and your sisters, to come down and see me to-morrow. I do so want to see you, for I am to put it through an examination to-morrow afternoon, and the examination is a serious one. Come, violet, and bring your sisters if you can....

Your friend and
Companion.
Gracedelinia, "H" "H" "H"

gracedelinia also sent a news paper .She forgot to mention it in the note but it had nevertheless come with it.
This is what she read!!!

REGION OF EVANGELINE SIT CLARE SILENT FOR HOURS. IN FOREST FIRE AREA.
GENERAL ANDREW FULLERS ARMY MOVES OFF.

At the last report the fire storm was eighty miles west and south of Evangeline St. Claire region. Near the city the hot winds are gaining in velocity, but the disturbance was reported to be mysteriously either stationary or slowly moving forward. It is expected to come upon Evangeline St. Claire with a rush when it comes, with the region of Evangeline St. Claire being the lower east and west region of Evangeline St. Claire had little information last night as to the center of the fire horror, which signal stations said must strike or might strike Evangeline St. Claire. The night of the morning. The Transit Telegraph station said last night, stated that the fire is in that direction. Little Evangeline St. Claire far to the north of the latter city, and closer to Newbury Bay giving flashes that the fire was tremendous.

to Newbury and gave a warning that the fire raged between Big Betty and Providence Run. The fire center was believed to be contained by the time the fire was extinguished. The fire center was believed to be contained by the time the fire was extinguished. The fire center was believed to be contained by the time the fire was extinguished.

Other cities within the location of Evangeline St. Clare, from this latently city and gotm, one hundred and ten miles away are ready to fight the fire reported m/c moving upon the Evangeline St. Clare Stream. Also at this time, the Bureau earnings sent by telegraph, telephone, and by messenger, are also wireless reached every rock and corner and gave all ample opportunity to prepare to fight the fire to save their homes and land. To well have preparations been carried out that if the conflagration proves severe, the cities are hoped that a disaster will be averted. Never before has an area threatened by a severe forest fire prepared so carefully to have its populations of the various cities, to give the conflagration battle. The fire storm is however moving very slow northward, its rage of progressiveness so far having slightly decreased since last night, as a slight breeze of wind is blowing from the northeast.

It was Angelina Riches herself who conducted Violet, and her sisters, to the clean interior of the tent where Gracelandia stood at attention, very pale and with lines telling of secret experiences and suffering from fatigue on her face. The work Angelina Riches explained to the girls, claiming that they had been a most nervous and anxious family, but the child's acute physical condition was so good that there had been every hope of her coming out of the peril successfully, and so commencing the work without fail. On seeing Violet, an usher - and her sisters, Gracelandia showed unmistakable signs of joy in her face. "How long has she done sudden perils during adventures, with restraint and seclusion?" "I urged over weeks of hazardous work and restore the older the simpler the better," she said.

In adventures with perils many brave hearts are revolved.
"P Oh Princess Pa and her uncle come to gether and then were flung out
tward Violet, first, "this is so kind of you."
"How are you feeling grace, since your adventure?" Violet, asked catching
her hand in hers.

"I feel good now that you are here. I have so much wanted to talk to you and Ben sisters."

"If you'll excuse me Princesses I will leave you and your sisters with your friend," said Angeline Riches. "I know she wants to open her heart to you."

"No STAY." Demanded Violet, and her sisters.....
She did, willing.....

"I've been thinking desperately hard for the last week or two. There was an awful
feeling being made by me. All along, deep down in my heart, I felt that I could be
She did, willing.....

"I've been thinking a great deal for the past few days about the effort being made by me. All along, deep down in my heart, I felt that I could be equally successful if I try. It hurt me so the day I too heard of, and read that dreadful news, Jennie Turner and she's going to get even with the enemy."

"And it hurt me and my sistern too much, and still hurts. It was only some days after you had left us, that I and my sistern too heard of it. Perrod told us that you had been shot. I felt as if some one had struck us or spoke cruelly to us."

days after you had left us, that I and my children too heard of it and showed us the paper. I felt as if some one had struck us or spoke of it to us. We were awfully angry but we couldn't help it. This disaster business is going too far."

"No, you never told me that Princess."



10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2686-2692.

"No, I suppose not, as usual for us that whole affair concerning the flood news has bled everything. And when I and my sisters heard the news, my dear it also made us understand at once that you and your followers were spending all your time in an endeavor to win out for us that we are after. Then the news came to us, I sent for you at once only to learn that you were busy in your love headquarters....."

"But Princeps, California deserves that punishment for not having the levees guarded, or for being too overconfident."

"Perhaps perhaps Governor did deserve those disasters, Grace, for overconfidence. In fact I am sure he did, and the people suffer, and not the government. Yet if the Government had used proper methods, the disasters probably would not have occurred. But I should have spoken to you to be on the lookout for such news, as I heard it once before. Yet it seemed to me like cruel and unkind words to hear someone of the disaster that happened. Very method seemed wrong. Penrod gave me and my sisters an awful shock. I never thought another such flood would occur."

"But" Handolinia also deserves a worst punishment, "folet," I'll tell you and you
 others how I heard the news. Then I undertook to appear in Kuniyos headquarters, I
 really didn't think anything wrong gave a common disaster had happened. Yet an I hid
 away somewhere somewhere I heard the whole conversation. I didn't know at first

When someone mentioned I heard the word "inflation" I said, "What are you talking about?" Still, I felt it was something about an awful increase in an awful disaster, and though the Igloodinium Generac appeared awed by the news they seemed elated however and talked excitedly about it. There was a lot of fear in me as if something most terrible had happened and I was just crazy to hear what it was all about. Still, I felt it was an increase of a big flood at Abbeville.

what it was all about. Still, I felt it was an increase or a big flood at Anousand, as I remembered the terrible flood there that had occurred so long ago and which was still raging throughout the country, and I shuddered.

I did not know anything worse than that. Still, I believed the news of the increase of the death dealing flood would be important for you and your sisters. I felt you would know that to do. Yet Gertrude at first didn't approve of it. So I went on list-

would know what to do. Yet Gertrude at first didn't approve of it. So I went on listening, then I came to a better position with my aide-de-camp, I heard more. There were a lot of cities destroyed according to their conversation, and they were just cozy, cozy with joy about it, and were sure to win the war through the disasters, and I afraid I they were right. This news was more terrible to me than anything I ever heard. I don't remember other things they said which I didn't know or understand at all got

before but these other things they said which I didn't know or understand at all got me more worried. When I came into the room after the generals were gone, with Angellee by my side, and my aide-de-camp on the watch, she did not comprehend the news at all or know what the disaster was herself, not comprehending the same one, and, looked at the newspaper on the table. My heart then sank and I felt like

and I felt like running away. There were also three or four bulletins there, where the language about the flood, and the people who suffered and lost heavily in the disaster was so common, vulgar as never could be fit for reading.

"I and my sisters should have understood most of this, Gracdelinia, knowing the results of the past disasters as I did, and they should have taken it for granted that our Government would never have allowed a re-occurrence had they realized the nature of the enemy and his plans."

"Oh," said Crandellinia, smiling as though all grief had left her. "You thought if our governments had acted with more sense the enemy would not have been able to make these losses.. Crandellinia deserves a good sound whipping, that would do more good and make a good example of her.. Our armies should have beaten her in every battle."

"Goodness Gracious girl, the glandelinium armies are harder to beat than they even find it one third way to beat us. Now a if we had the cooperation of every christian nation in the world-----"

"Anyhow, Princesses a good whipping will come to her by and bye. I myself would rather get a hundred thousand whippings than see all these disasters happen and yet be compelled to look on so helplessly."

"Well Gracelinda, I can promise you this. I'll see to it myself with the help of my father, mother and uncle and the whole royal Court that no such disasters will happen again. Some others have tried it twice but failed. I'll see to it that this last time will be generally punished."

"Princess, if all the people of Galverinia should be found to be without homes, with winter soon coming! ----"

"If they should, and terrible suffering ensue, I want to think of glandelinia not as a nation at war with Christianity, raging battles by scores, but as a nation mad with all the wanton ravages of the dark infernal regions. Glandelinia and with all the wrongs suffered against us.... Do you remember when the

Abbeaux flood reached the city of Mildred Greenburg. ????" There was a little sob in the child's voice, as she was thinking of the horrible days, those days of awful destruction, the terrible and enormous damage that swept here Abbeaux out of

devastation by the sudden and enormous deluge, that swept these Aborigines out of existence, that made the blessed days the days of Calverinus happiness and prosperous days, that are no more, and Calverina was still being devastated. I do remember perfectly my dear. And I and my sisters will never forget it....

I do remember perfectly my dear old home and my dear old friends. I and my sisters were very much horrified, that so many other big cities were so near to complete destruction. That flood feeds all the others which did not have time to recede enough."

"Princess, if Calvernia should go to ruin entirely, can you forget Glandolinia, did, when you, and your sisters will see your later days...?" "Gracedolinia, Calvernia won't go to ruin, but ruin or not, and my sisters shall always remember Glandolinia as the most devastating nation that ever existed."

"Yes" said Angelina "Riches." We all remember perfectly, we can think of Calvernia as a little child, whose first saw blessed days,, the days of child-

1. The first part of the document is a title page. It contains the title of the document, the author's name, and the date of the document. The title is "The first part of the document is a title page. It contains the title of the document, the author's name, and the date of the document." The author's name is "The author's name is the name of the person who wrote the document." The date of the document is "The date of the document is the date when the document was written." The title page is the first page of the document and it contains the title, author's name, and date of the document.

hood simplicity and innocence, suddenly struck down by a brutal man, and rendered a cripple all her life, so that she even be bedridden all her life.... well that's the condition Calvernia, and even her sister states are in now."

"I was taking a moment ago about Glandelinia knowing a good while ago. Violet, that thought came to me a few days ago. I was reading a story where a clever spy accomplished his mission, through a clever ruse. There's a description there of the head general of the enemy. The spy being good at disguising his face, kidnaps the head general, taken him to a most secret place, and grills him into confession his plans with threats of awful torture if he refuses to reveal them, and then gives him an awful trouncing and makes him change uniform, and come along to his own camp, so you know Violet, I'm not much of a credit or a critic, but to me that seemed to be a great passage. You don't find that or things like that as a rule occurring for fact facts, except in a good reliable history. Mostly those here stores we read in books, are never the real thing, and even the villain may be the real brave man."

"Gracedelinia, Joice exclaimed, "I believe you are a critic. You have picked out what in my estimation also is a great passage."

"Well read, and reread it. And the more I read it the more it seemed to work on a plan for me."

"A plan for you?"

"Yes, Princess....."

"How come?"

"For since I said I believe the enemy deserves a good whipping. I believe as of us one of us, or all of us could do the same thing. Of course I may be very dangerous, but we can be as careful as possible. I always feel that if our intention is right, that if we have faith in him, our Blessed Lord will enable us to succeed. Maybe we will do some way or other like chastening rod, that he chastens us all in His Love, and through that we might find so much difficulties in our undertakings. I may be doing this to try our faith. Yet all this time I have been waiting for some opportunity to secure for you and your sisters, the information you so urgently desire, and I feel that our success might be near. My past year of spying and scouting work, began to take on an entirely different look. A week ago I began to follow secretly, every high Glandelinian general, came to, and at first they acted so cautious, that I became afraid that we would never succeed. Then on last Sunday afternoon the opportunity probably came. God, and probably His Blessed Mother too, have given me the inspiration. It was a day of awful heat, strange heat, and strange brown darkness, and through it all, followed general John Manley, and at the same time could never get away from the feeling that God just because He is a loving Father was going to help me. And it made me brave to bear and risk the dangers, I faced in doing this. While hidden in Manley's headquarters, the suspense was terrible but I knew that God was showing me His love, and would protect me....."

Yet for a long time the assembly of generals spoke in such low tones that I thought I wouldn't be able to hear a thing. My boy scout, amos, and another girl scout, Francis Elsie were on either side of me, watching every move of the generals, who were doing all sorts of things. I was so quiet myself that for a time they thought I was never or that I was unconscious, but I was not. I was never so conscious in all my life....

For Violet, with the awful thought of the awful death dealing flood, and other disasters of the past, and of this awful flood, and the big forest fires now going on, and of God's terrible presence as if he was one of the victims, I saw the past fifteen or sixteen months of this awful war in all its ugliness. I saw how wrong the governments of the flooded states had been in thinking so little of Glandelin Durgas' advice, I saw how through over confidence, they neglected to use means to prevent the enemy from creating these disasters, how the investigators of other disasters have failed to find clues as to their cause and origin, and of how I devoted most of my time to prayer and become apprehensive and heart broken over the great loss of life reported.

Violet, I was sorry from my heart, and made a good act of contrition to God, asking His help for the stricken states, and then He seemed to be so near to me than I was to myself, and I told him that if I ever had the opportunity I would do all in my power to locate those who decreed the disasters, with His help. The suspense grew greater than ever even after my act of contrition, but believing success would come in the end I did not mind it much, for I felt the love of God was going me round. It was that love of His, which saved me during those five hours from being discovered in my hiding place. I nevertheless saw once how near I however became close to being discovered, and how God in spirit had taken me by the hand, and guided me without my knowing it from the danger I faced....."

"Wonderful" exclaimed Violet, "taken me by the hand, the girl scout marvelous manifestation" then by her power of expression. God knows how to aid us in all our troubles, how to punish and to chide.

"And now Violet, I am going to try to be what, was the day of my first entrance into the Christian Union as a young girl scout, and to begin with I should like to confide my plans to you in a manner as if I was making a general confession to a priest....."

And no brave girl scout made out her plans, simply, sincerely, without the least trace of self-compassion. There was a pretty pathos in her attitude toward the flood situation. She regarded Glandelinia, and her warring armies, as a great impersonation of the "HELLISH INFERNAL BEASTS" that Calvernia was the "VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH", although as the conversation recorded above, Gracedelinia was like as she said to be a good girl scout, and her statement was truthful that Glandelinia was the "REPRESENTATIVE OF THE INFERNAL BEASTS, AND ALL HER ARMIES WERE LEGIONS OF DIMONS AND LOST SOULS ANWAYED TO CRUSH CRUSH CHRISTIANITY OUT OF EXISTANCE. Glandelinia was dangerous....."

"And now Princess Violet," she said after the plans were made known..... "I, I

feel happy if we succeed. Manly, that is John Manly is the man to get, I'm sure of it, and vibration too. One or both know everything. Whether Manly or vibration are responsible or not however, that is for us to find out, and then to have Calvernia, we'll catch 'em to find which one of us will put him out of the way. And if God wants us to succeed alright all right, if not I'm perfectly willing to be resigned. But Princess will you permit me again to go to general Manley's headquarters? If you think it is all right?"

"Certainly Gracedelinia."

"And for God what might happen!!!!"

"Do not speak to me of what might happen. You are just the same to me, and my sisters as you always were...."

"Thank you so much Violet, and if I succeed better I'm going to bring you news of success."

Then Violet, blessed her, and left her with the light of happiness shining in her eyes.

On the morning Violet, and her sisters made preparations for a visit to Angeline Manley. Of all boy and girl scouts they were all very dear friends to Violet, and her sisters, friends who held a warm place in their hearts, but on this morning the memory of them was faint. The patient brave girl scouts, whose names are always mentioned in the story, whom Violet, and her sisters had so much confidence in, doing their best work in the face of all perils, resigned when facing failure or even death, ready to go cheerfully through all perilous adventures, ready to receive right willingly life or death in the adventure for the cause, as God should choose, they all alone also stood out clearly in the presence of Christ upon the altar, being Manley and for their sake loving. Toward noon time Joice herself called to call up Gracedelinia's camp. Of course as usual she too had trouble over the phone at the beginning. The conversation is as follows;

"Hello, operator I want Bridgeport 1888."

She got a number.

"Hello operator she called again. "You gave me the wrong number. Listen I'm in a hurry, so don't want Riverview 1888. I want Bridgeport 1888."

Finally like Radcliffe she got Manley's headquarters.

"Is this is Sandern 1888 came the answer. "Who's calling?"

"This is one of the girl scouts" said Joice. "Who is answering?"

"This is general Manley's side-de-camp. Anyone wish to speak to the general?"

"No thank you. I should like to speak to a girl scout. I have the wrong number."

After getting the wrong number about ten times she finally got the right connection, her character and the kind of girl she is kept her from using language that we don't know or wish to hear. It was Angeline Jennings who answered Joice's inquiries. Princess, the efforts of Gracedelinia was most successful from Manley's standpoint. "Thank her standpoint." Joice bawled out with extreme fervor. Joice could hear the slightest laugh, it was re-assuring.

"Understand Princess, you want to know how her success was from her standpoint. Well, she's strong as her sister for that five Glandelinian generals, upon the altar, and vibration are perfectly responsible for all the disasters, but she is more suspicious of vibration. What that? No not vibration, I said vibration. Not wishing to use rash judgment against any one she does not want to say for sure until until she gets proof. So you know that she thinks a lot of you."

"That" answered Joice "is one of the natural mysteries, which I and my sisters, have been compelled to believe, but cannot understand. What I and my sisters have done for Gracedelinia we have done for many a boy and girl scout, and would do again for any boy and girl scout under the same conditions."

"Well she is grateful. While she was returning from general Manley's headquarters with me, she talked a bit about you and your sisters freely, and in language astonishing for a girl scout of her years. All her remarks came to this, 'that the sun rises and sets with you.'"

"Well it don't seem to." Said Joice. "In fact there has been no sunshine for weeks."

"That's true."

"But how is she getting on in her work?"

"Spendily. Everything is in her favor. And no one among the Glandelinians ever suspects."

"Thank you very much Angeline. In two or three days, I shall try to come with my sisters and pay her a visit."

It was not until four days however of the following week, that Violet, and her sisters were able to carry out their intention. They announced themselves at the entrance to the guard, and the guard forgetting himself shouted to Gracedelinia.

"Two guns, and one sandwich."

She came out and saw Violet and her sisters, and invited them in. Gracedelinia had been sitting at her table eating breakfast late, and she had been chatting with Gertrude Angeline, and no doubt Penelope were being, for he was there.

Gertrude Angeline, and no doubt Penelope were being, for he was there. Gertrude had some with some strange looking things, and to be Gracedelinia who was providing the whole drama. Through some reason or other the inside of the tent was rich with flowers and other gifts to entertain, but it seemed to be in the saying is the other way round. It was Gracedelinia who was providing the entertainment. The other child scout was delighted to see Violet and her sisters, everybody who said was no kind to her in helping her out. Gertrude Angeline came every day and the other scouts daily. And for security and beautiful, and for security and beautiful, and for security and beautiful, and Mildred Maxwell had come every day, the girls of her company rendered her

[illegible]

"That's precisely where the Fairy comes in," retorted Jennie. "No human being could improve in the work of fast like she is doing. Angelina Jennings says she'll be solving the whole mystery yet in a day or two, and we'll have the information we desire."

"Anything you say Princess Violet."

"Her hours are too long Princelinesses.."

"it must be hard, anointed Angelina Nichee. "Oh Oh Princess Violet, do you think I should start to work in in her place?"

on her feet. It seems clear to me anyway that Gertrude should not attempt to do all her mind of off it.."

"Well now I and my sisters have made up a plan which isn't entirely a sure one, but still we have enough faith in you to try it out."

"First of all Angelina, you must for the present at least drop your intention of shooting Hanley."

"Well some one said it. I certainly don't want to be
secret about my engagement?"

sometimes Mondays, the other days you are to keep in secret during
time after drill hours, I want you to give to short hand and typewriting. Jennie
for a few minutes. And you are to go on with your secret

"Oh Princess" cried Riches joyously. "I think I begin to see."
"You only think so An Angeline. But for our sakes the plan is a dead secret as it

And now I'm going to tell you. But you must be sure for our party and success to keep
all to yourself. I will know it best after a while.

The great secret revealed Angelina's enthusiasm to the highest place, and danced on her hands, she thanked Violet, made her curtsy to her, and her sisters, and changed its

course again went out of control during the following days, and additional camp
bodies called to the scene. About eighty miles south of the Glandelinian camp

flumes driven by a high wind were cutting into the main wooded sections of the enormous

flaring into the mountainous portions of the area. In some of these areas where enormous store houses for munitions explosives were kept.



Figure 1. The effect of the number of trials on the number of correct responses. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases. The number of correct responses was significantly higher than the number of incorrect responses in all cases.

Twenty large country district schoolhouses, also are included in the Essex losses. One of these was the San Antonio Catholic School in the Evangelino St. Claire river district, and the children had escaped just in time. Terrific heat waves which blistered the paint off sides of country houses forty miles from the conflagration swept from the blazing forests and ridges down across the region, curling up leaves in the forests a far away with the swift swiftness of ant sun freze.

FOREST FIRE LOST OF F GLANDELINIAN CAMP.
HOPE BY GLANDELINIAN GENERALS IS HELD FOREST FIRE WILL NEVER HIT THE CAMP,
OR FOR E THEM TO MOVE.

reports signal bureau officials were unable to plot correctly the course of the fire storm, which is now centered near Evangeline St Claire, but said no rapid movement was in direction for the camp is indicated.

wing closer to Evangeline C St. Claire. Another military observatory contradicted his view, and others said it was impossible to form a definite opinion because the terrific forest fire was unusual.

A message telling of the rescue of twenty nine of the fire fighters was received by the Christian Fire Fighting central station to day. The message told nothing of the intensity of the forest fire. The eight P M av advisory report of the weather

The east wing was also central about one hundred miles of Turner Creek moving northward twenty miles an hour. Unless the forest fire changes course center will reach within east and south of Evangeline st. Claire. Fortunately just now there is no wind to drive the fire on. It is believed the town of Turner will be struck by the approach

[illegible]

"Pencolotola. September the 20th 1913. /
Pencolotola, weathered the hot no. / winds coming from a distant forest fire
which was said to be passing the east of here early to night helping out scores of miles
forests within an hour. Fears that the fire storm in its passage to the east might draw
toward P. Pencolotola, the inhabitants hurried the leaves of the river which water
swept through the streets. They rather take the chance of being
flooded than to be totally destroyed by fire, while all the men
of the city some may be out to fight the fire.

By the Angelina *Agathis Amici* associated Press.

The treacherous forest fire hurricane which vented its full fury on Eyvangelina St. Clair, city bringing hot gases and dense clouds of smoke, cut through the River North Bend, and a sea of fire leaping they saw the smoke of fire in spreading across the forests, bringing terrific and fire hurricane winds toward Panuco. But Run early to night.

appeared for the forests of the Mic-olliester run. More man than some! out to try and stop it for it hit the Mic-olliester. were riven at 10AM. on the and no mistake, forest fire hurricane action, but the instant curvature of the forest Castallo and Herdude sign. Significantly the safety of Eyvangelina St. Clair, and the forests of Maria's heights.

The town of Pancostrator was believed to have been a well used for the roaring gales which at times attained a velocity as close to a hundred miles per hour, and had an average velocity of about fifty miles per hour for a period of several hours, but the main force of the terrific fire striking the town and in the streets, you cannot get your feet through the smoke. That city also is in darkness because no current was cut off and conditions were such that it was impossible to ascertain immediately the extent of the fire devastation, and the temperature in the city is 145 in the shade and nil of the few survivors suffering intensely from such a "fire hot" in the absence of people are leaving and telegraph service communication covered many hours ago cut off by telephone and telegraph service communication Pancostrator thought to have been closer entertained for the territory to the east of Pancostrator thought to have been closer to the raging fire some than Pangloss St. Clara.

to the raging fire and the flames were blowing
columns of sparks and blazing embers blown everywhere by
the fire hurricane.
Little communication was had with many other towns scattered near and around Evangelina
St. Claire on the western side of the river, but all reports said
winds of pain for the people and that the winds sent flying through the air
fuller story was written of the havoc of this peculiar fire storm with so many
millions of beautiful trees and the fires are heading for general civilian army.

Two days later Angelle, a Riches, met Violet, and her sisters on their return, from an expedition expedition.

"I don't know that you are up to Prin's game," she said.
"It is a dead end," he interpolated.
"I surely hope you are not going to Give Petrude all the credit as man in his
having made successfully our adventure during these past days. It hasn't happened
it would be a bad precedent. All the men we have employed just now in that way
plan to do for battle, with other accounts and of the burnt forest fire. Anyday
you and your sister will be some of the work, and we are no nearer yet. All the girls
account of the day and if we are not careful all our plans to limit the day of the
the flood will be frustrated. I'll confess we are failing."
"Angelina Riches be calmative. Do intend to go on with me and we are the critical. We do
are failing. I don't know what day is coming the subject matter, for she is, but
become to have come through the fixed obstacle of fire. I'll go. I'll go. I'll go
in danger."
"Angelina Riches, I and my sisters will take all the responsibility for the results
I never and I'll fight as an accident by some mistake. I'll go. I'll go. I'll go.
I'll go to General Mayne headquarters on some important matter. I'll go. I'll go.
while in the face of every kind of trial and difficulty, she is the most
brilliant girl in our midst. I'll go. I'll go. I'll go. I'll go. I'll go. I'll go.
full of jokes. No matter what comes the bravest look out. All the same since Petrude left
often told a idiom over makes the bravest look out. All the same since Petrude left

Christian camp, who has been a prisoner since he was found by the army. She caught one boy out of a group wandering yesterday, taking her conversation with me, and she almost scratched his eyes out, cracked his teeth out of his mouth, and pulled a handful of hair out of his head. He told his superior officer that he was attacked by a "pagan."

[illegible]

"Thanks to you and Fortitude Jennie!"
 "To you, Violet, and your sisters. We'd never have progressed in this work if it had not been for you and your sisters."

"Yes but if you had not frustrated Ned Parkers foolish & reason as'd have given
your efforts long ago. Don't you remember when I advised you to give up the expedi-
tion long ago. I lost patience but you never did."

"Let's look how you have influenced people, and her followers. Somehow every one I cannot keep in my thinking. I've asked her... she had told me and a wonderful dance over Central.... Many a night as I have I found since, she gave me her late files just to keep him interested in his work, and entertained. He knew by intuition it may be, when his career for such a night adventure was on him, and then she kept everything to care for him."

"Another kl light," Jolice exclaimed. "This will in part at least account for Gort's thrilling light adventures, their use of stuides studien, and the capture of my ydoo..."

"I sometimes continued, Emilio Turner. "She has gone at night at the very beginning of one of his dangerous spying bouts, and succeeding in helping to success, bringing him home safely. Anyone else it seemed was never able to do that, and someone else would be trust."

"Is a Wordjenale, "Betty Gertrude is, and has been the greatest of heroines."
The plucky Godmother of us girl and boyscouts Princess."

She Violet, and her sisters in turn, proceeded to tell Jennie Turner of their little plan,----the secret known only to them and Angeline Ritchie, now revealed to all. Jennie Turner was more enthusiastic than Violet, and her sisters were

...that a fine idea," she said enthusiastically. "If I and my followers can help in any way, let's do anything in our power."

"Thank you, Joseph, that Gertrude and Richard will need is plenty of practice in something very important."

Princess, what do you think of it in this plan. My assistant Angelina Jennings, was
 sure of all the smaller boy and girl groups, and just now there is a great deal to
 be attended to if we wish to succeed." "Why let's get in no dirt," she thought of

is very heavy now, they seem excited and apprehensive, and probably will be for some

That condition ought to be, as I said. We have been probably here for three weeks already. We could hire or buy a typewriting machine, and Mildred could give it to or three hours every day. If a young Argentine woman would be delighted to do

for three hours every day. I'm sure Angelina Jennings would be delighted to do the work for us while she is recovering from her injury, and to be in a graded class would keep in touch with us."

"Ist first reflected for a moment, then for a full ten minutes consulted her
"Herself."

"I would be just the right time. Angelina's earnings given all the morning hours her most important work and just now is not able to get through her work. I am sure

"The important work and just now is not able to get through her work. I am sure she will be delighted."

James' plan was the solution of a difficult problem which had been growing ably. Mildred was at once placed in the service. The secret circle grew steadily, retaining its original character and once reflected in the lines of a sky

After retaining the passport, Gertrude and once again fled to Angeline Jennings, who
 never offered to help her in the most important of her work. Connected Gertrude
 was with experience in all kinds of spy work, Angeline Jennings was a trained one,

He was familiar with all codes and cipher digraph reading, and with those devices for ethno-linguistic work in the general military work of the general officers.

The first best aid that came, Angelina Richon, a well known girls' scout leader, known to the "ivory girls," she looked wistful.

and had all the pleasures of a little girl in all of the dark, mice and so on. So declaring on her looks that a bigger reward than offered for the capture of Mole and her sisters was offered to Hunter for her last night. Once the amount

But Winley in Ambush, killed thirty of his officers and wounded Ambrose Fuller.

"Indeed, why that's astonishing. But I cannot reveal anything else to him, and let me congratulate you again."

"How is he in the foreign language?"
"What foreign language?"

"Princess Joice, you interest me more than you ever can think. How about her(co his spelling out codons, and reading cipher cipher dispatches, and military punctun

"Certainly it will be a pleasure pleasure."
Violet, here, if sent a girl scout to bring Huddell's back. It was however nearly
twenty minutes before the "Buttlesnake" entered. He appeared still radiant with t

"Good bye General Schloeder. I'm very pleased to have seen you. I shall see each other again." said Radcliffe in leaving the tent with of course his customary salute.

"Princess," said General Schloeder, after she and her sisters had stated down facts. "I think that Our Blessed Lord sent me to you this morning. I was going to look for you in search of you, when in passing I saw you."

"I'm better than the others. I can out-think Catherine," and I am always anxious to out myself what the enemy knows of me and do."



"And y to return to our Conversation, I came here to congratulate you, and your
sister, and I find a nice mysterious boy acut here, good an gold, refined, frank,
I shall believe that the very qualification, as you say, of a friend."

"I have heard of everything you do, and have read of your adventures with great pleasure. It was you who helped in the freedom of little Jim Jannie."

"Thank you Princess. Well I'm getting along fairly well in my vocation, and see
and you sisters have been here so long, and knowing how the station was

"I had my sisters have read all about it,, several cases in books,.... with great interest, and any help you offer will be appreciated...."

Thank you again Princess. Well our cause, our very country, on account of these
floods, forest fires, and other awful devastations, caused by the enemy is
in jeopardy. The situation is unusually bad, and with the whole state of Calaveras

reference of those Mutt and Jeff International spies. The idea of those sneaks

"Goodness Gracious," Jennie Vivian, exclaimed. "That little girl--them boyscout, from what I and my followers, and even general have seen of him, and from what you and your sisters have told me, would in a

"I'm not so good a spy as you are general Schoenloeder, but it has often struck me that Thomas Richard Bradcliffe has in him the stuff of which professional spies and scouts are made."

"I think you are right Princess, and if U you are I shall be a very happy man, and the girls will be wild with joy. It will settle a very vexed question about the floor."

"Not so grateful general Schoeder as you will be to us."
"Is the boy free yet?"
"Yes."

"Well I can easily find out whether he will do. Could I try him in the outer tent. ¹ Certainly, and I hope you'll be all right in your renting him, and that he'll

"You're Prince, I'm not a professional. But no man respects my vocation more than I do. I am an extremely general Burglar in all duties without knowing this and no one else knows."

...can any one accomplish general Dargur in all duties without revering this kind of
 kind of vocation which made my and his men, men that they are... with this boycott being
 successful with my plan, I'll assure you our country will be safe, and guarded from

"You couldn't tell us that General. Some of our followers, the best of the girl scouts

"If one day ever told us a richer commitment. All I can say, Princess, that I'll try."

one big ever riding tractor commitment. All I can say Princess that I'll try
 to be to deserve it...
 Pacelle was again examining... He was handed some strange and puzzling cipher dis-

patches made by the general himself, which the lad accepted for fifteen minutes, and half hour later returned with a bundle of paper. General Schneider went over never before there, and after a short while had left in a building of expectancy.

pages lagen, slowly careful, while Kaddisfle waited in a thrill of expectancy. The general's face as he went from page to page, brightened... At the seventh page he stopped.

"There's no need to go further," he said. "Princess, and your sisters, I congratulate you all, again, and again. He knows how to solve cipher dispatches and the military code. He is a little bit of a genius."

His military punctuation better than I do, his efforts at paragraphing, a little different from mine is far better than I can ever do, and his spelling excellent. The only can come to my secret tent is tomorrow and if he is worth a good result to our

7. Can come to my secret tent to morrow and if he's worth a good reward to you

"I'll tell you the whole story, but I'll tell you the whole story. That do you say to that man Thomas? Follow my plan and we'll all have the information desired. And if you keep improving we'll have the enemy at our mercy."

"Radcliffe, looked, at Violet, and her sisters, and then at the Gemini supreme because he had grown very pale. Suddenly he stood at salute.

"I'll do all I can sir," he said.
A little later Violet, and her husband accompanied the general outside.
"That boy is some thing," said the general in low tones. "He has unwittingly told me
that he knows more about his spying and military literary knowledge than I could have
known of all plans, codes, and so on. He's splendid energy. I wish I had these
in taking everything that goes through his mind. He has the life of all
discovery, the keenest of geniuses, the wit swiftness of his well known nicknames,
and so forth." The general bowed you and your members triumphed over the enemy.
"For the moment," he said, "it seems it is the end of the war."
Sacrament. The boy almost without introduction since his entrance into the army has
very much. He has actually trained Perod."

And so the great man departing left Violet, and her sisters very happy, and very thankful."

After general Pargar had left Penrod came in with a newspaper, and finding the Vivian girls not there, he sat himself comfortably on the cot to read. His eyes almost popped out of his head when he read these flaring headlines:

Evangeline EVANGELINE ST CLARE CITY HIT BY FIRE HURRICANE.
FIVE BUILDING HAS DAMAGE.

LITTLE EVA ST CLAIRS. SEPTEMBER THE 22TH.
Evangeline St Claire city, and nidi vicinity was struck by a ninety five mile an hour gale on the 22nd, during which the barometer dropped below the lowest point the low, today reading here since the approach of the forest fire was reported off the coast several days ago. All of Evangeline St Claire is thrown into total darkness, when power lines there were blown down. Electric light service also is injured, as serious property damage is being reported, and as the wind is arising from the south it is hoped the fire will not come.

P U B L I C A T I O N.

AVA MARIA, CALIFORNIA, SEPTEMBER EIGHTH.--- Upon advices from the northern part of the region, the Forest Fire rangers to night here broadcast a warning to residents of the exposed towns and villages within the region of Arroyobuena run that the main body of the affluent forest fire, which record is moving swiftly northwestward from the region over which it is burning near the northern end of Delights Run, and was heading westward, bent for the main McCallister Woods, and striking straight for general army, and making a movement to encompass Hanley's clandestine army if the wind does not change soon.

[illegible]

Randall out of danger. Randall, California, September 28th. Ranger Signal stations gave reports this afternoon by the main national observatory, and assured the inhabitants of Randall that so far it could not be visited by the conflagration. The forest fire was 110 miles to the west of it, and burning away from Randall forest regions.

However there local weather conditions remained unchanged this afternoon. Readings were 29.81 with an eighteen mile southwest wind. Skies continued dark with smoke, and smoke squalls were frequent.

"Warning from Pandora. The following fire warning was issued to night by the signal station at the time warning continued. Evangelina St. Claire, to Calisto;

The Advisory southwest fire warning continued, Evangeline St. Claire, apparently tremendous conflagration central one hundred miles southeast of Lundall, apparently moving very swiftly toward Francoline St. Claire attended by strong gales, of hurricane force. Temperature in Evangeline St. Claire 112. smoke nothick in city that a party cannot see across the street,...

IN WHICH EVERYTHING
PREDIGESTED, FOR ONE OR ANOTHER

VIOLAT and her sisters were sitting, in their tent room at three o'clock in the afternoon on a typical smoky day and a dark hot one too, and the 14 September. The men had come early for the risk of a very hot day, but the smoke cloud of the distant fire, and the rain, was somewhat ugly. Dressed in uniforms of high rank, and in plain facemasks, they almost impatiently waited for some expected visitor, some one waiting, meditated.

As these things have happened since 1941, and her sisters, had entered the landmines section and stepped into that they considered with fervent thanks to God, an ideal position in which for all their long stay, the landmines soldiers, and generals were not recognized or suspected the, them. Little gypsy faced, gypsy haired Angeline legeline kiddo Jennings, had caused general John Manley, to lose as to say or as the saying is, a small but most insignificant looking code dispatch, which she secured by a clever trick. Strictly speaking, she overheard from them that they are looking for a cipher it seemed not to be, but it was the first lead of all of his intelligence since he took command of landmines armies.

He seemed like he might have lost it, or it might have blown out of a window, but outside there was nowhere to be found. He would like to suspect a theft, but there was no clue, and all his guards told him no one had entered his headquarters. The loss was serious. If it had merely been lost, and no one found it, who could read it, he need not worry at all. It is not in the possession of some hidden spy - whom the thought of his blood runs cold.

General John Manley, one of a class of highest of all Glandelinian generals, next to Raymond Richardson Federal had known the important secret of that code, something more important to him than his commission. He would rather lose his commission than have it captured by a Christian spy. And yet he had lost it most mysteriously.

1925 to fear that the Vivian Girls, who in his camp, or had been. He knew that Violet, and her sisters, the leader of a large class of child spies, had secured plans of important papers from him to expose during all the time he commanded the landmines in the result — a very unsuccessful warfare for him. But this time he was failed.

[illegible]

Thanks to the thoughtfulness of general "Furnace" (Raymond Richardson Federal) they had kept the candles guarded as they would guard a bag or jewels in strict turn of rotation for the guards. During councils they had been as watchful as alert with in fear of misfortune or anything untoward, or unusual in terms-- of any phantoms, visions of the dangerous Hooded Terror, or right Riders of the Gemini Coalition, who they venerated their a customary council devotions..

There were no guards or had been no guards placed there from soldiers, except those long known by the Glandelinian generals and their staffs, nevertheless out of the constant dread of Christian spies, and especially the Vivian Girls, and their extremely dangerous air-curtain followers, and out of regard for the safety of their rear headquarters, the Glandelinian generals placed professional spies of the Japs apies there, and they had continually made the rounds, before Manley learning of his Barterings intentions planned to send them to "get their muns". How the Manley generals brought it about no one knows, not even I the author, but somehow after the promise of a heavy reward, they secured the consent of those professional spies to let them find out how that strange dispatch disappeared from Manley's headquarters, and so the Vivian Girls how knew that those dangerous professional spies had been sent to the rear headquarters for their special assignment.

Though of foreign birth, one a Mexican, and the other an Italian, they are the right leaders of a class of most shrewd, clandestine showing and inventing agents, and always have promise to the clandestine class of the Italian Empire as high a position in the army as military dexterity. They generally done this work for good money, enough to make a fortune, but more often they were very willing to do it for nothing, as long as they had a chance of becoming rich, but as to their being christian armies not a good picking in battle, that being their one hearty desire.

Their mix of hard Jeff lectures and size one enabled them to be more successful than otherwise, and usually to gain their end, they enacted "Mutt and Jeff" plays. Jeff however was the head and the brains of the whole business, and very dangerous to cope with. He was honest in all the predictions of what he could do, and would do straight forward to the end. There was no underhanded trickery, no guile, when they tried to bribe and persuade, or to use means, fair or crooked, gentle or brutal, bribery, or force by torture, to win the success of their profession. All other Glandolinian, and Christian epis combined were square pegs in round holes compared to these two. They had been promoted higher several times, and his commission always brought important work to any man who was promoted. There was no occasion in their work where they failed. And that was in their day. In 1938 BAR Bennett, these two started an investigation

victories are the most cruel but infants of the war, and added with small and
harmless disasters."

"I cannot understand that, neither can I confirm that about the flood disaster,
until the evidence is a fact. Of course the population is suffering terribly, immense
communities are homeless, millions upon millions are at risk of complications of plague,
and dying, tens of billions of dollars of damage has been done, and it will be very
years before even the surviving cities will be restored, but the disaster has no
effects on our own Abilene and others. Maybe the situation is terribly devastated, as
stated, but not as far as rumors are concerned. Totally defeated, losing the war
whipped to a finish as far as rumors are concerned, and we anyhow
totally, but if that is true, that does not mean the nation is whipped, and we anyhow
do not go by rumors. We want evidence. If I had known of such reports I would have in-
vestigated them thoroughly. Whatever may be the reports, our armies are closing in on
victories, and that is our comfort. And Abilene is continually
more on Vivian Wickey Wickey, and ships loaded with supplies down all the big rivers,
sending thousands of boats, and transport all who want to come to safer portions of the
country. The last disaster still rages in tremendous, greater and far more des-
tructive than all the others combined, flooding six times as many more cities and
towns with devastating results, and forest fires of inconceivable destructive fury.
It is adding immensely to the disaster. I have passed through towns on fast moving cars
and by runners where burns, crops, and stock have been lost, following a gradual
fall during the former nights. I was informed by a local runner, a person of observation, that
the forest fire was probably reaching its height at Evangeline St. Claire, and that
the forest fire would probably reach its height at Evangeline St. Claire, and that
I observed one of the barometer readings being 19.47. All the men and every section
making preparations to go out and fight the fire if it should come, and every section
of the country had increased its vigil against approach of this awful fire, in the
westward movement of the fire storm, and for the first time since its
face of continued fire burnings from almost all directions here and there.

The westward movement of the fire storm, and for the first time since its
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Fort Union--Twenty barracks burned down, many soldiers reported injured and trying
to fight the conflagration in vain.
Hendersonville--Increasing death toll and terrific damage by flames, and evacuation
additional disaster avoided from fire.
Evangeline St. Claire--Heavy winds, hot waves and property damage, and smoke.
Abilene--Citizens in terror, heavy damage indicated, and fire approaching
central sections--Heavy winds fire and property damage.

Evangeline St. Claire, September 28th--The forest fire which has been threatening
the city for two weeks, and yet never seeming to move forward, struck Fort Union
city and burned all the barracks. At the same time reports were received here that
my men had been lost among the soldiers in their flight to stay the forest fire. Many
were reported injured, and rushed to hospitals. A main fort thought not armed was
run by the wind. After heading for Evangeline St. Claire and threatening the city
for three days the forest fire now is moving most rapidly northward through the
stilles forests menacing Evangeline St. Claire and sweeping up the Marian Heights,
terrific conflagration indicated. The ridge of Ava Maria as well as the eastern region
of Evangeline St. Claire, occupied the full fury of the fire. A fierce wind, but the
fire is running up with great speed and nothing now can stop it. Heavy damage was
suffered at Hendersonville south of Evangeline St. Claire, and in neighboring towns.
There is no loss of life, and all the men citizens are out fighting the flames.
After a night of the fire burning that swept the city for a week, and the dispatches
said that the fire was the worst forest fire burning in the history of the region.
A fire in the southwest forest fire burnings are out for all regions between
Hendersonville and the Archbishops Creek. This most unusual forest fire, which has changed
its course forty times since hovering for two weeks near Hendersonville St. Claire, apparently
will continue a northward course. Extent to the damage done by the
flames is not estimated. Enormous property damage in the city was caused by the
at the end of the fire burning that swept the city for a week, and the dispatches
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said that the fire was the worst forest fire burning in the history of the region.

What makes these disasters a marvel? continued Singing, is that the loss of
life is not as great as the loss of property. In the great numbers of people killed in the
blast and are of those killed in the explosion of the explosion before the flood.
This is the hardest hit, Angelina Agatha and Dorothy Gale Cities being devast-
ed equally to her."

"I have heard, and read of all these terrible disasters, but I and my sisters
believe the report of the loss of life being smaller than supposed is a
fact. We are sure the loss of life is more terrible than we care to imagine."
"Of course the real loss of life cannot be confirmed until the flood has retired
entirely, and the disaster is terrible beyond description. Four
thousand men the full details come out, but the Government is making plans to see
that this will be the last flood disaster or disaster of any kind. Many
will be looked to to prevent forest fires in the future."

"Against the general would have been on but, please caught him by the arm and said
with a laugh:

"Honey, we have sent to south--are."
"Honey, we have sent to south--are."
"Honey, we have sent to south--are."
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or he covered his eyes with his hands. The notion thought of what these beautiful little girls were doing, through for the sake of suffering, Giovanni, mamma, him... "How do you know the great Glandelinian leader I used to talk to you about," whispered the radiant Angelina pichon. "He has come to help us now, a good big and strong man with the kindest of hearts."

"And so Angelina he will run remain to the end, I feel sure that from now on he will be more successful every day every day..." "That's what Gertrude says, Violet, and the young boy Scout out there, Penrod is willing to stake his professional scout reputation on the responsible litiges of those made known on the matter of the floods and the other disasters, and on Glandelinian's or said as a desperate monster, and Glandelinian adds that will... Glandelinian is wholly to blame for all these excruciating disasters in the beginning, but our discovery of those responsible and only that will prevent such disasters in the near future."

Joe Jennie Turner who had slipped from the tent, now returned, with Angelina, Penrod, Glandelinian, and Mildred Maxwell, and with them the party was complete. "There," said general Glandelinian after the same exchange of greetings to them.

"Did you not find out that the true spots where the great floods occurred?" "They all joined our regiment," Violet made haste to answer. "And this it is said by me is not all, come to the table general."

They all went in a body to the table, and amidst chatter and laughter and badinage the general was looking at a large map, but a puzzling one. It however was a true map, drawn at, and though simple in its outlines, was in the very best and corrective drawings. A good map, artist or one engraver could not do more.

"I should like to know that artist," ejaculated general Glandelinian.

"There she stands," The Vivian girl, pointed in a body to Gertrude Angelina.

"She made the map to help us trace the true spots where the great floods occurred."

When general Glandelinian heard for the first time how Gertrude at the suggestion of all her followers had come to earn her reputation, he looked pleased. When Violet and her sisters told him at turning the story of Gertrude's success and the efforts of the enemy to dominate Glandelinian, and other things by massacre, flood and fire, he looked

serious and morose, and when he was told that Gertrude, by what seemed the special help of God, had at once by her own experience found out by the disasters and communicated the news to the rest, he looked surprised, and when he was told of water starting

suddenly in general in front of a general Glandelinian, from the forest fire, he hung his head, when from Jennie Turner he got the story of Glandelinian's success in her own efforts, and what Glandelinian had done, he hung it lower, when he was told that Angelina pichon had at once discovered through a code note

Glandelinian's knowledge of the loss of life by explosion, flood and fire, and the condition of the country, left by these disasters, and of Glandelinian's attention to

finally, Violet, and her sisters in Glandelinian's tent told him of all had news they received so far, and then told that the serene and brave and gentle little

Mildred Maxwell who had thrown herself at his feet on the floor at his side going up at him with simple unaffected love and devotion was to be also a most successful

girl scout, he raised his head once more, a great great sea upon his features, and said in tones of great impressiveness of which they shall never, never forget-----

"My hus Glandelinian, been allowed to me make these disasters so easily? We must find out, I'll never leave this camp until we do."

"General," cried Gertrude. "See if you can discover something surprising on this big map."

"This big map here!"

"Yes general, this enormous map. It's got sixteen specially ruined cities on it, but to make the puzzle more complete who but who and over the success of this map no girl ever felt happy, or on the accomplishment of this map than I do right now. Come look at it look at it general."

And she led the general toward the big map. Surprise had been so piled on surprise that one would think that general Glandelinian's power of emotion was exhausted, but the candles on the table, the large map spread out, the magnificent appearance and color

coloring of it, forced the general to snap again. Much as artistic taste, color and action, and exceeding care had done to make the map a thing of beauty, the printed map over drawn and colored, all by Gertrude Angelina, and at the end of it by Angelina

Richon, and five of Richon's best assistants in military and girl scout work. Two of

them blushing and bowing and smiling stood at either end of the table, neat handsomely uniformed and fitted out as typical guards. It was like a general council. Assisted by Angelina pichon, they were to help in explaining about the map, and their own names

came to produce evidence of their own work, recall old days, not forgetting you may be sure old time adventures during the early part of the war.

The hours passed happily and then leaving these girls to carry on their designs, Violet, and her sisters, and Glandelinian and Glandelinian, took their leave. Gertrude

Angelina was very busy at the time in explaining the map to her friends. As the tent doors closed, on them they were all filled with a sense of thanksgiving that Glandelinian was with them.

"Good girls! Ah!" said Violet.

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THE GREAT TOWER FIRE THREATENED THE Glandelinian CAMP. A BURNING FIRE ON TRAIL OF THE Glandelinian CAMP. A BURNING FIRE ON TRAIL OF THE Glandelinian CAMP.

But then a cheerful military call, caused them to turn around. The tent door was trust and out. The first stood Angelina Richon holding in her hand a book. Behind her they could see the other famous girls, grouped together with arms around each other's shoulders. But by an untold effect the light of some burning candles, being clear for the hot wind had died away, fell fall upon the smiling, happy official face of Gertrude Angelina, and the semi-smoky darkness wrapped her about as in

hush. "Look," cried Penrod. "Look. Did you ever see so pretty a picture—that background of light and the face of Angelina pichon, one of the sweetest child girl souls that we have ever seen standing out in all her loveliness, her loveliness and the flickering, half-light a roiling about her. Her rank is perfectly justified."

"The best girl scout of all," said Glandelinian.

Unknown to them, but during Glandelinian's visit to Violet and her sisters and all the girls, Glandelinian, the forest fire which had threatened the Glandelinian camp, and was covered part of Glandelinian St. Claire, apparently away from the camp, as if losing himself, had for a week before changed its course, and during Glandelinian's visit was ending for Glandelinian, camp and he was fast moving off while parts of his army were still to be seen in the distance.

After a week, before Glandelinian's visit a quiet week in which the advance of the forest fire had caused to head for the Glandelinian camp, giving rise to ardent

thoughts among Glandelinian generals that all danger was over, the wind changed direction,

first southward, a danger direction, and once more threatened Glandelinian's army. It was

now a heavy rain, and the wind was blowing from the west, and the rain was falling in a

fresh and brightly burning flames coursing over the top of the Glandelinian's forests driving

forward before a screaming scorching hot tongue, burning across the Glandelinian and

beginning St. Claire rivers, and threatening every other important place, and all

that threatened by the reported news already described, were already smouldering

green and 100,000 people without homes.

The fire it seemed turned off and missed Glandelinian St. Claire.

Glandelinian's Glandelinian camp of some 110,000,000 soldiers was rumored to

be in direct line with the march of the new fire, while Glandelinian was in the midst of

its general configuration, and unknown to the general it was coming from the east.

The march of the fire, which suddenly appeared within thirty miles of Glandelinian's

camp, was a junction with the main and had turned the valley of Glandelinian into a

single corridor, and this part too was moving directly on Glandelinian's camp.

Glandelinian's army however, headed by its general formed in column, a column of

men and horses, and there was an excitement as if the Christians were coming

back, and the army broke camp, and marched in quick retreat, the artillery and

guns and machine guns going first while the general made plans to have it con-

stantly should the "Red Plague" come up.

Instantly on, and observed from a height that the whole country beyond in

the east and south was literally on fire, being a volcano of smoke and smoke, and all

the country as far as you could reach in every direction to the east and west was

burning and of dense smoke, rolling flames and noise.

Any of the canvas covered wagons motor trucks, carts and wagons arrived to haul away

provisions, while the army began to evacuate the threatened region. It was like

the march of a giant, which suddenly appeared within thirty miles of Glandelinian's

camp, was a junction with the main and had turned the valley of Glandelinian into a

single corridor, and this part too was moving directly on Glandelinian's camp.

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back, and the army broke camp, and marched in quick retreat, the artillery and

guns and machine guns going first while the general made plans to have it con-

stantly should the "Red Plague" come up.

Instantly on, and observed from a height that the whole country beyond in

the east and south was literally on fire, being a volcano of smoke and smoke, and all

the country as far as you could reach in every direction to the east and west was

burning and of dense smoke, rolling flames and noise.

Any of the canvas covered wagons motor trucks, carts and wagons arrived to haul away

provisions, while the army began to evacuate the threatened region. It was like

the march of a giant, which suddenly appeared within thirty miles of Glandelinian's

camp, was a junction with the main and had turned the valley of Glandelinian into a

single corridor, and this part too was moving directly on Glandelinian's camp.

Glandelinian's army however, headed by its general formed in column, a column of

men and horses, and there was an excitement as if the Christians were coming

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[illegible]

Signed at : October 1th. 1913.

Second day, October 14th, 1913.
Fire - forest fire burnings on Picknilla retreat camp.
Destruction of tents. Fat of Picknilla camp spoiled by forest forest fire
directly.

On the following morning, before daylight, however, of course, there was to be a daylight, a fearful spectacle of fire and destruction within a night, and with a night artillery offensive during the day of World War was being enacted at half past three, about the north stretch of the Creek between Lima, Bernice and Jerry towns, where the terrible force was not at its view, and where Pickens in half of his war was striving to catch up the progress, violent and violent ones were early that morning and going to the high part of the camp, and there for quite a while watching the light and some wondering what was going to happen and if I saw a part of the big forest fires so much talked about. The camp was not yet aroused but the guards were on the alert and waiting for danger to come. I went over this. If any part of the

[illegible]

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The main fire storm was documented on this evening as a series of smaller ones joined by conflagration, starting at two o'clock, i.e., and extending the whole night up to Johns Ridge. The fire earlier in the morning had extended as far as the ridge at Johns Ridge. The fire earlier in the morning had extended as far as the ridge at Johns Ridge. The fire earlier in the morning had extended as far as the ridge at Johns Ridge.

[illegible]

On the morning of the May 14th, extent of this "Red Plume" in the formation of it and the direction it was gradually, they realized that the whole of Manley's army would soon have crossed across the wind changed its course. By examining the map carefully, they realized that the Grand-Battle camp was in the path of the front of the most dangerous of the conflagration, and that not far the slowest fire was moving for their camp. Yet, so far as they were concerned, they were not in any danger. The wind was blowing from the south and the Grand-Battle camp was exposed to the point of main danger. The fire in the west was moving toward it sixty miles an hour, should the wind suddenly veer east----- It was indeed not far off when, only the matter of another day before the southern fire

[illegible]

near the fire was burning in the sky. The conflagration had struck fully, the two big bomboms and Jerry destroyed them completely and the heat of the flames literally melted the brickwork till they reached the cement sidewalk..... It is the same time, the conflagration began to advance on Glendora, and Junior was piping out around-calls, the latter a more important center of some 1345, 325,000 people, and ordering them all home, and despite the chance of a change of wind, the evidence of a fire was not far off. The fire was spreading, the flames were burning, the conflagration carrying its dreadful menace of the flames flourish, it is also of Brownsville Turm and Dodge whom which too were catching fire. The children's smile with the help of their fire department to save the cities, and the children's curiosity was not far off. The fire was coming like a hurricane, and their curiosity was not far off. The fire was coming like a hurricane.

[illegible][illegible]

In August, 1901, twenty million from the Glendale Hotel came in fire destroyed already the majority of the houses involved. A part of place, demolished the rest of benevolence and all the million dollar of such a, I've chd the main section of the city. A new of fire, delivered the inhabitants the way to save their homes before the flames could take a step further. The fire from the Glendale Hotel, which was a new fire, and it got for fifty million almost destroyed all the electric light and gas plants, a hundred million for the great loss. I feel like Chicago would be day if the great Chicago fire, it did not take the people out and was willing to the city also of our. The chief cause of the fire was the Germans. They were burning the city entirely to the ground. The fire for the first time, every single building able to take harm. I am living with them, when they heard the news of the Glendale Hotel, they were so glad. I feel like Chicago was the destruction was even more complete, and the fire was burning on toward Phillips Reichen city.

All the men inhabitants were running out to fight it to save this city. The fire

without being false, as in this description however it seemed evidence their prayers were of no avail, as it squarely would now come a tremendous miracle to save the city of the threatened destruction, and their devotion was interrupted suddenly by the cry of confusion among the fleeing refugees in the streets, the booming roar of flames, the crush of falling houses, sounds of terrific explosions, and the roar of the conflagration, as the sea of molten fire burning toward the city, accompanied by a screaming fire that brought smoke through the streets as thick as the morning fog. The people fled in confusion, some to their roofs and verandas and others to the streets flying through the air. Many died in panic with terrific cries while others realized now that their fate was near, what efforts had been overlooked in the previous beginning of the evacuation. The fire in the city however advanced more slowly but remorselessly, consuming all buildings in its path, and molting down all the brick walls, destroyed the houses, and the streets and destroying everything in its way, and came from the terrific heat. One district of the district flooded up to the flames, however reaching immeasurably farther. The air in the city far from the flames was now hot as a furnace, the streets were completely deserted and buildings were catching fire block away from the main fire. Giving way step by step as the mile long wall of fire advanced the inhabitants in haste sought their own houses, the incendiary fire burned up district after district. This was a fearful sight to be the most terrible scene of the destruction of the city. The flames advanced and the more and more the dinomorphs overtook the fire department, who couldn't save the city from fire turn.

The heat of the flames melted down the safe door of diddona, bridge and of other apartment, and as the fire advanced over the inflammable material in flames, and adding to the terror of the fire was the terrific buffeting torrent, of wind, and the shocking air laden with, and numerous terrific explosions. The very day was full of fire over head, some of the inhabitants became crazed because of the disaster.....

...hundred miles from the fire, the smoke made it dark up if a torrade was coming, and the traffic forest fire would beyond all control, and that a million were fighting it, they might as well have tried to put out the fire of the Infernal Regions. Even after all this effort the terrific forest fire down at our fire to be near it and all over the nation millions of petitions and money, and Panes had been offered for ruin. It evidently will be of exceedingly long duration, and everything points to be one of the worst forest fires on record, and the worst of all disasters.

prior to the fall of 1933. The fire, which started on September 1, 1933, near the town of Big Lake, Minnesota, was caused by a lightning strike on a power line. The fire spread rapidly, burning over a large area of land, and caused the death of many people and animals. The fire was one of the worst in the history of the state, and it was a great tragedy for the people of Minnesota. The fire was caused by a lightning strike on a power line, and it spread rapidly, burning over a large area of land. The fire was one of the worst in the history of the state, and it was a great tragedy for the people of Minnesota.

As Ambrose Guller was (sitting) a terrible disaster. He and his troops with hands down, the men and his wife catching fire in a blunder. The fire spread rapidly, and the fire spread and the artillery fire roar of the heavy shells flames sounding in their ears, and the screeching roar of airplanes, the screeching roar of the war, the back, foot, railroad, and away from of convulsion while five hundred the sounds of others at once rushed off to fight the "Red Fire", several Sicilians mobilized his own force, and Ambrose Guller had to retreat for the safety of his whole army. For the first time in history, a whole army of soldiers, no more, no less, were forced to wage a sustained fight, a fight of a thousand men long battle line against the worst forest fire and worst disaster ever known of which they themselves had been responsible for and which was a great loss for the men, cutting, creatures.

[illegible][illegible]

But while the work was concluding, a screaming tempest arose, and soon the flames fairly roofed the sky in fire, was born upward, and flaring spheres torn from the burning trees were carried clear across the branch, and the flames also carried carried across the branch by a terrific gale became general and the heat melting the great iron boulders and iron steel bridge over the creek like butter.

The fire fighters barely saved with their lives, and many were hurt in the retreat. They only left way to retreat and they did.

With only a puff of wind the fire could not be checked. As one section of the fire, glowing red and appearing to have choked off, died out, another section of the brush, another branch of the tree, or a bush, would start a new, active "contact" with other branches. One of these being a dead slightly by the branch, though crowning it, began a threatening, swifter or picknell's left flank, and striking a long abandoned munition dump, a single shot caused a terrific eruption of an explosion that detonated for a hundred miles or so and was heard like a thunderclap a hundred miles away. The explosion was like an earthquake, and the shock was felt for miles. The explosion was a great disaster to the army, picknell by this disaster was killed, and a number of his left flank was struck, however a great deal of life would follow. He gave orders to say that all munition stores were removed, if their contents for the use of the army.

[illegible]

October 20th Third Day.

CHAPTER THIRD. TELL.

THE GREAT FIRE. THE DEATH OF THE
THE GREAT FIRE. THE DEATH OF THE
THE GREAT FIRE. THE DEATH OF THE

The next morning Violet, a young girl of about fifteen years of age, and a
sister of her mother, and all her other family, were in the great fire
and that period was not yet over. At this time, as they then also learned
that the center of the fire was now burning San Antonio Valley was consuming
the main heart of the fire, and a large part of the army, which lay in the
path, while then known as Haidis-d-light, a neighboring city to now-been which has
been burned also has fallen prey to the raging fire.

The Haidis-d-light, which had been in possession of Haidis-d-light, the
first fought the fire for hours, and then fled as the conflagration advanced. Part
of the city was already ablaze. Though far away, and yet within sight of smoke
army two large mountain ranges, heavily forested, presented an awe inspiring sight
as the forest fire struck them.

By floundering in the night, that the entire army was followed of full duration, as
the soldiers could go wherever it was more convenient, and watch such it, and
comment on it. The worst conditions of all the most violently active volcanoes
in the world would be completely insignificant compared to this. The mountains were
fully ablaze, and the rolling smoke and ash were seen for the camp as if
a big storm was coming.

After great and long rolls of flames rose high above the ridge, and in slight
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The man in a convent near the town of Manacillo had refused to leave for a place of safety. During the early morning the convent was dogged, and the man believed to have perished in the flames. The soldiers volunteered to attack and separate bands, but they were turned in this locality. It is to be noted that the soldiers were in the area, perished during the one night from the heat that had been in the air. The soldiers were worth one million dollars, two hundred thousand in configuration for the area. They were worth one million dollars, two hundred thousand dollars. Hundreds of wealthy people who had a business before, have nothing more than amending such a individual, there is a bank account. continued

All is the rear of the retreating christian army. A highland chief continued
dynamiting and blasting and cutting his branches off. The retreating flames to
to check the progress of the fire. A highland chief says many a cottonwood are forbidden
to go near to the game of the now \$4.00 for the christian army were
undamaged and that of the foe, as they were more to the direct than the fire
driving toward the highland christian army at all but a straight westward now.

I had heard the Mandanville army at all but being straight forward driving to the north nothing more will be written about the Vivian fire, and their advent I will have to write in general the course of the fort and northwest, and a part of either one army or the other. The wind had changed direction by six o'clock in the morning the forest fire on a ridge known as Pine Mountain appeared as if the flames had disappeared in such a great cloud of smoke that it appeared as if the ridge was covered by gigantic volcanic smoking chimneys. Had the wind not changed the ridge was covered by gigantic volcanic smoking chimneys. However the principal principal of christian army did have it right. The valley had been forced to change its course fire burning here and there forming a series of small fires of general vivian army, and some of them on upward and plunging in the direction of general vivian army, and some of them on unbelievable spot. A statement would dare think of and burned

[illegible][illegible]

set the fire. Three or four minutes later a deadly stillness reigned over the burning. Like an archer before he looses his arrow, the flames came to the edge of the clearing. Calm there was; but then, without warning and overcome by the terrific, terrific heat and by the smoke and died in a flash, where they lay. The dead pla continued to move, sweep through the valley but was outward now, one part like a red flickering serpent wind; the other, a new mountain slope, and across an open plain, swept past and ground toward another hill leaving no trace of the pile of towns on these slopes. Twenty minutes later it was within half a mile of the center of the southern valley, but even as it was moving northward. It was burning in three directions. In all paths the forest fire and floods, traffic by railroad and otherwise will not be resumed for years, owing to the destruction being done. The raging southern side was completely within thirty miles of the center of the valley. Millions of people were assembled as the result of the progress of the fire, which was now only burning at a rate of forty-five miles to sixty an hour. The aspect of the burning forest is fearful beyond description, infernal, and most terrific and tragic, but also magnificent. An violet, and her sisters continued to watch it, from their point of observation. The smoke and the flames, of the bright rays, glare of the flames.

Upward these painted phantoms stretched the waves of fire, slowly as it seemed from that distance, moving through and up the valley from four directions n/w now. In the distance further away twinkled the morning lights of the big city of St. Agatina, and fearful lest it too shall be visited by catastrophes.

From all points along the flank line, thousands of homeless people had been jumping in front lights vigil watching the work of destruction in mute anguish. They were calm and serene, showing no trace of excitement or panic anywhere. Mostly men, they were dressed in formal evening wear, and in the half light of the night they followed in the wake of the fire. They were not alone. In the half light of the night they were joined also by regular army men, guarding the dangerous places, and assisting the others in the quick evacuation work. Citizens in cages, and carts were being taken along the fire lighted roads, hauling furniture and possessions of all kinds from the homes of far distant fire threatened towns, from where distant fires were being fought.

not that good have been taken. Following the road, hundreds of most expensive wagons, filled with a cream of society including many foreigners, and also fleeing animals of all kinds. This had continued steadily all day, indeed it had all the appearance of a population trying to flee from the terror of the approach of the coming end. The road, however, was not a highway, and the traffic was not organized even now. Now in the village road stopped still, other towns three miles distant gradually taking up the total destruction. They saw buildings collapse in the flames..... As far away as it still was, the hot breath of smoldering air, enough to keep the hair from the neck, enough to make the skin crawl, and the air was so thick with tons of ash or a coal dust, not far from four of their clothing to go smoking. They second weather all a distance away, within four hours time of hard riding, and rushed a new observation point and on the point came to a second clearing.

Just as a dense mass of rolling smoke hung over most of the valley, as the storm clouds came again into the valley at it. As the cloud parted slightly, there was a momentary opening, and then the added volume of the cloud rose upward, in a sort of pulsative movement. In the low valley was a billow of fire, swamping the hill and spreading in various directions. The fire ate entirely and all about there as about the same direction but not the same size.

[illegible][illegible]

It should be remembered that the main heat of the forest fire is not in this valley, it is at the point N. of track at Violet, where first rain had started the fire and all of the fire in this forested valley is burning. It can intensify it with single lightning.

[illegible]

The drum also are to be daily presented. Politeness is added to the drum drums and to the soldiers, to the army officers of whole arm armies, of soldiers, sergeants and other officials and officers, and even women and children to control the

[illegible][illegible]

by the falling stones over the hill.
and swept like a fog over the hill.
where was a small lot of potato ground in the air, and with the debris came down crops
all kinds, full crops, pumpkin and so forth. The Agriculture loss because of this
fire and explosion could never be estimated, but violet and her sisters believed
they were still in many all sorts. The reason is that the fire did not require constant tending
as it was in clearing, those that have seen such conflagration have cut and dried the
watches and so forth, and the heat of the explosion buried them under debris, and the
stream of steam, which reached even as turned. The explosion occurred in the
total loss of one of the houses in the immediate vicinity scattered
violence, although destroying the configuration in the immediate vicinity scattered
blowing others in other localities and started a second new fire in all directions.
What caused the tremendous explosion was a mystery, but the fire hit something. It
light of the tens of thousands of people that ran from the scene of the explosion
which Violet and her sisters viewed through their slumbers was pathetic. They could
not see silent and resigned as they moved slowly away, some near as strong as their first
to evacuate until the fire approached and then ran on it would require no time
in God and His Saints. But in the sudden stopping of such a fire in the refugees
and a record breaking fire and her sisters, were sitting women, and children, while
within plain sight of violet and her sisters, were sitting women, and children, while
furniture, and supplies along the roads, old men,
of towns endangered by fire are, and the people of everything valuable in which
they undervalued to save. The destruction of the towns are having no vehicles and
evacuation of the most important work with hundreds of soldiers, and some true
good and better truck and automobile, and taxicab, and some true
the diagonal. The people have been the sacred relics of the Saints, and the flames
renewed in vain. Even the Lord and Mother seemed to have a full view of the flames
Images of our Blessed Lord destroy their lives and churches. On the verge of these forests
from throughout the forest before. There had also been a fire that was threatening but had ever
had seen many potent fires before. The night had been a fire that was threatening but had ever
been much a terror before. The night had been a fire that was threatening but had ever
seen such a terror before. The night had been a fire that was threatening but had ever
and used by the army, that they were all dead. The night had been a fire that was threatening but had ever
the great battle, that they were all dead. The night had been a fire that was threatening but had ever
undoubtedly leaders with them for a long time. The night had been a fire that was threatening but had ever

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"Why is my plan opposed? The flies are not only threatening our armies, but and droved another army. I am not against the flies. I am against the men, and the flies is to originate in the half-brothering row, while the hellish flames are turning their way toward a fourth town, Miltoria, which by to night will be in grave peril. We it alone ought to be the duty of the army to stop this Red Plague somehow. The wind has died down and my plan may work. My plan was that when the wind changes direction we could make a counter fire, and to fight that one. That one is the main thing. We must be ready to know when a counter fire comes, and turn out. We do it now. I have my plan!"

"Because" said general Blalerlinia, "if the wind would again change, the carrier fire would change direction and form another enormous one. Then the disaster would be larger."

[illegible]

During his council the ever-aching monitor of Red Death was burning forward with great rapidity. Inside the fearful crimson pump and its nozzles, that were hung around the city Monday, the flames were rising and the soldiers looking the fate of Glendale, which by evening would be wiped out, and was menacing Evansville St. Claire more than ever. Lucille Hickson was imperiled, and the city and entire population of men was fighting it. It was also a matter of hours before Anna follows, and Hicksonville, and Glendale were burning.

On the morning of the 2nd of April a general, vigorous army entered on the battle work. A direct fire hurricane hurricane from driving past the main army was futile. Work drew an light as the thick smoke would let it, General Vivian went out to negotiate with a party of officers, for he was worried exceedingly, hearing the hiss of Evansville St. Claire was doomed. But views the advancing force for some time of distance and the men of the army were still in the air. For a few minutes on reached the weather, but the fire still yet like an African Desert, and windy.

They watched the conflagration as it raged south on the road to Chudatone, and Lenin-
ski, in the middle of the first of his moments of lucidity, launched a tactical
large tank. Cragoarska, before she fled to safety above General Cragoarska were
water work, but the fire was coming with a speed that was probably no one could
turn on her back. She then saw a man named a soldier to Chudatone, where the two fingers
the conflagration was still forming a single convex or desert, the front of which
was moving forward past the town at the rate of probably sixty, ninety, and a
was a serious case of fire. Lenin-
skiy and a human soul.

Looking further still, the general observed the horrible fire sea crossing a part of a wide stratum, another section was following the course of the stream, and ending to diverge to the right and left, hell bent for his encamped army. There it is, thought he, that gives me some satisfaction," mused General Vivian. "I am forced to give up before this fire, so will Manley have to retreat. The

right wing of it is heading for his camp, through the Immense forest on my right." "But did you say your Excellency?" asked a Colonel, thinking the general spoke to him in a lone tone.

"I said this fire will make Manley retire at an early hour," he said. "The reason why he wishes to observe it, is because he has been forewarned by the Government officials, of its approach. It is the most serious in which it was moving, and toward where it was heading, it is a matter of time. The weather was always uncomfortably warm for over this time of the year. Through the little of the big floods, he had heard plenty of details about them, the awful magnitude of the explosions, their result, how the situation stood with the enemy, the country danger and so on. He couldn't conclude how the forest fires could be so much smoke as to have the country in such an enormous distance as dark and gloomy. The fire was still fifty miles away, but to him it appeared to be an enemy on half a mile or less. The panorama before him was indeed awe inspiring. It appeared as if the whole burning region had burst into violent volcanic activity, activity of the Mt. Pelée type. The sky over the burning region was as black as ink with smoke rolling upward to an unbelievable height, and bulging in great curling billows, cauliflower and mushroom shapes.

Over and upon it was placed by flames leaping to a prodigious height. It looked as if the whole world was on fire, preparatory to the coming of it, and on the final judgment day. Though terrible it is a scene of most grandeur and sublimity and most thrilling. The left wing of it is moving now toward Manley's army, and will hit them faster than General Vivian will. And General Vivian believed it would hit Manley's army first.

His generals who were with him were filled with misgivings however. They knew it was a terrible conflagration and believed they would see their camp struck first. In the meantime far to the right long walls of rolling white smoke, in a new direction toward the upper arch of the conflagration, and the longest section of it was rolling high along the north side of the Hic-culaster Run River, and with his glasses the general watched it rush forward at great speed, he believed to be more than fifty feet a second. He could actually see the wall of smoke gradually closing in on a sort of small clearing. By this time the conflagration was within three hundred yards of Sound Bend and a city of over a million. This city surely would be struck, there was no escape. But nevertheless if this disaster or breaks the conflagration in half, his army would not need to retreat and Manley's too would be safe. If it remained as now and enormous, the main army would have to break camp, and go pell-mell. General Vivian continued to watch this new progress of the fire toward the Sound. Hundreds of thousands of people in huge crowds were fleeing from the city, and had gathered some distance from it watching if the fire would strike the city or not, while here also the men folk went out to fight while fire departments all over the city went down to the danger zone to fight if necessary.

Children were crying. A tempest was roaring over the city. Wagons and buses rattled down the roads hailing refugees to some point of safety. Soldiers were dynamiting wooden bridges across the river to prevent them from catching, and the men began trying to increase the length and the width of the clearing. Others were tearing down telegraph and telephone lines and saving the cables and wires, trees on the opposite side of the city were being dynamited to and cut down to make an extra wide and long bridge in an effort to save the city. If possible. All the way to the city were helping. Other soldiers began moving people back from the burning line of fire, the scene, where General Vivian moved further up the hillside to get a better view of the scene, where many of his own soldiers were still working desperately against their own part of the fire line.

And all along the edge of the newly made clearing, the general saw images and crucifixes planted by the religious. People like buried wire before the trenches in the world war. And he also discerned indistinctly about ten priests singing High Mass with many people attending with the hope that Our blessed Lord could answer the holy sacrifice of the Mass and keep back the Red Demon. General Vivian saw where a good chance was lost. If it was not for the distance he could have thrown in all his fire fighters, and his whole army to fight the fire at this spot and save the city and had it off, even a proper portion of his army working hard enough could have prevented the fire from crossing.

He knew this would have been possible if he could get the battle directed against the fire quick enough. But that spot was forty miles away. The fire would cross before the soldiers went one half of the way, even by train. If the fire moved slow there was then would be a chance. He felt sure that the town was big enough to house over one million five hundred thousand people. It was several large convents, many schools, hundreds of factories, many orphan asylums, court buildings, and general Post Offices, besides many branch post offices. At far from there General Vivian stood was a big city side shrine, with large candles ready to be lighted before it which by to-morrow will be reached by the fire.

After he had been watching it for a minute an involuntary movement of the fire swept up a new mountain side, which the stretching a part of the fire swept the mountain side, and one started from the heat of the parent, and named the two fire outward. Then this unit with another, and a second fire named the two fire outward to units and apparently split out in a roundish blotch.

Two minutes later the Red Plague was reaching the river edge, and burned both the station and the high railroad bridge. A wind was blowing so furiously that the fiery branches were carried across the river like a thick snowstorm, and it was without the fire was going to cross no matter how madly the scores of thousands were fighting to hold it back.

"If I could have only gotten a large force to go before the fire reached the river or at Sound Bend," cried General Vivian. "But of all words I wish I had to be too far away when I first observed this. Of all bad luck this is the worst! It'll hit us as sure as gun fire. I'll have to move my camp, you see. And if the fire don't divide, they won't escape. And every minute a million will be burned to death. Heaven help them! It'll be the most horrible tragedy on record."

Though his officers seemed anxious to go, General Vivian decided to remain, even though his observation post was in the line of approach. He decided to watch this all day, and spent only a third of his active time before reaching the station. He found that the force of the fire since its first outbreak was a very small one. He found it a more terrible tragedy unless rain came soon. This was soon it seemed going to be a useful day for the inhabitants of Sound Bend, for this large city was soon going to join the rest in this sea of fire. The other towns had been lost within sight of general Vivian's line, and the inexorable avalanche of fire was poking its nose toward Sound Bend, which is in danger of being attacked. General Vivian decided that if there had been no wind the fire would not have been able to leap across the river at this point, but the advance of the fire was being preceded by a terrific storm, which was blowing furiously across the Sound, driving great clouds of sparks smoke and blazing embers across the river. At the location of the city, but across the river the fire was clear to the goodby sized neighboring towns about a mile away and they were burning. The fiery sea gave more impetus to its speed along the river banks and in the darkness of the smoke the whole spectacle looked like a gigantic sea of dancing balls.

While the right wing of the great conflagration concentrated its fury toward other points, the whole population of this region was still soon spending the horrible day in prayer and religious procession, ordained by the Bishop and Cardinal of the threatened city. The Arch Bishop's proclamation urged all to pray for the providential miracle. General Vivian again took a look through his glasses at the threatened city, and saw crowds of those remaining file in and out of churches within his sight for special prayers. He doubt a thousand candles burned in offering to Our Blessed Lord and special singing, and all of the churches, while in the Cathedral and outside of it, there was a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, a sacred article which often was said to have been effective in days of national calamity as the people believed.

Hundreds of people knelt down in adoration before the picture. There was also a big procession of little children outside the Cathedral and outside the town for the same intention. So far however the efforts of the fire fighters was progressive, they had secured the formation of a long wide clearing beyond and around the bend, and fighting small fires that had started among the bushes.

The heat from the distant fire was becoming awful, the wind was growing strong, and the flames were coming closer to the city. Very soon, General Vivian concluded at the fair and conduct of the people whose city was threatened, and himself fell on his knees and prayed to God that he would sustain the fire, and prevent it by his Divine Power from crossing the Bend. His officers followed suit.

Thousands of others from near by towns were singled with the crowds of fire fighters doing all they can to give the way no chance to leap the gap. Isolated houses, in the path of the fire hurricane seemed to be awaiting certain destiny and offering themselves as a useless holocaust. And it seemed unbelievable that this big fire has been raging since July 1912, torturing millions with the greatest engines of the most terrible destruction could not have acted with more cruelty or caused more damage than this forest fire. Yet it is strangely and unusually methodical, while two tentacles of flaming movements are thrown out, the center masses high in heaven reaching flames, and spreads forward at terrifying speed, and yet now moving slightly away, and now going east, and not threatening the town. Areas of fire seas form, die out and reform according to conformation of forests and clearings encountered by the conflagration.

Through heat and smoke and dust the Mayor of the city as General Vivian could see sent back and forth among the refugees, and aid and weeping. Many refugees were coming from seemingly nowhere. General Vivian saw Sound Bend was safe. The fire had changed its course, but the fire was now heading toward another place, its neighbor called Sound Junction, a city still bigger. It was apparently on a high spot protruding like a large lighthouse tower not yet reached by the flames but looking like an island in the sea of fire. It was doomed for sure however. The fire moved further and further away from Sound Bend. In fact the disaster became more terrible, because the flames are undiminished and progress though somewhat slower is unimpeded. Without meaning to move the population of Sound Bend, and other towns are waiting before looking entirely to flight, hoping for an act of Providence to intervene.

General Vivian constantly prayed for the unfortunate people, as he saw the arch Bishop ceaseless in his ministrations, toiling the front, and blessing the fugitives, cheering the small people that are children who are fearless of the awful spectacle, though not ignorant of the overwhelming catastrophe, as they be. One of general Vivian's staff officers who had seen numerous forest fires in his day said to him hyperbolically:

"This big forest fire came within our view without warning. It'll last for months unless rain comes. It'll burn half, or all of the forests of the Galvianian Province. And if it crosses the river at this spot the big and massive tar and turpentine forests will be caught. The city seems to be safe, but the danger I mention is past, and if the fire crosses there will be some fire."

His speech seemed good, as good as another. Yet General Vivian looked at the fire in a manner as if his eyes were to go out of his head. He wondered what was going on, and looked in the same direction. They were spell bound with horror at what they saw. On the opposite side of the river, of the side it tried to cross, but over the river they hoped it would not be, while the main fire had reached down to the waters edge, and the river was rooted in a stretching sea of flames. A roaring, seething hell was coming like the wind straight for General Vivian and his officers.

They were in the path of the eastern wing of the main parent fire, coming from the south east. The wind had changed southward. Only a terrible hurricane of hot wind blew, raising huge waves on the river, increasing the shower of burning debris with flying debris of blazing limbs and leaves, increasing the shower of burning debris with flying debris of blazing limbs and leaves. General Vivian bent a hasty retreat with his followers to a large clearing, which they found was two miles wide where the flames could not leap across.

Though the fire apparently changed direction to not hurt them, a wind had struck

he city of Sound Bend. In the city where many people still remained hoping the fire would not cross, the wind blew open the doors of houses, stores and restaurants, carrying inmates and customers afoot, while tables were swept clear of dishes and table clothes. Windows were broken by thousands for every gust, and thousands of signs were blown down. In the court house and hotel doors were suddenly burst open or blown off their hinges, and the wind lifted the huge carpets off the floor, and turned tables, and chairs, spilled coffee, tea, and wine on the diners, and the food and clothing of the guests. Windows of many houses were smashed in, and the hotel page boys were hurled down the corridors, and ornaments were swept across the rooms, and palms went careening along the passageways.

The roof of a big building was lifted clean off, chimney stacks, crumpled through the streets, and the streets buffeted by the roaring hot gusts. In confusion every one fled to the streets, and the streets, as every one began to flee for safety. One man on a motorcycle was lifted bodily and set down one thousand yards beyond. Belongings that fugitives carried were torn from their hands, and sent flying down the streets. The fugitives as they raced down the streets were pelted by flying wreckage, imperiled by falling wires, and building glass. Then for a moment that terrific explosion witnessed by the Vivian Girls, and with the crash of that explosion still ringing in his ears, the critical moment, a tense anxious moment for general Vivian had arrived.

Will the fire leap Sound Bend? The question was asked, but for the reason only that again the fire was swirling toward the city, and Sound Junction before raging hell fire of its own on its outskirts. He surveyed the immense forest before and beyond him. He turned to an officer.

"Test the sap of that tree, 2."

The officer did as directed.

He came back in a few minutes, holding some of the fluid which was somewhat liquid in a little hollow piece of wood. The general smiled at it and said the single word:

"Turpentine."

Now general Vivian did look worried. He glanced about the forest. He sized up the trees carefully, the cloud thickness of their leaves, and the nature of their bark. Then he looked over the ground. In the forest, the floor was vine and dry moss hung like clouds from the leaves and limbs and the forest floor of the forest was impenetrable with thickly leaved dry weeds, briars and brush and the young pine. For all his arm, to make a sufficient fire break on time was simply impossible. The trees were so close together that it would be dark even when the sun was shining overhead. He knew positively if the fire crossed at the bend, and reaches the Turpentine forest the fire will be intensified to a most terrible degree and the Turpentine forest will stand before it, and his own army will have to make a race for life.

He watched proceedings at the Bend. Still it had not crossed. This slackening of the fire danger however was due to the spreading out of the conflagration well along the shore of the stream as it reached the water front. The volume of fire burning elsewhere was coming forth as profusely as ever, but apparently now not threatening the city. The fire that threatened him from the southeast, and passed on to his safety, the clearing being wide enough to turn it off its course. Yet general Vivian could see that the slackening of the danger brought a specious tale. In false interlude to the distressed refugees who were now lulled by the hope that their prayers were being answered, terrific clouds of smoke hung over the scene, indeed the whole district now and such was the smoke obscuring that for a very short space fires in the valleys and on the mountains became again invisible for a very short space of time. So sudden was the increase of the smoke, that at first one could have thought that that torrential rain became to fall on the fires. But all this smoke was caused by deep masses of forest debris smouldering in and beyond the zone of the main fires, and far in front.

The fire apparently checked after all across Sound Bend, and though the conflagration seemed and was spreading along the opposite shore at break neck speed, leaping across a portion of the river at another section, yet nevertheless because of the terrific heat, a new fire had formed a distance in the rear of Sound Bend, and this was the fire that had almost surprised general Vivian and his staff, and also this one was becoming the most frightful of them within his near view. It was spreading at a speed that would seem an exaggeration to say. Trees blazing like millions of torches fell like straws into the river with big splashes, and a searing his observation observation post was going to be enveloped in a short time as already a good portion of it was enveloped in a raging inferno. He again ordered a retreat, as a portion of it would not be of no help either, as they would roast in the heat. This the clearing would not be of no help either, as they would roast in the heat. This scene gave him no assurance that the fire won't burn at Sound Bend because it was between two fires, and if the wind should change against his own. Red Perce would strike the city from the rear. There was positive escape without any doubt from the fire checked at the opposite side of the river, but no escape at all from this one in the rear. God help the city if the wind changes again.

It took him three hours and a half to reach another high rise of ground which this time fortunately he found pretty clear of forests on the summit and gave a full view. From here he watched the work of the main conflagration on his own side and did not much attention of the first one still striving to cross at Sound Bend. The main hope was that he held against coming destruction in his own district in that the fire will continue spreading along the bank instead of reaching across the bend, and he hoped the other fire would continue its own course.

In some other portion of the town a group of people who still stayed when others left were now leaving. Still in a smaller town people who also stayed, when others became scared and fled were miraculously saved. During the night one of them

suddenly and saw a stretch of flames higher than the trees rushing toward the village at lightning speed. To his sight millions of trees seemed to catch at one flame, he heard the others and they seemed in the nick of time. As soon as they were out of the village it was enveloped in the fire. The whole conflagration was now a more infernal sight. He still saw smoke hung in rolling wreaths in the valley below burning all but the night fire which painted crimson and pink shadows over the scene. Sensible to the tragedy the people of other near by towns who had opened their doors to refugees, living whole-hearted hospitality to women and children, while men fled out to fight the fire, and also refuge to the babies and aged, fearing the near approach of the fire were preparing to flee. Much dismay dimly in also expressed in the country in general, when it is feared the war disaster will ruin the foreign tourist season.

Three towns have been ruined in general Vivian's sight. Two railroads are destroyed and all traffic suspended. Apparently baffled by the wideness of the river and the Bend, and the long breach made on the opposite side of it, and opposed by an easterly wind the fire seemed defeated in its efforts to cross from its infernal source.

Yet the fiery attack continued relentlessly all along the line, it sweeping over the river at another section. Here it was spreading with terrific fury to join the one that passed general Vivian, ranging between the cities of Frontier and Drowsabella from which a large horde of women and children were fleeing, while the men strove to hold it in check. It swept with the roar of artillery over the roadway between the towns over which the refugees were being transported by wagon, and auto. Most of general Vivian's officers declared that they surely believed that the fire was checked at the bend, for this they implicated by it being stationary at the opposite side, but there was danger from the new fire that crossed. The people of Sound Bend and Sound Junction were breathing easier now. But general Vivian was not so sure. The two fires which had crossed the river elsewhere could flank the two towns and close on Sound Bend. The view of the forest fire while crossing the river was superb.

While more than ever the enormous cloud welled up the sea of flames flooded the long stretches of forest below marred only by colored smoke which increased all the time. Colored smoke seas from other sections of the conflagration also increased. General Vivian, and his officers still watched the tremendous spectacle. He had again resumed his climb up the mountain side for four hours. He wanted to give some precision to the exact nature of the forest fire and the topography of the fire wall along the river shore.

Leaving his first point of observation he set off for the upper part two thousand feet high so he could view the center of the heart of the big fire. A rocky road of boulders over which a horse could not walk lay over the sides and covered with disintegrated rock in which short bushes and bushes grow. Pushing through stone braced vineyards, and dense forests of pine trees, they halted for a moment and took a look at the fire again, on his side of the river. It was growing immensely, spreading unusually fast. Plunging upward for another half hour they stopped again and observed where a stretch of fire, like liquid molten, and red in the twilight darkness, smouldered as most people would imagine a molten planet would appear. The stretch of fire here six hundred yards from Drowsabella contrasted with the different colored smoke. The flames from that distance made a crackling, sizzling noise like a hundred million cooks frying bacon and pots potatoes in a cauldron of liquid grease.

The main sea of flames was now visible once more and it made a weird unearthly light, and then gradually disappeared amid the smoke once more. The whole surrounding landscape like the setting of a bad dream. Two new forested hills were vomiting flames, and general Vivian's former observation hill, was a half mountain of fire. In the middle of the eerie smoky scene the thrill was intense as they observed the monster which was causing all the destruction below, and so far below through the flames they could see indistinctly two towns in the danger zone, but here the fire seemed to move in no directions and away from them. The general sat down on a fallen tree to write notes of the progressive movements of the fire. One of the officers came up and told the general, that he and they had better hurry away fearing another fire would threaten their new observation post as smoke from an opposite direction was appearing in immense rolls. He obeyed obeyed, while descending he noticed that bits of smoke was issuing from the town of Sound Bend, and that the fire on its rear had hit.

One fire of this conflagration forked to the left and still another and a larger to the right. It was rushing on and above an undestroyed section of the woods, where it broke apart, then began to flank the city, while it spread up the river which forms the northern section followed toward Sound Bend and taking a sharp turn to the left making a new smoking flaming sinister path of destruction. The direction of wind was coming to do with it either. It was the way the fire was spreading now in three directions.

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terrible hissing noise. Near as I think I was in the middle of the houses mostly wooden cutting like punk. Junction was a box. The districts of grinding terrific explosions shook the air. Within fifteen yards of this city a number of fire fighters lost their lives. I was trapped tragically in the flames. They had not realized the danger. I was very hungry, could not leap the gaps and continued the fight. I was that moment announced that the city was burning. I heard the shouting of the people in horror watched the tremendous force of the flames and the fire hurricane as they swept block after block and the main center of destruction. The force of the fire hurricane was so great that the whole city was a long row of fire. The next instant the whole section was ablaze.

General VII vivian watched the draw drama he for two hours. Then turning to his orderly he bellowed;

As the orderly the general and the other officers, clouds of flame flicked not smoke, raced off to a saved for their destination. One officer raced off to another directing him to be quickly overtaken by the conflagration and his only safety was to throw himself into a deep ravine. The fire was coming like the wind. Two lieutenant captains despite the peril remained to watch the conflagration in its progress. The soldiers were terrified at what they observed. The confusion of the men was so great that it had evidently smoldered for some time. The soldiers were running and yelling for safety but the fire was coming on cutting those miles of trees seemingly

chapter .
 picked by the scene of tragedy of a whole and innocent population being destroyed
 with no excuse, and facing a sea of hundreds of the murder of women and children had
 perished the soldiers hastily left the spot like some weather vane, leaving
 a hole on explosion and a trail of fire, smoke and blood and fire, and a portion
 of the city went up in flames. The soldiers returned to the lower levels than
 they could hear the ringing of the bells, the fire, the fire, and three times more
 came came earth reeling explosions, the last the most terrific of all. General
 Smith before he was out of sight of the conflagration, had also been a witness
 of the awful tragedy. He saw large numbers of people while in flight overtaken and over-
 whelmed by the fire, women and children and all it was coming so far from any, or other
 all perished he knew not. He saw a woman and a child, a man, a child when he
 saw large stretch of the Japanese forces in flames with an explosive
 shooting machine touched his lines in a short, but in a short time, and around his
 feet.

"One with you was free to come ahead, and I told you I did. He started. 'I'll send a large force of men. We must hit the fire off from the Turpentine first if possible, so as to starting to catch ahead, if we don't that'll be no excuse for all of us. The fire is coming sixty miles an hour or more.'"

"Without his knowledge it was coming one hundred and forty miles an hour. He plans to save the Turpentine Forest was to be of no avail."

The officers had hopes that the fire was far enough to enable them to make an extensive and effective charge, but it was the appearance of the forest fire that guards and the appearance of the fire stations and signal Corps also, then time to accomplish their task, for otherwise they would have to give time no time to escape, and face the fate of the population of the two cities. They were also to signal that the final course would be later on. Though just now the army in three sectors was fifty miles off from the conflagration, it could be heard.

"Why! It's crossing the Bend over there," cried Jennie. "General Viviana
is in for it sure. Even the city of Grand Junction is burning fast. Look sisters,
see the fire in---- What the-----"

Her voice was drowned in a fearful thundering roar that immediately ensued, resulting from an unknown cause of the forest near Second Junction was hurled in one great mass of air and fire, more than the first big explosion high into the air for above their heads a vast column of black and white cloud, earth, clouds of fire fragments, mud, black water, dense clouds of rocks of all kinds, accompanied by a tremendous flash simultaneously with the blast of a million skyrocket and that thundering roar of a world of cannon firing like one rolling volley, a burst of white cloud quickly extinguished and enveloped the upward rushing mass. The sudden explosion was awe inspiring, grand beyond all comparison to violet, and her sisters were thrown off their feet by the concussion, indeed no more appealing, yet fascinating spectacle could have so suddenly appeared before their view. They had never expected to with witness such a great phenomena in all their lives at such close range, yet still came throre other terrific creations, for worse than the other, two at the location of Second Junction, and the third, worse than the three others combined was the explosion, here a whole mountain had been blown to pieces at the instant it took place, and with the horror of the scene. These outbursts whatever the cause had taken place in the face of the two mind and most immediately they were filled with mud, broken fragments of trees, mud, small stones, and the exploded mass that came all over the territory causing violet and her sisters to take shelter in the bigger woods near by, and even there smaller objects aimed down along the tree trunk, noise like rain and still hail.

This was a combined attack detonated by the Vivian Girls. Since the news of so many violent disasters, and the appalling disaster at Abbeville altered the face of the whole country, leaving in the minds of the people a gloom and terror, the unknown numbers of people, destruction of cities and towns and villages, and the washing of acres of cities, and hundreds of millions of cultivated fields, violet, and her sister sisters did not expect any more terrific explosions.

For a moment it seemed to Violet and her companions as if without warning the very face of the north were laid flat to the air by this series of most tremendous explosions they had ever witnessed. For nearly an hour violet, and her companions were in the air, and the explosion of the bombs was heard in the air. The explosion of both cities were laid flat to the air with enormous quantities of flying debris, huge rocks and clouds, and there was not the slightest doubt that the unfortunate refugees were caught in flight by the conflagration were caught by the explosion of the exploding hot river over the land and sea by the concussion of the explosion. The explosion of the bombs was heard in the air and the explosion from which their bodies were later rescued. It was a terrible accident, and a terrible accident.

During all the while they had been in the glandelinian camp it had taken the average duration some time to realize that from the erratic and wholly unmanageable character of the fire and the fact that the burning region, just at all times be attended with the greatest personal risks for although the mysterious explosions were soon found to come at average periods of six hours, irregular explosions were of frequent occurrence and took place without warning, and at a place least expected. All questions as to the magnitude of the risk, and the possibility of the danger of the fire rising the forests to not least could be dispensed with, the fact that the West was not that forest fire should cause terrific and mysterious explosions right close to two cities, when the remainder of the population were barely making their escape.

[illegible]

As for Violet, and her sisters: I fully realized at the time the greatness of the task, I myself doubt if they would have allowed General Vivian to place his hands in the burning territories. As the fire was approaching closer and closer I became acutely aware of the fact that the air, thick with smoke, was for the most part invisible. I felt that the fire was approaching closer and closer, and that the heat was becoming more and more unbearable.

I knowen to violent, and her intense terrific heat of the conflagration created and had occurred. The fire was by the time sawing parts where there were immense piles of logs, and at the time, which from the results of the great heat of the fire, days after the passage coming down the river and boil, and which like porridge in a caldron, the floor burning, where boiling mud and scalding hot lakes of water, steam which would take on the very steel, and rub the eyes to be sure that such a great condition existed.

and rode off at full gallop. His officers knew something mysterious was on his mind. They urged on their columns at faster speed. The air was growing as glaring as white hot iron in a vat, and now the distant roar of the flames, could be easily heard, and there was a fierce sound of sound, a humming, a terrible crackling, hissing and an an and a strange booming snapping and flapping sound, and a noise like a world of skyrocket going off at once, and elsewhere to the extreme northwest and partly over the city and they were turning as black as night, and rolling smoke shot overhead, and the wind was growing stronger and roared, hummed and thundered, the fire grew bigger, a frightful tumult. A terrific desert heat pervaded the atmosphere and all the officer's generals feared now that the fire was going to overtake the army.

ARMY COMMANDER

to hasten, while others scouted ahead,

Orders were issued to every commando to hasten, while others scouted ahead, to see if there were deep ravines, a large clearing or a lake, which in either case would be the only refuge. If they could not reach Mumsfield or Mansfields creeks they could easily form in a good line of defense, for those creeks were wide, and they could easily turn the fire the other way as those rivers ran the course up along the fire wall but those rivers were a long way off.

The situation for the army was growing acute. The fire was catching up with the army with high speed, and now the wind was blowing a buffeting tempest and the air was full of flying leaves and smoke and branches, and the heat was growing far worse. At the moment of the conflagration sounded far louder. General Vlasov grew desperate. If the fire won the race and caught up with his army, there was no possibility of escape. He decided to make a last ditch effort. He ordered the army to be placed under an immeasurable disaster... If his army could not break through the flames, he decided to plunge them then it was necessary for him to die. In a terrible way he quickly decided upon desperate progress. The plans were as follows:

1. To lead the army suddenly

1. "To mine a big breach in the forest along the two streams which the army suddenly came upon unexpectedly.
2. To throw every available man into the work of fighting back the fire from the mine made clearing.
3. To use all the available artillery as thought of before.
4. To use the trench against the fire.

8. If necessary to trench against the fire.
4.. He immediately called his nearest officers. He told them his plans, and it was followed. A real battle was fought. I saw a trench front on both sides of Mansfield. The clearing was accomplished and the artillery brought down all trees not blown down by lightning. The work of nearly a million men working with all their strength was accomplished as fast as possible, to the other side of the breach and all retreated as fast as possible, to the other side of the breach like mad to the breach also. This was their only hope. If they failed all would be lost, and the army would have to retreat for its life. The losses of these streams were blasted by

HUGH HENRY

army would have been flooded and engulfed. The fire came up a roaring inferno miles long, and would even then had crossed the breach and was starting to, to their horror, when without warning, the wind suddenly veered northeast and blew strongly. That gave the fire at last by this flood luck just in time was checked, it did still spread across in some parts, beyond the breach in spite of the check, but it became of the fierce heat, but the fighters easily overcame every small fire started, and won the battle entirely by evening.

The fire spread around the other sections but went far beyond the original area but unknown to the generals was running wild, and hell bent for gunley's army from both the east, north, and northeast.

General Vivian breathed easier.

It still took time to know it going the other way.

General Vivian breathed easier.
His army was saved, but the fight went on still to keep it going the other way.
General Vivian was not in knowledge that it was heading for Manly's. He would
have still worried, for Violet, and her sisters were there.

THE FLEET CATCHED MANLEY'S ARMY UNPREPARED FOR ITS APPROACH.
A TERRIBLE CALAMITY ENSUES. THE TERRIFIC EXPLOSIONS.

IT seemed impossible that general Hanley's vast army could have been taken unaware by the immense conflagration with so many guards posted outside the camp at every spot, but when the Glendinningian generals saw the fire cross and destroy Grand and amid a series of awful explosions, and move northeastward in a wild ocean of flames, and force general Viviane's army on a retreat, that gave them the overconfidence of believing that this move of the fire would save the camp, never expecting the fire to trick them and come from the most unexpected of directions. They forgot the devious capriciousness of wind, and they forgot about the fierce conflagration in the Sacred Valley which had been started by the Glendinningians.

Of course the fire that crossed the Imperial valley was immeasurable in size, and they did not even think that the conflagration spreading through the valley was the head of the main forest fire, even though immeasurable as the fire crossing the Sound & Spread was.

With the change of the wind, general Vivian checked his own part of the fire, and it was now moving northward, ready to join hands with the Imperial Valley horror, which was also racing eastward. Each of the two armies was now in the hands of the wind. Violet and her sisters, being apprehensive made up their minds not to sleep that night, and had earned all their followers to stay close by their side. Bright stars shined down from the landings, and also they were gliding that dark evening did not light up the night sky, but the glare in the whole eastern and south to northeastern sky, and a glare also appeared hundred times more brighter in the straight northeast. That they knew was the

From that direction there was a strange volume of sound, which though cannot be described would put a person in mind of being close to the uttermost depths of hell. Issued Violet, and her sisters did not forget the once beautiful Impr Imperial Valley and its now terrific inferno, and neither did all their followers. Very one was too excited to sleep. The very stillness and dreadful surroundings in the air was a kind of music and the liberally infused air overcast with the glow of the distant distant conflagration, revealing easily enough within sight above the strange formation of the smoke clouds.

formation of the smoke clouds.

To rest themselves they lay down on their cots, and let not the reader think that they were fast asleep. They had not asleep in spite of the peril, for it was as if they could not sleep if they wanted to. And also there was a strange hissing and crackling noises in the distance, and a strange moaning sound mingled with a roar like that of a coming hurricane or tornado, and the air atmosphere was smoke laden.

Violent, and her sister, knowing no one would be aroused, said the Bessy and Lily and she knew not how to get out of their room, and they hid under their beds, and then used every dock of the ten hall war Mary in an extra series of prayers such as O Mary Concealed without sin, and others.

It must be said as the reader readers well may know that before that they began to fight, the great fire had been burning for some time and had become very intense. The fire, however, had not been seen by the girls until they had first encountered what was a portion of this. Indeed they were right, and knowing how they were spreading they had a good reason to be apprehensive. Later that night when the surprising wind died again down and the quietness was unusually great, the girls, under the guidance of their Scoutmaster and Scoutmaster and other girl scout leaders came to the tent of the Princesses. All the girls were nervous and restless, and for fear of unseen danger had assembled all their boy

servants and restless, and for fear of unseen danger had assembled all their boy and girl children about the camp. "We are all restless," Violet couldn't help but come here. "I'm afraid the fire is coming very soon, it's all over and beyond the Imperial valley, an and smouldering tea and burning and striking the mountains." "We all feel the same," said Violet. "We observed the fire this afternoon and saw after spreading far to the north-east it has changed course and is striking striking for here. Though none of the Glandelinians know I feel a fear of the fire, and I am sure the loss of the camp will be a great loss to the Glandelinians. But I have not intended to abandon it, and will leave the camp only temporarily until the confusion ensuing because the fire strikes subsides."

"till the confusion ensuing because the fire strikes subsides." "But will we have time?" asked Gertrude. "I hope so. Why?" "You know a forest fire like this travels with terrible speed." "Yes, said violet," but if we run off we will be in two dangers. We'll draw suspicion. Anyhow we know where to go." "We don't like to lose at in our work after being here so long," said paleo Mc-Hollister. "Yes, still be the worst blow we have ever struck. I wish it would ruin and pu pou

"This has been the driest year I ever saw," said Grucedelina. "It's been playing havoc with the crops. The whole late spring and summer has been without rain. The dry nights happen every year in this section, but this year was one so severe. And you know it snowed so much last winter! My butt but it is warm. I'm sweating like a Turkish Bath."

"It's the forest fire that makes it so hot," said Jennie vivian.
 Joyce looked at the Thermometer.
 "Why its a hundred and twenty five in the shade " she cried.

"It's strange how far the fire is, and yet it throws a radiance of heat way over to here it must be such a blaze that it is enough to cause the very government to worry."

For a long while the girls remained silent keeping the interior of the tent in darkest darkness. It was as quiet as a grave yard outside, but at an unusual ruddy distance or direction a red ruddy glow could be observed. It was more hotter outside than usual, almost like an oven, the air laden with smoke, and the sky overhead was as black as ink. Gertrude laid down and tried to get some sleep. Yet no one could sleep because of heat and excitement, and it was growing warmer and warmer and more smoky and sometimes they felt as if they had to cough. Violet got up and looked again to see what the temperature was. It had risen ten degrees and one half. It was one hundred and thirty five degrees and a half. That they themselves could stand this heat was a miracle. The suspense was awful. Three times Jennie Turner scouted outside to see how near the fire was coming, coming, but evidence of the fire coming was apparently a false alarm. The reader however may know if he has read in other books of forest fires and their nature that the real proof of their coming would be of the wind, or rather that the wind the fire is moving off. If the wind comes the fire strikes. If there is no wind the fire is moving off. It was now eight o'clock eight o'clock but it was still calm. Finally Gertrude said:

"I firmly believe the fire will miss the camp's long past due, and yet it hasn't hit us."

"as, but a fire is treacherous," said Joice. "When you least expect it it strikes. A calm precedes a forest fire, and you know too that the wind is north-east. The main fire has traveled far to the north, and I fear because of the north-east wind."

Jennie Vivian decided to go a long way off to see it and see how the fire is coming, but because of the danger her sisters opposed the idea. They dreaded the consequences if she went out too far, especially if she was too far away, and the fire would come unexpectedly.

"But then we might be caught unaware," said Jennie. "If we don't know which way the fire is coming, and if it is coming fast, and would be spreading like a fury as if our own country would be in the uttermost depths of the bottomless pit then however help us. Then even our own escape would be cut off. This suspense is awful, and Jennie was determined more than ever to go. She would have anyhow, but Violet said:

"If something will happen to you, and Glandelinian sentries will suspect you also when you seem too interested in the forest fire and will place you under arrest. And you know too Jennie dear, that we are all supposed to be asleep. Asleep instead of out in the Company street. And as we know the laws of the very Glandelinian camps, and the military discipline here, it is strictly against the law."

Yet the argument seemed to work, violet, and her sisters began to believe, but only slightly that the fire would not hit the camp, and therefore after a time they all laid down and tried to sleep. The next day the forest again in order to induce sleep a weather finally they had become semi-conscious despite the awful warmth, they were suddenly aroused to their senses by a terrific howling roar, among the forest, outside, a wind that usually precedes a thunderstorm, and they thought a thunderstorm had risen.

In fact indeed, Violet, hoping it was a squall of a good and welcomed thunderstorm, stepped outside, and a terrific hot windstorm was raging, and raging crazily, and racing on toward the camp in a fury that nothing can describe, came the conflagration.

"Heaven help us," shrieked Violet. "It is the fire hurricane. My God have mercy on us. The fire is coming like a racing sea wave."

Just as she spoke the camp was lighted up with a most red glare, and suddenly within easy sight, an extensive wall of fire stretching as far as you could see in the glare, dark as ink before, suddenly burst into flames, with a hissing roar. It was only a few minutes, and the whole camp was in uproar and confusion.

At once all the tents nearest the flaming forests burst into flames. The conflagration of a struck the army ammunition camp, and the explosion was like a terrific volcanic blast, and the shock immeasurable. Everywhere else soldiers started frantically to pull down tents, while the whole region was becoming an inferno. If the whole camp had not been in a wide clearing, the whole army would have faced destruction.

Officers shouted commands, immense crowds of soldiers seeking tools of every description, strong looking men like madmen to stay the red plague, but they might as well have tried to stop the fury of hell. Every portion of the forest dark before, no matter how far the darkness extended, even far for miles burst into mountains of fire, one section after another, whole districts of tents caught fire, hundreds of explosions too severe to describe here occurred, the sky might as well be on fire, and in the midst of confusion the Glandelinians began to retreat, as fast as it was possible.

The generals mustered large portions, that saved many of the tents, but the rest were left to burn. The main army either in scattered divisions strove to check the conflagration, or retreated. The army was so large, and the camps covered such enormous space, that many sections could not retreat as fast as they wished, and the wildest confusion prevailed, as they read out in battle lines, and fought the forest fire with all their strength, and energy to save their lives.

An enormous army was arrayed against the forest fire, mainly fighting for safety, using every available means, and every available tool to combat it. Yet the situation was so fierce along the line, forcing them all to retreat. Indeed by two o'clock most of the army was on the retreat, being forced in their haste to abandon many pieces of artillery, indeed very big guns, munition depots, and the caissons, and high piles of shells behind and the scene became either like the explosions of huge volcanoes or like many volcanic eruptions. Many men,

many men were killed or hurt. Indeed general Munloy and his staff had a narrow escape with their lives, as their headquarters tent caught fire while they slept, and they had an exciting time getting out. Violet, and all her sisters and all the other girls, attended the whole scene, the terrific explosions, and the conflagration swift progress.

They did not follow the retreating soldiers during the wild confusion that was ensuing, and remained inside the tent, which fortunately was a some great distance from the awful fire. Many of the soldiers in the face of all the deadly peril were working like beavers pulling down tents, while horses pulling ammunition wagons were galloping past at full speed, urged on by their drivers.

Violet and her sisters jumped at the sound of the great explosions, and felt the ground shake under their feet.

The sound outside, and the exciting scene was more thrilling than a retreat drum, after a disasterous battle, indeed the scene of panic, and confusion was worse than that observed, by the French army after their defeat at Waterloo.

Violet, and her sisters heard great outcries, from many, now distant, nor near, the rattling roar of explosions, and a tumult of other sounds.

Hearing, or nearest to the conflagration, they saw or rather observed, the destruction of all the tents within view, and swarms of soldiers attempting to save others in vain. The blaze was spreading with the rush and speed of an approaching thunderstorm, and the fire wind was blowing a roaring thunder, thundering like big hurricanes, throwing a blizzard of sparks over good portions of the doomed camp. If it had not been in this clearing, none of the soldiers would have escaped with their lives, and violet, and her sisters, and their followers would, have all perished with them.

Whole rows of tents at once, would literally burn down, or be torn away by the force of the striking gale, the Glandelinian soldiers while at work saving their property, were literally pelted by blazing embers, and big tree branches wrenched from the trees, and the confusion was beyond words.

A number of hotbeds of officers on horseback dashed up, and halted near their tent.

"The fire is coming fast," said one of them. "We won't be able to save much of the camp. Call up all the men and try and have them make an effort to head the fire off, while the army retreats."

One spoke to dashed off to obey. As he rode off a number of other officers came dashing up excitedly. Two of them rode on, the other halted and said:

"The fire is turning all before it. We have tens of thousands fighting madly to stop it, at the southwest of the camp where the conflagration is least in its fury, but they cannot, for the heat is so intense from it sets fire to anything. A good quarter of the army is retreating in panic."

"Some sentries, they were indeed, allowing the camp to be surprised," said the one who came first. "But toward, where is the fire spreading?"

"To the left sir. It'll strike us soon. All the woods are ablaze."

"Well got your commands going quick," and with the order, he galloped and dashed off. All the while exciting commands could be heard shouted, and thundered everywhere, and confusion of sounds, while flames welled up from the forest spreading like two wings on each side of the camp. To make a bluff at it, it had only taken two seconds, for violet, and her sisters, with the help of the other Glandelinians, to take down their own tents, while fifty blazed up a few paces from theirs.

As the heat grew more intense, and the flames began to reach clear across the sky, and the camp became clouded by wind driven smoke, violet, backed, by her her sisters, and to forward, and Angeline richards picked up said:

"It is time for us to vacate before all escape by the fire is cut off. We are going, but we want you two to go first and scout the country far north of us, and find out where the fire is, for if you two know the country far north of us, we can be sure you two can locate him, but avoid the valley of death. The fire is sweeping through there."

"Do you want us to have him come back?"

"All right, well, and with their words of "God Bless your efforts" from the Vivian girls still ringing in their ears, they were off on swift horses, taking a road which they knew would lead them out of the path of the conflagration though they had to almost overrun their horses to do so. Then violet, and her sisters followed the same road, urged by unheeded by the excited Glandelinians, and they knew which way general Vivian's army was moving, and they decided to keep in within view, and only as far as they had no intention to allow even the fire to frustrate their work. They would not allow themselves to fall on account of the fire in their mission, even though they declared it was up to us to starting to succeed in his own efforts, for if they or he failed, nothing would be done to seek redress for the disaster still raging, as well as all as well as those those which had occurred in the past.

They felt better about it, or at least I mean better about it, but they bore their disappointment bravely. The course they took gradually led them out of the path of the most dangerous part of the forest fire, and after traveling a long night, and day, with little time taken for resting between, and keeping a single eye on the view as much as possible, they came in sight of general Vivian's army still moving, and coming upon it were relieved most joyfully.

General Vivian was glad to see them, and welcomed them as if they had been his own own lost daughters. They told him and all his commands of their efforts in the forest, and how the fire came and spoiled everything he had unconsciously they told of sending starting to try the same thing, and coming he had unconsciously run into the center of the forest fire, and he knew the country more than he did, to locate him if possible and to guide him out of the fire zone. As he told them, his army had since then they started the day before, been over on the retreat, some parts occasionally

standing at bay to fight the fire. General Vivian said it
"I great a general as I, I take myself to be absolutely do not know how to draw
my armies out of the dangerous fire zone. I cannot rest my army a minute. We have
been traveling without a single halt all night and the advancing fire keeps pre-
siding us on. I don't understand how you and your followers ever found us. If I dare
stop the army, a moment, the fire will catch up. But I am heartily happy that you,
your sisters and your companions have returned without the loss of a single one
of them. It's too bad the fire had to hit general Manley's army and spoil your plan
for it is a hard blow to us all, but you can continue it when everything quiets
down, for it would never do for you and your sisters to give it up. It might be a
success for starting, and we'll all pray for his success, as well as yours. There
is nothing like the power of prayer if it's a worthy reason. I know you strongly
desire his success, in case you fail, but it would be better if you won your-
selves. But what we should all worry about just now, is how to get our armies out
of the path of the fires. If the wind would change direction more properly, it
would be a great help but it doesn't."

"There's one, the way we came but we'd crash into Manley's retreating army and
we don't want to risk a battle in such an awful situation even if we would win,
for we'd be compelled to abandon the wounded to the mercy of the fires. His army
was in a terrible flight when we left. That's why we escaped so easily." Said
Violet...

"It would mean disaster and a frightful loss of life to us both if our army
and his would meet in this 'Valley of Death' said general Vivian. 'If we'd collide
something would happen that would enable the fire to overwhelm us both with the
most frightful loss of life.'"

After this conversation Violet, and her sisters went to their own respective
part of the army. As they were busy, busy getting their girl and girl scouts to
safely pass of the army, a foreigner soldier, English by nationality, and seeing
them the first time in his life, and not knowing his identity, and not being able
to speak good in Abbieannian yet spoke to me of them in English.

"A little girl scout, this is a terrible fire, what in the world my child is
the army enemy doing burning up the world, trying to make an end of the world
before the proper time. When I was in the western part of the United States, in
1911, I saw fires, and you ought to have seen the big forest fires there burning
for weeks. They were enormous. Great numbers of fires in Canada too. I
saw disastrous floods caused by rivers. I've seen awful storms, been in them,
and witnessed the havoc they did. I've read of great earthquakes. Do you think
this forest fire here will burn up all the forest in our country?"

"I do not know," said Violet, answering in good English. "Our fires are awful
big. And the floods too. Do you think your disasters were worse."

At that question he laughed.
"Worse. How you question me. Why the biggest fire was a spark compared to
this. And our fires I do not believe were caused by fire bugs. If they were and
we caught them, we gave them the neck tie party. You know what that is. Yes. Good.
Your forest fires are done by the enemy. It is more enormous than I can measure.
I first my child entered the Angelinian army, just to see the war, for adventure,
but now I hate the enemy. For such a good country. I don't see how I can stand
all this so long and nothing be done. If another big flood like that of Abbieann
happens again, I tell you my child things will all go to the dogs. General Vivian
told me through an interpreter that the Vivian Girl Princesses have tried to
learn who were responsible for the flood. Thank heaven I feel they'll find it
out soon. They can't fail. They never did."

Violet and her sisters without revealing their identity saluted and rode
away. They believed it was true. While they were saluting,
served the conversation rode up and said after saluting,
"May my man do see know whom with see yes was she talking too?"

"No sir I don't sir. It was I know though a girl scout. Little heroines like
followers, six were very pretty children. I wish I had seen those."

"Ahem. You were talking to see Vivian Girl Princesses, and see no know est."
The man was astonished, and being flabbergasted, he walked off, the officer
swilling to himself, as he said "That's one Englishman I know, from what I hear
that Manley would give a \$100,000,000 to capture. He's dangerous to the enemy.
And a successful spy. He's the professional of them all."

And a successful spy. He's the professional of them all. And a successful spy. He's the professional of them all. And a successful spy. He's the professional of them all.

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disasters like these. As wonderful as they were, the effects of the disasters made
them very nervous. They were scared. They felt almost responsible though they knew
not why. They also felt sure the whole Galverinia government was responsible, by
carelessness and over confidence. Over confidence was the cause of the capture of
Vivian, the capture of the enemy. Something must be done to find out whether both
Glandolinia and Abbieannia, the latter through carelessness was responsible. Of
course no one knew that Glandolinia could secure explosives, and the explosive
materials to make the disasters, and if they were responsible for the Abbieann
horror, how long were they in the preparation for it. The powerful kinds of
explosives were mysterious. Where the Glandolinians secured the explosives must be
known for it is sure a fact that they did not manufacture them.

However just now the frightful spread of the forest fires was terribly alarming
to them. One third of the immense forested region of Galverinia had been wiped
out, and the fire was raging most furiously. Trains struck by floods could not come
to rescue the refugees. Towns struck by the floods also were the only ones untouched
by the fire, and only for the region was devoid of forests, and these were
far away from forests, except extreme southern towns. Maroucian had been wiped
out by the conflagration. And even Angelinia state was partially destroyed,
and Angelinia Agathia wholly devastated by flood and fire, and their own good
father, the emperor forced to join the broad line. Of course with that city cut off
from all communication they did not know that, and thank heaven they didn't and
would never know. Indeed it was best that they didn't or maybe they would have
become discouraged. They must have known, or maybe they couldn't stand it. It was
enough to make them go crazy. And if they did hear the news maybe they would.

The greatest disaster ever known to their knowledge was that which occurred and
took so many chapters to describe, a full volume almost, and obliterated Abbieann
from the map of Galverinia, and demolished the cities and towns of as one
quarter of the country.

This they had ceased their father to have investigated, but the fury of the
disaster had erased all clues, and the investigation proved of no avail, and now
they hardly believed Starring would succeed either. This made Violet, and her
sisters discouraged, sometimes they were tempted to give up the whole undertaking,
and go home, for sometimes they felt it was of no use. They now felt more discouraged
because they had failed in finding out who were responsible among the Glandolinians
for the calamities. There had just been a hope for success, or the opportunity
had just been within their grasp, when the blaze suddenly struck the Glandolinian
camp and snatched success from them. This was the first time they had ever met
failure. They wondered why. Had they been too slow? Or were the Glandolinian officers
too wise? Or did they suspect that the Christian generals would send professional
spies within their camps to find out who ordered the disasters to be made?
Were all the Glandolinians on their guard and therefore not speaking about the
disasters, even? Or did the Glandolinians really know knowing, anyway the fire
frustrated their plans to find out. Since they didn't succeed, they greatly feared
that Father Starring would also fail, and therefore made up their minds determined
ly not to give up and try again.

They even dreaded that he would go into more danger than was good for his health,
and the route he was taking was in the path of the main forest fires still
further east, and he could face many other dangers too. Once or twice they had
been tempted to recall those who went with him with the order to bring them
him back with them before anything happened. Probably they would be sorry afterwards,
if they did recall them. He might succeed. And they had sent Radcliffe, Angeline
Rhoshe, and Jennie Turner to guide him to or from the Red Plague country. The
fire is more dangerous than the enemy at all times. Violet, and her sisters were
greatly worried indeed, but they decided to wait a few more days, and try to attempt
it again.

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than its parent, and spreading toward the parents; in

By April the 26th the baby fire was no more. It was the general of all the fires burning forty miles an hour. Soon in many sections of the regions described was an immense zone marked by the most largest raging forest fire on all of recent record which followed the line of the river in the valley, the left wing bounding east and the right wing, Mexican and Angolan in Arathia, and sweeping for gloriolus.

Of the last blaze it traveled slow, but it became the worse of them all, and raged madly to join the other big fire and in a day burned over more acres than belated and also was beyond control. The river running through Lucille Rickman was scalding hot.

nothing could stop it from in the territory of San Salvador River fire, new
fire was up and on. Honduras Creek which was formerly a "child fire" now bigger than any
was not free of the flames. The fire was sweeping across Nicaragua, a terrific tempest of fire.
Honduras Creek was in its path. If it crossed Gracia was doomed. The forest along
this creek contained small light medium, and five large burning was small, while two
while in the region of its branch from the Gracia River. The fire was three wide bands
new large and narrow. Only the northern path - part were three wide bands
in Honduras Creek.

Two of these were in the San Salvador Junction district, the third near Hica Nigua Run. Of the former extending about thirty three thousand yards in length, was composed of one thousand more yards in four hours time by thousands of the desperate desperadoes. In four days time the work had cleared almost all the brush and timber widened and bent lengthened when they were alarmed by the rising sun along with which continued to increase in strength until the rangers and helpers could not continue their work, and far beyond it seemed as if the earth had been covered with seven miles from the clearings sending out all the howling of hell accompanied by fire and smoke. A fierce battle thus began between the men and the fire from crowding the clearing, the work went on continuously and most desperately, every means being used to put out and clear fires started by flying arrows, and heat, and even a breastwork was built up at the foot of the clearing. An effort also was made to blast the fire down Honduras Creek and flood the forest, but a sudden onrush of the fire prevented this, and almost trapped those trying it so that their only safety was to leap into the stream and swim to the opposite side.

JAMES W. COOK

the Nicaragua, Costa Rica and the San Salvador. During the Elko fight only the fire was somewhat successful as it was not handled properly that was not swinging on, but it helped the clearings just the same, but was being held under control on here there was no wind. But the forces in the Honduras clearings had more difficulty as the fires had flanked and covered the clearings, and was burning across the creeks, sending the thousands of fighters in a retreat in the silent confusion and such haste that many abandoned even their arms and tools.

The fire however also had reached the Three Bands, and though crossing westward in the wildest ocean of fire, simultaneously divided into three conflagrations far running wild the central one being the largest and most dangerous. All hope was lost

[illegible]

The pangars retreated, giving it up for lost. The fight was forcefully abandoned the rangers giving it up altogether.

[illegible][illegible]

chain of the Vivian hills. The west wing of the fire was heading for the ridge

to the south of the high plateau of Ushanka, are many micor smoking forest fires, now burning and on the west watches a diends toward the grand Mic-Hollerster Run, but they find numerous smaller fires started by flying embers of the big one scattered about at intervals near the main forests. Further off extensive fields of forests occupy the plateau on the western side of the Mic-Hollerster Run and according to the Ranger leaders, the great sheets of advancing flames,,, which are threatening many hundred square miles of forests have been checked off in small fires just described. Growing to the north of the Mic-Hollerster Run we find other combination combination fires burning over the country's forests at intervals but still outvailed by the main conflagrations which threatens,, the city of Whalan of 12, 656 people with destruction and moving in a way to overlap and cut them all off from escape. The hills in this district are now covered with tall summits and flanks of smoke and fire. The hills are now covered with flames and smoke and their length and wide witness as the fire leaps ten thousand feet. This statement however was not investigated as the heat kills ten miles

At first the men inhabitants of Irenetown noticing the maximum size on the "Red Plague" had thought of bursting a levee to flood the forest, but then too the torrent would damage the town without stopping the fire, even when the waters reached its margin and large streams of water were pouring into it. Terrible seas of fire

There have been periods of most tremendous forest fire scenes when instead of moving forward at a race train speed, the fire ruts more slowly destroying immemorial trees within a short time covering the sky with smoke overtaking over thousands of miles. The general suggestion of forest fire events throughout the region of southeastern gulvinia appears to have been somewhat as follows:

The earliest part of the forest fire broke out about the 22 Th of May and

were continued into the succeeding months. These consisted of what appeared to be stationary fires, at the start moderate burning and were grouped into sections. Those that succeeded during the succeeding months still were in forest configurations, consisting of immense areas of ground, crown and considerable quantities of timber. Then came a period of moderate progress, during which the flames just described were greatly increased, came the great spread of the conflagration like a flood, deluging the world, burning through the rain forest, swamps, and gulches, and continuing fiercely falling trees, the flames sweeping from ravines and gulches, and continuing fiercely until the present day, certainly up to now.

Thus this forest fire history of Southeastern *Calaverinia* corresponds remarkably to that of other disaster zones with which we have previously dealt both as regards the successions of the various fires, and the time of their outbreak, and the other tremendous flood and explosion disasters.

The explosions and the forest fires and the floods of the galvulinian, Angelina penguin and other stages of the Angelina Vine are special manifestations, of the enormous fiery power and force of action, generally, at any stage of the tremendous forest fires in September of 1913 heading for the Evangeline St. Clair region while Violet, and her sisters were in the Lundellian camp looking for the evidence of the flood disasters, spread on grand scale, the breaking out of new fires produced by the heat, are frequent and the flames are projected into the air to a height of over ten thousand feet.

Most of the timber fires are intermittent, like the remarkable one known called the "Baby Fire" in the Calaverita Hills that swung around from the August and struck around and past Cedronine Creek wiping out every trace of forest there, and the famous battlefield, destroyed Hardick Junction, the Kingsburg, and the fire described at Collyer and Stanok cities which burned 10,000,000 acres look like "ascars of Chicago" fires in one, was passed on burned Cedronine Creek, and hit Cedronine city during it from the map. The heat of this fire was felt as nobly for six hundred miles when the wind was from that direction.

This is the section of the fire front that in 1913 September was ravaging the dense forests in the western part of the St. George territory. The many towns far from this fire front had to be in its path hold large quantities of fire extinguishers and other materials in readiness, for owing to the high temperature and intense smoke conditions, the darkness from such smoke could easily threaten their towns next. In the Great Mc-Hollister Run country the fire has been burning since August 10, 1913, and it is feared that some day the region the fire may be referred to two classes, distinguished by the thickness of the layer of the leaping flames, and the rolling clouds of smoke which are so thick. The latter class as a general rule will be more dangerous than the former.

The great fire storm of the fiercest intensity, the results of the density of the forests, and others which have been described above, are chiefly general throughout the high rising configurations of the St. George fires regions.

The Mariana region constitutes a sort of turpentine forest, consisting of a dense woods of pines, tar and rosen, especially toward their north, which is parallel to that of the Marie and Osborne Woods, whereas the McAllister Forest gum for the most part so far a distance away from the peril of the dreaded "Red Plague."

General Jager the great Gemini leader also gave a narrative of a tour through the endangered forested region, a most detailed account of his view of the active configuration nearing Evangelina St. Claire. The forested hilly plain over which their way led to their mountain observation post was through a thick dark impenetrable primeval forest which he thus describes.

[illegible]

If the fire got here it would go like hudo. I'm sorry to say my dear sir that it did. But thank n hester n wile we were here. About ten AM A.M the top of the hill suddenly burst into our view. We reached it partly clear of trees. We expected to see a coniferous side with a broad sea of beautiful wavy forests as they could be seen from rolling hills composed of natural God Given beauty. The bird eye view would have presented a most beautiful panorama of a beautiful Californian forest.

[illegible]

One hundred and fifty one stretches of fires of varied form and size, rose and surged forward from different parts under the clouds, or from the surface of the water and all of these at the same time created such other and larger surges, and the existence of those series led us to conclude that the clouds in streams. Most dangerous conflagrations before we did it form other than the mass sea of fire only placed the smoke at places where it was thinner and that the great columns of smoke did a good deal to make it appear as a number of fires, but it was all in one appearance of the forests before us altogether before us, although composed of different kinds of trees were thicker than usual and the fire was heading toward us; it was evident that the lumbermen had been recently checked by some clearing on the left so far up to the center of this mountain range and had by meeting some strong natural opposition burned on over the other forests.

The gray clouds, and in some places the thick forested slopes before us, the immense smudges which intersected the forests before which we were standing, the long mountainous banks of rolling wreathed sulphur colored smoke on the opposite side of the valley, the vigorous actions of the flames, the dense columns of rolling black and white smoke together with the fumes, and the heat waves, presented an immense Xish panorama the effects of which was greatly augmented by the constant roaring arising of the vast furnace below."

It seemed indeed as if the world of Calavernia was girdled by a wave of forest fire, then Inn Calavernia burning on so many mountain slopes made it appear as if perfect chain of tremendous Volcanoes were in simultaneous violent eruption, far worse than a Krakatoan type, with other hills appearing in a state of greater or less intense activity, as scene as if the molten matter in a state of high pressure beneath the hills finds way of escape, and thus the forests of Calavernia in danger of total destruction.

[illegible]

that of the Gederline horror which took a terrible toll of fire victims, raging through the greenery, Caloyer, and Stanok, through the St Vincente Forests Territory, at Lucia, Marston, Gussow, and St. Eustace forests is a remarkable and frightful example of the simultaneous spread and the simultaneous termination of fires. In tracing these waves of fire on a map of Calaveria it could be observed that the fires are other strings of simultaneous fire, or rage in proximity to the forested hills and slopes and hence the view was naturally observed and entertained by some of the forest rangers that the same manner of fires, or at any rate all of the conflagrations was proved to be caused by the same cause. It was not until this view seems to receive further corroboration from the belief that the fire in the forests such as the extensive Mc-Holleston Woods are of

It is also very significant in this connection that many sections of the forest fires now threatening Evangeline St. Claire City, or at least the territory, appear to be in proximity to where a fire occurred. Thus the old conflagrations of the Huron forests east of the Evangeline St. Claire City appear to have consumed all vestige of trees when the valley was filled with smoke to such an extent that the smoke sea of smoke clouds over the whole country but which has now diminished and shrunk back to the present limits of the valley. Again at the time when the tremendous fires of the Kauffmann forests were increasing, elsewhere an extensive sea of fire overspread the tract of forests lying to the east of Evangeline St. Claire threatening the city from the west, while the former threatened it from the

Yet such instances are too insignificant to allow us to doubt that battles in the form is very generally connected with the cause of these fires, particularly if we came after the battle of Guderline, it struck two weeks after, but it is not for now that it was necessary to the original formation of the combination. It is, whether it is a result of the battle or not, it is a very inflammable. It has caused one as the battle raged close to the margin of a very inflammable. The Guderline blast one the "baby" now as of the main centers of this great. The conflagration raged no less than one hundred and fifty miles from the original point of the battle, the battle, and it was not until early August that the fire came to Guderline and the Guderline is nearly twice as extensive, and there the fire now str. gk.

Now, and where the fire never struck. Do, daylight's junction the scene of the wars first most frightful battle of the plains in the Vivian Wickey Territory is 1600 miles from any forest fires, and the flames among forests occurred. Such facts as these tend to show that although a lightning strike was said to be some accessory of forest fires it is not in any way essential and I am obliged therefore to recourse to some other variety of forest fire sources differing from that which would attribute the cause of the flames or to the escape of highly heated matter that escaped from the crust of the earth.

where is an instance of one battle however that started a forest fire. Battle is not named here, but it was speedily overcome. The view of Hendro Dargur considered that the great waves of fire above referred to rise along the forests along both sides of the immense Rave Ravine, as if from hell's fissures opening in the earth's crust is one which is inherent inherently probable and is in keeping with

observatio and that the Country of alverinia in Bengall tats in to a remark-
 remarkable. Recent fissured and torn in all directions for over five hundred miles
 by the force of terrific terrific explosions is a f war phenomena unfamiliar to
 all field geologists. Volcanic experts contradicted the reports that the horror was
 from volcanic eruptions from the ground, as first reports told. Such rents and fissures
 are said by the shocks of the explosions to have been strangely accompanied
 by displacements of the strata owing to which the crust has been rationally elevated
 on one side and lowered on the other and such a displacement caused the shore section
 of Abbeville city to sink into the lake to a depth of eight hundred feet. It is probably
 the only occasion he ever to that such fractures fractures are produced by any
 tremendous explosions. To make the statements still more puzzling, some reported that
 that if the horror were explosions, the fires started the explosions, and others say
 the explosions started the fires in the region. Starring stated the fires never started
 there, and what is more where the explosions occurred, there were no forests afire
 at the time, and the conflagration was yet then two hundred miles away.

But to go back to the fires. In the southwest of Evangeline St. Claire in the forest
 region which stretches across the country for many hundreds of miles often cut across
 by enormous deep ravines and small clearings and are great pine and evergreen forests.
 Nevertheless it can be scarcely a question that the grand wave of fire which
 stretched almost continuously along the southern forests and orth through daylight's
 County has piled up the smoke like a million volcanic eruptions. Far worse than the
 Krakatau eruption. In that as awful section and which has extended along the line
 a system of cloud seas unusual in sight.

The location of these combination fires for example are eminently suggestive
 of terrific blazes along the eastern northern Curve of the Arronburgs Run river also
 though not coincident therewith therewith.

As shown by Gingigore the forest fire waves are disposed in two parallel waves
 which though separate run side by side for a distance of hundreds of miles north
 ward into the Mic-Holleston Woods territory toward the city of Columbia and inclosing
 between them the high forested plains of Quico-Anna and the Quico-Anna Rivers...

Along the eastern territory are the great towns of El Alter with a population
 of 110,380 people and surrounded by an immense forest, and covered with moss and
 creeping vines. Then Coto Pariti, with 16,394 people, then Guamaniti and Cama Maya
 each with 19000 people, each apiece, huge towns in the probable path of the fire.
 The western territory contains even more inflammable forests. Here we find the Chi-
 boranion creek a big deep stream whose territory is a vast sea of forests with a
 forest city of 15,888 people near a railroad running through the forest, a town
 called Atobazo and near by a small forest hamlet called Chirihuisa and Pincho
 both with a population of 30,320 each is the western territory, remarkable for its
 forest, the towns being planted in one grand procession from east to west. This arrange-
 ment of the western territory only more conspicuous than the eastern is very suggestive
 of a good feed for the forest fires.

And then we contemplate the prodigious quantity of flames raging within the margin
 of these enormous forest territory territories and their environments all of which
 were consumed all before them, we gain some idea of the manner in which the conflag-
 ration is spreading. Before Between the forest territories of Quico-Anna and Perula there
 is a hopeful intervening space of fourteen miles. This is occupied by farms. But from
 this clearing we find a new series of dense forest fire clouds continued northward till
 the river shore town of Jansao of 19,977 people is reached, then further north the
 more or less abandoned town of Jansao of a former population of 22,999 is reached
 forming an almost continuous range of towns facing the forest fire peril. Through
 the immense fire swept and endangered territory we find some clearing appearing
 at intervals and still more to the northward it is doubtless connected with the
 smaller forest towns of Coniapatia, Magell, and Fugo. Dargur considers that this great
 territory of forests lying north and south corresponds to the Mic-Holleston Woods lying
 somewhat to the east of the territory. A similar statement in all probability
 probably applies to the territories of forests of the Arronburgs, Mic-Whirther,
 and Marie Osborne Forests. Nor can it ever be reasonably doubted that the Mic-
 Holleston Run Valley has to a great extent been determined or marked out by greater
 and denser forests still, for as Dargur has shown by his investigations, the whole
 Mic-Holleston River Valley, for a distance of between two thousand and three thousand
 miles are densely forested, and when all this was catching fire there was evidence
 coming that all of alverinia, and Abyssinkile and other northern Abbevillean states
 would have no winter this coming year.

This stretch may also be cited in evidence of forest fire infernos along
 the ravines. It connects the forest blazes of the Arronburgs Run with those of the
 greater Evangeline St. Claire territory and the main danger started above is apparent.
 In the former region Dargur counted no fewer than thirteen mountain slopes looking
 like volcanoes in full eruption. In the Evangeline St. Claire territory Gingigore said
 it looked as if the country had sunk to the bottom of the infernal regions. The
 fire here is not burning so fast as those of the Arronburgs Run region but on the
 other hand they are more severe and destructive. According to the view of Dargur
 these forests are fast becoming a thing of the past.

Besides these immense fires ranging in lines of which we have treated above
 there are a large number which appear to not only be burning in groups or sporadically
 distributed over various portions of the forests but are spreading so fast as to seem
 to later join into one immense fire. I say appear to be, because this sporadic distri-
 bution may, really, be resolvable at least in some cases into linear distribution for
 short distances.

Then the population forest fires which might at first seem to be raging some-
 where in the Mic-Holleston St. Claire as a center really resolve itself into a fire wave like a long
 line of active volcanoes ranging across the streams for many hundreds of miles.
 Again the smaller fires of Central Turne County which appear to be isolated indicate
 again the smaller fires of Central Turne County which appear to be isolated indicate
 then viewed in detail a general formation ranging from west to east. Another region
 over which the fire is distributed extend along the banks of the Arronburgs Run
 above Kautan and the Fallisumun creek, a fourth in Alungo, a fifth in Lake pale-
 burg. These are all dangerous fires and the strange distribution is apparent. By far

the most extensive regions with terrifically raging forest fires are those which
 are covered by flames as thick as the waters of the Ocean where the
 smoke mists in from under mountains of piles. These are to be found covering the
 like storm clouds, the end of the world. As Dargur and Schaefer have
 stated out, all the forest fires of southeastern alverinia are of alverinia's
 kind and the flames rise in great heights that is to say from 10,000 to twenty
 thousand feet. It is necessary here to attempt to exaggerate the height of these
 flames which can be seen rising in great grandeur at a great distance from the
 burning forests, or at least two hundred miles even on level ground. Like the scenes
 of great volcanic activity in the Atlantic County this first section first claims
 notice owing to the magnitude and number of its fierce forest fires and the variety
 variety of the accompanying phenomena, especially the far reaching heat waves
 felt for thousands of miles.

As Dargur has observed with the exception of the explosion, and flood disasters
 the most complete alverinian authorities records a series of tremendous disasters
 which continued during the whole war and which got to show that since the begin-
 ning of the war there has never been an interval of more than five days without
 either a fire, an eruptive explosion, flood, or a horrid massacre, or a great battle
 about a catastrophe for one side or the other.

So intense is the care energy in alverinia, and the desperate efforts,
 to be even by four means that some of the massacres have lasted six months without
 cessation. Explosion made earthquakes, have often shaken the whole immense State at
 once causing great changes in the interior, such as caused by great floods, the
 sliding down of the sides of hills, the rending of hills and mountains and the desert-
 ing of rivers off their channels, and the appearance of new lakes in the intervals
 between of disasters. Innumerable fires afford vent to the rages and insane madness
 of the immeasurable war.

It is all probabilities the gigantic southeastern alverinia forest fire are
 the worst of all disasters on all record. Gertrude Angelica early in 1912 saw
 the sections of two immense waves of fire one she believed a hundred and forty
 miles and the other six hundred miles in length, and fifty miles in width from the
 great height of at least five thousand feet above the level of the ground, and which
 according to the estimates of this girl scout raged and burned in enough territory to
 surpass in magnitude the seething hell itself. She took a good note of the enormous
 conflagration and watched the movements of both.

One of these fire seas the one not the longest, was racing ahead of the biggest
 and burned p onto the edge of a large lake and crossing the St. Josephs Creek ranged
 on both sides of it and while the heat completely dried up the stream, the size
 of the lake had no influence on the conflagration, and she could not believe
 by any means when she saw the flames surge into a new fire on the opposite side.
 He watched this great wave of fire rush on with a noise as she said, like a
 million tons of green being fired in a sawmill as wide as the burning area.
 He said the fire headed her way so fast that she put as she calls it a tail spin
 in her horse and escaped after a hard race.

It must be supposed however that the war will be more energetic than at present.
 The highest fury so far ended at Evangeline St. Claire, but this great battle is slight-
 ly surpassed by the conflict at Mic-Whirther which raged a day longer. Yet this
 great forest fire surging across the land its waves of fire rushing on like a wild
 fire, its smoke clouds often protruding far above vapor clouds must be an object
 of much interest and height when seen from a height after dark.
 The central conflagration with the flames rising up if from a vast hall makes
 a greater sight. Dargur who during a prolonged and dangerous visit to this forest
 made a careful observation of its extent and speed shows that the great fire
 is back grounded by mountainous clouds of rolling smoke, the leaping flames which
 are and then break through the clouds and rise high in rolling surges. Indeed this
 great cloud is penetrated by numerous flames.

At the left flank we find a convex surface or a "smudge plain" surrounded toward
 its eastern end by clouds of smoke extending probably 120,000 feet high, or probably
 more. The Slona County which contain a part of this great fire possesses by the banks
 of Fugo River a vary large Forest Ranger station. Near the Station is a block
 long shed filled with explosives. The rangers are working like mad to haul to east
 all this away as it is in the path of the fire. 170,000 tons of dynamite, and an equal
 amount of T.M.T.. If all this would explode—but let us hope they save it all,
 not of that the explosion may do but because without their explosives they are helpless
 helpless to fight the fire...

Hundreds of rangers fought around this shed, putting out small fires, and
 other things, while the rest hurried most of the explosives away as fast as they
 was possible. The fire was coming nearer, and nearer but nevertheless they were
 successful. And the fire only burned the shed.

The fire is going forth onward now past beyond North Bend as we left off
 in the adventures of Starring. The most extraordinary circumstances of the forest
 fire was why it had remained only in eastern alverinia, and did not spread west
 in a straight east, but while of course burning sometimes in that direction by
 spreading outward, always moved northward, or northward. The money loss
 is all this timber, including the cities and towns ruined by the flames is huge
 it probably can never be figured for years to come. The conflagration is
 usually being combated, by standing armies, forest rangers, citizens of towns
 and others, day and night, but it over advances on.

Now it so often a question, each, partially touched Evangeline St. Claire city
 is a mystery when that city was absolutely in its path. For most parts underlines
 never appeared to be in its path and yet was struck and utterly consumed.

It would seem that a million or more men would be able to stop the fire
 if the fire is so extended that nothing can stop it.

Prayers were offered by millions every day, and not only, know the number of masses
 offered, and also novenas, and litany and Rosaries, and no forth, and yet the
 fire so ardently prayed for, seemed not to come. Many would think of scoffing at
 the idea of praying for this, as it would indeed be a tremendous miracle, and
 survey another thing can be said; why is that that people in such a country,
 people that live up to their religion as they should do not receive an answer to
 their prayers. This question may seem extraordinary indeed, for when we come to

the knowledge of millions of prayers answered every day, and these usually petitions of a kind which do not seem much account, it does seem almost unfair that the people in the country of Calavernia, in danger of losing their homes, their all and being refugees, should be unheeded when their prayers are sent up for the staying of the immense conflagration. But nevertheless would not there be a reason for that? And who were responsible for the fire? Glandelinus first of course. It seems even to the author that if this horror was a real fact, a thing going on in real life, what would be the response if prayers were offered for the destruction of the forest fire in this situation.

General Pargur was asked by his followers on one occasion: "Can you tell me sir, why it is that, as you know every offering, every kind of prayer is offered to heaven in vain and the horror goes on? You see it seems as if prayer is of no use, and won't it make the people be discouraged, of their faith be shaken?"

"I don't think so" said the general after thinking the matter over. "But this may be my opinion. The enemy are responsible for the conflagration, and the people know it. God you know has His own intentions, His own ways, and we know best. I would not doubt one bit, that Our blessed Lord, finds Glandelinus doing beyond His own endurance and that His refusal to answer the prayers just now from the unfortunate victims of Glandelinus has a way, a purpose. I think it might be that. The people are aroused against Glandelinus. Should he answer the prayers too soon, or at all, and stay the conflagration, would not the anger of the country cool down, and cause us a further disaster. You know He knows all, He knows and sees the future, and therefore He knows best how to act. It is a terrible thing indeed, this conflagration, and the other many awful disasters, but nevertheless I must say though you might be surprised at my saying, that I enjoyed their occurrence."

"And why pray my sir?"

"Because through these disasters, I see Glandelinus doomed."

"Doomed?"

"Yes. If you believe it not, you'll see when the time comes."

There were many who believed these predictions. For as it was written before the immense mobilizations were going on in northern Calavernia, Abbeinnia and others of the states. How far the conflagration might have reached since its start might be easily estimated, and would be indeed immeasurable. If it really occurred, it's starting point to compare distance, let's say, it started in Florida of the United States, in May 1912. When a September 1913 came, it had traveled all the way up to British Columbia in Canada, embracing if possible the whole United States all the way up not leaving a forest untouched, and threatening with total destruction of all the forests of southern Canada. Well that is the progress so far of the enormous forest fire. It seems impossible to calculate such a loss for figuring, and yet this is to be added by the losses caused by destruction of so many cities and towns from floods, other fires and explosions.

It is hard telling what would happen here, in the United States if such disasters came us such awful visitations. That situation would be no lone of the world across the water face. Such a situation is up to the reader to guess. But nevertheless the horror is enormous, the Abbeinnian Government is unyielding, and the whole nation is unyielding beyond endurance. It may be a long time yet, for the disasters will for a long time bar all advance of armies from the north, but Glandelinus really and surely is not doomed, but facing for her own side the most dreadful disaster on record, a disaster that will make that haughty nation fall down on her knees and implore for mercy and pardon, of which if she gets, she will be unusually lucky, though for a rebel nation Abbeinnia usually is savage, and gives no quarter.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE FROM THE RAFT.

OTHER ATTEMPTS TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY
ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE OF ABBEINNA, FIRST OF THE LOSS,
SOMETHING OF UNUSUAL.

It was by this time that all the others of Gertrude's boy and girl scout followers who had been in the plan to help in the work had arrived, with the army being close, and who had found their way to the big cabin on the same lumber raft that has been used with the trip down the flood, and now during this expedition down the Homa Run.

Jean had brought the tin box containing the very important papers of the Abbeinnian territory which Gertrude had recovered recently and she brought them to the cabin on the raft. Before retiring that night however, Gertrude placed the box with these important papers in a safe, and placed the safe on a square topped dresser close to her bedside close to a window. To have was all she had left the window locked up on a pin about five or six inches or more. At the advice of Starrling, Jean, and others far from Glandelinus spies within even her own force Gertrude pulled down the shade, and before going to bed barricaded herself in her room, left the lamp light burning, and slept with a pistol under her head, and a rifle in her arms for she would take no chances on its being stolen. During this time Jean, children, Jack Saunders and others were crowded about Starrling and had asked him how he and the Princess and others had fared in the adventure so far.

"We have had no of the slight best success so far," answered sleepily as he was sitting on his cot. "Before I was sent out I told Gertrude and Angelina Riche the outcome of the mission would be a failure."

"But what was the explosion?" asked Jean. "Explosions or something else?"

"We have found no evidence that they were no explosions," answered Starrling. "The explosions were some sort of munition blasts, but whether it was the enemy, or whether it was accidental I do not know. Only one third of Abbeinnia was untouched by the flood and that was the higher northern section. We have found every kind of evidence that the disaster was not of any volcanic upheaval whatever but nothing more."

The children were sadly disappointed at this, and at first thought Starrling had just said this either to try them, or because he was discouraged, but his statement was agreed by Jean, and her sisters Jeanie who said to children:

"We have found no clues whatever. We only know there was no volcanic eruption. Something exploded and that is all we know. Who was to blame, or whether it was an accident, or through some ones carelessness it is hard to find. The flood had covered the neighborhood where the craters are now, and left no trace of anything when it receded. So we are at a loss. And so far, regardless of what Pargur has told us, we have not in the least been misled. But—there are the tons. It's time for us all to turn in. We had every one."

This command was obeyed, but hardly any of the others could hardly sleep that night thinking of it. During the night too there was no noise of any kind, and having heard too that the Princess had been in general Manile's lines trying to learn something, and had failed because of the flood, they were still more discouraged, even though Jean and her sisters were not so, and were determined not to give up unless it was positive there was no clue. They had decided to go back to Manile's lines even to pretend to serve a till they got some secrets, but the others were taken in on their quest. However the plans of Jeanie, and her sisters were to be thrown to the dust, "exploded" as it were. Gertrude woke up in the morning, and the first thing she did was to take a look at the dresser top. She received a shock. The window shade was up, and the safe and the box with the plans were gone.

"What she cried. "Can I be one of them? That's all right. I was."

She hastily got up, almost throwing her gown to the floor.

"My heavens!" she exclaimed. "The most important plans with the safe gone."

For a full fifteen minutes she stood there as if she had been nailed to the floor. She looked around the room, and saw everywhere

everything in it as she had left it, the door was closed and locked and the key was in the door. How did the spy get in? And where? Was it a plumbing boy, or a scout or a messenger soldier very slick and shrewd? Had he hid in the room on the floor? But if he had how could he have gotten out? These were the questions she should ask herself. In fact she was beside herself. The great and most important plans---GON V. How, and where?

"I wonder who pulled that shade up!" she demanded to herself as she slowly and with difficulty managed to rise the low dresser. "I am sure I pulled it down before I went to bed. It couldn't have gone up itself, for it would have made a noise if it did."

She glanced quickly around the room, and with a pistol in her hand pulled up the overhanging bed covers and glanced under bed but no one was there.

"How did they do it?" she thought to herself. "The room is exactly as I left it,---not a single thing has been disturbed. I am sure I looked in the closet before I retired and locked it,---it is still locked and the key is in the door the way I left it---the window is down a few inches from the top---but it is locked from the inside by an old-fashioned iron peg---and no one is thin enough to have crawled through it, not even a baby---besides there were some subways in it, and they are still there---the other door is heavily locked and positively no other entrance to the room, and the window itself is forty feet above the ground, and twenty feet above the raft floor. So I wonder how,---could something tell me how they got that safe?"

She went to the window and looked out without disturbing it hoping to see foot prints on the ground beyond the raft, but not even a trace of that. She removed the bar of the entrance door, and sounded the alarm by firing her pistol five times. About an hour later the whole army knew of Gertrude's mysterious loss. It was the puzzle of the age. Everybody wondered how the spy stole the safe with the important plans in it.

"Violet said: 'How could he take it from Gertrude's cabin room on that raft when the door was barricaded, closet locked, window locked from the inside, and no other means of entry. And all the while Gertrude had been guarding it with her rifle. It seems a strange phenomenon to me. I'm thinking he might have snatched some how through that open window but how?'"

"It is unusually strange," said Catherine. "If I hadn't seen her put it there, I would have believed she had dropped it of the whole thing. But it is gone. There is one thing I do know, and that is the spy, or thief got it somehow by that window. And I'm going to have the experts come and examine it. Fast I'll call up Angelina when by our army wireless and notify her of the loss."

She went to the telephone in general Aronhurns room and and it wasn't long before Angelina's voice in answer to the inquiry on the phone was from first to Violet, and her sisters, and then with them to the big cabin on the raft.

"Is Gertrude here yet?" she asked of George Zimmerman the new boy scout captain who was on the raft.

"Yes," he answered, "she lost---"

"I know she did," interrupted George A. Angelina Richman. "We wished to find out the details. We have four Gemini members with us who wish to find out the details. We'll be right there."

"How could he do that?" she asked George.

"We don't know," put in one of the Gemini members. "We don't know any other way, the way she had the door barricaded her bedded. I am sure he got it through the open top window."

They entered the cabin and found Gertrude almost weeping over her loss. This was the second time she had lost the important papers.

"The window is just as I left it," she said. "And you see the subways are still there, and its locked from the inside."

This time the Gemini members were with the party, and the famous boy scout Adelfoh his son also and after they looked at the window they wondered how it could have been so easily taken. Violet's sister said that the spy could have climbed through that open window if the lock was broken.

"I think you are mistaken Princess," said Adelfoh. "No one could climb through that open window if it is too small. And if he could he couldn't get down without jumping, and making a lot of noise, and if he did it would have woken Miss Aronhurn and she would have had him at her mercy."

"He must have done it from the outside," exclaimed Jennie.

"H. James" and Adelfoh his son also and after they looked at the window they wondered how it could have been so easily taken. Violet's sister said that the spy could have climbed through that open window if the lock was broken.

Getting a step ladder Adelfoh climbed to the top and with a strong "detective's" magnifying glass looked over every inch of the window casing, floor, and even the curtain, and still and finally remarked:

"I'm positive it is not done from the inside. There isn't a crack in the floor, not a finger print of any kind to be found. But why is this curtain in its place so heavy? Miss Aronhurn he asked."

"I don't know," she answered, "I didn't know it was heavy."

She felt of it but couldn't understand. She took a knife and cut it from the string, and said to Angelina's Richman "Cut it open if you can and see what's inside."

"Then said George Zimmerman that German boy scout. "Oh Gertrude what do these mean? What are they for?"

"What for?" she asked.

"Then under the window sill."

"What?" she asked. "Are there pegs under the sill. There were none yesterday."

And she looked, and saw there were two pegs, and then she picked up a small square slab of still lying on the floor beneath the window sill, a string and a rope attached to something on the floor.

At this moment the other boy came in and said to Violet "You are wanted outside Princess."

Everyone was outside.

"The only clue so far," said the Gemini members. "It's very strange though. On the floor nearby boards of the raft in some footprints of sand which outside the window."

They all took a good look and saw it was true.

"How that seems absurd," said Angelina's Richman. "Why it's the print of a one armed man with a left foot."

"But there is no mark of a wooden leg or a crutch," said Jennie.

"If he was a cripple how could he reach up there without climbing a rope, and besides he couldn't walk without a crutch or cane."

"I'm positive there's something wrong," said Gertrude. "He was a man with two left shoes. Here was the footprints to the side of the raft where they were lost. He came here by a boat no doubt."

The others were examining the tall about the pole that stood about eight feet away from the cabin window, which was also twenty feet above the raft floor. Being shrewd girls they began to almost right away solve the mystery.

"What's it was an inside job," said Jennie.

"Inside job was said Angelina's Richman. "Why the only people in the world who were in the safe was I, the Princess and Gertrude, and also one of the officers Colonel Gruntlemore."

"Exactly Miss Richman," exclaimed Jean. "You and Gertrude, and the Princess were at the army headquarters before this night of the strange robbery. Well I don't need a paper and pencil to finger a finger right from ten I have two."

"But, how utterly ridiculous. The Colonel couldn't get in the place through that little opening in the window."

"Well I didn't noticed anyone saying they don't miss him this morning from the ranks Angelina. Of course too little," she continued. "I ain't succeeding the colonel of anything, but personally if I wanted to keep a cat out of the house, I'd never learn it how to open a milk bottle."

"You said something that time," Jean said Angelina's Richman. "So the Colonel is missing. She turned to one of the men. "Miss Aronhurn's Adventure of Violet, that Colonel Gruntlemore is missing, and there they give orders not to let any one out of the lines until a strict search has been made. Capture any one with a square shouldered package."

The general was notified by telephone.

Then Gertrude called up Radcliffe who was in the army headquarters. "What's the news?" she said. "Isn't it dreadful. The safe and the plan a stolen. Of course according to Violet, and her sisters everything about the investigation about Adelfoh will have to be postponed, until we find it and the spy who stole it. Of course we couldn't think of going on with the work without following those plans. It would be impossible."

"What's the sudden news from Radcliffe. I'll be over as soon as possible," said Jennie.

In the meantime poor Gertrude was beside herself, and every one else too were greatly worried. The most important thing was, right had not only lost the most precious plans ever in her possession, but with the loss there was no chance of continuing the investigations around Abilene. These plans were necessary, without them all work would have to be postponed. Right had hoped to see this date set for the next morning as success of all scouts in history. Now it was apparent that the work would not be able to continue. And Calverlin, poor Calverlin, Heaven help Calverlin now.

She murmured to herself: "We build our statues of snow, and when to see them melt. Noon time came and yet there was no sign of good luck or any news of the plans. Gertrude was beside herself, she felt she not only lost them but—plans were ever known but a couple of weeks. At that time Radcliffe came in, and after a few words, said:

"You told me yesterday that an officer by the name of Colonel Grail Gruntlemore was the last person in the room the night of the robbery before you closed up. Will you repeat the words he said again to you just before he left?"

"He said," answered Gertrude, "but I believe he was joking. What foolishness it was for me to keep such plans, and that if I didn't hide it he might sneak in and steal it."

"I see," said Radcliffe, looking up at the widow window. "Was that window open this morning?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Well, Gertrude, you must have done a foolish thing, in leaving a safe on a table near an open window. Why did you open it for?"

"But the funny thing is," she exclaimed, "was that I did not know it was even open till this morning. I never opened it."

"Never?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't it open during the day the yesterday?"

"Certainly not. Before going to bed last night I did open another window at the top over there but only for a few minutes and then closed it. I never touched this one, only pulled the shade down all the way. I was half dead before."

"I'm positively sure Gruntlemore or Gruntlemore whatever his name is is the thief," said Radcliffe. He will be captured soon if he didn't leave the lines."

"And indeed he didn't. He did not have the chance for before he could get as far as the entry lines General Aramburg had sent in all orders to arrest anyone carrying any package as long as it was a square one or an oblong one, and not to let them go until the package was examined. This was done with Gruntlemore, and the safe was found in his possession."

"So Mr Gruntlemore," the guard said with a grin. "You're the money want."

"Who me?"

"Yes you. And Heaven help you. You'll look like a lamb when you face that dangerous girl scout leader and the Princesses. You are a spy are you not?"

"No I'm a former Englishman."

"Have any connections with Glandelin?"

"With who?"

"You'll find out. Here John. To another soldier. Get your squad. I've got the thief."

"You have?"

"Yes."

The man rode up and looked at the safe. Gertrude's name was on it.

The squad was called, and the man was forced to walk all the distance while he was under guard, the soldier who had found the safe accompanying him. "Are you a workman?" Demanded the soldier whose name was John.

"Yes."

"Say YES. You dumbell not YES. What's your occupation. I'm a Christian dog."

"You are, Mr Gruntlemore. Well that's good. Do you like it?"

"No sir."

"What's your first name?"

"George."

"For who did you steal that safe?"

"I needed the money."

"You did. How did you know there was money in it?"

"Gertrude told me so."

"Gertrude did not," retorted the soldier. "You're a professional

thief that is what you are. There are plans in that safe and you know it. You are either a thief, or a spy. You're luckier if you intended that just for spying purposes. But if you are a thief you will find out something worse. We don't even condemn unsuccessful plans to death, that is not our method but a thief thief always gets a neck the party."

"A what?"

"You'll find out."

It was some hours before the fellow was brought into the right part of the lines and thence to the river.

"Get in that boat," said the soldier, "and be quick about it."

The man obeyed as to resist was useless, and he was rowed over to the raft in short order. Then he was brought before Gertrude and the Princesses who were with her this time and Radcliffe, and Peared too was there.

"Here's the spy or thief," said the guard showing him up into the cabin. "He had the safe."

"You alone know the combination Gertrude," said John. "Open it and see if it is still there."

Gertrude did, but to her great dismay it was empty.

"So this is the way you spies work it out," said John. "What did you do with the papers?"

"There was no papers in the safe," said the spy with a successful gleam in his eyes. "I knew I couldn't get away, and I duplicated this one for the one I took. It's in the hands of the foe. You are in for it now. You will not succeed in your work."

"So this is the way you put it over on me," he said furiously. After that he made all these preparations and wait all this time for our chances to arrive, you dirty good for nothing workman who have no business being here at all side with the enemy of our own country, and make a fool of me before the whole world. You call yourself a successful spy. If plans and papers mean more to you and the wicked country you workman serve—you can have this Geography too," and she threw the book as swiftly as she could, and the end of it took him right in the eye with such force as to know knock him sprawling. The end of the book literally put his eye out.

"That ends it," she screamed wildly. "But what's to become of us. I've been patient—and I've been square with all the Christian world. And now I'm like a girl left at the altar owing my husband millions of dollars money which I stole from him. That's how I feel. What in the world shall I do. Plans gone, and everything."

The man with his face covered with blood was lifted onto a chair and his face cleaned and bandaged.

Of all the scouts Gertrude was the most sure. She realized for once in her life a spy had gotten the best of her. If it had been an ordinary Glandelinian she would not have taken it so much to heart. But he was a former Englishman. Trying to calm herself at last she said:

"I suppose your country is the same like Glandelin, equally as wicked. You are robber of us children, you child scouts who have gone through suffering, and made us four our own Goun try. A man of your kind should know what kind of a nation Glandelin is. Tell me how you get that safe out of this room, or I'll have you face the firing squad even in your condition as you are. I won't show no mercy to a former who do us wrongs us, and in our own uniforms."

The secret indeed was out. The mystery solved. The one known as Colonel Gruntlemore was the spy thief. He answered:

"I had information that you would keep the papers in the safe."

"How came you the information?" Demanded Gertrude in the safe."

"I don't know who they were, but they were also former," she answered. "They looked like the person in the White and Jeff King line. Oh my eyes."

"How did you work the scheme to get the safe up through that window from the outside?" asked Radcliffe.

"Knowing the first thing that Gertrude would do before getting out would be to pull down the shade of this window I had a carpenter secretly secure above the rib on the shade pull down a wire did as much as to make a hole in the window sill. A rope at the end of the wire was fastened to the top of the shade and a steel bolt through the rope, a rope was tied to the top of her safe, the other end of the rope tied to the top of the safe or I mean tied to a strong piece of upholstery which was tied to the piece of steel when Gertrude pulled down the shade the magnet touched the steel and gave it to it. Then all I had to do that

"I don't care what any of you say here," said Angella, a Jesuit. "I'm sure the enemy is trying to hide something. He is guilty of. First at the beginning of the expedition, Gertrude, you being deceived through some fraud letter as you showed us recently fired upon Starling thinking he was one of those Professional spies trying to shoot you. Then they themselves, that is the spies, attacked Starling on the cliffs. Then the forest fire followed us up here, and general Aronburg's army almost was lost, and the general badly burned himself in trying to rescue others. Starring, whether his rescuer, think of it a boy. Then then Hildebrand forced retreat, and general Jivens threw battle against the flames rushing on his army through the Red Riding Hood Woods in an unlikely manner. Then this robbery of Gertrude's plane. This does put Glendolinda absolutely under suspicion. If she is not guilty of the destruction of Abbeville, and the explosion, why is she doing all this?"

If one could answer a single word, but looked at her sternly at the wall.

It seemed when they came to give green the situation that it did look strangely queer. Every attempt which others had not noticed but Gertrude had, had been made to frustrate them in their work. At first they did not see it in that light, and had believed that all that was done just for the military purposes of the Glendolinda's armies. Now everything seemed clear. The Glendolindians were trying to prevent something from being discovered, something that might still be traced to the explosion scenes or elsewhere. "Obviously," he said, "in his and Jean's hands were right. As long as these two child scouts had been known, it had been found they were the one surest and brightest of them all. However they had soldier spoken off always come out to be true."

"But that is something to be looked into," said Jean. "You three girls are right. At first we didn't pay any attention to these things. But anyhow whatever it is we have to keep our eyes open. That loss of Gertrude's plane should make us more suspicious than ever. Of course those planes would as you may say not really fulfill the enemy any because to the enemy they are mere scraps of paper of no account, but to Gertrude and us they were a great help to our work. The loss tops us a lot. It all, and ought to make us suspicious. But you must remember too, that just being suspicious does not bring any results. Our loss, and the queer tricks on us, and of Gertrude's soundings starring by mistake, through that fraud letter does not give any evidence of the kind that can enable us to prove Glendolinda did it. The evidence must be found around Abbeville, or in the Abbeville or-----"

"The world will still continue to think that the d's sister was of volcanic origin," said Jean. "And histories then will be published about the 'GREATST VOLCANIC ERECTION IN THE WORLD', and Abbeville then can do nothing to Glendolinda about it."

"They nearly believe that now," said Gladys. "I too read a magazine which had a written story of it already. It is already going to go in to history as such a thing. If we want to prevent this we must do something quick."

"What shall we do?" asked Jean.

"Continue the work in spite of this loss. I can work around the craters, as that was suggested. It's best now though I believe to stay away from the enemy camp. Try and learn anything there will be futile."

"I believe," said Catherine, "that the enemy will try his best to hinder us in our work in all ways possible. So may even while making our investigations find ourselves under them, and our major number of us might be killed. I am just thinking of-----"

"Thinking of what?" asked her sister, Daisy.

"We have both general Jivens here, and also we have Don Centinim Aronburg, and Hildebrand. Couldn't it be possible to drive the enemy out of here. It is now concentrated ground but in case of this grave necessity it would not be wrong to wage a battle, in order to clear the region so we can work in peace."

"But suppose the enemy wins?" asked Hildebrand.

"Oh, please," said Jean. "You are always thinking the enemy is going to win the war." "We can have Hildebrand offered that the right would be a good success."

"But is a serious discussion," said Jean. "I myself don't believe it'll work, but we can speak it over with general Jivens. Aronburg and the others. They are great military leaders, and know best."

"But how about Tenley? Won't he interfere?"

"Maybe he could be taken care of," said Violet. "I am thinking myself of striking him first, but if to surprise him, the others far better off would come up to join the battle, and the conflict would be a deeper one than we want."

"That's the difference as long as it is a successful issue," said Angella. "Hildebrand, please."

"But think the size of the armies will you?" said Violet. "Hildebrand is fifty million strong, and the others are 100,000,000 strong. That would make a battle that is worse than any if they joined in on an immense territory."

"And maybe the armies under general Jivens, his brother, and general Aronburg may get the best of it," said Hildebrand.

"We would have to take the chance," said Jean. "But I don't believe it would be so. But what we fear, is that the battle would be such a bloody one that it would appeal the world."

"But it can't be helped if we want to continue our work without hindrance," said Catherine. "For once I vote."

"Aye to my plan."

"What about you others?" asked Violet. "All in favor say aye."

"Says aye, and others said no, but the majority were for aye."

"The eyes have it," said Violet. "Violet."

"Don't you try?"

"No one answered to that."

"We can speak it up with the generals after breakfast," said Jean.

"It will be best to leave the matter in their hands."

"When do you think it is best to have them strike?" asked

Dorcas.

"It's up to the generals," said Catherine. "They know best, how and when to do it. And we can't worry also on Hildebrand. Hildebrand's a good fighter and a shrewd soldier you know. If he does the best that best war, the battle will come out a success."

For them all the breakfast was a silent one. Hildebrand, Hildebrand and his scouts on their leaders made a work word and clouds seemed to surround them all. After breakfast was over the girls and Jean, again with Violet, and her sisters consulted about the last plan, and then the matter was taken up about having the generals in the cockpit. The generals however had had a late breakfast, because for once in his life their cooks had failed to get up in time to fix breakfast. But the three main generals who were requested to come for the interview, arrived at the headquarters of Violet, and her sisters at about 9 A.M. In the morning the viceroy general indeed told Gertrude how they felt sorry for her loss, but did not see how it could be possible that it could stop the work if it was desirable to be done. General Jivens said:

"It cannot be possible that any man as laid by the enemy could have been put into any of those subways or tunnels running north from the city of Abbeville, for the Gemini investigated all these, and the 'explosion craters' are not even in that locality. The only clues can be found in the immediate vicinity of any one of the fourteen craters and where else. I'm absolutely positive of that. As to your suggestion of making battle on the enemy on that territory, we can do that, but we will have to bid time. First we must learn what positions the Tremelines have, and others, and the strength of them. You know it is necessary to be wise, and shrewd and not rash, nor overcautious either. Our confidence in presumption too is the worst. This is a on your record, and besides we must depend on the weather. As are arriving into the early fall season, then the worst weather comes on. If the decrease of the weather still continues it's all the better. But we will be willing to do so. But the Hildebrand and the Tremelines combined make a powerful Glendolinda army and it is therefore wiser to not proceed. This is now September the fifteenth, and it is the time the weather up here usually takes a turn for the worst. It'll be getting colder anyway. If it is dry, and though the weather is a sort of hindrance to the enemy it does not affect the armies under the Tremelines, as they are used to it by now."

"I believe," said Hildebrand, hereafter "It is impossible for our country to win the war. Sentenced all over the south country of Catherine into a through-out southern Angella in too many many armies of Glendolinda soldiers, and also as the war began they had have represented a certain degree of development. The sudden and could formations of such armies tells us of a dangerous rebellion among the foe, the excitement prevail in everywhere illustrating the rise of their arms, and the decline of the Angellian armies, and this awful disaster itself affords a

a picture of what may remain long after these great forest fires have been extinguished and the floods abate."

"How can you wildred men put such an explanation," said Violet.

"Why the building up of the enemy theory is not supposed to do and entirely on mobilization of troops by collection to or any other situation surrounding their cause, but the main agency is assumed to be a general progress of those already in action against us, resulting probably from the larger resistance of smaller armies, and by armies under out very good and drilled officers. The awful condition of Calvernia produced by these disasters we are trying to investigate, of the forest fires, and the length of time the enemy is holding out against the besieging armies at various points indicates that the world never expects us to win the war, but that "land's inland" is the successful side. This flood, as any explanation of the disasters dominated the world's thought from the date of its occurrence, June the first of this year and the statement of it being a volcanic eruption as received almost universal acceptance, and though recent destructive critic activities had proved that the disaster disaster was not of volcanic eruption and earthily upheavals and that the idea must be abandoned, it must be said however that the great flood for some unknown reason shows evidence of progressive development instead of abatement, and so many other disasters have been found to occur in difference stages, with fires in flames that it is impossible to start a series showing consecutive stages up to the time of this month, while despite all in vain investigations the mystery of the cause of the disasters remains unsolved, the flood still has great velocity of movement, too great for any one to halt it or so by itself alone, and yet by the aid of the wireless telegraph many other disasters have been brought to our knowledge ranging in character, from volcanic activities interspersed with triple and conglomeration of disasters, to the definite outlines and highly suggestive forest fires in other parts of the world, and of all the disasters we know of or do not know of these we are trying to investigate suggest the operation of one process of the enemy in trying to prevent mobilization of armies. If we do not succeed in our mission here, I know positively we'll never lick Glandinia."

"You have made quite an unusual lecture," said Violet. "But how about this?"

In July, about the first or second this month, observers on the tipsters looking over the whole territory in the neighborhood of Abbienn, discovered a foul like a monkey wrench lying on distance off the crater's edge and this was of little consequence up to that time the most significant hope of the future for us. Of course this loss of Abbienn is a blow not only to our nation but the world in general. This beautiful city which at the recent time stood alone all others as the best city of all kind has now come to be regarded as a thing of the past and the most serious catastrophe of all. The horrors of this disaster of course angers most strongly to the imagination, the largest disaster of all these European suffer this great flood, in perhaps the most interesting and shocking one of all time, and it is so extensive and the dimensions so enormous as to be beyond comparison of all disasters known, although the only evidence has not yet come to light many other disasters as you may wildred has already been known causes have been discovered, and fastened on the enemy, each disaster showing different stages of a development, and the investigation of hundreds of the Glandinia and scientists have to a great extent solved the riddle and proved that the enemy was responsible. The enemy's efforts to throw us off the track have shown such at the time here also. The power of the flood establishes it as the chief of all the disasters though, and the records of its effects are evidence of the spectral horror which is supposed to characterize the different stages of the flood. Many of the disaster we have seen of the past, including the mercuric explosion, flood, fire, and numerous type have enough evidence to bring the whole Christian world against the enemy. As the flood disasters are as certainly brought on by explosions only the theory of development must embrace both types, and that we have to wait before we can resume the work to morrow. Through loss of caution by the Calvernia government, our important rivers and dams and lakes are now in a perilous position, and such a condition can be regarded as representing the first period of the coming of disasters. Our big forest fires are said by many witnesses to be most marvelous, and yet they hinder a great deal in our work. The conglomeration of such a mass of fires from all those burning forests and one involving the destruction of a great amount of heat, the flames grow hotter as time as they spread more and more. They are impossible to battle now. Going on with these forest fires are the

afternoon phenomena of darkness of another, heat over the whole country above normal for the day, and our tired darkness in the sky so long with little or no sunlight at all, without going into further detail. There is a general acceptance of the theory that there exists between some of these explosion craters, and more about in left of Abbienn alive or infinite as to how little doubt that caused the disaster, for we can fear the worst as wildred as a very possibly in the another corner or later, for the gradual cooling of the atmosphere by absorption of the forest fires with development of waves heat elsewhere by new fires due to combustion of carbon 1. Nowon will produce storms as we have never seen before and may hinder a good deal our off-against the enemy.

All our disasters show definite progressive lines forming the basis of a system of classification, their size, and form are indications of what they contain, and of their duration there seem to indicate yet and such disaster need to be separated into five size classes by these two principles."

"This flood is a force in its fifth stage," said General Vivion, it was starting early in July but was added by other big flood following no such phenomena. With the appearance of the disaster, the surface of the ocean underneath the water seems to have undergone vast changes in flood details, caused by the water pressure and the speed of the current which is past the rocks followed by the operation of dyke bursting but are I supposed being followed by readjustments of the surface of the ocean. It is supposed that we are to have a great deal of rain as the conditions brought on by disaster will make underlings somewhat dangerous to fight a battle on such ground would be equally dangerous for both sides. Underground here where unequal strains must be broken up set up at different points due to the effects of the explosions, and when shocked by battle these strains may cause some of the ruptures in the surface, and we might meet with disaster. The investigations that you said I continue to take only remain safe by the recovery of the plane that got lost. And following the flood waters into a nearly vast inland sea, the first process of stages in investigations would be a cooling of this to normal form weather, accompanied by well needed rains or snows, but the adding of these forest fires develop increasing heat daily and act on the different elements of the weather according to their particular properties, and therefore develop out of storms which cannot occur under such conditions because of a general heat from the disasters. The result is that Calvernia and her neighboring states are completely prostrated with the effects. These forest fires raise the temperature throughout our country for higher than would exist under other circumstances. These forest fires are called by the Europeans "the Red Plague" as you all know, under ordinary conditions we know only as "flood", but when great weather conditions the sea is said to be changed into a state of combustion accompanied by glowing lights and terrific heat. This is the case as flows come to the surface to be felt in the day, and temperature drops in the cities. There is then the ten gases, Hydrogen, Nitrogen, Oxygen, Chlorine, Fluorine, Helium, Argon, Krypton, Neon, and Xenon exist also in these forest fires due to abnormal chemical action produced by the heat of the flames. I suppose too these gases are carried in a state of intense heat. The chemicals can be caused by the materials that are floating. These ideas will cause a very bad reduction in our trees, and the demand for building material will be out of the question.

The most important discoveries for the cause of the disaster and their consequences, as the case of urban disorders, urging us to have the sea protected, whether by electric batteries or by other means, providing what the explosives were. The disasters of this and of Lake St. Louis are divided into two classes, and they include not only the unknown sources of the flood waters, but the sweeping and overwhelming of the rivers. The Lake St. Louis flood came only from that lake. Referring moreover to previous conditions, this flood is to be investigated the next. The heat rays from the forest fires pass parallel to the ground and through the atmosphere, but the heat is not as rapidly passed out into space for the end need it is not but after 2 in suspension suspended in the air. The heat of the forest fires is the heat of the forest fires. The forest fires are said to be a very bad reduction in our trees, and the demand for building material will be out of the question. The most important discoveries for the cause of the disaster and their consequences, as the case of urban disorders, urging us to have the sea protected, whether by electric batteries or by other means, providing what the explosives were. The disasters of this and of Lake St. Louis are divided into two classes, and they include not only the unknown sources of the flood waters, but the sweeping and overwhelming of the rivers. The Lake St. Louis flood came only from that lake. Referring moreover to previous conditions, this flood is to be investigated the next. The heat rays from the forest fires pass parallel to the ground and through the atmosphere, but the heat is not as rapidly passed out into space for the end need it is not but after 2 in suspension suspended in the air. The heat of the forest fires is the heat of the forest fires. The forest fires are said to be a very bad reduction in our trees, and the demand for building material will be out of the question.

[illegible]

"There seems to be an a current there" said Walter Scott. "The first

[illegible]

"Maybe we" said General Hansen "there was not too many left to cover what I discover what was going on since all these dreadful and bloody massacres have occurred, the investigations of the problem has greatly extended our knowledge, and because of the conditions of the horrible conditions have added greatly, but while the forest has been so badly covered at no cause of this big flood have not been fully discovered. Fresh things back to the roots of the conflict with the Giant Little Man, much disaster has been discovered to be getting bigger and bigger, in fact it was the wonderful and very tremendous All-Form action which even the "A" movement is a tremendous destruction. Because now we are at the edge of the flood even at the last further ending or southern end of a station that the waters of the flood are unparallel with any other end of this, and therefore therefore I believe the present of the ending will have developed the month of the past the flood will be the ending with the existence

But there is a considerable loss of detail which the first edition nullifies and makes the third if the film were ever made but most of the places are not low level ground but are about the same as the hills and valleys.

"But" said Stirling "I believe the explosion disasters cover in themselves the whole of the subject. The ground movement of the largest craters has not broken into the great lumps and one of these was the enormous mound of earth which formed the mountain which later became Mt. San Jacinto tearing the surface of the country apart in west and east lines, with great deep basins between them into which the waters of the sea of the flood had flowed forming the two lakes to which no such thing ever existed near Abilene before. Since the time of this great unknown "convulsion" which many think now is a "Volcanic disturbance", strange transformations had taken place which marked by the different strata of the surface to new conditions this no doubt being or have been produced by the force of the great explosions. The mountain ridges have been caused no doubt by the terrific shocks of the explosions. Strange the enormous horizontal cracks for hundreds of miles have been recognized in many parts of the explosion territory as important factors as a result of the explosions and the convulsions they produced, the ground between each crack has been thrown into a series of undulations undulations, and can be more steeply inclined than the other. These cracks are widest near the "volcanic craters" and very small mounds of earth are overturned. These strange events must have taken place very widely even though the strata affected by the concussion of the blasts lay deeply beneath many thousands of feet of deposit, even countries have been involved in the disaster by their crater slopes shaken down into tremendous landslides which burst down, of course I suppose not due to the cause of this volcanic disaster have been suddenly or gradually carried away or raised either by flood or fire. The force of the flood no doubt was like a conflagration has been great enough to cause the great destruction of the whole of the world and the little of the world.

The starting of these diasters on the Pacific are less known because of the destroyed communications, and the fulfillment of all the diasters are little known because the results of their operations have arrived some time later than could be used in communications. It is just as if a state of exchange tension resulted, but no doubt are very intense. The present changes of this diaster probably took place during late May during which this ocean of water covered one quarter of Antarctica in a section of northern Australia and other station, with waters by their enormous pressure and weight has reached very massive tide. (Q14th - Answer) The destructions were not the only cause of the flood

According to statements which changed the condition of the ground surface yet they were a very important element especially in their force in sinking down the walls of river lake and dams. I believe it was in this way this big flood was caused for we should know that great lakes dried in were situated some distance north of Abbotsburg, between Lake Shasta, Lake St. Ann, Lake Min-Hill and others, which would flow the land if their levees ever burst. Of course disaster was followed by another as we know, and with each a new wave of life was added with the result that the world believe now it was a tremendous volcanic upheaval. As the nearest volcano to Abbotsburg is Mt. Golconda, and that is three hundred and sixty miles away. It seems to be these disaster have increased as our resistance to the enemy has increased, disasters occurred more violent and wide spread, and the flooding and the burning of the country now have and all is complicated. Such a disaster seems impossible to solve.

One of these is the tremendous flood idea produced by the concretion, and the other is the idea of a volcano. The flood idea we have divided into two classes, those of the lower hills and those from the mountain slopes the latter is the latter which were greater, and I believe that these blasts were as great as any and interior explosions that the world may be, and at the same time, the tremendous effects of the explosions took place as if working chemical reactions throughout the region, and everything we have discovered was forced up into the air and scattered all over the country, but I have never discovered anything that anyone would ever give signs of a volcano eruption. The effects of the flood idea has long been gone, it seems and therefore the unusual strain due to the lesser force Government which seems powerful enough to allow an enemy to overcome us as Mildred says seems yet only intermittent that it cannot be depended on. The force of the explosions have caused the earth to crumble into small folds, the hills forming deep pits with a double shell when the explosion was not severe, and characteristics we where the explosions were of the greatest force.

The first explosions were did tear great fissures in the ground near the city of Abbotsburg which it is all the floods had filled up to a flood over all the surrounding country. No example of such great disasters have occurred in any historic times, but there is abundant evidence that other great disasters have occurred in the earlier period of the wars of which we are positively ignorant of, yet what is strangest of the disaster is of the great fissures that have opened in the earth for this distance of five hundred miles, yet not deep enough to engulf the flood waters, they are numerous and more widely opened than fissures caused by earth tremors, and yet these openings connect with the craters from one to the other for their entire length some believe if it had not been for these fissures the flood would have spread over all the country of California. Nearly all these large groups of craters are level with the ground have no evidence of having been from volcanic activity, have no cones or inner craters and are filled a half way to the brim with water. If they had been formed by volcanic activity they would be in cones of great height rising from these level plains and would have interior cones. That proves they were not produced by volcanic activity.

"But," said Mildred "how can it be proved that these craters were not produced by volcanic eruptions? Volcanoes do throw materials such as lava, ash, and rock and even clay and gravel all over the place and can't it be proved?"

"There is no proof," said Jean herself. "Didn't you ever read or study history?"

"Yes I have," said she answered. "but what has that got to do with it? I can even explain anything in such geographical history!"

"Explain," said Mildred "in the fashion of a geologist."

"A volcano is a mountain that blows. In the fashion of a geologist, it is a small or very high and to be great an opening in the earth's crust which is overflowing with the magma through which the products of interior contraction are thrown out in the shape of water, steam, gas, or molten stone called lava, the motion is all in a downward from below by the explosive power of the magma and is spread on the surface where it accumulates and gets hard. A volcanic cone may be built up either on the land or floor where a fissure allows the gaseous activity to assert itself, the surface opening is connected with the homogeneous medium of the interior by a pipe through

with the lava. The pipe is lava, and that is to the formation of the cone. The lava is a mass of the stones, dust and other materials which are fused together, and the materials to other and with the chemical action of the lava the entire magma is formed into a sort of rock stone called tuff. cones may rise in the center but a very hot or fluid lava is from the center forms a hill with a gentle slope, a cooler or more viscous lava, which becomes solid more solidly, or one formed of stone not melted, probably an of lapilli or sand formed or for a forms a steep mound, at the opening on top there is a cup shaped hollow or called the crater, which is formed in the upper cone this cone would be continually built up around the crater by successive eruptions. In the course of time therefore when the volcano is becoming extinct the cone becomes breached on one side and slowly disintegrates leaving perhaps nothing to show the previous existence of the volcano but a solitary hill land or mesa which is the lava that solidified in the throat of the volcano when it became extinct.

"You are," said it that time. "said general Vivian. "Yet there is no such evidence here. The craters which are level with the ground are divided into two classes, according to the force of the blasts. Some are small and eruptions each such would not have lasted a second but would have continued. The great majority of these craters are as big as those of real volcanoes, in fact some are bigger."

"Did any witnesses ever see any of this during the explosions?" asked Mildred. "I don't know," said general Vivian. "It goes as this, did they see in the following order: The electric cloud followed by disruptive discharges, steam, water or gases from these fissures or long holes in the ground, hydrogen flames bursting from the center, dark heavy clouds of steam color of volcanic dust rising to a great height and spreading out at the top in the shape of a pine tree which gradually dwindled as the lightning changed from dust to sand, ash, and lapilli stones, lighter colored steam billowing out in rolling clouds, called the cauliflower shape, or of variegated colors charged with gases and brilliant with electric discharges followed by torrents of rain and rivers of mud or lava. Did they see all that during each of the explosions?"

"They saw great clouds, flashes below the horizon but nothing else than that," answered general Vivian.

"But," said general Vivian. "new papers published that the disaster was caused by volcanic eruptions," said general Vivian.

"I have seen that," said Mildred. "and one paper said the lava rushed out in a great flood and that some explosion drove a hole through the mountain side and sent out horizontally as from a gun a volume of incandescent and gas that destroyed Abbotsburg, that the top of the mountain near Abbotsburg had been blown off, and that the mountain that stood where these craters are now had been totally annihilated so as to be level with the ground."

"But," said Jean. "the reporter that wrote that must have had a vision in his mind. There never has been a mountain so close to this neighborhood. Of course the explosions here had a sort of rhythmic but the rhythm changed and their operation in the explosive phases was very different from that of volcanoes, and too sudden in coming and too brief in duration and there was no order of any kind. The elements which are chemically in the magma are not found here in the manner of the formation of these craters are not round but of crazy shape from oblong, square, and to even round deep holes, some as if by a terrific wind blast."

"There are those who do say they were exploded as but who blamed the blasts were caused by forest fires," said general Vivian. "They say there may have been immense quantities dumped near Abbotsburg and the up-blowing caused by the forest reaching there, and then the flood water washed over the surface of the land."

"There is no forest fire near the neighborhood at the time," said general Vivian. "You can see none of the surviving trees had been destroyed by any flames. Of course the conclusions have limited the trees of their foliage and limbs, and none of this debris came from volcanic eruptions. There is there any place covered with volcanic ash, lava or mud? Each explosion was as great as to have probably thrown out fifty million tons of debris, but none of it is volcanic debris, since this debris is not to be found in the shape of a volcano, a region of the earth's surface and a volcano however great. I said a country as good as this one is would not be destroyed by a catastrophe little sort of this from nature, since God had made signs for it for the test of the people and that would even seem flatteringly. No change either can be seen through unless future demands it. And volcanoes all of them here serve as great reliable safety valves by which the electric

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"I do not doubt that the whole country had been subjected to volcanic strains because of the disaster. Volcanic eruptions apparently have always originated along the fissure lines or on the weakest parts of the earth's crust and mountain ranges, and there sure is no such weakness here. And an eruption once started tends to become a lively main active but if the crater becomes closed from many cause other openings are formed along the line of the original fissure. And if these explosions have been volcanic eruptions, then where in Heaven's name are the Cones?"

"We can build one" suggested Dolores.

We are not joking but this is serious," said Garrard, and "two facts are noticeable in the location of nearly all volcanoes, they are generally in mountain ranges, near great depose and are frequently arranged in groups having, evidently a subterranean connection. We are quite a long distance from any mountain even though there are hills, but that are these hills, merely mounds. The most important volcanic groups on the Californian gate are Mt. Vivian, Juan, Juan, Olivine, Andrain, Mt. Catherine, and others and none of them are active now, and they that is the first investigators even blamed these mountains for the disaster."

The big explosion craters with its smaller companion ones are situated in the center of the "Hempal County," said Violet. "I have told that out. The group of eight or nine explosion craters are located on level ground, and not in a low-lying line. The explosion crater in the immediate vicinity is about six to a thousand feet across, the nearest neighbor is thirty to a thousand feet long, and eightywide, and the smallest is about five to a thousand feet wide. There is lots of water in these numerous craters, probably either having come up from below or were filled by the flood, on the other hand we have made great exertions efforts to accomplish the investigations, without any resistance from the enemy recently, and have found no evidence of there having been any volcanic activity. However while this informal war rages continually throughout all portions of the land which no. is called the "Continental war of the Rebellion, the storms of this war only great forth occasionally through or other sections, but this does not give as much cause as to the situation and therefore because of the old necessity of things we should not allow any difficult whatever to prevent us from finding out the causes of this great disaster! All these craters are in an immense plain and they combine the characteristics of craters torn in the ground by explosions of great force, the explosions evidently began near Abilene. The greatest greatest explosive natured fury was in recent Abilene. Abilene is therefore, all explosion and torn cities. The heaviest sufferer. Force of the volcanoes could be blamed for their eruptions are normal, beginning hot sand, ashes, lapilli from the crater and small which are of no consequence. If volcanic eruptions had occurred here there would be cones and signs of lava. These great explosion craters are characterized only by some strange gunpowder explosions of extreme force. Panning to the location of the other and smaller explosion craters we have found that the are farther away to the north and the war conditions were in a state of an act. The theory has been advanced with much show of reason that much of the masses of ground in this neighborhood are old torn in the air, probably the winds of feet by this great convection which tore the ground from the surface, if that theory is accepted it can be readily understood why all the fissures are connected with the immense craters bordering in the city. These explosions surely must have been most violent ones, for at the same time it rent the ground, leaving it as it is to try and in causing big floods, and formed the great eight we have observed, but it also destroyed by some action as many great cities and towns in a momentary and measure."

[illegible]

north or twenty-one in number scattered through the County of San Salvador
 and the other Guatemalan Counties of Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Guatemala.
 Nothing of the sort exists here, except, about sixteen suffering
 greatly. The United States has sent it into South America in
 great part in favor of the few for many of the Guatemalan armies are
 in active and continuous operation, and from one Guatemalan army is
 defeated another starting to rush into its place. The armies under the
 Garibay are the principal ones, and are situated on a vast military
 scale and they seem to be the head of the Guatemalan military affair. The
 main armies now number sixteen, two of which are right here now and so many
 others are so far away that little is known of their movements save that
 often a number of them are in operation at once. Guatemala is a prey
 to us without doubt. From southern Guatemala, through to the east
 they say there is a string of Guatemalan armies extending down toward
 northern Anglo-Lima states. Any of these are active and violent in their
 military movements, and during other periods the frightened inhabitants
 have to flee before them for fear of their children being ordered murdered.
 Some one suggested once that the government of Guatemala could bridge
 this vast flood for the use of their armies if they wished to pay the
 expense. But the northern part of Guatemala is really finally free of
 Guatemalan armies and the flood from this zone is it is saved by
 the Anglo-Lima military troops north. These soldiers are all Tripanconians
 and cold fighters, when we come to think of it I do not believe Hildred is
 right in her estimate. Our case cannot be lost, even if we do not find
 any cause as to the cause of the disaster, but I do believe all these
 explanation craters or the ground around them contain evidences of the true
 cause, and too they may be more usual for the connection of the craters
 and thus their corresponding fissures. East of us is the big burning
 forest but they do not seem to hinder us. The relative position is the
 circumference of the war zone and it is so unusual as to call for special
 consideration. The whole static State of Guatemala is surrounded by a
 circle of our disasters of every different nature with this big flood
 in the center but in the north, south, and east, and also west forest fire
 are raging, great movements of the many are now are going on, so great
 that the so-called impossible of conception, the energy of the war is
 more intense in Guatemala, while in other parts of the south, southern
 section of the nation the force of the war temporarily I suppose seems to
 be dying down, and the great convulsions which are so terrible are raging
 here."

"There in one thing said by witnesses," declared General Aronburg,"and
"And that these explosions were not accompanied by earth shocks and
subterranean noises. That shows these were not volcanic eruptions. Always
accompanying an eruption there is always an tremor and a lateral
disturbance, the appearance of the electric cloud being one of the first
ones of the first symptoms of a volcanic explosion, clouds of dust fall
over the country, lightning flashes and the noise of thunder adds to
the horror of the scene. Clouds of steam pour forth into the air and the
steam condensing falls with the dust as rain, or the falling of the
hot water are thus mixed which mixing with the dust and ash can run down
in place of boiling mud, and yet none of this happened here."

"What is the matter for you to have that big red bonnet
in the clouds of a day over your face -- first you afraid of being
seen only by the light of the long day."
"I am not afraid of you," said a pale and sad faced child about
nine years of age who standing on the shore of the flood near Ableman
was just in time to hear the distant shore north of the ruined city which
was fast hiding from view from "Fire Fox". A number of civil and boy
scouts belonging to the district command had come up and one of them saw a
fine boy of about fourteen and he had him in train in vain to get a
line glance at the face of a civil child from view by the large
ruined city. At the end of his face, the little civil started, and
although smiling he hid his head.

"I am afraid. The scandalous are after me. I am a disgrace. They
slew my father and mother, and I hit an officer over the head with
a hammer and he is dead. They're after me."

"So you are a refugee are you?" repeated the boy, and at the same time lifting her up and forcibly holding her hands in a second in placing full into her face. "Well you were bound to be afraid of some or other of that fact," said he after waiting his opportunity, "but I wouldn't be a million about it. I find people who are always smart, and perhaps you are. So you brained a Glandelinian officer. Well! That's good. He deserved it for murdering your parents. Anyway I love brave little girls, so let me and my friends here just sit here and be acquainted..."

This little refugee child thus introduced into the story and whose name was Susan Geraldine, was certainly more handsome than the boy and girl girlscoouts expected her to be. Her features though were small and thin from under nourishment, her complexion sallow from exposure to all weather and her eyes though bright and expressive, seemed large with fear of the Glandelinian enemies. He had naturally a fine set of teeth, he had frequently been told by his friends and parents that the Glandelinians were responsible for the flood horror, and often when alone she had wept over the whole thing, and wondered though not a fully why it was that our blessed Lord would allow the Glandelinians to do all this. Mrs Geraldine before she was murdered, was the mother of this little girl, and with her husband incurred the displeasure of the Glandelinians, by really "knowing too much" about the disasters & explosions at Abbianna, whose secret if found out by the Christian Authorities would play the mischief with Glandelinians.

Humbly at her father's feet she had stood and even begged him and her mother to flee for the Glandelinians were inexorable in their purpose of murdering them if they had the chance. The poor mother had been murdered first by being shot at in and she, and her husband carried the fate which had now befallen him of his wife, and two children, and a girl who also had been murdered. As a last request before she died Mrs Geraldine had requested her husband that little Susan should be given to the care of his wife's sister Jennie Geraldine, who at the time was on the eve of moving for the north and who within four months after her sisters death sailed with her young niece for the city of Calverine, accompanied by her father. Here during the trip her father was shot and thus Jennie Geraldine was left alone with the remaining child. Occasionally she heard the fore were trying to get them too but time and distance gradually waned and the strength of the peril, and also because they entered the territory of so many Christian armies, and at their escape because the little girl Susan had dashed the brains out of a high Glandelinian official the wrath of the Glandelinian generals were by beyond bounds. To this boyscout the little girl refugee was quite pretty, but on whose cheek the softest rose should have been blooming, but was not, but nevertheless her rich black hair fell in wavy masses about her white throat and shoulders. The boy too saw there also was something in her character to admire. Though she was pretty, she was not porpuod and selfish and was the same as any other Abbiannian child. Manley it seemed was surely aware of this child for he had once spoken to his generals.

"If not this Susan Geraldine child," said he, as with his hands behind him, and his head bent forward he strode up and down his headquarters "We'll see how she'll get on the little snail. I'll use all my influence to have her captured for she's news too much."

But he had been fooled, for though a fugitive with her Aunt for over eight hundred miles and followed and shadowed by Glandelinians of all sorts, agents and so on, they succeeded in elude eluding their pursuers, and the child only clung the closer to her good Aunt, happy to share her fortune or misfortune, whatever it might be. She too had been instructed though a child it was more than justified for her to use a pistol on her pursuers, and both had been supplied by sales with hood ready guns and ammunition. Three months afterwards, hearing that their uncle was home a dangerously wounded in battle, hearing that their uncle was sent to him, but the soldier had been shot in the head and though death did not come at once his reason was gone. Faithfully she watched until the end, and then he was dead, and being wounded here by foes too who were bent on getting little Susan she crossed the turn from her long eye back and continued on the safe route for Calverine but then because of the flood lost her way. Day after day the aunt and niece had struggled on while each day's march reached them of the danger of going too far into the interior near Abbianna, and when at last when hope seemed to be dying out, and they had had narrow escapes from even the "Red Plague" and even the brave aunt smiled less cheerfully she she used to do, she resolved to try to find her way toward some refuging Christian army camp. This resolution she communicated to her little niece, who gladly

shallily consented to it, for there was no other hope. They had then traveled their way through and had reached the Christian lines during the council of war and their sisters were having, and in which they had the interesting scientific conversation about the cause of the disaster. They were first of all on proving she they really were, and on the time these boy and girlscoouts were out scouting near the region of one of the orators of the supposed volcanic eruption, the little girl was standing by the edge of the flood, and this boyscout none other than Walter starring had noticed her and absolutely wondered what she had been out here for. All the read readers are acquainted with starring, and all realize how generous hearted he is and how much he was a favorite with all who were acquainted with him, and especially the Vivian girls who actually loved him.

He is a passionate admirer of beauty in the right sense, that is persons who though beautiful are as good as they are handsome (which is the case of all people in Abbianna good looking or not), and as we all are conscious of of her when he first had seen the Princesses and had caught a first sight of them he had let himself drawn irresistibly toward them and are long had completely won their hearts by his friendly ways and aiding them out in all their difficulties and troubles. This poor little Susan so terrified by her awful experiences had naturally shrunk from the observation of all strangers, and as Starring had a foreign appearance and at first to her believed eyes did appear decidedly Glandelinian had had at first when he and his followers approached eluded all his efforts to see what she was. This had at first aroused not his curiosity but his suspicion, and when he had seen her move away to a distant part of the crater edge he followed her addressing to her the remark which is recorded in the past page or so of this chapter. If she had been a Glandelinian girlscoout in disguise he could have arrested her easily enough but her answer had softened him and she was therefore finding him a friend. Walter Starring was not an Abbiannian, he was naturally absolutely Irish despite his name, and he loved little girls especially those of Abbianna where all people and children were so astonishingly and miraculously good though he greatly preferred the company of the brave girlscoouts and boys too whether they were pretty or not, put in Abbianna you could not hardly find a homely looking child though many of course are natural as I if plain and so on. Seeing that the little refugee was really afraid, if not timid, and looked as if she had been crying he resolved to be as agreeable as possible and in ten minutes time had so far succeeded in gaining Susan's friendship that she allowed him to untie the red bonnet which he carefully removed and then when she did not see it scanned her features attentively to as if to discover all the bravery there might be other ice in the child. At last gently smoothing back her hair which was really bright and glossy glossy he said-

"Who told you that the Glandelinians could be after you here? Why they can't get you." The tears started to Susan's eyes, and her chin quivered as she replied-

"Aunt says so, a little girlscoout by the name Jean Gauders says so and everybody says so. It's true. They try to get even you! I know when the girlscoout a chief shot you by mistake because a Glandelinian played a trick on you both."

"Well you can save yourself more by trying to be a Camp fire girl" said starring, wishing to administer as much comfort as possible. "You too should be disguised, change the style of your hair, put on some different clothes and do things so no Glandelinian eyes could recognize you. You've got pretty blue eyes now brown hair, and your forehead too is broad and high. If you were even a scout I as we are you could instead of suffering this way give the enemy himself such a fright. You could repay your loss by serving your country."

Adding her face in her hands Susan burst into a passionate fit of weeping and said between sobs "I can't I can't. I have no pull. It takes a lot of red tape to become even a camp fire girlscoout. I'm smothering the bonnet from Starring's lap she there. It on her head and she hurrying away when starring caught her and pulling her to him said:

"Don't be so foolish Susan, you can get in. You have a pull with us. I can even only get to get up the petition to get in and we'll be all right."

It was some time before Susan had time to get up the petition to get in and we'll be all right."

23
difference between her and the girl and boy scouts she had become acquainted with, and therefore often times when ever she said any of her daily or hourly prayers, she prayed that all the boy and girl scouts might love her a little. More than four months had passed since her own village of Lund had disappeared from view under the flood, and now she was among the scouts or the army in general. In the meantime one of the boy scouts had been shot at from ambush while during a tour around one of the "expansion stations" and all the boy and girl scouts had visited him frequently, but Gertrude had once commanded poor little Susan to stay away, as unless they were really acquainted better or well off with scouts' references were never allowed near a scout camp, for a day or two. Susan obeyed Gertrude, and the other, superior, and then curiosity led her toward the injured boy's tent. For a while she lingered, as no one was around to see her, and then she was about turning away when a low man fell on her rear and stopped her from going out. Gertrude's commands were forgotten, and in a moment she was standing by the injured boy's bedside.

The tenderly smoothed his tumbled pillow, moistened his parched lips, and bathed his feverish brow, and when an hour afterwards Jean Anderson entered, she found the boy calmly sleeping with one hand clasped in that of little Susan who with the other fanned the injured boy with her big sunbonnet of which gawking had been so surprised to see her wear. "Susan, Susan Gertrude!" said Jean. "This is no place for you!" and she endeavored to lead her away, fearing meanwhile Gertrude might see the refusal. In the tent and scolded fearfully. This aroused the boy who begged so hard for her to remain that the girl scout went in quest of Gertrude, who finally consented, and Susan was duly installed as nurse in the boys' room. Perfectly delighted with her new vocation, she had sat for hours by her charge, watching each change in his features and entreating as far as possible his wants and needs. She possessed a very sweet clear voice, and frequently when all other means had failed to quiet him she would hum some hymn or a song of home until lulled by the soft hum he had fallen away to sleep. Such unwearied kindness had not been seen without its effect upon the injured boy scout and therefore or four days later than Susan was sitting as usual near him, he called her to his side, and taking her face between his hands kissed her forehead and lips, saying:

"What can I ever do to pay my little nurse for her kindness?"
"Susan had hesitated for a moment and then replied:
"Love me, and get all the boy and girl scouts to love me."
"Love you?" he exclaimed. "Who says we don't love you. I for one do love you better than the rest, but all love you, even Gertrude or she wouldn't have wanted you this permission to stay here when the military government generally place it against the rules for refugees or strangers to go within the child scout camps. Gertrude has not been here to see me once. What is the reason?"

"A boy scout by the name of Frank who a moment before had stolen to Susan's side answered saying:
"Yes she has but you have been unconscious most of the time. She had been offered for your recovery."

Just then Gertrude appeared, and this time she was accompanied by Jean and they both were happy to see he had improved. This was before gawking had to learn her by the canteen rim and had a talked to her. After her slight interview with the officer gawking, whom she learned was no boy scout but one of the highest aid-de-camps of the Prince's and a general as young as he is she noticed that none of the child scouts slighted her as she had feared, or forgot that she was present, and she was granted a special favor by the very Prince to be allowed to go through the camp any time she wanted to. Very often too, a kind word or affectionate look from many of the boys sent such a glow to her whole face and sparkle to her eyes that the wounded boy who always loved her best declared "she looked as good as any of the girl scouts."

On this day of gawking's sitting with her in the canteen rim he and those with him, though all strangers to her, went out on their tour of the region for evidence of the disaster cause. After his first few words with her, a tall, dark, broad faced man but handsome nevertheless came riding on horse, a guide for Walter Starring, and announcing himself to gawking in his queer English as soon as he saw him. Walter immediately stopped forward, and after greeting the guardian of the village, the girls introduced the little refugee girl, telling him at the same time of her kindness to one of the boy scouts during his illness. "She was a grand little!" said he, "I'm glad to see her."

"After Starring told him some more about her he finally said:
"All for consolation in the camp starting, but in the morning and until I did not forget that I was a boy scout. Violet, and her sisters, my aunt, and my grand mother here."

Before he left Walter did not forget Susan. Taking her aside he threw around her neck a small golden chain which was attached a locket containing a miniature of the face of Our Blessed Lord.

"Do not lose it ever!" said he "and retain it to remember me by in case I fall in battle."

"I wish I had something to give you!" said Susan, and Walter smiled. "Never mind I can remember you as you are a good child. You will be a good scout I'm sure, and he too, in his arms and wiping away her tears said: "Don't worry about anything again. The Glandelinian soldiers cannot get you or your aunt here, for they always have tried to get even us and that they never did. I don't realize what made me say so but I believe I saw you some time before about two years ago, and I believe I remember your name. All you have been good to one of the wounded boy scouts, and all of them shall remember it, and will also repay it. As soon as I meet with the Viridian girls I shall place the petition before them for your being a scout. Of course it does take a lot of red tape for any one to be a scout, but you have the pull with me, and the others, will all back me up. Go run back now to the camp for they may be sending for you soon." Then putting her down, he sprang into or upon his horse, and followed by the others rode away.

Susan looked after him as long as the heads of the white horses were in sight, and then she went on her way to her own part of the camp where her aunt had determined to stay until it was safe to get to some northern city. While the curtains of the headquarters of Violet and her sisters had been thrust aside and a very beautiful and equally beautifully uniformed girl looked out almost impatiently waiting Starring's return, wondering why he and the child scouts who had accompanied him were gone so long. In the center of the room the coroll table was standing and Violet had twice changed the location of her Geography, once placing it at her side, and lastly putting it directly in front, so she could glance at it the better.

"Why in the world don't they come?" she had said for the thirtieth time to her sisters, and when the sound of halloping horses in the yard below made her start up, and running down stairs she was soon seen in gawking's embrace, though she wondered from the appearance on his face whether her future plans about the expedition was in any danger or not of failure or frustration from the enemy. Placing her arm affectionately around him she led him into the parlor of the building and a saying: "I am so glad you have returned for we have been somewhat worried about you. We'll try to have nice times even during this adventure, but perhaps you'll taste the long time it seems for us to find out the true character of the disaster. Did you see anything new since you went out for that scouting tour..."

"Yes indeed I did. I came across a girl refugee."

"Oh!" said Jennie "who is she?"

"I'll tell you all about her!" said gawking. "So does she appear? Is she brave?"

Instantly as gawking had predicted there came before his vision the image of the poor little forlorn faced child, and Starring told Violet, and her sisters of Susan Gertrude, who had watched so faithfully over one of the injured boy scouts, during the weary days of his illness. Contrary to his expectations, she did not reproach about her being in the boy scout camp but simply said: "I am sure I should love her." Then after a moment's pause she continued: "They are two refugees you say. We'll try to get her. If she really wishes to become one of us to fill the place of one of us who might have died in line of duty. We'll try and interview her to remove."

Starring said he was pleased at the appearance of the child, and would if possible find her on the morrow and have her examined for good qualifications, and if she was not acquainted on the matter to have her learned before she entered. However Violet herself had a uncomfortable feeling or impression that something was the matter with everything. The fact she heard was coming forth to reinforce only, that Gertrude was advancing, and also Richardson Federal also with great numbers with the purpose to try and cut the Viridian army from the territory of Glandelin. It was dark when the clouds from the distant fires shed a darker than usual light on the air as though with it and the atmosphere was feeling as if the earth was going to become a molten planet any day and as all appearance were it seemed as if the world was approaching to its end.....

"Greatest Volcanic disturbance ever heard of."
"Never mind, the worlds disapp intiment it can be forgotten in all the future excitement of this war, and if a big battle happens here, the world will wonder why, and therefore I believe Princenace to confirm the gun a suspicion, it's best to let the enemy attack if he will. That will give me show the world the enemy struggl for some prove."

I'm care about the world the enemy struggl more than before break fast, and Violet

"Dear me" said Violet, smoothing the folds of her rich blue velvet
purple uniform. "Dear me sisters, did not believe we had so
much poverty and ruffing among us, what will all the red heads do. They
have no shelter, hundreds of the women are ill, are in distress for, a
very none of us can do a thing."

dated 10/10/54. The letter is dated 10/10/54. The letter is dated 10/10/54.

and why "white."

...the "Chickadee" ...

"I am an. Battle of I whose name is Susan Geraldine. I am a

to, acute. "The slight of Ray had not
frightened over some in ..."

"She is really good as an investigator," he said.

$$\{m_1, \dots, m_k\} \cup \{n_1, \dots, n_l\} = \{1, \dots, n\}$$

the same as you do, except the hair is quite more golden."

"Here are they situated within our lines" asked Jimmie Givian.

"This is awful" said Violet "All these refugees starving, and ill. I wonder if it would be best to take the first train home."

them away and told me how grateful he was."

craters. Do not let any patrols spot you though."

to be himself. He was so ill, and did not feel so much pain he would have

once though I was mild, but Joyce was afraid that 'his boy had it.
 I've not a thing to show for it, but I've got a child as soft as a foreigner within the

of the country, and fought in General Aronburg's army. Violent blood

12

[illegible]

ward "Gundallin." "I was dear to her, on my mother" she cried as she stretched her hands toward the heavy gray sky as if to let her mother in there.... "She didn't I die too, I wanted to go to heaven instead of remain here without her."

There was a camp upon the grassy, and glancing up Susan was standing
standing near her Jane Halfpenny in the side-de-camp. Mamma, she had always
should be a letter for all unfortunate refugees, and now after

should have been called for all unfortunate refugees, and for after finishing his flight and coming in vain to get June to remain in bed because of her illness, and still yet refused to do so when still in the hospital, and then sent the message to get all of the refugees and

and on the 14th of June went with the purpose to see all of the refugees and try to comfort them. He had entered through the side company street, and came upon poor little Susan just as she uttered the words:

The sight of her, and the touch of the soft heart of the girl, and
 sitting down by the little girl she tried to comfort her. Susan said that her

disturbance by the little girl who tried to comfort her. Subsequently, that her words and manner were prompted by religious faith, and after a time she was calm and listened while "Mama" or "Mama" told her that as soon as

When June got no good answer, could so near her she went to request her to have her as her little daughter Princess Violet, was going to transfer to the name of their father and Emperor an honorable position.

her to the review of their father and Emperor an honorable position indeed. Sappie is not selfish and the faint possibility that she might receive such an honorable position gave her comfort though she

... she might not have the chance to go
... but finally
... real purpose of her plan, which very

soon after the time when the purpose of her going, which she
saw might not succeed. That noon time at dinner Emma lingered for a
long time - longing vainly to find her mistress who reclined upon the cot
that she could hold a little longer her gentle hand and life.

"It's most too soon for an" thought the old ad-camp. "I'll wait till she gets her dinner."

According to dinner time, when as she had expected, she was told to come in a moment and coffee to be sent, for that small she would be ready to go to the theatre at the dinner time and for a while, and

"Why do you appear so quiet and sober. What is it, po you want

"Why you are Miss Hellfoot I'm going to say a good word about--
about the little orphan girl." You remember I've got to read and be an aide-

I came to one of the Princesses, or her father; and it's a pity if she does not come. Princess who couldn't be in my place then; I'm sure she's engaged and a little and a pretty. I give. Contrasted German

...and she was good and gentle and so pretty, she was a beautiful woman
...and she was good and gentle and so pretty, she was a beautiful woman
...and she was good and gentle and so pretty, she was a beautiful woman

As in 1950, in addition to the 114,160 man-arms barewe
and 10,000 man-arms barewe, and 10,000 man-arms barewe
from the 1950.

[illegible]

... and ... inquiry, for ... edition, called at dinner time ... of ... left and after ... found that he never ... before ... edition ... reflected on the ground ...

as much in no. 1 of quantity, also the fully mentioned again
 for a line, and the "X" on the order to which the child was
 given. The child was given of the same quantity, which was reported to

by 11d. This coincided June of 1864, when the
John the same arrived.

A wide-angle, black and white photograph showing a large crowd of people gathered on a hillside. The crowd is spread out across the slope, and many individuals are looking towards the right side of the frame. In the distance, a large, light-colored building or structure is visible against a pale sky. The foreground shows the dark, silhouetted shapes of trees and foliage.

1000

"For the land ahead," said one of the Princesses as the column halted, "what a noise, can't you contrive to stop it. You'll have a horde of the Glandellians, you are afraid of in your very hair, for the noise will attract them if any are about, and we'll have a hot time."

Swain glanced nervously round in quest of the "Goblin Glandelinians," but she did not see off a large gray uniformed squadron. In error Swain called out loudly and whispered, as she pointed toward the column, which was moving off in an opposite direction "What are they. Are they. May I see such out here."

Sam ran toward the road which she skirted the borders of the meadow, opposite, and for half a moment felt inclined to flee thither, and hide herself in the bushes, but then if she did she felt she would be called a coward, and also she was loosely guarded by the scouts, and they entered without being molested the west portion of General Viviane army, and after tarrying through the camp for half an hour, rode up to a tent and stopped full upon the stand in front of the opening.

"We are going on without stopping," said Violet to the man. "We need your help in our service and purpose. Come. Bring your squadron with you. Glandelinian patrols are outside the Christian lines."

"Why yes, we can work it so to give the Glandelinian patrol a sort
scare" said the officer. "Good there'll be a battle to sorrow."

"With a sh Susan noticed that the smoke clouds were brownish gray and appearing as threatening storm clouds. They now rode down the company street, which here was long and narrow, with a big forest of trees on one side, and high tents on either other. Near two tents stood an immense poplar tree, and the poplars on each side facing toward the west. Susan felt that the end of the Company Street was clean. In the middle of the road which almost frightened her at first, first suddenly emerged an immense cawery column under Colonel Barter but in the arrangement of their uniform there was a nothing that caused them to appear as Mandolinians, though they wore gray, but she was surprised of the many colored standards, and the long threatening lances and sabres they carried as weapons, besides long cut-throats, neither was there anything sumptuous to see that she had ever seen, they were she did not realize it, but these men was a large body of the members of the Gemini in uniform of Galvarianian gray, and Gingo-oro and Barter were at the head. Susan too by now was very tired with holding the baby so long, and too she would have cried, but there was a tightness in her throat, and a pressure about her head and eyes which prevented the tears from flowing, indeed she had felt this way since once before, and that was when she stood at the grave of her parents, and now as it began to grow dark and very hot, and she saw this strange column of cawery, and objects seemed to start turning in circles and she pressed her hands tightly to her forehead and said ----- and she suddenly fell ill."

she pressed her hands tightly to her forehead. "I love I about faint. I feel suddenly ill."

"Oh I hope I shant faint. I feel suddenly ill."
"To be sure you won't said "Red Violet herself, and instantly large
speckles of color from the Princesses' cheeks were thrown in her face, and
the same voice continued "You don't have a speckle of such mature often hope
Susan, for heaven's sake you couldn't become a girl out then, you can't."
"We're flighty ones in our command. They'd get killed too soon."
"You're flighty ones in our command. They'd get killed too soon."

...slightly ones in our command. They'd get killed too soon."

"a flighty one in our community,"

"Violet glanced at her, and saw that Susans face was white.

Viollet had experience enough to realize what it really was. "Here, H. Joice," she said to her sister, "help her to dismount." This was done, and Viollet took her handkerchief and dipped it in the cold water of the silver jar by and leaving it wet to dripping sound it, and began head.

around business head.

"What's the matter, Ned? Gertrude," she said, "has she got the fever yet?"

[illegible]

The attendees included Dr. Robert Burger, seven city elders, and a

[illegible]

This was said with a lowering frown and a movement toward the direction of the Gland-Indian army.

At this poor, ^{and} partly shrunk back toward the horse she had been riding, and covered her mouth with her hand, as if she feared the enemy who was always shadowing her would spring upon her from the very atmosphere.

"But we are not also seems able to learn anything why Abbiann was destroyed," said Juice in a conciliatory manner. "And then too you are so good at driving off Glandelinian patrols, that I thought that we would be better off not you, therefore we command you to accompany us as a body ward. We might be attacked by the enemy and you have goodfighting men there. This little girl is scared that Glandelinians who are shadowing her will continue to persecute her."

This speech, while it mollified the Geminian leader, caused poor Fran to shudder, as she thought of a horde of gland-linians whom she was well acquainted with suddenly descending upon the party. But she had no time for thought, for the general, who was very rapid in his movements, and always quick as if in a hurry, and who really loved the Vivian girls and was concerned greatly in their safety said:

"All right, increase anything you say to's. But we'll need more than one son of a b—ll to get the aid of her horse. This is dangerous, explicit and I'm afraid the little girl will be scared to death when the adventure really begins in earnest."

"One child said Gingers himself remounted for horses, and you better bid between these fiery girls" indicating the Vivian girls, for "for she'll protect you at the same time he remounts his horse. The shafts again were pushed on and after passing under a gloomy avenue of huge, baring trees, which opened into a glen, Susan was startled by a voice which came from over her head, and which between a sneer and a hiss called out—

"See here the Inscrutable Princesses come, going to destruction."

This was followed by a wild insane shriek and chuckle.

"Oh, who is it?" said she. "Is it a Gland-Linman?"

Susan longed to marry the insane person was, but as the girls with their passion of adventure in mind did not seem at all inclined to be communicative, she followed on in silence until they came to the heart of the Christian camp, and here telling the escort to wait, Violet and her sisters, binding Susan with them, headed for General Viviane's headquarters. They entered a long and light hall and on each side of this there were three opening into small sleeping rooms, and into one of these the Vivian girls led the "plain child", saying as she did so that in Violet said:

"Hereafter little orphan friend, this is your room, and its a great favor to you to sleep with us as it is ours too. But mind" she added to the country "allow no one in this room unless it is my father or the general vivian, and others we now know. We don't want no landellians coming in here in disguise."

Inde Ed Susan thought she would rather hide under a bed than see a single Communist-infan soldier, but when given a pistol she felt braver. She also felt a great curiosity to find out who else would sleep in the room so she at last ventured to request a request;

"If I place a baby in care of a girl scout, and give it plenty of milk while I am with you."

"Where is the child?" the child seemed faintly minded Angeline.
 "No," said Susan. "She has never seen anything like this."
 "Will you tell me?" she asked. "I am as if she were a baby."
 one day, I might as well hear her as if she were a baby."
 "If she must have it, I will tell her. But I want to understand
 it first. I will tell her as soon as I can. I will tell her as soon as I can."
 "If she must have it, I will tell her. But I want to understand
 it first. I will tell her as soon as I can. I will tell her as soon as I can."

Susan told of many hard nights which she and her brothers and sisters
 had passed after her parents had been murdered, and Jimmy left the room
 saying to herself, "I will tell her as soon as I can. I will tell her as soon as I can."
 the mystery of Angeline and because of the enemy's presence, suffering this
 way. I'll die in this territory before I give up. I'll tell her as soon as I can.
 down when you get ready for the milk. I'll tell her as soon as I can.
 A few minutes or so after little baby Janie began to cry, and Susan
 feeling she was hungry, laid her upon the bed and started for the
 milk. She trembled as she drew near the gate. She felt as if she were
 for suddenly in the far distance there came to her ears the sound of gunfire
 firing, as if the whole world was shooting at another planet, but as she
 an opening in the door, a sudden voice entirely different from the one
 used toward the Princesses recently called out, "Come here, little dear,
 and see some of your best friends." She would have obeyed, but closer
 and unexpectedly came the crash of a frightful explosion that, shaking the
 house as if the ground was convulsed, and fearing an earthquake, she
 quickened her steps, and was soon in the kitchen, where she found a large
 group of officers and generals, and many Circut leaders as equally arcon
 group of the voice as if no nothing happened and all were eating their meal
 around the table about the war, and also of the enemy and hearing
 that they believed the firing was caused by the enemy trying to "feel a part
 of the Christian line. As Susan entered the room they all turned
 toward their of emotions, and glancing hard at her, demanded if she were the
 little orphan girl of whom so much heard of. On being told that she was
 they all gazed on her with consideration, admiration and even with great
 interest, while one said:

"Poor child! I pity you for your loss, but don't worry, Orphans receive
 great honor here."

Indeed Susan heard that word many a time, and most all the time these
 "more" convened better meant meaning that she usually had expected.
 "Where can I find your Violet, Vivian?" she asked at last ventured to
 ask.

"Where can you find her?" asked one of the officers. "Did she tell you
 to call her so? She should be called Princess Violet."
 "She told me that was what to call her," said Susan.
 "Well, Princess Violet is outside with her sisters. Why do you wish
 to see her?"

"She told me I could have some milk for the baby."
 "There's the pantry," said the soldier. "Go and help yourself."
 "There's no more in that pantry," said the officer. "She'll have to
 obtain it from my aide-camp in the main room beyond," indicating
 with a pointed finger in the direction Susan had no trouble in finding the
 main room beyond, but on trying the door she found it fastened inside.
 she knocked gently on the door, but there was no answer, and as she was
 going to do so again, the aide-camp came in by the front door with
 two bottles of milk in his hand.

"What do you want child?" the man demanded.
 "I've come after the milk for Janie, Princess Violet said I could have
 it."

"Where are the bottles, but don't forget to bring back what you do not
 use," said the officer. She accepted the bottle and started to return to
 the dining room. As she passed the outer door, a strange-looking man
 with a face as if he were a devil, in appearance and simple and dumb in his
 expression, and dressed in civilian clothes, suddenly stopped and her
 stretching out his hands as if to reach her. With a loud cry she rushed
 holding into the dining room, where the officers at the cry and her sudden
 appearance rose in body with alarm on hot faces with alarm on their faces.
 "What's come off now?" said one of the officers to the man man who with his
 hand thrust forward, still advancing toward her. At the sight of the officer
 he suddenly balked, but one of the officers as quick as a flash drew his
 pistol and brought the cowering man down.

He was suddenly killed, and the officer ordered one of the others
 with him to search the man's clothing. He did and found a letter addressed
 addressed to "Janie," giving him orders to capture a girl called Susan
 Geraldine dead or alive."

"Who are you?" the officer demanded of the little girl.
 "Why I'm in a bit of a hurry," she answered, somewhat alarmed.
 "I'm a bit of a Circut, but I'm not a soldier."

"The Princess Violet, in a bit of a hurry, is out on an adventure
 after dinner to try if I have the spirit to be one."
 "If that is the case, why did this scene in of my try to grab you
 right in our work very presence?"

"He told him and the others why her parents had been assassinated.
 "Well, don't be scared," said the officer. "We'll have a witch placed upon all
 points of the camp. Better hurry up stairs but one of the soldiers better
 go with you in case you meet with an enemy unexpectedly up there."

With the soldier accompanying her she was glad to run hastily up stairs.
 This time she was not accosted by anyone but as she passed another room
 another room she was glad to hear or said some here a musical voice
 singing the national air of America "The Star Spangled Banner", and she
 wondered too at the taste of the singer in finishing every verse with
 "God Save Abbi-Annina from glandolinia."

Indeed the little baby missed her cradle, and therefore was unusually
 restless, and Susan to retain quietness in the place, carried her in
 her arms, until the child was asleep. Then feeling very tired, she
 thought of resting before she was called for again, and therefore threw
 herself upon the bed, and for the first time in many days, dreamed of
 Walter Stewart, and his parting promise to see her again. He was aroused
 by a loud sound as of distant thunder, and a strange thudding sound, and
 he got up and saw that the last of some of the officers were still eating.

"I'm afraid the boy won't be able to come with the cradle to stay any
 more," was her first thought, and throwing herself upon the floor, she
 burst into tears, wishing as she had done before that she had died with her
 mother. In the midst of her grief the door was flung open, pushed hastily
 hastily open, and a voice from a Circut exclaimed:
 "Don't you want some dinner little girl? I didn't know but that you
 might be hungry. You must eat or you won't be able to stand the adventure
 for you cannot go out on an empty stomach, and such things don't answer
 here!"

"Is it still dinner time?" asked Susan.
 "After breakfast dinner time," repeated the boy. "If you got time yet
 and also I guess you'll find there's something to do during your adventure
 and did you think you can run out on an adventure with the girl Circuts
 and the Princesses on an empty stomach? Don't be so foolish. A good dinner too
 of very special food, the very things Violet, and her sisters eat is waiting
 for you come down."

The boy was touched by the pale tearful face upturned toward him and he
 wanted to find out why she was crying or had been, and she telling him
 he answered:

"That boy about don't fool any one. Cheer up. The cradle will be here."
 Although though so poor, Mrs. Geraldine had been extremely neat, and
 as she had said "old water cost nothing" she had insisted upon her children
 being very nice and particular in their daily toilet. Susan
 remembering this, and now casting a rueful glance around the room
 from she said "I wonder where I can wash myself for dinner."

"Go upstairs in the washroom," said the boy. "The aide-de-camp of course
 forgot to place a china bowl and pitcher in this room. I'll have him get
 one. You will of course the Princesses don't use them. They do by their
 washing in the wash room."

"I don't care where I wash myself, but the baby is sick and not
 her mother whom I always helped before she did die had me bathe her
 every morning. I don't believe the baby seems as well."

"This is a curse caused by the enemy," muttered the boy. "We'll see that
 she gets better bathes here, but I don't see how you can do it up here.
 Better bathe her in the washroom. Now how to wash baby's hair?"

"Yes," said Susan cheerfully.
 "Then I'll give you some good warm and soapy water, or at least
 I'll send the water and you can have the soap to use as you wish after
 dinner before your trip, but come or your dinner will be cold."
 Susan glanced at the baby, her eyes sleeping sweetly, and though there
 seemed to be no reason, she still lingered.

"What are you waiting for?" demanded the boy scout.
 "I have forgotten the baby's bottle," answered Susan.
 "A Circut boy," he said, "paved over the baby's face, and he turned away
 without looking back. He was a good man, but the baby her bottle, and then
 he fell on the ground, and though the words she addressed addressed
 were not to the Circut Mother than to a Circut Lord, she felt com-
 forted, and being up started for the dining room indicated by the boy scout.
 Susan, it was so brilliant, old group of old and boy scout officers
 which she found assembled around the dining room table, and as she entered
 the room, the boy scout called Radcliffe who was there also smiled on her
 her saying, "This is going to be the new girl scout. Good..."

The boy scout was wondering about the same thing,, and lifting the little girl in his lap he replied-----

"No he never will, he never does, and he'll be here sometime." and then he told her again many points of how to pass the tests she might receive that she would receive more than one test. By this time the party getting ready for the expedition was gathered, and Radcliffe himself was sent upstairs to notifying the girl that she must come, and guess he was surprised at the sound of voices in the room adjoining, and while Susan was still in the boy scouts lap the door opened and Radcliffe appeared, with his hands thrown up.

"Susan Geraldine," said he to the boy scout up in this hall where no boy scout is ever permitted to come. What does it mean. ut come down girl you are wanted as the party is ready to start. go down you to the boy sternly."

"No danger Madam, I assure you," said the boy scout. "I came to bring the baby's cradle, and did not suppose there was anything out of the way in coming here."

"It's nobody but a boy scout who brought my baby's cradle," said Susan frightened at Radcliffe's wrathful looks.

"And what is he doing here. It appears to me, you are beginning young, and getting on fast too sitting in his lap. Supposing I too should do so---wouldn't it be a bit throughout the army? But come down we are waiting for you. I would not say anything about this though. You'll get yourself in trouble Frank. Come Susan."

The boy got up saying that he must go now, but would come again a week or so later and out how she pulled through the test. Susan followed him down stairs, and then mounted the horse outside which was brought up to her.

"Excuse me for butting in air," said a voice at the door of General Manley's room in his headquarters. "But I heard you talking to your officers about something that is supposed to be known about the Abbeinnian flood which girl and boy scouts are trying to find out. It's tiresome to hear of it. I am a representative of the two Professional Professional Spies Nero Pania and the other. Mind if I come in. My air I can tell you something of interest to you and your army officers. I am an old timer here. And he produced a card which he handed to the general.

"Come right in then," said the general, rising and extending his hand. "My name's John Junior Manley. And this is my head staff general Raymond Richardson Reddard, and his two leading men Pic-nell and Jeapline Jensen."

"My names Benton Watson," said the other with a bow. "I was raised in the army is when I was young. My dad was in three wars."

"From her hiding place Susan, imagine it saw that the man was about the middle age, was dressed in a long green coat and had on a yellow pants and blue shirt with what she had never saw any one here wear before a red sombrero worn at a rakish angle.

This was the beginning of her adventure. Susan seemed well familiar with the general, that is she recognized them. Always since the conflict had begun Violet, and her sisters, and all girl and boy scouts had always been either drawn, or plunged themselves into a web of strange and thrilling circumstances into perils, and so on. On so it even happened that the loyal brother of Violet and her sisters had been kidnapped by Glandelinians, and Violet and her sisters themselves had rescued him. Now to try Susan's nerve they had talking her on a spy trip, but had brought a strong escort to help her in case she got into a tight fix. Veterans of course had played no unimportant part in their adventures. In fact they had been instrumental in bringing them always to a good and successful conclusion. It was usually general Hendro Dargar, a great man always enthusiastic over the safety of the Princesses, long before the "possessed war cruised Glandelinians" swept the country who had done the most.

He was licensed by the Abbeinnian government, and given the honor by the Emperor to be one of the guardians of the Princesses.... Dargar himself always was the one who erected signal stations at any point of the Christian lines, and these stations not only provided exceptional exceptional opportunities for any one operating them but also provided methods of helping defeat Glandelinian armies, and also to defeat the ends sought by the Glandelinian armies. Even Dargar, and boy and girl scouts had found many many many signal stations which were formed in a chain that had been built by Glandelinian spies operating in the Christian lines against the Abbeinnian as in secret ways. Of all girl scouts as the reader should know Gertrud Angeline and Angeline Jones was the highest in rank and they had played leading role in their many adventures. Of all girl and boy scouts as far as none had been an orphan, and through investigations it had been found that none of them had lost their parents in the great disaster. Of all the girl scout officers, Annie Sanders was the oldest of them all, and was nineteen years of age, while next to the oldest was Angeline Jennings the sister of Dolores, the daughter of John Jennings. All the boy scouts and girls always no matter what army they were in attended during certain hours the military scout school. On their way this time to general Manley's army to test Susan the whole party had gone toward the Glandelinian army by a short circuitous route, through a portion of the Red Riding forest. They were now in a part of general Manley's army cleverly dressed as Glandelinian girl scouts. They had been for safety sake accompanied by the "dangerous," Radcliffe and then had made their way to what was then called the "obs observation room of Manley's headquarters, and could hear the conversation from a partly open door. Now after hour they had sat there while the scenery outside of distant forest fire "colours" about them gradually changed into character and slaps with the passing of the afternoon, the mountainous clouds of smoke giving way to huge undulating wreaths, and strange monster and half human shape and seeming to come nearer and be bigger and more heavier in color and blackness. Of course the fire was drawing away from them and apparently descending into the lower ranges. The strange old man who claimed he was an accomplice of the Two Professional Glandelinian or International spies looked to be a pleasant sort of man despite his character and the girl scouts and the Princesses half doubted whether he was really in the service of Manley or not. But if he was not, then he sinned by telling general Manley a lie. But after listening to the conversation they had learned his intimate history, and realized he was a man that any Christian Government would give a huge sum for his capture. He said his name was Francis Gump, and he told Manley of the days of how the flood was progressing, how many scouts of Manley's army had come and went overland, and to see to it that the flood did not spread over Glandelinian territory, but continued over the Christian territory, how the Glandelinian scout patrols were continually fighting Christian patrols. The men of old fought

Indians and starvation and the fires too, leaving many thousands in nameless graves by the wayside during the fearful affrays across the plains and through the mountains, and over fields and meadows, all these hundreds of skirmishes being as fierce as the battle of Lepanto, how in other cases, the Christian patrols had been like crafts sailing into windjammers.

"These days," the man said slowly, "shows the danger Glandelinia is facing. I want to tell you, sir, that if any of these Christian girl or boyscouts in this neighborhood find out what caused the disaster of Abbiennan, Glandelinia is in a bad way. Though I'm facing you, sir, I'm not afraid to say I'm not against them, in fact I probably favor them, but just the same I believe it is my duty to warn you of a coming peril that you never comprehended. These girls are absolutely different than children of our own nation further across the seas, and it's their very righteousness and goodness that causes them to be so dreaded, and so successful. Of course, sir, I didn't experience them personally, for I'm just young at this work now, and have not been investigating them personally. But I have been acquainted with many children in many of these towns north, never saw a child who did even a slight misdeed, refused to obey their parents, or refused their duties in any school or elsewhere, and if a child hates school here he or she is something very unusual. Their very education, and their terrific desire of learning everything that comes their way, sir, is responsible for what we would dread here. Education means a lot, sir, and any person who is well educated cannot be frustrated in anything they set out to do. You cannot stop their work here no matter what you do, sir, unless you can with the cooperation of the armies under Thomas line and his Confederate outposts the Christian armies from this locality. They won't attack, so why don't you, my father was one of the Forty Niners, came out of Tennessee into the United States and I too was an old Indian fighter. I could learn you many tactics how we fought and defeated Indian bands, and that way you can learn to fight these Abbiennan armies. Of course I'm doing all this for you, sir, but I'm afraid I cannot help saying that your nation is doing a stunt as follows:

"A prize fighter being challenged to combat by a one armed man. Nothing sort of a tremendous miracle from Heaven can cause the Abbiennan Nation, to lose this war, even if your country was fighting for the same cause, and she was fighting for yours. This is a crazy sort of a war, sir, and though I'm giving you pointers of how to carry it out since you your Government won't listen to my advice and a desist, I'm doing so just for your advice. Your advice is a profound fact, all proofs by right now, crushing Christian armies opposed to you, like eggs shells under a machine masher, but in the future I warn you 100% that Abbiennan had 1 or has only a pinhead full of her armies only in the field now. Later your nation will be helpless. So I'm asking you again to take my advice and not turn me down."

At a question from one of general Hanley's staff officers, who like the rest was intensely interested in the story of this new comer, the man launched into a description to the boy and girls about as he knew them. The boy and girls about the Christians he recalled to the generals, are mostly Abbiennans, but what causes it an advantage to the Abbiennans they have some righteous foreigners among them. The girl and boyscouts come from the best Abbiennan families, and had been passed down from generation to generation, one of them had their fathers in the army, mostly generals of course, like Gertrude, Angeline, Angeline Pichee, Angeline Jennings, and so forth, the former being general Aronburg, Vivian Nichols, and Walter Starring Jennings (the boyscout Walter Starring). The numbers of the boyscouts and girls were huge, and different from the equally dangerous "Camp fire girls or boys." The girl or boy members if having the qualifications were officers, and if commissioned so had superiority over generals. Out of war times it was an easy gracious sort of existence, as if on parade, and good times, fairly good adventures, seeing and studying the country and so forth. "On now girls about were seen to ride mounts jingling with fanciful and costly trappings, and the boyscouts were dressed like macaroude cavalier of old. Yet despite all their clannish way of being uniformed and dressed they were more dreaded than the Christian soldiers, and in their way comes the strangely dressed "Camp Fire Girls" and boys, "under men or women as leaders or guardians. They were equally as fierce against the Glandelinians, but they don't go so much on long distant adventures, and these were helping in the work around Abbiennan.

"To day," said general Becknell, in his drawling voice, "There are thousands of the around here, and the ones who are called the "Aronburg Rangers" though personally I don't believe in them, are or were originated by those dangerous girls called the Vivian Girls Princesses. There are many of their very descendants left, for there are ten of the girl or boy scouts among them who are cousins to the Vivian girls and are the same way. But

I have heard a lot about them. I do not fear the Vivian girls at all. They cut little figure in the present day of the war so far. But these girls about especially, who in the world ever let loose such a swarm of human hornets."

A general who was called Josephine Jensen spoke up with some unexpected heat.

"Well I think it is a shame," he said. "I know we are supposed to believe that we can win this war against those Christian foes, but I for one do not believe, believe so now for the Christians have too much support from these girls about. They are the sole life heart of the army. If we cannot frustrate them, we cannot frustrate the armies. But tell me, generals who and what is that Radcliffe. I'm positive that personage is not a boy."

"Radcliffe who?" asked general Hanley. "I never heard of him."

General Bob White leaned toward Josephine Jensen (a man in the head) and assumed a confidential tone.

"Never heard of him. That's good."

"He's thinking of that Angeline Jennings friend."

"I have seen him," said general Thomas Cleveland. "So far he is one of the he is operating as one of the highest rank boy scouts in the army but is not in any particular army. He is a roamer or a roamer, he there, he's here, he bobs up somewhere else like electricity and disappears like a ghost. He is also a chief leader of all those dangerous camp fire girls and boys combined and is either a relative of said Angeline Aronburg or her sister or brother for I firmly believe that is the disguised Anna Aronburg or I'll eat my hat. He is also the leader of the Virgin Rangers who had once captured general Huntington and his troops single handed. Ten of my men went to his rescue, and though girls about gave me valuable aid we couldn't save him."

"Maybe he is a boy," said general Cranier. "And a future lover to that post Angeline Aronburg."

At Cranier's words, which although low spoken were intended to reach Hanley's ear, the latter flushed. Then he reached over, and pulling Cranier's hand down over his eyes, started to shake him good naturedly. In a moment three generals were entangled. General Josephine laughed and explained the situation to the foreign spy. The two officials watched the Glandelinian chums amusedly, until a sudden boom somewhere outside brought them all to themselves and the fun stopped.

Hanley proposed to accept the man's proposition, and he then left the party. Dinner was served late, and Hanley settled down to his cigar and a nap which he was studying. For a time other officers gossiped in low voices which the girls about failed to catch, but it was believed two of them might have been seen peeping as the officers occasionally looked glanced in their direction. All the officers sat in silence down in their chairs and at first staring out at the landscape. However little Susan had heard the words and she had seen one of the officers cast a sharp glance toward the girls about say a word or two in a low voice to his companion, and they arose and left the room. Susan who as the others had been sitting on a lounge, said to one of the girls nearest her:

"Did you hear that?"

"Here what?" asked Jean.

"What those three officers said."

"What three officers?"

"Why those three officers who passed through here," Susan said impatiently. "I believe you were actually asleep Jean."

"Guess I was," said Jean yawning. "But what was it they said? Did you discover something? And were they saying something to you?"

"They were whispering to each other," said Susan. "They raised their voices and I managed to overhear. Then one of them glanced our way—to see if we were heard I suppose—and they got up and left. Hanley is alone in there now."

"Well what in the world was it?" Demanded Jean.

"Oh—h—h—h," said Susan nervously. "The door's open and that soldier is suspicious of us—and he is staring at us. Listen," she whispered. "Let's get the rest to go out on pretense of some duty. Then we can all go some secret place where we won't be overheard, and I'll tell you."

"Now what is it Susan please?" asked Jean, when she and the girls about including Violet, and her sisters were all gathered in one of the empty rooms with the door fastened behind them, O and as on guard there too. "What is all this mystery?"

"Yes, what is it you overheard out there near general Hanley's observation room?" Demanded Jack Saunders. "You seemed certainly enough excited. What's it all about?"

"Spelled my pleasant dreams," grumbled George Zimmerman. "It's better to be good to a girl or they won't be able to find you. And picking up a sofa cushion he started to bicker the girl with it. He however laughed and warded him off."

"Take him away," she said. "The German boy is a wild man. How can I say any thing if he smother me?"

"Sit down," Susan, Violet, Vivian commanded him. Her... She obeyed.

"Well every one listen closely," said Susan, assuming a serious manner and lowering her voice. "I realize all of you are puzzled by my request for you to come back here. You wished to test me and make me a girlscout. Well, I may have succeeded, but I didn't dare explain out there near the general's 'Observation' room. Those two officers were sitting too close, and I believe too they were watching me. One was at least, and he was a tall man. You see, while the rest of you were listening to Manley and the others I was near the other room where the three men were. And I overheard just enough of the conversation between those three men to understand there was a big plot of some sort. Those two were John Manleys two brothers, Johnston, and Hubert, Manley, with general Francis Madden."

"Plot?" queried Gertrude Angeline. "What plot? What are you speaking about? Plot against whom?"

"A plot against all of you, and the Vivian Girls in particular," said Susan. "I tell you I couldn't hear much. Only a few words here and there reached me. But I gathered there was a plot being made to smuggle a large number of the slickest Glandolinian girl and boyscouts into your hands and all in disguise with the hope they'll frustrate you in your effort to learn something about the destruction of Abbeann, and that these generals had a hand in it."

"Violet, leaned forward. 'What was that?' she said. 'Yes Princess' answered Susan stoutly. 'That is what they said. I can repeat the exact words. There were only snatches here and there that I overheard. But my mind continued to follow the thought between the words, and also my loss of my parents and brother and sister. Oh you realize how it is. That Johnston Manley is responsible for my loss.'"

"Violet, and her sisters together nodded. They were beginning to have a great respect for the little orphans intelligence. Often before since her short stay they had been witness to the orphan girls almost uncanny abilities to guess another's thoughts, and had almost believed she was a mind reader."

"But tell me please what they said?" Violet asked. "Anything that you could hear definitely?"

"What you mean definitely?"

"What was it you could plainly hear?"

"Yes," said Susan, "there certainly was. There was something about your plan to investigate the great flood, or the big 'eruptions' around here at, --at --wasn't that at Abbeann, near here, or on the Norma Run somewhere?"

"In Bengall State, near Bengall County Calverlinian Province," said Jack. "Go on."

"I am going on. And there was something too about two girlscouts or leaders whose names are Gladys Wentworth, and Joy St. Clare, and all about Glandolinian patrols, and motor boats on the flood, and right patrolling spying, and and -- Susan paused for dramatic effect. He obtained it."

"And what?" demanded Gertrude Angeline. "And wireless telegraph," added Susan triumphantly. "That was what I heard at the best. One of the three Glandolinian general's generals was explaining something to the other and he became excited and raised his voice. 'He said' why general Federal keeping us within touch, we'll be fixed right, and not a Christian army will remain here. We've got the signal and telegraph stations at the flood cove completed, and can guide every newly arriving Glandolinian division past every danger. We get to break those 'Christian hellhounds' or they'll crack us.'"

"Telegraph," said Gertrude. "Whew. Those Glandolinian generals must be well organized."

"And girlscouts of the enemy to secretly join forces with us with the purpose to frustrate us too," commented Joan. "You certainly did have your eyes open Susan. You are doing fine for the start of the test, more than we expected."

Susan turned to the eldest Vivian Girl.

"So there you are Princess," said she. "That's what I heard these Glandolinian officers said. Then afterwards of them said that about the signal and telegraph station, and this general Federal, and about girls and boyscouts of the enemy posing as a part of your own in reinforcements. I'm sure that is what they proposed -- he suddenly realized he had raised his voice and might have been overheard. So they left the room. But I'm sure he was suspicious of me, although we all did seem to be smoking as they all did. Now what had we better do. Or what should I do?"

"This is a serious matter, girls, a very dangerous one," said Susan. "I'm sure that is what they proposed -- he suddenly realized he had raised his voice and might have been overheard. So they left the room. But I'm sure he was suspicious of me, although we all did seem to be smoking as they all did. Now what had we better do. Or what should I do?"

"I have understood we have some sort of law barring any girl or boyscout from any outside quarter whom we do not know," said Joan. "But I'm busy about it."

All the others, except Violet, and her sisters nodded agreement.

"Well," said Joice. "In the days when this war was begun, and when our armies were infected with enemies within as well as without, not only from the eastern part of our country, but from unknown sections too, our general officers had grown alarmed at the secret arrival of large numbers of girl and boyscouts in the Glandolinian armies, and though they are not as we, they are exceedingly treacherous, vindictive too and something to dread. To get the best of you they'd stab you in the back and they would not meet you face to face in a fight. Besides these girl and boyscouts of the enemy have utterly different standards of military life than we have. They are paid, we do it for just our country only. Due to the great numbers of them for Glandolinia you will recall had one quarter of about the entire population of older children in the army as scouts, these learn to do their duties on less experience time and adventure than we, and to dress and eat more cheaply too. Accordingly we do our duties for nothing, they won't and they are so numerous, and they are so dressed at times that you cannot always tell them from child slaves, and consequently all our generals and even father had begun to worry at this influx of child scouts into the enemy's armies, fearing they would frustrate everything we and they do. Fortunately they have turned out less educated than we, they are mostly stupid, yet we always do what we can to allow to child scout into the army that does not know our honorable pass word and countergain."

"But we have a good number of child scouts, and fairly educated ones here," said Joice.

"Oh yes," said her sister, "But the enemy side has the most numerous. Of course mostly all of us are mostly professional scouts, signal scouts, adventure scouts, student scouts, and travelers. But ours are so few, and we are so particular whom we allow to come in."

"How many are there in total numbers in all our armies combined Joice?" asked Gertrude.

"Only about Five hundred thousand," was the reply.

"And have there been no further numbers admitted since then?" asked Joan.

"Not officially," replied Angeline Vivian. "During the progress of this awful war some labor battalions of independent girl and boyscouts were formed under contract to act with the camp fire girls, but they did not like the work and quit. However as I understand it, there has been elsewhere in this war zone a steady traffic along especially our own fronts in the attempted smuggling of Glandolinian girl and boyscouts into the Christian armies to mingle them with our own and to frustrate them in their duties but has not met with any success thus far. As to God, this is especially true near our own armies here, although smuggling rings have been discovered in operation elsewhere, and only a few months ago a company of five child scouts was smuggled into general Charles Browns army, but all detected and held as prisoners of war. The reason for wanting to put them into our troop of course, is that being secret members among us they could without our realizing it convey all plans of ours into the hands of the enemy while pretending to serve us. There are officers in the Glandolinian armies, who will pay well to any batch of these scouts who learn our intentions, and no questions asked. Consequently such smuggling rings come into being for the purpose of supplying this illicit demand. Thanks to Susan here, we have learned of this, and we'll allow to strange girl or boyscout force to join us, and will warn the Camp Fire scouts to be careful too."

"Well what shall we do about this information Princess?" said Madcliffe.

"Don't you believe we ought to order the generals to watch out for these schemes, and to tell the authorities of our child scouts."

"I certainly do," exclaimed Violet. "When we are back in the Christian lines I shall lay this matter also before the military secret service the first thing, and even then if when we get back strange scouts have come among ours we'll arrest every one. You Susan will have to go with us to tell them what you overheard."

"Meanwhile," commented Angeline Pichee. "They might so cleverly disguise these scouts as refugee child slaves that we would seem hoodwinked to arrest them."

"Well we can't help that," decided Violet. "We are superiors of all things being daughters of the emperor, and can arrest any strangers who cannot give the boy or girlscout signals and other evidences they really belong to us. As for shadowing our other letters, that is out of the question. But we'll frustrate that plan. And in the first place girls, the three generals already have a suspicion that Susan must have overheard them, and accordingly they will be on the watch. In the second place place we all will be ready for a good nights rest when we return to the lines, anyhow. I imagine that for what Susan overheard, all our army revenue officers will get good enough clues to enable them to run down any of these gangs of foe scouts."

After that the conversation became desultory. Violet lay outstretched on a couch. The others wandered out again into a club room and beyond to the observation room. No one was there now except a sentry and he was half asleep. It was growing late in the afternoon.

The sentry gave a start, mumbled something and started pacing up and down his usual beat, saying no doubt to himself "Wish those boyscouts would mind their own business."

All of them grew exhilarated at the prospect of hoping or of succeeding in finding out such things so soon, though they were within the world famous Lendelinian army, which is the flower of Lendelinia and unlike any other army, strange, fierce, and mysterious.

But at that very moment, the General who had suspected Quinn of overhearing him, was tipping a Gandelminian child scout who was near by to learn what sort of boy and girlscoouts they really were, and who

"Indeed we would join," said Gertrude. They were all sitting on a grassy lawn in the center of the Glandelinian camp. This, as maybe the reader should remember was one of the most famous

[illegible]

"Oh yes we'll object," said Angelina Riches laughing. "We'll be awfully awfully put out. We don't want to find out or see a thing."

"Suddenly Radcliffe's pale rose to his feet and with an inchoate cry started to dart away. Gertrude seized him by the coat. Radcliffe writhed in her grasp and attempted to twist free. He was highly excited.

"Look" here," she said to all "Rudcliffe is right. If there is a big plot going to be carried out, and this fellow suspects us of having gained some news of it he probably would do just as Rudcliffe says."

"Suppose you call the Gemini Secret Service man 'Angeline' as posted Joan and if he is there, Mr. Gingore to call on you in our own tent in the camp. Wouldn't that be better than going to them?"

"Very good," approved Violet. "The Gemini Agents could make their way directly to our own suite without arousing suspicion if he takes precautions, while Radcliffe if he is correct and we are being shadowed, shadowed within the lines we could not stir out of any part of the company Street without being followed. Do the rest of you stay here and watch while I go to our own room, and telephone. If you see any more of these fellows call me. If not come up within half an hour. By then probably a Gemini man will have arrived."

The half-hour passed quickly for the others who sat there near the road intensely interested in the life of the Glandolinian soldiers, and especially in the Oriental style of their uniforms, and bag College Professor like square topped hats, and the others in their gorgeous gray uniforms. They saw no sign of the man Radcliffe believed was shadowing them, and at the end of said half hour, went up to their own room. Barely had they entered than there came a low rap at the door, repeated three times, and Angeline Vivian sprang to open it.

"There's the Gemini military agent," she said. "That's the signal he said he would give."

As he opened the door, a tall alert man stopped inside, and closed the door quickly behind him.

"Pardon my sudden entrance," he said in a low voice. "Are you the Princesses with the girls?"

"We are!"

"And I am James Scanlon, one of the Gemini," said the other, flipping back the right lapel of his coat, and displaying a small gold shield. "You wanted to see me."

"We did Mr. Scanlon. Won't you sit down."

The man took off his hat and accepted the proffered chair. He looked inquiringly at the boys and the girls, and Violet introduced her sisters and them too.

"Now," said Angeline. "You were somewhat mystified by my message. I being in a free camp did not want to say anything over the telephone about the nature of the business on which we wanted to see you. At last I did want you to come here without being seen. That is why I requested you to be cautious."

The other nodded.

"This our business," she said to the Gemini. "We receive many strange calls. So I was not at all surprised. I may as well tell you however, that others who realize I am here and who can be trusted realize my mission too."

"He shot a glancing searching glance at the others. Violet nodded.

"I see," she said. "We might have been enemies trying to lure you into a trap. That was a wise precaution on your part." But she added, leaning forward, "We are not enemies, but who have come into possession of certain information which we wish to convey to you and bring to the Christian lines right away."

"Wait a minute," said the Gemini in a low voice, and leaping to his feet he gained the door in two strides, threw it open, peered out and then disappeared.

While the others still sat at a table where he had left them regarding each other in speechless surprise, the Gemini member returned, closed and after a scout went out to do guard duty by it closed and fastened the fastened the door, and resumed his chair as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

"There was someone listening outside the door," he explained. "The when I opened it, saw someone running down the hall and he disappeared out of sight. Your room is only two doors from an angle in the hall. So I followed to the turning and glanced along the corridor but he was gone. Now what is it?" he demanded.

Violet herself explained, and when she had concluded concluded Susan herself once more rehearsed rehearsed the scraps of conversation which she had overheard the three low voiced professionals drop on the table in the opposite room of the Observation Hall a few hours before. The eyes of the Gemini blazed with satisfaction. He pounded one clenched fist into the palm of the other, repeating the phrase several times.

"Good work," said he. "Good work." Then turning to Susan he commanded, "Describe these Professional men to me." "....."

Susan complied. At the description of the man who had so strictly scrutinized Susan in the observation room, and whom Radcliffe believed had been with the two Professional Mutt and Jeff Spies, the Gemini leader uttered an exclamation.

"Do you know him sir?" asked Gertrude eagerly.

"I sure do and how," said the Gemini. "I believe I saw him in the company Street down a ways, although he did not see me as far as I can tell, and if he did he did not recognize me. He was hiding behind a tall tree."

"Who is he?"

"He is a Glandolinian official spy of many aliases. 'Red Spot' is his name among the Glandolinians, because of his freckled face and red head. He's the leader of all the Glandolinian spies and Military Service, and also the commander of a powerful gang of Glandolinian Professional spies, a gang with ramifications in many districts, wanted by all Christian armies not only here but wanted by the authorities of many countries of the world besides. He's been responsible for many deviltries throughout the Christian countries for many years, and is dangerous to our side too, but he's unlike the Mutt and Jeff Spies, for he'll do his work just for Patriotism only but we have never been able to lay anything definite at his door as to whether he is as foreign as he appears or a dark complexioned Glandolinian. It'll be a feather in the cap of any soldier who can also get the goods on Mr. Red Spot."

Violet, and her sisters were all excited. And they showed each other. Gertrude herself could not restrain an exclamation.

"Then what this little Orphan Girl overheard will be of some value to you?" she demanded.

"Value?" repeated the man. "Indeed you are right. I have also a surprise for you children too if you do not realize it already. The enemy are well acquainted with your purpose and decide to smuggle Glandolinian child scouts disguised as child slaves among your bands."

"We are well acquainted with that," said Violet. "We overheard that in a conversation among the scout generals."

"Well lately the smuggling of Glandolinian child scouts into other portions of the Christian armies have greatly decreased because it is a failure, and child scouts everywhere are onto their game. We know they are trying to come in, but we can easily stop them. We can suspect too that there must be a leak somewhere in our forces. We have managed to stop such strange smuggling it into the other Christian armies pretty well, but all our best efforts to stop the or to put a stop to bringing in disguised Glandolinian child scouts to spy on our own have not been successful everywhere. We have fleets of fast child scout patrols and also Camp fire girls operating off different points of the Christian armies but somehow the child Scout smugglers of the enemy coming from the various Glandolinian armies manage to elude them in the night, or on foggy days and push in their numbers in some unlocated place whence undoubtedly, they are whisked into the lines by waiting wagons and hidden."

"I should believe you could patrol the whole country, and have all the armies watched if necessary, and also capture all the enemy scouts, besides locate the clues as to the cause of the disaster disaster," said the Jack.

The man only shook his head.

"My young friend," said he. "If you knew more about the ways of our members, you would think differently. We have to do a tremendous amount of work on small donations and with a limited force and our lives are one of dangerous adventure and great peril. Our too is also not a spectacular branch of the Supreme Gemini Service, and because of the nature of the war, its costs, and the losses brought on by these awful disasters, the authorities of the Government cannot just now afford to spend any money on us. You do not realize children, and especially the Princesses, here how the country is tied up and at odds and ends. Moreover now too that the dreadful war has increased the national debt and a great amount of money has to be used to succor the refugees, they are even shouting for help. Instead of being able to give us more men and money they have now all they can do to help themselves. Our country is in greater peril than we imagine, and we have enemies within as well as without the government."

Gertrude Angeline nodded understandingly.

"But this tip about Glandolinian secret service spies within our lines," said Radcliffe, "returning to a new subject" won't that imperil us till more."

"Not if you are watchful," said he. "But it will help us. The spies are employed by those two Mutt and Jeff Professionals, who operate from one army to another another. Some think their appearances are a makeup but they are not, but mutual. There are also two famous spies among the enemy who have the same personal features, as Hans and Fritz would be in grown up faces in uniform and not comic appearances and these two are also extremely dangerous, treacherous and violent. Just to show you how valuable I consider your information I'll say that since sitting here I have made up my mind to make a trip immediately to the Christian lines myself and do what I can to frustrate such plans of the enemy. If I don't your efforts will be availed. All spies or strangers within the Christian lines who cannot prove they're refugees will be put under surveillance at once."

"But 'objected' Mr. Scamilton 'The code drawn up and deciphered might be from our station life - yours, Miss Aronburg.'"
"In which case case you would mean it would be about legitimate business," said Jean. "but we have Government licensed stations on our big raft but, they too are listened, and their codes on general file. I believe it could be a good move to put any of our coc code experts at work at some distant station."

"I haven't come here to work" answered Susan. "I am no christian dog either. My comrades are outside."

Just at that moment fortunately for her one of the generals called out loudly ~~hhhhhh~~/

"Oh Herbie, come down a minute, I want to show you something." The man slowly flew forward all about his he tried to tell him
Herbie. Then came a girl who she had never seen before. Yet
Herbie was still apprehensive and would have avoided her before, but the
girl said "Don't be alarmed little girl, You do not need to be afraid.
I don't know me, I was in the glaciost camp at Amphibia. Ashtan
said don't worry, know me, I was in the glaciost camp at Amphibia. Ashtan

The little girl's voice was low and musical, and also there was something in its tones which in a measure justified Sumner's fears. After a while the little girl gently demanded:—

"How come you to be here. I heard you was a fugitive from the wicked soldiers. Did they capture you if they did I can't say." "I came here with the Vivian Girl because as they are looking for me."

"I shall for ever hope there'll be an improvement for your

"Wait for it wife I hope there'll be an improvement but I don't see it, especially an improvement in your favor, for if there isn't I'll worry for you, for its safer to be a scout and waste than be flapping one part of the country to the other, though to be sure, as don't let us if you could been used to anything better than this milk."

At that moment Susan saw some one glance suspiciously at her as he passed, and involuntarily Susan's hand went to her mouth to prevent a scream, and the girl pulled her into the room and shut and locked the door. Then sitting for Susan to be over her composure she continued:

"Sunah replied that she had studied it for a few months when her father had been living, having studied it in a Military Training camp at Glendale and for a few weeks in the Military Study Air-Infantry camp at Honolulu in California.

"Oh I'm so glad" said Sil "for now I can give you a trail myself. My greatest objection I have to the kind of children I meet here is the foreigners who are so stupid at times you can't learn them anything. For this place of course won't you and I have good times in talking to them and you the pupil."

Unfortunately, genuine knowledge of glaucous signal work was rather and therefore she did not exactly fancy Rila proposition and therefore imagined that she had nearly forgotten all the ever know of sig

she answered that she had nearly forgotten all she ever knew of us.
"On that's nothing sweet, nothing," said Aunt, "all return to me."
gradually, and especially, I don't believe you'll be put to the sign.
More of us belong to that. We are the advanced section of scouts who
to do with us some work. Why things that happened two years ago come
me every day but then I always did forget more in one night than some
of you can then remember everything."

"You indeed, a great while, and the expression of Billy's face & grave, as she added, "Perhaps you don't know that I lost my father."

[illegible]

"Four" answered Puck, who now felt well enough. "They are the 'Bunglers,' 'Interlopers,' and the 'Advanced Scouts.'"

her joy expressed and danced childishly about the room, and finally a

"Child and Boy Scouts who explore and play through out the woods.

"Oh got out with that," said Sal. "you're wrong. We are those 14
are police child scouts. They however are not the highest rank
the highest of them all."

"Who is that man with a face so much in appearance of 'Jeff' fanny papers?" asked Smith.

"Oh! I understand who my Mr. Pero is. Oh! I understand. My help with the rest is in my back and I'll find in a better four-wheel car than that of yours."

"Excuse me," answered Mil. "It's a thing that I've picked up."

been a gliscoat. It's an easy to get so contaminated when one is
been forced to be associated with such lot hove as these clandestine
that the fellow has been given to girl and boys out of the
and which these things in con-

John to throw off his trail, and which I have in care in connection with the above.

That we, and I, nor his accomplishment being forgiven, has no more right to be crying for the Glandelinian against our country, and say when we shall breathe, than the devil has a right to get his into heaven. He's nothing more or less than a devil himself, and let even charges the Glandelinian government was for him work than it's worth."

"So do I like Chinaborn people." Inter- added again, and Sai continued
"On that point you are absolutely mistaken as dear all of them are not even
successful. I was once a child slave too. They tried to make me tall and
I ran away and found my parents before they died. Was even once captiv d by
the enemy two months ago under General Phoonim. Then they discovered by my
child's love brand who I was and tried to force me to tell. They tried it
once but I was stubborn."

[illegible]

"How long have you been sick since then?" asked Dean.
 "I'm no judge of time," answered Bill, "but after that it seemed a great while
 for since my illness I feel just the same, that experience did not scare me one
 bit. I'll see you again Saturday. Anything in at the 'Station' in our

11. OF course, my friend Gertrude Angelina is at the "Museum" in our
 12. town, and it is, exactly all right that she should be, for somebody with
 13. good eyes - her most miracle, and therefore we all literally love her as she
 14. is no good and would not go there, she wouldn't go herself, and then too
 15. Gertrude Angelina is admirably suited for the position as Chief Captain, Her
 16. Force too is among all features of girl and boy scouts, and she will get the
 17. most information out of the others, and put more information into several
 18. - giving possession at the end of a month, than they be else the Vivian Girl
 19. Princess could like, and this is the secret why she is so much admired.
 20. She and my old Jack Brown also met. She acquainted with each other
 21. over eight years ago, whether Gertrude was a slave then or no one will say;
 22. but I can tell among lives when she was one; but her bearing was something
 23. strange to him and he believed she was something else, for all the slaves
 24. did everything she advised, how she is the most dangerous foe of all

"Did she does she want to do all that work if she is not a girlhood but a girl say. Yet she does all this too. I've heard him of her, and even I've read in the papers I forget ever saw her face to take that despite the age she is the great headline, and most impossible any to be caught in the world. I'm sometimes a little afraid of her, she seems so wise and."

"You are not yet experienced with us girls could you yet to see into every thing no I dare say you wouldn't understand me if I should hint that Helen and Linda are here for the women's home's disposition" at 1 am

Suchan's loud and plainfaced indeed that this remark had given her no ill-chatter, and she continued "I realized you couldn't understand

But whatever, Dad said continued "I realized you wouldn't understand for you haven't my disconcertant to begin with, and then you were never sent away to a child about school yet were you?"

"Just say Hal, if you please. Yes, I was at a grand Scout School in Pandora two years, and was called the best drilled girl there, and since

I've never lost that training. I thought I'd have you be my pupil and you'll become a grand agent too. I have been in the army for five months now and have picked up a lot of information. To be sure I am not using me it

to find out who is responsible for this big flood disaster, and I learned
"to do this--"she whispered this "but the army did do it." "not to find
out who did it or ordered it."

With the help of Sal Suman now found that "unlike headquarters were quite different from those of other places. With her friends around her she was not shy or nervous and quite idiosyncratic too as stated

she was not lonely or forlorn, and this is an advantage very hard to find in a woman. She was not averse to doing something new either by way of just time or mischief on some other pretext. She was not averse to being a professional spinster and many others of the kind. She was not averse to being a great measure to the fact of

scouts showed a strong animosity owing to a great measure to the fact of

[illegible]

that night following. A full acquaintance with Susan, Susan called in her sleep still mark day dawn. The food too which the stinginess of the slaveholder allowed her was not particularly conducive to her health. She was told that she managed the ironing with to which she had been accustomed to in the Christian Union. Susan had spoken of it so or three times, but one of the slaveholders' children only made a mention of him. She should be a young woman who didn't go to have such a woman around her house, or can become a Christian. If you don't, and if you like and go to the Christian Union there, they take themselves in at anyone it will be. Susan said we were determined that she could live at anyone it will be. She asked within the Christian Union a min. She then before, great that she called down into the general sitting room and her heart filled her state as called down into the general sitting room and her heart filled her state

"Colonel Randolph said general Hanley to a man who just entered the doorway, 'Ain't there any chance to interrupting any of the efforts of those Child Scouts of the Christian army.'"

"I don't know of," said the colonel's answer and in a sudden

"Going to hold a council first," said Colonel Hendle, suspending operations and all planning quietly at Sumner.

"You just find your own business," said General Manley, and wait until you are invited to spend Goodness knows how long at that place that child gave made flip up the rail quick." You little hint or I'll alarm you with my first."

At the time Sumner had found courage to say she thought she herself

chanced to be open. Good Heavily! Disappointed Colonel Rindie, while Menley uttered those words that would have made an angel's baptism on the contrary, was really distressed for she felt sure the bumps had would be charged to her and she felt sure that she was not the first ever from obtaining her desires. Still she felt the person in the room was duly bathed in cold water and bound up in a red cotton bandage for she again ventured to say "Your Excellency if you will only let me wash myself in my room I'll promise

a group graciously consented, and a woman ran bravely on one step, and the heat of a clear cold winter which was so soothing in its effect upon the heart who didn't feel the heat so much any more, she returned to the dining room to get something to eat, but because of the dangers of a secret of Abraham being let at once, or because of general Hume was in the worst of humors, and the moment Bomer appeared he called out with a curse, "Two straight outside and out of some of those child slaves to come in here and do their dirty work in the kitchen. They're oversleeping already and they need to be waking outside one either is going to have you racing away in a minute to see whether this or that is just light when your complaints are outside calling for you to do your duties. You're about not a little late, however, and you're not awake around them with a pair of cold water."

out of her sewing machine can of munnings mills. "If I'm not in uniform" she said, "I'll wear a blue dress." "I'll wear it if I'm not in uniform," said the sergeant orderly, forgetting he can't wear a blue dress. At this he was startled for the clump of big bushes which green near the house. At this stage of affairs Captain Alpine came dancing in, and a young Queen. If she thought the temperature of the kitchen conducive to health! Queen instinctively drew nearer to her as a friend and whispering her dressmen threatened with blue dress toward the orderly, who was returning with a big black strip lining off the lip she was to wear. "Strip it off the lip she was to wear," said Captain, and planting herself in the doorway, "If the orderly came up, she said, "Why come you with this blue intention!"

Intentions."

"Out of my way girl," said the orderly "I'll teach that upstart to destroy things when she's made mad." Punishing Gertrude aside, he entered the dining room. Susan retreated behind the other door, and the orderly was about to follow her, when Gertrude with a nimble bound, springing upon his back, was pulling him to the floor with a crash, and snatched the club from his hand and broke it into twenty pieces. Gertrude held him down and said, "You hit any one of us in uniform you boob and I'll crown you." How the matter would have ended is uncertain, for at that moment General Manley himself appeared, and to him the orderlyland Gertrude detailed their grievance, both in the same breath.

"I can't get at a single word you goons," said he, and turning to one of the child slaves, who was quietly juring potatoes he demanded:

"What is the row about?"

In a plain straight forward manner, he told all, beginning from the time they were first sent into the kitchen, and adding an opinion of his own that the girlscout was suffering from the heat. General Manley swung round upon the orderly and said:

"It is ridiculous to have such actions on your part, you are out of sorts to forget you cannot beat any one or fight any one in uniform whether it be a soldier or a child scout, and that if Susan needed punishment she'd get it by being put to work under guard, but as he had not witnessed the proceedings he wasn't going to do anything about it."

"At this girlscout here," said the orderly as he readjusted his hat, which was slightly displaced, "can't she be put into the guard house? She threw me down. There's badham to pay the whole time she's here."

"No," said Manley, "he did it to prevent you from clubbing the other girl in uniform. He didn't strike you, though she threatened to do so, and that's no excuse. You started the row and she finished it. Go to your duties and let's not hear any more." And Manley went out grumbling something to himself, glad too no doubt to get out of the mess so easily, as he didn't vary whether his soldiers or scoutscout (each other or not).

No sooner was Manley gone, than Gertrude catching Susan by the hand and "come up stairs, and I can tell you something good in a more congenial atmosphere." Then as Susan appeared a little startled she added, "Never you fear dearie, I know what I am about, and no one will bother us."

Indeed so far all these girlscouts with Susan had now been within the enemy lines for over thirteen hours, and Gertrude had taken her upstairs this morning to tell her to tie on her old sun bonnet, and run across the meadow, and through the woods until she came to a rye stubble, and then follow the footpath along the fence until she came to another strip of woods with a stream running through it. And just on the further edge of these woods said she, "you'll see that you will believe are a bunch of Glandelinian boyscouts. Tell them to come here that the mules is ready, and hand to the leader this letter written in English. If the sentries stop you tell him of them your around and they'll let you through but don't for the world let any one see the letter, give it about your person."

Susan tied her sun bonnet and hurried off, glad to escape for a few moments indeed from that hot kitchen with the child slaves at work with the endless round of dish washing, scouring of utensils and silverware, scrubbing floors, wiping door and window sills, washing down walls and ceilings, window washing and cushioning of chairs, and so forth. She had no difficulty in finding the way, and though she was challenged several times by sentries she told her desecration and was allowed to pass, and she almost screamed for joy when she suddenly came upon the wide stream which appeared to bright in clear in its dancing waves.

"What a nice place this would be to sit and read," was her first exclamation, and then she sighed heavily as she thought how small were her chances now. But she wanted to be a girlscout and she therefore realized she must stand the test. Then quickly her thoughts flashed to the past and her tear mingled with the clear water, which flowed at her feet, as she recalled the time when blessed with a father and mother's love, and a sister and brother, she could go to school and learn as other children did. She was roused from her reverie by the sound of boys voices, and whose tones she fancied were softer than usual, she followed the sound, and she was determined not to hurry but to follow the course of the stream, fancying she would find it to run toward the direction of the Christian line. She had not gone far when she came suddenly upon a squad of Gray and boyscouts and two girls, who seemed to be doing something at the edge of the stream. In the front of the boy who seemed to be the leader she recognized to be some boyscout she had seen somewhere far away before when she first started to study for scout work, when her parents were still living, and remembering that Gertrude had said of all scouts, she delivered the letter, and as she did so, she was about turning away as he did not recognize her when the smallest of the girlscouts spied her and called out:

"See here gone dear, I reckon that's Susan Gertrude. I'm going to converse with her."

"Jenny, please don't be too long, don't detain her as Gertrude won't like her," answered the girlscout called loose. But whether Gertrude would care about it or not, Jenny Hichee did not stop to think, and going toward Susan she said:

"Have you brought any other message besides that?"

"No," Susan replied. "I can't call the boyscouts. Gertrude wishes to see them," she said. "I could remain in some time if I wished."

"Was that you who screamed so loud before? I couldn't think who it was, but it can't be time for mess so early. It's only five o'clock."

"It won't be time for breakfast till two hours."

"Well we don't eat then till two hours, and we can stay here till that time. Won't you stay with us and tell a bit of your jaw?"

"No I can't stay too long. I must go back to Gertrude she's expecting me" said Susan. "And oh you ought to see how the poor child slaves have to work. It's heartrending."

"Work," repeated Jenny. "I think it's bad enough to have to be in this wretched old camp, without toiling for them dirty Glandelinians but come to have time to see a part of the flood from here and grubbing Susan's hand, she led her some distance till they came in sight where the water stretched like a inland sea with houses and trees partly submerged, but where they stood the flood was partly dammed up until it was like a large deep clear pool indeed as clear as crystal, looking in Susan could see lots of household furniture on the bottom, while a fish occasionally darted out and then disappeared."

"I made a good trip on this flood myself," said Jenny. "My brother Henry helped me, and Susan was also good. The general says I'm a great—great—flood forger." The word, but it means a land fish, and I was persuaded by a Glandelinian patrol captain and had an accident before I got here during the excitement of the chase, and I guess I do look a fright, don't I?"

Susan for the first time now noticed the appearance of her companion. He was an evenly built but chubby and pretty little girl, with a round sunny face and laughing blue eyes, while her dense black hair hung around her forehead in short tangled curls though in general it was a long bob as she had to wear it that fashion in the Glandelinian encampments for she'd bring no action upon herself. The front breadth of her uniform dress was plaited with mud. One of her shoestrings was untied, and the other one gone and her shoulder was badly ripped. The bottom of one pantalolet was entirely torn off, and the other rolled nearly to the knee disclosing her inner angle which was badly scratched and had been bleeding. The string of her uniform girdle was twisted into a hard knot, and the bonnet itself hung down her back, partially hiding the chasm made by the absence of three of her four hooks and eyes. Altogether she appeared as if she were the kind of little girl which one often finds in the country swinging on gates, and making mud pies. Even her face had traces of mud. All girlscouts even of the enemy side too were usually very neat, and in reply to Jenny's question as to whether she appeared a fright, she answered, "I like your face better than I do your dress, because it is not so dirty."

"Why so I can clean early this morning," she answered ruefully. "But there can't be anybody be pursued by an enemy and in trying to get away avoid a mud puddle and not fall in unless it's a miracle. You see my pantalolet is hanging by a few threads, and as I needed a bandage to tie up by badly scratched hand with I had to tear it off. If I can I'll get the Glandelinian Glandelinian patrol captain who is responsible for me looking like this."

"In a mother did I was going to get a swell uniform?" "I'm in General Manley's headquarters. It's makes too much trouble to stay there but the King's mess Principals are sitting at the table through a test."

"General Manley? He's a spiteful wicked old thing. He's afraid of us girlscouts isn't he?"

"He certainly is but he's suspicious of me I'm afraid, and I'm getting afraid of him now. I always run away when I see him."

"Oh Henry? Jenny called to her brother, I want you to come and see Susan Geraldine. When he is around," she added to Susan "Glandelinian girl and boyscouts don't come here to bother us."

Henry gave and knowing whistle and pointing to his sister said:

"You went through a cyclone didn't you. Oh is that the little Orphan Girl. Ain't she delicate. Most as small as my little sister. I was she was mine."

The tears came into Susan's eyes, and Jenny said, "Henry Hichee you are the greatest boy. Every boy like you wants some orphan for your sister."

"Cracky," said Henry with another whistle. "That may be too, but you see we are mostly all unhappy because of the enemy, put how about Susan. Who is she with just now."

"General Manley?"

"Sitting around that man," said the boy his brow darkening. "What are you thinking of Susan. Where did you get a ch nerve. If he finds you out."

"Isn't he but fair?" said Jenny wiping some of the mud off her dress. "But Gertrude says we girls are all in the same predicament. There is one Glandelinian general who isn't so ugly. But by the way do you know Walter Starving?"

"Yes," said Henry.

"I know Penrod," said Jenny.

"Do you know him too?" asked Jenny to Susan.

"Penrod?" said Susan quickly. "He is one of the best friends I've got in the world."

"Well, he's a good deal for the Princess and oh every body loves him ever so much. I believe he's the best boy scout in the world though he is a wfully coverts at times. And isn't his face beautiful?"

"I'm a little doubtful of it" said Susan. "What makes you think he is so good looking?"

Q "Oh I don't know, minus he's so nice for even being a foreign boy" and as if the argument were conclusive Jenny suddenly unrolled her umbrella and tried to rip some of the mud off from her dress, at the same time glancing toward her sister, who at times a little distance was reclining against an old oak tree, and poring intently over the distant encampments of the enemy, seeing that she was not observed, Jenny drew nearer to Susan and said "If I could not tell you any one until we leave these camps, I'll tell you something."

[illegible]

Susan hesitated a moment for as much as she liked Penrod, there was another boyscout leader whom she cared for better, though so far he had never been seen by her as much as Penrod. After a minute she answered;

been seen by her as much as Penrod. After a minute she answered:

"Yes! like or did li e Walter Starring butter, but I'm afraid I will never see him any more." And then she told Jenny how her home had been destroyed by the enemy because he had perceived that the explosion at Albiham, then she told Jenny of the long dreary flight through the country where her parents had been murdered, and of the horror of her fathers cruel death, and how she came to the mid night when her mother and brother and sister died, she could not go on, and laying her face in Jennys lap and cried for a long time. Jennys tears flowed too, but she tried to restrain them, for she saw that Rose was watching her movements. "Are long however she thanked her for asking, and then Jenny softly caressed a Susan said:

"Don't cry so, for we all love you, and when you become a girl scout we'll have lots of thrilling adventures, plenty of fun and good times too. We are in General Vivians army but it'll be most six weeks before we'll be needed to march in the brothers army. I mean to see you every day."

"In general Aronburg's army?" said Suen inquiringly. "And you are now in general Vivians? Starring, Walter Starring is in general Vivians."

Jenny was silent for a moment, then suddenly clapping her hands together she said:

"I know it's all right. He is just opposite our own girls' scout camp, and is General Blin Night Lingers Cousin. Just 'y he's a great soldier and a general guard. Only of course you must know him good for he is very severe, and is terribly strict. I'll tell him about you, for June muner my superior says he's one of the Guardians or retainers of the Vivian Girl Princesses and perhaps he'll give you a commission."

Sagin felt that she wouldn't for the world have Walter Starring request for any more favors, and she quickly answered, "No, I don't want you to. Promise."

"No, no you mustn't ask him anything for me. I don't want you to. Promise that you won't."

"Promise that you won't." She begged again. "I guess I won't tell my sister Rose either, for she and Walter Starring are great friends. Walter Starring says he doesn't know which to life best us or the Vivian Girls, though he thinks Violet, and hands her sister sisters the goodest. He likes all us good little Abbiemnian boys and girls, and so do I."

to it." Susan knew that all Abbeennian children (like herself) had no idea of which to (boast), and therefore having heard much of the greatest girl of all Jennie's mother but having never seen her she very naturally mentioned her as if she had been her own sister, saying how much she wished to see her.

"Why don't you ever go."

"Why don't you over 50."
"I'm going when we get through here in this Glandelinian camp, Gertrude and I was Susan's reply." Radcliffe told me the last time he was here that he would come and bring us."

"Oh, I'm so glad and when you start in being a girl scout I hope they put you in my scout class, for Jennie Turner is the teacher of it, but if they do I'll contrive to have her sit with us because—because—here Jenny Pearson, but seeing that Susan was waiting for her to finish the sentence she added, "She's a good protector to you, and can do anything for you you ask her to." Then a beautiful Rose Fisher coming forward, "I'll tell class,

"Thank you, young Johnny" said Rose Fitcher coming forward. "I'll tell General Lillian of this new intimacy and he'll aid us I'm sure. But come along, our superior is calling us and we must go."

Jenny rose to obey, but whispered to Susan "You'll find me most any time in any part of General Vilvana's army. I'd ask you to come to the generals headquarters with us, only you I suppose remain here with the others for your tests. I shall see you when you return to the Christian lines. Good bye."

Susan watched her for several minutes as she disappeared among the bushes with the rest, then she too started to look for General Lincoln's headquarters, with a lighter heart than she had before for many a day. She had found an extra new friend, and though of course Gertrude Angeline was slightly impatient because she had been so long, she did not scold as was expected, but she commenced humming a tune while one of the Glandulian officers was storming about a glass of so milk which he had found in the cupboard. A sharp bang on her ears, brought her round, and, and the tears into her eyes, but she thought of Jenny and all her girl and boyscot friends, and the fact that all of them also knew Walter. Staring made him seem nearer, and when the Glandulian officials did not see her she hastily drew from the golden locket which she had taken from her bosom the picture, and glanced at the handsome juvenile revealed quickly thrust it back as she heard a stifled cry in the passage. She was afraid she would not have any opportunity of seeing Jennie pilche again that week for she was kept busy from morning till night by the girlscouts who had brought her, to a here and there after secret information then to go and learn the conversation of the officials by bringing water to their rooms and to size up the camps if possible. Yet fifty times that morning the officers told her that she didn't half do her duty as a girlscout should - to say nothing about the new ones who were with her, and that her superior who brought her was not stern enough or too easy.

superior who brought her was not stern enough for her. Susan was willing to do whatever she could for only her own friends, but sometimes she began to feel the test was too severe for her own efforts and had often wished that they could go back to the Christian lines for the she would not have to toil so hard. She had several times been sent on warrants to general Federal's tent, and she had first made a duplicate of the message before delivering him the original, and the general had always been able to hear the meaning of her why she didn't do more, and

spoken roughly to her, demanding of her why she didn't do more, and telling her she wouldn't look so pale if she was more willing to do as she was instructed. It also was through Gertrude's shrewdness too that Susan had obtained permission to go alone toward the Christian lines, with a pretended intention to mingle a mong girlscout of the Christians, give them information, seek out Jenny Jenny niches, and then return to the enemy lines.. Gertrude was a professional shrewd spy girl and of everything done, even planned, by Violet, and her sisters, Gertrude generally took the lead, and every body was apt to get behind her. One peculiar thing that happened on this morning was due to the nature of real Glandolinian boy and girl scouts really were one of themounted a large writing table, and sang camp meeting hymns of the enemy military as loud as he could scream. One of the girls who called, another nodded and laughed, a second by way of increasing the badman drew a file across an iron philippe that was hollow when the Glandolinian officials scolded and declared--they would not and could not pay such a noise. This scene Susan looked on in perfect amazement, then again she chanced before break fast to meet Sal and begged her to stay in the roomwith her and listen while show she read to her from her little child's Fairy Story book.

Let it all the noise down below, and some of the officers shout
scolding, and cursing, the reading was perplexing business, and at last
a bit of intelligence Susan tossed the book on the bed saying "who can read
with such noise. Those boycotts below are crazy."
Indeed Susan was glad when the mass call sounded, for this stopped
the racket..

the racket..

Gertrude decided that since meals were passed it was high time to see Susan on that street errand to the Christian lines. Angelina, who she promised that if she had the time she would accompany her, and in case he failed Billy was to go instead. Susan would have preferred going alone, but gaily begged to go, and, this Susan finally asked Gertrude to let her go too. She consented however with some unwillingness, and now it had been hard telling which looked forward to the next hour with the most impatience Susan, or the girl scout Billy, the latter of whom was anxious to see the Susan, or the Christian lines once more. To usane happiness there was on one drawback. A week before her mother's death, she had given to her now dead sister a her own best straw hat, which she had outgrown and having lost her original hat in the enemy lines, the only bonnet she still possessed was the one which Mr. Starling had critized so severely, and which by this time was nearly worn out. Angelina, who to disguise Susan how she had passed the time, had heard that Susan bore a great deal of things which was worn out and Angelina had immediately looked over a straw hat which had brought into the enemy lines with her and selected a blue ribbon arched which she herself had worn three years before, and which she had given to Susan and gave it to Susan to use until she got to the Christian lines. Then she was instructed to carry it in her hand only.

The hat which Angelina picked had given to Susan was even rather large for a good sized woman, and was therefore a world too big for Susan, whose face appeared in it, as Angelina picked smilingly expressed it "As a yellow pippin stuck into the far end of a firkin." Yet Susan was to wear it for the purpose of her appearance making the Glandelinians believe she was some strange foolish child, and Gertrude also said "It was plenty good enough for a disguise, reminding Susan that when out on duty expedition, no child scout, even the highest superiors can be choosers."

"You can see it to fool the Glandelinians with," returned Sally, "and therefore when you are lasci leaving the camp you won't bring any suspicion upon your self."

Susan made no remark however, but she secretly wondered if the Glandelinian sentries would be suspicious of her because she wore such a hat. Still her desire too to see Jennie Turner, prevailed all over other feelings, and therefore this morning after the morning meal it was a very happy child which at about eight o'clock bounded down the stairway, tidily dressed in a ten cent looking blue lawn suit of uniform. There was another circumstance, too, aside from the prospect of seeing Jennie Turner, which made her eye's sparkle until they were almost golden in brightness. The night before in glancing over the articles of dress which she would need she had discovered that there was not a decent pair of stockings in her small wardrobe. Gertrude, to whom she mentioned the fact commenced a tugging or tumbling over a basket containing her own wearing apparel, selecting first a fine pair of cotton stockings which she had no doubt long preserved because they were the last thing her father had given her.

"They surely are not much too large for her now," thought she, and she waited until all around the house was still, and then creeping stealthily to Susan's room she pinned the stockings to the uniform pants, hanging the whole to or before the curtainless window, where the little girl could see them the moment she opened her eyes. Susan knew full well to whom she was indebted for this unexpected pleasure, and in her accustomed morning prayers which she said without kneeling down, she remembered Gertrude, requesting that she would be always successful in her work.

On descending to the dining room Susan found Sally waiting for her, and as she expected rigged out in a somewhat fantastic style indeed. Her dress which was an old blue colored uniform Glandelinian silk was altogether too short, tight, and too narrow for the prevailing fashion, but she must wear it for her purpose. A handkerchief much too large was thrown across her neck and fastened to her fastened to her belt in front by a large purple bow. Her hat which was not a very decent one and also too large for her was almost entirely covered by a heavy heavy blue plume, and notwithstanding the sun, to make it it more showy she carried in her hand a large green umbrella saying to one of the guards she was afraid it might rain because it was so gloomy and dark outside.

"Come Susan," said she the moment the child appeared "put on your big hat and let us start. It's getting late...."

There was no looking glass in Susan's room and she stopped before the one in the dining room while she adjusted her hat, but her courage almost failed her as she saw the queer looking image reflected by the mirror. She was unusually thin, and as she placed the big hat upon her head she was half determined not to go. But Sally caught the child's hand saying, "Come Susan, it's time we are off. The Glandelinians won't know you as you appear now. Do you remember the message you had to learn by heart?"

"Yes," said Susan.

Scarcely were they out of sight of the building when Sally setting herself upon a large log was removing the shoes and stockings from her feet.

"What are you doing?" asked Susan in great astonishment.

"I guess I know better than to wear these in passing a certain sentry," answered Sally. "I'm going bare footed until I reach the river bridge, and then I shall replace them again."

The shoes and stockings were carefully rolled up in a piece of cloth, which the girl scout produced from her waist, and then they went swiftly forward and reached the center of the vast Glandelinian encampment some time before the drill bugles were sounded.

"Come down this company street, please," said Susan to her companion, who with shoes readjusted and umbrella hoisted, was mingling along, courtesying to every one she met, and to avoid suspicion sending every soldier how he was. "Come down this company's street; I want to see something."

Sally readily complied, saying as they drew near a large gray tent in which a number of boy scouts were dwelling. There is nothing very elegant in the formation of this tent. Susan made no reply however. With her head resting upon a fence, she was suddenly sobbing as though her heart would break. Very gently Sally laid her hand on Susan's shoulder, and led her away saying, "What would I not have given for such a command of tears when all my folks and relations perished in the flood and I was the only survivor. But some how or other I could not weep, and my tears seemed all to

burn in coals, and which seemed to set my brain on fire."

The next time Susan raised her head, they were opposite some of the tents of her own spying friends disguised as Glandelinian scouts, where Sally declared it her intention to stop. As they were coming up to the front of one of the tents, one of the boy scouts who had heard their footsteps, came out shaking hands with Susan and trying hard to prevent himself from laughing at the wonderful courtesy which Sally made him just for the fun of it. On entering the house they found one of the boy scout flat on his back, the pillow pulled out from under his head and the bed clothes tucked closely under his chin.

To avoid doing something for a Glandelinian general he doesn't like he's pretending to be ill," said the boy to Susan, while Sally waiting up to the bedside asked jokingly -

"Is your illness unto death my good boyfriend?"

"Oh I'm afraid not," was the laughing response. "The Glandelinian official who looked me over and who claims he's a doctor said my sickness would last for years."

Susan glanced inquiringly at the other boy scout, and a smile parted his lips as he said "He was reading yesterday about a soldier who had been bedridden with a spinal difficulty, and he pretended to have a spinal disease. He's pretending it for a good purpose to solve the work he is doing for us. But where did you get that girl's fright of a hat?" He continued, "It's like looking down a hole in the ground to see your face."

Susan realized that all boy scouts was very observing the way all girl scouts dressed, and she blushed painfully as she replied that Angelina picked gave it to her for a disguise."

Then Sally he had mischievously recommended a mustard plume to be the most proper thing to draw the "spinal disease" out, started to go saying "She wanted to be within the new lines in season, as their mission was urgent. According they again set forward, attracting more attention and causing more remarks, than any two who had ever passed through the Glandelinian encampments before. They however in showing their out pass had no difficulty with the sentries, and half an hour or so afterwards on reaching the front of the Christian lines Sally proving her identification to the first sentry she met requested him to give her a shorter route lead to the first sentry she met requested him to give her a shorter route lead to where she could find the way to General Vivians headquarters, and he accordingly directed them to the proper route. Susan had been in general Vivians lines before, but as she had never been in this location, she did not understand or know in what part of the Christian lines general Vivians headquarters was located, and whether it was a house or merely a tent. A long a certain distant bell in the camp began to toll, and soon an official uniformed as if in deep mourning appeared on horseback and passing down the company street halted before a group of officials. He was accompanied by a little girl tastefully uniformed in something like a frock of light bluish purple silk tissue. A handsome

French straw hat of purple color with a red band was set just faintly on one side of her head, and her long bobbed hair hung over her white neck and shoulders. Though she did not see her face, Susan realized this must be Jennie Turner, and involuntarily started up, she leaned forward far enough from the horse she too was now riding to bring her bonnet directly in sight of some girl scouts just riding past, and they glanced at it as if it was some sight of a great curiosity. Blushing scarlet the poor girl smiled on her horse's saddle, saying half aloud;

"Oh I wish I had it come home now."

"Don't be alarmed," said Sally. "Those girls won't laugh at you if you want to ride over to the group of officials, and attract Miss Turner's attention."

Yet Susan feared that her companion may attract more attention than her bonnet and twirling her dress had her not to do so. Susan or Sally complied with her wish, but she had no further opportunity that morning of deciding whether general Vivians or someone's Christian came were best or not, for she was constantly watchful, and whenever she saw some strange man scrutinizing Susan more closely than they ought, and knowing why she might be done so, she shook her little fist, or a motion as if she was going to draw her pistol warned them to disappear. Twice during the waiting for the column to break Susan thought, my, I feel sure that she caught Jennie's eye but it was quickly withdrawn apparently as if unwilling to be recognized. Finally Sally insisted on going over to the group immediately so they rode forward, just as the black robe man started to ride out of the column of officials. Had she chosen, Susan could have touched the man's gloomy colored uniform as he rode past; but from back in the line she almost shrank from being seen, and also would probably not have been observed at all, had not Sally planted herself directly in front of the strangely armed man saying loud enough for all near enough to hear to hear "Sir, do you know where I can find Miss Jennie Turner who wishes to see her?" at the same time pointing to Susan, who was nervously grasping the string of her strange hat, as if to remove the offensive article. The man proudly saluted Sally, and advancing toward the little orphan said very kindly;

"I am glad to see you within our lines little girl. I have heard much of each of you and hope you will each become a good little girl scout. Yes

"Miss Turner is here but she is busy just now, but you may accompany me to her tent if you desire."

"The words and manner were so respectful and fatherly, that Susan was obliged to force down her tears, as it made her again remember her sad loss, but she relented that she was willing, but too that she wanted to go to some army chapel to pray for her parents and brother and sister, and wanted some one to go with her."

"It's pretty warm for you to ride so far, but if you wish it I'll say you can go," said the man. "Only be careful don't get red and heated, as this is not natural heat but from the forest fires." And saluting the soldier in black gathered up the reins and slowly rode away, scarcely did he start forward when Jenny Ritchie came tripping up and seizing both Susan's hands exclaimed:

"I'm real glad you have come here. I thought you hadn't come here until I heard them talking about a orphan girl in large quonset hut. But let's go for a minute to my force of scouts and you'll have a chance to see."

"Miss Turner while the girls scouts are assembling for drill duty." Susan accompanied her young friend to a large circular formation of tents in an open square, at the front of which without avoiding it she met Jenny Ritchie riding up face to face. There was a sudden exclamation of joy in Susan's part, and for a moment Jenny drew back surprised and then riding forward said:

"Did you wish to see me little Orphan girl. I didn't at first know you looked so queer in that headress. Why did you want to wear that for?"

Susan was half determined to tear the bonnet from her head and trample it under her feet but Jenny rode forward closer and softly questioned her and said:

"Don't mind it just the same if it is just for a disguise. We all love little orphans and so does the Princess. Jenny has told me yesterday you wished to see me. I'm glad you came as I was going over to see you if you hadn't I saw Walter Starring in the camp of General Aronburg's army looking for you as he did not know you went over to the enemy for a spying tent."

"However it seemed to require more than the love of all scouts to soothe Susan just then. The remembrance of the enemy's cruelty to her because her parents knew something, the foe didn't want the world to hear of the disaster she had met for months, so different and horrible so unusual from that she had anticipated had stung her heart, and sitting near the entrance of one of the tents she burst into a passionate fit of tears. Jenny Ritchie who was really distressed occasionally pressed her hand in token of sympathy, at the same time offering her gloves, peanuts, and sugar plums. At this too there was a brighter flash than she often could recall on Miss Turner's cheek for she knew why the little girl so often could not prevent herself from crying, and she so jumbled together the words she was trying to say that her aide-de-camp asked her that was the matter. By this time all other girls and boy scouts were assembled for the customary drills and this time Susan had dried her tears, and she slowly advanced toward Jenny Ritchie and said:

"Don't you go to Miss this morning with me I want to pray for my friends."

"Jennie looked down at her embroidered pantaloons, and said "Oh it's so dirty, I'm afraid I'll get all dirty. Wait 'till I put on my uniform and then I'll go it'll only take me a minute."

However Jennie was faster than she thought she was and in half a minute she was already astride her horse.

"Don't ride too fast," Jennie warned. "We mustn't get too hot. In fact I never seen such a hot morning. It's sure sizzling."

"Why not asked Jenny with a salute, "I ride hard every day till I am almost roasted, and my skin isn't half as rough as some others. But say are you going with Susan to Church?"

"I guess I will," said Susan, and then anxious to make Susan feel a little comfortable and make her forget as much as possible her sorrow, she added "General Vivian says, my eldest sister Mary is coming to see me before long, and then we girl and boyscouts are going to have one day off to ourselves, and joining with the camp fire girls will have a real good time for once. Susan must come too. I've secured lots of pretty things from the flood, many shawls and dresses, and I wear French gaiters like you see this one every day just for fun. I found them. They were in a trunk floating on the surface of the flood. Susan I'll give you one and you must throw away that old bonnet. You don't need it now. And Jennie took it off and threw it into the dust. Feeling there was plenty of time she sent one of the boy scouts for one of her sisters which Susan soon saw wearing. Then glancing first at Susan then at Jennie Ritchie, Jenny said:

"I suppose you know Susan's history?" "Not much," said Susan. "But I know as much as I've been told. She's lost her parents and brother and sister. If I were her I'd take it out on the enemy. She'd be justified. The enemy make war on children. It's a

child's nature to go on know."

The three girls, two privates, and the other the high officer Jennie proceeded together toward the army chapel. During these few Susan wept for a long long time, but she felt more comforted when she had received Holy Communion.

"It would not be so bad," said Susan when they were outside again "if there was anybody left, but I am all alone in the world. I haven't even an Uncle or an Aunt. They died in the flood."

"It was in vain that Jennie told her of the love of all the Abbinians for little orphans. Susan wept only more, wishing that she had died. At last remembering she had left Billy behind her, and knowing that it was time to go, she arose, and leaning on Jenny, whose arm was passed lovingly around her, she remounted the horse and the three started to return. The others were already on their horses of drill ere they reached the other part of the camp, and as Susan had no desire again of going elsewhere and as the two Jenny's had much rather stay inside their tents for a time, they sat down inside on a lounge, Susan wondering where the girl scout Billy had gone.

"I want to look around and see if she's anywhere about," said Jenny, and going out side, she clapped her hand over her mouth to keep back a laugh and returned to the others saying:

"Oh if I didn't see the faintest light in the world. I see her out there and where she got them I don't understand, but there's two prisoners I hear possession. They are arguing but she is not taking any argument."

It seems that Billy had amused herself during the intermission by riding through different parts of the camp alone, and had come upon two men in civilian clothes who were snoping round the camp, acting suspicious and asking every one if there was any (Keed by the name of Susan Gardline.) As she did not satisfy their action she had watched them closely and followed them cautiously, and found soon evidence to justify her in arresting them. Of course she was only a little girl, but when they saw her determined face, and the pistol muzzle pointing at them, they gladly so to say threw up their hands, and she had marched them to the first squad of soldiers she came to. They bargued with her but she said not a word. After this incident Billy gathered up her umbrella, and courtesying her way through the crowd of soldiers soon found Susan and started for the fore lines again, declaring the reason why she had arrested the men. "You sure must watch everywhere Susan," she said. "Glandelinians are bent on getting you for some king about Abbinian. Do you know something about these explosions?"

"What my parents have told me yes. When I'm initiated into your force I'll tell everything."

"So far for your safety sake," said Billy "you'd better keep quiet until one of our superiors requests you to tell it. These Glandelinians who know your name will try to make in their efforts to kill you."

As they were descending a long hill which led to a ride bridge, a column of girls scouts passed them on horseback and Jenny Ritchie who was inside, said the reins of her horse, saying to one of her superiors "Please Nell stop and let's go with them for a short distance, and we can comfort them for its such hot traveling and so far."

Nell might possibly have complied with her friends request, had not Lucy Gray clapped to the spirited horses, and said "Don't Nell for meys sake go along with them now. That'll draw suspicion upon them and we'll be responsible for the consequences. That little orphan girl is threatened by the enemy and if something happens to her now if we do it, we'll be to blame."

So the column reluctantly passed on, but Susan forgot the long ride by remembering the glance of affection which they all gave her as they rode on past. The girl scout Billy herself for some reason or other seemed unusually fat and even this time forgot to remove her shoes and stockings when she reached the bridge that ran over the small stream. Susan suspected there was something weighing upon her mind, but she did not care just then to question her knowing that Billy in her own good time would reveal her thoughts. They had nearly reached the Glandelinian camp, when Billy suddenly

turning aside and exiting herself upon a long log under a big tall pine tree, said "Miss Gardline I've been thinking what splendid girl scout would be if you got in. Oh how hard I had to hold myself to day to keep from extemporizing to every one about what the Glandelinians do over there. I mean I would have been questioned by every one I met."

In the excitement of the moment Billy arose, and knowing that her arms outstretched in a manner in a manner indeed rather alarming to Susan who had never before seen so wild a look in the girl's eyes, soon however her mood changed, and raising her seat she continued in a milder tone:

"I don't ever have that I was a shadow."

"A shadow?" said Susan. "A shadow? Why not?"

"To be sure," answered Billy, "that's to hinder. Haven't I told you told you repeatedly that I possess an unusually large amount of judgment, and I added to this to my knowledge of grammar history and geography, and the common powers of imagination, enabled me to do things which but for an

unaccountable for fear of nature, would have rendered my name immortal. Do you realize that for six months and a half though you never were conscious of it, through me the Glandelinians had never captured or killed you?"

"Through you," said Susan.

"Yes," said Susan, and Susan or Sally continued, "I don't understand," said Susan, and Susan or Sally continued, "You see, I wrote about six hundred pages of the perils you went through, of the destruction of your home, and the deaths of your parents and sisters, to keep track of them, and the reason I arrested those two men recently is because I know all the rascals who are bent on your destruction. I must confess I have been shadowing you all those dreary months. Did you not remember a certain boy who always at unexpected times came to your aid?"

"Yes," said Susan "who was a fine dandy little boy too." "Who was he Sally?"

"It was I, disguised."

"You?"

"Certainly. Do you remember that note I showed you so you'd remember me? Well I still have it to prove if necessary. It was a terrible strain for me, and the hardships of shadowing you and your aunt to protect you from your enemies came near tanning my brain, but there are many of these enemies trying to get you, and one of these days I'll astonish Glandelinia myself. I know more than you do Susan about Abbianna's disaster. It might be the same as you, except more. But the Glandelinians are not conscious of it. But I'll tell you something of it later on, and when to reveal it, but when we "blab it out" we'll only tell the Princesses. You see. That's Gertrude's advice. But come, we must hasten or Gertrude will be afraid we are not coming back."

Accordingly they started for home, and were not questioned fortunately by Glandelinian guards and they safely reached their destitute destination.

"Have to first," said Jane, "I vote for the general headquarters of the enemy generals. Here the bulletin says they're to hold a special council to day and we'd like to find out what's its about. It would be to us if we succeed in finding out something the greatest achievement in the world."

All of the girl scouts stood in the center of one of the big company streets of the enemy camp. The hour was near ten in the morning, and all the soldiers were away on drill. The usual early morning smoke fog which had hung over the region, as it did every day practically since the forest fires grew so enormous, had been slightly thinned out since an her or more, and a stiff southwest wind was blowing. The sky was however as heavy as if it was very cloudy but of a peculiar color, and it was as like twilight, and it was not growing any lighter. A brisk breeze blew like up the tremendously wide thoroughfare of the Glandelinian camp, which was the widest of all the Company Streets, so wide, that if it had been a city street like those of Calverline it could have accommodated six street car lines with the width of two ordinary streets left over on each side between the outer tracks and the curbs.

"If it is only cool and exhilarating," commented Angeline Ritchie. "It would make a person feel peppy."

"The bulletin says too that this continually darkness, caused by the fire," said Jane. "We'll have a hot smoky day the whole year."

"You waiting for your horses feeds," said a uniform soldier to Gertrude. They glanced toward the sound of the voice, to find half a dozen good horses waiting for them having been brought by the soldier. Indeed those were the horses they had ordered for themselves. The girl scouts moved toward them.

"We ought to decide right now where we want to go for sure," declared Rudcliffe.

"I'll tell you that comrades," Gertrude said, "Penrod gave me the number and address of Vanley's main headquarters, and advised us to go and take Susan there. So that nothing will happen a happen out of the ordinary. But shall guard her, suppose we do that first. Then we can go sight seeing through the camp on pretense of duty and gain some of the knowledge of the strength of the enemy position. It just occurred to me. Wonder where that big building is."

He began or rather she began glancing over the pages of a small memorandum book.

"Here it is. On Company Street called Ota Corner. Let's ask that boy scout how far away that spot is, if he'll tell us without suspicion."

After a little discussion, it developed that the address given-- or the first company street paralleling their own to the northward-- lay on the route of an old abandoned railroad. Right the same way the girl and boy scout company wanted to go. Accordingly all mounted their horses and rode away. However all the generals were away when the children arrived, led by the civilian girls, and at the ringing of the bell by the messenger for them, a tall man with a beard about came from a rear room. His hair was parted in the middle, and he was in his shirt sleeves.

"What was I did for the funds?" he asked in, driving, but with some slight light of suspicion in his eyes.

"Penrod himself stepped forward. "Are you the old Camp in this house?"

"Yes," said the man. "You don't look it. But I'm the chief scout in charge here of these" and Penrod pointed to all the girl scouts who had come with him, including Violet, and her sisters. "Here's a note from General Federal (A duplicate made by one) I believe you have met him often."

"General Raymond Richardson Federal?"

"Yes, I'm glad to meet you," said the man enthusiastically. "Yes I know all our generals by that name. I know in particular General Raymond Federal. When he led a great army against the Christian dogs near St Vincent I was sent to him with a note telling him to retreat and rejoin Manley and move for Trinogue. He's enthusiastic about this big flood that is raging in this state, and therefore fires greatly interest him, and he hopes they continue. We have had a number of great and important conversations. I remember him very well. But here I'm keeping you all standing. Won't you come back into the main room (the room) and sit down. Bring your comrades."

For a time the boys and girls stood out of the corner of their eyes were kept busy examining various maps hanging on the wall in that room and finally when they were alone one of them examined different telegraph appliances. All the time Penrod kept up a running fire of comment.

"You this," he said to Violet, "taking up a small device of unusual shape is a telegraph sound detector. The only similar device in the field so far is our own telegraphic compass, but it is clumsy and not reliable. With this device, however I am quite certain I have solved the problem of locating the point of origin of any strange or unusual workings of any telegraph."

Violet gave an exclamation.

"What say?" asked Gertrude turning toward him.

Penrod could hardly conceal his impatience.

"You know a good deal about telegraph telegraphing Gertrude, how does it work?" he demanded eagerly.

Gertrude looked at the instrument and then said it. "I suppose we wanted to locate the main point of the origin of some strange code message written off at the main telegraphic station within the lines yonder (she dared not say Christian lines here for fear of detection) in purple. First Penrod, and you too all of you listen to what I say, we could use a doctor doctor detector there, and find out along what line the strange ticking sound came to the station. It might be up the flood or down the river, from the direction of the conflagration or elsewhere elsewhere, or east, west, south or not north, south east or northwest. Suppose it came from the direction of the fire, or a from down the flood or from the north, or south. Then at a point southeast of this vast camp, we would and again by this sound detector and again at a third point south of the sound and discover what the alarm is. When at all three stations, the strange sound of ticking was loudest we would have three bearings upon the point of its origin and could write down the details much faster. Where they intersect, the the-----"

"The Glandelinian signal station would easily be located," said Jean Sander.

The next moment she was covered with confusion, as a Glandelinian soldier came in and almost catching her words regarded Jean blankly. So intent had the soldier been upon the description of the device and the method of its operation that he was aware only of an objection interruption. It just then did not realize the nature of it, though he had almost been explicit when he heard her words.

Violet, and her sisters, glared alarmingly at Jean for fear she was discovered.

"But," said the soldier, "what did you say, my girl scout?"

"Thinking quickly she answered:--"

"I just said something about the point of origin being where the lines of telegraph intersected. I declared Jean, considering it wise to withhold the whole truth inasmuch as the matter of the Glandelinian signal station was not for this man's ears."

"What signal station?" demanded the man. "We have none in this house. Those instruments are even no good to us. We can't use them."

"Could any one else see them?" David Hildred.
"You certainly," said the Glandelinian soldier, abstractedly.
"How?" demanded Hildred.
"By project imaginary lines of all sorts from each signal or telegraphic station, and where they'll specially into each, and that ought to be any station that you may be hunting."

"Absolutely Gertrude put aside the telegraphic sound detector, as if now the man had explained its operation in words of no more value."

"Here," said the man, "taking up a suit case, and swinging it around is a sort of tickers device that can be carried easily in this small suit case, and here—putting down the suit case before the scouts could examine it and taking something looking like a finger ring from a workbench is the smallest, strongest, telegraphic set I have set over seen. It is as you've seen in the shape of a ring and can be worn without the presence of the device being suspected."

"After the man was gone, Gertrude said to her friends: 'Excuse me and my friends for a few minutes while we step aside with you for a minute or two and have a little confab. I believe we will have a proposal to make that will interest you and be a benefit for our own country.....'"

"I know that you mean," said Jane herself as they were alone. "That strange telegraphic sound detector hey! if any member of the Gemini had that he would be able to locate the great signal station of Hanley's down by the flood."

"That's it exactly," said Gertrude. "General Hildred Hargraves himself said he would not be leaving for the Christian lines still to-morrow night. I believe we ought to get hold of him again, at once, and tell him about this possibility."

"I'm with you," said Angelina Ritchie. "But we don't know how to reach him within a Glandelinian camp without drawing the suspicion of the soldiers upon us. Suppose I call Gingsgore, for I know where he is, and can request him to get General Hargraves."

"Good idea," said Angelina Ritchie. "But some probably don't understand how to work it. But if Gingsgore gets General Hargraves to come up here, we will not be revealing anything to the Glandelinians, and Hargraves can tell us as much or as little as he wants."

"Then I'll telephone Mr. Gingsgore," said Jane. "I saw a telephone in the reception room as we came in. I suppose not suspecting our intention the hide-de-camp will not refuse to let us use it."

"And to draw off suspicion I'll explain as much as necessary without revealing our purpose," said Jane.

Accordingly she looked for the hide-de-camp and got the permission, while Gertrude Angelina telephoned Mr. Gingsgore, and explained they were inviting an officer to come and explain to them about something they wished to learn about scouting toward the Christian lines."

"I can't tell you anything more than that now, sir," said Gertrude. "But I promise you, of course that these articles in this place is not in any danger of being stolen. On the contrary, the man we have requested to come here may put you in the way of making your fortune."

IN THE TOILS OF THE HUNY.
A DETERMINATE BREAK FOR LIBERTY. GANDELINIAN HELMS TO WIN. THE POWER OF THE HUNY. THE HUNY TOWER. FOLIST FINE WEATHER AT THE GANDELINIAN CAMP.....

"Look here girls and boys," said Hargraves, "You sure have done a fine stroke of business for the country's cause to-day. Suppose you play a little this noon."

They were finishing dinner in the Glandelinian Mess hall. All about them were tables with Glandelinian officers, and a concealed concealed Glandelinian Orchestra was playing a popular fair which even Susan herself recognized. General Hargraves leaned back, sighed comfortably, and lighted a cigar. The boys and girls were on their desert.

"It was a good stroke of scout work, General, wasn't it?" said Hildred, "getting that hide-de-camp at just the right moment, and catching Gingsgore and Hargraves before they could find you. With that sound detector you ought to be able to locate General Hanley's telegraphic station."

"Sh-h-h—girl," said Gertrude. "Some of the Glandelinian soldiers might hear."

"All gazed around furtively. They occupied a separate table a large one. However and there did not seem to be any one near enough for their occupants to overhear their conversation."

"As for my own situation," said Jean Saunders. "I'm sorry that we girlscount are not going to be in on the outcome of this military business."

"Some here," said Hildred. "Here we girls go and start the ball a rolling and then because of other duties we need to perform in the lines we have to drop out, without a chance to see where it rolls too."

"Hard luck," indeed, agreed Angelina Ritchie. "That's what it is."

Gertrude shook her head, and Violet, and her sisters looked at each other in amazement.

"I should think you girls have or would have had enough of adventuring until the other thrilling experiences of the past," Gertrude said. "And those experiences should have been a remembrance for the rest of your lives. Yet here you are lamenting because you can't have more. Brave as we are, that is just the Princesses, we do in some degree fear the enemy, and yet you don't seem to realize, this matter we are striving for I thought could be of no particular concern to you."

"Just the same," said Jane. "It is. We sure have a personal interest in the matter, and as we are supposed by military authorities to help in the case it is our concern. We too started it by overhearing the plotters, by helping to investigate the floods and fires and explosions, and so on. Then we found this sound detector that probably will enable the Gemini and military Secret Service to locate this tremendous telegraph station of the enemy and to keep us secret from the flood. Now we are calmly shouldered out of the way as if we were just plain citizens and not girlscount. It's hard luck as I'm sure. Why also trifle this way. Why not make Susan a scout and do something with it. She has already proved her mettle."

Gertrude Angelina smiled, intently....
"You can't expect me to sympathize with you so very much on this situation," she said. "This way is going to be more dangerous than you ever suspect and may cause a loss of life among many of us. Well now which shall I be? Back to the Christian lines for a change, or prowling about the Glandelinian camp a little?"

"Prowl in Glandelinian camps! In a moment the peninsula of the girls had vanished. They were all smiles."

"Prowl about the camps by all means so we can learn something of value for our cause," said Jack himself, emphatically.

"Right," agreed all the others.

"I suppose with its dangers, its fierce Zimmermanians, and horrible scenes of child slavery and all," declared Violet vivian.

"Oh sure it isn't that bad," deprecated Angelina Ritchie. "I understand and for cautious makes these Glandelinian soldiers are supposed to be quite civilized by now. Nevertheless I expect we will find much to interest us. I'll speak to some head officer and get permission to go about, and probably he can direct us to a guide or some one who can help us and prevent us from being under suspicion. You know there are many soldiers and officers who can recognize any of us despite our disguises....."

On being consulted, and not guessing the true design on their part the head Sergeant of the Kitchin police agreed to obtain them a guide. Presently Presently Violet, and her sisters, and the girls and boy scouts were on their way on horseback to the unique portion of the Glandelinian camps, within Glandelinian camps, which constitutes the portion of the enemy's camps, having the most dreaded Glandelinians, a quarter housing more than sixty million Zimmermanians, and Pangaboos. Dangerous in every characteristic

firing at MacLiffe but missed the bullet shattered a vase that stood on the windowsill. Jack played up a stool and threw it, knocking the gun from his hand. Then he to their surprise saved a long dagger which which mysteriously appeared in his hand. He began to shout for help as loudly as he could. Jack being too small to grapple with him as a man does, leaped in low, arms extended making a flying tackle as he had so often done in play on playing football with other good boys. The old general started to move backwards saving his darr dagger. MacLiffe seeing a chair upon which he had been seated and sent it flying through the air. His aim was deadly. The heavy chair caught the general square on the side of the head just as Jack pinned him round the legs. down he went like a log, his dagger clattering to the floor.

This old Glandolinian general, whose name they could never learn, and yet who was a very dangerous and desperate man, and had whole divisions of soldiers at his command, was unconscious, but breathing heavily. When MacLiffe ascertained that, their fears that they they had killed him faded away. While Jack attended to trying tying him up, MacLiffe turned his attention to Penrod and "Mr. Mutt." Gertrude Angeline of course was not in the fight, though she was a girl much as tough life "Little Orphan Annie" in the comics. She had recovered from her amazement and dashed in to help the boys with valor and discretion, but "Mr. Mutt" was thrashing about so wildly in the endeavor to dislodge MacLiffe's grip on his throat, that he had lashed out with his feet, and a tremendous rebounding kick had caught Gertrude both under the chin and in the stomach and sent her flying and swooping to the floor, where she lay very still indeed and bleeding at the mouth. MacLiffe however held on as if he were a bulldog. Yet in Mr. Mutt he had an adversary worthy of his mettle. That international spy leader had not gained his supremacy by his wits alone. He was a tremendous rough and tumble fighter and a prize fighter too in his day, and also a bull fighter. Back and forth they thrashed on the floor as MacLiffe paused above them under pain where to strike to also aid his comrade Penrod who still also grappled with the professional spy. Penrod still gripped the man about the throat, but the spy had so powerful a grasp on his hands that he was unable to bring a fatal pressure to bear.

Suddenly by an unusual effort, "Mr. Mutt" heaved himself to his feet with Penrod and MacLiffe clinging to him. He must not be allowed to win. Jack swung aloft another chair remembering the execution wrought previously on the old general by the same method, and brought it down on the spy's head. The chair splintered in his grasp, and the spy, relaxed, went limp, then collapsed.

"Well," said Penrod, panting, "I guess he's have soon gotten us Jack if it hadn't been for you. He's a tough fighter."

Suzanne's voice behind them rose in a scream.

"Look out here they come."

All of them shirked to face the new danger. And in through two doorways poured a dozen enraged Glandolinian boyscouts. Jack bounded to the side of his companions. The new comers were both Glandolinian boys and girls, and evil looking they were in the dim light of that room, with their glaring eyes, and reddened faces. They gripped small revolvers and the customary boy and girl scout badges, and as their eyes took in the two figures of the two officers on the floor, a murmur arose and they started to surge forward. It was a tense moment, but the boys and girls were resolved to sell their lives dearly and drew their own weapons which the captives had forgotten to relieve them of. Then two things occurred. The leader of the new comers Violet and her sisters recognized as Gerald Starring, and another as Frederick larger, and they halted the onrush with a gesture of authority as their eyes fell on Violet, and not sisters. And Gertrude, palled from the effects of the "kick" in the stomach arose to her feet, and stood staring in front of the rest.

"We call off the fight for the present," said Penrod, "at I warn you not to attack us. If you do we won't give you any quarter."

The leader Starring nodded but seemed nevertheless, and then turned to the group behind him crying out attention: "The boys and girls obeyed the command, and then he bade four of their number step aside, and the others to break command and leave the room." Grumbling and unwilling but evidently forced to obey their superior they complied with his command. And as the hangings fell behind the last to leave, Starring faced them, his face grim enough, not so much as looking at Violet and her sisters he said to Penrod:

"You showed sense this time. They could have killed all of you had I not interfered."

Stooping over "Mr. Mutt," he examined him intently. Then he did the same by the general.

"Here Bob," he said to the nearest boyscout "you get a doctor at once. You others help me."

With the three or four others who sprung to his aid, Gerald Starring started to lift the unconscious form of "Mr. Mutt." Then he bethought himself of the prisoners, and a dressed addressed Gertrude Angeline.....

"Stay in this room," he said "And I can protect you all the while. Only you out is the way you had come, and nothing can save you from my little devil if you try to run off. I'll be back."

Without more ado he and his silent assistants disappeared with their baron, remaining almost at once, for the still a unconscious form of the old general. After his second departure, the girl and boy scout prisoners were left almost being disturbed for quite some time. Therefore their first act was to take an account of injuries. MacLiffe Penrod and even Jack had some of unsathed, but Gertrude was sore about the shins, chin and stomach from the kicks delivered by the spy, but otherwise unharmed though the joy in the stomach had been the most a rich experience received, but she was rapidly recovering.

"It's not blaming you boys for your gallant attempt to win freedom," said Gertrude "but now the position could not really be worse than before."

"I'm sorry Gertrude. If you believe we made matters worse by jumping on MacLiffe," said Penrod. "Then I saw him threatening you I saw red."

"Any how as it is," declared Jack "if we had succeeded in capturing them, Gertrude, almost being surprised by these boys and girls, we might have used them as hostages to obtain our freedom."

Gertrude only shook her head.

"Perhaps," said she, "but it has a very long chance. However now we shall have to do the best for it."

"At least we have won a respite," said MacLiffe. "We have pretty well laid out that spy at least. Both of them won't recover for some time to come if I'm any judge of such kind of matters. It isn't positive is it that this leading Glandolinian, about who appeared like a sissy, who seemed to be a superior leader among the many child scouts, will do anything to us?"

"Probably you are right, MacLiffe," said Gertrude, "and we will now be made to remain prisoners but not harmed, pending the recovery of I of this spy, if not the other. But afterwards..."

High left the sentence unfinished, but Penrod took up her thought: "We can face that when we have to, Gertrude," he said. "We are safe enough."

"You are right, we are safe at present," said Violet herself. Nevertheless they realize we are all acquainted with that enemy boy MacLiffe, and that he'll turn us all over to Manley as prisoners the first moment he has the chance. He knows us well more than we do him, and there also is no friend at large who has any idea of our whereabouts, or realized even that we came sight seeing to the Glandolinian camps to give Susan a test. We did not tell a soul within the Christian lines. The only persons who know are the ones that spy and general declared are his followers."

"But surely," exclaimed Gertrude, "when we fail to return to the Christian lines, there'll be a big uproar. You Christians are girls of the most importance to them, and the whole nation will get all military police, spies and agents and the like on the case in double short order."

"Very true," said Gertrude herself thoughtfully. "Yet this is evidently a well organized Glandolinian army, and the gang of boy and girls who had captured us for this spy have hidden us away in such a way that we may never be found. Our only hope is to see a chance to escape later on."

"But you forget general Barger, Jingigore, and that boy about Adele too," said Jack. "When they hear of our disappearance, they'll put two and two together and will realize we have fallen into the hands of the man whose plans are frustrated—namely Francis Pen Pedro."

"Yes," admitted Gertrude. "There is a little hope for a there. Yet Barger planned to leave for the Christian lines to night to warn the boyscouts and boys there of Manley's plan to snuggle Glandolinian scouts among them for his purposes, as well as to try and locate the great signal station with the means of that sound detector he swiped for him. He or the others may hear of our disappearance for some time."

"But Gertrude," said Joan "it'll be in all the papers in every city and town in the zone of disaster, in a day or two. The news will be telegraphed to the papers in northern Abilene, and probably they'll get some in the way and probably he'll read it."

"There is some hope of that of course," admitted Gertrude. "But a mighty slim chance indeed."

For some time longer the discussion continued along this source. Then MacLiffe Starring again made his appearance, and put an end to it.

"You are to write a note to your friends within the Christian lines," he said "telling them to cancel your rooms there and give you a safe place to board. And don't write anything phony. I'm not asking you even to write my lies either and I know nothing at all and you do it. Tell them too you are coming to camp some time within a few days. That'll fix it if there are any questions asked about you by any one within the Christian lines. He is happy and penitence he added laying the a towel on the table. Get busy and write."

"And if we refused to comply with the demand," said Gertrude.

"If you are a sensible girlscout as you look to be," said Starring "you'll do as you're told. Otherwise I'll give you all up to Manley. You do it you're to only do further as I'll plan and don't never see him."

All thoughts of that terrible past which was the only entrance to the room, of the barred door across it, and of the villainous armed boy and girls along the route, Gerald Starring was right. As long as he was wounded in the fighting, Gertrude could have to obey. "But look here," she said, taking up the pencil and preparing to write "What are you going to do with me?" "The other one," now named Herodanna, is going to take you as prisoners to his own part of the camp down across a part of the flood, while his tall companion recovers," said Starring. "He give him a fractured head, and it will be a long while before he'll get over it. But the man to be opened his eyes he'll plan that to do with you, or his Confederate ally, Herodanna says he'll save you up for the other man to deal with when he recovers. He's going to save you for him. See!"

They saw. Only too plainly. "Francis Pedro was a vengeful man, Spanish people always are, and he no doubt meant to exact full measures for his injuries. With a sinking heart, Gertrude wrote the note demanded. He in hand, Gerald Starring passed at the door for a last word and was departing. "I wouldn't want to be in your place!" he said.

This was a blow. Not only a blow indeed. As the door closed behind Gerald Starring, Violet, and her sisters, and the other child counts glanced at each other with dismay. William plainly on every face. Then they wondered how Susan could take it. They were to be taken to some remote part of the Glendalough camp at once, and probably to an unnamed section. Moreover Gertrude Angelina had been compelled to write to the Dominant leader, a man to which if it was not for her chieftain she would prevent suspicion being spread by their failure to show up. But she had shrewdly made some unseen markings on the paper with a strange invisible ink, and always secretly carried about her person, for she knew that would be revealing. She had told all her followers and all the men under any circumstances without trust all letters she might write to them under any circumstances without also tracing invisible writing. If none is found all is well, if not something was wrong, and Gertrude therefore wrote with invisible ink on the clear side of the paper. "Have all your members search for us. We are prisoners of the enemy. The Hunt Spy tried on us."

This would cause larger to investigate and she knew also all others would inquire for her at any moment, when she failed to return at the hour she mentioned, and therefore at large. Large investigation of the other side, no one would believe the explanation of the note. Violet and her sisters and her followers would then be turned by the enemy safe and sound, or the Christian army would be hurled upon the enemy and giving no quarter. By her trick, no one could consider their disappearance unusual but would realize that had happened, and they would be the surprise of his life, and just now the size of General Vivians army, alone, with Jamesons, and Concentration Armies, could only be defeated by Manley and the Christian natural miracle, and miracles could not surely be made out for such an enemy.

"Of course Violet and her sisters explained that there was no hope that their disappearance would cause an investigation by the Dominant Military police to relieve them because they could not be found. At least all the Christian armies was the only hope. Or that at least could be only heard heard but in the papers, and so some perhaps the attention of General Vivian, or Walter Starring, or General Evans, who could crush the situation. They were without an overwhelming attack which would crush Manley, there would be no hope, and they then set their best to attempt to escape themselves when the proper time came, without a word spoken. These thoughts passed through the minds of all. They realized they were in the hands of a very shrewd international spy, who had foreseen the possibilities of the situation and had taken care to guard against the coming of the friends of Violet, and her sisters in particular. Of course in his heart "The Hunt" spy had wished the liberation of Violet and her sisters, not because he favored them, but because of the fact he was afraid of a full appearance if it was known they were prisoners. He had overheard General Vivian make a statement that he would forth just for the only case of Violet, and her sisters being seized within the enemy prison as prisoners, no matter what they did, he'll send over dangerous agents to assassinate General Manley, or give his army no quarter. However, there was this other case too to be considered namely that "The Hunt" might if he recovers fully enough vent his rage against them for their fierce attack upon him in Frenchish to be especially upon those who had aided him. Gertrude Angelina thought of this, she frowned and said "Come," she said, "I don't imagine her head from her hands. It's certainly to ten you in to a... like situation. At this case all is a... tent not only for Susan, show us the right door to get out for all."

"Pencil held a hand for her shoulder." "Don't say a word," said "Some of us have fled yet, and the enemy does not carry anything on capture. All trying on the very information we are after." After that she was to have means to discover the original situation as after. "Gertrude Angelina looked at the spirit in the morning" and were not going to be dead either, at least for some time to come. The Gertrude said, "you and the three boys have tested this unusual at every turn so far."

It is in the hands of an enemy appears his prisoners. But now the door. "Gertrude Angelina, I don't already have out the machinery of the Abbeilmanian government in motion. I don't find out all details as to the cause of the direct government and not only that, but also to put an end to the slave sampling of Glendalough, and to execute into our own armies among our own to front rate for conversion. And in the fight three of us must certainly not the best of it, and not Gertrude."

Gertrude Angelina, raised her head and appeared a bit more hopeful. "Gertrude declared, 'Jack' you forget that how often before we have been in great light places, and yet came through them all with colors flying, and I'm confident we'll do so again, and probably have some of our present captives our own prisoners."

Gertrude then reached a trace of a smile, as she regarded the only headed and boy, Jack, as he disappeared a year older than her, and though not so stout of frame, as fully as tall. Both were the sizes of eleven year old children, and Jack like all his companions, though funny with some of his little acts of childishness once in a while was nevertheless as hard and as sharp as a mill.

"My Jack," said Gertrude "I believe you live to be in a bad hole so that you can escape you again. As actually I do surely believe you are really enjoying this life, and I don't think you are really enjoying it."

Gertrude and Jack had most of the fun rescuing each other during our dangerous trip up and down the raft, and then getting wounded at the battle of Balaity Creek, while the rest went on the raft with nothing to do but—

Gertrude laughed his eyes on the back accordingly, and continued without anything to do but save the day, and all the while tried to capture the raft, you certainly were in good luck to need a girl to do the rescuing when a boy should rescue the girl."

"Oh that's all right," said Jack. "Just the same, if of you, he had more fun out of that adventure than I did of any of us. He was the hero, and she was the heroine. But it looks as if I were to be declared in, and I can't say I'm entirely satisfied either. I don't mind saying that our dear country has the best and bravest boys and girls in the world."

Gertrude shook her head. "You boys and girls will be the death of me," she said. "And then you can be a saint in heaven and be our guardian angel" said Angelina. "Hush!"

For some time the raft went on back and forth all the rest doing their best to cheer Gertrude Angelina. They surely did realize dimly the great use her wisdom, for more on their account than on her own. She did not fear for herself, and by belittling the dangers and persisting in regarding the whole matter as a lark, they hoped to dispel her gloom to some extent.

The various objects of the room came in for attention. The room itself proved to be a small room, and five other rooms, the walls covered with heavy Abbeilmanian hangings. Lights or chandeliers for lights were suspended from the ceilings but they were not lit. The only light came from several tinted bulbs on a massive, ornate table very low and stained with age. Investigation disclosed a little light bulb within the table.

"Let's find the switch, and turn the room into darkness when they come for us," cried Jack eagerly. "Then we can all jump them, and gain the upper hand."

The big door closed to where he stood stood grated slightly and swung open, and Gerald Starring stood in the aperture. He heard, commented Jack. "No sign."

"Come all of you," he beckoned, "come." Gertrude Angelina, and the others regarded each other gravely, without a word spoken, and without premeditation, they all clasped hands. Then Jackliffe sprang to take the lead. If danger threatened in the corridor, he could relieve the front, rather than let the girls accept that exposed position. The others fell in behind, and Gertrude herself brought up the rear. Nothing unexpected happened in the corridor, and they reached the courtyard, after passing through the guarding guards, without mishap. It was a wide courtyard, the air smelted strongly of smoke, but if any of them thought to cry out for help, now that the outer air was gained, that thought was speedily dispelled. Gerald Starring leaned loose, automatic machine gun life revolver in hand.

"One word and you are all dead at one discharge," he said. Then he saved a clump of shadowy figures ahead, which Violet and her sisters and the boys and girls could discern as their eyes became more accustomed to the darkness.

"By own boy and girls, Glendalough too called 'Scoundrels'." Starring said, and a few quick with their weapons. "I'm warning you that is all."

Thereupon Starring fell silent, standing beside Gertrude Angelina, and the group ahead, between the prisoners and the dark mouth of the cannily street, also were motionless. A slight sound, still as a whisper came from Gerald Starring however, vouchsafed no conversation.

"What are we waiting for now?" whispered Gertrude the irrepressible. "Just you sit and see what happens," answered Gerald, shortly. Out of the opening of a tent behind them a moment later debouched a

a little cavalcade. In the center of a group of six or eight bobbing little heads rode a heavy duty object that swayed perilously as it lurched through the door. Gerald sprang toward it, with a low voiced imprecation, the door. Gerald sprang toward it, with a low voiced imprecation, the door. Gerald sprang toward it, with a low voiced imprecation, the door.

"Careful there," he commanded. "The object steadied and came closer. Then the boys and girls could see it was a stretcher torn by eight girls.

"What's that?" asked Radcliffe, impressed in spite of himself. "I didn't know they'd need a stretcher for any of us."

"It's not that," said Penrod. "Must be that old general we laid out."

The burden bearers passed the little group. The darkness prevented them from seeing its occupant. It disappeared with its bearers looting in the darkness like some glancing spider into the mouth of the company street.

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All this time the wagon had been making good progress, although the boy and girl scouts from their syncretic knowledge of the topography of this part of the country were unable to make any surmise as to the direction in which they were being driven. They had climbed and descended several hills and were now on a stretch of level going, which however, was rutted and uneven, and far from smooth. Abruptly the wagon was brought to a stop. The driver gave a sort of a signal. At the signal, the wagon, came around to the rear having gotten off from the front.

"Here we are," said the Glandelinian boy scout. "Glad to see."

To try him to see he said to the two girls, whether of the children or of his own side, Penrod and Radcliffe got up first, and started to get out.

"You can't get out," cried the boy scout. "You know anything. Get in the wagon. The girls come first."

Violent, and her sisters descended, and the other girls, and then the boys followed, the Glandelinian boy scout, and one freed faced girl about bringing up the rear. The van drew up behind them at almost the same moment its rear doors were swung open and the stretcher was thrust out and lowered to the shoulders this time of two Glandelinian soldiers, one shouldered it dropped his end.

"Do that again you dumbbell and I'll kill you," cried Starring.

They stood in a lonely spot on what was supposed to be the western shore of the flood or its narrowest margin. The nearest encampments were distant to the rear. A suspended street lamp of some once good town which had been swept away, and the dim lamp was being the only survivor was hanging in the wind, casting strange forms over the rough frame tents of the Glandelinian encampments as the boy and girl scouts glanced back not far away across a high forested hill, with the far distant glare of fierce forest fires staring it in irregular pattern.

About them were scattered, odd and ends of the flood front, such as the fragments of broken buildings, shattered river ships, broken planks, tarry barrels, and even the skeletons of long wooden houses from which the board, and other parts had been ripped away by the force of the waters exposing the "rib" of the water still. Ahead and not far distant lay that appeared to be the resemblance of an unroofed wharf with a large stream of water beside it, though where the Glandelinians had gotten it was a mystery.

Toward this the stretcher was borne, and up a gang plank to the deck of the boat. Beyond the bow of the craft, pointing into the stream, showed the dark waters of the great flood, with a wooded and mountainous shore opposite to the east, and the glaring lights of the distant forests fires to the further east.

They had all of them made up their minds for a last desperate effort to escape, and they glanced anxiously about about, but they observed that the surroundings were not propitious. Besides the fact that there might be friends, and not Glandelinians to hear a cry for help in these desolate surroundings, and what Christian spies or agents were here to lend a helping hand. They saw it would be folly, next to suicide to attempt a dash for freedom now, and in so much as not only did they have Gerald Starring, his boy scouts and some of the enemy girl scouts to reckon with but also hundreds of others, though not easily seen in the ever increasing gloom, who were Glandelinian soldiers just standing a little to one side, prepared to take command, and there they went with him toward the vessel, trod the loose boards of the wharf that might have been a river wharf with lagging feet, passed up the gang plank beneath the light, and finally slipped aboard. Not giving them any time for looking about, Gerald immediately led the way to a small cabin from which opened a number of rooms. The three boy scouts were given one together, and the Christian girl scouts the others. Their staid, which all girl and boy scouts carry were in the room the others. In a brief note of explanation that this constituted change from a check. A receipted bill as with the money and this was evident her captors were not going to take anything of value away from her or her followers.

"This looks bad, comrades," said she pocketing the money. This second level hero fairly evidently has a tremendously effective organization. The way in which we were brought here, this strange strange steam ship, for such she is, and that means a ship that can weather any roughness of the flood water waters, the expedition with which our stuff were brought with us, even the careful accounting for our own money—all these give convincing proof that it is no common Glandelinian official with whom we have to deal, but a foreign military desperate worse than any Glandelinian living."

Joice yawned. They were all gathered in the little cabin and then for the

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prize practically to a pirate ship, and pirate stories have always fascinated me and my sisters. We don't know where we are going, but wouldn't it be a joke if we were going for the very cove we were searching for. And we don't know what dark and dreadful fate is being reserved for us, but we can face the consequences when we come to it."

"For my part," said Jack, lowering his voice, "I'll bet that before they are through with us, Mr. Hunt, and Jeff will wish he had let us alone and didn't steal us away as prisoners. Such troublous adventures as Angelina picked, I heard, and even Hadcliffe here, to say nothing of Misses Violet, and her sisters, and Gertrude Angelina, to say not nothing also of myself,-- notice us modesty--are liable to even take his ship away from him before we are through with this business."

Jean clapped him on the back, and Penrod roughed his hair.

"Atta boy."

"That's the idea."

Jean and her sisters merely had given an expression to their own ideas of his words.

"If we only had something to eat or so," murmured Jane.

Gertrude with an exclamation, reached for her bag. Then she looked again at her.

"No use."

"That's the matter Gertrude!" said Pen in the road.

"Oh Jane made me this thing of some sandwiches which I carried in my bag. But you see the bags open, some one took them out, and probably have eaten them to their own satisfaction."

"What's to be done, anyhow?" said Jane, starting to rummage. She was unsuccessful. The sandwiches were gone.

"Oh hell!" said Jack, "we'll get something to eat by and by, but we'll have to keep our eyes open, and our wits about us, that's all. I'm surprised they didn't remove our weapons from us."

"Maybe a friend or two may come over to our side," said Jean suddenly.

"That's right," said Gertrude brightening. "Of course, of course. Why I did not even consider that possibility, but that can happen even among Glandolinians. A cruel man like Christi here would make some enemies among his own, especially if they have finer characters, and are only fighting for country and patriotism and not for the cause itself."

"How about Starr?" suggested Penrod. "That boy scout is all right in a way. He doesn't know the enemy cause."

"Hard to tell."

"How about his companion Frederick Dargay?" said Jean.

"Spunk of converting the devil," said Violet, but so low her voice was not heard. They had seen the boys out of the fog and left the ship with his companions, as it was evident they were not going to go with it. Then at this moment a Glandolinian soldier put his head in through the door. He had the face of a sissy and wore glasses.

"We are off," he said, and it was true. The engines began to rumble, the boat to move out into the flood. "In ten minutes we'll be passing through Stombele's," said the soldier. These port holes are not big enough for a baby to squeeze through, so I ain't worried, but you can see everything outside through them just the same."

abruptly then, as if half sorry for his display of interest, as he didn't appear as a real cruel soldier, he closed the door with a polite salute, and they were once more alone. They looked from one to the other, and Gertrude Angelina nodded satisfaction.

"You are a discerning lady, Jack," she said.

The others nodded. That was all, but rightly or wrongly, the impression was beginning to grow on them that in this sissy-looking Glandolinian soldier they might eventually find a friend sooner or later.

"How fast are Gertrude, do you think this old boat must be traveling down the flood?"

Jean asked the question a few minutes after they had been placed on the ship. None of the girl and boy adventurers felt well either this evening, though they didn't feel actually ill. They understood that illness was ravaging the land, not particularly because of flood, and war disaster, but because of the endless days. Upper had been served in the salon by several soldiers under the eye of one of the officers. The room as well as their cabins, they observed had not been fitted luxuriously. The quarters however were comfortably larger than one could ever expect to find aboard any kind of such boat, but the furnishings were those of the Glandolinian military. In addition to the two cabins opening one side of the salons and which the occupied, two others were in the same inner located opposite. One was occupied by the captain of the boat, who apparently had wiped the craft, and the other by the wounded Professor Monk.

"Oh I don't know," said Gertrude in answer to Jack's question. "..... But I bet just as this is not built for speed. I believe it was made more for strength and endurance."

"Well but how fast do you believe it is going?"

"About ten knots an hour or probably thereabouts of eight," said Gertrude considering. "That would be nine to ten miles. A nautical mile, of course, not you understand is between one and one sixth and one and one seventh

land miles. But who is Jack? What have you in your mind...." "!!!!!!!" Jack glanced at the door. It was closed tight, but whether it was fastened from inside or not he did not know. The app he knew by there too helpless to move under care of a doctor of the enemy no doubt whom they had not yet had observed. So much had been gathered from one of the more were civil Glandolinian soldiers who had not refused to talk with them. The latter had disappeared above deck after supper had been served.

Leaning closer, Jack lowered his voice. Instinctively to hear him better, all put their heads together.

"It was midday when we came aboard," said Jack. "It's seven in the evening now. That means we have been on the waters of the flood for nearly seven hours or more. How far we have gone I'm not sure but I believe we are heading south. Our cabins are on the side to port, and those from the east in our port hold. So you know what?" he leaned closer.

"What?" asked Jean.

"I believe we are heading for a Glandolinian plantation to be thrown this there as slaves instead of going toward the destination we at first suspected. And that's in the south somewhere."

The others nodded.

"Well," continued Jack, "I've been thinking this over. General Manley's army is about ten miles south of Stombele's. Isn't it Gertrude?"

"Entirely that and no nearer. Go on. Please don't keep us in suspense."

"I do not know what it is in mind but guess there has some plan. So she wished it to be suggested."

"What is it you have in mind Susan?" "!!!!!!!"

"At this. Suppose we go to that signal station you are trying to locate. Well I know here it is. At least I believe so but am not sure. The cover of this signal station is either above or below the flooded town of San Diego south of here or of the town of Stombele's, and not far from it in either direction. We shall reach this flooded town of San Diego in about forty-eight hours maybe more at this rate, or about this time the day after tomorrow. If the cover of this signal station is this side of it probably we would make it to tomorrow night."

"Now hold your horses," Hadcliffe interrupted, good naturedly but only, as she saw her disguised sister growing impatient. "Let her continue, she is coming to the point sooner or later."

"What I have in mind is simply this. With that man Jack put here as a mutt and Frederick Dargay who is on board this boat lukewarm because he's naturally good but does not know the real state of Glandolinia's cause we may have a chance to seize the ship before we reach the headquarters of this cove or at least there the enemy is bringing us. If we don't do it before landing our chance to gain our freedom later will be utterly impossible. And the way I figured it out, we can't even get as far as the signal station until tomorrow night at the earliest, which gives us the best part of the day of two days in which to see what we can do. There are about thirty child scouts on board here besides the soldiers, and besides Frederick all the others are girls. In some cases they may be better fighters than girls especially in other countries, but I wouldn't want to try it out to find out in this case. Girl Scouts of the enemy put me in mind of wild tigresses having hydrophobia. We must first beat them before the soldiers as they're fiercer than even a human."

"What a proposal," was voiced by the rest. Violet, however, knew the Glandolinians very much with all the experiences she and her sisters had with them, however sparse, of the almost insuperable handicaps--their lack of being able to fight successfully at close quarters with Glandolinian child scouts, the fury of the enemy girl scouts which were insurmountable, their ignorance as to the numbers or composition of the crew, or even as to the physical characteristics of the ship, and their location. She pointed out that they had been long forbidden to go on deck by Dargay, not because he refused them that privilege, but because he knew the nature of these girl scouts who would kill them on sight, and consequently, would know nothing before hand of their field of battle. "I agree with you of course, Susan, and so do my sisters," she added in conclusion, "that if we can seize the ship we must do so. But it is one thing to conceive an idea, and far more difficult matter to work out the details. Though we would be prisoners in the enemy camp we'd be aasier off than on this ship. However let us go into my cabin and leave the door open into the salon. There we can discuss the situation from every angle with less fear of discovery."

"There is one thing I haven't mentioned yet," said Susan. "I've been so excited that it slipped away from my mind this morning. That is I have a small telegraphic wireless set that my come in handy."

"Yes that one you mean that we observed in Manley's heady headquarters. I persuaded Annie to sell it to me you remember."

The others nodded.

"Well then we sent eight seeing this afternoon I wore it on my left hand and there it still is. You realize to prove we couldn't get away they didn't relieve us of a thing," said Susan held up the device for inspection. The general said it was no good it had a once a calling distance of ten

thirty miles. It may mean to to a before we see the end of this adventure."

This strange kind of a telegraphic ring is worthy of more extended notice and inasmuch as later it was to play a very noteworthy part in the adventure of Violet, and her sisters and the adventurers, perhaps it is well to describe it at this time. In the first place, this ring was not at all Hanley's property, strictly confining he had stolen it from a similar device found in the possession of a prisoner whom he had proved to be a foreigner. This man had been an inventor of it, but had not patented his device but he had given a good description of its operations, pressing details to an interview representing the "Telegraphic Globe" of Atlantic.

Because he had had this in his possession was the reason the man had been made a prisoner, and this thing had come to Hanley's attention. Yet with no desire to steal another's idea, but merely for his own cause he had had taken up the matter and devised his own ring telegraphic set, and the other one not knowing her real intention for wanting it, he had sold to Susan for the small sum of fifty dollars which she then had in her possession in Glandelinian money. It was almost like a sort of radio for it had the connections of Hand Phones, and connecting lines from the ring to the phones and to aural and ground wire intact were intact. In her traveling bag Susan had already ascertained. Yet it would be the details from a telegraph in operation far away. No one had searched the bag for possible weapons and even Susan's umbrella was still strapped to the bag. Susan continued:

"You know General Hanley's idea—do—camp said a person could connect only a brass or steel, and could do it even to the metal stem of the umbrella for aural and stick any sort of lead metal into the earth or even into water for a ground connection. Of course water will do even better."

The peculiar part of this ring was of a coil, slender only slightly more larger than to go round a little girl's finger. The mounting comprised the controls and measured only 1 x 1-2 x 7-16 of an inch. These measurements included the brightly polished, bakelite, panel on which were mounted a diminutive crystal detector and small control connected with the coil by nine taps permitting of nine different telegraphic detuning adjustments by means of a no visible band fixing connections in the heads of nine tiny brass studs in the panel in the form of a double circle. The whole was no larger than many ornate rings, and resembled one in appearance.

"That ordinarily said it would act like a radio and would receive on wave lengths up to and including six hundred and fifty meters," Susan explained. This "Glandelinian" traveler undoubtedly has many good telegraphic stations. In fact I saw when we came aboard. Probably sooner or later it will open communication with the telegraph station at that cove, and we can detect it. I understand how to operate one. My father had me go to a telegraphic teacher. (Sighs.)"

"But you do not understand that these Glandelinians always have their long distanced conversations in code," protested Jean. "Besides they may use a very high carrier wave length, and your set would be unable to receive the ticking of the telegraph...."

Susan looked thoughtful. "I've considered that," she said. "Naturally, nevertheless I have the feeling that this little disguised telegraphic instrument ring, will be mighty handy indeed."

Meantime the party had adopted Violet's suggestion and retired to the cabin of her, and her sisters... the conversation was now directed by the older Princess into a consideration of the possibilities. If they were to make any attempt to capture the vessel she declared it would be vitally necessary to their plans to know something of the composition of the crew and the physical aspect of the vessel itself. Susan, Violet and also her sisters believed, seemed to have won Frederick's regard to some extent by her strange orphanic manner. To her was delegated the delicate task of sounding a warning in an effort to learn how strongly he was attached to the Glandelinian cause, and how much he understood the real facts of it.

"Be careful how, however not to give him any indication of what we have in mind," warned Jennie Vivian. "If you report that you saw any sign in Frederick's words or manner that he could construe favorably, why then I'll or my sisters will have a talk with the Glandelinian boyscout if possible."

It was Violet's thought in particular that Susan might appeal to the capidity of Frederick by the offer of a substantial reward and by the fear of letting him know how close upon the trail of the boat were the persons who knew of their capture. Like many well laid plans however this was to come to naught. All that evening the barometer acted queerly, and the captain of the ship kept the deck. After supper there was a growing smoky foggy weather and strange lights on that under it almost unbearably hot below decks, the sky which had been growing steadily as they could see from their cabin portholes, became entirely overcast with a usual gloom and far into the east there was a glare as if the whole country was burning. PPP up. soon the entire patch of

is visible from the portholes as a black as ink, and had it not been for the shining of the lights to be on it, by a child scout attendant, sent down by Frederick Burger it would have been just as gloomy in the cabin.

"I know this is from the far forest fire," said Jack, but doesn't it remind you of a storm on the ocean?"

"Yes," said Penrod, "at this too is unusual for it to be so far away." I understand never a cyclonic storm occurred in this part of Silverina. "Who they don't mind violet but one of these is better than these confounded forest fires that shut out the sun so many days."

"Even this is unusual," declared Jean who had been occupied in reading a sea story which she had found on a shelf of books on the salon. "Listen that's that!"

There was a sound as of a vast drum being beaten by savages, a drum bigger and more numerous than anything ever conceived of and this sound suddenly filled the salon. The walls seemed to quiver, indeed so great was the noise, as chattered that all simultaneously put their hands to their ears, as if their very eardrums were threatened. Violet and her sisters alone looked at each other in alarm. Then that instant the trawler which until then had been riding a seven foot on the flood waters, heeled far over, so far indeed that it seemed as if the boat could never right itself again. Caught off guard the child scouts were tossed against the doors of the cabin, and bruised badly by the roughness of the impact. Then slowly as a swimmer coming to the surface after a dive the ship righted herself, only to begin a tossing motion that was frightful as if the ship literally had been caught in a most tremendous whirlpool.

"It's a storm of some kind," shouted Penrod who by clutching the table had maintained his senses and equilibrium. "But there's no real wonder what's the matter."

"Gertrude guessed it. "It's a fire hurricane sweeping across the waters," she cried. "The door of the companionway was thrust back, admitting a cascade of maddy water that washed across the cabin floor a floor and the reeling form of Frederick at larger. His head hung very low and there was that in his attitude which told them all, that the Glandelinian boyscout was in trouble. Penrod sprang to his assistance.

"Good boy," said Burger, in a thick voice. "Get the door or the whole flood will be in here. A wreckage floe struck us."

It took six of them to slam the watertight door while Penrod turned to the Glandelinian boyscout. Penrod's companions (except Violet and her sisters—O themselves) had gathered around. Frederick grasped the table with his right hand. The left arm hung useless.

"I must have broken my arm in that fall I had," he said. "Get that doctor out of that International Spys room. Call himself a doctor anyhow."

Penrod hastened to pound upon the door of the Spys cabin. At first there was no answer. Then a weak voice began to curse, the sounds not hardly heard by Penrod above the roar of the forest fire storm weather. He was uncertain what to do, and turned to appeal to larger. The latter reeling and clutching the table interpreted his action aright.

"Open the door," he commanded. "Kick it open if necessary."

Penrod obeyed and drove the door forcibly open with a sweep of his right foot. On a low tumbled forth the form of the "dark Mitt" with head wrapped in bandage, numb, relaxed, and breathing heavily in a corner on the floor floor as if tossed there by the action of the ship. Half crushed, a little slim man with blonde hair and ragged gray mustache. As Penrod forcibly opened the door this wreck of a man looked up, through blurred eyes, ceased mumbling, and stared in fright.

"Please don't let the devil carry me away, feed. Please don't let him capture me," he pleaded.

Penrod was thrust aside by Burger, who had come to investigate. Despite his broken arm which really was giving him great pain, the latter advanced to the covering form in the corner. He seized the other's collar with his sound arm and started to drag the coward into the salon. It was Penrod's first sight of the man taking care of Glandelinian wounded, that is if he really was, since they had come aboard, he had not left the cabin or been anywhere within sight to their knowledge. Boyscout of the enemy had brought food to him, for that matter they had seen none in that authority except Frederick's order. First mate, Second mate, Engineer, Stiller and Cook hands. If they were on the vessel at least they had not been seen. For the first time, Burger, looking back in the corner in disgust and started to stifle. His eyes fell on the still form of the spy. He stooped over him, raised his eyelids, let them fall, and with an oath of disgust quit the cabin for the main salon signaling the door behind him.

He disappeared, he slumped against the table, little.

"The spy is still unconscious," he said. "That is what comes for his

grabbing you as his prisoner. And that little Jim doctor is so scared of the Glandelinian child scouts that he is of no use for anything. Uh."

Perrod advanced. "If your arms hurt let her examine them. Look here, you see, she is a pretty good hand at rough surgical work. She had gone through a course in first aid, so she could help out even wounded."

Fredrick looked up hopefully. "That's good. Well have a look girl scout of the Christian side. Here addressing Jack. You'll find bandages and splints and iodine in that cabinet in my cabin. go and get them. And bring me that bottle of brandy you will find there. There I sure need something to put spirits in me this night."

Jack obeyed hastily. Fredrick took one good long pull at the bottle of (spirits), then ordered Radcliffe to take it away.

"That's plenty he said. 'I've got work to do and must keep my head. Now scouts of the Angelinians you are doing a good turn to an enemy. Now girls' girlie" extending his arm and addressing Angelina. "Go ahead."

Fredrick was without what you call human coat, and Jack who assisted her first cut away the left sleeve of the boyscouts shirt. Deftly Angelina toiled aided now and then by Jean and Jane, while Fredrick sat without a groan through the whole operation. Beads of sweat dotted his forehead and so warm it was every one else appeared as if they were having a "turkey" bath. At the end however the boyscouts arm was neatly and stoutly bound in splints, and lashed across his chest.

"That man as me owe you something Christian girl and boyscouts." said when the operation was completed. "I'm a boy who don't forget forget. Now I'll be on my way to the deck. We have to get every body at work to get the ship out of the wreck we plunged into. We have to or there will be the devil to pay."

As he rose to his feet, and started for the door, Radcliffe intervened. "Won't you let come to me come up and have a look around sir?" he begged. "I should say not," said Fredrick darger violently. "I'm responsible for what will happen to you, not for what'll you'll do. And don't you know why I kept you below since you were brought on board here? It is because the Glandelinian girlscouts on board this boat have it in for you for half kill the old general, three of the girls whose daughter they happen to be, and they will kill you if they have the chance. There's only the soldiers I can trust stay where you are and be safe. They're worse than revengeful Chinamen."

With that he opened the door, reeled back for before the force of the wind, and the swirling gray hail of the dashing flood was water; then lowered his head, and charging through, pulled the door shut behind him.

"So that explains why the kids have been kept below here," said Violet, thoughtfully. "Well the prospect if we fall into the hands of those Glandelinian girlscouts on board this craft doesn't look pleasant."

"I have heard," said Jane Mellick. "That the Glandelinian child scouts fairly worship certain leaders like a god, and therefore will go to any lengths to obtain revenge for injury done to them. Glandelinian child scouts are more dangerous to Christians than even the fiercest beast in the world."

Dertrude, Angelina and several of the others nodded.

"Dertrude," Angelina said Jack hopefully. "These two boyscouts barged and goring seem a pretty good sort though they're Glandelinians, though they are rough. Fredrick will do his best to protect us."

"Yes," declared Perrod. "It seems to me to night that he was b ginning to regret being a party to our capture. At least he doesn't want us to fall into the hands of those Glandelinian girlscouts. I've seen some of them and ten of them are prettier than Pat Phillips but they're sure fierce, and he's disgusted too with his superiors. Maybe we'll get him on our side yet."

"He'll protect us from the Glandelinian girlscouts all right," said Jean. "But when that international spy who looks so much like Matt recovers he will be powerless. If this accidental kidnapping is saving us, I'd be on order to exact vengeance on us for the way we laid him out, we'll be in a pretty fix."

"You're wrong," said Dertrude. "That spy has nothing to say over the Glandelinian boyscouts. Fredrick can save us from even him."

"Listen," said Jack. "I believe I have an idea."

"What?" every one asked in a chorus, chorus.

"My here is the 'Mutt' spy helpless, with only a fright scared little Glandelinian plump padding of a doctor to help him. Let us take possession of 'Mutt' and gain the whip hand over Fredrick. Then we can compel that boyscout of the Glandelinians to come over to our side perhaps!"

"Now," said Angelina. "We'll do a thing against their cause even if it cost their lives."

"Why we can try our freedom, with the freedom of 'Mutt'."

"I can't believe it can be done," said Angelina. Violet thoughtfully while her sisters too nodded their approval of her words. "It isn't only the boyscout barged with whom we have to reckon, but these Glandelinian human little diabolos too, with them above all. And besides," said Perrod, the spy doesn't mean a thing to them as he is foreign and not a Glandelinian. They could rather see him killed than see us escape their clutches. They probably feel that when we have reached the destination we are

being hoisted for they can compel Pedro to turn us over to their tender mercies, and that is the only reason they have been content to keep hands off so far."

Jack and the others were silent. The force of Princess Angelina's reasoning is apparent to them all.

"Well then," he said presently, "we'll have to capture the ship in some way or gain our liberty through some bribe. That's all, and perhaps we can persuade the boyscout barger to give us extra weapons. Besides the ones we got now, and help us overtake the child scouts on board."

"Perhaps so," said Violet. "Meanwhile let us all turn in and get some sleep. Tomorrow will be the day on which we must make whatever attempt we decide on, and we'll need all our strength and alertness then. Radcliffe, do you and Perrod be sure to lock our cabins door, and we'll do likewise."

So you and Perrod be sure to lock our cabins door, and we'll do likewise. Fredrick said we should. Let us each take a heavy chair into our room too. In case of a night attack by those Glandelinian girlscouts we can at least pull the chair apart for limbs. We don't want to shoot them if we can avoid it as they're sisters. But like us, and now good night."

Thereupon Violet, and her sisters turned in. For some moments more the three boyscouts chatted and tried to read, while the girls retired also but at last they too, retired. As far as they could tell the forest fire windstorm as it might be called continued to rage without abatement.

"I wonder what to morrow will bring forth," said Radcliffe, just before going to sleep.

"I wonder," indeed, said he. "Well good night."

Jack was the first to awake that morning, and he still lay in his berth wondering drowsily for several moments as to what caused the feeling that there was something unusual in the situation. Then he jumped alertly to his feet and without taking time to dress himself ran to the port porthole.

The traveler was not in motion. When he retired it had been tossed about by the hot windstorms produced by the dreadful heat of the distant forest, the hot engines were not running, its screws was not turning.

Now its engines were not running, its screws was not turning, and except for a slight rolling motion, it lay as calm as if in a harbor.

Could it be they had reached the cove of the signal station during the night? It was this alarming thought which sent Jack on down to the port porthole. But a look at the outer world convinced him to the contrary. There was no land in sight except patches of trees above the water and floating debris of every description. And as he was on the landward side he considered this a pretty good indication that they were still out on the flood. Of course the traveler might have swung about so that her starboard side lay toward the land. He sniffed. All the smell he could get was that of burning forests. He listened. No sounds of any kind came to his ears. And for that time it was awful dead and the sky was fire red seemingly everywhere.

At first he believed the traveler had croaked down. After in the windstorm or in the battle against the debris car led carried forward by the waves or perhaps that something had happened to the engines or screws. Jack had the natural curiosity of a young boy, and wished that he might go on deck and in estimate.

He thought of Fredrick's warning of the Glandelinian girlscouts thirsting for the blood of himself, and all his fellow comrades. But then after all he reassured himself if he merely merely poked his head up the companion-way he would see him. He surely ought to be safe enough, and with the hope of success and of the magically calmed waters if the flood he decided he would have to obtain a glimpse of the world above deck, get a lungful of fresher air, no matter what happened. All this time he had been hurriedly getting into his clothes. A look showed him the others slept on. Unconscious the cabin door, he stepped soundlessly into the saloon. It was empty of human occupants other than him. The door of the cabin containing Violet, and her sisters was closed. "That's door as closed. So too was that of Fredrick's larger. Jack gave a fleeting thought to the question how that worthy had survived the stresses of the night. He still on deck? Or had he retired to rest? If the latter, who was in command?

"Certainly is a queer man in command," muttered Jack. "Fredrick and the doctor and the dizzy looking man we have seen other than Pedro the spy of the men. Aren't there any officers? Are all others aboard girlscouts of the enemy? Well here goes."

And trying the handle of the outer door, and finding it turn without making any sound, he opened it slowly inch by inch. The companionway was empty. A short flight of steps led to the deck. Mounting several he found his hand on level with the deck and started to raise it cautiously to peer out. The sound of low voiced conversation came to his ears, and instinctively he bent down again. Listening a moment he decided he had not been seen, for the whispering chattering went on. It came too he believed from a point not far too to the left on the other side of the wooden bulkhead of the companionway. He held his breath straining painfully. Whoever they were Glandelinians or not they were speaking in English and he could not understand. Yet neither voice was that of a girl or a boy scout.

Who could they be? Had to see, slowly, slowly, scarcely moving, yet going forward all the time, Jack peered around the bulkhead.

"We will soon have the old engine fixed good now, Doc" this latter man was saying, "nothing wrong but a couple of bolts shaken or broken loose in the storm. I believed it was as best for me to lay up the ship temporarily and tighten things generally. That's all. Well so long doc. I'll have to go. Keep the crew working or well never get anything finished" and he started to go.

"Mr Algrone "the doctor said it to the engineer"you don't know what is always happening to your engines while you are away off duty in so you!"

These child scouts on board said the doctor dqr ly. darly. "Th t
at least it at some extent I'm afraid about them."

the rough remark. He was cursed with the secret fear of the Glandelinian

"Mr. Algrone!" he said in a low and hurried voice. "I'm afraid some of those glandelinian child scouts may have put your engines out of commission."

recently;"

The engineer started forward with a curse.

"If they're up to any monkey shines, I'll fix them."

10 You couldn't say a word to them as you're not in uniform. And what would
11 I do, if anything happened to you?"

"Oh Mr. Algrone. Oh you wasn't think that please. But its those chris boy and girls scouts that Gerald Starring brought aboard. They injured an old man. I know its the father of several or so of those girls."

"Yes, yes, I know," interrupted the engineer, impatiently. "I'll tell me for if you what you suspect is true, and I would n't let it rest them Ulandelinian gin secrets, it's high time I was getting below. So they're all the purpose of getting at those christian boy and

Retreating without noise down the companionway, he reentered the cabin, was just as he had left it. But when he opened the door of his cabin, he received a sudden surprise. Jean was at the porthole with her back turned

wall he noted it was not there.. Obviously little Jean had been from J...
evening, had noticed it and had been impelled to take the parts crossed
bag and make an attempt to get some news. On tiptoe the boy scout crossed
his shoulder - his friend had one aim

not of course observe more than the last of the

Perhaps Pariksha Jain was something or hearing something of the utmost importance. He respectively stood to one side, waiting for Jean to speak.

"That's all," she finally said. "The ticking grew fainter and fainter. Now I can't hear it at all any more."

all."

Jean smiled reassuringly, as she folded the umbrella, and pulled it back through the porch, then laid off the wet shoes and began wailing in the

"Just two generals in conversation, that's all. You don't mind my using your toy do you Jack/ dear?"

"It was the funniest thing I ever heard of," said the man.

Tina King telegraphic instrument with a radius of about five hundred miles. King had been warned not to do that much. King was very, very

"Not being traced my eye," said Jean. "The one near by was a column of girlscoutbtroopers with general Greaht Greahtart, and his retainers and Jennie surma with them. As far as I could utter, and which I wrote it

gathered from something said that the column under Greathart and Big
coat could not be far away. The other column of troops were on land
and were using wireless telegraph but soon the sound got fainter and
fainter until it lost its altogether."

"A troop of Christian girlscoouts with soldiers on a boat that close to us," said Jack highly excited. "That decides me. We've got to act at once... Come on Jeanie."

"Jump into your dress quick. Meanwhile I'll get hold of Gertrude and the rest and bring them in here. We have got to telegraph to that boat and

"I'll telegraph to that boat," said Jean perplexed. "You must be crazy. With this little relieving act I suppose!"

Indeed Jac was highly excited as he dashed to the main salon and for the door containing Violet, and her sisters and Gertrude Angelina and the others, and with somewhat halting steps, that said of course they must enter.

Indeed Jac was highly excited as he dashed it to the main salon and for the door containing Violet, and her sisters and Gertrude Angeline and the others. And with reason. He believed that now if ever, they must unite

were not going to farther regard the authority of Hendrick larger but were going to make sure of their vengeance upon especially the boyscouts Jack himself, Genrod and Bladlife for what they had done to the old Greenlanders. Several of the boys anticipated them, and with the help of th

telegraph to the flood sub chapter. It would be a matter of only a very short time before that speedy craft could swing about and come to their rescue. Moreover they would therefore capture "Mr. Nutt". And Langar had said it

meeting. The main salon was still deserted, and the doors to the cabin of Poore and Freator larger still closed.... Jack did not know of course whether Doctor Gains had returned to his patient. But he believed that prob-

"Who's there?"

"It is 17 Jack! Open up, quickly."

37
He heard Gertrude hit the floor, and grinned, even in the midst of his excitement. Gertrude Angeline he firmly believed had been sleeping late, and so were the others, as there had had to be no one to make them up. By the time Gertrude had opened the door, Violet, stood or rather too Jean with her stood beside Jack completing a sketchy toilet, by finishing putting on waist.

Gertrude, and Violet, and your sisters too. We have got to try and sell this coat at once."
"This was Jack's opening remark, as he and Jean closed the door to the salon. Violet, and her sisters, still in pajama clad, sleepy eyed looked at him in the greatest amusement.

"Are you crazy Jack!!!!" asked Gertrude.
"You're heard something, Jack," said Violet, "but is it?"
"You've heard something, Jack," said Violet, "but is it?"
Briefly and graphically the boy scout related his morning's adventures growing and the result of the ping telegraphic instrument.
"I had decided much he said, when I heard there was a Abbiesham sub marine chaser on the flood in search for us, that we had been missed and reported captured the moment it happened as Walter Starring had been spying in the lines and reported to the Christian lines by wireless, I felt we just had to make an effort to capture the ships telegraphic room at least and call for help. There are thirty of us here, and we can hold out until the sub chaser comes up."

Violet, and her sisters grew grave.
"At with these little good for nothing weapons we have with us," said Angelina, "what have we against the Glandelinian girls' scout soldiers. They're armed with hand machine guns and we ain't."
"Look here," said Gertrude slowly. "I'll bet this fellow 'The Yuck' say has a small machine gun or two in his room. He's bound to always have such a weapon handy as his life too is always in danger. If he was helpless, last night, and probably still is. No what is to prevent our going in there, and taking it from him now.!!!!"

"Good idea Gertrude," said Angelina, "Violet," and there's Fredrick larger also. Accordingly to Jack he is sent up yet. Probably got in a bad night and is taking his morning sleep while the engineers are repairing the engine. He is undoubtedly undoubtedly has a machine gun too. Suppose we compel him to give it to us, his arm is broken, and surely if we burst into the room we can over-awe him."

The others nodded their approval, and the eyes of the three boys' scout leaders lighted up with enthusiasm. Angelina, however, shook her pretty head gravely but continued to make a hasty dressing, still nevertheless.
Just outside outer dress and waist," Violet, "said, "That's all all we need. We have to hurry."

In a trice they were all thus clad, standing in their bare feet, and then Jack, who had assumed command gave his orders.
"Gertrude," he said, "deferring to her judgement (he being the world's greatest girl scout in this story) I believe we had better split each into two parties, and enter the enemy's cabins simultaneously don't you follow in the other cabin first, either 'Mr Nutt' or larger intending to follow in the other later the probability is as would alarm the occupant of the other cabin and put him or them on his or their guard."
"You say, Jack that is right. Suppose I Angelina pickee, and Jean and four of the others tackle Mr Nutt, and you and some of the others go after larger, while the rest watch for the Glandelinian girls' scouts."

"Right," said Jack, "hitching on the door, if I.
"But one thing more," said Angelina, "before myself making a motion of caution. Go in quickly and quietly, and get your man before he has a chance to fire. He should do likewise, and listen if we are resisted we give no quarter under any circumstances. They won't give us none."

The three boys' scout leaders nodded. Then Jack opened the door and with beating hearts they all filed out. Jack tiptoed across the salon to prevent his shoes making any sound. The others were in their bare feet. Four and four they ranged outside the doors of the two cabins. Gertrude nodded that she and the Princesses were ready. Jack did the same. Then they flung open the doors and dashed in. Jack and Jean who entered first found Fredrick larger sleeping heavily. One look showed an automatic machine gun in an ammunition belt wound around from a coat hanger above his head. With one swoop Jack caught the weapon and belt and brought it down. The moment disturbed larger who was lying fully clothed on his berth, the bandaged arm across his chest. He looked at them, then with a roar raised up but Jean pushed him back on his pillow. Jack drew his pistol and presented it at him.
"Quiet now," he said in a low voice. "We don't want to hurt you. But our lives are in danger from the Glandelinian girls' scouts and we mean to protect ourselves." Larger lay back and a gleam came into his eyes. He glanced from one to the other.

"Are they assaulting you, or do you just guess they are going to or dreaming it?"
"They have not attacked us yet," replied Jean. "But we are not going to wait for what we have found out will soon come, and like a storm. Look here, Fredrick larger, you know what the sentiment of the girls' scouts are toward us."

38
Tell my friend Jack here overhauls something early this morning morning which indicates the Glandelinian girls' scouts are planning immediate action. We realize you may be an officer, and superior to them, but in these situations they count on any attention to your commands. Now—"
"You're right," invited larger sarcastically glancing over Jean's shoulder. "This is my special hour for receiving callers."

Jack and Jack whirled.
Violet, and her sisters, and Gertrude, Angelina were in the doorway.
"That Mr Nutt," said Gertrude, "agily, while Jean not to be diverted continued to keep an eye and a revolver trained on Fredrick larger. The man is still unconscious or seems to be," said Gertrude. "He found only one machine gun, but too and a rifle and six good repeating pistols besides, and a number of hand grenades."

"Was the doctor there?" asked J. Jack.
"No...."
"Mr Fredrick larger, here is the main telegraphic room on board this ship!" Jean demanded.

"On top of this cabin," replied the boy scout. "But little good it will do you. The engineer is the only one aboard who can operate it, and until the engine goes it will not have any juice, and if its calling for help you mean to do you'll have to use the bridge deck telegraph and that's in the danger zone, where you'll chance being stormed by the girls' scouts in no time."

They looked at each other in dismay. Here was a contingency that had not occurred to them. Perrod groaned aloud. But ere any of them could say anything, the stamp of the engines suddenly began. Algrone had succeeded in repairing them, whether the Glandelinian girls' scouts had tried to meddle with them or not. The engines seemed to gain speed and a slight quivering shook the ship.

"There, in your juice, girls," Fredrick reaching out his sound hand to pluck Violet's sleeve.

"Violet," whirled a broad smile on her face.
"Look here Fredrick," she declared. "I believe you are on our side at heart are you not?"

Larger sat up on the berth, swinging his legs over the side.
"Not on the side of your nation," he said. "I'm a Glandelinian boy scout. But I don't approve of the way the soldiers fight children of your side and when your lives are in danger, and also when you point a revolver at me and order me to get up and navigate the old tub, what can I do."

"Right," said Violet, "gravelly although her eyes were dancing, and the corners of her mouth twitched. "Well captain boy scout. Will you please navigate."

"Yes," said Fredrick. "Follow me."

At this started out of the salon and up the companion way stairs, Jack pressed an extra revolver into Jean's hands.

"Take this," he whispered. "I have a good knife."

"At Jack!"

But nothing. If it comes to a fight at close quarters, I've got more better weapons. You keep them off with your own and that weapon, do you hear. Don't let them Glandelinian girls' scouts even get near you."

Jack, the smallest of all these girls and boy scouts, pressed Jack hand gratefully, grasped the revolver, and followed in the footsteps of her boy scout friend thus bringing up the procession headed by Fredrick larger. The latter paused as they reached the deck and looked toward the wheel. He had left it locked. Not a soul was in sight. The others grouped themselves about him. Larger nodded Jean who was nearest.

"I'm out with your cause but I sympathize with you in your situation," said the same, he said. "I don't like the looks of things. The Glandelinian girls' scouts must all be in the four-castle, watching their plots. Will you allow me the gift of honor and trust your prisoner to go below and see how the engineer is coming along, and do you in the meantime while the engines are running and you have your chance go into the telegraphic room off the bridge. It is up this ladder. He indicated a narrow iron runged ladder beside him leading to the tiny bridge above. Veenly he regarded the girl Jean. "Can you use it when you're up there?"

"You induced I sure can," said Jean. "What do you think I'm a girl scout for if I can't. Well here goes before a girl scout of your side sees me. Come on gang."

And climbing up the ladder, she entered the room opening from the bridge, with Gertrude Angelina, followed by Violet, and her sisters, and the rest on her heels. One glance around, and she saw what she was looking for. The control apparatus for sending written messages was on a stand against the opposite wall. Adjusting the instrument and staring the fingers as if it was a type writer she got the connection from an answering sound and began calling the pursuing boat while striking the keys....

"A fine place for defending ourselves in case we are assaulted," commented Jack glancing about him.

"If we remain hidden the Glandelinian girls' scouts or the soldiers, and officers on board may not even discover us," said Gertrude. The front wall of the telegraphic room was composed of stout iron panelling to half a man's height from the floor with glass windows above. Gertrude, and Violet, and her sisters and the rest crouched or knelt or crouched behind this protective screen, not even their heads showing above it but one of them kept herself

high enough to see along the deck toward the forecabin, where the enemy girls were holed. The forecabin door was closed. On the narrow deck, the men were in immense batches opening into the hold, which showed that the boat was once a huge fishing smack, but the captain of the ship had used the big hold in which to pack a pack of slaves which were to be carried off either for sale or to other parts of the enemy territory or country. Beyond the latches rose a stout derrick and beyond that the forecabin. Behind the bridge and the telegraphic room or aft in this tank was the engine room. The view was cut off by the black wall of the Telegraphic room against which stood the instruments which Jean was now trying to use.

"Listen" whispered Penrod. "Jean" is writing the answer for the other tickler."

All withdrew their glance from the dock and looked around. "I've got the Abbatinian Boat which was following or hunting for us" whispered Violet, gleefully and jumping up and down. "Say this is too easy. Why we'll have help here before the Glandelinians even realize what has happened here how the tickers go. Jean is giving the other boat our bearings right now just as Fredrick gave them to her."

now just a faint scratching sound caused Jack himself to face about in alarm. The door from the bridge however stood slightly open as they had left it on entering. He listened carefully. No doubt some one was creeping up the ladder. Now he was on the bridge creeping on hands and knees. He heard the door. Jack nudged a fearful Pentec and the latter slipped on the floor and lay on his side. Jack slipped on his side. He was the others who was farthest away were all crowded so close as to avoid being seen from the door that they themselves could not look out. In the silence the tickers rang out clearly and this was what Jean was working out; "Prisoners girlscount with the Vivian Girls I'm telegraphing you. Yes that's our pation. What's that. I can hear you. Yes I'm Jean Saunders operating the telegraph. We're not in a camp but on a boat. Hurry. This is tickle... We have their Telegraph room yes. They haven't discovered us yet. But when they do they'll cut off our juice. We'll hold out against the landolinian girlscount all right. But come your fastest. We're going to try and take the boat and make them all prisoners. Write me no

The sleeping sound outside had ceased. Jack could hear the anxiety no longer. He raised his head cautiously. There was no one in sight as he brought the deck within view. He rose a trifle higher as he saw the door of the fore-castle was within view. Then he yelled as the door was dashed open and inward against him hurling his head and arms. He saw a stout, manly captain of the ship, who had been wrong his eyes, enflamed with rage. He immediately stood swaying in the little door-mat doorway, crouched to spring. Penrod and Hadcliffe both sprang forward at the same time. He had given his revolvers to Jean. He had retained his long dagger but the weapon lay on the floor where he had placed it, when he fell. It was entirely forgotten. He was unarmed. Gertrude shouted in alarm and raised her revolver to fire. Then she dropped it again. The three boys. Penrod, two firars shot out, but the third came along the blow which slid handlessly by. When the bridge, tight and together, swayed a moment on the rollers and then fell with a sound, crush to the deck at the foot of the ladder. So suddenly had it happened that by the time he could regain his feet and as out to the bridge Jack was too late to prevent the disaster. Revolvers in hand Gertrude was a step ahead of the boys and started to follow. But she was followed by some of the men with their eyes on the two figures below. They saw her hand fall and the fall and struggling now in on the deck with Hadcliffe helping Penrod. But Jack saw what the others missed, and shouted a warning. "Look out Gertrude. Here they come."

[illegible]

"Open a retaliatory fire upon them Jean" barked Jack whose chest was

laboring with with the evil excitement, keep them down while I help The 2
other boys overcome the captian. "Go have to find shelter before they
runh us."

Obviously ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ Jean sent a bullet pingling into the direct case and another into a coil of rope and with another shot hit a third Glandelinian soldier. The opening fire too of the other christian girlscoouts brought a host of fright from the enemy scouts, and a Glandelinian boyscout was seen darting from behind the rope and ran like a rabbit into the open forecourt door where Jean brought him down with a well aimed shot wounding him severely. Jean herself sent another bullet into the dec behind her and brought down a Glandelinian soldier, the shot had a salutary effect especially from all of our friends for an of the enemy were hit and not a survivor so much as even dared to put forth an arm to return the fire. Jack meanwhile leaped to where MacLiffe and Penrod were trying to overcome the Glandelinian captain for neither was willing to release his grip.

"We've got to run for shelter boys" cried Jack "Break away, for heavens sake."

"Let us alone Jack," wanted Penrod, "we've both got him now, ah... ah..." And with a sudden mighty heavy heave the two boys rose upwards. The captain rose upwards too. Over the heads of the two boys he went hurtling through the air. They all turned to look. There was a cry of anguish. Then a loud crash and just at that crucial moment the engineer emerged from the engine room and was met by the body of the captain. Both fell to the deck together, and then rolled downworded went like two footballs down the engine room steps. A fusillade of shots from the direction of the enemy bay and girscoats thudded into the bulwark. All of the christians replied with a considerable effect.

"Look out one of the enemy child scouts behind the derrick has got a dangerous looking machine gun, fired, man, pumping several more shots into the derrick mast. oop! keep up the fire on his position, everybody so he can't can't take aim. I've got to reload my own." "...

Jean pressed the trigger. No result, she tried again, again, again. "It's jammed!" she groaned. "Gertude try your revolver." From the tower however there was no possibility in the firing, but the enemy scouts saw that Gertude fired her own gun and also one of them saw her working frantically to put a fresh clip of cartridges into her own automatic. The glandolinian boy scout fired just as Gertude raised her revolver. The bullet sent the weapon spinning. A yell of triumph went up from the concealed enemy. It was a critical moment, another such shot, or shots and the enemy would be encouraged to bravely pour cover and make a rush across the deck. Jean succeeded in reloading, but she was now trembling as much from excitement that she could not steady his her hand sufficiently to pump her bullets into the derrick masts as before and the shots hit two of the gunners.

the gathering. This was every one of you quick-erled a boys voice. They gathered round for an instant and saw it was Fredrick Dargor. and he was standing aft at the stern post, becko beckoning, and beside him was the slim doctor white with fright, trembling, and wringing his hands. As the christian and boyscouts started toward him Jean who had taken one swift glance around, called that she would guard their rear, but Penrod insisted it was his place to do so, and did, and sending an occasional shot along the deck, walked backward after his companions.

the deck," yelled back wards after his companions. "Come on, come on," called larger's voice impatiently. What did he want, they end red. What was his intention? Jean found time to wonder. Never the less he did not relax her vigilance. Several more shots along the deck. She bumped into a form, and a blurred about. It was the glandlinian boy cut larger. Then the next girl saw a boat in the water below with the girl and boy, and she already in it. Penrod climbing over the thwarts, and Gertrude sliding down the rope. A yell of furious rage and frenzy went up. "Give them another shot to hold them," commanded larger himself. Jean complied. Several glandlinian girls crouched who had gained their feet and start a started forward toward themselves prone again on the deck. "Now give me that gun," said larger. "I've fixed the guns of your friends for them so you'll have plenty of weapons on the boat," and down the rope with you and cast off."

"But,--but--"
"O tute about it now" said Darger roughly. "I heard you calling for help and I want 'none of your troops pitting me him christian army jat jail as long as this crazy ar continue no matter whose side is right. Over us long, much, and good luck to you."

John said: "Don't lose the rope which Gertrude Angellin, who was braced in the bottom of the boat or its bow rather held steady for her. Penton and Lucille and the two others were already at the stern and sending off from the side of the trailer to get her away herself as in the stern."

Give us, quick! Helped larger from above.
As she made her way across the thwarts toward the stern, the latter to trim the coat, Jean glanced upward as was leaning over the rail of the big boat saving face. It took him an un- injured hand, in which was clutched the new life given to him by Jean. Jean saved us his share but sent

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lantly to the cars and the boat began to rush through the still water widening the gap between it and the trailer. A slight feeling of regret at parting with the boy scout target, though he was an enemy crossed Jane's mind. A strange boy scout, a leader of a Glendale child scout was Fredrick larger yet Fred and Jane and the others could not think to blame the first five scouts in the Glendale child scout, which drew them strangely. Violet and her sisters had made that both Gerald Starring and larger could not be fighting for a cruel and unholy cause. From the deck of the trailer there fighting to them now the high pitched voices of the girl and boy scouts floated to them now the high pitched voices of the girl and boy scouts on the ship. They were in sight, and the thwarted juvenile Glendale soldier were desperately angry and furious at seeing their prey escape... They ran to the rail, and I leaned over screaming defiantly. One of them a girl scout who looked up her arm and fired... The bullet slammed the water close to the stern. The next moment they could see Fredrick larger coolly raise his. Upon and fire... not at them... he shot caught the Glendale... Violet in the arm and the latter's revolver fell into the sea as he seized the injured member and danced about in screaming agony.

"I told them to get down," he's driving them all back into the forecastle." The Grandallman boy scout leader was indeed driving the Grandallman child scouts girls and boys together away from the rail. His voice came only faintly to the boat, but its occupants could see him looking striking with clubbed revolver, forcing the child scouts below. One by one by one they disappeared into the forecastle door until the deck was cleared of them. Then he turned .. they figure now on the deck, and saved once more to the boat.

"Stay on your cars now boys," advised Gertrude. "Fredrick said to lay here until the Abbi-annian boat which had our prisoner comes for us and gets a board."

"So the Glaslinian boys out here you some good explanation about the situation did he?" demanded Violet. "I am all at sea all right, in my mind as well as the cat on this food. What's it all about anyway, where did he come from suddenly, how with that injured arm did he get this boat lowered, why did he drive us off the ship ship and why did he come away even at such a critical moment, and why did he take this position but still not move, and why did he still the christian ship arrive. Then we have had all those Glaslinians our prisoners and the boat in our possession too, and also that confounded villain villain the "Mutt-Spy."

perused glanced around the horizon.
"There is not the slightest sign of smoke indicating the pursuer" he
said "unless it's that very tiny plume over there-----pointing to the northwest.
"What position did the Abbevillean pursuer boat give, Jean, and how far away
was it?" "*****"

"That's it all right" said Jean, "She was northwest of us, and about four or fifteen knots away. She said she would be in about an hour away." She looked at her wrist watch. "Why" she exclaimed with a almost disgust. "The watch must have stopped." "I'm listening carefully" it's going all right. But it certainly is hard to believe. Only ten minutes since we left the cabin. I couldn't see my watch there. And now since I called the christian boat. I'll but sometime before it comes up.

"Look!" cried Mullcliffe, pointing. "The enemy ship is bolching a heavy
smoke from its funnels, and yes,---she's beginning to steam away from us."
"I suppose," said Vice-Virvan, "that Fredrick is going to try and escape!"
She called to Guran. "Go over with Fredrick and help him lower this net
if I saw you, but did he say to you, why did he our arch enemy help me?"
"Fredrick tell you."

"Those Chandelain children frightened me dreadfully when I hid in the little hole in the wall and we all escaped. And that Professional spy, who I'm so glad we escaped, but there's not much to tell. The Chandelain girls came alone, hint dropped by one of the boys that the Chandelain girls came alone aboard wanted revenge on us all because the way you three boys had laid out the old Central who happens to be the father of four of them. But it is quite certain that they hinted for our ill blood. The Chandelain child accounts are revengeful. So too was to Engineer Agriane and not single able to converse with him but the doctor was and earn him that the child could not let it, and then join his engine in order to seize the ship before it reached its destination and thus get us all in their power without interference from the soldiers in camp. He then went below and seizing me the engineer presently called me down and I obeyed. He then had the engine running. The dozen Chandelain cobbins on board were busy under no directions. He brought me inside out of their hearing, and told me to go to the chief of cook who for some reason probably told him to go into the Chandelain child slaves. He told me to tell him to go into the fore-cabin and to over-look the hidden there. He'll go now where to find them. These child accounts bring carry their knives and revolvers if they let a machine gun around it will remove those at last."

"I was frightened, but the engine over-powered me and drove me forth to do his bidding. The crew found a number of machine guns and removed them hiding them in the hold. So luckily it did or we's not any of us be here now."

"I'll say we couldn't," declared Jain.

[illegible]

There was one who had been so interested in the story Susan was telling that they did not paid any attention whatever to those who were or their own situation, now at violent cry, every one glanced around.

"Here it is coming" she added pointing toward the "Glandelinian" ship. The vessel was not yet even one mile away even though it was speeding very fast. As Jean pointed a wall of heavy dark rotten colored fog almost in all odds of shapes creeping across the waters, hid it suddenly from view and overhead it was coming very dark indeed. One moment the big enemy ship had been moving still and in sight, the next it had sunk into the fog and out of sight in the fog, and the fog was rolling and thence in the mist.

"Oh My Dear god save us," cried Susan in great fright. "We'll be lost in the flood and its worse than being lost in mid ocean. How can that Christian not find us?"

"Here she comes now," Joyce shouted, pointing to the northwest, where the air was still clear.

"You but five miles away yet," said Angeline piteously, estimating the distance to where the speedy craft was seen coming an immense thing even at that distance and it was sending up two col. columns of water before its unusually broad prop. prow.

"Good heavens," cried Gertrude, "it's our big raft! Look! Horray."
"Wow, and here's the smoke fog upon us," shouted the Post-
"Join you hold the ruler so that no small damage to go around in small
chairs, and those with the same purpose and very easy to use. Well
ANG, and Brian. We can drift you on the raft. All of us, and we'll be
going to the train. The raft is more than I hope sees us. It must for it is undoubtedly
sufficiently on the 10 foot. It ought to be up in about twenty minutes.
Presently we'll begin to shout, and you Jack flash your lights in its getting
pretty dark."

Her directions were obeyed to the tip and some forty five minutes later in response to the flashing of lights, and to their shouts a muffled all came across the water. The powers surged like mad. Mills were repeated back and forth and soon a dark bulk loomed ahead, they banged into the raft, and then one by one clambered aboard.

When the two men, the deck of the Iranian raft they were confronted by a young Egyptian officer dressed like an Arab in the insignia of the country navy. At first he merely asked them recognizing them in their gray uniform they still wore he regarded them critically, then was able at last to see who they really were and offered his hand first, to violent, and then his sister and then the other two. He assured the three that the sailors were free.

Q "It seems to me that in this case, if he had come a bit later, and he could have been able to even succeed in locating you in this field of some fog. As it is, it is a question through the changes before the fog had come. Did you experience not a drift or did you escape."

This seemed to be a real threat at which the others bristled. All were covered with dirt and dirt and they had always been bathing every 10 days for years, but the one person who had been in charge of maintaining the big craft said, "I can let you have some old uniforms, but I have no good ones on board and it would be against the regulations for you to wear glandolinian shirts and undies come to the christian lines."

"Good thing the forest fires caused the weather to be so warm" said Violet.

"Say I have an idea" cried Joyce. "Suppose you join, call generally upon the 'arts' photographer and request him to dig I am up some of our uniforms or personal clothing from our property in his headquarters. He knows us well enough to identify our size, and of course, can give him, if necessary, further specifications."

"Go ahead" said the boyscout. "I planned to call him anyhow, to report why we went off and that you and the others have escaped."

"Doud did a police approved her sister Jennie, who did not not relish the prospects of going in; longer than necessary clad as she was as special. in the presence of boy scouts and soldiers. "Tell him everything will be all right when we come."

"You see" said Jan starting away "we may not want to go forth to general civilians lines for some time, for me we must locate that night station. It'll help us in the Abbleinn mystery."

"But you'll all be going ashore first won't you and the boat out in charge of the raft. I haven't thought of that before but of course that is the thing to do. Then you can return to the raft. It's dangerous now to

go forth on an expedition as a battle is raging near that town, you are searching for General Munley is in action with General Hanson so they say and is driving him from the region so far."

"Gertrude" said Angeline Iduhu "surely since it is started we have got to see this thing through and she turned to Gertrude and voiced the desire of herself and her friends.. "Surely you won't put us all ashore and return to the Christian lines now. The enemy tricked us and duped us, and we have got to atri' ab back."

gorgeous smile....
"Girls, and Violet, and your sisters. I sympathize with you all," she said.
"But I advise you to look at this matter reasonably...We have been drawn into all of our most stirring adventures by force of circumstances, and so far have been unable to wry out of it. But we came here up here as Violet, and her sisters had planned for a business on the part of discovering things about Abblenn, with three of the boys accompanying us, so as to impress us with the return to this shore of the lines on important business. The general demand by request, you know, General Hanson lie in action, and things have turned out so no that we must do so, so for the time being we must let that signal station go and continue our searches around Abblenn."

"But Gottlieb-----"
It was Jack who spoke.
But Gottlieb only shook her head.
The next day she said it. "I'm sorry for the sake of all of you here."

"No my friend" she said it. "I'm sorry for the sake of all of you here. I know how all this adventuring and trife down on the flood, and no forth must appeal to all of us young girls and boys. But for once do be reasonable. It isn't out business to go making, raids and attacks upon strongly fortified

it isn't but easier to go making lakes and rivers upon the signal stations, that work for the army. And besides, I all have had plenty of adventure out of the situation already, and this here again, had passed the test most unusually. I now I have had enough trip on this raft down the

Penrod grinned as he regarded Gertrudes handsome and sturdy figure and disreputable appearance, unclear, clad only in a girls nightie and no

"It's true the situation is exceptionally dangerous, but I can tell you our English soldiers of you I'm sure remember that on passed through during your first long trip after leaving England. "It's dangerous, of course it is the best to remain on the raft for now, but if you desire for there are bunkers for all of you if you do desire to do so. I would not have bunkers for a force of men on board or nearly ten thousand, and the mill is on with four teen cabins for the entire roomed other draws. The latter also have bunks in the engine room that can be used in an emergency. We have a total housing space for see this huge raft has large series of cabins on it now build by the military engineers one hundred and ten feet long and with a speed of ten to twenty four knots an hour and it is built secondly as a Garbude destined it for use to harbor other men draws and her uncle and his staff. The only boy out that has been on board before you can having been planned in command at Garbude's orders recently. So you see there's nothing to be a hot battle on shore before long. It's afraid, and the best to remain on board and not make the mistake expedition you desire, it's best for all of you to take Garbude's advice."

"In there a fullfore of ten thousand men!" asked Jack unexpectedly. "I've
seen only half a dozen men!"

"What you see," answered Arthur Sonia "is what you might call the "Deck
match-W. Cherry & Sons of IN. 432."

"All of them who has not drunk or gets going tomorrow."

"Well couldn't we swing hammocks too?"

"Well, couldn't we make him more comfortable?"

"Why not I suppose you could," answered Arthurina. "Of course you could take him out and let him sit in the sun if you like, but that is your fault as I have been put at the command of Vilat, and her sisters and Gertrude too, if I could manage to accommodate you upon any fashion to which they agreed. But I advise you to stop thinking of that Taler on Talaran station at the moment which you might perhaps find it impossible to accomplish."

"Come, Come" interrupted Gertrude. "This is nonsense, nonsense. Jack go and call General Vivian. We do as I propose."

Jin Jain referred to the telegraphic station with Jack while the others (except Violet, and her sister) leaned moodily on the rail, and Gertrude fell into conversation with Arthur's cousin Susan stood aside, taking in all the shapes and sizes of the huge raft like host. Presently Jain and Jack approached the raft with eager faces. Arthur's uncle had disappeared with Gertrude.

"Where's Gertrude?" asked John.
"I don't know. Gone to get her then I suppose."

"I'm a n."

Everyone stood close to Jean, and put their heads together, while both Jack, and Jean whispered to the others tidings which quickly erased the gloom from their countenances.

"I'll go and call Gertrude," said Redcliffe finally.

A: that young Gertrude Angelina re-appeared, shod in white canvas deck
deck shoes but a size too large for her but nevertheless.

"Gastoude has just been telegraphing third general Vivians headquarters spiritedly," said Jean. "The army is advancing down to support general

General Viven is to leave in case the relations between the enemy is heavy. It seems that not a successful one at first reported. General Viven's speech almost demands that we all stay aboard the huge raft, as he is going to leave the enemy at Santa Barbara Creek. He will allow us to go to shore there, he wrote, and we can catch the night riders' squads. I can catch the Creek and be there tomorrow morning ahead of the others. General Viven is to leave the day after tomorrow. He will be with me. General Viven says if we can't discover our expedition just fail to find that "Telegraphic code".

"Very good but unusual" approved Violet. "But I like orders here now. So will my sisters. I will see about that cable telegram later on. First

we want to have a uniform. "All stay the

"Oh no indeed I did not have time enough for that. But I did tell of our escape from the gaudolinian ship, and general Vivian telegraphed to me in answer that the presence of an actual Gaudolinian ship of my description on the very flood waters seemed to him something very suspicious indeed, and also fitted into something he had in mind, which he would tell us about when he comes on board."

"Is he coming on board?" demanded Gertrude.

"Yes."

"I believe," said Jane "That the general himself meant that he must have also either to the signal station in the cove or something about the mysterious of Abbotism, and that the Cove was somewhere in this locality."

Gertrude laughed.

"Oh you Jean and Jack," she said. "You can't give up hope of being hit the death or having a hand in the location and capture of this signal station for our own use, can you?"

When he had ventured a question as to how such a signal station could be located and Gertrude now entered into conversation with her. The three boys themselves drew aside, and the girls themselves leaned on the rail staring into the heavy fog ahead and discussing their chances of seeing further action. All were to the agreement that the veiled hint dropped by general Vivian indicated that he had obtained a clue that the signal station was in the neighborhood somewhere. They speculated upon whether general Vivian's telegraph had provided the clue or whether there had been sufficient time for any thing else of good use to be brought into play.

"You see Penrod pointed out," General Vivian's telegraphic man intended to use sound detectors at several places pretty idly scattered, and it was or must have taken him some time to set them up."

"That's true," said Radcliffe "but the deal device required no time at all to put up. The time needed would be for making the trip from San Francisco Creek to the other stations. Say"—

His face lighted up.

"What?" he asked.

"Why didn't general Vivian say one of the main Government Telegraphic stations which he planned to use in the employ of the sound detector was behind a hill near the edge of the flood."

"I don't remember that," said Penrod, and Radcliffe also shook his head.

"Well that's what he said," declared Jack. "I'm certain of it."

"In that case," said Radcliffe, "perhaps through the use of these sound detectors at San Francisco Stream and in this hill station they were able to locate this great enemy station earlier than had been expected."

"Or at any rate they must have obtained some clue which induced general Vivian to move his army to join with Langdon," said Penrod. "You see he said he had moved his troops toward this creek and extended another portion of his army further up the stream, not San Francisco but some other spot near here which general Langdon's army touches, because he figured he could concentrate there more quickly—which too would be the only way to prevent any of Langdon's army from getting through any gap that would be a danger to the Christian line. Then too he got a code message via telegraph, calling him forward more hastily, and he telegraphed general plain night longer to cover him up."

"Are we not slowing down?" asked Penrod.

"The three boyscout leaders had been so interested in their discussion they had not noticed a small dark bulk looming across the waters in the heavy smoke fog. It was in any boat chaser coming toward the raft, and the huge raft boat slowed to a complete stop and lay rocking gently in the mild swell of the flood, while a boat put off from it for the smaller craft. Presently the boat returned, and general Vivian himself stepped aboard followed by a few of his staff. The immense raft boat, and the little vessel saluted each other with toots and part-d company, sooner than expected it had disappeared. After greeting Violet, and her sisters, and Gertrude Angelina and his friends general Vivian requested that they join the raft for Santa Barbara Junction with all speed. Then he turned to the little girl Jean, and the then said to Violet and her sisters, "Your little friends communication with me had done wonders, and with that you have told me about your many adventures in these very flood waters, I've been able to put two and two together and to arrive at the conclusion that we can capture the signal station but that we'll have to force Langley from Stenbolstead to do so and it'll cause a mighty terrible battle."

Before general Vivian decided to do anything on the matter it was also decided by Violet, and her sisters that they all should have their own morning breakfast on the raft. In the meantime of ring the line all were cleaning themselves preparatory to eating Jean herself however it was ransaging through her own wardrobe until she found and brought forth a light purple military girlscout a straw hat which was a new the spring before but which

she had recently been tired of as she wore more other hats. Jean had seen the strange girl but as Susan had seen and she was determined to give her this one though she did not dare to go without Gertrude's consent in it was otherwise not right being a light military property and not positively her own. When she had found the hat, she had found Gertrude scrubbing her head and discovered over "like hydrophobia of the head" with soap suds and so Jean drew near, requesting her the permission, and asking permission to give the hat to Jean herself.

"Hurray on me," said Gertrude. "What won't you think of next Jean, and where did you even get such an idea. Why she's not a girlscout just a never mind do not you please with the hat, which though I believe you'll find as much too small for Susan as the one she now has is too large."

Jean felt fearful of this indeed, but then she suddenly realized that there's there's a will there's a way, and after considering for a moment, she went in quest of Jane Hallfort, who had one just like it but the right size. Jane did not desire to part with the hat but like good little Abbotism girl and boys she readily made the sacrifice, though she brushed away a tear as she brought the hat to her. Jean however did not want to take it for nothing and she brought forth a coral bracelet with gold clasps and she gave it to Jane for the hat. Then putting the hat over her arm she looked for Susan.

For a time she searched everywhere and could not find Susan, she set stepped up to Artherson's.

"Good morning again," she said as she met him the doorway of the cabin.

"Where has Susan gone. I would wish to see her for a minute. I've got something for it."

"You wish to see her," he said. "Why she's in this cabin and despite my protests she insisted in washing all those dishes. She's in that room yonder. She sure most love to work."

Jean advanced toward the room indicated by the boyscout where she was surprised to see Susan at a big sink, her arms immersed in dishwater, and a formidable pile of plates, platters, and bowls and all other kinds of dishes which she had already washed, and now all ready to be wiped stand near her. Throwing aside her bonnet, and seizing a coarse dish towel towel Jean exclaimed, "I'm going to wipe the dishes Susan, I know how, and then they are done I want to show you something."

"Good," said Susan. "Then we'll be through before breakfast. It's an hour yet."

However it was not any rate thing at all to see Jean Saunders in the kitchen scrub of the raft, and now the fact that she was there, and wiping dishes as usual too circulated rapidly bringing to the spot other girlscouts who started in helping and all worked away, assisting in scouring knives and washing all kinds of ptn and pans too until all was done, and then Susan accompanied Jean outside on deck where the latter opening her basket held to view a neat looking straw hat of military military color and far prettier than the one which had formerly been presented to her in the smoke lines.

"See," she said placing it upon Susan's head "This is for you. I wanted to give you mine but it wasn't big enough, so Jane let you have hers. It's real becoming too. It'll be your first step to a uniform for you have passed the test."

The tears which fell from Susan's eyes were caused not less by Jean's kindness to the little orphan girl than by the thought that the severe highly dignified girlscout leader Jane had given her a bonnet, however she did not realize the sacrifice which the noble hearted girl had made to give up the bonnet, and it was well she did not for it would have not only spoiled all the happiness she would experience in wearing it but she might have refused to accept the gift.

"Thank you Jean and Jane too," said she. "I am so glad for this, for I love to go to army churches and I surely could not have worn that other thing at home."

"I wouldn't either," returned Jean. "It seemed ridiculous for me to give you such an old out of a thing, though of course there was nothing else within the smoke lines to be had and therefore none of us could be choosers. But soon you'll get your uniform, Jane said so."

"Yes," said Susan happily. "I can't wait about deck for a while. It's half an hour before breakfast time yet."

In passing of the cabin the two girls met Angelina plioche, who had just come from the outside. As soon as she saw Susan and Jean, she said to the latter "Jean quick go to the signal station on the raft. Signal to shore to some official any one and have him sent over a doctor right away. Have the officer tell him to come right away for one of our girlscouts just now has been mysteriously shot down on shore and is dreadfully injured. We've been under fire."

There was a rumor in her voice, and she seemed much excited, but the two girls were taken aback by this news. The signal station was soon reached, the message given, and then they hurried back.

"In the telegraph office," said Susan as she saw the bedroom door open

"Awful isn't it?" said Joan, as she started for the other part of the huge raft. "I didn't see one that snipers could find us even here, and I guess now there's peril even from the air."

"Come with me" she said softly. "And I'll show you the greatest sight you ever saw."

Wonderingly half fearfully she looked up to Susan for an explanation but the girl cut her off replied as they returned to the dining room "Yes indeed there's but queer doings sometime or other, its very evident, but I realize one thing, they'd like to attack this raft, but are afraid to try it."

There were but five for two who the sniper was who had killed the child, and his death was buried in the utter silence of the flood. A half hour after the scene and when male two had been over Ba gusan at under a cap and a snipular snar weeping bitterly, it was known that the same child would lean the war with her by now patied her cheeks and tried in vain various ways to draw her attention. She still slept on unmindful of the sounds of rapid footsteps upon the boards of the main floor nor until twice repeated did she hear the words:

A voice said "Hear!" Then

insisted upon finding out what was the matter.
 Putting her head on his shoulder she sobbed out;
 "There's one, who's gone, and there's no one left but us here. Oh, dear, Oh
 dear."

"What for? Am I an animal or what?"

"Gertrude appointed me," she's got a sister in disguise as a boy in the army and boat. If now the one I cannot reveal it. He or she rather than come to get with her for a while too. They were speaking about getting a girl trainee, and I and Bill offered our services, and were accepted. Won't we have real nice times and then I've brought you something. I was on shore for a while and came back on the boat. Are you afraid of dogs?"

"He's surely a sanddog," said she stroking his smooth head. "What a hell he'll be, Jack!"

"Satan" Idan'and Violet then, in the morning after breakfast, "To have my own forces of evil and my servants and we even faced on not by hidden sinners and influences." And in her own hand she showed her displeasures upon the enemy in many ways, conjuring up all sorts of reasons, why more evil and boys should be treated and added to the force as often is possible, and wondering what the "world" was coming to, when young children hardly out of the cradle began to be shot at by blood-thirsty sinners just because they were "evil" sinners and girls out and so forth. It wasn't so even in barbarous nations, goodness knows."

St. Clair.

Much as Susan had learned to prize Jeanne's friendship, before the very time came for General Vixen to reveal himself she had cause to value it still less highly. She knew too how vast millions of people became of no account to him, and how he watched and despised, and Jean who had shared a rough deal in these horrors, for she had none to tell her, who she had never met, and who she had never seen, and who she had never heard of, these rare adventures for situations which she and Jean would have to take turns to bring into use for Susan's benefit so that as soon as possible she could be initiated into the earlmost circle, force,

Susan had sustained a great loss and had to be helped and comforted.

Then commenced Susan's fur. Lessons For some time Susan listened to Jack's instructions and then she was given a milliner's code with strange notes written on them and she was asked to read and solve them. After some time she was given a while code but came to a question which she did not know. The time which she could not solve, she skipped to the next. Proceed further. Again and again, and still again, she skipped to the next without catching a single idea and was on the point of asking John to assist her, when Sol who had been watching her said:

"I see you are situated at no. 4444. Let me take that code now Susan."

"One thing Perrod himself thought frankly to himself—Why is there this difference, this contrasted and exalted situation between the Abniamian children and the children of the nations, the one I had, where they also have to be so much children of the nations, and the other, where they are not, while all the other seedlings getted and so forth whether forlorn or not, while all the Abniamian people and children were so good as to be on equal terms with one another as if in heaven already, and that the country even now stores with utmost desperation to bring these who yet were sorrowful and desolate and destitute because of being so long away from the happiness they once possessed, and to restore as far as possible."

And Radcliffe continued after our own soldier stated he could obtain about the exact location of Manila great signal towers that he was able to surround the suspected area with sound detectors but if we found our listening post too extensive it would be only dangerous. However, we could find the detectors by the markings of their operators. Operators could pinpoint the exact hub where the secret telegraphic station was in operation. But if we have brought only one or two detectors

into play and--and--"

"Six" interrupted Penrod who had followed Radcliffe's explanation with interest. The main ones are at San Francisco Creek, at Ventura Junction and behind Santa Barbara Junctions."

"Then" said Radcliffe "the full probabilities are that while able to state the secret telegraphic station is somewhere in those localities but near the flood we nevertheless can not say where it is which one, which one do we consider the most likely?" he asked turning to Violet herself.

"I have not formed an opinion" she said. All are admirably adapted for the purposes of this Glandelinian intention to rout us out of here. They are thirty to fifty miles off flood on a shore. I believe there is a luncheon we could secure which could take us to Santa Cruz, the nearest from Santa Barbara. But no one can stray far from the land for fear of being hit and the luncheon demolished by enemy shells that night. Let us upon them, and also Hanley's own signal stations can and to keep their secrets without even fear of discovery by tourists and war correspondents of both sides."

"Isn't it strange we haven't caught sight of that Glandelinian boat which had us prisoners on board if it was heading for a refuge in that locality?" asked Angelina Richee Richee.

Artherson Arthursson answered.

"No the main thing for it to do would be to take an opposite course in the smoke fog, stand out toward the flood sea and run in under cover of darkness to night."

"Moreover" added Jennie Vivian "The Glandelinian signal station probably is on the flood side, while we are running down its channel."

"Yes" interrupted Catherine, who had been sitting opposite general Vivian, watching the fog from the cabin window, and conversing in low tones with some of her other sisters "and well soon be in good excitement. You understand" she added to the others "Go forward and watch the shore and see if we can soon be approaching a submerged or half submerged town. I and my sisters are delighted now that we all have an opportunity to see the sights of the flood especially from this viewpoint of solving the Abilene explosion mystery. This is one of the most tremendous floods ever recorded in the world."

The big raft had rounded a large point of land, and a curving shore of land with trees still running far into the water now came into view and a part of a half submerged myriad of houses. Nearest then was a six story structure of light colored stone which General Vivian pointed out as a sort of hotel. It was submerged up to the second story. A little landscaped park surrounded the structure and south of it must have been a boulevard once flanked by trees of noble proportions. Further down the boulevard and a variety of half submerged trees of every description rose a splendid hotel of huge proportions out of the deeper part of the water. But not a soul was to be seen and all the buildings looked as if they had been blasted as if by a hurricane. Back from the waters edge rising gently but steadily on higher ground not under water, lay the upper part of the city embowered in trees that had been shaken as if by an earthquake and all windows in the houses were out. Evidence showed by lines on houses that the flood had even some months before reached even to the highest portions of the rise. But foothills were crowned with great houses that in many cases amounted to no palaces and these were partly wrecked. Behind all lay on bygone forest. Everywhere was a profusion of color, red tiled roofs of houses built even in a fashion still vying with the flame of palm trees. All kinds of floating wreckage was to be seen everywhere and found in windrows on shore near the foot or against the half submerged buildings and over all was a dream of deathly stillness and dusty still while the flood waters here was covered with floating debris. This was late September it being about probably the fifteenth. Until this flood could drain out" General Vivian said the town would be still submerged in the waters with little relief apparent. The rest came as close as possible, and Violet, and her sisters and others decided to go off in a boat and inspect the flood wrecked town. The boat was launched they all got in, the general too, and the last star traveling some distance away into to a long partly submerged pier. The boat of the general's cabin was stilled for fear of attracting hidden foes. A sound then slackened and all present the cabin craft came to rest in the side of a floating house and as they passed this they looked against a floating pier. From the floating pier stairs led to what seemed the higher pier beyond and above but which this lower pier had been built. Beyond it was a third pier and on this lower pier the boat was made fast. Then a little ladder was found underlaid to the boat or floating pier, and the rest came up. A lone person remained in the boat to remind it.

Before this help had been made taken the boat had been seen and was seen to be a light weight boat of uniform and other articles of clothing for those on board the raft who had left their all on the Glandelinian ship. He had promised to return as soon as possible and had did so and now they all were at home in a more respectful way. All had praised his able selections, or they were investigating among the ruins as far as it had been possible but as the smoke fog had increased they had been compelled to return to the big raft and the entire group retired to the cabin where Sharring once again after Gertrude wounded him.

"All of you have been of tremendous assistance so far" said Violet, "and the last I can do in return is to let you know what general Vivian has discovered. And his own aide-de-camp had come with us fortunately."

"We all was good time too" said Penrod, glancing at his watch it is only half past nine now, and I believe indeed to have surely got them."

"We were supposed to see the Glandelinian general" said he general Vivian. He was to come in a military revenue cutter. He ought to be here shortly."

"Probably from the cabin windows overlooking the sea live expanse of the flood, they saw a huge black revenue cutter boat speed up toward the raft, and recognized her or himself as the driver."

"He had good time in the great" said general Vivian glancing at his watch. A few moments later the great Spy was shown to the cabin, and entered with an air of triumph and suppressed excitement.

"Well" he cried without even waiting for exchange greetings "we have got them."

"So there you are general target Vivian. That's what the telegraphic and detector have discovered. Human ingenuity could do more."

General Vivian, and Violet, and her sisters repressed a smile with the greatest difficulty. Gertrude since she could not even hardly hold a high laugh at larger child like almost overconfidence. Angelina piches greed in the face, and all the others made occasion to bow their heads. In reality however no one need to have attempted to even hide their slightest feeling for larger was so constituted that he paid no attention to whether they laughed or not. They were all seated in the cabin. Jack, Joan and Joan alone of the party were not present, as the three were teaching her that had been mentioned before and they did not know what was going on inside the cabin. Larger had spent a considerable space of time relating what had been learned through the medium of the telegraphic sound detectors. From the territory of San Francisco Creek he had gone directly to Ventura Junction and after placing one of the sound detectors in the Christian government telegraphic station at that point had turned back to the station behind Santa Barbara where he was fired on but not hindered in his designs. For twenty four hours he had been listening vainly in the attempt to catch by the telegraphic code messages which might be signalled and interpreted as coming from the secret signal station of the Glandelinians, but all that time he had to be kept inhaling as he was always under fire. Success however had come this morning, just after the fog came on and he had on his listening post at a very early hour. A shell explosion routed him once from the position, but then as he fixed his sound detector to varying tickers sounds there had come a message in code—a code unlike any of the mill many codes registered with any one before and of which he had obtained copies at San Francisco Creek through the headquarters of general Glandelin. A shell burst over his head and the noise for a moment had interrupted the conversation which had been carried on between Glandelinian signal stations elsewhere and a distant fixed station ending with some unknown ship on the flood.

The ship he now realized was some other than which had the children known as prisoners, the station the secret telegraphic concern in the code. To it seemed to him the sound detector located the fixed land station south, southwest of Santa Barbara which would place it somewhere north of Stomolotno. This coincided with some bearing communicated with or from the San Francisco Creek station which also had picked up the code. Then as he had telegraphed him at once the line along which they had come. Ventura Junction had not because of some conflict raging there been able to pick up the message at all. It was then he had telegraphed general Vivian, and caused the latter to move his armies forward for four general reason might be at any time violently attacked. Later however and very recently, in fact he had gotten information more definite. For since general Vivian had telegraphed him in answer to come and confer on the raft he had received another message in code in which however occurred the words "Letter of Abilene" several times and also "Lavin the Vivian girls and their dwelling copotes." I wish they were in— and other words several times.

"So there you are. Your excellency" he said it. "That's what the sound detector had discovered. And alone could do more. Violet and her sisters

are in a danger everywhere even within the lines. So far they're safer on board this raft."

"...have certainly done wonders, General Burger."

"You have certainly done
"you with God's help I have."

"It's your opinion then" said Violet, that the signal station we wished to secure is near Stenboletso."

"No. It's north, north of there" said the Gemini nodding with vigor. General Pivian was thoughtful. The others remained silent waiting for him.

"I believe you are correct.".....he said at last. Gertrude Angeline
 said: "What do you say?"

"I have my doubts if it is at Sombolotze. There's no cove into the flood at that locality...it certainly looks as if Santa Cruz is the place where that telegraphic signal station is situated. I'm positive."

+ telegraphic signal station is situated
"and you" are, line, picture, "I" "?????"

The latter smiled and shook her head.

"I believe the same as Gertrude," she said...

Then General Vivian turned to Gertie for confirmation. "Yes, I understand," he said. "Though they did not say

"Well, I've come to the idea that they have a proposition to make to you all. Velez, and her sisters told me that signal station, that it is on Santa Grise location, and will be a big telegraphic station, yet the main platform and framework and undoubtedly must be on the floodward side as I earlier explained, and there are not many places on the flood side where because of the nature of the inundation, where landing could, be made. I was fortunate to get in touch with a pioneer who is called Mexic Mexican Pete, a soldier and a citizen of this country now, the some time ago was in the same locality. This Mexican gave me much valuable information. For one thing I questioned him directly as to the possibility of trying to locate the station by water, instead of land, namely landing on the floodward side of Santa Grise. He told an account of the fierceness of the flood in that local there was only one place really practical and that was where the flood flows into the river near the certain extremity of the locality. At other places he said, the ground descends abruptly into the flood like cliffs and the current of the flood there is so dangerous that even our raft could not approach with safety. Now if the signal station is on Santa Grise, a stream that must be its location up that river comes says. The raft could go off shore while small boats could ply back and forth between the raft and the river, the Glendulinian signal station is flanked by a number of farms, providing whatever the signal station operators. Also another kind of signal station must be up there."

He paused, paused, and Alfred eagerly asked the question trembling on the lips of the rest.

"You said to had a proposition to make us general?"

"You said to had a pr
General civilian smiled

"Yes I have a proposition," he said. "Briefly, would any of you care to accompany Violet, and her sisters to night on an expedition to Santa Cruz?"

"Would we?"

"Would we?"
 everyone ex elled the exclamation simultaneously. General vivian then
 turned to Gertrude Angeline.

"Your boy and girl are all of them have shown such ingenuity," he said, "and have been of such aid to the country, cases that I feel, and their sisters feel they owe it to them to take them along. Of course, they must have your consent, and I would say they'd be delighted to have you with them too if you would care to come." He continued with emphasis, "and I don't know

"Do not think," said Gertrude, with emphasis, "and I wish about consenting to your request in regard to them all. It is very kind of you, Violet and I can see you sympathize with their adventures or adventurous inclinations. But won't it be dangerous to suicide? Won't the enemy put up a stiff fight?"

[illegible]

"Yes I know that is positively true," said Gerry de "Bill"
"Hoover" Gossard, and Jennie Viv an "Artily" I can sympathize ith
your anxiety and if you object I will of course withdraw my invitation to
the of us."

"Gertrude darling, have you got to let me go," pleaded Sam. "I'm a physician, and Violet's older kids there will be little anger. Besides, we are giving children not little babies. We have taken care of ourselves perfectly and our living circumstances during the war so far haven't yellow."

The ground there was a mud shore, having a depth of a few feet in places, and a few small stones.

"Indeed you and the others have Jane" said Gertrude. She suddenly put up her hands before her as if to ward off a blow and bent away in such a way from the placid official. "Don't kill me give me quarter! I surrender."

Yes, one parent shouted with delight.

"You are the first Christian 'Dog' who surrendered," said Wildred jokingly.

"But remember," Gertrude warned, "I want you all to go on this expedition, and since you'll go so will I, but you must hear the same advice the mother."

and since you'll go so will I, but you must bear the same advice the mother gives her children. You may hang your clothes on a tree limb but don't go

and I jumped into the fire. In other words if the

particularly for you Jane stay out of it! I know how much of a dare devil you are Jane and that warning is particularly for you. Of course if we are personally attacked or we are hard pressed."

"And now, I'm glad to have the man who has helped me so much."

"And now, little Viola, bid the girls be here," said Angelina Vivian, "and my sisters have all arrangements to make. So if you will meet me on the Port side of the lift---or better in this big c---at seven o'clock to-night, we'll excuse ourselves, during all that time did as you desire."

Miss Violet, and her sisters arose, saying, general Vivian to accompany them.

"As for me," said G. Virade, when Violet, and her sisters and the general had left the room of the cabin, followed by Hendro Bargar-"I'm worn out and am going to take a nap the flap. You others have at about eight

me. It therefore will do you all good to try

few hours sleep as we didn't have any on board the ship as prisoners to amuse
it anything refreshing. But I suppose it would be impossible for any of you
to compose your life. You would rather watch the distant forest fires."

"Couldn't be done Gertrude," agreed Jane. "We'll go out on deck and watch everything floating by on the flood for a little while. We can eat out dinner later with you, and then probably we'll try to sleep."

Probably few of the readers have even realized even to us that general

Stanley and his
of most of the

of most of the inhabitants of the civilian camps, their Civil allies and of the Christian generals. This was especially so in portions of the camp held by general Johnstonia Hanley where hiscarries were like the "devil as a roaring lion going about eating whom he may devour."

Toward the end of the afternoon when we were on board the raft, all different shots during the scramble girl and boyscouts found themselves unconsciously fired on, and as the morning advanced one of the girlscouts whose name was only known as Alice, was shot underbarmly wounded and quickly began to drop, and the other world, she at first was determined not to tell it to any of the others, whose lives with the home of their adventure being a successful outcome now seemed to be a comparatively happy one. Susan herself knew of the outcome and as everybody among the girl and boyscouts had been kind to her, even the highly dis-familied Vivian Girl Progressives, Violet, and her sisters had even called her, and even Gertrude Ameline and the late Gertrude Ameline's friend Anselma Riches, whom she then once admitted that Susan was as good as any of the others any day, Jack himself had promised to be Susan's teacher during the time before her initiation into the scout

force intending with the time thus earned in her military education to bring her brothers back to the United States and to become a good mother to the rest of them of them. Even during the course of Susan's instruction, nationalistic telegraphic notes had come to Susan which told that John Richey was coming back to

[illegible]

"No," said she to herself, "I cannot tell me one. We will all have yours enough to sate by and by, but I'll double my diligence and search for more now."

31. "What if the climate women would steal non-verbally to the room of the rapidly dying, child scout and bending over the little dying figure on either side, could we the child scout for her face and whisper in the unresponsive child's ear promises of love for the many other murdered children waiting for her in heavens. A love she others could no longer be delivered and at half past eleven when Alicia Alice lay sleeping on the bed Susan said to the doctor who attended her: "Doctor, wasn't Ail Alice growing worse? She do n't, even now."

The doctor laid his hand on Susan's head and replied:

"Poor child she'll soon be gone."

When then was forced to acknowledge this sad news to the mother, she no longer was so quiet, she suddenly much of her, before of them nervously clasped her hands upon her heart, as if the shock had entered there, and she sat down upon her bed and turning her face in the pillow sat there for a long time. But she said nothing, and she carelessly observed might have thought she cared nothing, as it became well known was so violent that she should count on a long rest. She knew not the long nights she when vainly wearing love she had set in her sister's candle is meant to her name and crying, and not the one I have her never a moment in this world. And all this time there had come no kind of word from her other sister who was a sup- first girl, her name was Ella. All of course knew not that. All of course her really wounded and lay dying. Oh, if she was not so far away and could only see and see her! thought Susan to herself for she was so sorry for the only remaining girl. "It could not be any half so bad."

Sheen thought of the idea to have her telephoned to for that many
bring her back early. The young girl's older sister had no thought of this
before, and now that she had found her writing book, and taking her p
fountain pen she wrote hurriedly:

"Dr. Pitt: Jane won't let me see the chance to come and see our little sister Alice before she dies! I may or I may not, and you would love her better now than I could see how phase and faithful she looks. Oh, do get the General to let some General General in an Adventure, will let you see if Miss Sanders she is changing a new General."

[illegible]



they had the advantage, and not at Jack's suggestion, they faced about, deciding to push forward anyhow. A muttered exclamation came from Jean's lips.

"My boys, this big hill top could be won day or night for fifty miles. It's eight thousand feet high. We'd be hours reaching the top where that light was."

"We're going up anyway," declared Madcliffe. However her words were thrown away for even in that starless and moonless smoky night it was apparent that such was the case. The winding road, up which the girls disappeared, Gertrude Angelina and her own followers going to the aid of violet, and her sisters in their fight with the Glandelinian soldiers, was commanded for a long distance by this outlying forested hill on which the big signal station had been erected by the Glandelinian engineers. Also the other two of hills shadowy and heavily forested, and bulging black and forboding in the darkness stretched ahead on either side, and the road lay between.

"Courage!" said Penrod "our arrival and landing I believe had been watched" and he said this with conviction. Then too when violet, and her sisters set out with a Regiment of boy scouts, added by a force of men, that Glandelinian spy signaled from there by means of some light either a lantern or a electric blue bulb or maybe a signal came on, a fire, and so the Glandelinian in this neighborhood were informed and forewarned. Maybe that is the reason we are so frequently being fired on from different localities. Did you ever notice the rifle fire continues steadily but always shifts position. Sometimes don't any of you hesitate when we see a flash, fire in return and try to hit the mark?"

"Yes," said Madcliffe suddenly "and say—" "Madcliffe as we all know from first being acquainted with "him" did not often speak, but when he did he was times would say a lot, and it was always to the point. Violet, and her sisters called him the brains of the army. The two boys, and Jean looked at him.

"What is it you was going to say?" "Asked Jean. "What that child slave Markwick? I'll bet he's in on it. He's not a child slave for he's a thorn that does not deceive me."

"How do you know?" "Why I am well acquainted with Glandelinian boy scouts of all sorts, and they don't know me. Robert Markwick is well known to Leslie's one of the slickest Glandelinian boy scouts in the army. He was in charge of those slaves. He's leading Gertrude's force into a trap. I'll bet anything on it. I believe you've guessed it Madcliffe," said Jack his low voice taking on increased excitement. "Remember how he looked?" "Looked like a devil in human form to me," granted Madcliffe. "What do you mean?"

"On a hind of sky too in his eye, and something else in his voice too. He was too anxious to start in the expedition or lead the way. I tell you now that Madcliffe had suggested it, I believe that disguised enemy boy scout was planning to play the trick and lead Gertrude Angelina into an ambush. For several minutes or more all four crouched there beside the rocks thinking while their escorts waited. And indeed their thoughts were anything but pleasant. And too they realized their big party was split. Violet, and her sisters with one force was somewhere further inland engaged with the Glandelinian soldiers, and besides too it was evident from the firing that had recently heard the Princess had encountered a very large force, and were hard pressed. The firing had certainly grown more and more distant until it could no longer be heard, and that seemed to indicate that they were either being killed or were being driven back.

Then there was Angelina Gronburg with the second force. And too if their expectations were correct, the Glandelinians had been informed by one of the signal from the distant signal plant on top of the hill that attempts were made to capture and destroy the main plant, and Robert Markwick, however instead of being really a child slave was a disguised Glandelinian boy scout, and was leading Gertrude and her force into a trap, and then again for some reason Penrod's party was being either misled by some one on foot or fired on by friends by mistake.

"What could they do? To forge ahead would mean loss of life. What could they do? Indeed that was the question in each mind, and instinctively as always in a crisis, the others turned to Penrod....

"First of all," said Penrod, "we have to in spite of the resistance we are meeting, get to find who is in that signal station, and capture him. If an enemy soldier of course we'll show no quarter. If it's a boy scout of the enemy we'll see him as a prisoner. It won't do to have an enemy in the rear."

"What if there is more than one," objected Jack. "It couldn't be possible," said Madcliffe. "One man to spy could be so efficient, as well as to give a signal, more could be even to the enemy despite his big numbers, a sheer waste of men."

"All right then we'll go," said Madcliffe. Then act on was suggested, he above all others was ready for it. Jack considered.

"Listen everyone, with either hidden enemies firing on us, or friends shooting at us, asking us for enemies on their rear, we want to be absolutely careful and not run unnecessary risks for even ourselves nor the soldiers. Too we might meet a fire from the station. Of course it's only just a little box house of a station and not the main one we're searching for, and it seems to have only one window in this end nearest us a small door there in front, and probably a window at the other end. But the building might be loop hold life hooin in a swish chase. Of course I believe that window is too small for a man to escape through don't you?"

The two other boys and Jean agreed. Jean however said they may be big enough for only pigeons, and only that. "Well see what you think of my plan. We'll try to get in past those who are firing on us, and when we get up the hill we'll creep up to the door, have our men who can crouch to each side of it, then fling something at the door and call on whoever is within to come out and surrender immediately if he wishes to receive a quarter."

The three boys considered. "Sounds all right to me in one way," said Penrod. "But suppose he's a Glandelinian soldier. We're not allowed to give quarter you know. The enemy won't give us quarter you know."

"Why not break in," grumbled Madcliffe. "Give quarter to neither." Jean shook her head. "I don't know about the quarter part but it's best to be cautious" she said.

"All right," said Penrod. "Let's go." "Gladly and with infinite care as we as not to dislodge loose stones and set them rolling down the hillside or to make any betraying sound to those who had been occasionally firing on them, the boys and the girl whistled to the men behind who crept to their chosen positions, and finally after difficult work were up the hill without any mishap and a number of volunteers were surrounding the station while Jack and Penrod placed them selves on one side of the door, and Jack and Jean on the other. They held their revolvers at a readiness. There was not a sound from within. Was their presence known or suspected or did the signal man leave before they got up? Jack leaned forward with and with a stone struck the door and cried: "Come out in the name of Abbiennia and surrender. Your signal light was seen from the raft, harbor and by us on land and the station is surrounded by a troop of men. If you even open fire you won't receive mercy and escape is utterly impossible."

For two minutes there was silence, and the hearts of the boy scouts beat so strongly from excitement it seemed to them the very sound must be heard in that tense stillness. Then they heard the sound of footsteps within and the door opened slowly outward.

"I surrender," said a voice. Don't shoot yet. A small slender form of a boy scout of some kind appeared in the doorway, hands upraised. Penrod shot the rays of his flashlight full upon the figure. He was surprised. A boy scout dressed in American clothes appeared. He was wearing spectacles and he was freckled faced. He looked decidedly foreign and the Christian scouts couldn't tell whether the lad was an American or an Englishman or a Glandelinian with same features.

"Who are you?" demanded Jean herself. "I'm a boy scout." "Glandelinian?" "Yes sir." "Can you speak English?" "No."

"Where did you get the clothes?" "Took them from an American child slave." "Are you alone?" demanded Jack. "Yes sir." "Armed?" "Yes sir." "Advance and be searched."

"Right?" "No questions. Advanced and be "SEARCHED." The youth instantly stepped across the low sill of the station and stood still. Penrod searched him and he ran his hands over the store room, to find from him the pistols, and a long knife. "In that all the weapons you got?" "Yes."

"You, sir." Penrod spun the Glandelinian boy scout around, pulled out his belt, and tied his hands together with it. "Peep an eye on him," said Jack. "I'm going to search the station." He first cut the rays of his flashlight through the interior and verified the statement of the boy scout that he was alone, and then went inside to see more closely what he could find.

725
 Penrod, Maccliff and Penrod and others heard him exclaim and then he appeared in the doorway leaving a heavy silence. "A full equipment for a telegraphic station by wireless and some kind for field work. This seems to be the last equipment I've given it a most examination and everything is intact."

"What'll we do with it?" asked Penrod.

"I sure don't know yet but I'll bet it'll come in good for us yet. Well now I guess we had better go down to the raft and tell those on board what we have discovered and what we even suspect. Then we can talk to our prisoner too."

The latter's face was impassive. The glandelinian boy scout seemed to be an educated spy and by the choice of words he had employed it was hoped he could be made to confess something. Anyhow it was worth trying.

"All right," said Penrod. "Two of you men watch our prisoner, and we'll lead Jack a hand with this telegraphic outfit as it's too heavy for him to carry far alone."

"Good heavens—and great guns and little fishes, now that we have at last reached the bottom. I don't even see now we made it with this, and they too we had not been fired on."

Maccliff put down his end of the rope hatchel containing the telegraphic outfit, and Jack followed suit.

"This thing must weigh nearly one hundred pounds," said Maccliff.

"I believe the batteries are the heaviest," said Jack. "The poles themselves weigh very little and the coil contains not much more than a pound of wire. But there are eight batteries of twenty three and one half volts each and I believe they weigh about seven pounds apiece."

"I do not see what is the use of the coiled contraction anyhow," grumbled Maccliff. "Here can we use it. Glandelinian telegraphic stations are different from ours."

"Oh somehow. I'm sure it'll come in handy before we're through. Come on," Maccliff lifted up therefore his end of the huge hatchel, Jack did the same and the journey resumed. Indeed they had reached the base of the hill and were at the rear of the big warehouses. They then skirted this, without any one opening fire as usual, and had gone several yards when they were halted by a sharp challenge as they reached the front and stepped into the glare of the searchlight from the raft.

"All right," said Penrod. "Now we've got a Glandelinian boy scout whom we have made our prisoner."

The young man doing sentry duty in front of the building which formerly had housed the rescued child slaves, regarded them curiously as the three made their way out the pier toward the raft. The one whom was left in charge of the raft with two hundred and fifty men and all the rest of the boy and girl scouts, felt his responsibility and was at that moment on watch on the raft. He hailed them as they approached, then leaped to the pier. The boy scout, however, Jack and Maccliff at down their heavy burden, and then as briefly as possible Jack related their experience.

"So you did the signalling," said the officer sharply, turning to the young Glandelinian boy scout, whom the three boy scouts had taken prisoner. "And you're a foreigner too, an American?"

"He says he isn't but a Glandelinian," said Maccliff. "He stole those clothes he has on. Jack found that inside the signal station he had a powerful electric light bulb hung in the smaller window. It could be seen a long distance up the trail."

"I'm no American," said the boy scout curtly. "I'd hate to be one as well as a old Christian dog as they're the same."

"It's a good thing you're not an American as they're too good a people and you'd been a disgrace to them if you were one and sided with the enemy cause," said Penrod. "Besides if you want a good taste of this (he showed a doubled fist) call us a Christian dog again."

"Who were you signalling for?" demanded Maccliff.

"I do not now," said the boy (it could be a miracle of Glandelinians didn't tell one lie). "I was doing it for fun."

"Oh come now stupid," said Jean. "We now better than that. You Glandelinian would die rather than ref. ain from lies. You're lying anyhow. You would not signal for nothing."

"The Glandelinian boy scout shrugged. He looked defiant."

"You Nations may have it your own way if you choose," he said.

"But I won't tell any of you a thing if you were to burn me with molten iron," Penrod was exasperated. He made a fierce threatening gesture, but Jean laid a warning hand on his arm.

"All right," said Penrod in a surly tone. "I know it wouldn't do to hit him anyhow. And besides its against regulations. Wait a minute you other fellows till I turn him over to some aboard the raft."

Grabbing the Glandelinian boy scout by an arm he forced him along to the rail of the raft, where a sailor who had been an interested observer to went on forward was leaning. Returning Penrod said to the others:

"Now what is to be done?"

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 Everybody respected and loved Penrod, and he respected the others of his friends because of their good qualities and quick thinking and courage in the greatest emergencies and he therefore also deferred to them. All four looked at each other in silence. It was a ticklish situation for even the best man. Finally Penrod turned to the man who was left in charge of the raft.

"The Vivian girls advised you not to leave the boat didn't she?"

"No. Sister Penrod, Miss Aronburg told me not to leave the raft."

"I see. It probably then would be foolish for all of us to go chasing off up that long trail without knowing the way any more than we do anyhow," said Jack.

"Look here, every one of you fellows," said Maccliff "to the soldiers on the pier. What's the matter with not taking the chances of going scouting up the trail led by the four of us. We all understand there is plenty of unseen dangers ahead, and have a pretty good idea of what it is, how great and so on, and so we ought to be able to guard against it. If you wish every one of you who have a supply may bring along with him as many land grenades as it is safe to carry. Three hundred of you men could easily make a fully reinforcement in case we find our two other parties hard pressed by the Glandelinians. But that signal station must be captured and destroyed. We can fire these barracks and the flames will make us plenty of light to find our way back."

"Yes, but as its exceedingly dangerous," the hundred men more would bring better results," said the one left in charge of the raft. "If there was only some way you could send back word, in case you find the two other parties bottled up, I could bring up the men outfit left on board here. There was no orders issued against that."

"Well I could run back," said Jack.

"No. He's some good speedy ostrich too," Penrod assured the young soldier. "You ought to see him in our running drills. He can run longer than all the soldiers even."

"Yes but suppose you get eight or ten miles inland," objected the captain. "You couldn't be back here in her an hour and a half and it would be more than double the time before we could get there with the help."

Maccliff himself looked thoughtful. Then he violently kicked against the side of the big hatchel at their feet.

"If this confounded outfit here were not so doggone heavy," he growled. "We might carry it with us and give you a call when we discover anything."

"I have it!" cried Jack delightedly. "The very thing indeed."

"What?" asked the man whose name was Bastonia.

"Why we can take that telegraphic outfit without any trouble at all. There's a stream of some kind running into this cove. We can set the outfit in a sort of reboat and go upstream that way. The trail I discovered is parallel to the stream. The soldiers can follow us on the trail and besides we stand a far better chance to proceed unobserved, for the enemy would be watching the trail, and not the stream."

"I do not like the idea," said Jean.

"Why not?" said Jack. "It sure is a good idea to me. What do you think, Penrod?"

"Well I'll try anything one time," she added.

"I'll right so. Good to me," said Captain Watson. "That is if you boys want to try it. Here use that big boat there, tied to the pier."

"Let's rig her up," said Penrod.

They reached the boat, and there was some one in it and he started to make his way away.

"Come back with that boat," shouted Penrod.

"Go to hell," came back the answer.

"You'll go there yourself smartly. So said Jean. "Halt with that boat or I'll have the raft run you to pieces."

This threat had its effect and the man rowed back to the landing. They took possession of the boat, the man was taken prisoner for his attempt to get away, and more so for his abusive language and then everybody worked desperately and enthusiastically and the telegraphic outfit was quickly in place, except for the aerial.

"There doesn't seem to be sufficient stretch for the telegraphic aerial," said Jean. "But just the same if we do get the chance to use the telegraph to call you sir, we can string the wire to some trees in no time at all, fix our connections, and be all set. I could say this would send about as far as the most distant city in the world, an outfit of this kind."

Penrod was stirring, and Jack and Maccliff at the oars. The boat shot away up the stream and almost immediately disappeared out of sight, so farward they was the night. The small aerial came from the distant forest first but they saw no glare in the air now. Watson listened intently, but the boat on the cars soon died down.

bursting out of the hull, around the sharp turn leading to the cove, they came upon a wild scene. The child slaves who had been brought on the raft were screaming in terror, and a full regiment of more of Glandelinians were striving fiercely and desperately to board the raft, and were being resisted just as desperately as they were assaulting, and the sounds of their devil yells, the shrieks of the child slaves, the crash of many muskets, the explosions of grenades thrown by those on the raft, and of the blows the Glandelinians themselves rained daily upon the sides of the cabin with sling shots came clear to their ears.

The girlscoouts in the lead of the oncoming party suddenly opened fire, then all the following soldiers opened with their rifles and the search light from the raft playing over the scene brought out every assaulting Glandelinian in very sharp relief, and they therefore were terribly exposed and more than half their number fell dead or wounded before they could reach the raft. The survivors realized that had happened.

They tried to resist however as for some reason or other the light went out but it came on again and the soldiers then leaped to the pier and tore down upon the Glandelinians, for a minute there was a desperate hand to hand fight in which the Christian soldiers though bigger in number got the worst of it, but then those on the raft also joined in, and the force following after Violet and her sisters came up to the scene, and these Glandelinians were surrounded and cut down to a man. Then the light was swung away and brought to bear upon the trawler. A Glandelinian officer appeared on deck followed by a swarm of Glandelinians and they opened fire upon those below. Gertrude was hit in the foot, and six boys were killed among the scouts, and ten scores of soldiers fell at once time. At first there was confusion, but despite her wound Gertrude ran rapidly and reached the pier with a full force of troops at her heels. She dashed out to the raft and leaped aboard just as a bullet cut away her yellow hair ribbon and another splined her hand, and six men fell near her.

More Glandelinians must have gotten down here," explained the raft guardian to Gertrude. "Look some of the Glandelinians being worsted are making a bid for us thinking I suppose to divert us. The attack would have come sooner upon the raft if I hadn't had some telegraphic warning but for the first two times we held them off. meantime the rest of their outfit must have swam to the trawler planning to get her adrift I guess. I also heard something that made me suspicious and put the light on them as you see, and here you are."

"Good enough," approved Gertrude hastily removing her shoe and tying a handkerchief around her head. Then advancing to the other side of the raft she called to the Glandelinians on board the raft to surrender.

"If you resist further," she called, "I'll train machine guns on your force there. Better surrender or we'll not give you quarter."

With a curse of rage and anstering "Go to perdition" the Glandelinian raised his rifle and fired. Gertrude leaped hastily aside as the bullet struck the deck at her feet. A shot ran out from the raft. The rifle spun from this officers hands and he jumped up and down grasping the stunned wrist in the other hand. The other Glandelinians had by this time disappeared.

"Who did that?" queried Gertrude.

"I did Gertrude," said Jack. "I meant to bring him down but I merely shot his weapon away."

"Very good shot," approved Gertrude, while the others a n near by also murmured approval.

"Listen captain aboard that Trawler a dozen machine guns is trained on your deck and you and your followers cannot escape," Gertrude continued.

"Our men are all ashore, you are surrounded and you and your followers cannot escape by swimming. Give up the fight, and call your men on deck to surrender and we'll give you quarter on one condition. If you refuse you'll be massacred. A strong boarding party is coming aboard under heavy fire if you refuse to listen to reason."

This Glandelinian officer realized the suicidal futility of further resistance, and when Gertrude Angeline herself mind you, and overtire hundred men gained the deck of the trawler the foe officer had his staff and all the men in surrender line on deck with ammunition piled on a table and rifles stacked.

At the sight of the boy and girlscoouts who had followed the foe officer came and implored mercy.

"You little girlscoouts are the cause of all Glandelinian troubles in this confounded war," he said. "I'm surprised that you're seeking Gertrude, don't leave me to the mercy of your own girl and boy scouts seeing they don't give us quarter."

"We don't give quarter during a fight," answered Gertrude. "Surrender and you are safe, but no more lip out of you about my followers. The cause of their country is far more sacred than your cause and you know it."

Gertrude then approached the boy and girlscoouts and of course addressed her also, and sister, the two boy scout leaders and crew.

"Look here," she said kindly. "All of you have had a pretty good time of it. It's a warm night, and I'm going to keep all the foe prisoners aboard the raft under close guard. As you boys and girl scouts object to turning in on the trawler."

"Not at all," said Jack. "We slept there before you know."

"Yes, and so did I and Violet, and her sisters. That is why I propose it now. Well if you want to turn in now, I've got the boats ready to lift you over."

"Not at all," said Jack. "We slept there before you know."

"Yes, and so did I and Violet, and her sisters. That is why I propose it now. Well if you want to turn in now, I've got the boats ready to lift you over."

"Neither are we," said the youths.

And merely kicking off their shoe shoes they tumbled over on their backs and almost immediately fell asleep. Violet, and her sister, also without undressing followed suit, but didn't even remove their shoes.

By the following morning General Greathart who had suffered the slightest consequence from a small round returned to his command. The very next morning while he was dining a certain section of his army suffered from a slight attack which though lasting quite through the day was not severe and there was more firing than readily any infantry assaults or artillery duels and the Christian commanders by means of throwing in fresh troops, and the use of a number of machine guns had no difficulty in throwing off these slight attacks. This day because of their strenuous night the boy and girl scouts slept through and as the petty conflicts were only a mere trifle even though continuing through the day, they made not enough noise to wake them. On the following morning September the Fifth at about nine o'clock General Greathart's position suffered from such a severe attack that the officials sent quick demands for help. Troops were sent in to his aid but for a time the Glandelinians were totally victorious and drove all before them that a fearful sight. The Glandelinians were yelling and attacking with a fury as only the damned in hell could assault and yell, however all the Christian officers were aware of all that too place, even answering questions of others, sending in troops and artillery where most needed and throwing cavalry to the support. At first the extreme violence of this drive upon Great

hearts army puzzled General Plain right Linger greatly but soon it became clear that the Glandelinian General Shoemanna who delivered this assault was up to some sort of scheme for the columns in gray were moving as it seemed on two fronts. All troops available at this spot were put in action but General Plain right Linger noticed no effect. He sent a courier to General Linger to warn of the danger and threw the last reserve of his left wing under General Oliver Barbucks into the fray. Barbucks was wounded early and two of his assistants killed and his army driven back.

General Linger went in person then to report the case to General Linger, and when he returned, he noticed that the whole Christian line in the action were recoiling, while General Andrew Gump was making all his best efforts to hold the Glandelinians back. Plain brought up his machine gun batteries from the center and opened a terrific fire that drove the enemy down in numbers as thick as flowers in a field. A counter charge was then ordered and it had not even started under way when the enemy recoiled and retreated hastily toward their own position.

This conflict of course was not very long in duration but very severe and violent and the losses for both sides were great. General Watson came up with his flank the enemy had recoiled from the Christian front but the firing for a long time did not stop. General Plain right Linger felt actually as if he wished to go through into the round he was so dumb-founded, and the fight so fierce, what stupendous power faithful prayer must have to accomplish such a feat against a raging hellish assault as that had this continued in surer throughout the whole day in this style it could have turned out one of the fiercest battles of the war so far.

But by ten o'clock the firing had slackened and stopped altogether and then later General Plain went to see General Watson and asked him how he was getting on and found his hands were not relaxed. The general

was so tired that the situation of that conflict and the fact and not even the slightest other optical about the fighting of the enemy in this fight, for he had spent his last night in long that the general felt truly and completely exhausted. He was in control of the Glandelinian situation and was in a state of mind without a doubt to drive the Glandelinians from the territory, however nothing further of consequence happened that day except that continually there was a slight firing.

"How far does the flood extend south from this point?" asked Susan, casting apprehensive glances toward where it extended far toward the northwesterly direction, and the once graceful trees that rose half way standing out of the water if as if the flood was some great impersonation of the great American crabs or the big, leaf-foot lily.

"I couldn't tell how far it does extend back from here," said the boy, "but here we are at the little old lady's—this house right here." And the boy about pointed to a neat, handsome cottage almost hidden from view by some dense pine foliage which enclosed it, and within easy sight but some great distance away to the west lay an immense gray tented encampment which was understood to be the army's left wing of the foe army... There was a long lawn in front of the cottage, and into it a carriage road on the right of it turned, and down this and into the arched yards the two of them rode, and then reaching the front door the boy said to Susan, "Come jump down now, and I'll help you dismount." Then as he did so he called loudly:

"Hello, Marie, come here."

In answer to his call a well formed pleasant faced woman appeared in the doorway, and as if fresh from the regions of cockdom wiped the drops of sweat from her round jolly face.

"Here, Marie," said the boy, "show this little orphan girl the way in will you? It's against the law for me to go too close."

Marie complied, and then after saluting Mary and telling her he'd come again in a few days to bring her back the boy rode away, leaving Susan standing by the entrance door.

"Come in, little girl," said Marie, pushing a chair toward Susan. "It's not so hot in here as it's outside, it's more like an oven outside. I have already made some cranberry sauce and gingerbread, and if you're hungry you may have some later, but sit down and make yourself at home."

Susan took the proffered seat and then the cook left the room for a few minutes, saying then she returned that the lady of the house was not yet home, and that it was probable she wouldn't come home until a little before or after dinner. "And continued in Marie," she told me to entertain you until she returned but as you are only an orphan girl and not a scout yet, I don't know what I am allowed to say or do first. I have to be careful as patrols of Abbelesians stop here often, and this is the first time for years I have ever had a little girl to talk to. Can't you think of something to say, your experiences with the scouts and your adventures? What have you been used to doing when with the boy and girls scouts?"

"Scouting, until a few days ago," said Susan, "and making sure that on this occasion studying the appearances of the room, and making sure that on this occasion there were no Abbelesian patrols about for she feared some of the soldiers would recognize her as the Abbelesian government had placed a big reward for her destruction because she 'knew too much' about the Abbelesian explosion disasters."

"Well," answered Marie, "I guess you would have to meet with any hero, because I know all your secrets, they'd give anything to secure you, and therefore if I heard any coming there are secret places in this building where I could hide you until they're gone. One night when some of the enemy soldiers were in I heard them tell their officer that many of the government officials of Abbelesia are searching for you as you have some secret of Abbelesian that is exceedingly dangerous to the Abbelesian nation if you ever happen to let it out, and then he said something about you not having an equal chance for life if you were ever seen. Your parents were killed because of the same reason were they not?"

Susan replied in the negative, and Marie continued, "Well, now you have got over the first of the horror I reckon you'll be glad when you are a girl scout for you can pay up to the enemy some how or other for your loss."

However Susan's two thoughts flew back to the joyful time her parents had been alive and covering her face with her hands she sobbed.

"Oh, a papa and mama I wish they had not died."

Marie looked on in blank amazement indeed, and for want of something better to do placed a fresh coal into the stove muttering to herself:

"How I never saw thought I didn't know what to say, well, why did I bring up that substance. What a pity that Abbelesian of thousands live her in the same house, I'll give her that big piece of cake the minute she comes in. If I don't."

Accordingly, when the big Abbelesian came Marie therefore placed it in her hands, and she took it quickly and then she saw the nice round face of the woman had changed for her.

"If you please," said Susan rapidly, "lifting the hot cake from one hand to the other," "If you please," said Susan rapidly, "lifting the hot cake from one hand to the other," "If you please," said Susan rapidly, "lifting the hot cake from one hand to the other."

"To my come, then," said Marie, and leading the way she conducted Susan up the staircase, and through a light airy hall to the door of a small but comfortable chamber which she opened saying, "Look isn't it beautiful?"

However Susan's heart was too full to say even a word, and for several minutes she remained standing there and very silent, with the exception of Gertie, an Abbelesian pleasant parlor in her own headquarters at times Susan had never before seen anything which was so cozy and cheerful as that little room, with its simple bed, snowy counterpane, muslin curtains, clean waiting convenient toilet table and what to her was fairer than every other thing, upon the mantle piece there stood two small vases filled with sweet will flowers whose fragrant filled the apartment with delicious perfume and filled some of the empty and small coming from the outside. All this was so unusual that Susan shook lest it should prove a dream from which she would awaken from too soon.

"Oh I wish this was Gertie's headquarters," was her mental exclamation and as some of the readers may wonder why this little old lady is I may have to explain to them that Miss Marie Mason was one of those who was always doing her best to help the Christian cause in any way possible. The reason she chose an orphan for the war seemed singular and yet that too can be the main explanation. At the time or years before the war opened, she too had been a lonely runaway child slave, hiding and weeping everywhere she goes as often, since as Susan had wept then a fugitive, and though the lady really was not old but only twenty years old she did that is a disguise of her hair and yet it was the memory of those sad gloomy hours, which so warned her.

"And toward this little girl she had taken under her charge to bring her through the last test as she could become a girl scout. In fact Miss Mason was an instructor for various camp fire girls. No one of course knew anything of her history, and never knew her parents, was a slave since a baby, and then when she grew up to twenty she had been married, but her noble husband died in the war, and the day following his burial her fortune was gone, also because of the enemy. One by one as misfortune came upon her, did she lose many of her best friends and relatives, until she was left alone, bitter at heart against the foe and with none to lean upon except The God of the widow and the fatherless, and in him she found a strong help for her dark hours of need. Bravely however she withstood the storm and low losing hope and all in the flood retired with the small portion of her fortune to this obscure neighborhood where she did already lots of harm to the enemy. She had taken a particular fancy to all child scouts, and also of Susan, and in giving her a chance to pull through her test had she had thought more of the good she could do the child than of any benefit she would receive in return. She had fully intended to go for Susan herself but she had been called away on some important mission, and it was not until three in the afternoon that she returned, and was then able to see her. Then calling Marie she had her bring the little girl into her room, and leave them alone. Marie obeyed, charging Susan to be very polite and tread on tiptoe, and be as still as a mouse for Miss Marie Mason was very strict and did not like the slightest noise... However for Susan in this caution was not necessary for the little orphan girl had been so much accustomed to cold and wounded and sick soldiers and the life that she always knew what to exactly do, and also when to do it and therefore her step was so light, and also her voice was so low and sweet that the lady of the house involuntarily drew her to her bosom and kissing her said she'd give anything if she was her own child, and if she was not going to be a girl scout she would not wish her to never leave her, then, laying down on the long lounge for she was resting herself after a hard trip, she remained perfectly still, while Susan alternately sat down beside her and then the lady being very tired fell into a quiet slumber from which she did not awaken until it sounded the bell for supper which was neatly and promptly prepared in the dining parlor opening into a large flower garden.

To Susan there was something so very social and also very cheerful in the appearance of the dining room, and the arrangement of the table with its glossy white cloth and dishes of the same hue that it reminded Susan of her own mother's home and she felt like weeping as she did on the night of her loss. But the lady seemed to know exactly how to entertain her, and by the time the meal was half over there was hardly a happier child in the world than was Susan. As soon as the evening Supper prayers were said and Miss Mason arose from the table, she took Susan up and taking hold of the dishes removed them to the kitchen in a much shorter space of time than Marie had ever accomplished. "What are you doing little girl?" said that lady as she saw Susan starting to wash the cups and saucers. "You don't have to wash them it's my work. You need a rest."

Accordingly, she returned to Miss Mason, who wished to retire early, and therefore did not then wish to tell of the mission she had for the child and therefore dismissed her to her own room, where she for some hours tried to amuse herself with watching great rolls of rolls of clouds from

so far in the distance, she saw the far off fire glow and turned her eyes in that direction. That she would give if there were stars to be seen in the evening skies. But this night there shone nothing but fire glares and the smoke clouds were all colored by it to red and pink. Involuntarily stretching her hand she cried: "Oh Mother and father, brothers and sisters, I wish I could be as happy as you are now! And to the child's imagination shapes seemed to form in the smoke clouds and smile benignly upon her, while the evening wind as it roughly moved the boughs of the tall pine trees seemed nevertheless like the rustle of angels' wings. Indeed who shall say that the spirit of her parents and brothers and sisters were not there, to rejoice with guests over the glad strange future opening so brightly and wonderfully before her?"

Hardly had the same morning started for a same trip that general Plain Nightlinger wasn't called to help Grathert again. The same style of Glandolinian assaults, the same terrible results, the same great loss of life and all the symptoms of a conflict. When general Plain Nightlinger brought up a portion of his own army this time general Lautlein cried:

"Bring me a machine gun battery and I'm sure all will be well." Plain Nightlinger did so and the Glandolinians were repulsed with unusual loss. All that afternoon the Christian line everywhere then was quiet, and two o'clock came and nothing striking happened. General Plain himself did not understand it or know what to make of it. If the assault does not recur, what was the intention then? That was what general Plain should be asking, what was the intention then? That was what general Plain was saying then. But that very same evening, Plain Nightlinger himself was suddenly struck and driven back with fearful loss twice within two hours, and had an unusually hard time each hour to recover his lost ground but managed to bring his troops into their own position again.

In this sudden squabble general Lautlein was mortally wounded and Grathert received an injury in the foot. While the conflict was on general Plain Nightlinger said to himself before the assault of the foe was repulsed:

"Whatever the cause I'm going to question my generals about this. He approached close to one of the sentries who was directing the defense along his own front and said:

"What Glandolinians are they moving all this trouble, and who are they under?"

The other general answered quietly: "I do not know, sir. They attack like an army of avenging spirits. Along my left they have destroyed one of my brigades, and general Horn no longer is able to hold his ground, and my own no longer is able to even resist the enemy successfully without help."

This then was the gravest danger, that the Glandolinians had swept this portion of the Christian position of all evidence of Christian soldiery and help. Therefore was needed badly. Then general Plain said:

"General Grathert, there is your reserve!"

"I have no reserves. Then he said something peculiar. How is it that formerly that we could get any advantage of the Glandolinians and now we can not? I heard rumors that somewhere in engaging battles at Stark creek General Grathert was defeated with half his force destroyed."

"This was impressive to have this Christian general admitting that though the armies were formerly able to throw back the enemy they had no longer the power to do so since the great war disaster had stopped the movement of the armies greatly needed. General Plain Nightlinger said:

"This is such a fine situation indeed. With the help of God and His blessed mother I'm going to expel the enemy from this locality."

At this time the Glandolinian assault had become more severe and the devil yell of the devils more intense. The fury of the assaults increased greatly as Plain Nightlinger put into action more troops, and it was some time before the enemy could be repulsed. After dark general Plain called to the assistance of general Charles Brown. With artillery and a good strong battery of machine guns the enemy was repulsed there also and the rest of the army was quiet that night while those who could stay, up storm heaven to obtain more better results in the case these frequent petty assaults over later turned out to be a general conflict which finally is the case.

The following day there was a gathering of officers wearing gray uniforms at Miss Hudson's. This gathering to hide its true nature had the appearance of a tea party, and appeared also more as if it was a sort of pleasant visit for by their noon every guest had arrived, and the south room was filled with officers whose tongues like their hands were in full play. These officers brought with them large old fashioned fashioned geographic, while another apologized for the singularity of his book, saying that it was important he should have it as when he found Miss Hudson was not to be there he had just thought of bringing it along. In spite of her pretending to be crazy before the Glandolinians Miss Hudson was regarded by the Glandolinians as something suspicious and this suspicion to her immediately turned the very conversation in that direction.

"How that do you know?" said an officer by the name of Miss Perkins, vigorously rubbing his snuff box and passing it around. "I wonder if it is true that that old lady has found some orphan girl whom they say was going to be a Christian girl scout in the army?"

On being assured that such was the fact he continued: "How indeed I will not be the first one to give it up. Picked as she is for things, what could have possessed that insane woman to do that? Why General Hanley would give a fortune for the destruction of that little girl dead or alive. What she learned from her father of the Abbeism disaster is plenty believe me. And think of it the little type has the nerve to come here so close to the Glandolinian camps."

"I was not aware that she thought of bringing such dangers upon herself for bringing the girl there," said Colonel Knight, whose way of thinking and manner of expressing himself were entirely unlike general Perkins.

"Well she is in peril if she doesn't watch herself," was general Perkins' reply, and then turning his chair closer to the group of officers near him and speaking in a whisper, he added: "You know of you mustn't speak of it in any account for I would not have it to be known. I said something but Colonel Hann was over there the other day and neither that Mrs. Eddie Mason and her housekeeper was home. Colonel Hann has a slight of suspicion. I don't know nothing under the sun where he gets suspicious of her for I'm not—but as I was telling you there was no one home and Colonel Hann got into the house by slipping down into the cellar, and went through the house examining every paper she has written on, and as true as you live, there wasn't a sign that could prove she was ever giving any secret aid to the Christian dogs. Now then nothing can be proved then I said that Colonel Hann was an meddling old fool."

And general Perkins finished his speech with the largest pith of snuff he could possibly hold between his thumb and forefinger. General Perkins said an odd officer who was known for occasionally rubbing the Christians down. That's just as many think. But Colonel Hann probably didn't see close enough. I'll bet she carries something secret about her which no one knows of and then too I'm suspicious because she took to that little orphan girl. She has no intentions of adopting the Christian but brought her for some other purpose. "What is it?" he asked. "I don't know," said the conversation and Perkins with his eyes flashing fire replied: "I suppose its true as you say, Colonel Bates, but how can any of us do anything when we have no evidence and besides her cottage is nearer to the Christian lines than to us and if she realized that she was under suspicion we'd be in for it and not here."

"If she is not making all the trouble who is," whispered a rosy cheeked girl looking off her.

General Perkins however did not notice the interruption but proceeded with his vicious theme. If she is not of course those hands of girl and boy about under that one calling herself Gertrude Angeline has done us plenty but there's something wrong somewhere else not caused by them and if I kept them so carefully on the go I guess my committee would not have come to the first one."

Colonel Perkins here's the point (providing its not sharp) said Colonel Bates dropping his chin up on the table in his seat to explain matters. "You see these Christian boy and girl scouts can hire any one to do some work for them. The further they accomplish the help the longer they'll progress in their progress. I'm even suspicious of that orphan girl herself. I bet she is that queer Carol every Glandolinian sees a reward to kill. Don't you understand it, can't you see the light?"

Captain Knight said: "I'd be glad if we could find out what really transpired in that old lady's house, between her and the little brat."

"So would I," said Colonel Bates. "For we all suspect that the old lady is got as crazy as she pretends to be, and has been taken that little brat for some other purpose than having her as her own, and we should look in into the matter and get the proofs though before we strike."

"They do say," said Colonel Bates. "They do say that general Hanley and his generals are moving a death over throughout the country to try and erase all evidences of the explosions at Abbeism, and really expects to have all those girl and boy scouts dumbounded when he's through."

Colonel Bates himself had fancied himself that general Hanley was up to something queer, and he felt an unusual interest in the danger that the Christian girl and boy scouts was threatening him with. He one replied to his words and he continued: "It really used to make my heart ache to see so many of those confounded Christian girl and boy scouts mixing things up for our armies. I saw in disguise once that one called Angeline Pritchard or Pritchard or whatever her name is printed out like a milliner's show window a pucker and twisting and when she happened to catch my eye and saw I was watching her, she moved she turned up her nose at me and Colonel Bates's small organ went upward in a groove in imitation of the look which he said Angeline Pritchard gave him. "She would have even come up to me and demanded of me why I'm rubbing it her as if I hadn't gone away. It's wicked in me perhaps added Colonel Bates, but the Christian dogs may some day have a fall and I do hope I shall live to see the day when there won't be left a single girl or boy scout to the Christian dog armies."

During this conversation James Ella had remained listening at the keyhole and as the voices grew louder and more earnest too, Susan was able to distinguish what they said. She was too young to understand it fully, but at times that are some human indignities, but she understood the conversation enough to not only wound her deeply but also to realize the peril she and the lady was in. The lady that evening after giving her the details of why she called for her, brought her back through a secret route to the christ ian lines, and when she reached her own room when back to Orthodox Headquarters a little chubby face looked in at the tent door and a voice which went to Susan's heart, exclaimed:

it was Dolores McCallister herself, the captain of girlscoouts, and female Superintendent of boyscoouts, and in a moment the girls were in each others arms.

"I lied it very much," answered Susan. "Is it isn't that however, and then she told what she had overheard, and why the lady brought her to the camp to begin."

Susan was not so sure of it, and then Dolores proceeded to let open her package of news concerning things of the camp, and of the scant adventures of other soldiers. "Daily your friend," said she, "the prediction I made of others being crazy since it is found out you are in our section has been coming true, and planned to send secret soldiers within the Christian Church, they frequent; youtub it is impossible for them to get in, for none of us coming to see you frequently changing counter signs." I told her then she will be ready to take the first step of her litigation. Tell her then that who is safer here, and that we all etc together as comrades.

"I'm indeed so delighted," said Olga "for we need all the help we can to keep the enemy running out. I don't see Dolsire how you want to work through such problems as you girls do - not help from outside or anything, and floods and fire cutting off all communications."

"Oh yes indeed," said Olga with one of her accustomed smiles, "they however are good and well enough but they are not the kind of scouts that we would recognize in your own regiments. At least they don't belong to your set, and besides are not so well educated in their military work as you are." "Speaking to Dolores," she replied;

"But when I come here to see you girls and the boys too" said she (singing in a waltz) "I never seem to know when it is time to leave."

"I don't now but I believe I'll stay for a taste of those delicious looking blackberries I saw your aide-de-camp carry into your tent..."

"let's bring him in. That's his place."
"yes, wh6?"
"let's bring him in. That's his place."

THE boy went out but came in again saying saying:
"Why there is what?"

"Didn't you call her?" demanded police.
"No I only glanced around."

"I didn't now we had a girlsout by the name of Susan" protested the boy. "I--"

The meal went on for a time, and suddenly Olga took up her fork and said "Why this fork has the words 'From Campbell Silverware Company, Abbeville' stamped on it."

"Indeed" said Bob, and she closely examined the silverware and said-

"Indeed" said Joe, and he closely examined the "Silverdale" article. "That flood must have swept in, in its course all articles for which we never can account for. But then I suppose there will be lots of articles as yet unaccounted for even when the flood overtakes us." "Recovered?" asked police and Olga answered herself, "Why didn't you note that the flood demolished nearly every building in every town in its path sweeping everything before it, your general mailer Starling had even received lots of articles already from the flood, and so had his soldiers. He has recovered enough for a large fortune, and it is said that nearly everybody among officers and standing armies are straining every nerve to recover as much as possible. Starling can be found articles of property that belonged to the dead parents of Susan O'Brien there, and as soon as it is possible she can reclaim her property. He says that he is going to make her a great inheritance. He is only waiting for the conclusion papers to come."

There was no reason why given should blush at the mention of Walter. Starting still, however, she did so, while Polores shyly stepped upon her feet. Her position, however, her embarrassment was not observed by any one else, for what did she, a poor orphan girl, know or care what the result of the passing of the flood would be as long as it brought good results for the nation and satisfaction for her loss. She smiled and said she thought it might be possible that any persons will recover lots of things for the remembered right is that the duration of the flood couldn't be over five hours in duration. "It's about that in duration," turned Olga "but it might be longer in days perhaps."

"No Olga," interrupted Jane who was no good in the keeping the track of the duration of the flood "it was about five months and six days." "Really," rejoined Olga, "wouldn't wonder if the enemy didn't have some downright in the cause of the flood himself, for the Glandelinians are so terribly anxious to win the war at any cost."

"Oh yes," returned Olga, "The flood was begun by Manley himself. I'll bet anything on that."

"Polores frowned and turning to Jane said 'it probably can be so but we have no proof against any Glandelinian general and we don't even now yet if the enemy did it or not.'"

"and pray how could general Manley ever be responsible for this?" Olga and Polores replied.

"Why he could be suspected for he's mean enough to do anything. There is something wrong for he wouldn't be here trying to prevent us from discovering the clues, and now he's concentrated before Stomolates you know." "But he's working against us," said Olga, "and I discovered he's going to concentrate stronger, and I heard one of the enemy generals say he deserves a great deal of credit for his efforts, and that Manley his father, and two brothers are the smartest of all."

All the others laughed at this, and Polores wondering why given wasn't saying anything, raised the subject of what articles could be recovered from the flood saying "I think it could make the country glad. For my part I'm perfectly well added to the country's cause, and positively I couldn't be happy again without this disaster having been a thing of the past."

"But Polores," interrupted Olga, "Howard town wasn't injured by the flood nor touched by the explosions, and I don't believe it ever had fun once then we were there didn't you remember the town is on a good high elevation—forgot the name of the hill."

"It's called Howard Hill," said Polores. The supper being over Olga announced her intention of leaving before it was too late. Finally they were on the way. Could Polores and given have listened to their remarks as on a piece of white dust and their horses kept side by side for a mile or more she would have felt simply repaid for the small knowledge of given's peril.

"Dear me," said Olga, "I never could believe that given could be in such dire peril. I whispered into her ear at supper never to get into any out of the way place where Glandelinians are combing the country in their desperate effort to capture her."

"Nor I either," returned Olga, "but I believe she's far safer with those child scouts under Gertrude than anywhere else. I suppose you understand she is a little orphan, her parents being murdered because they were more sojourner or other of the mystery of the explosions at Abbeism and given learned the details from her. Still she is a wise wary sort of a girl and it is well enough and more safer for her to learn to become a scout. Were those not delicious berries Polores gave us. I guess though we must return something to her."

"I suppose," said Olga, "no one expected that given is in such danger as she really is, and I suppose she told me a lot about it." "No," said Olga, "I don't believe she can do any harm within Gertrude's camp. I'd like to see any Glandelinian try it. Those scouts are sure to go into her camp to get given. I'd like to see a fly crawling into a hornet's nest. She's safe enough, so don't worry." "I never knew before that Polores had so much spirit," said Olga. "She really can do wonders, and she'll be given's guardian." "And chided in Olga who was angry at all the Glandelinians for the war horrors, and angry too because the fires and floods could not subside. "Don't you think that some one can prove some day Manley was responsible for all this?"

"It might be possible he was the cause of it all," said Olga. "I wish I was a clever spy I would have tried my best to find at the mystery but so far I'm only an inexperienced jump like girl."

at this spot the road became very narrow, and as the eastern sky showed indication of the "forest fire" hurricane approaching now from the terrific north they decided to ride back to their own camp as soon as possible. Since given and jessed more than two tests very readily and without failure, Violet, and her sister advised Gertrude Angelina to form her plans regarding her. She had always intended doing for her whatever she could, and finding but that that as far as given had been going to school she had received a fairly good education she determined to give her every advantage which lay in her power. "To become as good a girl as any of the best and greatest and have been educated in military, religious and educational ways, and therefore given was to go to school immediately. Accordingly by the morning morning following given was to become a regular attendant at the military school where for a time she will learn her to show the results of the recent expedition for the capture of the signal station. This was simultaneously with given being with the army old lady."

The afternoon of the 10th of September, Gertrude Angelina was beaming on the gathering in her cabin again on the raft. The party also included Violet and her sisters. Angelina, whose duties demanded her attention and was not there. Lady's worth and life's list were left for general Aronburg's army on some very important military mission.

"Well girls and boys! can't tell you how relieved I am at the safe outcome of your adventures," declared Gertrude. "During it all I was worried and feared some of you would suffer a loss. Indeed there is no denying it. When we all went on the expedition through the lands surrounding the cave, everybody within the camp said there would be no danger and that there is charge of the Glandelinian signal station would submit without a fight. But I had a premonition of trouble and believe it or not, when you were expected. Besides she added twirling "I knew that where there is a day's trouble with the enemy a little more is sure to be in it."

"We were all in it indeed," said Olga, "and her sister said it hadn't been for your followers Gertrude, I can easily imagine how matters would have turned out. Knowing you had danger, the Glandelinians kept having isolated in the defenses, called a stand, the enemy though not even this being able to enter, he there might have any, finally captured the big raft anything else might have happened."

"The boys and girls of scouts stirred comfortably under this tales. Violet and her sisters too, would you mind telling us now how you and Gertrude Angelina came to be surrounded in the stockade defense? I asked her to divert the conversation for you and your sisters have been busy for some matters and we haven't heard the story yet and are anxious to hear it."

"Yes," said Olga, "to tell you as we brushed from Santa Cruz this morning but the questioning of the Glandelinian prisoners kept me and my sisters so engaged it was impossible for some of them would not even say a single word, but I was sure they had some valuable information. But it is too bad Frederick Dargat is on the enemy side. If it wasn't for him we'd still been prisoners ourselves."

"He's a pretty good scout even though he is a Glandelinian," said Penrod thoughtfully and he took quite a liking to him, but somehow a boyscout that even approached him to try to hit him with some stones with me."

"Not on this occasion," it shouldn't be said, "I was telegraphing in this case there are more favorable circumstances to turn traitor to Glandelinians cause is indefinable because because its turning traitor against the enemies of God. There are also extenuating circumstances but its too long to explain now at any rate if he even was captured I and my sister's will and would have it right for Dargat."

"It would be a happier circumstance if he leave the Glandelinian army and go over to our own side," said Redcliffe. "He did us a good turn when we were held prisoners aboard the ship and he, Dargat, brought us aboard the ship to get us out of reach of the angry Glandelinian fighters who menaced us immediately after we landed one of the Glandelinian and killing another."

Violet herself then explained for her sisters that after landing from the huge raft into the cave and marching the troops on the north side of Yerona that night she and her sisters had led the remnants of men and the boy and girls who followed through the low mountains. After reaching the headwaters of the little stream they followed down the trail until entering the valley where the position was located. This they had then expected to be used and finding it unoccupied they had proceeded on down the trail. When still some distance from the landing they had encountered an advancing Glandelinian force in very superior numbers and during the fight were worried with some of men and driven back and forced to seek shelter in the defenses.

"That was when we first heard the firing. Then they grew more indistinct as you and your sisters were forced to retreat," said Penrod.

excitement and so a horriblemess too. For they were going to meet the Emperor and His Queenly Wife of Abbigannia and even sup with them in a grand treasured dining hall.

General Aronburg's dining hall.

The note had read from the Princesses' availing, then there was too had written that she and her sisters would be, for military reasons, be unable to meet them near the headquarters and conduct them to the entrance, but that they would meet them near General Amonburg's tent.

[illegible][illegible]

...once in some women's ...
...in the three boys, and the girls
...such boy and girlfriends as you and your followers would be in
...parting after the grand supper they had renewed my faith in the safe future
...of Abolitionists' cause."

...at the corner of the Company street, with Violet

"General Aronburg himself wants to thank you too," said
explanation Violet requested. First, the Major and the General. Now the
great general Aronburg, whom the enemy greatly dreaded. Indeed for the scou
things seemed to be coming fast. Pardon and Jack looked uneasy, but Rad-
cliffe was always more irascible than the others. Catching sight of their long face
bursts into laughter.

"Brace up comrades he cried threatening both on the spot. The general is not going to mistake you for General Manley. I have private information and I want to be the winner."

[illegible]

A tall man, stout, compactly built with a long German style nose and a mustache rose from a table and advanced to meet them. He wore a purple uniform but outside of the shoulder straps it didn't seem the uniform of a high ranking officer. The old

Indeed so these are the young terrors of the enemy, the old, grasping each in turn firmly by the hand and the very introductions were made in a very friendly way and took a long look at them a while in his

grasping each in turn firmly, he managed. Then he stood back and took a long look at the mounting color and embarrassed manner of the

"Even despite my own size if even then I hate to meet any one of you in a rough and tumble fight if I was a Ghandoli, Ghandolinian instead of a Christian soldier," he said. "No wonder you make things fly throughout the whole of California."

the whole of Oaxaca.

"All set down then and a general conversation about the capture of the telegraphic signal station and the other incidents followed. The three boys and two girls who learned that many Arabians, Indians or soldiers were already captured in many localities; that the government of the state of Hidalgo had been requested and had agreed to prosecute the same with a death penalty for all suspicious characters seen abroad or near groves and camps and the lives of that three Oaxacalians spies were already begun and placed under arrest within the Christian lines; especially for conspiracy in the attempted smuggling operations of many such scouts, and that all strangers seen trying to enter the Christian lines were being and would be held prisoners until they proved they were not spies. Finally a priest and her sisters arose and, to let, did her sisters took that she was afraid it was time to depart, and also got to their feet.

as a signal it was time to depart, and also got to their rest.
 "I never even saw my father now of any way to remind you except to give
 you the than s of the nation," said General
 the commission is impossible because your rank is the highest rank of the
 government could ever give to a general. He is prominent as the last we
 can do which is to give you a very good Radio-File. I've best is to give
 you the pleasure of our company as much as possible. But that will be your
 place, together with this dreadful flood is down and everything is
 clear for Spain combination 1 and my sisters will be in a way to the city
 of Amquiñin Amquiñin, show you the sights, our home, parks, palaces and
 all the wonders of that city."

"Now said Jack when they were alone in their tent once more. "I feel as if I was in the First Heaven."

*The Mandelins! Better not come near me now" declared Perrod grinning.

"I wouldn't even respect their highest general."

"Same here," said Jane. "Well, now boys what are we going to do with these leisure hours? Now that we are within General Aronburg's Army with a fine chance to see the scenery, we certainly not are not going right back."

to general. I think now are we? We move we stay untill we observe every part of the camp, find out

"Second the motion," said Madcliffe. "But I tell you going round on foot to look for a place to put me some sweat."

"ON it'll just get us into condition for further experiences, maybe
something better than this." "We are getting too stout anyhow."

That started a general discussion of the for-
thcoming return of the investigations around Abbeville. The prospects of the investigations, its

investigations around Abbeys. the prospects of the investigations, the
excitements and dangers the effect which racial of their thrilling
that month would have on older military schoolmaster and other matters of

past months would have on older military schoolmates and other students in similar mention. It would be Joe's last month to be an ordinary Captain than to be elevated as mascot, while Penrod and Radcliffe would have

then to be elevated as mascot, while Penrod and Madeline would have to remain as they are as there was no higher rank than they had not even for generals. All three planned to help Violet and her sisters solve the

All the rest of the day they spent through general Ardenburg's army in

All the rest of the day they spent through general Aronburgs. May 21 night seeing, paying visits to general Aronburgs boy and girls, and other places.

The three head scouts were browned, and appeared broader, and at night they arrived to general violence and reassembled portions of

night they arrived to general violence and reassembled portions of articles they had removed from the raft. And here with their preparation for new adventures we shall leave them for a few sections of a chapter.

But before we do they this evening discovered a mysterious boat, leaving from the raft, saw strange lights far out on the flood and the imprint of the Christian lines,

from the raft, saw strange lights far out on the sea, and
several feet on a deserted stretch of the mud hear the christian lines,
but no one had succeeded in capturing any one.

During this same morning the enemy had seen at general Viviane lines again here and there and had won this time great achievements: six divisions had been pushed back and driven from their positions.

again here and there and had won the day. Driven from their positions under as many generals were assaulted and driven from their positions and nothing they tried could enable them to regain them. General Pain was the only one who felt most upset and uncomfortable.

and nothing they tried could silence him. Night linger was called for again. He felt most upset and uncomfortable. At nine in the morning he prepared four divisions for movements to recover the position and to attack the enemy out. The officers in charge were

the positions, and to storm the enemy out. The officers in charge were excited and eager to do anything and everything that would deliver the Christian positions from the assaults of the enemy, who was sniping the

christian positions from the assaults of the enemy, who was sapping the strength and life of whole divisions. Early at ten o'clock the works were given up as lost for good, and the main line withdrew, during the

of the day all was all right but early the next morning as the main force

of the day it is not possible to

Later the enemy carried forward their new assault howling terribly with their devil yells, and they rushed across the roads, and into the positions, where they immediately received the fire from all points, and where plain Nightlinger stormed on the rear. That evening, however Christian generals were happy because the enemy had failed again; storm that same night the christian line had it's first nights battle storm. What the gendarmes does not express it. Every general engaged treacherly by the afflicted portions of the christian line, they tried everything for the afflicted portions of the christian line; and depended all artillery storm. They used the formula of courtier charging; and they even laid a carriage to drive the enemy off. The end was just as they saw: And a carriage to drive the enemy off. The end was just as they saw: And a carriage to drive the enemy off. The end was just as they saw: And a carriage to drive the enemy off.

Next night general Blain, Nightlinger asked me a question, "But he seemed to know the enemy so suddenly made this attack?" I said, "It is dangerous to answer this statement; it is possible that they could operate also from a great distance, and the enemy may one understand." It is dangerous.

Susan warmly approved of this plan indeed and after a few extra flourish flourishes just for a courtesy, Ball started for her camp. A few minutes

751 later Jonny Riches came galloping up to the girls tent declaring her intention of staying until the time for Sumans departure, and having a good time. "I was going to the cinema with you last" said she "as she's

good time.
"It's a long, long time since I seen you last," said she as she gathered
p up the dresses and followed Susan into the big tent. "But I've been so
busy and bothered with those girl and boyscouts who are under my command,
and seems as if the army has nothing to do but get up plots, and as forth,
And since Henry and I, but ~~must~~ ^{must} have to go out expeditioning
every day. This morning they have all gone on a scout patrol, but I felt I'd
rather come here, as I do not feel like having much excitement on such a
hot morning."

At this very moment happening to think that the boy and girl scout class in goldens were being the "mark" so squarely would perhaps wish for a chance to show the efforts of their work and Jenny said to herself near the tent opening; and removing her hat and hanging it on the top of tent pole made it for herself and some little harassed boyscouts by tickling their nose with the end of her riding whip, and very one were assembled for portly of the army was going to move closer to them, the lines being nervous because of the expected petty terms of the enemy, the two little girls were alone and Jenny entered at once upon the great object of her visit.

[illegible]

Instantly Sumner thought of Angeline Jennings, the Girl Scout School Commissioner. "I haven't the permission and

"I wish I could," said she, "but I can't. I haven't the permission and only Angeline Jennings could give it to me and she's not in general. Vivian's army just now."

Angeline Jennings could give it to her army just now." "It wouldn't hurt to get the permission from one of the Vivian girls returned Jenny. My last term Miss Johanna got the permission easily enough. Violet and her sisters don't refuse anything." The girls were suddenly interrupted by the

returned Jenny. "Why last term we don't refuse anything," enough violet and her sisters don't refuse anything." At this moment Jenny's remark was suddenly interrupted by the loud galloping of horses, and the call of many children's childish voices going to the tentider shes and Susan was coming down the company street at a gallop into a squadron of girlsacouts, who had been out patrolling and for some reason or other were returning to camp in the highest glee. Violet and her sisters were at their head, and so was a girl looking exactly like Jack Brads. The horses were fantastically trimmed with ribbons, ferns and evergreens which dispured to be of course to make it more striking, a number of the girlsacout were ornamented in the same way. Conspicuous among them among the noisy squadron were violet and her sisters, and Angeline Reichen. General Evans broad brimmed soldier hat was resting on the long curls of violet while her white uniform sabonnet was tied under his chin. The sobnet Jenny and Susan appeared the whole party set up a shout as deafening as that a swarm of soldiers came out in a price believing there was an attack. No sooner did he of one of the boyscouts get sight of Susan than springing up and standing in the stirrups even while the horse was on the full gallopand swinging his sabre around his head he screamed "Three cheers for the little Orphan scout, and her handsome girl companion. Hurrah. Give three cheers everybody!"

In the third and last hurrah the whole company joined and when that was finished, Penrod who was there struck up on a high key.

"Oh why don't the enemy come and get us to day.
Oh why don't they come on. "

Some one else shouted, "Because we'll send them to Hong Kong."

Every one had joined in with him and Susan appeared surprised at, she knew it was intended as an insult to the enemy, and when she heard the voices of hundreds of girls about joining in with the boyscout, she could not stay her to tears.

"When's that song chanting" said Jenny when at last the column had disappeared from view and the noise and dust had somewhat subsided. Then as she saw the tears in Alvin's eyes she added "That's wrong. Why the tears."

"It isn't that," said Susan smiling in spite of myn herself at Sunny'd question: "It isn't that." But every time Abby, she brings up anything about the Glandolinians it annoys me because I know what the Glandolinians did to my parents and also know what they want to do to me."

"That is certainly wrong for the Olandelinsians to be so mean," returned Jenny, "but the soldiers are not so much to blame as their leaders, who have acquired a great influence over them all. You understand too the Olandelinsians are really aroused and I dare say the dangerous bandits have fully gratified their wish in every respect. For general Vivian says the Olandelinsian soldiers are that their leaders make them. But now, there comes Hettie Kottmann; I guess she wonders what is keeping you so long."

She wonders what is keeping you so long.

The moment Hattie entered the tent Jenny commenced talking about the girlabout training camp in general. At length at her tongue's flicking at last purposely that it entirely prevented any one else from saying a word until she stopped for a moment to take breath... Then Hattie very quietly said that if Susan really wished to go to general training she could do so. Susan looked up inquiringly wondering what mine had opened up so suddenly at her feet but she received no explanation until Jenny had bidden her good bye and gone. Then she learned that Hattie had received word that Susan wished to go and now Hattie there is no reason why you should not go to general training girlabout training camp if you wish to. But be careful it's closer to the enemy and we fear a great battle any time. There's lots of things to do everywhere and it has not stopped yet.

The gas tears which came to Sumner's eyes were indeed a sufficient evidence that she did wish to go, and therefore immediately a note was forwarded to General Laidan who promptly replied that though he had no room at present he was willing to receive her nevertheless in the training camp as a new recruit.

All this time too a good part of the whole army camp was thrown into a state of fermentation. Juan was going to General Vivians lines, and what was more unusual and marvelous still, petty assaults by the Germans being hurled upon Johnsons lines at certain times at random and more than one good girlie had declared her intention of giving up if the enemy continued these attacks and came on too fast. There being a danger of an long a trip between Hansons and Vivians was the thing of which Juan heard most frequently now that her prospects were getting brighter, and even Angelina Alchae when told that Juan was going to General Vivians said to Dolores Micholister who was with her at the time:

"Why in the world does she want to go to general civilians when a big storm of war-time persecution is upon them? Isn't she getting a real fast for talking episodes with G.I.s and sailors for one who has been rescued when a orphan refugee." Ida, Gladys and Joy Bet Claire and many others were greatly surprised, and, proved so because dangers must threaten at such a time, the former desiring she would not send any of her girls-out recruits, to a far distant girls-out school, which was so near the region of a "Mr Storm" and that Missie Sanders and others too were going seemed also strange. Everyone was afraid, for G.I.s early and said she should be going with a guide, or a protecting retaining squadrons. Jenny please however thought differently.. She was delighted, and she came to Angelina Jennings to talk the matter over and tell what good times they'd have providing they did not meet with any of the glandelinian soldiers or foe boy and girls-out patrols.. which she believed they would, just because there were so many

of the few patrols around. However Angeline Jennings assumed a very resigned indifference, saying:

"I don't meddle with any one's business no matter what they do, and I therefore shouldn't begin by meddling with Susan, but it's a miracle if she will reach general Vivians army safely. Listen to the firing. Somethings wrong somewhere."

All the boy and girlscouts felt very much worried and troubled, and as there was no attention paid to their remarks they gradually ceased, and by the time that morning that Susan's preparations were complete, the protests seemed to have subsided altogether. She was an unusual favorite in the whole army, because of being an orphan, and on the hour when she got ready to leave came there was a kind good bye and a word of love spoken by everybody who could see her off. Colonel Knight brought her to the wagon train, where they found Sally, accompanied by the boy scout called Henry, also her constant attendant and friend. She also knew that Susan was to leave that morning, and had rode all that distance on horseback from the south part of the camp for the hope of seeing her and giving her a little parting advice. It was not quite time for the wagon train to pull out as all the horses had not yet been brought up to be hitched to the carriages, and the boy scout knight who had to be, had at his part of the camp as soon as possible said he "couldn't stay," so squeezing both of Susan's hands he bade her good bye, telling her to be a good little girlscout, and get to letting the enemy carry her away. Scarcely had he gone when Susan's attention was attracted by the sound of the coming of a squadron on horseback, and that of many voices, and looking from behind a tree at which she had placed herself to fix her stooping which had come down she saw a large group of camp fire girls advancing toward the wagon train. Among them was Violet, and her sisters, talking and laughing very loudly. No matter what they went through or suffered they always seemed to be cheerful and gay. Susan's heart beat very rapidly for she realized or thought Violet, and her sisters were coming to bid her good bye, but she was, nevertheless, Violet, and her sisters and the camp fire girls she noticed were carrying an unusual supply of arms, and not dressed at all magnificently but in the oldest uniforms, and she found that they were even giving orders now to a squadron of soldiers coming up. The group of girls nearly a number and the soldiers were going to escort the wagon train to general Vivians. Violet at the moment had no thought of Susan being with those going and she dismounted and after glancing about without seeing those waiting for the train to come turned her back, and looking across the river, which was hardly a part of the river section of the flooded directly in front, she said in her own tones:

"Why don't Rose come? I haven't time to see her at all. I'm afraid."

Susan in astonishment, and then said to Violet: "Princess, isn't that Susan Carol?"

"Susan Carol? I don't know," returned Violet. "Susan laughed, and then Violet facing about exclaimed: "Why Susan you here so soon? No wonder we couldn't find you. I even forgot that you were going this morning. I thought you went last evening."

She walked to where her sisters were, and there was a moment's consultation and then she came back saying:

"Susan you'd better ride with us. We saw your army commission and you'll do as an addition to the escort till you get to your school."

Before Susan could reply Susan arose, and passed her hand carefully over Susan's head. Partly in fear, Susan drew back, who said "don't be alarmed Susan I thought I saw a bad mark on your head. I felt sure it was there."

Didn't that shot fired at you last night when you fired the shot? I don't know," said Susan, "but I got the man myself who fired the shot. I don't if any of his comrades found him yet, or whether he's dead, or not."

Just half smothered laugh was more surprising to Violet, than supposed, for she had not seen that Susan had outwitted a Pandolinian shipper but she soon recovered from her shock for the wagon train was reported to be on the way and another squadron was coming up. A boy scout by the name of Henry, upon a spring nimble from his horse, leaped his hand to Violet, and her sisters and all the rest, who blushed, and then saying to the girlscout escort leader Rose Palm said: "Well we are ready, but what's delaying the train. Or are they afraid of horses? We late enough already."

"I guess you'd pass about as good an examination now as any others who have been to school," said Rose, glancing toward Susan, who Jenny noticed was eagerly talking. "I don't see why you want to go."

"But it's better for me," said Susan.

"At such a time," said Rose slightly with severity. "Why Susan it's dangerous. Why not do it here?"

"I'd rather in general Vivians. Gertrude and my friends are all there." This directed Henry's attention that way, and almost simultaneously his own and Susan's met. With a peculiar expression of countenance he stepped toward her saying:

"Good morning Susan. For what part of general Vivians are you bound?"

"The girlscouts military training school," Susan answered politely. "Well did any of the Princesses say they need you as an escort addition?"

"Yes," he said.

"Good." He turned to ride on his way.

"Listen isn't that the approach of the wagon?" said Jenny, as a low heavy stealing sound fell on her ears, but she soon ascertained what it was, for Henry who had picked up the blue umbrella which Sally had brought with her for fear of a hot forest fire wind and which had been lying upon the ground he answered to Jenny as he handed to her the umbrella, "no that is the sound of some distant battle. Listen."

"In an instant the growling sound changed to a strange far away bar ing roar, and it was at this time that the enemy was rushed toward a section of the Christian lines but fortunately was being stopped by the defenders just in time to prevent the enemy from doing any mischief. With a muttered "Oath" of some sort which included "The dirty old Pandolinians as well as their murderous ways of assaulting a Christian line at this time, the boy scout was turning away when Jenny said:

"What part of the Christian lines is the enemy feeling?"

After assuring himself by a glance that Violet and her sisters and the Camp fire girls were all still some distance mounted on their horses, Henry replied with a look of dread in his face: "I don't see why we should go to general Vivians to day. The enemy might come between him and Hanson and we will be sunk."

Instantly Sally said:

"And yet Susan wanted so much by the enemy, is going to be the escort. She's a good girl, so why do you fear?"

"I beg your pardon," he answered, "but I fear by her own account. I never forget how much the enemy would desire to put her out of the way."

The approach of the wagon was now being heard, and in a moment they were right up to where they were waiting. The day the Vivian girls had invited Susan to be one of the escort thrilled her every nerve, and Violet now called out to her, Jenny all of you I'm so glad you are ready. She was afraid there would be some delay, and we'd have to go without the wagon. But here they are."

"Isn't your father the emperor with you Princess?" demanded Henry bowing so low that he almost kissed the ground from the platform.

"No answered Jenny. "I wish he couldn't leave her home either, so we'll have to be the escort. We've got quite a strong body of troops with us, so we never need to fear about any patrol of the enemy."

"The mischief," said Henry, "now are we going to go. The enemy is playing idly with general Hanson's lines somewhere and if something goes wrong what's to be done. General Palm Nightingale is being driven to southbridge to day, and he sent me a telegram bidding me to put the girlscouts under your fathers protection but as he isn't here, do you really have to go too. Please don't throw yourself into danger again Princess."

"No we won't either," returned Ida Rosemary. "Violet, and her sisters are as good as the leaders of escorts at any time, and can look after a wagon train as well as a troop of soldiers, even better."

"Those are the Princesses. Are they not pretty?" whispered Jenny to Susan. But Susan hardly heard it. She was gazing admiringly at the animated faces of Violet, and her sisters and tracing in it a strong resemblance to the mannish features features of the great Abaddonian emperor.

"All aboard the wagons quick," shouted the shrill voice of the captain in charge, and Susan was aroused from her reverie, and twining her arms around Sally bade her good bye.

"The Good Lord be with you," said Sally, and be sure you pay strict attention attention to the orders given an escort, and you can easily feel the enemy."

"Susan next looked for another girlscout friend Ellen, but she stood at some distance, looking lightly with Henry the lead boy escort, and Susan was heading for her when all aboard was again shouted in her ear while at the same time one of the boy scouts helped her lightly up the step she she so she could easily get into the wagon from the back.

Rose and Jenny were standing near by.

"This wagon is brim full," said Rose looking over her shoulder "but I guess

you can find a good seat in the wagon I'm to drive."

Susan too the hint and found in the wagon indicated there was a goodly number of empty seats. As the wagon train moved rapidly over the long level road and passed the edge of the flood, Susan looked out to catch a glimpse of the battle she had heard of; and then in the thought how cold and entranced Mandolinia was to the holy Abolitionian country she drew her veil over her face and burst into a loud laugh.

"Who is that young lady?" asked Angelina who was riding back ward and consequently directly opposite to Susan.

"That young lady," said Susan, "is Angelina; replied."

"The one who kissed Sally, and then followed you and Jenny into this wagon."

"That is Susan Carol," was Rose's polite answer. "She's a friend of mine."

"Susan Carol?" repeated Angelina as if the name was one she had once heard before. "Who is she, and what is she?"

"She is a little orphan girl," answered Rose, "and as of Jenny's friends, at all of us are her friends. You see Jenny is sitting beside her."

"She doesn't seem to be an orphan girl," said Angelina. "I wish she would show that veil I want to see how she looks."

"She's the imitation of the Queen of Hearts," was Rose's reply.

By this time Susan had dried her tears, and when the wagons came to the first stop to rest the horses as it was dreadfully hot she removed her veil disclosing to view a face that was just almost the same in beauty as Angelina's, though she had black hair.

"He doesn't seem as if she were an orphan," said Angelina, "and Rose replied."

"Well she has been, and what she went through cannot be told her to our number."

"From what part of the Christian Army did she come?" continued Angelina, "I'm beginning to grow very interested."

"I suppose you remember the visit of the Virgin Mary. Well, Gertrude Angelina decides to adopt her as her sister. I believe Sally, but I don't hear much about it, and hope just the same that it is true. It's a fine girl Susan is."

"Gertrude Angelina," repeated Angelina, "why violet, and her sisters think the world of her, why even by friend Mildred and her, Gertrude wouldn't sleep so soundly if she had Gertrude's new basket was in the same wagon with her, I mean to tell her. Mildred, Mildred."

But Mildred Greenburg was too fast asleep to heed Angelina's call, and heavy sleep was necessary to her to arise from her sleep, when she became fully awake, and found out why she was aroused, she started up and going toward Susan said in her own peculiar sweet way and whispering manner:

"My friend mine, she tells me you are going to be Miss Archibute adopted mascot, and Miss Archibute is the dearest friend I ever had. I am delighted to see you."

Jenny immediately introduced her to Susan as Miss Mildred Greenburg whispering at the same time that she was Gertrude's friend, then rising she gave her seat to Mildred taking another one for herself. Rose and Jane, without seeming to be curious at all Mildred had a peculiar way of drawing little girls and boys quite to talk of themselves, and by the time they reached the vicinity of General Vivian's lines without any misadventure after all and where they left the wagons for the army camp she had learned a good deal of Susan's history and simplicity of her young friend, quite pleased with the freshness and simplicity of her young friend, as Susan did with her polished and elegant and eccentric manners.

GUSAN'S EXPERIENCE AS A STUDENT IN THE GIRLS' CO-OP MILITARY TRAINING CAMP. THE CLOSING OF THE FIRST DAY OF THE SCHOOL. SECOND DAY OF TRAINING FINISHED.

"Oh what an enormous looking encampment," exclaimed Rose from the rear of the wagon she was riding. She first obtained a view of General Vivian's lines and then looked at the encampment. Rose because of all the disasters of the war, of all she had heard, of the dreadful hot weather caused by the distant fires, and because the awful floods would not recede, was in the worst of humors. Susan was by some blessed breath some sort with herself, and she noticed that Rose appeared distressed. She however felt it was of no avail to complain of it to Susan as she realized her fault finding spirit against the army until she visited at the outskirts of the Christian where she heard news that came in for a share of her displeasure.

That is the army, Susan said, but put it off. In the continuously as the wagon train began entering the line. Why that lady's army hasn't an encampment half as large or as handsome. Oh horrors, but I'm afraid we won't be able to stay here long."

She had often been within the enemy lines and the approaches of the tents and the method of the enemy resting. I say, and the tent furniture had been very offensive to the young girl scout, and she had styled Manley as a half-glozy, daisy-looking general with a neck which really belonged to an ostrich. However she should always see the bright side of everything and she completely shut out with the appearance of the camp, the reception she and all the rest received from the scouts in general Vivian's army, and with the sweet smile and placid face of the general himself he well remembered by all who have seen and known the general who is loved by the enemy.

After some conversation between Rose and a girl scout Directress it was decided that Rose and Jenny should tent together as a matter of course and that Susan should room with Mildred. Rose had fully intended to tent with Mildred herself, but she was ready to agree with the intention of the Directress. Hearing of what the enemy had been doing elsewhere, to try and flank general Vivian's army made Rose very angry but there was no help to it; and she was obliged to submit to the outcome.

Now in this case the reader may be aware that even to become a girl scout requires an examination. It is a very necessary even before a pupil can be admitted into any girl scout school where the course of instruction embraces only one year, and three classes, junior, middle class and also senior. Rose who had studied very hard in her younger days had passed the senior, and she hoped that one of those she had brought along would at least be able to enter the middle class. Rose of course was one of the scouts, and was not without her. All of these new experiences had been excellent. Military school and had passed the senior class the year before. Susan and those who had followed her to go into scouting, though there were only fifty new recruits had aspired or expected nothing higher than admission into the junior. She was greatly surprised when Mildred Greenburg who after all turned out to be one of the Directresses, after questioning her as to what she had learned proposed that she be examined for the middle classes.

"Oh no indeed I cannot do that I haven't the chance," said Susan quickly in a positive way. "Sure I would be a failure, and therefore it wouldn't be right for me to try that for all the world."

"Have you ever for any certain purpose tried to study English?" asked Mildred Greenburg. Before Susan could reply Rose exclaimed: "Oh study English. Now Susan, my dear Susan, that she can read English very good. She would be a great use for all girl scout leaders."

Susan then answered that for more than three years she had been studying English under her own Aunt's instruction and by the aid of other friends.

"And you could not have a better teacher than any of the Virgin Girl Philosophers," said Mildred Greenburg. "Go try to get one of them to do your teaching by all means."

"Yes do try," said Rose and Jenny in the same breath, and after a time Susan finally but reluctantly consented.

"I'll warrant she'll make general Manley think he's a sitting pull," said Rose to Jenny.

I suppose it would be very welcome to give the reader any description of the examination. In detail, as I will only say that at its close only one did not pass had and had to go to what was called the girls' scouts winter garden class.

and low spirited gain seemed to be. Indeed she had tasted of military knowledge and now thirsted for more and more, but it could not be for many days at present, she was to be initiated as a scout a few days from hence and she must leave the school temporarily.

and she must leave the school temporarily.
"How much I shall and will miss my flag drill lessons, and how much I shall miss you," she said to him, who was then giving her a lesson.
"It's too bad you haven't a flag," returned him. "You are so fond of flag drills and improve also so fast that you astonish many. I am very fond of such drills too, but you sure do make very fast improvements." Then after a few minutes of thinking she added "I'll propose a very good plan to you, and between us both, we may do well do it now as any other time. Now we are released from school to morrow, to morrow I suppose being Saturday you must spend with me within General Walker Barracks camp. Olga and I arranged it the last time I was at her own camp and we even selected your tent, which is to be next to mine, and opposite to the camp of the fire or camp fire girls. Now what does your little self say to the proposition?"
"Yes," she answered, "I will."

Girts: Now what does your little self say to "Answered Rums."?
 "I don't believe I could be able to go," answered Rums.
 "You cannot go," repeated Kirk. "Why not, then, Mr. Stimers will be in
 that part of the camp and he will give me Aquilina, and so are always
 happy where Jack and Jack, and the others are, besides you will have a rare
 chance for making flag drills lessons of our best flag drill teachers, and
 then to you will be in the same camp with general Starring, and that alone
 is worth going to that part of the camp for I think. Besides, man, men
 this is too a military proposition, and the military laws would not accom-
 - your reform unless you wish to become a court-mart."
 "Your reform unless you wish to become a court-mart was the strongest object

your return, unless you want to become a score-
line little suspected that her last argument was the strongest objection
to Susan's going, for as much as she wished to meet this great general
at Walter Blumling again, she felt that not only any on any account
go to his own camp, lest he should believe she came on purpose to see him
and she was slightly shy of so great a guardian of the Virgin Girl,
Princesses. There were other reasons too why she did not wish to go. General
Jack Evans would be in the army and too she was fearful of him. The glorious
too when she was refused with would miss her and longed to have her return
to them, but she could not resist Miss's entreaties, for the matter was
brought before Mildred Greenberg, who was sure that this was not merely
a proposition, but a military order, and it was rebellion to not obey and
so much had to agree with the proposition.
Susan had been surprised by receiving

a proposition, to agree with the proposition. During the afternoon, rebellious Susan had been surprised by receiving two telegrams, letters and from some by young friend of her in an army more than two hundred fifty miles distant, and one from her second Aunt who was in the highest section of Angelina. Amelia the latter of which contained advice as how to do her duties to become a girlabout, but on showing the letter to Mildred Greenburg how she was surprised to learn that many others had known of her and wrote to Angelina Amelia concerning her. For a moment a faint faint sickness stole over Susan for she instantly thought of her lost parents and brothers and sister. Then it occurred to her how impossible it seemed to be that any one could have sent a telegram from Angelina Amelia over that wide stretch of flood and as such as she could trust her, raise to speak she wondered who it was that was thus doing all this good for her. Of course Mildred Greenburg would not could not tell, and with a secret suspicion of Jean (for she could make a telegraph note go anywhere disaster or no disaster) and who had seemed so much interested in her and her ways Susan returned to her room to read the other telegram which was still unopened. The telegraph had written to her, (as they have)

in her and her ways. Susan returned to her room, and which was still unopened.

It was some time also this boy could had written to her, (as they have) much time in the army, and with more than her usual curiosity, she opened the envelope but her heart grew faint and she seemed dazed as she read the passionate but plain outpouring of a heart which had cherished her for months, and which though fearful she might be rejected from the girls' camp army, because of the enemy's attempt to frustrate her, still told her how much he loved her as his sister for he had her nearest cousin. "The dangers you face" in no sudden fancy "he writes" at which conceived the deadly afternoon your parents found out something so important on the library after noon when in your little room at home, with your parents dead, you still in my lap and wept as you told me how lonely you were, how you face come before remember it, dear, I had not I do, and here I now down your face come before.

In my thoughts but I think of you even as you were then, and of the peril you face now, and the child which a nurse comes to my heart that you were some place of great safety. To be a day out in war, and to be a girl out too, but your life will be one of great peril. Morning, noon and night too, I thought of the peril you face every moment and no place for your better future have I ever been able to form which was not a direct reference to what is coming upon you and your dearest Aunt. Oh Susan I

Your Darling Cousin."

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wish you to prove your affection to be returned to me by not for your own
party safe hold back the secret you have too long. All the situation for you
is changed greatly changed. Your dangers are more than you see, and when
I search around for the cause I am led to fear that I was deceived that its
safe to hold the secret. If I am mistaken tell me so but if I am not if you
find its more dangerous to let it out I will have to submit to fate."

This telegram indeed produced a strange effect upon Angelina. She remembered numerous times how much she was already indebted to many of those who had stood so faithfully by her when even the whole world was dark and dreary. She thought of the kindness of her friends to those who had died at the hands of the enemy and that appealed more strongly to her sympathy than anything else they had ever done for her. There was no one to advise her and acting upon the impulse of the moment she sat down and composed a letter the very nature of which she did not hardly understand herself, and which she decided to have Jean telegraph to Angelina. Again she had written but one page, when she had suddenly the strange feeling that persons alive whom they are ill from overhead, or several days before she had not been well, and the excitement produced by this telegram of her cousins increased her illness to some degree. There was nothing when she had attempted to rise that she had thought herself seriously ill during these hours when the days schooling was finished and when she was alone that evening she had ample time for reflection, and she finished the telegram letter to her cousin Michael in which she told him how much she loved him, that it was not proper for her to give away the secret until the Virgin Girl gave her permission to do so. This note caused them so much effort and so many bitter tears, that she felt weaker and gave up all hope of being present at the first day examination.

When she told of her illness to her friend Ella she answered, "If I
"Oh that is too bad for he's coming this evening and I do so want you to
see general Starring, and I'm afraid now that he'll be disappointed too
for Hubs is a girl or boyscouts over observed anything of the interest he has
in you."
However Susan felt so tired and ill that she had to go and lay down on
her cot, and a few hours afterwards as Susan was lying half asleep and yet
feeling the heat more than ever, and thinking of John, and others, and
wondering if she had done right in writing to her cousin as she did, refusing
to let out her secret without the consent of Abbot, and her mother, a
girlabout whose name was Alice Wilkey came running into her tent wild indeed
with delight.

with delight.

"My own father a soldier in the army was outside, together with Ida's uncle, and officer in the army.

"The first thing I did when Ida was to inquire after Perrod and Redcliffe, I guess my aunt who came to see to see he was ~~shoes~~ shoes. I showed at the night of no much fire and flood, for she asked, so quiet. General Starring laughed, and General Vivian said he was doing better than ever and was one of the finest of all ~~Wynnes~~ ~~Wynnes~~ in the whole christian christian army. But why don't you make inquiries about ~~Wynnes~~ Starring. I heard him talking about you, to some plum who is here again just as I came from outside. . ."

Sam however decided that any information of her which pose might therefore give, would be more than exaggeration, and indeed she thought right, for when these unasked questions concerning "the little orphan girl" she sat first misinterpreted his questioning being utterly ignorant of ~~some~~ ~~some~~ history, and then when after Starring explained more correctly she said "I . . ."

"Oh you mean the new recruit Susan. I'm sure I don't. How much about her excoriated as far as I am acquainted with her, and that much of her however shows she's got good quality to be a good girl outside. It's a miracle or something of that kind. If she was my sister I couldn't be sure about or love or more."

At these words there was a peculiar smile on general Starrings face, but he again replied, "Oh, mild."

"If that is the case she ought to be a very, very good and studious girl, and that that she pronounced she was."

"As nearly as I can judge of her," returned Rose "she is most remarkable for her brilliant talents, and she has certainly good way a lot of proving her worth quite on her own merits, and perhaps I might be mistaken in regard to her if I say that some day instead of trying to get her, the ones I'll keep out of her way instead."

Very much stronger still is the description of her given by Ida who now came to the general's side,, extolling Guain highly and lamenting the illness which would prevent the general from visiting her. Many others within hearing spoke a string of words in Guain's favor at the same time

endeavoring to confirm the rumors of Rose whom they thoroughly honored and loved as a good woman, and whom the enemy had feared. She was the only daughter of general Augustus Plim of the Abyssinian general and she was very much of a favorite with her father. Rose was not only unusually pretty but she also possessed a peculiar faculty of being more than usually agreeable than ordinary children. Daily are even having all these good children of Abbeinnia, and for her manners and good and obedient ways she was an unusual favorite with all the generals, the scouts and all soldiers who were acquainted with her. It was toward all boyscout officers and companions however that her prettiest and most son acquittal ways were practiced. However she felt that Susan was the object that she would secure, and when she heard Susan's sad history spoken of in her presence she in her heart fully could not forbear expressing her contempt for Susan's particular and unlovely. Knowing that all others would feel just as she did with regard to Susan's flight, and the low brow rebel who were persecuting her, she made the statement that when Susan gets the real scouting ways that wanting should be will to remain out of her reach instead of hunting her down like a prey. As for Walter Starring it was difficult for him just to consider about the matter though the last time Rose was in Susan's camp rumor had said that some sniper had tried to shoot Susan and instead winged, Susan's hat from her head, and she had turned, saw the smoke still and got the man before he could escape, and and still Lincoln, one of the girlscouts, who was very sanguine hinted to her that the probability that the battle would soon sweep rage between the scout forces of both sides.

Rose however was careful not to hint any such thing of Susan's knowledge of the explosion, of Abbeinnia, in her or Ellen's presence, but she was quite willing that all others of her boy and girlscout companions should fancy that Susan might be the settling of the question between the nation of Abbeinnia and the situation there. Consequently she had not been in the girlscout school ten days before she was pointed out as being the future redeemer of Abbeinnia, which great disaster had become a subject of general remark throughout the whole world. During the whole of Starring's stay in this locality Rose managed to keep him at her side entertaining him constantly with all the good and perfect doings of Susan, the successful results of her adventures, who she said was undoubtedly "if forgiving her sickness" because she was too "silly" to come down and see him, but said Rose "as soon as the time comes I want you to come to her tent and see her, and she'll get over her bashfulness fast enough, and won't regret having met her. You a second time. She's a little girl as she can be created."

Rose of course was mistaken in believing that Susan was playing ill just to keep out of Starring's sight from shyness, for when the evening came Susan was too ill to ride back to the other section of the Christian line and it was decided that she should remain until some one could come for her. With many tears Jenny and Ella and others bade their girl friend good by, and Rose when asked to go and see her said "Go and see her, what do you think I'm going to stay with her until she gets better. She's ill because of this heart."

The tent in which Susan lay commanded a view of the camp through the entrance, and after her friends had left, she arose as best as she could and stealing to the little tent window looked out upon the company as they moved off. She could easily throw her arm, while Rose herself walked close to his side, apparently engrossing his whole attention. Once he turned round, but fearful of being observed observed himself Susan drew out of sight and thus lost a view of his face. He had nevertheless seen her, and asked Rose if that was the tent in which Susan was ill from the heat.

Rose said it was, and then told of the many trials which Susan had endured at the hands of the enemy before she was rescued in the Christian line, and congratulating the little girl upon her escape from those combing the country in their efforts to get her and her aunt. Starring was an attentive listener. He was greatly disappointed at not seeing Susan and thought it strange but when Rose had brought him toward the tent the army do stop seeing her that he had come thus far from his own command, and in spite of Rose's endeavors to bring him to say a few words he was unkindly silent all the way. On her return Rose told one of the boyscouts to bring to Susan tent some clear cool water from the flood, and he for a blunder highly offended the young girlscout by because he had his and too much set upon something else, brought a pail of dirt, and a basin of mud.

"I should like to know what you are thinking about," she said rather pettishly, as she glanced at the mud and dirt. "Do you call this water?" The boy blushed and looking intensely embarrassed answered "that he didn't realize what he was doing, and he then brought the water."

In the meantime during all the morning of this day while Susan was receiving her first day of training both the enemy and the Christian armies of the actions which had been giving and receiving trouble were in a sort of a half quiet state that looked like a temporary calm but more troops had been placed where trouble was feared, and artillery was put into position near the Junction of Clara's Crossroads. Of course that morning every Christian general and their troops available was there in Mass formation, after Mass and Holy Communion for all the soldiers never missed a Church Service in the camp nor Mass and Holy Communion and neither did the child scouts. This day the Christian line however was facing the enemy most of the time, but the assaults seemed more lightly delivered, sometimes only piques, sorties, and forays. Of course just at the time the Mass call was sounded the enemy would start some demonstrations, and the Christian officials would have the funniest things to say against the foe, and one could have actually been convulsed laughing at the funny things the Christian officials did in their mockery and what they said. Then about two o'clock then suddenly on came the enemy, and they struck against the Christian line like a many demons. Impossible to tell what would have occurred had the enemy been permitted to rush on without ever's resistance. In the course of that day the enemy generals learned a number of things they did not seem to know before through spies.

They learned which part of the Christian line was the thinnest, and would hurl a petty assault there. In short they tried every sort of scheme to demolish a certain section of Hanson's army. In the beginning a demonstration was a sign without a slight mistake that the assault was going to be made but the Christian generals gradually realized that the Christian generals relied on this sign, so they would give less demonstrations, but start up an assault more suddenly. Machine gun usually had more effect on repulsing these flaws more than musketry fire. Of and on the assaults would be made slightly of course, being repulsed by machine gun fire or by means of a barrage of artillery shells or grenades, by pressing heavy numbers to the endangered line or by hurling forth a similar counter assault.

General Plivan had written to general Hanson: "What kind of an action do you call that the enemy is so constantly demonstrating against you anyway. They've been doing queer things lately, the demonstrations are not at all like those usually performed. Better be on your guard. The enemy is up to something."

In Gertrude Angelina's headquarters, but selected in her own pleasant little dining room parlor that came evening the tea table was neatly spread for fourteen while the boyscout aide-de-camp, in his best handsomest uniform, and large white hat bustled in and out, and occasionally changing the position of a window curtain, and then a chair, and then would step backwards to see how it looked. It was a large rocking chair of some sort, with three extra pillows was drawn up to the table indicating that some one who might be an invalid was expected to occupy that seat, while near one of the plates was a handsome bouquet, which Jean had her self had arranged most carefully, and brought over as a present for her young orphan girl friend. Half a dozen times one of the boyscouts had been told to go and take a peek down the road and see if they were coming, and at last sitting herself resignedly upon the outside front steps. Gertrude began to wonder "What in the world had happened that they were not yet coming? He had reminded her for about an hour if she the sound of the galloping of horses was heard, and a group of girl and boyscouts came riding up and drew rein near the entrance. Susan who was now heartily well, sprang from her horse, and bounding up the steps seized Jane hand with a grasp which told how glad she was to see her, as she first had come down to meet her.

"Why you ain't so dreadful sick after all are you," said Jane peering long into her face.

"No I'm not sick at all now," returned Susan, and then she saw the chair and almost felt like having a good hearty cry when she saw how kind every one was to her. She had been too to Gertrude's camp only a few hours when she was solicited to take charge of a small select girlscout school for a while. But however Gertrude Angelina thought it best for her to return to Miss Greenburg's class as soon as possible, and accordingly Susan declined her friends offer, greatly to her off disappointment, and that of many others. Jane Mallory was the loudest in her complaints saying that "that select girlscout school was without a proper girl scout leader, and Susan could

"I'm too thankful to see him."
"And you too I'll guarantee feel some interest in him." Returned the boy scout and again his large blue eyes rested i on the little girl's face with a curious suspicious expression. But she made no reply, and rising up a few minu minutes later, said it was time for her to start back to her own camp for breakfast...

"I am in a room, and she was going to tell how she came to be acquainted with her, when for some reason or other the boy's count suddenly changed the conversation, and in a moment or two more they were near or at the entrance to Jean's camp." Jean seemed delighted to have seen this boy, and to receive the message which he brought, and she was so excited over what she had heard that she did not seem to notice the boy at all, and

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

that a party of boy and girlscouts had gone out on only what may be called "a sight seeing tour" and that when they had reached a certain meadow, they had been heavily fired on from an unseen location and many of them had been shot down ten slain and the others wounded, also they said, that Mary Robinson had to nurse the wounded herself with Willard ending them and

On the night of the 22nd, the enemy had come this far to us again. I only brought the two girls into the large tent where the wounded child, Robert, lay, and saw upon a long bench lying all the members of the Red Cross girls and boys, and Angeline, whose was standing near the head, bowed with a look of very becoming resignation, and then, as if quite overcome, left the tent. Just then one of the boys, who was superintending affairs, approached the group, spoke in Spanish and Cuban, requested that Mr. and Juan

Fortunate said you had better stay in here tonight all night with me, and there is no one there but Rose, Jim and me. We have such a nice time. You need to be there because I saw some one shadowing you.

At this moment, the thought of the little from Memphis in her own home where her little sister and brothers had died, and felt a desire to be home once more but she knew it could not possibly be as the Rhoads

she took Susan by the hand and led her to a large mirror of gilded frame, the beauty and neatness which had been greatly improved. Emily took both Susan and John and her own father a strip of faded blue carpet was lying before the set. A low rocking chair stood near the tape opening. There was an old barrel in the tent too, and its contents had been neatly piled away in a large round box, on the top of which, in a worn port-

However, given did not at that moment hear any other eyes were riveted upon something else at the foot of a far distant hill, but within plain sight of the wall of heavy brown clouds which made its all appearance as if the mountain was a volcano in violent eruption, the huge human had seen several dreadful volcanic eruptions in his day and night.

11 They returned Jean that it was no eruption, and neither is the mountain
a volcano, it's a new forest fire on the east.
Budden afterwards learned that forest fires raging on hilltops or hillside
could cause a volcano if a volcano was literally bursting its entrails.
Just as she stepped on the sound in the distance as if the rocking of a
candle could be heard, then came a sort of terrific cry which rose to a shriek

for a moment into the company street to have another look at the forest fire on the hills base and then Rose asked Jenny what she intended doing with "usn."

"To be sure it may do well enough," said she, "for the day to pass by without too much efforts and excitement, as the weather is too hot, the air too stifling and too smoky. It is better for all to take it easy. I do not want a list of heat prostrations on my hand. I've had w already."

"I don't want any of my followers to work now, none of you are even obliged to work, and you shouldn't work. If any of you get overcome it'll be your own fault. The generals won't allow the soldiers to do more than necessary either. We can't do not a thing until this hell subsides."

From what it was when she first came to General Vivian's army...
Poor Jane Mallfort who usually so full of life and spirits and recklessness
was cut short in "hundreds expression of surprise and disdain by being told
the heat was affecting her a great deal too.

"Why Jane, what does make you so red and so thin," said the distressed girl scout leader. "I know it's the heat," and she gave Jane numerous lectures of what to do to prevent heat strokes, and when two days later M'Kird saw her

For once the merry June birds and really was so ill, and now had come
and hundreds of soldiers in the 1st Regiment were evacuated from the front
and thirty of the 1st and 2nd Regiments were sent to the rear for some other part
of the campaign. I distinctly felt behind me the hands of the first unit camp
in which I had been since the evacuation of the front before June, 1915.
I had never before, I am sure, passed a sentence as close to seeking forest fire
smoke: before, and if it had not been so hot, and the atmosphere so empty the
voices of the birds, and the immense rolls of smoke hovering high into the
sky at enormous heights and the size and immensity of the landscape, her
moving in the air in spite of the wind blowing; now and then and forth

[illegible]

drooping in the hot, unwholesome atmosphere produced by the "red plague" which had not long after the camp's movement when I had wanted to observe the scene. At the same time Johnny Russell wrote to Susan in a message an amazing account of angelic visions and of how he had been moved from the east to the west and then to the whole world.

expedition was supposed to. The boys and girls, and waiting their turn, how more attentive than usual. He accompanied us to a gathering held at the home of a friend, where we had to give a report that we had done all kinds of things and came back with our chests bursting full of shells, and how angry she got when she asked me if I wasn't trying to get rich by throwing it all away, and I said, "No, I wasn't doing anything for the country, or the people."

he is just like General. I don't think I look ever so many girls and boys uniform but I think he's more military looking. I don't think he's a soldier and all the soldiers sometimes make who he is, and said it is a pity he isn't a brother of the Bridgeses. He's so attached to them but that wouldn't make any difference to me as all like his wife. Every one

...New Mildred would go on if she should, this. But I can't care, every one likes General Starring and they can't help it. I must stop writing now

$$g_{\alpha\beta} = \frac{1}{2} (g_{\alpha\beta}^{(0)} + g_{\alpha\beta}^{(1)} + g_{\alpha\beta}^{(2)} + \dots) \quad (1)$$
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over the whole country. This incident hinged upon the government's ability to continue payment to all the soldiers dying in the armies.

"First the World's point of view," said Jack, "the present world situation can hardly be blamed upon all the situation of resources caused by these great catastrophes and flood disasters."

"It does not seem hardly," said Jack.

"Maybe not to you, but the Galverinian authorities are very firm in their belief that such awful losses caused by the floods and the wars own destructions are directly traceable to the 1919-1920 famine. While the general public is waiting with dread the results of the main deliberations of the banks for international settlements at the request the government had already appointed a commissioner interested with the fact of strengthening the affairs of the bigger banks in Prussia and Germany."

"This commissioner seems unimpaired," said Jack, "James Gandon, who is the head of the bigger banks in Prussia and Germany, issued a statement according to this effect: As far as he hoped the banks would come together to be formed and resume business, a stronger basis he said something must be done to alter this awful situation or it will create very heavy the advantage of Germany. It is all looking for it is also understood the emergency decree enacted by the various cabinets amounted a full per cent. got guarantees to all depositors."

"Yes, but this man admits that withdrawal from the banks totaled over a billion dollars. While the banks present foreign debts were over \$12 billion."

"That seems to me in a hopeless case," said Jack, "but after reading the report for all Galverinian banks are expected to be decided by the government of Galverinia. The papers somewhere have the all Galverinian stock exchanges are almost closed and no one knows when they will open and according to the information written here all details stop at the banks of London, will be wait the arrival of the president who left for Galverinia about eight or ten days ago. However the authorities had been and are considering since the independent mission of the bank president to Galverinia an emergency decree to protect the property and giving a public statement to Galverinia."

"Yes, and it is believed that a decree is in effect and that it is also promulgated by emperor Vivan as soon as possible," said Jack.

"They read on that the emergency decree had placed dictatorial power in the hands of the authorities. It was expected that it would not only curb the flight of capital from Galverinia but Galverinia would be enabled to restrict the trade of the biggest banks of the country to conditions laid have been demanded by the Galverinian Federal Reserve Bank as a first step of participation of in a huge loan. Faced by the many dreadful disasters and dreadful loss of life on the one hand, and the raging fury of the mad Galverinians on the other, the moderate center Galverinian cabinet decided to try and use every means within its power to save Galverinia from going to bankruptcy. Emperor Vivan himself had issued the emergency decree believed to have been already drawn up by the cabinet under emergency clauses provided by the nation."

Continuation much longer of the dreadful floods, and the vain efforts to relieve the homeless; and the devastation of such immense stretches of the forests would mean the certain downfall of many banks in Galverinia and the Galverinian that if the fire progressed much further without being checked in the present circumstances would mean the ending of the most immeasurable disaster ever known in all history, and that the war would be a measure that would be shocking before Heaven itself."

The Galverinian cabinet reported also a decision to make declarations of an economic dictatorship with the purpose to lower the banks reserves to a danger point and that there was no further delay in expectation of other big loans of three to five billion dollars believed possible. One of the Bank Presidents of London reported to the cabinet that the many Galverinians think the war had to be finished better than it could and find almost nothing better in future where it could be continued. The Emperor had begun to be heard in various quarters and his observers declaring that it has actually had the effect of starting the worst dictatorial era in history. Despite the fact that he had left Galverinia, when it is on the verge of a nervous breakdown one of the Bank Presidents was called back late on the Night of the Twenty first of July to the conference of all Bank presidents and officials. On him indeed was expected the degree of action to reach some sort of understanding of the immeasurable extent of the various war disasters and see whether there was any hope of bringing it under control. The Galverinian press continued to demand the cabinet to take action at once.

over the whole country. This intention hinged upon the government's ability to continue payment to all the soldiers serving in the armies.

The fifth and worst point of view was taken the present world situation can really be blamed upon all the nations of the world caused by these great earthquakes and floods disasters.

"It does not seem hardly," said Jack,

"Maybe not to you, but the Galverinian authorities are very firm in their belief that such awful losses caused by the floods and the wars own detentions is directly attributable to the 1914-18 banks. While the general public is awaking with dread the results of the main delinquencies of the banks for international settlements and movements the government had already appointed a commissioner intrusted with the task of enlightening him the affairs of the bigger banks in various continents.

"This very disaster, however, in the United States, James Gordon, who is the head of the bigger banks in Europe at London, had issued a statement according to this matter, desiring he hoped the banks would come forward to be forgiven and resume business on a stronger basis, and something must be done to alter this awful situation or it will create very serious advantages to Galverinia is all looking for it is also suggested the emergency decree suggested by the various cabinets embraced a full per cent gold guarantee to all depositors."

"Yes," and this man admits that with travel from the banks totaled over a billion dollars with the banks' present foreign debts were over \$12 billion."

"That according to me is a hole-in-the-hand," said the emperor, "but sharper restrictions for all Galverinian banks are expected to be decreed by the government of Galverinia. The papers announce here that all Galverinian stock exchanges are closed and no one knows what they will do and according to the information I received here all details stop at the banks of London will wait the arrival of the president who are not Galverinian until after a week and a half the authorities had been and are considering since the unimpaired mission of the bank presidents to Galverinia an emergency decree to protect the property and prevent a panic throughout Galverinia. Also was and it is believed with a decree in the United States and other countries."

pronounced by emperor Nivian as such as possible," said Lady.

They read on that the emergency decree had placed dictatorial power in the hands of the authorities. It was expected that it would not only curb the flight of capital but would also have a restraining effect on the banks' restriction of the credit of the biggest banks of the country two conditions laid to have been demanded by the Galverian Federal Reserve Bank as the price of participation in a huge loan. Faced by the many dreadful disasters and dreadful loss of life on the one hand, and the ravaging fury of the mad Galverinians on the other, the moderate Galverian cabinet decided to try and use every means within its power to save Galverinia from going to bankruptcy. Emperor Nivian himself had issued the emergency decree, believed to have been already drawn up by the cabinet under emergency clauses provided by this nation.

Continuation much longer of the dreadful floods, and the vain efforts to rescue the homeless; and the devastation of such thousands of stricken Galverians would mean the certain downfall of many banks in Galverinia. It was estimated in Galverinia that if the fires progressed much further without being checked in the present circumstances would mean the setting of the most immeasurable disaster ever known in all history, and that the war would come to a measure that would be shocking before Heaven itself.

The Galverinian cabinet reported also a decision to make declarations of an economic dictatorship with the purpose to lower the banks' reserves to a danger point and that there was no further delay in expectation of other big banks of three to five billion dollars believed possible. One of the Bank Presidents of London reported to the cabinet that the many disasters during the war had so demoralized matters that it would be financially impossible to continue where it would be necessary for the emperor had had to be heard in various quarters many conversations declaring that it has actually had the effect of starting the worst disaster ever known in history. Despite the fact that he had left Galverinia when it was on the verge of a nervous breakdown one of the Bank Presidents was called back late on the night of the Twenty First of July to the conference of all Bank presidents and officials. On him indeed was expected the duty of attempting to reach some sort of understanding of the immeasurable extent of the various war disasters and see whether there was any hope of bringing them under control. The Galverinian press continued to demand the cabinet to take control of the situation.

"Go would I came back Jack promptly." Gandelina surely has no...

and from all other areas their works had extended all over the country, not the enemy was getting mighty apprehensive of them. They carried out as an Union 1. expedition force and there, not now because of the feeling of the Unaccountable disasters that was in the air they were busier than usual.

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"We can get him from the overhanging branch of the tree nearest to his comrades," she said, and she pointed to a tree branch about six feet above the endangered boys, and, a little to one side, stretching from a still taller pine nearest the one the boy clung to.

"Yes, it seems a miracle to do it," said Gilford anxiously, as she eyed the branch. "anyhow, it looks like a fair play hope, and besides a girl or boy would have to have the arms of a gorilla to reach the boy from there."

"Never your mind about that," responded Gertrude. "That's climb up the other tree quick, that is hope of you, who can, and it'll give you an idea what I am going to do."

All of them however could do very, and they all climbed up the tree until they reached the stout branch indicated by Gertrude. They could not tell for sure whether it was really as strong as it looked but finally it was discovered it would hold four persons easily. They began to see them and hailed them evidently as big game, for he broke into a storm of wails.

"There," said Jean, regretfully, "I told you we would be too far up to help him. He leaned down, as far as she could without danger of falling from the branch, and the boy was still three feet at least from the stripe of her, but stretched for longer."

"Can't I reach him?" she ejaculated as she withdrew from her vain hip hope.

"There's just one chance," said Gertrude. "One of us will have to hang from this branch head down, till the other full length, while the rest grab by the legs and hold on for dear life."

"I told you easy to say," but in the girl who gave the alarm, but who is going to hang by the tail."

"At it," said Gertrude, "as she threw off her uniform red jacket."

"Oh now please don't think of such a foolish thing," protested Angelina, who was taking the time to think for such a simple attempt to take to see the poor boy go down, but his life time with you, and as he was so crazy too at times with his blunder blunders, and it his fault too as he knew he was not allowed to climb without giving orders."

"Besides, you, Jack, when you get hold of James Green, he would probably be so frightened that even then he wouldn't let go, and you couldn't pull him up alone."

"Out over the tree," talk comrades said Gertrude. "Jack, you and George sit on the branch as tight as you can, I with your left legs hanging down and then hold onto one leg while Angelina and I sit tight the other. I'm going to try the stick."

"For the sake of leaving the boy there, we can't do it with her, and therefore two of others of the group Jane and Angelina joined the quartet of helpers, although with great inward quaking, for they felt that if anything happened to their girls out leader they would be in part responsible for not having forcibly detained her from such a risky undertaking. A minute more and Gertrude had lowered herself from the branch and hung at full length, while the other girls pair of arms looked at each other. She found herself on the level with the boy but too far to one side to reach him with her extended hands.

"Start swinging us you see," she called, "until I am able to reach the boy."

She swung Gertrude gently to and fro each time slowly bringing her a few inches nearer the frightened boy whose strength was rapidly giving way and who seemed to be slipping. Gertrude made one grasp and missed. Her next attempt however was far more successful, she managed to grip the boy by the neck and shoulders, and ordered him to work himself upward as far as he could do, which by her help he managed to do until he was even with the branch. However it seemed to the frightened boy that the saw only open space below him, but in another moment Gertrude said to those holding her:

"Now draw me up. Can hold him. He's not heavy, and in another moment

the seven above had pulled her up to the branch and she was again scared, shouting and panting and breathless, with the boy still in her grasp. He helped him to get a foot hold on the branch, his sides heaving, and his eyes still big and wild from the fright of his late experience.

"And the boyscout came back," blurted the girlscout.

"Indeed this 'ain't thing is on the subject that Gertrude came back," said Jeanie. "I tell you that Gertrude, that was the most dippy thing to do any one could ever think of."

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However that was easily solved, two boys climbed down on either side of the trunk with James holding onto each and making headway himself as much as possible until they finally reached the ground, though to the three children it seemed a year's journey.

"Both you and Gertrude are lucky to come out of it whole," said Jack to James. "If Gertrude hadn't been strong enough to hold you, she and you would have fallen."

"Well, now let's get back to the section of the camp," said Gertrude, leading the way, while Angeline, whose brought up the rear with the rescued ones, and somewhat chastened boyscout, and it would be safe to say that James never dared to climb another tree alone. As the crowd of girl and boyscouts came trooping into their own part of the camp, Gertrude was alone had kept on her way, looking up with a reproful smile at the boyscouts.

"What do you girls and boyscouts think this is, a business office, or a playground?" she demanded. "We were awaiting you for drill hour, where in the world were you?"

But the querulous look and tone vanished, when he heard the story of the rescue of the boyscout from the broken branch, and as he turned to the line of boys who were drilling again, the boyscout veteran entered to himself:

"It seems as if the very American spirit is in those girl and boy scouts. I wish we had many Americans in our army. If we had them, it would be heaven here."

Three hours went by of stern or stern reserve and fearful expectation.

It was becoming evident now to every mind in the Philippine Army that general

MacArthur's army could not if it would keep in that position any longer, except

at the expense of National Honor and Suicide, every hour brought its forest fire

toll, and horror, dying fire fighters, ruined towns, refugees fleeing before

the onrushing brutality, and the flagrant disregard of civilized faith by the

MacArthur's army. Scouts and patrols were sent out in strong force to watch the

direction of the movement of the fire and see whether it would be general

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The troop of girls and boys called "the Thirty Seventh" under Jeanie Turner had come back to general William from Angelina, Angeline, the boy and girls, and as the child scout Regiment, swung through the company streets, headed by the child scout band, keeping step to the strain of martial airs, the whole camp went wild with enthusiasm.

From some of these, in coming boy and girls, the real news was brought as to the extent of the forest fire disaster, and the children had this opportunity to see themselves near a number of refugees, mostly men and boys who were within hearing.

"There's no use," Frank said, as with the other young refugees, in the camp they had thronged forward to see these splendid boys and girls in uniform go by, "I'm going to join the Forest Rangers in fighting the fire, and I won't need to be afraid of anything."

"Here's the one called Frank," said Jeanie, "he's a little fellow, but he's a big heart."

"He's a little fellow, but he's a big heart," said Jeanie, "he's a little fellow, but he's a big heart."

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me that I have heard nothing out since we have been in the country. They were the band didn't leave anything out and I was with a smile. They played through the whole list of Mohammedan National Airs, even playing "Mother Dear Remember me" and other Hymns such as Come to the Feast, and

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"Something has got to be killed," they shout, "hold back gently," and the army moves forward. Every one of the men in all towns and cities is not a question of choice. Every one of the men in all towns and cities who do not enlist in the army must go to fight in the front. Their country needs them as bad as it needs the army and nothing must hold back now. The fires must be overcome."

friendship the four great nations that symbolized all each other in the common Abolitionist Cause. Before the farm house where these emblems were displayed a little knot of civilian refugees were standing admiring these flags. There came up on horseback a burly fellow that had a face that bore a stamp that looked looked suspicious and was well liked. He was greatly agitated and his arms were waving like windmills as he pointed at the four flags that was for some reason

pistol, drawn, jumped across the street. The fellow who had wanted his rage
on the flag looked up. He saw Jack coming, and though Jack's only bow, yet
the sight of the lad, with that mischievous, unblinking eye, and with
pistol in his hand was anything but reassuring. He drew his bow and looked it
but the trigger hammer failed to work. He would have easily killed Jack,
Jack, right there. Seeing his pistol would not work he ran down the walk
toward the rear of the building. Jack followed him. When he reached the door

and all came hurrying, shouting, and demanding an explanation from each other and also in turn demanded it of the child himself. "What's happened?" "It's a snake who bit me," the boy said, "It was a soldier, above the water tower."

"Let's take a look and stop of this snake," yelled another neighbor. "Come on, let's go."

"Through all this confusion, Jennie, the nurse, who had already dismissed her

sister Jean, and the other Jane and Marie were much like one another.
"That's the trouble here girls," he asked. "Keep kneeling on that same neck
Jane and give an account of why you took him prisoner. Look, what the
fellow made a quick move as though to reach his fist from the grasp
of the three girls. Let him up to his face; but don't let him put one
over on you."
The faces of the girls were grimed they acted to their feet, force

Jack, who had risen to his feet and now made for the prisoner, "with his
sabre drawn as he hissed;

43.

17

refuse to do it the crowd will be allowed to have you at its mercy. You will now stand at salute, and sing: 'Fair songs, Abbleannian forever, God save the King, The famous French Song, and the Star of the Glandelinian which every day of the Abbleannian's life doth sing, for the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, who through all the four verses at your left hand and with all the expression I know your love for the Glandelinian will prompt.'

The Glandelinian refused again, and a desperate assault the pressure he before from Jack being in the crowd accents the stirring measures of one of the old songs of Abbleannia.

It was in vain to stop him, they punched his face, and when he finished Jack shook him like a rat put in the crowd surged meaning, meaningfully forward and it seemed as if Jean's hammer and the others made the crowd to even say a word this time or interfere, and the crowd saw the rope, and knew the madness of a mob, he finally let this time gave in, and sang the four hymns as commanded.

"We won this time," shouted Jack. "We'll try the other stunts again. Jean take down the flag and place them where they were. He'll pick them up or we will turn him loose, to the mob."

She did so, but gently placing first a large white cloth which she found in the tent on the road and she stood there at salute. Again the Glandelinian as stubbornly as before even showed his refusal, but this time the crowd started forward, and was about to even brist, the boy and girls came roughly aside to get at him when he bowed and cried:

"For mercy's sake don't let me go and I will do it. Don't let them get me for their ferocious looks scared him."

"What if I let you do it? I'll not let you go. Right this way, skunk."

"What if I let you do it? I'll not let you go. Right this way, skunk."

"What if I let you do it? I'll not let you go. Right this way, skunk."

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"What if I let you do it? I'll not let you go. Right this way, skunk."

flaming eyes. "Every one will be fighting for Calvernia and her sister States."

"That sure is the case Susan" cried Jack, his whole soul responding, to the kindling spirit of her eyes. "For poor Calvernia, it won't be the first time Abbleannia came to her aid. She did in 1841 too."

"I know that," replied Susan proudly. "General Vivian and all other brave men helped Calvernia win and I'll only fight that now when Calvernia is hard pressed and looking to her blood for Abbleannia like water. The noble animals should fight side by side with her and her other sister states and humble Glandelinia."

"You a true daughter of Abbleannia Susan" said Jack admiringly.

"Ah, fair Abbleannia," she sighed. "I love her with all my heart and soul. How many times have I desired, even longed to go back and see her sunny vineyards, her beautiful green covered mountains, and her beautiful cities."

"You told me you and your parents were planning to go there before the enemy killed them were you not Susan?" asked Jack.

"Yes," replied Susan. "And for two reasons. I was glad to see the dear Abbleannian home land again, and then too I felt I ought to go and see the beautiful scenery. But now papa and mama are dead and I have a heart to go. For could I have gone anyway had I wished, for the war is too extended and makes it impossible."

"Well don't worry worry. I'll have a chance yet," said Jack. "And yet, he added a little more thoughtfully, as he still held his prisoner. "It wouldn't have been a bad thing if you had been able to let out your secret so that our Government could work on it. It might be safer for you too."

"Don't worry about me and my secret," replied he girl. "I'll let it in a tone that strove to be cheerful. "You know I have the true Abbleannian say—you've said yourself that I'm a wonderful manager of secrets. The only reason I reveal nothing was for to obey the advice of Violet, and her sisters so that they could do something more about it when it comes out. I don't say either that the enemy did it or not. I know nothing. The secret does not go to that. I don't know now that we can ever get the secret out what really destroyed Abbleannia and caused the flood it's tangled up too in a sort of lawsuit and that was one of the reasons why I ought to keep it secret until the day comes, Violet will tell me to reveal it."

"Never mind little girl," replied Jack gaily. "Something will be right soon."

At this moment there was the sound of galloping horses, and the crowd opened up, and the vivian girls came riding through the gap.

"We've heard all about it," said the vivian who was in the lead. "Where is the man who insulted the flag?"

A hundred fingers pointed to the captive.

"Six of you soldiers take him to the Guard House," she commanded.

"And the rest of you disperse to your work," said Joice. "Will attend to the prisoner to-morrow."

With this they rode away, and Jack gave Susan a quick embrace and kiss and hurried out of the crowd for he had been away from the drill considerably longer than usual.

But indeed (you are interested) as fast as was the time he made in getting back to his Regiment the news of his exploit and got there far before before he done did it, and he found all boys and girls and soldiers too, huzzing with admiration and excitement. Jean who had been ahead of him and told every one the story, had not lost anything in her telling of it and she gave him a resounding thump on the back as he came on.

"Here's the right kind of boy that made the Glandelinian do something three times which he did not like."

"And from all accounts which I have held it didn't agree with the Gray Coated starfish," grinned the German boy George. "It was splendid of you Jack, and it is regrettable that I was not there to see you make the Glandelinian hobb like the four flags. Don't them off and hang them back where he found them."

"Oh Jack," she cried. "You were splendid. If all the Glandelinians are like this—"

"They are Susan," replied Jack grimly. "Glandelinia is a nation of men like him. I thought you knew that by your experiences. What he even did to our flag the whole Glandelinian empire is trying to do to the Christian world."

"Then Abbleannia will go into the war," cried Susan regarding Jack with

*EMPEROR HILIAN DECLARES A NEW WAR ON THE CALIPH

"The Glandolinians have said to have gone forth to battle in the spirit of great warriors. Great warriors are they! Why they're wrecker

spirit and a new purpose was visible in the looks of all the soldiers, for there was rumor of the enemy preparing to advance against Hanson in overwhelming force. Therefore the strain was over, and general Vivians army was making preparations for the fight too to go to his aid.

YOUNG AND WAS TAKING PROBABLY THE SAME TRIP.

Though a battle was impending yet everybody soon was talking about the draft of young men from all towns and villages for forest fire fighting.
Wellness and man was saying as each was entering the tent "it's up
all the young fellows not in the army to show that Abbaunna's still
got the stuff," and tonight both the enemy and the forest fires. I
wish something better could be done. I don't believe there'll be any
chance for where your own armies could not stop the blazes. I wonder
how they're going to do it."
We heard our share Mr. Benson said he would stay there some days
to fight the fires by himself or if needed go as well as those of the
rangers and forest patrol. They'll show the Abbaunna too they
get off."

get off." "Under situation this," said George Zimmerman, "I never heard of a war before where we got to fight the enemy and cruel nature could kill. We're helpless. It's like a big shadow in the forest," said he. "Look around at the group of younger child around me. The young roots of all these and villages enger child seem to fight fire. All seem nervous to be asking to get into the camp with the army, yet if we need you men for far the army than what we will have to drive them off from fire fighting against them in the army." "We Zimmerman said will be at it with his hands" piped in one of the witnesses.

"The forest rangers couldn't very well spare him," said Jack with whom
Raggs was as popular as he was with all the rest.
"Well, I guess Mr. Hunt ^{was} ~~wasn't~~ ^{was} ~~wasn't~~ James O'Connell," how many of us are
going to offer our services during the coming battle, and how many of
us are going to stay home?"

us are going to stay in camp. "Violat, and her sisters says we're all going, as we must be at
space to warn the generals if anything goes wrong," said Jack.
"I'm going with the signal corps," answered Blaw later. "I know all
the rail line well."

Q. Now, did the doctor tell you that he had always seen a
boy with a splinter and that he had the chance of a question from the
I know how to find all horses full till and that ought to help a lot.
I am going to join the secret or violent, and I am in another.
I will show something to a boy by the name of Frank.
and for me to be a boy. In a battle during 1912, and that eludes
will need us some on some sort of duty. In every branch as to the
were in other battles.

At this event Max Anderson, the on-scene manager of fire-fight officials came riding on the bus a stout girl with a pretty but sensual face and bearing and was generally liked by all who knew her. With her was Angeline Jennings. Her eyes twinkled as she saw the authority with which all the young girl and boys bowed to their father and formed in line at the rear of the bus to meet them and then dissipated.

"Don't worry folks," she said. "I truly will though your minds are not much on business to day, and I don't wonder. To tell the truth too I'd be sorry if they were there. There always comes times when there is only one important thing in the world, and this is one of the times. I've just got to say to all of you things went on. I don't know what each of you is just planning to do in connection if a battle breaks out or if General William needs to go to Hansons at Fort. Each one of you must decide that water for themselves from things I've heard, seen, and experienced most of you are eager to go on whatever your duties are. I shall be very glad if the battle comes in to lose you girls or boys in any given hour by death, death of dismemberment for we were never more threatened by the fury of the war than now but I should be still more sorry to have any of you stay here in the rear, when Violet, and her sisters will need you at certain strategic positions during the battle if we come. I and Miss Jennings have been talking this thing over and we want to say to you that as far as duties are concerned you must not hesitate. We are not however going to let you do anything too risky by following your patriotic instinct because the enemy is mad now so we have decided that your duty will go as usual as long as there is no war even. However you will be able to serve your country with nothing less than valor and except the best and quickest way for our country to win against "Gandellins" the best education their race from the boys and girls come."

Then both girls about leaders with a smile and wave of their hands
On.

"Yes but Maud Angelina is a game girlscout," exclaimed Mildred, Freddie voicing forcibly the feeling of all.

...voiding forcibly the feeling of all...
If there had been any hesitation before this generous speech, removed it
and now every one was ready for action. That very morning Susan got her
first initiation; she took the oath of allegiance, promising in words
what all others had promised in their hearts, and she was truly and honorably
enrolled as a member of Gertrude's famous High School.
Will not Smith, your-
one of the great old Englanders, being to come along
warmly, and relieve me its a great old Englander, being to come along

"And believe me its a great old regiment, we belong to some thing
warily," and I'll show you some of the fight that went through the battles of this
big war."

The twentieth N.Y. and saw some of the "war's" greatest action; that the
Christian Regiment under Colonel Hancock participated at all. In 1861
consequence there were six flags blackened by the smoke of battle, torn with bullet
holes, and had gone through the fire at Sumner Creek, and at Belmont's
Union, Cedarline, and even one at Evangelina de Blair, &c. Myself
look off their hats as they stood before them, they got nervous, and cannon
had thundered on the back of Evangelina de Blair.

That was the kind of stuff the regiment did during the war, and made
of "old feared pride."

"It's a glorious score," said Badger reverently, and how it came to be
general, civilian to show what we can do here too, for what we did at all
these battles, we can do here again.

It was the brightening of morning that closed part of the middle of the month of the year—in the latter half of the rainy season referred to brightened and the day for some unknown unknown reason grew extremely hot in the east and north in the coming of what cried to be day, but was not. A young soldier looked out on the busy Indian encampments about him with that feeling of water degradation and loneliness which can appear before the human immense camp where all is new and strange to him suddenly—both upon or more had passed, since the noise of a falling bell had fallen and it took his ears—and he had asked into a grave where they said his mother after she had been taken from the place in which she had floated for a month. He saw many others had perished in the flood; and this young soldier by no means belonged to some other army and not those under Grouard at the time as was now a orphan, and alone in the wild, wild, wild world. He knew that a great violent war was raging, and after getting his mother killed and finding the flood had not let anything for him he had fled from the army, but had seen sent with a message to general Givins, and has therefore come to this great army and therefore on the hot dingy dark morning with the smoky atmosphere had copper red skies in the west, and during the last went forth along to bear the message, seeking the hollow jaws of the great fire, pursued frequently by javalined and patrole, and with no other recommendation than the frank honest expression of his handsome face, being pursued as often by the enemy, being fired once every spot of observation dimmed over ten hills, and threatened with death by fire it had been rather very discouraging, and it had been wearisome work, and once when there had yet been no sign of rain or any of the previous kind in sight his heart had begun to misgiving him as the day after another he went through these adventures which though exciting was not to him liking.

"It was very foolish in me to make it this attempt," thought he as he had finally reached the tent of general Starring which was that general headquarters. Just then his eyes caught the sign on the flag on the pole and the name of the general he was to take the message to sounded to him verriir

He did not know who he was, but he was struck by a tall, thin man who looked like a soldier, and who had a sword at his side. He was a tall, elegant looking man, and he was looking at him with a look of surprise. He was a tall, elegant looking man, and he was looking at him with a look of surprise. He was a tall, elegant looking man, and he was looking at him with a look of surprise.

All all little girls will, why it was in if he did think of her so much why he didn't say so and come and see her. All boys and without any question about it had the strongest claim to her love, as well as of the other girls, but then Walter Starling, though young, too, was a general of high rank, a guardian of a lot, and her sisters, and could he have known how much real satisfaction she felt in thinking that he still remembered and felt interested in her, she then should have felt like a sister to him.

At this moment Susan remembering Angelina Jones's command, decided to see what she wanted. Gertrude offered to accompany her, and therefore both set forth on horseback. The German Street because of the heat was hot and dusty, and they and their horses were covered with dust before they reached the outskirts of Angelina's camp. A company of soldiers was passing by, mostly officers, and one of them was General Hance, and he saved his hand to Susan who bowed in token of recognition.

Soon they had reached the destination of Angelina Jones's headquarters. Leaving Gertrude at another part of the camp Susan proceeded at once to Angelina's headquarters. The guard looked kindly on her, and asked whom she would like to see.

She answered the guard kind of timidly for she fancied that Angelina Jones must have heard falsehoods about her, and that she had treated her with some coldness, and therefore she felt some anxiety with regard to the reception she was likely to meet.

"Is Miss Jones at home?" she asked of the guard.

"Yes she is home," replied the guard, "but is busy holding a meeting."

"She told me to report here at one o'clock. Tell her Susan Carol is here if you please," said Susan trying hard to think of the "friend" which always came upon her when she found herself before a superior girl scout. The guard conducted Susan into the parlor and departed with her message to Angelina Jones, who had just about adjourned the meeting. The door of the meeting room was open and from her position Susan could hear distinctly every word which was said.

"Angelina Jones said Susan," she said as you wished to have some word by the name of Susan Carol is in the parlor, and said she had not seen her."

"Susan Carol," repeated Angelina Jones, "Oh forlorn I've almost forgotten that I told her to come. Why didn't you tell her to come in my name?"

"I didn't want to have her disturb your meeting," answered the guard, "while one of the girl scout officers who had attended the meeting in disguise surprised me."

"Susan Carol, the orphan girl, why didn't she come in?"

"In a half vexed half laughing tone Angelina Jones replied,

"Why, thought you knew the orphan girl."

"I do not to speak to though," returned the girl. "Well if I ever she adopted her."

"We one did so far," was Angelina Jones answer.

"The girl then said, I must see her, for if she is anything like the others, I shall love her instantly."

"Oh she isn't like me," said Angelina Jones with a smile. "I hope she will be though, as she is smart enough though though believe me, and she sure has a fine, polished and refinement. She doesn't come here often but only when she is sent for, but I sent for her because I have something I wish to talk to her about, something which brought me to the girl scout school this morning."

"I guess it's best not for me to go down until I'm properly uniformed," returned the other girl, and Angelina Jones throwing in her thin arm black descended to the parlor where she met Susan first with the simple "Ah Susan how do you do?" then after several common place remarks remarks Angelina Jones asked:

"How did you know I was home at this time. It's only twelve thirty."

"I told you to come at one."

"George Zimmerman told me," said Susan.

"George Zimmerman," repeated Angelina Jones, "and pray how did he know where I had placed myself since I changed my headquarters?"

Susan told her and then Zimmerman said:

"I told you to come here for one reason. Do you know Margaret Jordan?"

"No I do not," answered Susan. "Who is she? I do not believe she is one of the girls of acquaintance."

"Do you remember the man who accepted you one day, and Margaret was in the camp?" asked Angelina Jones.

"Yes," said Susan, glancing nervously toward the door. "There was some one following me when I came here with Gertrude, and it isn't necessary for him or her to know who I am."

By this time some of Angelina Jones's officers had come into the parlor. "This is the orphan girl I was speaking about," said Angelina Jones.

The girl scout officers showed a great interest in the little orphan girl but one of them lifted but, "I don't believe they are coming here. It is after quarter to one."

"It is likely they are detained," returned Angelina Jones. "I wish we had asked that good general Hance recently which part of the camp he was going to do next. Then by the way of saying something more to Susan she continued, 'Oh you ought to know what an adventure I had yesterday. It was the most miraculous escape ever had for me, and my squad should certainly have been captured or killed if the most magnificent magnificent looking gentleman of a general hadn't dashed up with a large squadron of Abyssinians. With a Cavalry and clashed with my horse. Just in time. My horse was shot, and he had rode up just in time to prevent me being thrown or caught under the horse as it gave way and fell. You ought to see or ought to have seen the scene. It was the grandest skirmish ever known and the Gaudelians were beaten and had to retreat for dear life."

Susan replied that she herself thought he was a rather handsome general. "You want there did you see him?" asked Angelina Jones in great surprise.

"He visited me in school this morning."

"Sure that can't be the one," returned Angelina Jones, "while one of the other girl scout officers too said:

"Certainly not, our cavalier never saw the inside of a girl scout school yet."

"I know positively sure he came and visited our military teacher, Miss Maud, Angelina said Susan, and then she related the circumstances of general Fredrick Hance meeting with her at the spot too just where Angelina Jones came so near having a fatal adventure with the Gaudelians' Cavalry.

"Did he go to Gertrude with you?" asked Angelina in a tone plainly indicating that a negative answer was expected.

Susan understood the drift of her superior's questioning, and promptly replied:

"Yes he went with me to Gertrude's headquarters, and stayed to dinner. And he was talking long with her and when he said anything he always looked toward me."

As Angelina Jones's friends lowered, while one of the girl scout officers officers whose name was Florence, an exclaimed:

"I declare, what is in the wind, for the general would not come to speak to you that way for nothing."

"Pshaw," said Angelina Jones, "He just came to see her. Nothing wrong in that" while Florence again turning to Susan asked:

"Did you learn his name? If you did, you are very fortunate, for he and his party came all the way to camp and home with us too, with Miss Jones on his own horse and he doing the walking and you a general, and besides that he said a good many words too."

"His name," returned Susan, "is Fredrick Hance, he told me, on the way to Gertrude's, and he is in general kind of things I believe."

"Fredrick Hance, Fredrick Hance," repeated Angelina Jones. "I know him, never heard any one mention him, anyway we know this general then for when he aided us he, or we didn't go get a good look at his face. It was one of the better generals of the Princesses. There is something up his sleeve or he wouldn't come here."

Here Florence again looking down the road, exclaimed:

"I believe he's coming now."

Both girls rushed to the window, but it was somebody else, and when they were retreated Susan very gravely remarked, that he probably was now in general Hance's army as she saw him with a troop of Cavalry officers headed that way.

"Why really," said Angelina Jones, "You seem to be well posted in his affairs. Perhaps you can tell us why he came visiting your class. He said he had some business to transact."

Susan knew nothing about it, and Angelina picked up, thinking aloud continued. "Well, Susan, I called you here, because I'm suspicious. I don't know myself who that Margaret Jordan is, but she has been telling things about you that every one of us know isn't true. She's been shadowing you like an eagle or a falcon shadow its prey. I've got a hunch to give you. You too, Susan, keep your eye on her. Maybe she is not what I think, but never theless she needs watching. She may be either just trying you to see what she's up to, or she may be only a stall on her part, or she may be one of those smuggled Glandelinian scoundrels in our ranks. If she is well, well, find out, soon enough. And there comes Little Turner, and the rest of the girls. Susan, I guess you'll have to go or if you'd rather remain or not, you'll have to choose me. For I must pin up and change my uniform. By the way, wouldn't you like to meet them if you would just remain by the door, you can stay that long as school begins. I'll be there." Susan went out toward the front door meeting Little Turner and the rest of Miss Pickers staff face to face. Florence was in the parlor with Angelina, who was refreshing and quickly questioned by Little as to whom was the new girl scout they met in the front. "That's Susan Carol, a girl scout of our own Rangers' said Florence. Then, entering her voice to a whisper, she continued:

"Don't you believe she'll make a good scout." "She certainly looks the part," answered Little, but this little girl, who does she come by?

"In Miss Jennings' company," she should be a fine girl scout all right. "Well," returned Little, "she should be a fine girl scout all right. I heard she is facing unknown dangers." "How can you say so?" "Our camp," explained Little, "is in a breath and Little replied, "Perhaps not. It's only what I hear. She knows a secret which is a danger to Mandy and the new government. If she ever lets it out." "Why don't she tell Nellie contemptuously. It's serve Glandelinian right." "The better," answered the staff, and Angelina Pickers having accomplished her change of uniform came tripping down the stairs in time to welcome Rose Glum whom she embraced as warmly as if a little eternity instead of a few days had elapsed since they met.

"I had perfectly despaired of your coming," said she, "oh how sweet you do look. But where's Jenny?" "She's with Susan."

"I forgot to ask her," continued Angelina, "how does Susan come to be wounded?" "Her life he cutled so fearfully as she replied: "Why a day or so ago she met a company of Glandelinians in the road, and you know how Glandelinians are to us kids. If it was not for me and a company of soldiers under Starring, we'd have no Susan here to day. She just now has met Jenny your sister in the company street outside your gate, and I couldn't drag her away. She wants to go back to school." "And who is Susan Carol?" asked Miss Little Turner. "Rose," answered Angelina, "she's who said, 'Why she's the little orphan girl you met going out the yard.'"

"Oh yes," returned Little, "she's to be here? I have noticed her in camp. With all of us every morning at 8:30. Communion and should like to get acquainted with her. She has a fine eye and a forehead forehead."

Angelina Pickers though she wanted to dare not just then tell Little Turner that Susan was shadowed, so she answered that Susan couldn't not or would not stay during the afternoon as she desired to resume her schooling. But if she wished she'd sent after her and have her brought back.

Jenny now came bounding in her cheeks glowing, and her eyes sparkling like diamonds. "I'm late I know," said she, "I met Susan in the road and I never know when to leave her. I succeeded in taking her home with me as there's somebody somebody one of two who seems to either be shadowing her or us. I called and commanded but no one showed or answered." Instantly Little Turner's eyes were fixed upon Angelina Pickers, who had colored scarlet at the report, the others looked at each other, and then Angelina Pickers quickly changing the conversation, after whispering something to her side-de-camp she commenced talking about her almost fatal adventure of the evening before, and of general Mance's rescue in time.

"Oh," said Jenny who generally managed to talk all the time. "Yes," Susan told me about him. He was in her school class this morning. He was watching her too, and the first suspicious character that moves toward her, well I wouldn't want to be that party. You never did see general Starring, did you?"

"I said Angelina Pickers," I do not believe of you. I did too, I guided him through the Abbeian district. But it seems to me, I said, and her sisters do not seem to be so dreadfully anxious to solve the mystery of the explosions or maybe they're discouraged and have given up."

"No they ain't discouraged," answered her sister. "If it seems impossible for any one to find it out, I told Susan that I rode past the camp school grounds this morning, and should have called had I not seen a general there in don't know with the military teacher. Of course I asked who the general was, and she told me about him, and how he saved you and your squad from the Glandelinians who had attacked you."

She had known all about the situation, the progress of the disaster and so forth, and because of what she had seen and heard so far during the conflict though she did not cheerfully and jolly jolly Angelina Pickers temper was never the best, and when she heard many other bad details it was fast giving way and by the time all the staff officers were all gone she was fairly in a fit of the pouter, gunning upstairs, and throwing herself upon the bed, she burst into a flood of tears, wishing wishing herself back home and saying that that was the way, no one was trying to do anything to do anything against the enemy.

Florence who was terribly distressed, of course rightly guessed that what Angelina felt mostly had about on this occasion referred merely that no one could solve the explosion mystery of Abbeian. Angelina Pickers was always strong willed, and had had her exposed some good news from the Abbeian region, seeming to consider it the only chance to win the war hastily and consequently could not bear to know that even her friends, Violet and her sisters still had not accomplished anything. The fact too that nothing could be done by a military man to stop the "Red Plague" of the forests was a sufficient reason why she should be thoroughly angry. Florence however knew that the surest way of calming her out of her peevish fit, was to encourage her, and accordingly she repeated at least a dozen complimentary speeches on the situation some of which she had already heard from others, while others she had made up for herself. In this was therefore the cloud was gradually lifted from her face and ere long she was laughing merrily at the idea that Violet and her sisters could not succeed on anything if they really made it up tatten their minds to do so.

"Oh Jane won't you please do me the kind favor and take this old pillow from my head and remove some of this thin blanket off of my feet, and give me some wa' water or something! Oh dear dear, but this wound sure pains!" groaned poor Rose Glum, as with aching head, and aching wound in her shoulder, she did penance for her imprudence in crossing a country road outside the christian lines in front of an oncoming squadron of Glandelinian wheelers and caused a desperate battle for her life between her followers. Jane who knew nothing of how she got so fearfully wounded loudly lamented the extreme danger so many of the girl and boyscouts usually ran into, imputing it wholly to the fierceness of so many of the Glandelinian patrols, and wishing as she often had done before, that she'd been wise and made Rose remain within the christian lines. Jenny and others wished so too, if by this this means the Rose's injury could have been avoided, and she too did all she could for the girl who tossed, and turned, and fretted since her injury, somethin sometimes wishing the war was over, and then crying when the wound pained the most, and her head and neck ached from the inflammation set in by the wound.

"Oh dear, oh dear," said she, that evening after the commencing commencement of her illness produced by the wound. "How provoking to be obliged to lie here moping with the dullness of all dull company, when I should be out on duty. Why in the world did this had to happen at such an ungenious time as this. They only yesterday shot and wounded poor Susan Carol, and now they got me the vandals."

Jenny knew that whatever answer she would make would not now be the right one, so she said nothing, and after a moment Rose again spoke: "I'll go and report to duty sick or well, I'll show the Glandelinians. I would not miss service for my country for all hell."

"This time Jenny looked up in surprise, asking why Rose was so particularly anxious to go on duty in her condition."

"Because," returned Rose, "Susan Carol and others will be there, and you know

"Yes," answered Jenny, "that is why the Glandelinaps wish to capture
or kill her."
At this time she got very angry, complaining that that was exactly the way
that the enemy was the same with the Vivian Girl Princesses. It's too bad
that I'd like to see Manley place a price over my head. I'd fling it in his
sleepy face."

"You've changed the old story concerning your thoughts about
that Manley general, and with regards to Susan," said Jenny.
"Why shouldn't I," answered Susan. "I always thought Manley, a sleepy faced
foolish, and how he persecutes Susan and all of ours because we want to find out
what really happened at Abbeville that I'm thoroughly disgusted. Because there
was good general Friedrich Nante and his companion, Ned Perkins, now at Susan's
headquarters, where they sleep at night. A special favor too.
The old was dark and smoky, but nevertheless looking out. Jenny saw Ned
Nante, Perkins, and another man, mounting the steps that led to the
headquarters headquarters, where they sleep at night. A special favor too.
It's funny that the two should be together on the same errand with another
man. I thought she said she continued to see him. I thought she said she continued to see him.
Nothing will surprise me now. If those two generals are going away,
and get her to tell her story. I'm glad, idiot, and her sisters are away,
the present, though I fancy we've got too much good sense to think that
Susan will tell anything without their permission or advice for she remembers
their warning well."

[illegible]

General Vivian who had been wounded in the foot, had always expected that some day or other the Glandelinian general might strike a blow at him, and therefore that was the reason why his own army had not been caught napping, but neither he nor his officers had ever expected that any attack should be made, have been surrounded with such force and violence. He felt sure he could hold his ground till night fall in the assurance that general Raymond, Richardson Federal did not come up to join Manley, and therefore thinking it the best plan he decided to strike back before the discomfited Glandelinians could recover from the shock. And the fact that he had received a notice from General Hanson, who had received word of Manley's plans from Radcliffe, was with him on the way to help him give general Vivian encouragement for his plans. A go though he was wounded in his head, he did not think he had been hurt. General Vivian was the word for the whole front line to go forward. Immediately, advising General Ochsman to try and strike Manley on the left flank. The attack was made, the battle was renewed with redoubled fury, but all the fiercest Christian attacks availed nothing, and brought on dreadful losses. The enemy position was maintained most stubbornly and though six successive onslaughts were made the enemy resisted gallantly with little loss to himself, but with great loss to the assailants.

During the afternoon Manley tried his most energetic efforts to drive general Vivian's whole army from its position but also failed on this occasion. General Manley not forgetting that general Hanson's army was present, all would have probably fared well in the end, but toward the close a portion of that army had arrived in the field and general Vivian was again reinforced. Matters, the other portions of Manley's army not engaged with general Vivian had been struck by a portion of Hanson's army, and though it fought three hours most desperately along a wide front, it was a fearful loss. A portion was captured or forced to surrender, and the remainder drove from the battlefield in a hasty flight. The night was a fearful one for the Glandelinian army. General Hanson sent word by telegraph to general Federal that Manley was attacking general Vivian, but was in danger from general Hanson, who had sent him word up on time, to take the Glandelinian general at a distance, and by night fall, Manley had been forced to withdraw his armies to their positions with the hope of renewing the conflict with better results on the morning. But by night general Hanson's army also had made a junction with general Vivian, and on the morning the battle was renewed by general Charles Brown, who by night general Manley's army continued to give way. And by noon the conflict was over, and Manley had retired to such secure positions that it was too dangerous to attack him further. That night on the second day of the conflict, Federal had arrived, but the battle was over and it was useless for him to try to retake any lost positions. Had it been he had desired to do so, Manley cautioned him not to try, for it would be disasterous.

General Federal who had believed in "preparation" for the attack, he told general Hanson that general Johnston Jackson Manley, but he was not a little doubtful of general Johnston's plan, and therefore during that night following the recent action planned to strike general Hanson the biggest blow of all. Federal had decided to try it at midnight but all of his generals opposed the idea feeling that it would mean disaster, for they said that the Christian generals are this early being able to see in the dark, and so it was that at midnight ten thirty the following morning before he moved with his army to strike general Hanson first, while he prepared to strike general Johnston's army.

General A. Vivian's army was driven from its position, the main line stood its ground, and with the approach of night fall the battle ended with the situation on both sides the same, the Glandelinian army entirely exhausted, and discouraged.

The way this battle resulted put general Manley and some of his generals in some trouble, give anything if his own general Johnston Manley were there, but for some reason he had refused to move forward after this disastrous

results of the battle of Battle of Evangeline St. Claire. Manley indeed was desperate. Seeing how Federal had tried and failed, showed him all was waiting. On the following morning the Christian decided to try and cut Manley and Federal away from their strongest works. Consequently, Manley was voted to strike first during the night, and therefore at six A.M. in the morning, the whole force moved forward, in three strong columns many miles long, and the heaviest attack of the entire battle at that quarter was made against general Manley's front, while a fourth column moved against his rear and flank. Strong as was the Glandelinian position in the center an enormous wave of Christian troops broke through, and partly carried all before them, but the main body of the enemy closed with them and they were hemmed in and fell fighting to the last. As some could surrender, the battle raged furiously till noon time, when general Johnston's army notified general Hanson, that to take general Manley's works by direct assault was absolute suicide, and that his losses had been fearful. At once the Glandelinians led by general Jackson, Thompson, Jackson, and others made a terrific general counter charge upon general Johnston's army. The attack was general all along the line, but the Glandelinians were moved down in waves for every thrust, and though it therefore was impossible for general Johnston to take the enemy's works, it was equally impossible for the enemy to take general Johnston's works; they could not get within one hundred feet of general Johnston's works, though they tried to hold them. The losses of the battle on this occasion were indeed very great, and many of his officers were wounded or killed, and a battery had been captured and changed off.

Hanson's assaults upon general Federal had been equally futile, but were stubborn and persistent, and for a time the Glandelinian army was in confusion and disaster increased because at the hottest part of the day general Federal was wounded and driven from the field in a critical condition. General Johnston's army took general Johnston's place and killed his portion of the line, and held the works firmly against the desperate attack of Hanson's army, and then ordered a Federal "off" to the attack, and led it in person only to receive a wound himself in the first movement, by this general attack general Johnston's army was out of commission, and general Johnston's army in general, the place had to send him strong forces to restore the destroyed army before the enemy gained too much ground. Up to this time of the war duration this battle lasting for the first ten or eleven days action was the most bloody and stubbornly contested battle of the war, but after that was suddenly ended, neither side would give up, and neither could take the other. Manley hurled his armies upon general Johnston's army after the other, in endless succession all day long, only to suffer a loss of sixty thousand men, and five hundred thousand wounded or captured every time. Then the Christian side counter charged their losses was equally as terrible. General Johnston's army saved his own left wing from a Glandelinian attack of terrible force, led by general Jackson, Thompson, Jackson, and Johnston's army, though at least twenty minutes to do so. The Glandelinians had struck on both flanks of the left wing simultaneously, and it took the bringing up of heavy reinforcements and orderly supports to check the charge, even the light and most steady cannon and machine gun fire, though it killed the Glandelinians down in great numbers for every discharge failed, as these guns were finally captured.

General Johnston was killed, however, and thirteen other generals wounded, and at six o'clock in the evening these Glandelinians having lost one hundred thousand men gave way leaving three million wounded on the field besides. The widest attack of the battle occurred at seven o'clock in the evening, and it was directed against only Hanson's whole line this time, while it was all quiet elsewhere. Hanson repulsed his assailants this time at every quarter without further help and rolled up the Glandelinian wave of assault all the way back to their position positions, but all his efforts to take the enemy's works was unavailing, and he was driven back with fearful loss in men and wounded, and a great number captured. Master at this time would not fully have occurred to him, but general Johnston's army came up in portions, and the assailants were tearing Hanson's army to pieces gradually.

"Again Mike, I suppose you go down the Company Street and get me a new jacket for my coat? I didn't have it--for I'm back upon going; and the cold--thought less--I'm back--spring lightly upon the street floor, and walked half way across the road to the room to show how well and strong she was. However, she understood that this little protest was useless, but however, knowing she couldn't get it, and refused to go for the jacket, and she also--she was sent with a note from me saying she wanted a nice looking red jacket."

if Jones heard the last part of this statement, she did not heed it, for to her the general's fall or his other falling was preposterous when the breakfast call would be all the time. She then, at her girl's look and went to the mess hall and despite the pain of her wounds chattered, chatted merrily with a group of girls and officers who had called to see her at home, and on

when General Viviani's troops go busy in earnest. The messenger, who had been sent to the Habsburgs, returned with a letter from the Emperor, in which he was informed that the Emperor had decided to send a large force to the aid of the Italians. The messenger also brought back a letter from the Emperor's wife, in which she expressed her sympathy for the Italian cause. The messenger then returned to the Italian camp, where he was met by the Italian General. The General then ordered the messenger to be taken to the Emperor's camp, where he would be able to deliver the Emperor's letter. The messenger then returned to the Italian camp, where he was met by the Italian General. The General then ordered the messenger to be taken to the Emperor's camp, where he would be able to deliver the Emperor's letter.

...pale delicate and wounded girlscout officers look more heroic and
...than others" said the girlscout as she obeyed.

"You sure do look the part, and God bless your undertaking with success" said one of the boyscouts. When all was complete, Bob stood up before the camp.

Just then the door opened and Jane again appeared more simply arrayed than before but looking as fresh and blooming as a rosebud.

There, then, came a hail from the outside, and a cry from one of the boys that the horse was waiting, and throwing on their thin army cloaks and hoods

"What Rose Plum going out in that condition!" exclaimed half a dozen
girl and boy scouts, as Rose and her escorts started to ride away.

girl and boy scouts, as soon as her reports started to ride away, "yes she is" she replied "I'm wounded but I'm not going, going to stay here until I can get to my country."

"Indeed how beautiful and brave she is," said more than one of the boys and girls as with her accustomed grace she urged on her horse until she with a number of others got her close to the scene of battle as the generals would allow. As truly as ever was a beautiful child the fateful morning, but like the gorgeous foliage of a fading plant in fire! death was nevertheless the end. Her death was a great triumph. Her mortal wounds were written on her brow and lurked

the gorgeous foliage of a fading plant" in fire; "Hed"; "it was never the less the beauty of decay, for death from mortal wounds was written on her brow and lurked in the curve of her cheek; not little thought she of that as with smiling

then watching the raging fray and saw to her dismay how the enemy was beginning to break through a portion of the left wing:

"Guns on your side, everything is not well," said one of the officers riding past, and

affection in their soft hazel eyes as they looked eagerly upon Rose, then Jack gaudered rose up and offering his hand said;

glossy glossy curls as she thought;
"We cannot think the unfortunate troops can hold the enemy back here" and

"I believe you are always thinking about me and my country,"
 "than our dear country. See how these soldiers fall before the vile enemy."
 "Now don't feel that way," returned Jack. "But you are not acting to orders."

suddenly recollecting something which she really wished to tell him, she started to speak when he interrupted her with—

Just then there came up two other girls and they were said to be one

Indian girls always took great pains during their camp strolls and like to be always becomingly uniformed, and Jennie Turner especially looked like to be always becomingly uniformed in a uniform skirt of purple color, satin

like to be always becomingly uniformed, and Jennie Turner especially loved to wear a uniform. She usually wore a blue uniform shirt of purple color, satin collar and cuffs, and the blue rounded purple hats. The rich silken gold braids of her hair were also in the uniform style.

[illegible]

With authority from George, I replied: "General Vivian has my permission to let Stanley go as soon as he pleases. I shall visit him from time to time, then taking his hat, he left the tent to make the rounds of his part of the camp while Patro continued his spiel as follows:

hardwood table by way of emphasizing his last words.
However to his disappointment Ella Jones happened to be out with the other
and as Penrod was returning he overtook Ida Turner and Susan Carol, who were
taking their accustomed horseback ride. Since her conversation with Jack
she had encouraged her with the hope that General Vivian would not lose a
more efficient

gold and proper, but for the sake of gold, the people are being sacrificed.

who put that good-bye thing in there. I was in everything right as they were, I was a sergeant and he was a captain and wrote to Gertrude in England. I never wrote what he could not tell her about. The situation was that I had there been a lingering doubt of her acceptance of the idea of her marrying me. For her worry he would undoubtedly have wasted at least a dozen sheets of the sheet, tiny gilt edged paper, but as it was one was enough, for he was a good writer. He would send General Vinton the warning almost before he really read it. So the note which contained a so invidious warning of the dangers lurking in the plan of his marriage was written, sealed and directed. And then there was a general way on the door. Henry wished to push it in, but his father which was lying upon the table, had been received as a gift of his friends.

Jonny said he, grasping at her dress as she passed him on the way from room to room, "I don't hardly want to tell you something like that, but I'm sure you'll be able to handle it." He then turned to the left and walked at the fragments of glass from the picture frame; then at Petro's flushed face, and then instantly conjecturing that he had been on the left wing said a most reproachful name to his mother.

The sudden exclamation of joy, the cries thrown so affectionately around him, the hot tears upon his cheeks, and the kisses and warm hand-shakes outstretched upon his lips, helped him to justify his purpose, and not for his sake alone there had been made, but for the sake of the country, the road for the men off he said.

1 have a plan. I want general Virman to pull through.
 1 who are you going to suggest. It talks Angelina. Michael. And then
 replied. "No. Indeed dear girl. she has those. those points. she is too far away. su
 how to be plain. how would you like to have Gertrude send Joan to carry. let's
 1 friend."

"I suppose" said Penrod angrily "that Marley will be proud as Lucifer because he'll hear that general Brian is wounded. I could tell you something alive, but that which the world would know would bring his pride down a peg or two. But answer me, why couldn't general De Chambliss Brown do it. Why couldn't he answer me, why couldn't he have come down here and looked Penrod fully in his eyes and said, 'I'm sorry, but I can't do it.'"

"You know as well as I," answered Jenny, "that General Viviani left his men driven back two miles from his position. Besides I wouldn't and one

and how to their child, gives their slightest wish is a law and when their need changes they treat the slaves as rats and mice and think you that know all this Gattuso would look favorably upon sending a child scout on that mission. Men will have to take a message, the women won't even let you go, and you know it."

and tell you gold will help me succeed if nothing else will," said Perrod something up the note and hurrying away... For a time, after he had left the room, Jenny amid the clamor of distant battle sat in a kind of stupefied despair. That Perrod couldn't get the message through to its destination she was absolutely certain, and she trembled for the effect, direct, the failure would probably produce upon him. Other thoughts, too, crowded upon the young girl's thoughts, mind, and made her tears flow very fast. Perrod had hinted of something something else, that he would tell her, later, when he had the time, and her heart far too well comprehended what that something was. The heavy sound of so many distant cannons, the wild, like sound of us yells from the enemy assassins, and other confusion of sound, and the sound of some generals' footstep in the room next to this one, which recently had kept her awake the long night, the generals pale-haggard face in the morning, and the nervous and anxious manner of the vicar, and her sister told her that apparently ruin and disaster was hanging over the whole of the Abbeinnian states of the south, that all had to be closing, that was a dreadful unemployment situation, and a depression hanging over all borders of the borders and devastation of the war. In the middle of her sad reverie Perrod returned. He had not succeeded in delivering the note, and in trying to make the tip had "narrowly escaped from death" as his horse had been killed under him. Everywhere he had seen horror and panic as a head of the disaster to general Viviana, left, and that general Brown was striving his best to carry the whole christianian line, which was shattered. He then had telegraphed it and yet could not get any answer. It was like a rejection.

future prospects of the country. But who did not reproach the carelessness of some of the government officials of the Republic nor hint that their recklessness over confidence in the belief that the enemy could not make any big disaster or that other means of over confidence had hastened the calamities which might otherwise might possibly have been avoided... Finally she stated the extent to which three of the States, California, Angelina and Assiniboia were involved adding that though an entire failure might be predicted in a short time, it would come at last, and that another such disaster would leave the three States helpless, and at the mercy of the banding.

states he knew, and at the mercy of the Canadian
"I thought what happen, and for myself I do not know, but I think the fearful and
watched fire out pressing hard her and holding temples for myse I indeed
I do not care but for all the rest of our comrades - and for what may happen to
Jean, and Jolet, and her sisters and Gertrude is the kindest pang of all."
All this time Pedro did not say a single word, but he had been busy at work
with his thoughts. He could not be busy in himself, he had no energy for
that now, but he could not dare try to carry the message through hindered
or not hindered, for he wasn't going to see General Vidiane any more
by his own energy, Jimenez, (Jackie) Manley, carrying the fate which had
reduced V. Calvernia, and for two other states, but when an extremely Pedro
was again started again to try and get the message through.
He decided to petition Gertrude in person face to face. He reached the place
in no time and as the curtains were being drawn back he could see

"I wish she was not so confounded by particular thought he, and, after he had been allowed to pass by the guard, he hastily rang the doorbell, however Gertrude was instantly realized who it was, and she sprang up immediately, and when Gertrude entered the parlor he found her across a ways her way standing in the middle of the room, where the full blaze of the chandelier fell upon her childish features lighting them up with radiant beauty. Her eyes were raised up to his and

Gertrude however noticed how excited he really was, and as she was always afraid of the dark, she began to slightly tremble, and without knowing what she said asked him:

"I glad I am to be able to make it. It's a hell of a thought. I'm glad, as he reached the open air and began to feel the fresh air more freely. Goodness, he won't lead a glorious adventure, eh, with the 'Landlithins' if they see me going through with this message. Now if she had hung back a little more, maybe it would be disastrous. But no, she said yes before I fairly got the words out; but her cause is good and must be saved. I beg your pardon Miss, she he quickly, as he became conscious of having accidentally but fairly jostled a young girl out of the way turning the corner of the house on Poughkeepsie, up he met Jennie Turner, large, eyes fixed rather inquiringly upon him. He was accompanied by Misses Macmillan and John McElroy, and he felt sure she was going to visit Gertrude Angelina. Of course, he thought Gertrude would tell her all, and what Miss Jennie Turner think when she learns he was going on this glorious adventure. In all the world there was not an individual for whose good opinion Turner really cared half so much as for Miss Turner, and the thought that if he really failed on his mission now damned him. He desperately carried it through and by his determination succeeded and through his plan saved the day, but never, nevertheless that night he himself watched and wept over General Vilyan for never before in the war yet had General Vilyan been so heartily wounded.

From one of the not too luxuriously furnished chambers of Gettruss head-
quarters Susan herself looked mournfully out upon the thick angry clouds black and
gray white; and brown which the live long day before and now also this morning had
obscured the September sky.. Dreamily to for a while she listened to the long
continued roll of distant cannons and the strange pattering roar of musketry
and the sharper noise of bursting shells and snappell as it sounded here,,
and there, and then to recede, and then to come on ever only to go back again, and
then with a long deep sigh she turned away and wept.. Poor Susan! the battle was
again raging, and the way itself was smoky, dark, and dreary, but darker far
were the shadows stealing over her own pathway and the pathway of hundreds and
hundreds of others. Indeed turn which way she herself would there was not one single
ray of light in the which even her buoyant spirits could gather, from the sur-
rounding gloom. Her friends were too, as dying, slowly but surely, from the wounds
she had received, revived; and when poor Susan, and even many others had thought
of this that they felt that if poor Susan only live she would try and bea-

the rent, try to forget also how much the very situation was. He knew the enemy country spurned Abbigannia with contempt.

"No, rather see the whole army dead, than beaten by such an enemy," said she to herself, and she knelt at the altar of the blessed Virgin and pleaded for the cause which she almost believed like a girl was fast slipping into the clasp of ruin. However Susan knew the Christian struggle, yet for some reason or other her heart grew faint, and her eyes dim with tears as she thought of the danger of the enemy conquering the cause she loved too well to sacrifice the love of society which had grown with her growth, and strengthened with her. At this point of her country, there was another reason too why poor Susan should weep as she sat there alone in her room. From Gertrude Angeline, and also from the conversation she had overheard from others she had heard of all that was about to happen. She heard of California's Bank, Rapture, and wonders in the wild world was there a place of refuge for the countless numbers of refugees, who were even fleeing from forest fire, flood, and the enemy and facing countless unseen horrible disasters and dangers, and yet by the score she had heard of enemy victories in other battles. It was all this, that poor Susan was so madly thinking of that dreary night morning, and when at last she turned away from the window her thoughts went back again to her friend Rose and she murmured, "Oh, dear God, if she could only live."

But the doctor truthfully said it could not be, she had been mortally wounded and Rose like the fair summer flower of which she bore must fade and pass away, and already she had received the last sacrament. For several days or the day after rather after she had defiantly gone out to view the battle, Rose had tried to keep up, but the laws of nature had been outraged, and now she would have to lay all day in a darkened room moaning with pain from her wounds, and also wondering why the fates of so many of those she had seen passing by and those around her were so sad and mournful.

"Susan," she said after the physician had left the room without a single word, "I hope you don't fancy I'm going to die so soon, of course I'm not, but suppose I am why fret over me?" Here she had suddenly a coughing fit, and after a few moments she continued, "Don't Walter Starring your friend, expected baby?"

"No," said Susan, "he is in command of the army to day, General O. Charles Brown is said to be wounded also."

"Good news you bring to me, well I must, and will be well before the battle is over for it will never do to yield the field to that Manley Jabber who they say is conspiring every way to get general Vivians out of here so we'll never learn the cause of Abbigannia, for he is striking like mad to day and all that. But how'd you ridulous General Hanson Vivian with his bigger army let General Manley beat general Vivians army? He has that that's rich, and the sick girl's fading cheeks glowed, and her eyes indeed grew brighter as the awkward idea just then one of the lieutenants entered the room. He had been consulting with the second lieutenant about the proposition of Gertrude Angeline of the plans of bringing Rose to some other part of the camp where the noise of the battle would not disturb her and where she would be safer, for there would be no telling when the enemy would suddenly burst through this portion of the camp and too would thus be saved the sad knowledge of general Vivians failure should it really happen as it was feared, and which could not longer be kept a secret, and besides that all of the boy and girls would sooner or later would be compelled to leave this portion of the camp, and Gertrude had judged it best to remove poor Rose while she was still able to endure the journey of those several miles. At first Gertrude Angeline wept bitterly, for if her whole force would have to be transferred she would also go, and because of threatening danger all the adventures she had dreamed of in the future had now no charms for the day girl's leader, who turned with disdain from the thoughts of what the future would bring, bidding her tearful eyes to the lieutenant's face, she said,

"Oh we can't go to that part of the camp now. Why don't Violet and her sisters bring us to the army of the West near Glenwood Village. Elsewhere the Glandelinians are attacking so fiercely and wildly that we could never endure the scene should our Christian armies get defeated here, and again Gertrude buried her face in the folds of her dresses thinking there was never a country in the world as wretched as California.

"Don't Gertrude, please don't," distressed me to see you feel thus," cried Penrod, "For as troops to move to a better location would be far more safer than remaining here, and then too—here she paused as if to gather courage for what he was next to say, and then too we can get Mary Glorinda to take care for poor Rose for her soul as well as her body."

Gertrude looked up quickly and Penrod continued,

"Yes Gertrude, we not need not decide ourselves longer, Rose per Rose is mortally wounded and she sure must die, and you know as well as I that you do not want to lose any more girl or boy accute than we can afford, though we been not able to afford even her, it's a good thing too that our training of them all has been such as to beat fit them for heaven."

For a long time Gertrude Angeline was silent, and then in a more subdued tone she said,

"So as you like Penrod, only you must tell poor Rose for I cannot do it."

Fifteen minutes or so later Penrod entered the sick girls room and bending affectionately over her pillow said,

"How do you feel to day Rose?"

"Better, better, almost well, but my wounds do pain," returned Rose training herself in bed to prove what she had said. "But I'm afraid I'll not be alive in a few days, and then what will you and the rest do. All the girls I believe are worried about, no more than how the battle is going to turn out, and here it is almost the time for noon."

Oh how Penrod indeed could hardly hold back and yet was afraid to tell the dying girl that she would not live to see the end of the battle. He longed to tell her but he could not have the heart. He was also the much in the hope that God by a sort of natural miracle would spare her to his troop, and therefore his confidence in God prevented him of speaking of her last days, therefore he would leave that in Marys keeping, so without answering her questions he said,

"Rose do you think you are able to moved to some portion of the camp further off where it's safer? The enemy is coming this way soon, having won and broke up a portion of general Vivians main line and we'll have to go or meet fate."

"What the enemy driving on to?" stammered that horrid brat Manley. "I thought we were going to win the battle?"

"No I cannot say we are going to lose it, but nevertheless the enemy might strike at our lines in this direction and we'd be in the midst of the horror. So it'll be better off to that part of the line where the bright eyed Mary was her camp. The army physician thinks you will be more quiet there, out of sound of the terrible battle, and she maybe able to pull you through. You know though a little girl's heart she's a great little Red Cross Nurse too."

Rose looked earnestly into Penrod's face to see if he meant what he said and then replied,

"I'd rather remain here and die with them all than see our army defeated in such a situation as our country is in now. You've no idea how I hate the Glandelinian and how wicked it is of course if you desire me to be moved all right, I like the bright eyed Mary's they call her she's so cheerful in all difficulties and the things in her tent are so homely and beautiful. But to think of the enemy breaking through, makes me feel as if some one I thought good to me coming and striking me in the face for nothing."

Penrod could hardly repress a smile at Rose's peculiar reasoning but perceiving that he must be decided he said,

"Of course you cannot remain here, the whole troop has to go, Gertrude said so, and every one accordingly are already making the necessary arrangements to move off and two are coming in a few minutes to take you. Jean Sanders and others will stay with you too, will be there till you either die or recover then not wishing to witness the effects of his words, he hastily left the room passing in the hall to wipe away the tears which despite himself would come to his eyes as he overheard Rose angrily wonder, "Why the enemy would be getting away with things just because she was wounded and not able to get up."

"I can't even bear the thought of such a army like Manley's ever winning."

"The slightest advantage in the battle never," said she laughingly and spitefully,

"and then to think of the ha-ha the enemy will give to find out the force of girl and boyscouts were forced to move because of dangers—oh its dreadful something I won't stand."

Jenny Rhodes heart too, was well nigh to bursting, for she had seen lots of trouble before she came, but she forced down her own sorrow, while she strove to comfort the wounded girl, and telling her not to worry herself if worse, for she really could not imagine what she had seen, though the enemy was breaking through, she could fancy how strong and able the main Christian line was, and then turned to the topic of how when her fever was on would be the clear cold water which gushed from a spring near a big tree by Mary's tent. Then she spoke of a beautiful little water fall not far from Mary's tent which made angels like and music all the day long, and as if soothed by the sound, of that far falling water, Rose forgot general Vivians trouble, and soon sank into a sweet

refreshing slumber (pumper lumber) in which she dreamed that the joyful peaceful times had come, and that she and all her friends she had known in camp were well and strong, and that even those she had seen die had only been a optical illusion. While poor Rose was sleeping Jenny rushed stole softly down the stairs and throwing on her uniform cloak and hat, went across the company street, to confide her troubles with General Capel who sympathized deeply with her friend, but nevertheless was not surprised, for from her slight acquaintance with Rose, she could hardly believe a christian army so powerful and so well versed in the art of suffering a disaster in battle. All she could do to comfort poor Jenny who did bidding her to wait patiently, pray a hard and a long hope for the best for "said she" the battle was young yet."

After a few more remarks from Jenny she said it "Because they are not winning, now you are blue and dispirited and a little strol will do you good. Suppose we ride around a few blocks, or so, for see it is getting lighter and the sun is trying to come through the smoke, but see, how strange red the sky is."

Jenny consented, and they had hardly gone over half the length of this partly deserted company street, when the boy scout James Greene joined them. Therefore rightly guessing that for this time being her absence would not hardly be noticed, James suddenly turned into some other company street, leaving James Greene and Jenny in conversation among the pines. From that street Jenny returned to camp much happier than she had left it. She had seen this "strange" boy who had taken in all of the battle as far as he could observe it with personal safety had talked with him of the "last results of the day before," and of how the conflict was now turning out, what may happen for the future, and as light from his hopeful spirit the belief that all would be well for the christian army in time, and therefore

therefore she was in a far more cheerful frame of mind as she reentered Rose's room, and when Rose, who was awake on account of the increasing noise of the battle had noticed the change in Jenny's appearance, and as she asked her, Jenny therefore told her, Rose heard her through, and then very kindly informed her that she should better wait for developments and not listen to everything not proved."

In a few minutes more preparations were commenced for moving all of the camp belonging to the girl and boyscouts to the glenview section of the camp and in the excitement of getting ready, Rose in a measure forgot the disaster threatening the christian line, and the fury of the enemy attack, the thoughts of which had at first gave her such a mighty shock.

"Oh, let me see that uniform," said she to Jenny, who was packing her military girl's bag with the purple cashmere one faced with yellow satin, and don't forget my best purple shirt, the one with so much work on it, for when the officers come to inspect us when we're in line I shall want to look as well as possible, and then too I like to see what will happen before to-morrow."

"What makes you think the officers will inspect us at such a time as this?" asked Jenny as she packed away uniform dresses the poor girl could will never wear."

"I know and that's enough," answered Rose and now Jenny before you forget it, put in my big cockaded hat for if I recover I shall want it, and see how nicely you can find the uniform dress only were yesterday."

"Why, Rose what now can you possibly want of that at this awful time?" asked Jenny.

"I will never wear it is, it is true but I want to show it to 'Bright eyed Mary' but for the love of God I wish to those men making about outside predicting that our army will yet come to ruin."

Jenny thought that if Rose could have seen the two wounded generals that morning and how wildly and furiously the enemy was going so wildly at the attacks, she would have wished that the actual battle was over, or that the chance of it was forever removed from her sight, for Jenny had heard how many soldiers would never return home. Early that morning two general Evans himself had even that all had pressed christian divisions should be reinforced, but of the situation then happening happening he knew nothing, until reports reached him that general Oliver Warbucks division was half destroyed and that the general had been brought from the field wounded severely and half blinded.

"I can't do nothing for that now," said he promptly to the officer who had brought the news. "General Hanson must be informed though. Tell general Dargenly will see him in a minute or two."

The officer who took the note had heard of the fast circulating rumor that a good portion of the christian line was about to smash up? and now afraid to confirm the report he rode back swiftly to his gender who muttered, when he received Evans message "Just as I expected" I'll damn our army anyway for what

I canfor the army of ours, and that I hope will tell on the foe by and by. My officers can't afford such losses to their troops, and I'm not going to take any such chances."

Of all this poor Rose nor any of the child about did not dream, and in Rose's estimation there was no end to the strength of general Vivians great army, and the possibility of his failing had never entered her mind, as she sure was being hard pressed and general Vivians left was being swept from the field in a second time general Henry Lincoln who was supposed to have come up to the support had failed and was wounded, and general Joseph had once hinted to Rose at the occasion of her once asking him how he could fancy any one could hold against General Vivian when there were so many troops to support him in his counter attack."

"I'm not making any guesses on what will happen," was his prompt answer, "and I assure you little girl, we are in need of general Hanson's assistance more to day than you imagine. The enemy is pouring all his strength against him." Rose however had not paid any attention to this speech and when she found that the enemy was demolishing the whole of general Vivians army she shuddered, swept herself into convulsions, as declaring that some of the officers may have been to blame for not having been watchful, that general Hanson and his soldiers were tired and had hearted, and that if she was not had ridden she'd do her part in saving general Vivians army."

"I should like to know what's to become of all of us if the enemy should rush in here now," said she. "Jenny is out scouting and it seems an unpardonable carelessness to allow an army to meet a single force without help. I'll not stand for this and that ends it. If the enemy want to get rid of me I can die fast enough here. They kill kids anyhow."

General Vivians had nothing to say, for she well knew she had trained her whole force of boy and girlscouts to a despise anything pertaining to what he called death, and not of God, and therefore she had a full array of fighting child soldiers who even when flying of wounds still wanted to fight."

During that early morning too "Bright eyed Mary" was busy in her preparation for the coming of the wounded girlscout. It that early morning did that little active girlscout nurse sit from one part of the big tent to the other dusting the faces tables and doing a thousand things which she thought would do to cheer the comfort of Rose. Her tent was at the foot of a small forested mountain and near a glenview junction was a small sheet of water left there by the flood which had been easily from there and with careful thought Mary had arranged the bed in the tent so the injured girlscout could look out upon the tiny lake and the mountains and other scenery beyond the sheets which covered the bed were snowy white, probably the last that Rose would ever rest upon. The tent also got and down were the pillows, and the patchwork quilts. The tent, rocking chair and an old fashioned carved mirror were placed in the tent, and then when all was done, "Bright eyed Mary" gave a sigh of satisfaction that it was so well well done, and closed the tent against any one else until Rose should arrive.

Through the rich curtains which shaded Rose's sleeping room the strange golden beams of a distant glaring forest fire were flickering and dancing lighting up the thin bandaged features of the wounded girlscout and a glow so nearly resembling health, that Jenny when she came to wish her good morning before the before the force of children moved on the march, started

with surprise at seeing her look "so well." "Why, Rose surely you must be getting better," said she joyfully kissing the fair cheek on which the ray of forest fire light was resting. Rose however had not slept at all since she went out so early and she knew that this was the appointed hour for her dreaded journey to "Lemmy" for she feared every one would be attacked when they started away, and she burst into tears wondering.

"Why the 'Andelinians would persist in tormenting the christian army like this."

"It's only a pretended attack to fool general Charles Brown so to get him away from sending up reinforcements, I know," said she and you may as well confess it at once, you are all discouraged. I heard one officer say before you came that he had been in three wars since the last forty years, and never saw or met with a more cruel attack from any foe."

"Maybe that's true," said Jenny but general Evans told me that the army under General is tight and strong in its position."

"Yes but with the rest of the line already broken we are at the mercy of the waves of the 'Andelinian attack' and unless the situation changes we'll all be driven from Stomelotte before night. Listen to the firing, it's awful."

"You are only getting discouraged," said Jenny.
Gertrude Angeline now came into the room, but all her attempts to soothe her were in vain. She only replied:
"I am in the way. I am dying any way. Why not let the rest go forth, and let me stay here in this room, my own room. The enemy cannot do any more to me than he has. I am not in any more than in sorrow. I am trying to live as long as I can to see how the battle ends. If it is God's way, for I know the enemy would like to see a girl of my age as much as we can. No, that we would be out of their way for I know we are more dangerous than any of the soldiers to the enemy, and what is what the enemy wants to see us all destroyed. But that is why they are attacking general Vivians army so fiercely now."
"Oh, good," Rose, "none of us deserve that," said Jenny, raising her hand as if to say her friends should not think less words. While Gertrude lay, laying her face upon the pillow, and that her golden locks mingled with the dark tresses of the child, Rose, bitterly, very bitterly.
And still she could not dare tell her why she must leave this part of the camp. She would rather hear anything else than have her know what she was threatening to do. From a sudden shock the army doctor said night at any time and her life. Rose always had loved her comrades almost as if they had been her brothers and sisters. And when she saw Gertrude thus moved and saw what the cause was, she felt more sorry yet and laying her white arm across her chest said:
"If it pleases you, I will go with the rest to deliver her. But will I live longer there than here?"
"Much longer, Rose, much longer," said Gertrude, and Jenny rushed away as she feared not. Rose.
And so with the hope of escaping the dangers of the enemy, she was with the belief that she might live longer or recover entirely, she was with the suffering them to prepare her for the journey, which was to be performed by wagon. For the first time since the battle had begun, Penrod had this morning some what free for a while from duties. He had heard many say that Rose, or his about six weeks ago, was going to die, but he had believed it as a very unpleasant dream, but now he found it to be a reality. They had brought her down from the upper chamber and laid her on a stretcher in the part where Penrod was now. He had not seen her for over the five hours and when he found her lying there looking so pale and still, and saw her long white hair resting upon the colorless cheek and her small childlike white hands hanging listlessly by her side, he softly approached her, thinking her asleep, kissed her brow, cheeks and lips, whispering as he did so:
"Poor little girl, poor Rose, not a young and beautiful flower the enemy's victim of the enemy."
Poor Rose started, and, piping from her forehead, the tear the boy had unconsciously left there, she glanced anxiously around. Penrod was gone, but his words had awakened her to a new and startling idea. Was general Vivian really losing the battle? If so, she didn't care, whether she died or not, did they think so and was this the reason of Penrod's unusual kindness and sinking back upon her pillow she wept as only those who love and love as a cause as she did, she of "they feared it would come to a dreadful disaster, because the confiding foe was the more powerful."
"I cannot die—I will not die, I must live and battle my country father. What she at last rousing herself with unusual energy. "I ought to feel that within me that says I would like longer the air of heaven if the smoke clears away will do me good, and they say Bright Eyes, Marys skill in nursing sick and wounded girl, and boyscouts is most wonderful."
She was therefore consoled so consoled by these reflections and therefore she became more calm and she was almost impatient to go to that part of the camp near Glenview.
The wagon train bounded for that part of the camp and heavily guarded by heavily stood near her tent waiting for the signal to start, and just before the signal "all aboard" was sounded a handsome equi equipped drew up, and from it alighted Gertrude Angeline, and then a soldier bearing in his arms the little girlscout whose head rested wearily upon his shoulder. Accompanying them were a score of other girlscouts, privates and officers, Jenny, Angeline, Phoebe, Jean and Mildred Maxwell, and even Jack and Penrod and the military doctor, together they entered the biggest wagon assigned for them and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads to hide tears, a shaking of curls and cape and low mournful whispers and a look of interest toward the enemy, lines as each noticed and commented gratefully upon the loss of so many beautiful girl and boyscouts, and of the unspeakably beautiful beauty of poor Rose who in the soldiers arms lay as if wholly exhausted.

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With the effort she had made. The sight of her, so young, and so fair, and so low hunched all unusual feelings. Rose was laid upon a long bench covered with blankets to make it a soft bed and Gertrude made her as comfortable as possible with the numerous pillows and cushions she had ordered brought. As the wagon train started forward, Rose asked that a part of the wagon canvas be raised a little higher in the rear and leaning upon her elbow she looked out upon the encampment which it seemed she was leaving forever. Some such idea was in her mind but she quickly repressed it for she was a strong hearted fighting girl, who would fight both death and the enemy and defy both to conquer out of their time and returned toward Gertrude, saying with a smile:
"I'll bet I'll be better when I see the south part of the camp again."
Gertrude turned away to hide a tear, for she had no hope whatever in seeing her recover from her wounds. But then she tried to hope for she remembered the day when through his foolishness and without looking to see if he was right or not one of her orderlies had reported both Jean Saunders and Jack dead, and who the day next morning were much "much alive". It did not take long to reach Glenview and though the battle in the distance had wounded older and more experienced men they met with no adventure, and Rose more fatigued than she was willing to even acknowledge, now that she was determined to get well and defy her would be murderers as lifted from the wagon, and carried into the tent assigned for Mary Glenview. This girlscout hastened forward to receive her, and Rose said:
"I feel awful sorry, I am where I can rest. My wounds are in terrible now too."
"With Mary leading the way," the soldier at Gertrude's direction carried the child to the tent chamber prepared for her with so much care.
"Her condition is far worse than I thought it was," said Mary returning to the outside, where Gertrude had thrown herself with a sigh upon a stool. "This is a great deal worse than I thought she was. Had she been out scouting too far into the enemy's territory, or been exposed to the enemy's fire in some way."
"Not in the least," returned Gertrude, "twirling the golden stopper of her smelling bottle. "The foundation of her injuries was laid when her hand and many others being recalled in a moment and we always count up our losses and take that many we lose out of the enemy and many more besides." Jenny's clear truthful eyes turned toward Gertrude who frowned sadly. And continued:
"She was as hearty and well as any one until she and Angeline, Phoebe, I and others wished to hike tramp general Vivians lines, and we got it too hot to suit ourselves. Never before had we met such an attack, and consider it my duty to warn all my officers against sending or bring their followers to any position at the camp without a strong military escort."
Jenny could not forbear saying that the doctor thought that the bullets that hit poor Rose must have been a sort of dum dum bullets.
"Is that so?" returned Gertrude. "Did he show the bullets to any one?"
"No," the bullets exploded.
"It's a good thing you told me that. I'm going to warn my whole troop, but Jenny I guess you had better go upstairs at once and see if poor Rose doesn't want something."
Jenny obeyed very willingly, and as she entered the tent room where poor Rose lay the sick child lifted her head languidly from her pillow, and pointing to the tent entrance which had been left open when Jenny entered said:
"Just listen don't you hear that horrid firing so near us?"
Jenny almost laughed aloud, for she knew that Rose had always heard that horrid firing more than a score of times since she had become a girlscout, but now when there was possible danger of general Vivians great army losing the battle everything must in necessity of course assume something of a goblin form and sound. However Jenny had never heard any sounds as of baltham yells of the enemy, and therefore she was somewhat assured that Rose's fears were almost a fancy.
Sitting herself upon the foot of the bed, she firmly said:
"Why that's reinforcing christian troops in action. I'm sure we won't lose in the final end."
Jenny's whole heart was in the country's cause, and she therefore could well sympathize with her nervous sensitive friend, who shrank from the feared possibility of a Bandolinian victory, and the sounds of battle which gave tokens of an enemy's successful advances. Accidentally spying some tall branches swaying in the evening breeze before the southwest opening of the tent (the tent), she again pointed to Jenny telling her to climb to the top of the tree and see if she can observe from that height how the battle was turning out. "For if the enemy does win," said she, "I shan't sleep to night."
Of course Jenny went, and then after assuring her that she could not see anything because of so much battle smoke, but believed that everything was all right, Jenny added:
"I love to hear the christian troops in a charge howl their big battles cries and were it not for your condition, I should wish to witness a great christian attack, so that I could go a short distance with them and watch it."

"Yes, and then you'd be like me," retorted Rose. "Be wise Jenny. The Glandelinians don't care who they shoot down these days..."

When it grew darker because of the forest fire smoke in the sky again, Jenny was told to close the tent entrance for Rose feared the smoke would gain entrance.

"How are you making up some of this?" said she. "For you know as well as I that even if we closed it the smoke could come in any way."

"Oh good night so it could. Oh Mercy me what shall I do?" said poor Rose crying with vexation. The stuff these tents too are made of are worst than nothing, and if a fire should surprise the camp we all would be losers."

"The fire will have a great way to come then," said Jenny. "For from this tent the ground descends in every direction and there's a clearing around us two miles in extent, and a lake too is not too far away. Besides that the wind is not blowing from the direction of the Red Flag." "How could it come here?"

Rose of course did not know, but she was sure a forest fire if not enough could easily and swiftly advance against the wind.

In a few minutes a bright-eyed Mary came in with one of the nicest little breakfasts on a small tray.

"Rose is afraid the forest fire or the enemy will come here," said Jenny.

"Forest fires and the enemy come here," said Mary. "Well they better not try it."

Here Rose added "sit up and see. If you can't eat a mouthful of so-called brought some broiled chicken, several slices of toast, some current jelly that some raider secured from the enemy, and the best cup of blackest tea you had ever drunk, and lastly is two eggs."

"Sweetened with brown sugar, isn't it?" said Rose sipping a little of the tea.

"Yes we are out of white sugar but many persons loved brown just as well."

"High, listen to that explosion somewhere," gasped Rose. "The sound almost shocked me sick, and I'm afraid now, can't eat a bite but I'll fight it and try and keep it off her belief the food rapidly disappeared, while she alternately after, nearly made fun of the way the Glandelinians soldiers fight, and found fault."

because General Manley was an "ass" and always wore such a big round hat that looked more like some huge "washbow" turned upside down. Still a few hours that day and was into the evening did Rose keep the whole camp full near her on the alert with her remarks of the enemy's fight.

"Dear me," said Mary when she was preparing for supper. "How like a fighting girl scout she is. I should suppose that there would be no more like her. I believe she'll get well in spite of what the doctor says. I'll pray that she does, she cannot be spared."

She called one of the girl scout officers and brought out her little black wallet and forcing two ten dollar bills into Jenny's hand whispered,

"Take it and pay for two High Masses for Rose's recovery. The army priest will do it for nothing I'm sure but I won't ask him if he refuses to take it. Make him or stick it into his pocket when he doesn't see you, must have two Masses."

and all this time the girl was fretting and muttering about the cowardly way the Glandelinians attack and murder children, and all other things it is known they did.

Because of the enemy threatening to make a surprise at any spot, of this part of the camp at any time without the slightest warning, now therefore the most momentous step had been taken by the whole force of boy and girl scout forces to move off to Glenview another portion of the camp, and therefore every one of them had buckled down to the best of their ability, and therefore also kept watch through the work of the hardest and the most exciting kind.

They broke camp amid the distant sound of the great conflict, and hastily left their positions, with Penrod, and a guide, a girl with a hearty good cheer from the troops and with the assurance that they would find the whole army ready to cover them in case the enemy was threatening to make a roundabout move, and follow them.

However the only gloomy member of the child scout army was one of the boy scouts whose name was Frank Glandelin who had to remain behind to guard the region and give the alarm if he saw anything of the right.

"Hang the dirty Glandelinian soldiers," he growled. "Why do the fools want to drive us kids out of here for?"

"Never mind dear friend," comforted Jack Gunders. "Perhaps some one else can fix it up, anyway you know it is duties that makes us sometimes do things that is not pleasant. Anyway you can rest for us kids if you can't go along right away."

"Not much cheerfulness in that," grunted Frank refusing to be shaken from his attitude of settled gloom.

"It is pretty hard to bear, I know," remarked Jack after Francis had left them

"I don't think Gertrude ought to have been so particular. Why not have a man stay and guard our camp, anyway the time may surely come when we'll all be needed."

"Perhaps so," agreed James Stanton. "But Gertrude knows best I suppose, and the times is going to be very hard for us and therefore all of us will have to have a pretty high level of physical condition."

"I believe you might be more than right," said James, adding "suppose one of us when we were on watch got a good hard toothache toothache, you can't expect to have your guard post to go to an army dentist."

"Maybe not but as far as that may be," Frank took him up quickly grinning at the picture that rose before his mind. "It might be possible anyway that any one of us if any one of us had a good hard toothache it would be something of an asset indeed. I know if I had a good toothache when the Glandelinians were making attacks upon me, I would be so mad I could kill a dozen of those scoundrels."

alone single handed. Anyway a good fight would put your mind off of your agony."

James also grinned.

"Yes, and it would have another advantage. I believe if I had a sharp pain in any one of my teeth I wouldn't care whether I died in a fight or not, given getting stabbed with a bayonet or killed by a shell or blunderbuss that would be able almost to feel it."

"Maybe that's so," laughed Francis. "I could feel like I was sick passenger who on board ship during a storm and rough sea would admit his illness, believe he was doing so dis any time, and afterwards would be afraid he would live forever in his misery. I suppose in our general battle lines throughout the whole war some Emperor vivian figures it figures it out in this peculiar way. He went on if a long chain no matter how strong and solid it may be has only one link even slightly weak the whole chain would soon burst asunder. You see you know how it is in a crowd of soldiers trying to wedge itself against a desperate foe attack. A whole platoon might not be able to withstand an assault of two or three platoons, but if two or three are put up against the assailants the enemy would be glad to quit. But I'll be willing to bet that somehow or other the Glandelinian assaults may manage to get into the christian position. That is my way of looking at it."

"But ain't we looked upon as ready cat hideouts to retreat before the foe," asked James.

"We're not retreating. We're going into position at Glenview."

"I hope so any way," said another of the boys. "But I'd like to have our old famous little machine gun with us."

An hour later they were all ready for the march, and knowing that though kids they too are obliged to do their part they began to feel like soldiers as the men were themselves. Let it seem to get them apart from all grownup soldiers and also emphasized the fact that since they entered the army the scouts they had but one aim in life, but had more duties than even soldiers, for so threatening was the enemy, that the boy and girl scouts had to fight just like the soldiers, but from more secure and vantage positions, and had to also do scouting work, signal and all the duties expected of them.

The first first news of general vivian whole army being badly handled by the enemy and the foe winning entirely now, and general janson far away, was a stab at the hearts of all the boy and girl scouts, although somehow they could not avoid a thrill of admiration at the splendid splendid courage such the soldiers displayed, for they were sacrificing great numbers for even what little success they did and were gaining...

...when it didn't separate from the army they desired rest, a separation that was coming swiftly nearer with each passing minute.

And if the army was demolished and badly defeated (though no such thing occurred to general vivian yet) there might not be no real reunion, not although the lips of all were tremulous their eyes were bright and their kept their forebodings bravely under cover. All of these Glandelinian boy and girl scouts were what may be termed "thoroughbreds" and it was easy to see what spirits they had.

During one time of a short spying trip in Manley's army, violet, and her sisters and overheard these words:

"Yes sir boys to his generals" I'll tell you why these christian armies are as easy as a cat to lick a bulldog, is because of these many regiments of boy and girl scouts. They're the head of the army. If we can't take off that head, Glandelinia will never win the war."

"How proud our fathers and mothers would be if they could see us now," Jean said to Mildred with a slight slight tremble in her voice, which she strove to conceal.

"Perhaps that is so for those of us who have our parents living," said Jack reverently. "We are fortunate but many lost theirs in the disasters."

"I first Jean, I didn't want to be a boyscout. My papa made me go and he more than proved of what I'm doing now..."

"We you afraid at first, isn't it?"

"I was not not of the enemy. I was afraid of the hardships of boy scout army life. But I found it's not so hard as all that, and its full of adventure. I could kick myself for hesitating when my mother on bended knees begged me to serve my country in some way."

The minutes were too short now for the work that was crowded into them. A courier raced up shouting that a portion of the Christian line was broken and the enemy was pouring through the gap like a flood from a cloud burst. Military preparations were going on with feverish rapidity. The boy scouts were simply wild with excitement. The battle that morning followed one another as though on wings, and while still in their ranks waiting for the order to march all of the child scouts saw an explosion some distance away that had made a big hole in the enemy's line. "What a blow!" they cried. "The enemy's line is broken!"

The order to march had gone forth that all the boy scouts should move to all sections of the line. The order was given to the boy scouts, and the boy scouts at first this latter order was the subject of some regret with the members of the younger child scouts, whose pride in their own regiment was intense and who had hoped to have it remain intact under its old officers for the period of the war.

"We will lose our identity. We will lose our identity," mourned Edward Jones. "We will be just a part of some boy or girl scout. Rainbow division made up from all undisciplined recruit scouts from all over the Christian country. My part I believe somebody made a mistake. I think our regiment would do its work against the enemy better under its own colors, and with its old tradition to inspire. It's a disgrace to have the day over everything, as a whole, and her sister took her side in anything she says or does. Why don't she refuse to have this battle?"

"Good," prayed the time would come she would. "Anyhow we have the regimental colors or not we will be serving under the old flag, and its the flag that Abbeanna counts after all to me," continued Jack. "There is an inspiration in the thought of the whole of Abbeanna's soul day. I'm going to fight for Abbeanna as a unit."

"When will that be?" "As soon as the flood barricade has been broken down," said Jack. "At any rate nothing can take away from us the fact that we are the 'head of the army' a head that has the range for the enemy." "A few minutes had passed then the order came that all the regiments of child scouts should move forward to the line as fast as possible. As the enemy had forced their way through a good section of the Christian line, to nearly all of them the order and the news sounded like the knell of doom. It seemed to be the final step of separation from the army they liked so much. Also the fact that they were passing through the ranks, that all the boy and girl scouts were to bring all their belongings with them to the line. The situation was coming now no leave or furlough nor rest period could be given under any circumstances.

"Good bye to our dear old camp," Jean began bravely, and then all her courage gave way to a perfect storm of tears. Jack's own eyes were wet as he folded her closely to him and comforted her as best as he could, though feeling very much in need of much comfort himself.

"Hold up bravely, Jean," he urged. "It may only be a little while before we will be marching back again, and maybe the enemy will not drive our armies to pieces as it seems. You know how Jack always attends us at the start, and the good deed comes at the end." "He forced himself to go at last to his boy scout regiments with many a backward look and wave of his hand at the figures near the girl scout regiments. His heart was heavy as he reflected that in the chance of war he might never see his own mother again.

The next few hours were full of excitement, allowing him and many others little time to brood. All of the scouts had taken to scout life as a duck takes to water, and the martial spirit was there altogether with the quick intelligence that enables Abbeanna and her states to also turn out girl and boy scouts more quickly than any other country in the whole wide world.

The new recruit boy and girl scouts had however some of the well known advantage of being "what is called" handpicked in as it was with the old and well drilled scout who had their well known experience in practical outdoor work and preparations for all other military affairs, and therefore they hesitated to only be instructed by those who had been in the service. Penrod himself one of the chief leaders was for all the others, a perfect mine of information about experiences in the war, and for advice, and suggestion, and as they threw themselves into the work of marching swiftly and bravely, and did it with all their heart and soul it was not without doubt that they were to reach their destination without mishap. Their boy and girl scout commanding officers looked on them all, "lookings" or not with the greatest approval and secretly wished that they had bigger regiments of the same high class class.

However Gertrude soon came riding up and cried out, "What is all this? The marching and other work is like pie to all of you but there's no need of such a rush. Mark time, forward march but take 'YOUR TIME'."

"What is time?" asked Penrod in a joking manner. "You'll find out," she retorted. "You used to think it took a year or so to turn out a well drilled boy or girl scout. Well, now if you feel differently."

"I'm glad you think so," said Gertrude. "But after all we are just going through the lighter motions now. The test will come a little later. Do you hear that awful yelling and firing, something somewhere doesn't listen right to me. We are really in danger."

"I'll bet on the situation at any time," answered Jack. "You know General Hanson and his army is awful slow. They are as slow as lightning streak in the sky. He'll surprise us before we know it."

The Regiments of boy and girl scouts while marching through the old familiar company streets were headed by their bands and the cheers and the tears of those of the soldiers who had lined up or packed the sides of the road, part the generals and headquarters where would general, given who was by a window saved his hand trembling, and others shouted themselves hoarse, and one soldier nearly fell out of a window in his enthusiasm, down to the long wagon trains which were waiting for them and escorted by a strong army of mounted dragons. There they were allowed by Gertrude to break ranks, while friends among all the soldiers and refugees crowded around them, pressing, kissing, girls into their hands, caressing them, exhorting them, crying over them until the warning sound, and the bugle called out which was a command for these soldiers to fall into line as they too now were needed at the front to aid in trying to hold the skulking, possessed enemy at bay, and they were therefore forced to hold themselves away and indeed precious indeed had these four minutes or so been. Yet how glad would they have been among the child scouts if at this moment their relatives, brothers, fathers, and mothers, sisters and brothers, unless and quite had been there for indeed all had compressed a world of affection, that could have fallen from their lips, and showed from their eyes. But alas many had been rendered orphans by the war and disasters, and those that still had their parents were too far away from them.

"We won't say good bye to the army camps too long, little Jean," said Jack. "It's just to say in French 'Au revoir'."

"Yes Jack," agreed Jean tremulously. "It's only a revolver. What in the world is that?" she startled herself with a sudden start. "Ah it's the bugle summoning the soldiers who are called to repair the breaking line of battle. Jack why were we not all men no we could battle too. We are all as brave." Jack turned his head aside to his hide his own emotion and Jean patriotically tried to smile.

He and Jean were the last to climb into their own assigned covered wagon. The bugle was sounded again, and the armies of troops swung into columns and marched off toward the scene of battle, while the wagon train with its strong body of cavalry guard moved forward toward Glenview. The whole regiment of child scouts had started on its real mission for work. It was they who later saved general

Wiggins army from defeat. For some time after the wagon train had started, the spirits of the many boy and girl scouts were subdued. No doubt all were beginning to think of the dear ones who months before they had left behind, or whom they may never see again because of the war flood and other ravages. They were also thinking of the new situation and of what they might face in the future, and also whether

"They say that it is believed we'll need thirty five million soldiers here to repelling the enemy," put in Jack Gaudon, "and before the day is over there, ll be more soldiers engaged on both sides than people in the whole city of Calverine. That gives you some idea the work all our generals has to do to form so many extensive lines of battle in quick time out of so many men; but all our generals are some workers when once they get started and aroused to it, even general Manley Hub admitted time and again that the worst luck he ever had was to face the two 'L'vian generals."

Before these boy and girl scout regiments had started this march for their new quarters there had been some morning fun with the "Boy Scout Riddle". Times happen which are even unusual and that morning the bugle had for the whole army blown the Reveille that called the whole army from their cots. That tall came because the enemy was making the early morning attack. Therefore to disregard that imperative upon one might cause disaster defeat and death to a hill and therefore as there could be no turning over for another "fourty winks" the whole army camp including all the child scouts had sprung to life. Uniforms were donned, but at this time with the thunder of battle there had not been time for any face washing or slicking back of the hair, and all had formed on the required ranks. Of course there had been, some surprise among the new "Pokie Boy and girl scout at first. One girl scout who was new and who

sleeped in the tent occupied by Jean who with all her physical fitness liked more than anything to sleep a few hours of the morning through, and you found it the hardest sacrifice in her life to get her eyes open and feet on the floor at the same instant.

"Gee how do the rest of you do it?" he asked of the nearest girl scout while she was rushing around with tousled head and one eye shut. "By the time I know I'm all awake you and the rest are all ready, and worse than that you all appear to enjoy it. I go you it's a gift. To me it's a torture."

"Jean who had come up laughing and said: "Girl, you are like the man who was to be shot at day break. When told he was to be shot before sunrise the man answered 'Oh that's all right, I never get up that early.'"

But the excitement of the din outside, the noise of firing, and the other confused sounds of the battle all seemed never failed to banish the sleepiness from them and therefore by before half past six they were all awake.

Now they had a little lunch just before dinner, and then with the battle raging wilder and danger threatening, all the boy and girl scouts went to their respective positions as is their practice and got to work in taking in all that went on, spending swift warnings here and there, despite the exhilarating prospect of the conflict. Their work was as constant as the manual of arms field practice and at forth, and everytime they saw a break somewhere, or the enemy making a suspicious move, or when it was noticed where artillery could be used to the best advantage the child scouts notified the officers by their strange signal drills. Even while at this work they continued at their hearty meal of dinner. During one of the momentary lulls in the battle Francis glanced at a little boy scout found a letter lying on the ground which probably belonged as he thought to one of the boy scouts, but he sure about not many of them laughing when he read it. Some girl scout had wrote it about the enemy but it was a poem she had placed in an envelope and it went something like this:

Manley my attack attack and sweat the Christians at the bugle call.

Manley my attack and sweat at the Christians at the bugle call.

But he can't get all his army up in the morning.

But us, so called "Christian Doggles" quickly drop into line at the warning.

And make Manley think he's a meow man in the morning.

He thinks he'll cause us a lot of distress.

Though we put Manley into a purple hood and dunces dress.

Though when he attacks he'll at once regret it.

For we all jump when the bugle calls for what you guess.

And the shells fall to Manley.

Here's the camp, come and get it.

Then came the chorus in which all joined:

For our own army we know what it means.

We thought Manley was made up of a lot of lima beans.

With our mess kit in hand.

With a tin can on the end.

We cheerfully come for our mess.

But find that Manley is in it for he did it now.

So we drink up but borfee and food.

For your porfee and food.

But leave the beans for we can't eat Manley for now bow wow.

It was all great fun to hear the cry of this funny but half silly poem. Nevertheless all of them felt the inspiration for the work of saving the army from defeat. A most exultation of being on hand to do what they could. Boys and girls fired with the same enthusiasm the same great purpose to accomplish their own glorious mission or die in the attempt with the soldiers. Seeing however how fiercely the Mandelinsians charged subdued the child scouts not a little, and once a force of Mandelinsians rushed them but were repulsed.

"I suppose I'm squeamish," said Henry Sprickala to Jack after that, when they had had regarded the attackers, and "I don't blame you or any one else if you laugh at me. But I don't like those things and what they did. Every time I throw me among those Mandelinsians the night of what they did for a time made me feel giddy and sick."

"Yes," said George Gravesly "I know just how you feel but it's war. It's only to see a desperate bayonet fight that gets me over. So far I never was in a close quarters fight."

"On some of you 'Rockies' are hurt yet," said Jack, "entering up to them. I suppose it'll take some of you new chbs some time to get hardened to these awful battle scenes. But when you feel too squeamish you want to remember these disasters the misdeeds of women and children, and all the other atrocities committed by the enemy of women and children tortured, murdered, and wheeled old men and women." "I'm glad to hear that," said Jack.

"Yes," said George Zimmerman his shoulders squaring and his mouth setting grimly. "There's nothing like the memory of 'Abbieann' too to make our soldiers grip their bayonets."

Some of the bayonet fight the girl and scout boy scouts observed during their signaling, and view of the battle was exactly like expert bayonet practice but it seemed from time to time to their apprehension that the enemy were more expert at it. One of the boy scouts who had seen some of the bloodiest fighting near Headwick Junction at Cedarline Creek said:

"It may seem all right for the enemy now to laugh and think they got the advantage of us, but when they finally get into our trenches and fight our soldiers and to hand they usually find many of our troops are more accomplished than they are, and that it is not so great a joke after all. The Mandelinsians cannot win long. See reinforcements too are arriving for the line that is breaking up."

"It's right too," remarked Jack. "There is sure plenty of hand to hand fighting in this battle where it is out and thrust between each other by the hand ends of the bayonets at once every time, and I shall know that the man who can handle his weapon best will come out on top."

"I suppose most of us had experience a long time," said Francis.

"Yes," replied Jack, "a strange reminiscent look came into his eye (ble)."

"Of course those dinky little battles of the early part of the war were compared with the battles now that is going on. But this was 1862 or 1863. I'm fighting just the same more than once any of us," know more than once have been within an ace of seeing "the other world."

"What was the tightest situation you ever were in during the war?" asked George.

"The thing I remember was during the battle at Helkingtonburg," replied Jack. "That was one of the hottest fights of the Cedarline border. While it lasted."

"The main battle of Cedarline last July."

"No, no--no--we were not there at that time. The first one that occurred month before little Jamie was brought into camp by Gertrude. You should remember we were on the trip with the first during the whole of July. So we never saw that big battle of Cedarline. But look there. What's going wrong now?"

Looking toward the direction of the battle line they saw that the Mandelinsians had been greatly victorious and were breaking through, and pouring over an extensive line of works with great yells. Suddenly from the left they observed that the firing of the enemy was getting very heavy and wild in volume and that many of the recoiling troops were forced to take to cover behind trees and rocks though they went down by hundreds before this was accomplished. The fight was closer to their view now, and the girl and boy scouts had to also keep under cover as a random rain of bullets threatened their own safety, and occasionally a shell fell too. These Mandelinsians who had broken through a portion of the Christian line and who were advancing so boldly and recklessly appeared by the regimental line and state banners they carried to be the "Gumpaboo" type and are therefore as the child scouts knew the most nifty fighters as ever can be found anywhere. No matter that the consequence was they always appeared to not only have a contempt of death but so defy a death and therefore these kind are sometimes impossible to stop in an attack unless they are nearly wiped out. They were rushing forward in a great long line but the men were far apart and the children could hear their terrific battle cries horrible to listen to, full of defiance, blasphemies and other sounds. They outnumbered that portion of the Christian line three to one. Their shooting was as good as their hearts were stout and they threatened to wipe out all the soldiers opposed to them. As they were watching this unusual scene, they could see many Christian soldiers picking them off.

scene, they could see many of the christian soldiers picking the Glandelinians as fast as they came on with musketry and grenades, but on they still came and those in the rear had to give way but one column of christian troops throwing aside their guns grasped their long infantry sabres and came counter charging against the enemy in the hopes of stopping them. Yet it seemed the enemy did not propose to go on the defensive and after a vast volvo volly that swept away a lot of platoons of them fixed bayonets and continued to rush on it was a desperate hand to hand fighting for three minutes but the weight and discipline of these fierce Langaboos told and they were pushing the Angelinians back, and killing and wounding many, and taking many prisoners. It was evident the receding christian line was heading for the separate signal positions of the boy and girl scouts. It appeared too at the same time that the glandelinians were heavily reinforced and continued their onslaught with a wilder rush and with exultant cheers that by sheer weight of numbers forced the christian line back further and further. They saw one of the Angelinian officers stumble over something and fall to the ground. He was trying to get to his feet when five of the nearest Glandelinians swooped down upon him shouting to him to surrender. As he would not and could not surrender it would have been all over with him if one of the Angelinians had not come plunging through the crowd of retreating soldiers swinging his huge musket round his head like a flail. He knocked every one of the Glandelinians down, and desperately as they tried the rebels obliged to force their way inside the circle made by that brandished gun and by the time he had knocked down a dozen or more he was killed, by a shot from another, but in the meantime three men had dragged the officer out of reach of the enraged mob.

"Good night, but we're going to be in for a long night for sure," shouted Jean coming up to Jack and saying: "The Glandelinians, I believe know the devils are racing forward."

"Cubas is right," agreed Jack. "We'll have to resort to our grenades to save ourselves and rattle the line of if possible. However that officer would have been killed right then and there if it had not been for that soldier. He had saved the captain's life however at the loss of his own."

"We can't take this situation too seriously," said another boy scout who had unslung his grenade bag. "We have had lots of proof that the Glandelinians are expert at the cold steel and can put it over our side in bayonet work, so if they come near enough we'll have to throw our grenades."

"That's right," agreed Jean. "See they're very dear now, and it's up to us to show the glandelinians that they'll not pass us."

Though it was nothing horrible, results when it was to be pitched among these attacking Glandelinians it seemed however of special interest to the boy scouts especially, though the girls at first shrank a little from it, but nevertheless they had readily mastered such a game and when they were flung, only one boy missed his aim, and that was because he had not aimed at the object. The cause of these boy scouts being such good throwers was chiefly due to the fact that they were so good in baseball and other sports. Often in great games among boys Jack had easily officiated in the pitchers box and had an assortment of curves and drops together with great speed that had been the main and chief factors in the winning of the pennant. Many of the others even girls too had been quick as lightning in "kicking them down" from short, for in games in this country, girls are always arrayed against the boys, either one or the other side coming off the victor. So that this caused them all to have their throwing arms fully developed, and therefore as the Glandelinians rushed on against the christian lines within easy throwing range of the child scouts they took up this new and primer game with skill born of long practice, and the next those hundreds of grenades created among the enemy astonished even the christian soldiers who saw it, and wondered where all those explosive explosions were coming from.

"This ought to be easy as pie for us to demolish demoralize those greycoats in a jiffy," remarked Mildred, as she flung a grenade that landed in a haystack accidentally into a small christian ammunition dump, and caused a terrific explosion which tore a huge gap into the on surging lines of the foe starting great panic.

"Your haystack gave us a big advantage over those Glandelinians," shouted Jean. "Of course we are all drilled in throwing but your hand hit something when you flung the grenade and made your fire. We have all been throwing a baseball around ever since we were five years old. It's in the blood, and our eyes and arms have learned to work together, and then too a thing we have learned to do from

love must be done much better than if you had to do it because it was forced on you, and yet it was against your will..."

"I'm like me with a good grenade in my hand and general Johnston Jackson Stanley a hundred feet away," said one of the boy scouts with a grin as he flung his hand the enemy."

"You wouldn't do a thing to him," chuckled one of the "rookies."

"You'd put over a bean ball or a sore sadaway," said another.

"Whichever way you used it it would be a sure knockout," declared George. "The Glandelinian general would do a sure fadeaway."

"I hope we have plenty of these, in spite of what else we'd be short of," remarked Mildred. "These grenades are showing themselves to be real handy little things to have around to prevent those Glandelinians from getting too near us," started another scout.

"If we ever run short we can make some ourselves," said Mildred. "Jean, I'll show you how they won't be as good as these hand toasts but they'll do the work."

"We make bombs. Are you sure?"

"I'm not kidding," said Jean. "I can make one myself. I learned it from one of the soldiers who was wounded in the Sarban Creek fighting, and is with our army but on leave."

"Make one," demanded Jack. "We'll see how it works."

"All right, I'll make one for you and get to some old tin can like as you can. It's not too heavy for us kids to throw and I'll show you what that soldier showed to me."

"What kind of a can?" asked one of the boys.

"Any old kind, only it mustn't be leaking," answered Jean. "An odd soup can, tomato can or any kind you can find. But don't bring a small one. I want a good sized one."

A few moments search however was successful and one of the girls themselves brought forth a can, and although nearest who were not engaged at the present with grenading the attacking foe looked on with interest while Jean proceeded to make the bomb, he rolled up for a piece of wire as hot as hot to set them dirty and telling them to watch her carefully, took a handful of clay from the edge of a small quicksand bed and lined the inside of the whole can with it quite thick.

"Now for the dirty work," joked Jack.

Jack then said: "Get me a lot of junk."

"That is rather out of the question here," protested Jack.

"A handful of hull stones, or bits of iron or cartridge shells will do."

returned Jean, putting a strong detonator and explosive in the can and tamping it down in the clay. "Anything will do that will make those reckless fools see what it is when it hits them."

One of the girls brought a handful of sharp stones, one had contributed a couple of metal buttons, others found pieces of iron on the ground, fragments of old hard metal and even small round pebbles and so forth. Jean arranged this miscellaneous collection in as compact mass as possible, put in more clay, and then put on the tin cover into which she had at first punched a hole. Through this hole she placed a short quick burning fuse. Then she wrapped a piece of wire around the can so that the top could not fall off, and the bomb was ready.

"There," she said as she held up her handiwork for their inspection. "When I fling it out to the attacking enemy there will be something doing it is not at all in the beauty line but I can fling it there just the same."

"You sure have a great brain," said Jack admiringly.

"Not at all, but the soldier who first flung it out," said Jean. "But it is a good thing to know for you can never tell when it will come in handy."

"No matter what we do the Glandelinians won't retreat so we'll soon have to retreat to shelter," said Mildred. "I never saw the enemy attack that way before."

"The Glandelinians don't seem to care whether they're killed or not."

"We could be in grave danger," said Jack. "For I hear the Glandelinians sometimes throw gas grenades into the troops. Supposing one landed here."

Then within hearing made a wry face.

"That is one of the most heinous and wickedest things the Glandelinians have been bringing into this terrible war," said Jean. "I could imagine seeing the devil in hell chuckling when he heard of these gas bombs used against us christians."

"It is not at all likely that the fiends ever chuckled," said Jack bitterly. "I'll bet they're as jealous as to take it to have to know that Glandelinians

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can outdo them in the horrors of warfare. It is not often that the fat fiends
ever allow a human being to get ahead of them if they can help it."
"I'll bet Baten himself will have to stop, stop very lively to keep
ahead of the Glandelinians," said Willard. "They say there is no torture in the
world that can ever equal that suffered by a man who has been gassed, and yet if
the poor victims do not die of it after many days of unrepentant agony they would be
better off if they had died, for it leaves them ruined for life. I've seen gassed
victims even among boys and girls. Scouts, surgeons get hardened in carrying on their
own dreadful profession in war, but they have to be or they could not keep their
nerves. But I've seen the most steepest and hardened surgeons break down like a
frightened child when they stood besides the beds on which gas victims
lay gasping for breath in an all day and night suffocation. myself have never
seen such horrible anguish."

"Anyone who expects to see the Glandelinians fight this war like a civilized
nation gives me the Tee, hee," declared Jack. "If any one expects that, then you
can expect to see all his followers escape from the infernal penalties and live
forever in the earth, and put the good people down there instead. Glandelins
since she tore herself away from her Holy Mother Country had thrown all decency and
humanity to the winds. Pirates used to raise the flag of the skull and cross
bones, and make any one including women and children they capture from a ship
walk the plank but they're saint Peter's compared to these Glandelinians. Pirates
beatings and barbarians and so forth are innocent little souls compared to these
Glandelinians. Glandelins if she could would devastate the whole world. I've
read many histories in school halls had to study them in fact, had the teachers
the dear good old sisters used to tell us all about cruel nations in their method
of warfare, but they are peaceful compared to the Glandelinians, and their bar
barous horrors cannot reach this. Even the reign of Terror in Paris, all the
horrors committed by Nero and other monsters in Rome are nothing compared to this.
Therefore there will be no peace or security for mankind in general throughout
the whole world until Glandelins is humbled and on her knees."

"But it is a hard question to be decided," said Willard. "I do not like to
keep on saying we'll lose the war, as sometimes it seems, but what if we win or
lose it'll be a long time before Glandelins can be humbled, or put to her
knees, and as powerful as Abaddon is she cannot do it without outside help
from the world, and she can find and show ways to prove I'm right, and it's a tough
job that is put up to all our armies. We have to outfight armies to overcome
the enemy, to guard leaves, to draft men to fight these huge fiends, and so forth. It
is more than even a hard job. Humanity cannot conquer Glandelins wicked as she
and her cause. If God was not to take our side, and abandon us, you'd see
what would have happened to us long long ago. Glandelins would be the mistress
of the slave. But with God's help we'll put it through no matter what the cost may
be. But we got to pray and have faith continually said, while we fight."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," said Jane. "and right you are, and
it wasn't that good man in America known as Father Hale who wished that he had
more than one life to give for his country, but if he saw how many men
are so horribly torn by shells here I'll bet he wouldn't want to go through it
again. But nevertheless there are many, millions of men in the army and
soldiers and many millions more to come. But come we'll have to move. The battle
is getting too close to suit our fancy."

As Gertrude herself had expected the enemy was pushing all before him, and she
had ordered the bugle sounded so that all the fort's widows from their res
pective places safely. They had already often had preliminary drills in their
movements, and though it had taken a long time before this stage of excellence
could be reached, for some of the boys and girls had been doubly slow, slow
in thought and action they had mastered it nevertheless. The quicker ones had soon
sooner than the others acquired the habit of making their movements from place
to place in the required time while throwing hand grenades too, and Jack
Jean, Will, Joan and Willard could do it with the agility and the quickness
of tree monkeys. But the drills always went on increasing whether they all
acted like one or not, so that they would never forget, for indeed the enemy
was very close a single seconds delay in getting beyond the infernal enemy
attack might surely mean all the difference between life, and death. And

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such a death at the hands of the enemy as children well know. It was a
horrible sight to see the hideous designs of the foe which the Glandelinians
war for with the heads many of them were they resembled armies of troops in
weird appearance from another or infernal world.

"If only our parents could see us now," murmured Joan to Willard in a loud
voice in make her herself heard above the din.
"If they saw us so close to the battle line they'd faint or
drop dead from fright," returned the latter. "Not for themselves, but what they
fear would happen to us."

"The deep sea divers have nothing on the appearance of these Glandelinians
with the battle costumes they wear," chimed in a third girl scout.

"Don't insult the poor divers," said Jack. "If those Glandelinians went down
looking like that there would not be a fish within thirty miles they'd be so
scared."

Their retreat from their position worked with clock work precision, and
many of them perspiring from the heat and the excitement wiped their brow
and Gertrude gave vent to a sigh of relief as she looked along the grotesque
ranks of advancing Glandelinians and saw how she had outwitted them.

"I guess they'll be repulsed soon, as I see the advance of reinforcements
to the north," said Penrod.

"I guess they're ready now to work at this spot," Gertrude said turning to
Penrod. "Take them down half a score at a time but don't let them do any flag
or other signalling where they'll be observed by the enemy. We don't want any
loose losses."

"Don't hunt any losses," murmured a lad. "What a blessed privilege any one
would think that we were spirits and would not die."

"Save your breath and do what is ordered, and come along," admonished Jack.

"You'll need all you've got in a little while..."
The many boys and girls scouts were marshled off and assigned to other positions.
Not far from them stood a little hut a little crude station with a door and
only one window, and they saw a shell hit it, and blow it to nothing. After that
they could detect a faint acid odor in the atmosphere.

"There's gas shells exploding somewhere," said Jane. "We'd better watch out. We
may need to use gas masks."

"Now," said Gertrude. "All of you break ranks and go to your assigned places."

Be "Be sure your pistols are handy," command Penrod, and go as fast that hill
in single file one by one, and believe me make quick time too as there are
snipers lurking there and we cannot stay here. If they fire hang low and return
it, and don't miss your aim. I learned myself what snipers those dogs are
and they don't care no more for a little christian girl or boy than a snake does
for its enemy."

All the boys and girls scouts obeyed orders, and as they passed, shots began
to come from some parts of the hill, and a gas shell exploded not far away
and they got a slight whiff of the gas. There was a sharp cough, an a dry face
and a hurried retreating by as each one went through the fetid ordeal. It is indeed
needless to say there was no disposition to linger. Some of the child
scouts carefully took aim as they went and returned the fire, but with no
effect, though of course no one was hit on the hill side either. Even the
slowest boys of the squads displayed ample unexpected capacity for rapid speed.
"Look at Fatty Jones," chuckled Jack alluding to the most portly member of
the regiment. "He must have winged heels. Fabled Mercury has nothing on him."

"That explosion of a gas shell sure caused a rise out of poor Fatty," declared

Jack. "It's worth plenty to see him do the jumping jack about a gas

cloud after him and I'll bet he'd do a marathon in ten seconds flat."

"You'll jump too if one explodes to you close to you," prophesied George.

"You'll think the lid has been taken off the infernal regions."

The prophecy was indeed verified, for though one exploded overhead near her
and there was no danger since so high the gas had been mostly diluted yet the odor
was so vile and the death it suggested was so horrible that she could not get
away, from the smell quick enough, and for a moment she felt sick and giddy.

"It puts me in mind of passing very dangerously close to a Cobra serpent who yet is not near enough to sink in his fangs when he strikes," commented Jane. "Of course he couldn't kill you but you'd jump intuitively when he struck nevertheless, just because he was a serpent of a poisonous kind."

"That shell is giving forth beautiful perfume," remarked one of the boyscouts with an expression of dire disgust. "I wonder if His Informal Majesty is not out here for a walk. It smells that way."

"It smells like my mom may in a barn --- I don't think," growled Hans and he coughed as if he was going to die that minute. "I got a far blisser dose than the rest of you," he added with a air of superior virtue.

"I suppose you are a poor martyr to duty," mocked Penrod. "But we are not through yet fellows as yet wise. The worst it yet to come. The enemy is still advancing and pushing our soldiers back."

"Nothing can be worse than this I believe," grumbled the fat boyscout with profound conviction.

"Not well you'll find out," said Willie Jones assuming the role of Job's comforter. "We've got to pass through that small glen there and we cannot tell whether we'll be ambushed or not. It'll take five minutes to get through it but we have to do so if we wish to accomplish our work correctly."

"Will any one of us succeed in getting through on our feet or be carried out," asked the fat boy as a deafening deafening crash filled their ears.

"You be carried out, fatty!" cried Willie. "Why no. It would take the whole regiment of men soldiers to do that or rather, it'll be a crane and a strong derrick for you sure."

"We'll put a mine under him and blow him out of a ravine and catch him as he comes down," added Bery Bertie.

"Now listen every one of you," shouted Penrod. "Lining your lips with barreled automatic rifles and go forth through the glen. There is no danger even if fuses are lurking in ambush in you've learned to do the proper thing. But if there is any slippy or slow and careless work those that are careless will find it out sooner than he expects, and they'll get all that comes coming to them. The firing is coming closer and I hear footsteps. The retreating christians are coming back those glandelinians anyhow. I wish they were in-----" He did not finish and some one added:

"Not much nourishment in that place. Suppose the glen is a hornets nest or something like that."

"If it is its better to find it out now than when we are actually ambushed," answered a girl by the name of Ida Gohena. "I suppose this is a test for us but to expose ourselves to the enemy beyond out in the open now is quite here is hoping that none of our automatic machine gunnaries are defective."

They slowly and cautiously filed into the grim looking glen, going from tree to tree and moving with the utmost care expecting to see bursting out upon them the Gargoylian-Kurd glandelinians who always look like so many spectres in their ghostly attire. It was a grisly five minutes that seemed more than two hours to each one of them, but nothing happened. The dead silence slightly broken by the tumult of battle beyond added to the discomfort of the occasion, and the shouts of the enemy far beyond, the strangely colored sky, the noise of firing and other appearances made it seem as if they were fugitives trying to escape from the infernal legions and who were about to succeed. Death seemed to be all around them, for once or twice a shell of high explosive type broke with an eruption in the glen at locations far from them but hurling debris of all kinds about them, and once some missile swept over a head and exploded five hundred yards away. They were in the valley of the shadow of death and brave as they were it sure sobered them. It was an immense relief when they came through the glen and the tent was over and too there was great anti-fair satisfaction when it was learned that not one had been injured by any of the high explosive shells.

"I wonder how those glandelinians can feel like being a responsive and society when they wear such hideous war unks," exclaimed a boyscout by the name of Bart Martin. "My but its good to be out of this hideous ravine. I'd like to throw the glandelinians where they could never come and bother any one any more."

"Isn't it pretty near time for supper?" asked the fat boyscout.

"Not yet boy," said Penrod. "We are not in a safe location yet even though the christian line is reinforced as I can see and is rallying. Gertrude too has something else on plan or I mine by guess. We are almost trapped and we will have to do out best..."

Crouching low, and on the alert too they awaited the command.

"Form in single file every body," commanded Gertrude and make your way through the rest of the glen. Bend over as you go for you are closer now to the enemy and retreating christian troops and not a head but show to be mark for the glandelinian snipers, and worse of all, our own friends might mistake us as foes creeping on their rear and also open fire in panic."

They did as they were told and as soon as they had reached a designated designated position beyond the ravine they were given to the word of halt and "lie down w quickly."

"You are going to be shelled right proper now," Penrod said. "The victorious enemy have seen us from the right and some shells may be thrown over toward us and its up to all of us to be on the watch."

Crouching low and on the alert, every one waited but for some time there was not a sound. Then came a shell with a hiss and a scream hurtling in their direction and broke a hundred feet to their rear. Several times this was repeated added by shrapnell and musketry, but the dexterity shown by the scouts saved them all and indeed there was a general sigh of relief indeed when the firing stopped toward their direction and also a heavy column of christian soldiers were reported repulsing the enemy attack, and that general panics divisions of troops belonging to the advanced guard was only half a mile away, and that everything would soon be over in the evening.

"How but that indeed was some strenuous work," remarked Jack as the firing receding in the distance, showed all was over, and the scouts headed once more for their new camp.

"I feel as though I have been drawn through a eye of a needle," said the little fatty.

The thought of fatty being drawn through the eye of a needle was so ludicrous that it provoked a general uproar of laughter.

"I guess we sure all feel pretty well used up by our adventure to day," said George when the excitement had subsided but I all the same it is like things like this that are going to help the armies lick the glandelinians."

And so the few hours of the still embattled evening passed in watching the grim lessons of the inhuman war, and the shadows lengthening into darkness and more forest fire fog brought what we call Mess supper and then despite the sadness seen all around there was some special musical entertainment and the camp fires. Then promptly at nine the bugle called for all lights out and the young regiments of boy and girlscouts early as was the hour willingly obeyed for the strenuous days amid the battle made the narrow cot, particularly appealing.

"Did you hear about the strange joke that happened early yesterday evening," Jean asked of Mildred when all the rest were asleep on the way.

"We said Mildred sleepily. What was it."

"Why Gertrude had come in from a scouting trip and a sentry challenged her not knowing who she was with the regular who goes there," and she showing herself answered "Say sentry you wouldn't know if I told you who goes there. I'm not going any where. I'm here."

"What then?"

"The sentry not knowing who she was (he being a soldier) got angry and called the corporal of the guard who happened to recognize her, and let her pass."

"That's all very well here," yawned Mildred. "but it wouldn't go anywhere else."

THURSDAY THIRD DAY...

"What was that?" shrieked Mildred at the blowing up of a high explosive. "Asked James Green that morning as he opened his eyes after the sounding of a bugle, which was not a morning reveille but the "call to arms" and heard the sound of close firing that was like rain beating a tremendous tattoo on a roof of tin."

"Worse than that," laughed Jack. "The battle is on again. If it were I bet you would be out of that cot more quickly than you are doing it now. The enemy is overgutting it to day. Our side is the attacker this time."

"So much the better," said James as he jumped out and hastily began to dress. "We'll need more drill to day I suppose or maybe we'll follow them in

"In the game,"

"But such roseate dreams were quickly dispelled. Though the sound of firing increased in violence, something else was duplicated for a whistling arose: from the direction of the forest fires and blew as sailors say "great guns" and little fishes." However despite it all the Christian forces were moving forward little hindered by the storm but the camps of the child scouts being mostly of tents were in peril from the storm; and the one occupied by Gertrude as the storm increased in fury gave evidence of taking to itself wings and flying away although it was, by no means a flimsy structure. Gertrude ordered a detail of boys

though it was by no means a false statement. It was to come out and surround her tent and hold the tent-pole down by main force if necessary. Nevertheless there was nothing beautiful about the prospect for it meant a sure battering by the howlinds; and flying debris for the entire detail for the wind was more like a hurricane or tempest than a mere gale. But everyone had learned the first rule of military life--to obey instantly, any command issued by a superior officer. So they all obeyed the soldiers in

...given by a superior officer. ...
...to the detail of boys jumped at the work, however they had the soldiers in ...
...memorable permission of grumbling among themselves, and one of them chipped to ...
...exercise if they made their way in the teeth of the storm to the threatened ...
...of ... his ...

exercise it: they made their way in the forest, and
tent especially when a broken branch of a tree hit him smack on the back.
"Just out luck to catch Gertrude's eye," he muttered.
"Shop Yoda's grumbling," adjoined Pondero who was to help. "Think how much worse it
would be if we were plowing through the embers after the Passage of a forest fire.
Let's make a lark of it." "I shall be up among the larks all right."

"Make a Jark of it oh. Say Mr Penrod we'll be up among the larks all right" returned Jack "if this tent ever gets away from the tent pins. A balloonist would have nothing on us."

have nothing on us." They laid hold of the straining ropes and hung on for dear life. The hot winds were blowing in intensity and it was hard and hot work while it lasted. They sweated like horses, and even their sturdy little muscles were put to the vent tests, but it took the help of a number of men soldiers too before they had the satisfaction of keeping the tent in its place and after a while the storm subsided, and the danger was over, but the smoke from the east was thicker and darker.

"Isn't it about time for general Hanson's army to get down here and make a junction with our own army?" asked Penrod, as they were on their way to, see

how the christian attack may be progressing.
heard yesterday from Frank Wilber "returned Jack" that his army had arrived
last night and that four divisions of it were expected to arrive at this portion
this morning. Up to now no one of the army has showed itself in sight. I'm
curious to see how general Hanson's troops will look after that long all day
marching yesterday.

"I'll bet all of them will be good and sore at General Manley's army for attacking general civilians army" replied Penrod "and when they get into action believe me they'll pitch into the landelinians."

attacking general. "I pitch into the glandelinians." believe me they'll pitch into the glandelinians." "They ought to," said Jack "for there is lots of good fighting material in general ansons' army, and they'll fight as well as the rest. What makes me feel good is that general renburs' army is also coming. They'll be all good and strong when they are all at one time concentrated and facing the glandelinian army."

Even as they spoke they heard the far off music of a band playing at the double time, and saw the boyscouts who were off duty at that exact moment turning toward that direction.

"I shouldn't wonder if some of general Harrison's army isn't coming this way
now," remarked Penrod. "Let's lag it to that field and watch them come in. We may
meet many of our friends whom we know."

They reached a favorable position just as the first of the advancing Japanese entered the camp on the 14th march. The boy and girl couple seeing most of the soldiers were strangers studied them critically and in jubilation. The new spirit for they knew general Kanenaka whole army of men were old veterans half of the army having seen three great wars of the past and were good and hearty fighters...-E-E- There was a good dra dr deal to give good credit to the newly arriving army-all of them up to now had been in many a stirring campaign had

been in many a terrific battle, and they were called Hanson's "Great Mateer army" for they were so swift and dreadful in their move-
ments. For some reason or other there were no soldiers in civilian
of or "landolinian uniforms" and, I just now because they were not on drill
and were at rest, their marching was somewhat ragged and they were silent and
sullen for they knew the enemy had cheated them of a good rest, and had forced
them to march all night, and therefore they couldn't get at the enemy quick
enough. All the boys and men who watched them pass by knew perfectly well that great
wonders would be wrought by this army.

The Regiments upon Regiments broke ranks (spanks) as soon as they were fairly within the precincts of the camps.

within the precincts of the camp. "Look there!" cried Jack suddenly, as his eyes fell upon one of the deadest, and instead of a soldier was a boy, about on horseback, and a little beyond was Violet, and her sisters. "If that is George Madcliffe, the great boy, I'll not bet."

"Sure thing" shouted George Zimmerman, as he looked in the direction Jack indicated. They there Radcliffe he yelled, and they both made a break for the place where Radcliffe was mounted on his horse. At their approach the latter had dismounted, and in a moment they each had one of his hands and were shaking it as though they would wrench it off.

"Good old sport, Radcliffe" ejaculated Jack. "How in the name of Heaven did you get here through all this storm of war. I thought you far, far away." c.

"Oh I'm like a keen leech," grinned Padelide, delightedly. "I stuck with General Hanson's army all the while. I wanted to see the battle, and so I came

"general Hanson's army all the while. I wanted to see the battle, and so I came along," he said. "I was with the army for about a week, and then I came back to the camp."

"I thought you could not get through even when you tried. You know there's the flood, and fire, and the long stretch of battle, and the enemy scout patrols."

flood, and fire, and the long stretch of battle, and the empty scout patrols." "Push you back!" it returned backliffe. "But I made it nevertheless as I went with the army. It makes no sense though to think that we are having a hard time to beat the enemy. This Manley is just as stubborn as all the rest. He is just moping along and raving against me, and one of our regiments foolishly let a Chaldean troop pass us without a peep. Say, maybe I want tickled to get

Indo-Chinese troops, pass us without a word. Say, maybe I want it, tickled to get through on any terms. I, however escorted the Princesses through the gate, had I thought into my duty prevents them from going along with the rest of you fellows, fellows. It'll be some time before I can join you again, I get, and her, please, need me."

"I'll be some time before I can join you again, Violet, and her sisters need me." Never mind said Jack. The main thing is you are here. We are in the same camp and in the same same division and we'll be able to see a lot of each other."

"I'm not the only one among us who is here," chuckled Madcliffe.

"I'm not the only one among us who is here," chuckled Radcliffe.
 "Is that so?" said Jack with interest. "Who is it?"
 "Give your guesses," grinned Radcliffe.
 "Jim Daniels," said Jack.

"Jim Daniels?"
"Wrong," said Radcliffe.
"Hale Johns?"
"Wrong again."

"Jane Andrews?"
"No, girl it's a boy."
"What's his name?"

"You are all off" replied Radcliffe "I'm afraid you would never guess in a hundred thousand years so I'll let you out of your misery. It's Johnnie Anderson."

"Cross my heart and hope to die," laughed Radcliffe. Radcliffe enjoyed the surprise and amusement of his comrades.

"How does he feel about all these disasters that have occurred?" asked George

"He feels like a tiger cheated of his prey" responded Radcliffe. "Of course

"He feels like a tiger cheated of his prey" responded MacLiffe. "Of course he doesn't say much but I believe what he is thinking whether bad words or not isn't nevertheless fit for hearing or for writing."

The two boyscouts looked about for the boyscout mentioned, and soon caught sight of him standing moodily apart from the others and with a scowl upon his face as black as a tyun thundercloud as he was looking toward the direction

"He's papa's little sunshine since he saw all that," chuckled Jack.

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the results of the flood, the destruction of Abbeann and so many other big and prosperous cities and towns was facing a terrible bankruptcy. The children in the city of El Yerso had been friendly and good to her when she had been there and before the disaster, and even these boys and girls about too had befriended her when a lonely neglected orphan, taking her into their ranks and giving her thrilling but pleasant adventures; and many good times. So when Gertrude began to make plans for the future, each one of which had a direct reference to the discovery, Susan modestly said she would like to join in such expeditions, that she was not afraid, stating her reason with so much delicacy yet so firmly, that Gertrude was compelled to acknowledge she was right while at the same time she secretly wondered whether Angelina Riches would like to go forth on another such expedition. All that morning the attentiveness all alike between the two girls grew upon her so strongly that she would have almost gladly have had a million followers like Jean Susan Angelina Riches, and the others. Scarcely as they went off a little distance, leaving Angelina Riches by herself for a few moments to watch the progress of the battle, and seeing by the aid of their glasses that the enemy was now making a counter attack, there as the swift gallop of a horse, and Schoerfeld Perrod came riding up. Angelina Riches radiant with smiles stood awaiting him, she had invited him to go on the scouting tour with her and therefore Angelina Riches had bestowed more than usual time and attention upon the looks of her uniform, for Perrod was very observant and particular of the uniform the girls about leaders and friends of his were those he had even bawled out Gertrude because she didn't wear her purple uniform such which she had forgotten, and when all were in dress line he was always constantly dictating as to what they should wear for dress parade, and going out, and what not to wear, and any fault finding of a uniform was the penalty of "Kitchen Police duty for two days." However to day everything seemed fitted to go as it was. General Brown had not won his fight, the enemy was now thrusting blows at him; in wildness and fury, the battle exactly sounded "natty" and explosions were shaking the earth like a convulsion and the smoke of distant forest fires made the sky look as if the globe prediction of the last day was at hand. Angelina Riches had heard Perrod say that he was lovable to examine purple in uniforms and not suspecting that he had seen lots of the battles due to that day, and that the losses of the christian side was unbearable to him, and not knowing that his humor was none the best she determined to surprise him with the favorite color of uniforms. Accordingly when Perrod rode up to her and dismounted he found her standing beside her horse arrayed in a rich purple uniform. Perrod had just met Dolores and Angelina Jennings and what they told him about the fortunes of the battle he was in the worst of humors. His first salutation to Angelina Riches was:

"Well Angelina how do you like the turns of the battle?"

"I don't know how it is turning out. Do you?" asked Angelina Riches taking him literally.

"Do!" he repeated with an impatient toss of the head. "The situation is all but pretty. I advise you to postpone your purpose of going out scouting. It's too dangerous to venture out" (pointing to the battle line) "I never saw any look worse."

Since Angelina's plan and since she had heard news of the battle being lost she had cried half the time, and now as usual the tears came to her eyes.

"It's no use of crying over the darned situation" said he. "I declare I wonder if there's anything of this anyhow. I'll bet the darned enemy will lick us like a cat and sent us flying. For one I won't run."

"Please don't talk so" said Angelina laying her hand on his arm. "We can pray to God, and he'll help us. It's as good as His Omnipotence."

"And so it is but the situation on both sides is different just the same, and then that crazy Jackass headed mule of a Manley is a harder man to beat than any one I thought he was."

"You told me once he was a old bone head and couldn't fight a flea" said Angelina Riches the tears again flowing in spite of herself.

"Now make your eyes red" said he. "I declare I wonder if there's anything of you to day Angelina but tears. Of course I did. But I didn't know the goofy ground and the army is better proportioned in every way. If we ain't losing we are sure receiving a rough handling nevertheless. Wish I was in some time, and saw the old whiskered pineapple so I could bore him with some shots."

Angelina Riches longed to remind him of a time when General Johnston Jackson Manley had received such a whipping during the battle at Jennie Turner city, but she could, dared not, and feared finding fault somewhere or other touched her white and bare shoulder saying:

"I wish we could discover something that would save the nation. Too I wish you wouldn't go out on that scouting tour. No one else thinks of going, and to make things worse to go out now we would have to take a round about way and the flood bars our way. Abbeann is no more, and yet all of us should display better wisdom."

Angelina Riches was completely angry and amid a fresh shower of tears exclaimed: "Abbeann-----Abbeann-----I'm sick of hearing of that disaster. It's nothing but failure, for the nation, floods floods all day long with Gertrude stating the difficulties, and now you must thrust the disaster into my face! If you think the mystery can be solved why don't you try and find it out instead of Violet, and her sisters."

"Simply because I can't if they can't" returned Perrod, and then not wishing to arouse her he playfully threw his arm around her waist adding: "Let come my little sylph fairy don't let's argue about it any more. I'll turn out something sooner or later, and you or I shouldn't worry or be fretful about it. So if you won't change your mind, throw on your cloak and let's be off to scout."

"Oh no. Not yet. It's too early" answered Angelina Riches. So they sat down upon the log together, and after asking about poor Rose, and how long Jenny her sister was to remain in Glenview, Angelina chancing to think of the strange discovery that morning with regard to Abbeann and the spies Susan found among a prisoner mentioned it to Perrod, who seemed much more excited about it than she had been.

"Go that was a strange letter to Manley from the Glandelinian government," said he. "And a map code too. Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Because I forgot all about it" returned Angelina. "And its very marvelous too and it affects me a great deal. I believe its a good clue."

Perrod did not reply but there was passing through his mind something which would have surprised Angelina Riches not a little. As the reader should remember he was becoming a great spy scout, and now if this mystery had clues it was up to him to make out the meaning of those clues. When he next spoke he said very calmly:

"Well I'm glad Susan discovered that for it'll give us all better chances to find out what did it and Perrod's eyes turned upon Angelina with a deeper meaning than she could divine. It was so long since Angelina Riches had felt any discouragement in the way the war itself heated, and was just then really turning out that she had almost ceased to know what really the results would be in the future, and besides this she had no suspicions in Perrod's motives in asking her such unusual questions, so finally she carelessly said that nothing had been said yet on the subject of Abbeann, though she presumed that Violet, and her sisters when they learned the details would take Susan aid them in their next effort to try and solve the mystery, as they had recently taken a violent fancy to her. Here the conversation flagged, and despite the noise of the distant battle Perrod, dropped into a sort of musing mood from which Angelina Riches was forced to arouse him when it was time for them to go on the proposed scouting tour. As if their thoughts were flowing in the same channel Gertrude Angelina that early forenoon was thinking of the notes Susan had secured from a Glandelinian prisoner and was trying to devise some means by which to bring something good through their discovery. . . . suddenly therefore a new idea occurred to her, and therefore Angelina Jennings, and her eager police were sent for, . . . to draw up a new plan in which a new and better discovery could be made of the ruined portions of Abbeann. . . .

"Half of the crater region we did not yet explore by night" said she, "And what I want is, that when Violet, and her sisters follow out their, new plan, I've all have all of our scout force, and the Camp fire girls too take possession of every portion to be explored, to guard every recess, while the explorers therefore will be under their protection. I have a hunch the clue will be discovered before long."

The plan which was going to be a desperate one was accordingly, drawn up signed and sealed. Angelina Jennings keeping a rough draft (de bait) of it which was to be forwarded to Violet, and her sisters under the strongest guard. Perrod was

"Don't kid yourself know it all. A bird like Federal is never beaten too flat to

and it sure appeared as if he was leaving. The women
otherwise have done. General Fredrickson Pursons visit to the fireboat leaders
was prompted by the purpose to turn them not to go forward any closer to the
battle line, that it was the orders of Violet and her sisters who had seen their
wise move.

of a third person until the group advanced toward her, Ida and Jenny leaning forward on their horses and some of the others riding at her right, a little in the rear. Thinking if she thought at all, that it was Penrod, she rode on until a sudden noise caused them all to halt, and then she turned and met the dark handsome eyes—not of Penrod, but of one who with a peculiar smile, rode forward and offered her his hand, saying:

"I'm sure you don't recognize me no more since we last saw each other."

Just then there was a terrific crash as of distant thunder overhead, and all were engulfed in smoke. When at that instant never knew what she said or did, she only remembered a dizzy sensation in her head, a strong arm jerked around her, and a voice which fully aroused her as it called her "Susan" and asked if she shook of the explosion had made her faint. Just then Ida herself re-appeared, announcing that the Christian armies were moving forward to renew their former attempt to take the enemy's works, and asking if she found general Starring very much changed. While watching the movements of the Christian armies Susan sat opposite her friend general Starring and every time she raised her eyes she saw his fixed with a worried expression toward the battle line. However she had learned to know why general Starring was now wounded and too disabled to resume command. He was so beloved by the whole Christian army. Of course he possessed rare powers of conversation, and nevertheless just the same knew just what to say when to say it, and with a kind word and smile for all, and through that he was able to make himself a great favorite notwithstanding his habit of sometimes being firm which would occasionally show itself in some way or other.

During this time some of the other boyscout leaders themselves came up, and soon after Penrod came riding up, frowning gloomily when he saw the Christian troops in the distance somewhat lagging in their advance. At last complaining of feeling blue he sauntered toward one of the trees where Angelina Jennings had been standing all the while.

"Upon my word," said he, "this looks natural, who failed the Christian troops. I thought they were spirited."

"General Turner of Hanseps command did it, wasn't he good?" said Jenny who felt thankful to God, and then Starring himself said:

"Don't go near that general and try to thank him—for I can imagine all you may wish to tell him, and he is one of those who hate to be thanked. He and general Vivian are unusual friends and it affords him a great deal of pleasure to come to his aid in the nick of time—but he added glancing toward the battle, "I must be excused now, as I promised to report for duty despite my being wounded."

"Who is going to lead this advance against the enemy?" asked Jenny, and Walter replied:

"It's general Herndon who had accompanied him during his own efforts against the enemy earlier in the battle."

"They say general Hanson in a regular Napoleon and always has very powerful armies," rejoined Ida, seating herself on a stone.

Instantly instantly catching the word "Napoleon" and his powerful army Penrod started up, asking if it would be against the rules, for him to go and see if he could interview general Hanson.

"I think it would be impossible just now," was general Starring's brief answer, while Susan's eyes flashed scornfully, as she overheard some one remark the enemy might win the day, and Penrod who was rather crestfallen over the whole affair, and who really in his heart, wished the battle had not happened announced himself ready for any emergency, however the attack made by the Nationals which lasted till dark, was not successful, and that night before they made up their minds to make it a retreat, an all the boyscouts sat down around a huge, roaring campfire to talk over the events of the day, when Susan suddenly asked Angelina Jennings who had been watching the battle almost incessantly all the day to tell her truly if it were not general Hanson's army who had delivered the stroke which repulsed the assault of the enemy early that afternoon.

"Why, it was," said Jenny herself to whom the idea was somewhat rattled while Angelina Jennings replied:

"And suppose it was?"

"I'm sorry if it wasn't," said Susan for then if he is not near us, general Vivian's army will not endure another day for the enemy will renew it to-morrow, know it."

"What a silly little girl!" said Angelina Nichols. "General Hanson Vivian is perfectly able and willing to give the enemy all he is looking for, and more than willing to do so, so why do you care?"

"I do not like to see the enemy win a single battle, or to be what withering a Christian army whipped by any one," was Susan's reply, and yet in her secret heart there was a strange feeling of pleasure in the idea that general Hanson's whole army had struck a big blow to the enemy that afternoon—for would the enemy had recoiled from the assault if—she did not dare to think of finishing the question even to herself—dared not even ask whether general Hanson had really liked the enemy, as she already began to think he was able to do, why should he who was never whipped by any enemy before be worsted now, and then for the first time she thought of how he had licked the mightier general Hanley's high headed son John at Colburne Creek.

"Angelina," said she, "does general Hanson know of me, and of my being a new girl scout?"

"He answered Angelina Nichols, "I wanted to send him word about it, but Violet, and her sisters said not to do so."

"Don't tell then please," returned Susan, and resuming her former position she fell into a deep reverie from which she was at last aroused by John herself asking if she intended to sit up all night.

The news that general Hanson had arrived with his whole army and was concentrating heavily upon the enemy, and repulsed the attack upon general Vivian's lines, besides several other incidents, spread rapidly, and it had happened that before they had turned in for the night the girlscouts had been stopped in the field by a group of Camp Fire Girls who were eager to know how general Hanson bore, the news that general Vivian was severely wounded, and if it was not that which which had brought him so soon, and then the conversation turned upon how the enemy had been swept back by general Frank Herndon who had at two o'clock appeared in or on the rear of the assaulting force, and don't you think said one of the Camp Fire Girls, that general Herndon Lincoln was leading the left grand division of the flankers, and how he crushed through though he was wounded? If I were you," turning to Susan, "I'd caution many of your boy and girlscout friends not to go so close to a dangerous battle field or to be a little wary of what they do. But let me see, the battle will renew a again to-morrow, Violet, and her sisters said they have plans of the enemy which was intended for to-morrow."

Susan replied that the battle might be postponed indefinitely, whereupon the Camp Fire Girls exchanged meaningless glances and passed on in less than ten minutes half of the whole army knew of the plans of the enemy to renew the contest and talking about other reports of the enemy discarding the plans of the battle for the new ones on account of general Nichols' failure and of him being wounded, and saying that "they expected Hanley and Federal were getting afraid."

Ever long the report in the shape of some sort of a warning reached general Jack Evans who caring but little what result was assigned, for the resumption of the engagement, so that he got his army well out of disastrous consequences, assumed a much injured and defiant air and said "He reckoned he should manage to survive if he had to go through hell to lick the enemy—then pulling up his uniform shirt collar, and brushing his hair he left his tent and went to where the headquarters of Violet, and her sisters to hear of them the enemy's plans. At first they were not in and he walked up a road and ringing at Gertrude's own headquarters door, asked for Mrs. Angelina Archburg, who brave in beautiful always liked to receive him not only because she liked him so much as a friend, and a great military captain, but because she was fond of giving him all the information necessary, and therefore there was something exceedingly satisfying in the fact that the enemy would be put in his place by Evans. If not by any one else... It mattered not that Gertrude told her friends secrets to him she cared nothing for that because it always ended bad for the enemy. Her life so far even since she was three years old had been one long series of perils, horrors, and adventures, until now at eleven years of age there was not in the whole world a more finished, a more military or a girl scout more trained by the enemy than Angelina Archburg.

Two hours that late afternoon passed on and she had told him all, and when rumors at last reached Violet, and her sisters that general Evans had been long

in military attendance upon the great Abbe-annian girl spy and girlscout guard
lan whose name was even a terror to the enemy. At first they refused to believe
it, but when girlscouts assured them it was true, and when they themselves
hadocular demonstration of the fact, they came and told him their own dis-
coveries and asked him to act accordingly. Violet said I wrote this down in
overhearing the conversation of the foe. Here Evans it's for you to understand;
"One of the generals said that who ever the christian general was who moved
into the game this afternoon seemed to be overthrowing strong for attackers to
meet in the open and that if the attack was proved too strong on the rear, the
demonstration was rather recalled than repulsed by the christians. The officer
over and say that if they could only think of some way to land the christian
general Hanson and give the christian army a knockout while they got it boggy."

The other general then said, "Yes, but what's holding those christian dogs up?
If that dog of a Hanson came up to the fray he and his fellows must have
big resources we don't know anything about. If we do not drive them from here
those prying eyes of those child scouts will discover the mysteries of Abbe-ann
and then Glandell is sunk." He was then silent for a moment or so Evans, and
he resumed "Hurray I've got it Johnson—now I remember—Hanson is in charge
of a larger army concentrated near Santa Cruz. He'd never expect an attack in
that quarter. John smash his army there he'll be done for. He has a fleet of
cavalry there also, troops, munitions and a big military layout—but not too
big for us to tackle. John get in touch with general Raymo and Richardson Fed-
eral. Joseph Creek—sorry also you Jake—time is wasting now. If we
are going to get general Hanson we have to nail him before he has time to renege
the conflict to-morrow."

Evans then immediately wired the news to general Hanson, and in the cover
of the night that big division of troops was on the way swiftly to make a
junction, and general Federal was to be fooled. Violet herself declared that
"General Pugnose Federal as he's nicknamed would not get ahead of her."

Violet, and her sisters also loved their country's cause as sincerely as they
could love, and not even the most dreaded perils and adventures they went through
could make them for a moment forget the country's cause, and they were bound to
see it won, or die if there is failure.

By the time of early rising, learning that the battle was being renewed again
and that it was going to be simply terrifying that day all of the girlscouts
and boys were to move to a different section and do as much work in saving the
army from being wrecked as it was possible. On Elias account for she had been
wounded early in the day before by a shell fragment and was suffering; Gertrude
had decided to remain in the camp during a part of the day until she saw how she
fared, and she labored hard to have Susan remain too offering as a last inducement
to have Jack with her, but one of the violet girls had come, and they wanted
to take Susan to a certain part of the line for a special purpose, and therefore
toward that destination Susan was to accompany her, promising Gertrude however
to come back again as soon as possible and who kept at parting with her more
than she had ever done before had it been other friends. Susan had partially engaged
to go to the Glen north of Stenbolstro but Violet assuming the fullest command
over her, declared she should not, as the Glen was as dangerous as a lost region
of Hudson just now.

"I don't want you or any one else to go anywhere where I wouldn't go myself,"
said she. "We are the attackers upon the enemy just now but Heaven only knows
what'll happen next. You know I've been through lots and have seen perils you
never thought of. No you mustn't even think of going to the Glen."

Susan slightly colored, for Violet's manner of life had somewhat puzzled her,
and Jenny herself had whispered in her ear. "I know Violet loves you as she does the rest, and therefore she knows best,
as she has had experience. So she tells you."

Angeline, who too had once mischievously addressed Susan as "Violet"
adding that there was no one among her friends whom she would as willingly call
by that name for she was greatly favored by "Violet" and her sisters. "When I
was a wee little girl," said she, "my parents used to tease me about my sister, but
now she's a bigger girl than me. You never saw the condition in that Glen did
you. Between you and me it's dangerous, and—and" A loud bugle call and a new
fear of the battle prevented her from finishing, and the conversation never again
was resumed on that subject. Then Susan was to leave with Violet, and she
stood in the company street talking with Ida, Violet came in with her riding
saddle on and a shell thrown carelessly over her arm.

"Where are you going now Princess?" "Asked Ida.

"To the right wing of general Evans line. I have great military business there,
concerning the battle. My sisters are accompanying me."

"When will you return?" continued Ida feeling that it would be doubly lonely
when every one else was away, and she would have to remain behind on guard.

"That depends on the circumstances of this battle," said the princess. "I shall
stop at Santa Vera on my way back, provided Susan is willing to risk the adven-
ture with me."

"Are you going to Vantum?"

"No, the battle is raging near there. It's impossible."

Susan however answered that if she was always glad to do anything, and then
as the horses were brought up, they started to other world where Violet's sisters
were waiting. Susan never remembered having had a more exciting ride on horse
back, than from Ida Headquarters toward where Violet's sisters were waiting.

A squadron of Glandellian patrol on horseback, and being the Omians saw
them for they during the battle had even dared to ride within the christian
camps to do their spying or scouting, and they at once gave pursuit riding
their horses' literally to death to say in their efforts to catch the two
girls. They did not recognize who Violet was, but they recognized Susan
and she it was who they wanted to secure. Violet during the whole exciting chase
was an agreeable and interesting personage, she never got excited, but too
usual to Susan took matters as coolly as if they were just in a hurry to
get there, but when the Glandellians got too close, she suddenly wheeled her
horse herself, and drawing both pistols, charged down upon the surprised
Glandellians. Her shots came so fast, and with such deadly aim, that the enemy
with shouts of dismay at this unexpected encounter scurried for cover.

"Come this way now," said Violet in surprise herself. Why Susan how did you
dare to do it. I never thought you could even present such a formidable army
by yourself."

"The Glandellians know me and know I'm a good gunner," she answered. "They won't
persecute me no more I believe."

She was right, and now with Violet and her sisters quickly joining she seemed
to discover new beauties in every scene which they passed and felt rather sorry
when the winding winding road brought them close to the main camp and armed her
that the active battle lines were near at hand for the noise was louder now.

"I shall hope to discover some new mystery about Abbe-ann next week," said
Violet as she halted the column. "Now to go first to general Curfew's headquarters.
He's not in, being at the front, but we sure need some breakfast. I forgot even
to take some. How uncommon of us. It's the first time we did this."

During the whole day yesterday the generals orderly had despite his worries
about the battle been putting things to right, and when the Princesses and
Susan arrived they found everything in ~~perfect~~ good order. The place was not
occupied by any officers and a cheerful little ~~rehabilitation~~ was blazing in the
little parlor, and before it stood the nice little dining room table
while two beautiful little kittens lay upon the hearth rug asleep with their
soft velvet jaws locked lovingly round each others necks.

"Oh how pleasant it would be if I was home once more," said Violet herself,
but just then Susan did not reply. Her thoughts because of the roar of the
battle were elsewhere, and much as she herself might have liked being alone
the peace ~~presence~~ presence of Violet and her sisters did not hurt her
happiness to any extent. At Violet and her sisters sisters hoped the general
would be coming soon and with that hope Violet and her sisters appeared also
cheerful and gay even though they did dread the consequences of the battle to
day, however among the first officers to call was general Howard Perkins
who came early in the morning bringing with him reports that so far the enemy
was suffering from the attack, but holding his own. He had just brought up his
troops was asking to join at the first command, he said, and thought maybe
he could get some new ideas, from Susan's suggestions, which he very boldly
asked to hear. With the utmost good humor, Susan told of what she had heard
of the enemy plan, and he took it up as a good joke on the enemy.

"But then," said he, "I here you've joined the girlscouts known as the Rangers,
and that accounts for it, for they're all good scouts and in my opinion
take the enemy dread them more than we are."

"by we are the lancers," said Susan.
At this the general dropped his hat and with a short ejaculatory prayer "thank God," the general exclaimed "Well I am glad you have come and I believe they are the best scouts any one could have had." However it was in vain that Violet and her sisters referred him to the dictionary for the definition of the word "lancers." He knew all about it he said, and shouldn't wonder that the enemy will be begging mercy from them on bended knees some day, day.

The appearance of a nicely roasted bit of veal quieted their fears on that subject, and as the effects of the strong brown coffee became apparent, Violet said "It's likely enough we are not wretched enough on those Glandelinians, for to tell the truth, she never felt so solemn in her life as she did when they had chased her for ten miles but this added 'I do object to be chased when we want to accomplish something, and I can't help it.'"

At breakfast the general was over, and with it the tail of the officer, who had gathered enough about the enemy to bring disaster sure enough. The interest which Violet and her sisters had felt in Susan when they first became acquainted with her, was greatly increased by how especially when they saw how she had improved in all her military work; how good she was in her manners and appearance, and it was then they conceived the idea of educating her, determining to raise her to the rank of their mascot if she proved to be all they hoped she would. That she did meet their expectations was evident that their object of taking her out of this new adventure, was to settle a question which she alone could decide. Violet and her sisters had asked her to risk anything to accompany them through the territory because it was there their resolution had been formed, and it was there they would make it known. Susan too had something which she wished to say to Violet, and her sisters, she would first thank them for their kindness to her, and her parents too much memory, but the moment she commenced talking upon the subject, Violet stopped her, and for the first time since they were together, Violet placed an arm around her waist and kissing her cheek she said:

"Shall I tell you Susan how you can repay it," she did not reply, and Violet continued "Give me all the assistance you can for our cause, and I and my sisters shall be repaid a million fold..."

Whatever Susan's answer then would have been, and we are not saying she answered at all, Violet and her sisters were satisfied, and when they told her how dear the Christian cause was to them, how they loved their country, and their God, and asked if they might not hope that they too had been remembered, Susan gave her consent to do anything without idea that they had heard of the kind of girl scout Susan was turning out to be and therefore their mind had been made up in taking Susan for their mascot, they felt they could have no better girl aide-de-camp... Until another battle subdued them at there on a log, talking of the battle, which Violet said would all be one bright dream of happiness should they be forced to leave the territory; and Susan from the very fullness of apprehension as to the outcome swept, as she thought how strange it was that she should be a mascot of the Princesse the high priestess of a girl scout, and when many a dashing girl had tried in vain to become Jannet's mascot, Jean and Jolote, and she was to be Violet. Then it was decided by Violet and her sisters to go elsewhere, and a they asked Susan to come with her to Glenview as they wished to see her before she died. The tent of poor poor Susan were open and the heated forest fire air came in kissing her the little six girls white brown and making her feel the fever from her wounds still more...

"Has Penrod come?" she asked of "Bright eyed Mary and in the tones of her voice there was an unusual gentleness. For a long, long, time and now she had

either seemed or was so indifferent and obstinate in her feelings toward the enemy, that all who knew and saw her were surprised. But hour after hour, when over one thought she slept Mary prayed for the young girl scout, that out of her friend die so soon as she had been such a good servicable girl, and the surely the country could not spare her, and as if answer to her prayers, and the horses that were said for her, rose gradually began to change just a little, and yet too she listened to the sound of battle and heard the details which came to her from outside, she kept wondering though, why Mary thought, and she thought that general Viviane army might win when she was afraid it could not

again in a sudden burst of passion she would say "the heard too much of the news as was determined not to die, that she might live and serve her country—she couldn't live anyway, she couldn't. But at last for a time such feelings began to pass away, and as it seemed the sun of her short little life was setting, she felt more and more discouraged. She had not again asked to be taken to any other part of the camp, for she knew that could not be when there was no telling what would happen through the Christian camps but nevertheless she wandered by Penrod stayed so long from Glenview when he surely knew she was going to die, as the doctor said her wounds were really worse than mortal. On her return and scouting tour Jean Saunders had told Rose, and as gently as possible, how busy he was, and of her fears too that the army was surely going to win in this desperate conflict, that Penrod could not come until he was off duty, and that he too was becoming discouraged and as worried as others before a time was perfectly still, and Jean therefore thinking she was asleep, was about to leave the tent... when Rose called her back bidding her to sit down by her side said:

"Will you join, do you think Penrod is worried about me?"
"He would be an unusual friend of yours if he did not," answered Jean, her own heart beating more tenderly toward her girl friend, whose gentle manner she could understand just then. "Penrod had a mass said for your recovery this morning. It cost him his last red cent..."

"Then resumed Rose 'If he does love me and is worrying about me he'll be still more sorry when I am dead, and perhaps my death may save the army from ruin.'"

The tears dropped slowly from her long eye lashes, while Jean, kissing her forehead cheek against the thin pale face near her sobbed out:

"Please you must not even try to die—No dear, you must not die and leave me till I discourage you all you cannot be spared from us now."

The day following the fall of the hill was visible and more rapidly and though letters were frequently sent to Penrod, telling him of Rose's danger, he still could not be released from duty, which each time Rose had asked "Will he come soon?" and she would weep because he was not there. Calmly and without a murmur she had told the story on this third day of battle of the rain threatening the army. Before that time she had asked that if it was possible to be taken back home designating the spot where she wished to be buried; but now she insisted upon being laid down at the foot of the hill near her parents' garden, and near the green hedge where the spring blossoms were earlier found, and where the flowers of Fall lingered longest. The music of a strain so close by her home, she declared would soothe her as she slept and its cool moisture keep the grass green and fresh upon her grave. On the fourth morning of the battle when Gertrude was sitting by Rose, and she frequently did uttering interludes against Glandelinia, poor Rose said: "Don't talk so Gertrude dear don't. Mostly the Glandelinians did have something to do with it, but also I have done it too by my own carelessness for leaving out into a dangerous territory where I shouldn't have gone, and then she confessed where she had gone; her mad adventure, and thoughtlessly exposed her health on the first day of the battle, even when her wounds were throbbing with pain. "I know you will forgive me for my carelessness," said she, "or most severely as I received my lesson."

Then as she heard Jean's voice in the company street on the outside, she said: "There is one more thing I would like to say to you, and I do, you must please to keep Jean from too great an adventure like mine was. All of us are in jail, I know, always, and so are you, but he has a real noble heart, and for my sake Gertrude do what you can to save the rest of your troop from any such list. Promise me Gertrude promise me that you'll take care of all the others."

Gertrude's Angelic though courageous, was proud of her cause, and the struggle her bosom was long and severe, but love for poor Rose and all her followers conquered all other feelings, and to the oft repeated question, "Promise me, Gertrude, will you not," she finally answered: "I will!"

"Yes, Rose, for your sake I will give the consent, though nothing else will have wrong it from me."

"And Gertrude," continued Rose, "May not Penrod be sent here now? I'm sure I must live much longer and I long to see him once more, and tell him that how I love him like a brother to me."

A brother to her, indeed! how heavily those words sank upon the heart of the girl scout. Penrod was yet away, couldn't leave off duty to come and see her no other way he wanted to, and though in Jean's letter Rose herself had feebly traced

the words "Leave me off and come Penrod dear, come" he still was forced to linger, no if bound by a spell he could not break, and there she petitioned Gertrude to release him so he could come, so the minutes and hours of that morning went by. Jack could remember how long ago the sun would slowly came up from the eastern horizon, and its red beams danced for a time upon the wall of her chamber, but now she gazed victoriously toward the stroke darkened east, murmuring:

"That day was and will be the last—the last that I'll ever see the day rise." Later Jack remembered the there bringing word that Penrod could not come until the Princess would release him from duty. Strong was the agony at work in the hearts of many of the child scouts, and still Jack himself nerved himself to support the girl while every minute he feared and expected the shadows of death to creep over her face. Jean wholly overcome, declared she could not remain in the tent and went out to pray. Poor Jean then weary with watching and tears, and while herself leaned heavily against a tree, and rose as often as her eyes unloosed and rested upon her would or did whisper:

"Jean dear Jean I wished you was my sister."

"Bright eyed Mary had laid many a dear girl and boy scout since the war was young in the grave, and as she saw another leaving her, she thought how great was the number of children-gone to heaven already—and yet still her young little heart was quivering with anguish, for Jean had shown strongly in her affection. But for the sake of the other sorrowing ones, she hushed her own grief, knowing that any one of them might be going like her, and believing that any one of them might be still alive day when Jean no young ally it seemed to her unfair that she should still live day when Jean no young should thus die so early because a strapping had laid her lay."

"If Penrod does not come soon, and I really die," said Jean "tell him it was my last request that he put his greatest efforts to find the man among the Glandolinians who shot me—and try to capture him if possible, and say that the bitterest pang I felt in dying was the fear that the man who is a famous Glandolinian sniper might also get away from us without ever being seen. Penrod cannot look upon me dead, and feel discouraged in doing that, asked, and as he stands over my grave, also tell him to please never to forget his borille to our country which had adopted him as one of her country men."

Here she became too much exhausted to speak any more, and so after she fell into a quiet sleep. When she awoke toward the approach of noon, Jack was sitting on a bench on the side of the tent with his head resting upon the table, while her own was pillowed upon the strong arm of George Zimmerman, a man who was holding tenderly over her, and soothing her as he would his own sister. Quickly her faded cheeks glowed, and her eyes sparkled with something of its olden light but "Dear George, dear George" was all she had strength to say—and when George and even Violet and her sisters, who had accompanied him, approached her they only knew that they were recognized by the pressure of the little blue veiled hand of Jean, with such drooped heavily upon the counterpane, while the eye lids closed languidly, and with the words "I'm afraid he cannot come," she again fell asleep. But this time it was the long deep sleep from which she would never come. After she was dead, slowly the fog of smoke from the battle though distant shrouded around the camp, and the tent, where death had no suddenly left its throne. Only all the kind hearted boy and girl scouts panned in and out of the tent, ministering first to the dead, and then turning aside to weep at they looked upon the bowed boy Jack, who with his head upon the table still at rest just as he did when they told him she had died. At this fact on a little stool sat poor Jean, pressing his hands, and covering them with the tears she for his dead in vain to reproach. At last there was the sound of some one on the fallow coming down the company street, and in a moment Penrod stepped into the tent suddenly started and turned pale when he saw Jenny and Mary in violent grief and sobbing. Bathing Jenny's face and trying to soothe her. Before he had time to ever ask a single question Jenny's arms were around his neck, and she whispered: "What had she just died a brave boy killed early this morning the last factor."

"What had she just died?" "Because our life was being shattered by the 'dam' and that I couldn't get off duty till now was his answer. He had nothing else to say however and mechanically following Jenny he entered the tent room where there had just died. Very beautiful had she been in life, and yet she was far more beautiful in death, and all unconscious of the scalding tears which fell upon her face, as Penrod now bent over her, kissing her lips and calling upon her to

wake, and then Jack's life once more. Finally when she thought she could bear it no more Jenny told him all poor Jean had said, and Penrod swore that he would do it, and when he got that man—there were many who stood by and heard that solemn vow, and knew that it would be kept, and that poor Jean and many others would not have died in vain for the cause. The burial of the dead child had to be prompt, and it was accomplished that afternoon, and after the burial Jack and Jean and many others returned to their duties.

"Suppose you try and spot out what the confounded enemy is trying to do far over your head," said Penrod to George as they rode over to the direction of the battle field. "But please are attacking? It without results. I'd rather you'd do it than any one else. You know how to do it very well."

He intended doing so, answered the Glandolinian, and he did so bringing much surprising information that it was unexpected, and Penrod at first could hardly find words to express his thanks. But when he did, he thought the boy was very unusual to make such an excellent success, saying however that it might prevent the enemy from winning the battle entirely, and adding that he hoped two or three days of the hardest efforts would enable general Hanson to recover all general Tilden had lost. Then he asked George how he would like to turn battle patrol for a short while. Jenny herself and many others close by looked up in surprise at this, while George asked him what he meant. Then he briefly explained that Penrod told of the situation in the battle, that the enemy might not be forced, and stating his own intentions of going on a scouting tour and that in his absence somebody must take his place and he knew of no one who he could trust more than George.

"Oh that'll be just nice," said the girl, but in a chorus, these love for their country's cause was stronger than ever. "He then," George said Jenny herself, when "Pen Penrod comes back we'll be able to see how the enemy'll look when he finds he couldn't frustrate general Hanson."

George however pressed the little girl's hand which had laid into his, and replied that he would like to oblige ge. Penrod, he could not abandon his duties just now assigned to him by Violet, and her sisters, unless they gave him permission to do so. "But," said he, "believe I could find a good substitute in James Greene, who is anxious for some sort of active service. He is a brave boy, clever and quick, and got eagle eyes."

"Why," exclaimed Gertrude who was standing close by, "did not know that he could do any scouting. I'm afraid he couldn't survive that." Penrod looked and Jenny smiled, and George replied that he'd be willing to do it himself, if she, Gertrude, got the permission of one of the Glandolinian girls for him.

"To can it," said Gertrude in a manner so decided, that no one could doubt it. She then, dispute her sister and her sisters gladly consented to let James Greene take charge of Penrod's scouting patrol. The battle went on as usual with general Hanson's troops, making heavy but futile assaults on the position in the main description of the battle in previous chapters, but the two works were not ever reached, the Glandolinian rifle and artillery fire being so severe and unrelenting that no one could face it in any numbers. General Hanson had urged Glandolinian troops to accompany him in the battle, but he could do nothing either, though he crashed a heavy counter attack made against him, and he finally shook his head at the

"The old gray horses never get left their nests" and the battle went on. "It" threatening to be a tie.

Contrary to the fears of all the boy and girl scouts the Glandolinians neither made no further counter advances, and while general Hanson was making arrangements to move other forces from Lincoln section to Chitopee creek, the enemy let loose a terrific fire, that even devastated a part of the camp where Jean had died, and soldiers fell in numbers too many so that the attack from that quarter had to be withdrawn. Penrod who went on the scouting tour began to see how little he was to any efforts to bid in this locality. He couldn't expect anything to turn out in favor of the attackers here, and consequently he knew if he could do nothing, but aiming his fireman's signals there not to attack, and there to make a defense, and as time went to make plans to

to throw the whole army forward in a general attack. Perrod himself began to wonder how himself could accomplish such a feat when all the others had failed. General Williams now had been driven from Blackallian, and all other positions had been lost. Suddenly it occurred to him that he too would go forward with General Evans. He would help him by his alarm to repel any damage done by the wily Glandellian foe—he would not be in the way of such dire perils, as before. He would do something for the cause, and when he returned to his friends, he would find a joyful meeting with his scout companions who should be proud to acknowledge him as their leader. General Evans warmly seconded his resolution, which possibly would never had been carried out had not Perrod heard of General Herndon's death in the engagement on the right. Cursing the fury of the enemy, and half wishing he had been a man himself and could lead an army against the foe, whose strength, though not what he had expected was considerable, he went forth to see the fray with Evans, whose line, but alas, the fury of hell among the Glandellians was there before him, and in an unguarded moment he saw one of the generals the best beloved of the boy and girls, and who had trained them well, General Hadden Spreckles fall mortally wounded as he led a division against the foe. The newly made grave, the bare coffin, the pale, dead girl and boy, and friends of his, and the column was still thought of, and seeing the Glandellian gunners who had brought the general down, he hurried forth a hand grenade and blew every one of them up. The general died at once, on the battle field, died alone, the Christian assault having been repulsed, died alone with Perrod to witness the dying man's last wishes in which he talked of his distant home, of his wife and children. He took from his inside coat pocket a photograph of himself bidding Perrod see to its being sent to his wife and children and tell them the heart they had so earnestly loved was still in death. And Perrod more wretched now, then when his child scouts had died in death, and Perrod more wretched now, then when his child scouts had died in death, he reached by soldiers under fire and had him brought to the rear of the camp where the dead general was laid down to sleep beneath the smoky skies of Glandellian where not one of the many bitter tears that were shed for him could for that time fall upon his lonely grave.

The movement of General Evans great force, assisted by the artillery fire all along the line had been carried through so smoothly and swiftly, he everything had moved with such clockwork precision, that before the noon had fairly approached the right column was moving against the foe. Before this was accomplished General Evans had sent a detail of military detectives to see what they may be called to find out when the fighting hand of the foe was really was.

"Well, you military detectives what did you find out?" he demanded. "If Federal is in command, what happened that we don't know where he is. Come on, be quick about it. I let have your report. My army is moving fast, and we need news."

"Well, sir, the battle everywhere sir is so deadly fierce and savage and so dreadfully violent that it was hard to trace him, but here's what we found out. On the day of early yesterday when the engagement began and when General Warkute fell wounded, and after you had the assaults of yesterday morning fully established against the Glandellian works—were that is too, after the attack was so badly repulsed, General Federal, came up with another general and concentrated his forces near Vintana, and Santa Grutes in the San Francisco Creek district. General Turner is there yet—Federal had a tough job getting his forces into position on account of the lay of the land and of forest fires threatening the neighborhood—finally he got the position strengthened, but early in the engagement Turner piled up with his forces into disaster, and terrible loss, and the general that is blind was killed by the explosion of a big shell."

"Blind?"

"Yes, he's as blind as a bat since the injury, and Federal during the fray didn't send him no support. We trailed the battle line toward General Greek but we couldn't tell where Federal was in command and whether he was your opposer or not. But we could not discover a trace of him, but then when he must be too far off to trouble us, and maybe concentrated before General Aronson, before we know."

"So the Glandellian general Turner is blind, and his army broken up?"

"Well, that's a break for us. No general, not even Federal could beat a combination of blind men, but just the same I feel much better if I knew where that Glandellian fighting eagle is right now."

The battle on this morning was a sort of broken up one though equal in violence of the day before, and far more extended, but nevertheless all the boys and girls were without the movement of the various Christian commands were so excited that no one cared for the sleep they had lost the night before, in fact no one had ever dared to sleep at home at last was grand action. Now General Evans' line of battle was fairly launched on the great adventure. Every half distance that the advancing columns covered was driving portions of the enemy lines back, and the boy and girls were going heavier to the scene of actual fighting, the

destroyed a good portion of the main line of troops. That was coming too close for comfort, too."

"One single dozen!" make a flock!" replied "Blind," "At that time we didn't believe the enemy could make such a move, and after that flanking column slipped past General Frederick Hanson's troops there was nothing to stop it before it got upon Hanson's rear. But you bet it won't be no such since to do it now, with all our general's people on the job."

The next few minutes the progress of the Christian column in their advance was increasing. The great Christian column moved across the shell swept fields with tremendous speed for the men were all on the swiftest run for the enemy's sake. As while he declared the Christian advance was so unusually steady that there was little, very little hope for the Glandellians in the position in their front to oppose them successfully, and too there was so much to be seen and done under these novel conditions that every minute during this time was filled with interest and great excitement. Two minutes later other Christian batteries were coming into position, and seeing this, and how the Christian forces were working ahead the boy and girls all felt a shiver, a very comfort in the knowledge of the presence of the newly arranged line of batteries with the business like air of their gun crews and their wicked looking eyes. Other Christian troops kept pace with the main line of attack, within easy supporting distance, occasionally exchanging signals, and keeping their flags waving.

"General Williams is the finest army in the world," cried Jack with enthusiasm as his kindling eyes rested on the Christian troops were now making. "This is one army that has never failed yet the countryman for him gun for him, and with his division, there's nothing in the world that can beat it, even though it is checked in its purpose some time. We never retreat from an enemy, whether we lose or win a battle. Just watch our batteries, along up the enemy should be attempt to counter charge."

"They'll do to General Marley, what General Hanson did to Federal at Evansville at Clark's few months ago," said Jane. "Every nation feared General Hanson could not disaster there, but that idea of danger did not make a hit with him, and he almost wiped General Federal's army off the face of the earth, and what did to Federal he did to Marley."

Jack's eyes, however had been idly roaming over the battleground, while the others were doing their talking, but suddenly his gaze became fixed, and he started to his feet.

"Do you see that boy?" he demanded sharply.

"No, sir."

"The enemy is pushing forward in a counter charge, and their artillery is increasing its fire."

"Where?"

"I don't see anything," said George.

"They are fear you of a long wave in gray," exploded Jack, pointing. "There see, they're coming forward with a rush. Great Scott, it's Marley's main line rushing forward. He'll be a storm sure. How were in for it. Our troops are falling back."

Almost as he spoke the new Christian batteries with a rolling thundering roar added to the din of Baldwin's batteries, other batteries from where they couldn't tell roared their challenge, followed by the deeper base of the guns from a battery to the left, and for a time everything was hidden from view by smoke. In an instant there was the greatest excitement, though without the slightest trace of panic. The boys almost strained their eyes, but at that moment the smoke began to clear away, and the receding troops could be seen going about as if they were going around to another direction in response to some sound of a loud bang. The bell from somewhere and in receding but with their front to the foe began to suddenly dissolve away in smoke, and from the column came a dreadful sound, something like hitting on a hard hollow piece of wood with a million hammers, something like becoming a continual roar. Then along the enemy advancing, the surge of a long white wave of smoke also, and then the wave of smoke broke and the boys and girls could hear their "devil yell" which was like the howling of a hurricane at that distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and the slowly receding Christian forces, and the Christian troops continued the retreat or gave faster, or broke away in confusion the assault could have been fatal. As it was the Glandellian column had to swing to the left, and crashed with the line of troops in purple but ran like a wave to the rear and then back by a breakwater.

The troops, and the reserves in the rear came rushing like mad toward the shattered Christian line at this section for but for a time no trace of any other scene was visible because the smoke again hid the view. Thousands of children eyes watched for the result in vain while in their excitement their ears almost forgot to breathe. Minutes passed, the smoke again cleared and a mighty cheer went up for the Glandellian who was a wreck of a boy, and in an hour passed and it receded back toward the hill of the Glandellian

drumbeat roar of cannon, the shriek and crash bang of so many shells, and scenes of many hand to hand fights with the stubborn enemy.

"It sure must make the Glandolinian generals sore-headed," said Willie to think that none of our best armies is being against them so repeatedly.

"That is not the point," said George. "It is to think that one of their own batteries now in our possession is covering the advance with a curtain fire."

"Part of it," said Willie. "I heard the Glandolinians felt they had the best of us yesterday when they smashed up with our army," said Willie. "They figured it would take at least a year or two before we could get our broken lines of battle into fit shape again, and yet it's only since night time since they tore through our lines, and here they're again pounding the enemy's lines as if nothing had ever happened to them."

"And the Glandolinians say the Christian dogs couldn't fight," said James.

"Well, dogs can fight cats at least," laughed one of the girls.

"It's not the first mistake the Glandolinian generals have ever made," said Jack. "What was it the general Jackson Manley called us? 'Little boy and girl devils of the lost world?'"

"Yes, and whether we are or not, we got onto his game nevertheless and some day will send him and his Confederation a running for life."

"There goes the call for the other line of troops to advance," cried Willie, as the bugle rang out its wondrous note for the advance. "This battle view is magnificent and exciting but we ought to have plenty of time to enjoy that. Let's stop for a while and eat a little something for our dinner, for if we get too near the battle anywhere, we'll be wishing we were in China, and you know what Violet, and her sisters said. There's a penalty for any one who gets wounded because he or she got so near the close to the battle. We are not to do so as the enemy don't worry a rap more about us, than if we were flies."

"Little Willie wants to eat all he can," grinned James as a shell crashed like the world and overhead, and as they plunged along in his wake. "He's afraid he'll be killed before the day is over, and he wants to die with a full 'broad basket'."

"Not on your life boy," flung back Willie. "You're too taking through your cap. We can't get injured or killed this far away from the battle field. But look there, the Christian line that is now moving forward is no big and extensive that it could hide half a dozen waves of the enemy's counter attack at once, and general Evans' advance is accordingly a windstorm windstorm."

Although the great Christian onslaught was undiminished as regards what the boys saw on the external appearance, the enemy fire was starting a complete transformation of the whole advance. When the whole wave first started forward with the purpose to storm general Federal's lines it was formed into a magnificent long column partly angular in shape but extensive, but now the enemy fire was ruthlessly tearing the whole attack asunder, but so extensive was the field of advance within view of the children that they did not yet see this. The line of advance was being torn asunder into many breaches from flank to flank. Everything seemed to be sacrificed to the hope of crushing the Glandolinian army, and shells and high explosives by the thousands tore up every available ten paces of the line advance, and it would have been worse had not the Christian guns at all points let go into a terrific storm of their own.

It was a gigantic battle clamor, and apart from the wreckage of shell fire the noise was becoming frightful.

"A Glandolinian counter charge though would certainly make a ten-strike in it would crush against that line of advance now," remarked Frank Wheeler as he bated his lunch. The boy and girl babies were all securing a point of vantage from a high rise of ground where they could see but a of the battle, though there was a risk of being exposed should the enemy suddenly direct his fire that way.

General Federal would get the gold Cross or medal whatever it is from the Government of Glandolinia, sure enough," replied Jack. "That line of advance is so big a target that he could hardly miss it if he took it in his mind to fire forward at a counter charge."

"I don't think there is much danger," said Jack, "to the boys, as the heard the roar of so many guns from the Christian batteries covering the charge. If a Glandolinian battery's charge is made the enemy would be more likely to be the worst sufferer. Since then how in action distance anything that the enemy has, and our line of battle is prepared to meet one if it comes too, I'm sure."

"No way nothing of our reserves," said Jack. "It's all right to counter attack a line of troops not supported by artillery fire but it's a different thing when all of general Baldwin's artillery is on the job. Listen to them roll their thunder so wildly. I can't believe there's a chance of the foe counter attacking."

"There are general Turner's battery at," said Wilfred looking about over the broad expanse which showed no trace of anything but wilds of battle smoke. "They'll be brought up when there's necessity for their use," said Jack. "There's no danger of a counter attack unless our forces are repulsed. The enemy are holding his positions pretty tight to meet the charge our forces are making."

"I don't think we ought to reckon too much on that," said Wilfred. "You know a counter attack in a battle a year ago crowned general Hanson's flank and

work. The Glandolinians had struck however an enormous blow and though the counter assault had been repulsed with frightful loss to the enemy, the Christian line was moving back slowly to its own position.

"We got hard hit nevertheless," said Jack miserably.

"The Glandolinians can't get away with it never," said Wilfred. "Blessed with rally them and renew the attack I'm sure."

"The enemy got it worse," said James.

"What did I tell you about our army," cried Jack. "The Glandolinian generals can't put one over on general Jack Evans."

"You've got to hand it to that Glandolinian general who led the daring counter attack," said Wilfred. "He sure had his nerve right with him to try and break up an advancing Christian column right under the nose of such strong Christian batteries."

"Yes," agreed Wilfred. "Although after all the counter charge may have been a chance meeting with the advancing Christians. The Glandolinian commander of that column of the might have been as surprised as we were when he might have been advancing to support general Manley and found himself so close to our advancing battle line. But being there it was too good a chance to miss and he let fly with the counter attack."

"Maybe there wouldn't have been a high old time in Glandolinia and thought throughout her states if our armies would have suffered disaster from that counter attack," said Jack. "Think of being able to boast truthfully that they demolished Abbe's best fighting army under the Virgin General. They'd have hung on the flag and rung the bells, and gave the school children a week's time off."

"Well, a miss is as good as a mile," returned Wilfred. "It's a heap more comfortable sitting here and talking about it, than it would be to be in the rear of a good army on a retreat with the enemy shelling us everywhere."

"Well, that particular particular Glandolinian column of troops will never do any more attacking," said Wilfred. "Since meeting our resistance and as our terrific shell fire tore them all to pieces its ill over with them now it must be a fearful thing for so many of them fighting for such a wicked cause should have made the way many hundreds of thousands of those foolish few fellows did, as if they were like the people who died in St. Pierre when the volcano there exploded. It's no wonder that the Glandolinian generals find it pretty hard to get the officers to send their men forward to counter charge our army's armies."

"At least it sure is pretty rough on them all when luck goes against them like that," admitted Jack. "But if those fellows fought for a more air warbler time, and played the war game fairly, I'd feel sorry for them. Don't forget that if they saw us all congregated on this hill, they'd have their long range batteries trained on us at a single moment, and they're too busy resting general Evans to see what is going on here, and if women and children were burning to death in forest fires, or burning in the floods they'd stand about grinning and looking at us. And if all of the population of California were drowned or burned in the fire it would make no difference to them."

"Might you are indeed," declared a boy scout by the name of Billy Adams. "Do you remember what a Glandolinian regiment did that opened fire on a river and sank a whole town under water by bursting a levee near the region called Prince of Peace Creek. While the people were on the house tops trying to save themselves, or crowding in floating wooden houses, they opened shell fire, and smashed the houses and floating wreckage, drowning many, and taking the women and children as managed to swim to shore as prisoners, and left them on top of a levee."

"Yes," agreed Wilfred. "I've heard of that. Then the Glandolinians let go with a storm of liquid fire burning all their captives on the levee to death about thirty thousand. If that wasn't the worst, brutal and most cold blooded murder ever known on record there was never anything else like it in any world history. Soldiers are wicked as that dumbfound me, may flabbergast me in the fact that in battle they're nevertheless so darned dare devil in their bravery and recklessness, as that sometimes it takes annihilation to stop their assault."

"I hope the Glandolinian regiment which did this terrible thing was in that water assault," said Jack. "Perhaps being under such destructive fire as did not seem to be a joke to them when their turn came to die in such numbers, especially as they went to that beautiful and dark warm place."

"What place you mean?"

"Heaven's house down below."

"From that line on the Christian attack though repulsed was being rallied under the fire of their artillery fire, and because of so many strange movements of the enemy the vigilance of the boy and girl scouts were redoubled, for although general opinion was only that it could be only a chance meeting that the enemy discovered them on the hill, no one knew but that this one Glandolinian counter attack was simply made by one of a grand division of the enemy, whose many division might come on to try for better luck where their comrade division failed."

"biggest column of glandelinian cavity I ever saw," remarked Willie.
"They're no glandelinians," declared Bart after a prolonged inspection through a pair of glasses that he produced from his kit. "They're the Winkie Abyssinilians." "Winkie Abyssinilians," exclaimed Willie, "as close to the battle line as that and a near the foe line. Can't be possible. You're dreaming."
"You can see for yourself," said Bart as he handed the glasses to him. "Take a look at them and you'll see that by the uniforms I saw and the glads they carry that they are not even Glandelinians," wearing the No Starlet."
"that they are not even Glandelinians," said one of the squaddies of cowardly-announced Jack.

"What's the idea that they are there?" asked James with great interest; "I haven't seen a soldier now since the rear of battle in this quarter was now dying down somewhat. Suppose as the officers look spot a troop going through some woods, what would it do him or us?"

"I don't know," exclaimed Jack, "and he sends out a patrol."

is coming, and that means another. I believe the enemy is coming to clear
"path and the cavalry is going to strike this time..."

Guided evidently by signals from one of the Abyssinians officers, two of the columns formed one long wave of men on horseback with lances thrust forward and with yells that made a noise like a windstorm started advancing as one swift and close together. The other column approached from the other direction, and with a yell

"The idea is to deploy into one extensive wave," explained Jack. "After they have that, do you suppose they're going to do?" asked Billy curiously.

mean to advance on the counter charge, they'll move
that the foremost Landelinian column will be done for. They'll tear the

under the direction of the

columns. Then they waited for the Glandelinian forces to surge forward to make a

opened a storm of shell and snail upon the
recoiling on the chance of wrecking the whole christian line of retreat.

Not Builly back to is own

Minutes passed, the glandelinian artillery fire continued, and still the enemy forces lay like a sullen monster, apparently beaten and shaken but not subdued. Then it was Baldwin batteries to take turns at the offensive, and they opened,

purpose to defend in a hurricane attack upon their own batteries, and therefore were making hasty preparation to defend them more vigorously.

But the cavalry had no orders from General Evans or Hanson to storm the batteries and therefore remained still in the same positions.

And that's General's weapon that was going to bring the State of California

"Our own batteries always get the best of them" declared Frank. "Early however in the war it did look as if Glandziliv was really going to put it over on us. But we are destroying them now as fast as they can be concentrated and when

"Just wait untill general Hanson or Vivian gets on the job. He'll plan some thing that will finish Glandelinian armies in jif time. He'll make the Marley general

A little later the smoke had cleared nearly away from the battlefield, and they caught their first sight of the battlefield. Only a blur through the smoke at first, it grew steadily clearer. And the brow of the little hill was now packed

seen witness some more of the gigantic battle, here they were to see more suffering and deaths, here they were to watch the flag bearers carry their countrys flag to a glorious victory. Jack breathed hard as the christian forces

Galvernia too had a greater significance than even to the others. It was his own home town land, and for that reason doubly dear. As the great columns of fresh

other portions of the once vacated christian camps were purple with troops newly arrived. News too had been wirelegged of the result of the action so far, and the who-
reminder of the army not yet in action had gone wild with joy and also expect

Army bells were ringing, bands were playing, bugles were sounding, whistles, blowing, cannons booming, and the whole reserve force was as if in holiday garb.

"The reinforcements from Hanson's army are here at last," cried Jean in wild jubilation, as more troops came rushing past on the double time. "Pinch me, Jean, to make sure I'm not dreaming."

"How we will see action along the whole christian line... "Exe James Jack...
"nd see us "Christian Dogs" get at the Glandelinan pussy cats" added James.
"They call us dogs, but they mistaken our identity. We're the bulldogs. I'm sure

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It was the explosive action of the advancing Communist forces, from the force of which the soldiers were being driven, that caused the explosion. One of the soldiers was killed and the others were wounded. The explosion was caused by the action of the soldiers who were being driven back by the force of the advancing Communist forces.

He was not mistaken for a child. Had actually reached him when a cave him
withheld according.

"I don't know if that I'd rather have a Hickins than a scolding," he replied. "I suppose they listened to the volubly verbose eloquence of the pink-out leader because he was a Negro." "I don't know," said Francis. "But the little young man headed 'either one is better than the other' came to him. I'd better he was scolded to sound. I don't know if that would be a good idea, maybe he should."

[illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible][illegible]

medial to the lateral line on the right side of the head, and the lateral line on the left side of the head.

11 - order there than I put in some other day," connect and Willie Anderson, "I wish
not they would put in somewhere else where we could see more."

"What," said Jack, "I did the better for all of you, both civil and heathen, to be put in some action, where we could even hold it by ourselves, forming men when it comes in a fine thing but even in it I'd like to show that we can fight the enemy too. We have often done it, you know."

[illegible]

He is making me hear first what zam donela so: can not so allow. zemelf. I heard
 the man of ze hear yesterday what ze said at ze battle of Gedarmino. ... 222

"I lost control of myself, and one of the guards said, 'you must be blind or stupid.' I had no idea what was going on at that moment. "I had

...and the story, and therefore from the beginning it sure ought to be good."

He is very good at English having studied it.

When he began to talk Jack said to him something about not. "said Jack. "Horn
- a that Horns you my little had over the candlestick branch on so great
- a that Horns in a little horn, and when Horn was so discovered
- a that Horn started so far all by himself. "I made so heag race over so
- a that, and when they got alone Horn let Horn with so it had no machine
- a that every in so Jack, and it was said he almost kept one whole regiment.
- a that were for each of them but in Horn was alone much faster a cavity
- a that of so candlestick. What so call Horn, they so. Turnament Horn saw Horn and
- a that Horn but he instructed them all holding each and made the others run for so
- a that to escape Horn machine from fire. After that Horn made so escape to so ch
- a that line and then Horn broke off and called out so day having with Horn Horn's h
- a that to eat, a golden eagle Horn's to so candlestick general, and mind coun
- a that let the Horns had from Horn wife." and Horn relating to

"I can guess that's why Team wore no decoration," added James pointing to the cross on the Lady Jacket.

He came off the land jacket. "Shuffled Tom. "Kut een furry indeed how ze lande boy
"Hee them make ze blime. "Shuffled Tom. "Kut een furry indeed how ze lande boy
"Hee them make ze blime. "Shuffled Tom. "Kut een furry indeed how ze lande boy

"I was very lucky," said [redacted] "If I had been there at the time, I would have been the same if you had the chance." Said [redacted] "I was very lucky."

"The night has been so larky day for you no hat, but the cardinalians
didn't - it's not that," argued Jack.

...the
... ..
... ..

[illegible][illegible]

"That's a tea and for this I mean now I said some things as have never for some months saw a speech of moment at all."

"I've had all the three months or more of a few days I want for one said James. "I'd just as soon make believe I'm in hell. He was penning a letter to his mother telling her of many things that had happened, and stating that so far he did not believe the christian creed as it was a single stroke.

"Any one hurt?" shouted Pearl who came riding up at this moment. "Beepers
trailed the rest of you. We've been and we're under fire."

careful."

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The word had been passed quickly through the whole wood,, wood, and the whole company of boy and girls were on the alert. They waited until the wagon train had passed part way beyond.

"Ready for action everybody" signalled Penrod.
With their small rifles in hand, and all their senses keenly on the alert, the boy and girls waited for the coming of their prey. Half of the number of wagons had passed by but with a perceptible jar one of the wagon wheels of the wagon in front of Jean struck a root in the road, and the whole thing toppled over with a crash, hurling the driver and all out of the wagon. The root had been concealed there on purpose to trip up that wagon and therefore block the road so no one could escape the trap they had rode into.

"Charge" signalled Penrod and out from the woods on both sides of the road the boy and girls came with a rush, yelling and shrieking to terrifying the Glandelinian cavalry escort. The astonished Glandelinians were taken so utterly by surprise to see they were child scouts that they all stood for a moment as though paralyzed. Then the commander of the cavalry barked out a sharp order, and the cavalry quickly formed into a line and rushed forward to counter charge. The foremost of the child scouts, opened a withering fire, so terrible that that whole front line of cavalry went down, horses and men together in a confused conglomerate windrow, and the second line came to a confused stop.

"Forward, surround every one" shouted the boy and girls' scout leaders, but don't shoot no more unless you have to." was the next order, and an instant later the survivors of the enemy, cavalry, and drivers were ringed about with rifles whose ominous muzzled mouths threatened to mow them down at the first false move.

The Glandelinian cavalry officer had started to draw his pistol but seeing the uselessness of this he shoved it back into its holster, and then shouted—

"Hey you drivers you have the chance yet. We'll never surrender. Blow the wagons up even if it kills us all and the Christian dogs too."

The drivers dashed within the wagons to carry out this terrible scheme, but into them shot the boys and girls and had full possession, having shot or knocked down the drivers before they could set anything off.

"Surrender you reckless wild cats or we'll give no quarter" shouted Penrod.

"Go to hell" shouted the leader of the cavalry, and he suddenly urged his horse forward to charge down on Penrod!

"Crack" was the boy's revolver, and the bullet took the reckless colonel right between the eyes and he fell from the horse.

The rest of the Glandelinians seeing the jig was up raised their hands in signal of surrender. Another command from Penrod, as Gertrude now rode up, and the cavalry men were disarmed and even deprived of their horses. A certain number of the Abyssinian soldier escort were detailed to guard them, and others were placed in charge of the wagons. The child scouts though angry beyond endurance at first because of the stubbornness of their prey, were now wild with delight at such a rich prize that had so unexpectedly fallen into their hands. Knowing the amount of ammunition that a single wagon of the enemy generally carried they were sure they had captured a million rounds, if not more.

"We have had a great day boys and girls too," exclaimed Francis "if we never have any other. And this is the day, when we nabbed a big long wagon train and took five hundred soldiers prisoners, and nearly a hundred drivers."

"Glory Hallelujah, and Deo Gratias," growled Bartel, and to think we have all the wagons in such good shape for even the one that is tipped over is good and only needs to be hauled up again. Our soldiers and generals have been crazy for a long time to find out just what kind of wagon trains Hanley's army has. Maybe the officers won't come running when they learn of this. And we make this capture right in a battle field. Glory Hallelujah."

"And maybe there won't be any joy in the army," jubilated Tom O'Neil, and perhaps the little "Glandelinian pussy mews" won't kneel their teeth, hunch their back and spit with fury," chuckled Whillie. "Oh Regiments all we sure had luck when Gertrude sent us out here this afternoon."

"The other Glandelinian officer who's a captain is a hard loser," remarked Jean. "See that scowl on his face. A thundercloud from a tornado has nothing on him now. He's as mad as a tiger through and through."

"And look at the uniform he has" said Mildred.

"Maybe he stole it from the King of the world," sneered James.

"I would like to have all that tin foil he wears to sell for fifty cents," chuckled Delores. "That's all they are worth."

"He's a hero, bah," said James.

The child scouts would like nothing better than to have a chance to over haul the contents of the wagons and see the many interesting and novel explosives, and munitions in them, but they had to be doomed to disappointment, for they wouldn't dare let the enemy catch them at the slightest disadvantage or they'd lose their prey and probably be blown up too. They were all inflexible in

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their resolve to be on their utmost guard, and to allow absolutely nothing on the captured wagons he disturbed until they were brought safely within the Christian lines, and therefore though sorely against their wills the boys and girls were compelled to content themselves with an exterior view of the wagons. Sixteen men had succeeded in righting the other wagon and placed all the explosives and ammunition that had fallen out back in. The Glandelinian captain being utterly without means of escape unless he wanted to commit suicide by fighting his way through the trap had not been put under the custody to which the cavalry and the drivers had been subjected. He stood stiffly by the side of his boy scout captor Penrod awaiting the disposition that the latter might choose to make of him.

Penrod sought to question the Glandelinian capt, but found his prisoner inclined to reply even in a few words. Penrod however when he wished to be very courteous to prisoners, which usually is the only way to get one to even speak, for roughness, persistence in fury, and so forth only makes the Glandelinian more sullen and surly, and wicked as they are they're just as brave and as determined as their righteous brothers of the other side. Penrod's courteousness soon had its effect, and the Glandelinian captain became more communicative but he refused to tell whom the ammunition was, or where he had been going. After answering a number of questions which were of no importance, the Glandelinian captain began to question Penrod.

"To what Christian dog army have I been compelled to surrender?" He demanded.

"To a child scout Regiment called the "Hangers," replied Penrod.

The prisoner looked at Penrod with a bewildered look in his eyes.

"You mean plain advanced head scouts," he suggested by way of correction.

"I said Boy and I girls' scout advanced hangers," said Penrod more positively.

The puzzled look in the officer's face deepened.

"That is impossible that you belong to the Regiment under the Vivian Girl demons," he exclaimed. "There is no girl or boy scout ranger regiment in this region because the Vivian Girl guttersnipes are prisoners in various parts, and one of them are with Augustina St. Claire."

Despite himself Penrod, had to turn his head aside to hide a smile which he found impossible to suppress.

"Just listen to him" exclaimed Jean to Francis who stood beside her both who were within hearing distance.

"Didn't I tell you the Glandelinian booms would believe anything their lying generals told them?" replied Mildred.

"My but this is the best ever," chorled Joy St. Claire.

"I wouldn't believe it under any conditions if I hadn't heard it," chuckled Gladys Wentworth in a tone too subdued for Penrod to overhear.

"I assure you positively" said Penrod "that there is more than this here of the Regiment of boy and girls' scout rangers under the Vivian Girls despite your doubting be. I can even bring proof that the Vivian Girls are here by bringing you before them, why should it seem so strange sir?"

"But you couldn't positively have gotten this far in such dangerous territory when you have to cross dangerously flooded, regions, go through forest fires, and too meet with our patrols," persisted the prisoner.

"And why not?" asked Penrod.

"Because your many patrols would have stopped you," was the reply.

"No use" murmured Gladys to Joy. "He's top floor is empty. Nobody home."

"Padded call number six hundred and forty four," whispered Joy.

However Penrod found it was of no use to argue against such credulity, and the boy scout general gave it up, though he forced his handkerchief into his mouth to keep from laughing right out.

The prisoners were marched back to camp, while the drivers under the strictest guard were forced to drive the wagon train into the rear of the Christian lines, while the rest of the force of boy and girls' scouts remained in the woods to watch the developments... 2.2.2

The capture of the wagon train and five hundred well prisoners besides half again as many wounded and so many horses, created a great sensation and was the main topic for many a day afterwards...

"It's been our best adventurous day ever," remarked Violet Dale "that afternoon as she prepared to lead the wagon train through."

"You bet it has indeed," agreed Mammie. "We bagged a train of thirty seven wagons, and many prisoners, and shot down the most reckless ones..."

Two or three minutes after all this had been accomplished a stir of expectation ran throughout the whole entire camp of the childscouts. They could see that evidently some important move was in prospect among the christian lines, for the enemy had gone back and the firing was now only at long range. What it was the rank and file did not know but rumors and conjectures ran riot.

"There's something big coming for the armies and I'm going to get as near as possible and see it," said Frank, as he watched the whopper of an explosion far distant tear everything into the air like a volcanic scene.

"That's plain enough," agreed Penrod, "but I'd give a lot to know just what is going to be."

"Gertrude herself gave me a private tip," replied James. "She didn't go very far into it but what she must have hinted puts me in mind that general Hanson or Evans Evans is going to hurl a general and final effort against the foe."

"And none of us under any condition are to move from these woods, and those with the prisoners soon will return."

"What?" they cried in chorus.

"That's what," returned Dean, "but of course it may be a false alarm. Gertrude herself wasn't any too sure."

It was not long before the others returned and just as they did, the bugles within the armies blew. It was the command for the largest portion of the armies to fall in. And sudden as it was, the boys and girls could see that the men had a high state of discipline for there was no confusion. They were all veteran soldiers, and fell into line by their many various companies, and divisions and so forth, and all the troops within easy sight of the watchers waited for the order.

"Forward March."

The order however was not long in coming, though the men did appear as impatient as the child scouts, and as quietly as ghosts, with no band to lead them, the various commands swung into step and started off.

"They're on their way to the various positions deserted by the enemy, and from which they're to prepare instantly for the assault," whispered Francis to Bartle, who watched the long waves of troops marching swiftly on his right side of the view. "Well, off to the deserted trenches, I suppose first to wait for more reserves and the covering artillery fire." He continued.

"Yes that is so," agreed James. "Well I'm glad it is all over. Now they'll have a chance to show what kind of soldiers they are. If they do not carry the enemy's works before night fall then it's no use to continue the battle on our side."

For three whole hours the troops continued going forth without a halt, and there seemed to be no end to the numbers. The air was somewhat clear of smoke in that locality the ground was dry and springy, and the going good. The clearing of the air too revealed signs of the battle. The clearing air revealed bits of wood land where every leaf and twig had been stripped from the trees by shell fire and bullets leaving only the scorched and ghastly trunks. They could see immense platoons of the enemy retreating while still firing through villages, or what had once been small villages but were now only heaps of crumbling stone with here and there a shaky wall left standing, and the ruins smoking. The soldiers too who were retreating had to watch their footing more and more to avoid falling into craters where the ground had been torn up by shells and bombs. There was no beauty in that part of fertile part of California that had once been like a "Garden of Heaven. The horrors of such a long battle had breathed its blighting breath upon it, blighting and blasting every living thing, except the dauntless dauntless soldiers who were fighting the enemy desperately and would fight to the grasp in defense of the cause.

At last the christian troops moving forward reached a long line of sentinels by whom they were greeted not with challenges, but with exclamations of delight and welcome. Then as the troops pressed a little further on to they came to the breastworks that stretched in every direction like a long worm. They had reached the works which had been abandoned by the enemy after its capture by them the morning before, but the advancing troops did not stop there for they continued onward over them and past another line of trenches.

"See they must be going on ahead after all without stopping," whispered "George."

"That is what," answered Francis. "The assault I believe is on."

Just on the opposite side of the works however the whole troop suddenly halted at the signals of their commanders. Then it stood at attention and presented arms while from out the trenches before them came an endless line of men who held that position for the cause, and now were to make a junction with the reinforcing body who were to move forward soon and storm the enemy position,

however there was a very strong impulse to cheer both from the armies of troops, and the boy and girlscouts, but that might have betrayed to the enemy the child scout position and this for good and strategic reasons it was desirable to avoid. There might come an assault of overwhelming numbers and disaster to the Regiment of child troops might result. Soon the last of the moving troops were lost beyond the reach of sight. All of them with the greatest caution had been marched into the various trenches and so perfectly had the movements been planned and had been so carefully mapped out in advance, that the exact location were well known and so that within an hour the entire force within sight was in position at the ready. Looking at his wrist watch Penrod himself saw it was exactly five thirty now. Indeed curiosity was running riot, for at last the christian line was preparing to make another good and daring assault, that magic word that the troops had heard again and again during the last two years of fierce war, and the boy and girlscouts were with their glasses studying every detail of even their own surroundings with the keenest interest and zest. The thought of what might happen if from an unexpected direction the enemy was to hurl an overwhelming assault upon these woods with the purpose to flank the christian army was sobering, and during this time there was no gaiety and jesting that had marked their lives during the earlier part of the day.

"Well Jean old scout, if the enemy should come here unexpectably we'd be in for it," said Mildred, as she placed her hand on her friend's shoulder.

"And we'd be in for it fair too," responded Jean.

"We would be up against the real hell," added one of the boys. "We had often a little taste of it elsewhere, but this is a different different proposition. But I do not think the enemy plans any such desperate move."

"The proposition I would make would be to retreat to the shelter of the troops" said Bartle.

"Just then a shell came screaming overhead like a tornado and they all involuntarily ducked.

"That seems to prove what danger we could be in," said Tom O Neill.

"That was very bad shooting though," remarked Francis, coolly. "but maybe that was a random shot, for all Glandolinians are good as pie with their guns."

"There isn't much of that sort of thing going on now," remarked Penrod who came up to them. "All is more quiet now, this is what they call a lull in the battle. But I know we're all used to the sight and sound of shells. This is a deaf and dumb asylum to what we'd get if the foe was going to do as you spoke of."

"Jobs comforter," murmured Jean. "To hear the general talk you'd think this was a rest cure for all of us."

In the hours of liberty allowed them the boy and girlscouts explored the woods for a long distance in every direction to see what they could make of it in case they statements statements for an enemy attack could come true, and what they saw tended to upset a good many of the notions they had formed. In a vague way indeed they had figured the woods to be merely a sort of park but they found it to extend to the west in an endless distance and thicker and thicker. There was a bewildering density of trees as impenetrable as a labyrinth, but there were also open large in the forests like spacious rooms and apparently an endless series of communicative roads and paths, and there were also telephone wires and poles.

"These woods would make a good ambush," remarked Tom as he noted the vast extent of these woods.

"It's the biggest woods," said Bill. "The only difference is that they not all pine and they contain a lot of live kids."

"Knock wood," counseled James. "We wouldn't be very long if the enemy was to surprise us here."

The boy and girlscouts looked carefully at the trenches and saw that the main breastworks along side the main and front line trench de bono a facing the enemy lines was guarded by a long line of machine guns which had not been there before, and on which a long line of sentry soldiers were standing on the watch. There was also a long line of cunningly contrived loopholes which enable the sentries to look over at the enemy breastworks and other positions without them, selves being seen. Rows upon rows of huge and small sandbags were piled on top of the first line works in numbers and height sufficient to stop the flight of the bullet storm or even the impact of a shell and its forceful explosion. The silent men standing on watch as far as they could be seen were gripping their rifles, and peering per peering through the loopholes, and seemed to be like so many dummies for they stood as still. Francis and James peered cautiously, in that direction to see what the enemy was going to do. However they could see absolutely nothing, and nothing now like objects moving broke the wide monotonous expanse of shell and battle a torn earth, except wreaths of smoke and puffs and shells bursts...2.2.2

The boy and girlscouts were getting a sort of uneasy feeling, as though they were the only living creatures who had been condemned to perdition body and soul without having, died...

"It took me as though all the Glandolinian fools had deserted their own positions and gone back home, and that the smoke only was from a fissure in theolith," remarked the Irish lad in an undertone.

"Does it?" said Jean grimly. "Give me your cap."

He took the cap that the boy handed to him and lifted it high above the ground while lying down, but so high that the farthest Glandolinian sniper could see it. He had lifted it on a long branch. Instead of a bullet that was expected there came a shrill shell missing the cap and striking by a hair, and exploding with terrific force in the rear and splintering a wagon standing near the back.

"I'll take back what O' said" said the boy as he resumed his cap. "Those crazy gray coated spalpeens are on the 'jerry on the job."

A few minutes passed, by with only a little firing closer at hand, and yet before Evans wished to launch the main attack there was something which he wished to learn, and Violet herself rode up, and called Penrod apart.

"Penrod," she said, "Evans needs some assistance and I have ordered a corporal to take a squad of men on this early morning to go and find out who commands the Glandolinian army in person, but either of them they took cold feet and gave it up or they haven't returned. We're to hold a short council with Evans. So I want you, the Irish lad, two other boys, and Gertrude, and Angelina, please to go with me to the council. We'll decide what to do."

"Good," said Penrod, promptly. "We'll be ready. When do you want us."

"Right away."

Penrod sought out those who were to come with him and eagerly imparted the information.

"ully," cried the Irish boy who got the news from Jean who could interpret for Penrod could only speak Abbeannian and French.

"Best news I've heard since Hector was a pup," shouted Gertrude.

"Here's hoping we'll slip one over the Glandolinian army, and get in on the Abbeann mystery," chuckled Angelina Riches... gleefully.

They did not take long at all to reach general Evans's headquarters even though it was quite some distance away.

As soon as they were all there, Violet, herself shut and looked the door, pulled down the shades, and then making positively sure that not a soul except she, her sisters, Evans, and the chosen scouts were in the room, took out from her waist a fold of large papers and looking them over carefully said with a slight smile partly of exultation:

"Here's a bunch of cables from Angelina Agatha, and Dorothy Gale, and Glinda cities--nothing much in them except about the disastrous progress of the flood continuing down there. Here's a note sent to me by Walter Starring mentioning one of our general officers by the name of Frederick Parson. I don't know him yet but just the same all our officials say he's a reliable man and--and--"

"FREDERICK PARSON. Great Scott," shouted Evans. "He's just the general, loyal, capable and he knows the lay of the land, the way of the enemy, and how to storm a position in the face of the greatest odds."

Violet then went to Penrod and said:

"Send our message in code to general Fredrick Parson on the right,--tell him the whole story, tell him to come here in a jiffy--and we'll put him in full charge give him unlimited credit to carry the enterprise through--have him use up all he can on artillery resources. We'll have him smash that Glandolinian army under that mysterious general out of business so we'll have no Glandolinian army here to interfere with our plans. He'll know how, hurry Penrod. We depend on you too."

General Frederick Parson was watching all the developments of the battle with his staff officers and wondered what it was going to bring forth. He had never experienced a conflict yet with an enemy so unbelievably stubborn.

"Another dreadful disaster threatening," he said. "You generals must take every thing coolly. We have so far a sound army, and plenty of artillery. Why the enemy never attacked me is a wonder. Of course I ought to be satisfied, but maybe we can't take too many chances. Wish something would come along that I could try and tackle--but I'm supposed to be on the defensive--huh I think it is foolish." "Look some body is riding toward here like crazy," said one of his generals. "Must be a mad man."

The one mentioned was riding so furiously forward that it appeared he might have literally gone rode the general down.

"Here you confounded runaway, hear off," shouted the general. "If you collide with me I'll put you in the guard house for a month. You ought to be fined for speeding through camp like that. Watch where you going."

"The man halted breathless at this and gasped

"I have an urgent message for you."

"From whom?"

"From Violet Angelina Vivian!"

"Wait from the Vivian Princess. Well quit acting foolish and let's have it. This is a critical time with such an insanely wild battle. Out with it don't delay."

"Princess Violet wants you to ride to your headquarters and talk to her by wireless telephone. She will explain everything in detail general. She says there isn't a moment to lose sir."

"I'm with you then," said the general. "Violet, and her sisters are always the ones to move and act fast in any crisis. Have you any idea what it is all about?"

"Yes your Excellency. But she wants you to come there and she'll explain as I can't say anything--but I can tell you in your ear." He bent close to the general's ear and whispered:

"She wants you to establish a strong assaulting column with the support of Evans and by an overwhelming battle storm against the foe to try and put the enemy out of business. You have a strong army and Evans through their suggestion wants you to take full charge."

"Aye--It'll be a fight sure--but I know the lay of the land, the enemy and his ways. I always wondered how it would feel to lead a charge with a great big support at my back. Here's the wireless telephone call son."

"In your headquarters sir."

The general went and answered it, and then with his fastest horse rode madly till he had reached Evans headquarters.

Just as general Fredrick Parson came in another officer handed Evans a message. Evans looked it over and then cried out:

"Great Scott Princesses. How did the Glandolinian army general ever know I have big reserve forces near Santa Cruz. It is the one enterprise I was counting on to carry me through this gigantic battle. Why in the world did general Vivian have to get wounded at a time like this, and Walter Starring, and Warbucks too. Now this message from a signal station operated by the Signal Corps of boy scouts says that a part of my army is in danger of being tied up with 'Battle instructions' my best generals lying wounded, general Vivian down, our losses terrific in men and provisions, and a Glandolinian force one million strong heading for Turner woods to strike me a flank blow. Who in the world is this Captain General Stanfords. Must be acting for some Glandolinian general in chief. Princesses they're 'killing our arm' he continued turning to them. "Who is Captain General Stanfords...! He's missing millions and millions to break us and smash through us--who in the world among these chief Jackasses we know nothing about does he represent!"

"None of us know anything about him," said Jennie Vivian. "But I tell you we must stop at nothing. But as you demand, who is the brains of this outfit we are up against. It's not Hanley as he's out badly wounded. We must find the new head of the Glandolinian army and crush it."

One of the officers stood up.

"What have you to say?" asked Violet.

"Well Princesses, our investigators say it is this general called 'Break in the Neck'--all the instructions and advices comes from him. You know I told you he was smarter than you or your sisters said. I knew from the first that he was dangerous--"

"Well we'll meet him generally," retorted Jennie.

"Break in the neck," muttered Evans to himself now seated at the table, but speaking loud enough to be heard. "That Glandolinian rat. Bah he never has had an army or a division of troops big enough, nor brains enough to run us out of a position or a network. He's fronting for nobody and I think I know who is behind him. YES. And I know what to do about it too--This is no time to be nice and dainty, and hand cream puff slaps with lolly a pope--It's general RAYMOND RICHARDSON FEDERAL OR ME, AND IT WON'T BE ME."

In the meantime two Glandolinian spies had been sent by the enemy to try and pry into the intentions of Evans. They were in disguise as two traveling men and were close to Evans's headquarters.

"You," said one of them, "that's general Evans headquarters all right, and where we are to learn the details. Looks like an old rickety farm house but they say it's fixed up good in the inside. It ought to be easy to break or get inside."

"You--is that so. But Evans is a devil in human shape and it don't pay to take any unnecessary chances. You know those easy looking places if often the toughest to get into. General Evans too is no sap and in all the christian armies

"There is no man more dangerous in the whole wide world than him." They worked their way to another prison of the building and tried to get a peek in the window. They saw the shade was drawn, and though they heard voices which sounded like that from Evans they could not make out what was said. Three times they had to hide behind bushes to avoid being seen by the sentries.

"Wonder what it is all about any way!" asked the first man as he looked down the road to see if the coast was clear. "General Break in The Neck paid us five thousand and said there'd be ten thousand more if we got all the papers. He must want them papers pretty bad, something about the battle I suppose. We must be losing."

"Yeah," he said to not worry at all if we had to shoot any christian dog we met who interfered with us. I got the idea he wants us to secure those papers even if we have to shoot general Evans."

After looking around to see that no one saw them, they crept to the back way and reached an easy looking doorway opening up which a flight of stoop steps led. They first waited for some body to come out but as there was no one they got in patient.

"How about going in?" demanded his helper.

"Sh-h-h-h. This is the back way into the place. It looks easy but maybe it is a trap. Come on. Let's get away from here and where we can talk the matter over."

In a few minutes they were under a small but high culvert.

"It's a cinch," said the leader. Half an hour later in we go, and whatever there is to be done we'll do it. Then back to general Cleveland and collect that \$10,000. This is easy."

The other one said "Yeah, and if we run into any christian officer in that place we'll let them have it like the general said. That way we'll avoid pursuit, and there'll be nobody talking afterwards."

A little later the spies had sneaked in by the back way, and having a duplicate key placed in the door one said:

"Now if we run into any sort of christian dog officer or private, scout or civilian girl no matter who they are it'll be just to bad for them."

"You sure don't think I'm yellow you don't think I hope. For fifteen thousand I'd shoot down my own brother if he was on this side of the war. Come on, the door is open, here we go."

And he cautiously swung the door open.

Both then stepped in with pistols drawn. They saw the whole party at the council and also Angelina Gronburg sitting sideways to them with her hand on one table and Evans with his back to them in a listening attitude to what she was saying.

It couldn't hardly be said why but the two had marooned it out of the place as fast as their legs could carry them and were racing madly to get to where they had left their horses.

"See Wilkerson, did you see who she was, and know who she is. Don't you! If she saw us we ain't got a chance. Hurry to our horses."

"Sure I know that girl officer—that's Angelina Gronburg, whose sister is disguised as a boy and called 'The Rattlesnake' I don't think she saw us, but no body can ever tell about that girl scout, she's too dangerous for my meeting. Let's get going, gosh why did we leave those horses so far. Seems like a million miles to nowhere."

"Halt, Halt! why your running for. Halt I say," cried a voice.

A soldier was riding toward them but one of them whipped out his pistol and fired bringing the soldier down wounded. Two more came and opened fire in return and then more and more but the men got to their horses and leaped on. Then as a score of pursues came racing forward, the men swung and opened fire bringing six down, and then urged their horses on full speed and was safely before beyond reach before the hue and cry aroused the whole camp.

"That guy general Break in the neck never told us that 'Gertrude Angelina' girl was mixed up in this affair of the christian army," he said as the two raced on, hotly pursued now by cavalry. "Gee we might have got murdered."

"I'd like to fix that general, Break in the neck for getting us into this trouble, but we ain't got time for it now. I won't feel easy till we're a thousand miles from this camp." And he looked back to see to his dismay a hundred cavalry were racing toward him and his companion.

"We be we ought to have taken a shot at that Gertrude Angelina. We had the drop on her. General Break in the neck said he's take care of us no matter what."

"Yeah, I heard about many that thought they had the drop on Gertrude Angelina, and she dropped them. That girl is worst than her sister see."

"The more I think of it John the more sure I am that Break in the neck was trying to get us into a jam. Don't you think he know all the time that dangerous girls spy was there."

"Aw if you wish to know that, go back and ask him. As for me," cried the spy I'm sleeping right on as long as this horse can run. A thousand miles ain't nothing, if that girl Gertrude did spot us. For she'd sent after us so hot haste we'd never escape. We're in a pinch."

In the meantime James had suddenly noticed that the door was open. So the spy surprised of Evans and the rest he was out in a moment but quickly returned.

"Look everybody!" he cried. Look Princeness. Two pistols in the back hall, and the door wide open. Somebody must have been spying on us or came to rob us of our plans. But not a thing has been touched. Looks like who ever it was threw away their guns and ran out fast. Wonder who scared them."

"Hm-m-m-m" remember I did hear a slight noise," said Evans "but I did not think much of it at the time. They could have shot me or any of you, easy as not—I'm surprised they'd didn't. A Glandelinian general probably Break-in-the-neck must have sent them. Now I suppose the enemy knows who's incoo command. Still if those spies failed they'd hardly go back to the camp. I wonder."

"I tell you it must be general Federal," said Fredrick Parson. "Men sent to even spy on him are never heard of again. Even the agents we have recently sent over to find out what the general was have vanished—swam or disappeared without a trace—if they haven't run into Federal they'd have reported back here to us before this. We still can do something other wise if we delay we'll be ruined, RUINED."

"Well," said Evans grimly "I'll get general Evans for this if it is the last thing I ever do. You General Parson direct the assault. I'll place the full responsibility upon you."

"Very well sir," and he departed.

In the meantime from a wireless signal the others of the boyscout leaders, had relieved word, that a great Glandelinian column might start to move toward the direction of the wood, with the purpose to take the assaulting christian lines in the flank and rear. It was a smoky sombre late afternoon upon which a large strongly armed reconnoitering party (hearty tarty) including many girls besides the boys, led by George was sent out with orders to get as close as possible to the enemy's lines and learn all they could regarding their intentions, and where the rumored attack was going to strike, and whether it would really happen or not. This also concluded information in regard to the general direction of the advancing flanking columns, what Glandelinians they might, the extent and length of the assaulting columns if they were forwarded and if possible the main force with which the assault was to be conducted and what leader might bring on the storm. If there was danger the rest of the child scout force could best determine what was to be done, to hold the woods, themselves or recoil to the main defense of the christian armies. Of course for men soldiers this order would have involved not exactly taking long and hazardous chances but suicidal ones, but the boy and girl scouts sent out could do it much safer, they had put on uniforms the same color of the ground and grass and were also smaller than men soldiers, quicker, and more self collected, and it was not only a part of the afternoon's work to them, but the excitement of such an expedition was in truth something of a great relief from the growing monotony of such refugee life, going from one part of the camp to the other all the time...

They left the woods with the least possible sound and crept cautiously forward toward the direction of the enemy defenses from which the flank attack might have been planned, planned... The afternoon was heavy, hot and more darker than usual, and smoky and an excellent one for their project. The soft dry earth dead and deadened their footsteps, and therefore they were like a large company of spirits in childish forms as they slipped forward without without hardly a sound breaking the a full stillness except the distant roar of battle that caused the ground to quiver and quake beneath their feet. The smoke mist from battle and forest fires enveloped them thickly, and with an east wind rising began to grow denser every minute but not thick enough to cause any discomfort by breathing it but yet before they had gone more than half a mile they had the greatest time of it trying to keep from becoming separated. Inf indeed for these young boy and girls scouts it was quite an uncanny experience, and every one were excited and yet eager to show themselves worthy of having been chosen for the work.

George had proceed on for a shorter distance and was about to go on faster when suddenly he thought he heard a subdued sound somewhere to his left and instinctively stopped a full minute to try and hear it more distinctly. In that minute his comrades whom he had been leading, and who apparently did not hear a sound, of if they had did not pay any attention were swallowed up in the smoke fog. Then George's first impulse was to hasten after them, and started to do so but he had only taken one step forward when he halted again, for again he heard the same sound. He was tempted to call or signal to his comrades but then he suddenly checked himself, for he

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 did not dare to utter a slight sound for he knew that such a sound or even an outcry or a signal as if from a bird, or dog or cat would probably betray them all in case they were very near the Glandelinian positions. Then he thought suddenly to return to his own camp in the wood, but again as he heard the sound he was very reluctant to go back, for he knew from the langga language spoken and the curse and obscene words used from that direction were Glandelinians speaking to one another or quarrelling whatever it may be, and that made him very unwilling to go back without investigating the matter farther. Besides here for the first time in his young life was the beginning of an adventure after his own heart, an adventure he never thought he would even dare think of undertaking, and he therefore thought with a quickening pulse beat of the heart of the satisfaction that would be his, and the disaster he could avert to the christian rear if he could without any one else's aid, gather valuable information and take it back to the first boy scout or leader he encountered. This reflection made him decide and slowly and with infinite caution he stole in the direction from which the sounds seemed to come.

He had gone only twenty yards when he found out he was not mistaken. Through the mist of smoke he heard distinctly the sound of voices not so subdued this time. They were not quarrelling even though they cursed so frequently, but he knew something important was in the conversation, and he thanked God he was not able to understand the langga language which was somewhat the same as the Abbeinnians. Still further he crept as quietly and as stealthily as a jungle cat, and he finally caught the voices more closer and knew they were the Glandelinians.

"I must be mighty near their works by this time," he thought excitedly. "If I can only get closer to them I ought to be able to hear something. This part of the enemy line is not in action or maybe it is newly arrived. Here goes for a try at it anyway. I know we were not supposed to go so near, but it won't be doing wrong, for we did not receive any orders not to do so."

He dropped to his hands and knees, and after first saying "Oh Mary Conceived without gin, pray for us who have recourse to thee" ten times, started working his way along, one hand outstretched feeling for a bobbed wire fence which he knew must be close for he had seen one before the smoke settled down. Sure enough the boy scout had not gone far not even five feet, when his hand came in contact with the wire. Other times he could have leaped one safely no matter if it was ten feet high, for he knew how to do it without even catching one point in his cloth, but to do so now might make noise and arouse the fog, and therefore he dropped flat on the ground and carefully drew his wire cutters which he always carried with him, from his belt. Cautiously he nipped a section out of the thickest strands and crawled beneath, wondering what the farmer might think when he sees the wire cut. He knew that he would soon be closer to the enemy and he was not mistaken for he could hear the murmur of voices more closer, and above these came every once in a while a sharp word of command and the click of gun mechanisms being inspected together with other sounds indicating a state of bustle and preparation.

George knew the men by these sounds were not in any trenches but were standing in the fields in huge columns, the boy lying prone on the dusty ground with every danger of the winds blowing dust into his eyes, and danger too of making him sneeze these sounds conveyed a very definite and significant message.

"I'll bet they are the flanking party as sure as I'm living," he thought. "I'll bet they're preparing for the attack on Evans' rear. They're as busy as bees."

"He lay quiet a minute or so longer until the sounds of preparations increased to such an extent that he felt sure the Glandelinians would soon be on the move. Then came the command:

"Shoulder arms."

"About time for me to hunt over," the boy thought with a grin that even his dangerous position could not repress. "The sooner I get out of here and warn my friend and the army, the better it will be."

Then with this thought in his mind he turned cautiously about and started back when suddenly he saw something that made his heart seem to stop beating. He could not tell how the Glandelinians must have done it, for it was only the field bobbed wire fences belonging to the farmer that once owned the farm, but all the wire must be suddenly electrified for George saw that from the wire that lay before him there was escaping long sparks that leaped and hissed with a subdued crackling, sound like the snapping of a wood fire. He felt sure that the Glandelinians had put electricity into the wire fences probably through some mysterious means had put electricity into the wire fences probably with the purpose of trapping any party of christians who may have come forth to do any scouting in that direction. George indeed was in a terrible position, and it was impossible for him to find the spot through which he had entered in such a long stretch of wire, and he felt sure that with the heavy current in the wires it would be certain death if he even but touched them with his clippers. But he suddenly thought of a way. He had rubber tap in his pocket and this he would about

the handles and a part of the head but keeping the cutting part clear. He knew he must be quick for probably on the other hand the enemy would shut off the current only a half minute before the flanking force was to make the advance. He therefore crawled quietly forward, and tried the clipping process though he muttered a prayer with all his heart "Oh god help me in this trial." The work was successful he succeeded in cutting the wire through. He got through but heard sounds that made him halt. From some unseen point troops were marching by and he found now his only chance lay at was to be in lying still and waiting for the sound of footsteps to cease. Another thought struck him which was making him shiver with the thought of it. The fog was getting rapidly thinner. Therefore he resolved to make a dash for it the second the sound of footsteps died away.

As he lay there, he suddenly caught the sound of measured steps approaching toward him.

"I'm a sentry or a guard," flashed through his mind... His hand flew to the small sabre at his side, and he prepared to strike quick and hard... put suddenly another thought came to him. There must be a way through the danger zone that this guard could show him. If he could capture the sentry he might be able to make him guide him through. It was taking a grave chance—and a most desperate chance indeed, for Glandelinians were as stubborn as mules. They usually would not do anything to even save their own lives, and too the sentry might be dangerously alert and resourceful as Glandelinian sentries are, and his love for country and his wicked cause, and the same training would probably cause him to give the alarm at the expense of his personal safety. Oh if the Glandelinian sentry would only be slow too act and think. Or would he be more of a self reliant and be quick to yield to intelligence and the police that was his. He thought the best way was to strike. He suddenly shifted his hand to his revolver and drew it forth. He knew it would be absolutely fatal to risk a shot, but he therefore grasped the barrel of the weapon, and waited. The heavy footsteps soon came closer and then was abreast of him, and the boy leaped to his feet and brought the butt down with stunning force on the head of the dim stolid figure that loomed through the smoke mist... The man who was an officer after all dropped without uttering a cry, but George listened carefully and anxiously to find out the sound of the man's fall had reached the Glandelinian troops beyond, apparently it had not, and hopeful of this the young German boy turned his attention to the inert figure at his feet. Presently the Glandelinian officer stirred, and then in a dazed fashion, started to struggle to his feet. Then George pressed the muzzle against the Glandelinian officer's neck as quick as a flash, speaking a language that all Glandelinians understood. The officer stood quite still and George felt that the man untrusting by the sudden and unexpected attack would not risk death by giving an alarm. He however was at a loss to convey a command to a Glandelinian however, for he did not know what to say to make the officer lead him through the danger zone. He knew little if any of the Glandelinian language or Abbeinnian yet, not as much as he needed to. But it occurred to him he could speak in some words which would aid him nevertheless.

"Show me the way out of this zone sir," he commanded speaking very slowly. "Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes, yes," mumbled the Glandelinian officer. "I will show you lead, only please don't shoot, come this way. Follow me."

"I'll follow you all right sir, and mighty close too believe me," the boy assured him, "and my name is not Keed. One move from you that is false and you'll be cooking hash for Satan."

The Glandelinian officer made no reply but crawled sullenly through the dusty road, George following with the muzzle of the gun pressing the man's side. Soon the Glandelinian paused at what appeared to be a sort of clump of brush and the smoke fog began to disperse so much that the boy could see the direction to the woods, and that he was too far off from the fire-lines to even be shot if he was seen.

"Forward march Mr Gatt," commanded the little brave German. "We will now make a fine visit to those 'Christians' you call dogs, and whom you and your followers are so fond of insulting all the time. I know they'll be glad to see you. They'll prepare a meal of dogs for you."

"Listen kid you are a German, what you do in christian ranks—?"

"Never you mind. None of your business, and none of your lip. Forward march I say. What I am and what I do is my affair."

The Glandelinian officer only hunched his shoulders, pointed and went on doggedly. In a little while they were near the woods, and after answering the challenge of a sentry they entered the woods, and were among their own regiment. George was met with a wild rush by Jane Malfort police, and others, who had been almost crazy with anxiety because of his failure to return with the others.

"Why where in the whole wide world have you been, no lo! long George!" shouted Dolores, "and where did you get the Batt officer?" "I'll tell you all when I get back girls," promised George. "Take care of this Batt. I've got to report right away. Warn all the others to be in position and on the alert, and have our Abyssinkilian escort in position in front and rear of us. I think the Glandelinians are going to attack the troops under Evans on the rear and a portion of the flanking attack column will come toward our woods, and I'm determined not to retreat. Sent a warning to Gertrude and Evans." He hurried hurried away to the main Abyssinkilian commander, told him what was going to occur and told him to prepare accordingly.

"You've done mighty good for a little German lad, very well indeed," spoke general Bruno. "I'm glad to hear this, and if the enemy comes this way he'll expect I suppose to find these woods clear. Well, we'll be ready for them and our own surprise will put a link on their flank attack. Where shall we post the men?" "Any place you choose sir. Gertrude will know directly. I've sent the warning to her and general Evans."

George then saluted and hastened back, and told Dolores all he had overheard. Orders were issued by all the various child scout commanders, and then every Abyssinkilian soldier was at his post strong to the highest pitch of excitement and expectancy. They were very strong in a numbers whole divisions of them in scores. The battle had recommenced along Evans front in the meanwhile and the assault had been launched with might and main upon the enemy position. But whatever its result was going to be or being just now, none of the child scouts knew or paid any attention. They were straining their eyes through the lifting smoke fog for a while to see whether the flankers were coming, but yet could not see anything. There's was not a sound to the rear, neither a crunching of a twig by a footstep, was not a sound to the rear, neither a crunching of a twig by a footstep.

"This is unusual," said Dolores, "consider if they're coming this way." Just as she spoke, a rabbit ran past her as if scared away by something. Then came even a wolf, then a deer. Then suddenly she saw row after row in endless length of men moving forward toward the woods with deliberation and a menacing weight that might have well struck terror to hearts less stout than those of the soldiers, or the child scouts. Their hats which were all in form like those of College Professors or graduate Students showed them to be the dreaded Glandelinians and all objects of secure, tense, ready for the word to fire, all facing the crushing foe who really did not know there was a single soul in those woods. However a thrill of impudence ran through them as the enemy came nearer.

Were they to wait there, until that green wave overwhelmed them pouring over the woods like a surging flood. The strain of waiting became unbearable, but their commanders knew best, the closer they were the more effective would be the fire.

Dolores gave a cat call. The signal was heard by the general and he signalled a command, the command was heard by all the other officers, and suddenly to the surprise of the Glandelinians there was a terrific crash from the woods as if all the trees were falling down and all became shrouded in smoke. The Glandelinians fell in a whole line. In vain they tried to push on, the fire was too terrific for them. They strove to rush on, in columns, in lines, and in waves but were moved down in those waves or columns as fast as they rushed within range. The Abyssinkilian general shouted a command, and forward rushed the Abyssinkilian soldiers like headlong flocks freed from the leash. But just as their leader was exposed he fell headlong stricken with a bullet. The Glandelinians opened a withering fire, and it was the turn for the Abyssinkilian soldiers to fall in frightful numbers, and for a moment the men hesitated, and waited, being uncertain, hardly knowing what to do. Though he was only a boy George surprised every one by sensing the situation and acting like a lightning. It was no time to consider whether he was a boy or a man, soldier or a child, with that cry again surging on and yelling like crazy demons and filling the air in an uproar of their blasphemous defiance and derision. Above the noise and tumult his voice rang out sharp and shrill.

"Come on men!" he screamed. "Forward and at them! Make them scared of a little boy's cry on."

At the same instant he leaped forward and the whole line of troops in front of him followed. On rushed the whole entire Abyssinkilian wave now like a storm wave but looser. They fell before the enemy fire almost seemingly as the number of guns would be in a yard at once, but the surprised survivors pressed on being at devil fighting pitch themselves. All the pent up fury and rage had that had been gathering since the floods and fires raged leaped to the fore. Looser and the boys of battle! They scorned death in its greatest wholesale numbers. They laughed over that. They went on like so many demons against demons yelling themselves faster and faster, rushing purring onward, in ever increasing numbers despite their losses until with tremendous and irresistible force they fell like a breaking wave upon the suddenly recoiling ranks of the enemy. It turned out to be a terrific bayonet fight with both sides contesting the ground equally as stubborn and determined, but the progress of the Abyssinkilians could not be stopped, and into that green mass forced their way, shooting, thrusting, and stabbing. Glandelinians held up their hands in token of surrender and were sent under guard to the rear. Five thousand in a short

time had surrendered. Ten battle flags were captured, and six officers, and when the guns of the Abyssinkilians were empty, or they were too close to use their bayonets the Abyssinkilians grasped the weapons and swung them about their heads like flails. There was worst than a red mist before their eyes and red patches on their yellow shirts. Countless numbers of them fell, but the others kept on stabbing backward, hewing their way into the solid mass until that mass veteran soldiers as they were wavered and broke before the wild breast charge led by a mere brave German lad, slowly at first, and then more swiftly the enemy along this front retreated pursued for a short distance by the Abyssinkilians, who having tasted blood of such a wicked foe were not to be denied. They would have pushed on forward much further, but this could not be in the plans of their commanders, for the other section of the flanking line was coming on and the repulsed soldiers were being reinforced and worst of all the enemy guns, behind them from the foe positions fronting Evans had got the range and a murderous fire was creating dreadful havoc among the Abyssinkilian columns. The enemy had had a trowing that he would not never forget but he had killed, and was advancing fiercely again opening fire in such a steady manner that the noise was one continuous sound without pausing.

The recall sounded, and the Abyssinkilian soldiers turned back reluctantly gathering up their wounded comrades as they came or resting the advancing foe with all their energy. George had been separated from the soldiers in the wild chase but he secured himself behind a tree. All the Abyssinkilians recoiled back to the woods, and to their various defenses. All the rest of that afternoon, the enemy stormed the woods, as wildly as it was in their power, sixty thousand Glandelinians were killed, and a score thousand times a hundred thousand wounded within a short space of an hour by the murderous annihilating fire poured from those woods, and to make a short story out of it reinforcement sent by Evans added to the horror. General Tom Watson of the Abyssinkilian was killed, and six of his assistants wounded. The woods in some places became ablaze from the fury of the battle, and brush and twigs were cut down everywhere by the return fire of the enemy.

Never in any battle did soldiers try more desperately and vehemently to carry those woods. The Glandelinians were brave to recklessness, regardless of death. They repeatedly went against the christian positions in waves only to be moved down in waves. Finally the Glandelinians seeing more reinforcements approaching from the christian side, and their losses appalling beyond description, finally gave it up of their own accord and recoiled to the shelter of their own position.

Nowhere else the flank attack had been a bloody crushing failure. Now that the reaction was upon the brave defenders, defenders and they felt unspeakably weary, and breathless, for nerve and brawn and lung power had been taxed to the utmost, put in their eyes showed the light of splendid victory. They had met the veteran Glandelinian flanking troops and given them a taste of Abyssinkilian missiles. It was the first battle too that had taxed so fiercely around the boy and girls and they had borne themselves as if they were steel lion hearted men and had added the terrific fire to those of the men.

During what they believed to be only a lull all the many wounded who were within the woods were now being attended to. Not one of the child scouts had suffered a scratch though hundreds of them had suffered some minor wounds and the most severely wounded of them all was Tom O'Neil. When the smoke had cleared away, and the enemy was not within sight, the boys peered cautiously over the scene of battle. They shuddered as they looked, for there were as many still forms beyond the woods, lying there, and everywhere else within sight, that they seemed as countless as the stars in the sky, and such forms had not been there before this branch of the battle had begun. What among the many Abyssinkilians had gone, oh many countless thousands of Abyssinkilians, all from that army of jolly eager, vigorous, young, or old manhood with whom their surviving comrades had been living and training for weeks and months—indeed all those whom they had come to like and respect as they killed and pleased and fought side by side. And yet not one of those dead who had gotten through that hell alive, or who had succeeded in escaping from those awful battle fields beyond where had been left so many of their bravest comrades but could have gladly given their own lives, that this Monster Glandelinian was crushed.

But every one took comfort from the fact, that despite their own dreadful losses in slain, which had been innumerable, the greater number of those still form were Glandelinians. The enemy can fire from their rear, coming from the same direction as of Evans christian army was still sending a rain of death and destruction across the intervening space, and many explosions of shells and shrapnel were occurring in the woods, but so far not harming any one. Yet it seemed though no living thing could endure on those infernal fields beyond. Bruties were occurring everywhere at once some times, appearing as if all the world was being tumbled at one time and the noise was immeasurable. Suddenly Francis's eyes

seen almost as an eagle observed a movement on the part of one of the nearest apparently lifeless bodies and he gave a sudden exclamation.

"Look there, Dolores, over there!" he cried. "There's a soldier still alive. See how hard he is making the effort to get up on his elbow--and he's one of our men too. That is he must be, but he's not an Abbeinnian, nor a Glandelinian, for he's got a hunting blue uniform. He added in great excitement, as a shell burst over his head like a camp of thunder. The next instant to the surprise and dismay of all he had left his part of the position and was heading for the danger zone.

"Francis Stanok, Francis Stanok!" cried Dolores desperately clutching at him. "What in the world are you doing now? Where are you going? Are you mad? It's certain death out there." And just as she finished there was a crash as if the whole world was blown to pieces and a shower of debris fell over everybody from that far distant eruption.

"Never mind I'm going, Dolores," grunted Francis between his teeth, as he tore away from his girls' friends grasp, and ran forward. A shell exploded dangerously near him but he had thrown himself flat and the fragments flew harmlessly past and over him. An instant more and he was on his hands and knees making his way toward the stricken soldier, who was only thirty yards distant. Around the boy fragments flew from shells, and bullets rained. Rang went a shell again dangerously close, and still another. Then a distant of five hundred feet an eruption tore the earth in a great thunder head cloud. Again shot through his shoulder as though he had been stabbed by a red hot knife, but he kept on doggedly, and reached the wounded man, and tried to lift him to his feet. But then the effort was futile for the man sank back with a groan. An explosion tossed a storm of earth at them. Like a flash Francis dragged the man after him, going on his hands and knees. So fierce was the volcanic horror around him from bursting shells that the lad thought it was a million years before he reached the woods safely. A dozen boys and girls relieved him of his burden, and then was caught by Dolores and Jean.

What happened the next half hour or so Francis scarcely knew. The wound in his shoulder though serious was not fatal, though it bled freely, and his tremendous efforts had taxed his strength to the utmost. However his surprise was great when after he felt he could go about after his wound was dressed, he was ushered into the presence of the man he had saved.

"Why it's general Fred Perkins," he gasped.

Of course the Angelinian officer showed him he showed himself to be equally surprised.

"You are a very brave boy," he cried. "How can I ever repay you?"

"You don't have to repay me," returned Francis modestly. "I didn't want to leave you out there."

"But I shall repay you," and the Angelinian general grasped the boy by the hand very warmly. He was still very weak, and spoke with difficulty.

"I am glad I have saved you sir," remarked the boy scout.

"It's very unusual," murmured the general. "When I am well I shall tell you something more. I am your friend. I shall see to it you receive the best of honors. I have heard from La Polam and all about the Vivian Wickey horror. You may have a strong fight here to get at the mystery but I shall give you assistance."

"Then you think the enemy did it?" questioned Francis eagerly.

"I am certain of it my boy," was the colonel's low reply. "Then he had to stop taking by the doctors' orders."

"When Francis came back to the woods all the army there and the scout force hailed him as their veritable hero.

"You were there with the goods," cried Jane.

"All lion and no sheep," came from John.

"An Abbeinnian to the backbone, don't forget that," added Dolores.

Or rest indeed was the excitement throughout the whole army and through the force of boy and girls' scouts when it was known toward evening that the battle was evidently ended and had ended as a tie. Susan Carrol had not been able to come with the rest to the woods, but had seen the whole detail and feared all was lost until the Abyssinians had destroyed the flank attack. Jenny Nichols was discussing the matter, and had asked if it were not time to send for help, when she together with Ella and Ida were to send for help. In this last capacity Ella had been requested to act, but the tears quickly came to her large mournful eyes when she saw the frightful fury of the conflict in that woods, and fearing the worst for the defenders, had turned away, and wondered how the very world and skies could mock her grief.

From one point of observation to another Jenny Nichols had taken her, and finding that as long as the enemy would not desist in the attack, and nothing therefore because of that had any power enough to rouse her drooping energies, she had toward the close of that bloody afternoon of battle, brought her back to the rear of the safe portion of the Christian encampments, hoping that some lull in the battle, favorable ending or a change in the scenes and familiar faces would effect what all other things had failed to do. The sad case of Jack being laid up for so long now by wounds had cast a dark shadow across Susan's pathway though of course Jean and everybody else had felt the same. Hour after hour she had sat gazing upon the picture of Jack, who told her of the closing scene, in a letter, how he got so badly wounded, and when he would have given anything to have her there to cool the heat of his fevered brow.... Every word of love and look of tenderness was treasured up, and the belief fondly cherished, that he had always loved his girls' scout comrades thus else why in all this fearful struggle with so determined an enemy was she and the other girls' scout friends remembered.

Not even the excitement of the battles approaching final could awaken in her the least interest, and if the battles were mentioned in her presence she would weep wondering what even all of righteous Calvernia and her state had done and all her people, that it should be the unhappy, unhappiest country in the whole wide world, and Jenny Nichols remembering the past could answer but in her heart, that Our Blessed Lord knows best what is in store for the future. Calvernia some day may be a far better country for bearing up with her affliction.

Often Susan accused the recent members of the careless Government official of Calvernia of neglect and over confidence, saying if they had thought in time to do something to prevent these things the war would not progress so long. It was in vain that even Mary herself strove to convince her of most of her mistake. The enemy were too wise for any one then. Susan only shook her head, hoping that no other nation in the world would never know what it was to be as desolate, devastated and wretched as Calvernia was. Susan could have told Mary too of many weary days and sleepless nights, when there shone no star of hope in her blackened sky, and when even her parents were murdered and she her self and her aunt a fugitive from Glandelinians for a year, who were hunting her like hounds do a rabbit, but she would not from sheer pride, and wiping away her tears she went back to her tent desiring not to see any more, and to be left alone. He had no hope that her friends in those terrible woods would ever be escaping from that raving foe who was attacking the Abyssinians there.

Because of the dreadful conditions resulting from so Violet a "storm" of battle, as so extensive a scale, had Jenny Nichols, or others of the scouts who had remained in this territory generally had so much upon their hands at one time. Even when shells raved orally in their explosions dangerously close, Susan would not leave her tent, caring naught of what might happen. Two boys' scouts were continually signalling for every time they saw danger within the Christian lines. A boys' scout officer with a flaming red turban on his head, came up to the front to superintend the working of things, and was soon in the field hospital with a bad arm wound, and a shattered leg so he would never walk again. A girls' scout by the name of Ella Campbell had her upper chest torn away by a shell and lay mortally wounded in the field hospital. Mar tin Ford had brought with her a quantity of grenades of all sizes and dimensions, the uses of which she would not tell any one.

No one despite all their efforts was able to learn anything definite with regard as to how Evans' grand and final assault would turn out, or what was still transpiring in those bloody woods, and as a last resort Jean Perkins appealed to Jenny who he thought ought to know, seeing she was a general scout.

"Don't worry about those woods," laughed Jenny mischievously, as she pulled from her pocket a bit of brown and white plaid silk. "I've got the details by a telegraph and really I ought to feel sorry for the enemy who attacked there, but I ain't." It's all over there, and every one is safe, and I mean to tell Susan so she'll cheer up. Occasionally this boys' scout felt some doubt, as he heard rumors of the battle how General Brocade was wounded and his division shot to pieces. "But haven't those troops this afternoon cannot in all the world carry the enemy positions. The enemy may do anything now, though I suppose we could win out if our armies try it long enough."

Then later that evening when the "War Storm" had died down and its cloud black as it was slightly breaking Susan's heart was made glad with a card of invitation to General Kane headquarters, and with the sight of the return of all the boy and girls' scouts, and of the news that though the attack upon the enemy's position was not successful, the Glandelinian army was badly out of sorts just the same and sooner or later would have to retreat, as Federal was in no condition to renew the fourteen day and a half battles. He wondered why however, this could so suddenly turn out to be so amusing to see how Susan's delight made her carry on when all the boys and girls were returned, with only the numbers who were wounded only were slightly

Nothing so much excited her
into so violent a passion as to have such things occur without
knowledge.
"If we ever find out who sent these orders to Gertrude" said Violet the "The"

General Elwood's adventure had also been a successful one as he reported though his loss had been heavy, and not long after he returned from the battlefront

battlefront he received from general Hanson himself a letter of recommendation for his bravery through the ordeal, among other generals who had showed splendid achievement were general Watson Parker, his son Hanson Srn Grundy, Jack Homer and Pedro, and they had held the enemy at bay through the battle every day without a break in their lines. General K Knight also had accomplished much and also received a letter of recommendation.

"What in the world are you thinking of now Francis?" Dolores asked that day early that morning after he got up when Revalle scouted, after an unusually long and sickening silence on his part as he sat outside on a log.

"Well Dolores, I was thinking of a good many things after yesterday's horrible storm of war. In the first place as there is distant much firing again, yet they say there'll be no further battle, I think I began with wondering what we should do for we do not know what the army is going to do to day, and as the situation is unusual that led to such a train of thoughts about even ourselves and our comrades and our terrible circumstances that I hardly knew where I was when you rode up and spoke to me."

Mary Stanck's brother spoke cheerfully, but Dolores keenly eyed as she was aware once that it was with a great effort that he did so. She dismounted from her horse, and stood in front of him pulling it closer. The boy was sitting near a small camp fire listening to the far away thunder of guns, and thudding of explosions.

"This is a serious question at that that we all will be compelled to do about our regiment," said she. "The situation is the same, general Hanson does not know whether Evans will renew the battle or move around toward the north of Yantura. Perrod is our leader you know and it'll be up to him or Gertrude. I am wondering myself what we shall be doing. Oh isn't that awful!"

as a heart shaking crash tore the air far above them.
"That's only a bomb. There's seems to be no opening here in the army for any cause of the battle resuming in case the enemy doing it starts it himself. The whole rear of the army camp and all the field hospitals are crowded with the wounded, and that prevents the army from making any general advance without leaving a large portion behind even if that were not all altogether beyond its means, as to a retreat that won't do, for the army will stick to this territory till Manley or Federal moves, but if something would turn out for the best we would be far happier and nearly as well paid. The fact is Dolores" and here Francis paused a little, as if to gain courage to say what he feared and here Francis paused a little, as if to gain courage to say what he feared would be very disagreeable to poor poor Dolores. "The fact is, we're all together too crowded with our disasters here, and if the army doesn't move elsewhere we'll never learn anything about the facts as to the causes of Abbe's destruction and the floods accompanying. The best thing for all of us by far, and I think the best thing for ourselves, would be to get a stronger force, detach ourselves from the army in disguise as little tramps but bums and vagabonds and try some thing something ourselves."

Dolores gave a little sigh, but said nothing, and stood looking quietly into the camp fire as Francis Stanck went on. "You see Dolores, we are just in a terrible predicament here, some one is threatening to 'Get' Gertrude, and all of us I believe are safer from the army than nearer to it. Nor is there any strong possibility of an increase of the luck we should have if we stayed close to the army and doing nothing as we had been doing. We have seen enough of little fighting, especially the way it has turned out, with our side gaining little if nothing at all. The Glandelinian army is still like a threatening cloud and its lightnings and thunders are still on. The boy officers as you say are going to hold a council this morning after breakfast, though little I care to wait, and I see no prospect of any of us getting a fair start in anything. We all had experience yesterday in those woods we do not wish to see again. We have lost too many of our comrades, poor Rose is gone, Ella too and many others, Jean and Jack are laid up for weeks, and no one to take their places, maybe Jean will never come back. If we go forth we should of course rough it certainly as long as we are doing now, but at least there is no fear of the outside as long as we're away from both armies, and we should start on some adventure then with a fair certainty of success. Still Dolores "Confound those explosions!"

I do not of course mean that any of our leaders have made up their minds upon that subject. That is only my own thoughts, and it is far too serious a matter to decide upon too hastily. I only threw out the suggestion, and if you after thinking it over, are against it, there is an end to the matter. If not I'll bring it before the council this morning and see if they agree."

Dolores was silent for a few minutes if not longer and a tear sparkled on her cheek, and then she said it!!!!!!

"I'm not at all surprised at what you say Francis. In fact I and many of us have expected it a long long time. There had been battles every day elsewhere this dreadful month of September and its only really the 17th I believe. Our country rules predicts many defeats even near Julio Gallo and there's been so many battles it seems the war is running wild. I have observed you looking over histories, geographies and other books upon different territories of this country, and have seen too that you have often sat thoughtful and quiet. I guess guessed therefore what you may have had in your mind, and that was that it seems as if Mildred's prediction had been verified. The Glandelinian victorious victories this year as been overwhelming in number and victories of our side have been few. Of course Francis as a Superior I cannot accede to your plans without the council's councils own agreement but nevertheless as a consequence of what might happen I shrink from the thought of our scout forces again leaving all the armies and going to different parts of the land, when there's no means of travel except down the floods, flooded rivers, or through burning countries beset with too many perils to be counted, but I don't think we are afraid of the hardships or discomforts for we all have stood such tests already.

But you must know this war is not a small affair, in fact from the numbers killed in all the past battles, and so forth, never before. In all the world's history was there ever such a violent and wild war and its growing worse and more severe every day and there's no let up, bloody and frightful battles being fought somewhere nearly every day now. Remember the recent horrors at Marconio, Marichanic and other places. The fighting around Vivian Wickey is becoming a Hell and they say 10,000,000 is the loss every two weeks. Think of it. Thousands hundreds of thousands of us child scouts have gone through more sorrows, perils and hardships than the solde soldiers, than even the pioneers of old, and there is no reason why we should shrink or shirk them now. I do not however think with you that it would be a good thing for us to do such a thing however but if it is a case of necessity maybe we'll have to. But we cannot do it without the consent of Violet and her sisters or the heads of the girl and boyscout movements and that is Perrod Gertrude, and chiefly our main superior Angelina Richee and Angelina Jennings, and Mary Howard. If they agree to it all right. Glad Gladys Wentworth and Joy St. Claire and Eva St. Claire are also our main superiors of the scout movements and we cannot do anything if they do not agree. So you see Francis, you may meet in your plan plenty of opposition, and perfect deliberation, but if you really determine it is the best thing to do I agree you should put it up to the coming council, but it is hard to think of just now, so please do not say anything more about it until the council begins."

Francis Stanck, who was the brother of Mary Stanck Stanck was or always had been since his entrance into the army a great boy spy, as his father too had been before he was captured and executed by the enemy. This boy however had not entered the Christian army of boyscouts at the same time his sister had, but a few months after. He first went out to visit his uncle to get his consent, and after spending some time with him, he got the permit, and the love of cause and adventure had first taken the lad to the armies in the far west which were besieging Vivian Wickey, and there he had served, spied, and scouted and done everything possible for the cause for nearly thirteen months without a misadventure or an injury. till a letter long delay, long delayed on the way, untended him to go to general Vivian's army as his services were needed there. He at once under an escort had started for general Vivian's, but could not then find his way, he found the country in a horrible condition, floods, fires and things' we do not want to write about happening, and the armies here and there not even in a condition to carry on the war business against so foul a foe. Francis then saw that in this situation he was unequal for the travel, and so sending a telegram by wireless that he couldn't come as the way was impassable had entered service under general Cranier, working hard however in all he could to make up for lost time. He proved himself to be a very good boy scout, and was shortly able to take the burden off the very general's shoulders. He had not been long however at this general's service, before in a battle mentioned in August at Marconello the general was mortally wounded and his army practically wiped out, and to gain some respite and to escape the horrible stone the boy went forth to try his luck at finding general Vivian's army alone. He then during these travels was beset by countless perils on every hand, and although the lad was no competitor in his own boyscout and military business the force of recruits who finally got around him was by no means a large one, and the increasing dangers he encountered rendered the struggle to find his way to general Vivian's daily and hourly more severe and perilous. He had been

persuaded and fired on at every spot. He however had become commander of a small troop of boy scouts, but had then rashly entered into a perilous country, and though his escapade was a miracle he lost nearly half of his followers by death from wounds, and once he and his survivors were pursued for a hundred miles or more by fifteen thousand Glandolinian cavalry. Then he had finally reached general civilians, and was now long with his troop. Scouting the dangers now produced by the mighty battle at Stomoltero the lad had look forward to having the scout force move off toward what remained of Abbieann but had abstained from broaching the subject to Gertrude Angelina, or the higher superior officers until he was sure it would be safe and advisable to do so.

He decided to try and interview the girls' scout Supreme leader Eva St. Charles when she should ride into camp. If she did not agree all would have to be cast aside. Francis himself was tall for his age, and very active, and the life he had lived since his entrance into the army had hardened his muscles and given him the full use of every faculty. Marie Stanek was two years younger than her brother, and yet did look much older, though she was slightly taller. She was a high-spirited girl scout, stern, and firm well fitted to be the companion of her officer friends in the dangers and hardships of a child scout life.

The subject of this move once started in the council, was debated on, and books and maps were then being consulted, and the advantage and disadvantages of the trip through the country toward Abbieann were debated. Finally Evangeline St. Claire, one of the supreme child scouts, who about twenty nine years of age agreed that the Abbieann region offered the greatest advantage but it was best if any one wished to go there, to travel only by night and sleep in hidden spots by day as to travel by day was impossible because of such dangers in meeting with roving parties of Glandolinians who were fiercer than Arabian bandits. The decision once arrived at it was determined to announce to all the other under officers and the privates as well, who had up to this time no idea of the great change decided on. Breakfast was soon over, and after the Grace after meals was said, the boy and girls' scouts hundreds in number in the mess hall (great hall) were about to rise and march out, when Evangeline St. Claire said:

"Wait a moment please! children, there is something your little girls' scout officers, especially Angelina Riches wants to talk to you about, and wants to know whether you'll agree or not."

The children therefore resumed their seats. "222 One of our boy scout officers, who is Marie Stanek's brother" said Angelina Riches have been wondering what to do next as we have been more than idle here so close to the Christian lines, and have done nothing for what we came up here for, only except to see a big battle which turned out every way except which we wanted. We do not see any good luck starting here. Now what should you all say to us all heading for the north of Abbieann and take possession of the parts that still remain and reside there until we discover the mystery. We can make habitations there, and repair even ourselves buildings that are not badly ruined."

"What going abroad from the army?" they all exclaimed in astonishment. "That is what Francis plans. He thinks it would be safer too for us, than being with the army. You see our losses have been bad for no reason at all."

"Oh that would be a jolly experience and thrilling" many of them said. "I know" said one "we might even then have to fight Glandolinians ourselves and all that sort of thing. But nevertheless it would be glorious."

"Well Charles" Angelina Riches said smiling, "I do not know or hope to have any future fights with Glandolinians, at least Francis's decided this move to avoid such encounters in the future, and if we did have trouble with Glandolinians, scouting patrols, I don't think I would like it. This war is getting me weary. The less I see of it the better. But if we go beyond the army we should have to work rough it more than we do now you know and every one of us would have to work in all our military ways, to help me in everything necessary, and to keep on my watch, for we're in a country burning up you know, and we might run into many 'Red Plagues' of the forests..."

"What fun, indeed what fun!" shouted the boy scouts. "We should like the exciting experiences more than anything, should like it of all things in the whole wide world."

"And what do all you girls think of it?" Angelina Riches asked of all the little girls who were looking very much surprised, but rather doubtful as to the pleasure of the fights with so many Glandolinian patrols, encounters with fires, floods and on other perils, which the boys had spoken so delightedly about.

"All of you will have to be very useful girls and will have to help us as well

as the boys. Very likely we'll have lots of thrills in our trips toward North Abbieann which is fifty miles northwest of here and we'll be going through forests, and we shall have to do everything to make the trip a safe one and not lose a single comrade. And that seems impossible. And I for one don't like to go away without Jean and Jack, and only Heaven knows when they'll be better. Jean is worse this morning, though Jack is better."

"The expedition will be fine Angelina" said one of the girls Mu. Mad who was rather over ten, while her sister was just eleven. "We could bring them along in our covered wagon. We could do the same as all the boys you know, and there's not one of us girls who can't cook. The expedition would be fine. We are not afraid to try it. We don't care a rap for the enemy patrols. And she finished the last words with a snap of her two fingers."

Jane who always agreed with her sister Maud (see Haw), did so now, and many many of the others became quite uproarious in their plans for making themselves useful. At last Gladys Wenthworth called for order.

"Now every one of you keep silent, and listen to me. This affair that our boy scout Francis Stanek had put up before us is a most serious affair, indeed."

"I'm afraid he's wrong, and that the situation we might meet will be worse than if we stayed closer to the army, but nevertheless we'll make the attempt, with a strong escort of cavalry, and although I hope and believe that we shall all enjoy our thrills very much, still we must prepare for it, and look upon it in earnest, and not as a sort of adventurous game. To be lost on a savage filled island would be mild in comparing with our adventures here with the enemy who know to mercy to no one. I have heard that there has been recently many extremely bloody battles, and perils are everywhere. We have business here which we cannot finish before another eight or nine hours. Therefore we must make the most of our time before we start, and have this thing also investigated and find out how clear the coast is. In the first place despite the way this battle has terminated, it is nevertheless greatly in the favor of our own armies, and the enemy being defeated is more dangerous now than ever. I'd rather fool with a victorious foe, than a defeated one. Besides we'll find out too on our way that we'll meet with not a single soul. That we get to be sure to have plenty of provisions or we'll face starvation so dreadful is the deed, and we must all learn to sacrifice ourselves more than recently if we want to endure. For the next three hours we'll work together, at the preparatory exercises, and then I will try and collect up a very powerful commissioned

Abiesinkilian cavalry escort, who will accompany us on our mission for it won't do for us to venture out alone. We not on a landscape or in a country now you know, we are as living humans in a seething hell for as if to say since we never committed before. The enemy has made it a hell, and therefore our adventures are just as dangerous as if we really were in that dreadful world. In the next place it will be well that every one of you should try to dig up new recruits among the refugees. I'm sure that can be easily done, for they suspect the enemy did all this and would do anything to get in. We'll leave out the red tape this time and take them in by draft if necessary but we need recruits. We can learn the new recruits how to ride if they don't know already, and we all ourselves have learned diligently in a riding school. I went yesterday during the battle to general Gurnan and commanded him to make an arrangement with his staff to accompany us on any expedition we may go, and therefore we can use him to cover us on this. He had at once agreed to do so, and will therefore arrange with general Gurnan to come with his squadrons. When all preparations are made, every one of you must retire before nine and get some daylight sleep if possible as we'll travel by night. It's impossible to do so by day. Those of you who because of strenuous duties cannot sleep during the day will sleep at night in the covered wagons on route. I know many of you too have learned carpentering many of you are apprentice carpenters. The expedition will be hard work but if any one of you really want to go on it, it is absolutely necessary that you should be able to do anything that is required of you. As the time draws on too you'll need other things. All of you too must see that you are properly supplied with all the necessary weapons, munition and grenades. Well what do you say to all that?"

Some of the boy and girls' scouts certainly did not seem to like to hear of all this, some did not agree to doing, and some appeared a little downcast at all this recital of what they might have to go through, but Francis himself said at once:

"I go on sounds rather hard comrades, but I'll not allow no backing out since it has been agreed to. As Miss Wenthworth says we shall have to work our way through all kinds of obstacles and dangers, but we are all accustomed to hardships and dangers by this time, besides of course, just now we wouldn't be of no use whatever to the army by remaining here idle. And besides we must know something about the country around Abbieann."

"And are we to try and find some clues as to what the Abbeinn disaster really was Francis?" Maud asked.

"I doubt if any of us can learn anything about that Maud," Francis said, nodding understandingly to his sister. "Violet, and her sisters have tried it and found nothing. If you like we can try it to begin with, then if not make our temporary abode there. Violet, and her sisters are going to accompany us as at least they said they would if they can. Most of us I know have been taught a good deal on expeditions at any rate, and we can make simple investigations, and searches, until we find out something, and if we discover anything we can keep it to have it examined. Besides that it will be well for us to explore the ruins not covered by water, and that is all I know of at present except that all of us must take pains to improve ourselves at scouting. We shall even have to make everything for ourselves out there, as it'll be a lonely desolate region among the ruins and probably among the unknown dead."

"I suppose we will not be able to do any more regular lessons Francis!"

"Indeed we will Maud. You do not imagine I hope that our military education and other schooling is already finished do you with the little time we have at it? and we cannot wish to grow ignorant of what our surroundings are or we'll be like fishes in a net. We will have to improve in our signal drills, and we all will have to make as much progress as it is possible to do, a because although we shall travel by night, there's no telling what'll turn up even then, and now all you privates can go out into the Company Street, and talk the matter over, while we officers hold a council."

"But you have not told us yet where we are all really going to Francis?"

Jane Melfort said, when everybody but the child scout officers were out.

"We are going north to where the ruins of Abbeinn is above the flood waters on the slightly rising hills."

The officers now watched the boy and girl scouts from the windows of the Mess hall. They were scattered in many groups down and along the company streets, some were in the meadows, and others in the road, all talking excitedly between themselves. The girl scout officer, Maud had brought into the Mess Hall a Schoolroom "Atlas" and opening it upon the table, they all clustered over it in eager consultation. Gertrude Angelina turned to Penrod with a smile.

"You will have to get up the subject, Penrod so as to be able to answer the innumerable questions you and I and others will be asked."

"I shall always refer to them to you as you're the smarter."

Indeed there was quite a talk throughout the Christian Vm camps when it was known that the regiments of boys and girls were going to "Bright" emigrate from the army on a daring long distanced adventure. Because of the nature of the war any emigration from the armies of scouts and a forth was far less common than it had been in the past, and therefore the interest was intensely greater. The boy and girl scouts were all popular characters among the soldiers and general and other officers, who had aided them in their training. The officers asked them now where they really were going but the child scouts had little time for talking, for upon the first hour after Francis had told them of his plans they had set to regularly at the work the girl scout leaders had laid down to them. The girl and boy scouts usually rose every morning at five or six, seldom but did rise late as eight, they breakfasted at seven, and would then work at their duties and so on through the day. All of them had been specially instructed even in the raising of signal rockets, and in the firing of signal guns and the flashing of lights. Any kind of drill could be no utility. They too were good trench diggers, tiggers, and it would take an all days work without a single rest to make their backs ache, and blister their hands, they were so accustomed to the work, and always had tremendous appetites. Many could do carpenter work, and make good progress in all other pursuits. They had gone through many months of this kind of work, and therefore there was not a weak or tender boy among them. They were broad across the shoulders, they were strong and muscular children, girls and boys alike, and were healthy and robust, and good fighters. Their appearance did not belie them for they had often wrestling matches, boxing matches, base ball and foot ball games and they would be pitted against each other, and great games generally occurred among the boys and girls acting as rivals, whereas sometimes the boys won, and sometimes the girls won, and at other times the games foot ball or base, could be a tie. There were many boy scouts and girls too who could speak more than one language. Many of the girls in their training far surpassed the boys, and they all had many a hearty laugh at the ridiculous mistakes new recruits would make in their efforts to get through their training, and being laughed at made them more desperate to learn, and all then would soon be alike.

Indeed all girl scouts had been as amused and as diligent at learning all scout work as all the boys were, and there was not one girl scout among them who did not know the mysteries of cooking. At the dinner time or for dinner time, Penrod determined to detail a number of girls to cook an extra parting dinner for all the boy and girl scouts, a meal that would be as special as a feast. He told them all the details of what was to be cooked, too many to be told here, but that he would leave the whole thing in their hands. He told them the hour for dinner will be at about half past twelve punctually. The eyes of the little girls flashed with pleasure as they thought of the importance and greatness of the task before them. Most of those who couldn't sleep hardly because of the heat of the day, ate a little extra lunch to make up for their small breakfast. Some of them felt tempted to go to the Mess Kitchen to see how things in the cooking line were getting on, but they restrained themselves, though they mentioned that what they "Smelled" those girls cooking made their mouths water, and made them wonder whether dinner was to be at half past twelve now, or two o'clock sometime next week.

The dinner indeed was a Great Success. The soup was rather hot, with too much pepper and salt in it, and a sock or two found in the bottom, and the rice had three dead rats in it, and the pudding had stuck to the mould, and had come out with a burst and had broken up into pieces and which had caused a flood of tears on the part of the cook who had cooked the pudding. The fried ham tasted as if it had been fried in the strongest cigars, and the potatoes looked "as if they had passed away" while the carrots, well they were're carrots any longer. The whole dinner of course was spoiled, no one could eat this or that, the soup tasted worst than Limburger Cheese ten years old, the mashed potatoes were like the paste they used to post bills with the coffee tasted like what should not be mentioned here, and the milk was the "comin'" of whitewash and cloridelline. It indeed was a "swell" dinner. Penrod was furious, Gertrude looked suspicious. All knew that the dinner had been prepared and cooked by the best little scout women they had, and when they had waited on the scouts they had looked very scorned in the face, from their anxious peeping into pots to see that all was going on well, and at the start they had been relieved with cheers from the boys and girls.

"Some gosh darn prank or some spy has been at the bottom of this," said Angelina Jichese. Turning to one of the girls who standing in her white frock had done the cooking she asked:

"Was there any suspicious characters in the Kitchen of the Mess Hall?"

"Yes," she answered after we had finished our cooking and sounded the call the main chef who helped us saw some man run out, and caught him. He's in the guard house now."

Angelina went to the chef and told him to have that "man" brought in right away under guard."

The Chef willing done so, and the man looking crest fallen and yet a little haughty was brought before the girl scout leader:

"Let me take a hand at this," said Joy St. Claire standing up, she turned to the prisoner and asked:

"I KNOW you did this. Why did you spoil the dinner of the whole Regiment?"

"I cannot answer any questions," answered the man in a surly manner. "Anyhow I have you kids got to say!"

"I H A HAVE A LOT to say," answered Joy vehemently. "We'll have to hauled before the Tribunal this afternoon as soon as possible. If we cannot make you talk, I know somebody who can. I'll have you brought before "Haddcliffe" the "little snake boy scout."

The man was taken not gently back to the guard house. This had been a blow to all of the boy scouts and the others too, especially the girls who had done the cooking. The whole food outfit was reserved for throughout and strict examination to see if any others might not have been positively poisoned. They had to go and eat in the soldiers Mess hall.

"This is Terrible," said Penrod. "Never even after my two years and over in the service in the army have I ever met such a situation. We'll have him arranged before the proper griller. We who toil for the cause from six in the morning till any late hour at night, sometimes twelve midnight, to have this go on. If we cannot make him confess anything, he'll go before the firing squad, and I'll be one of them to do the shooting, and he brought his fist down on the Mess table with a bang."

Some time after dinner, the man was arranged before the Tribunal, and was brought before Haddcliffe himself. The man however even when grilled so hard by him, a word except to give insolent answers and when asked if he was a "Haddcliffe" he said "No."

Haddcliffe turned to a number of boys who had been about to throw off their uniform cloaks;

"Do not take them off boys, I'm going to take you and the prisoner out with me, him under guard, but do not say anything about it to any one else. I will show you why afterwards. But I'm going to get a confession out of the man or I'll know the reason why. And what I intend to do I believe he'll come to reason."

Rather surprised, the fourteen boys did as he told them wondering where they could be going with the sullen and stubborn prisoner. Radcliffe said nothing further on the subject, until they reached a large clearing in the camp which was a quarter of a mile distant from Radcliffe's tent. Then he said to two or three of the strongest boys who guarded the prisoner:

"Now boys, this man knows we are going through a country on our way to the place we know of might as well say north of Abileann because he knows it too, of which all portions is as free of a single person as a desert, and we'll have no one within miles of us. Now it is just possible that he either attempted to cause the whole Regiment to be sick, or poisoned, for Glandolinian says that you girl and boyscouts are as troublesome to the armies, as a swarm of bees are to a bear trying to steal the honey. I do not suppose we'll meet with any opposition with our plan, but it is just as well to be prepared for every thing. There is no reason why you boys should not be able to shoot arrows as straight as any Indian and I have brought two bags full of arrows and two bows. They are real Indian arrows and bows brought over from America. I have also brought two cargin carbines and they have a revolving breach so that they fire twenty shots each. There is a spare chamber to each which is very quickly shifted in place of the one discharged, so that each of you could fire twenty shots in a very short time without stopping to reload. They will carry upwards to five hundred yards. They are not a new invention but nevertheless boys all accounts agree that they are an excellent one."

I have intended to try to tie this prisoner as an apparent target at the base of some high tree, and we'll shoot to either side of him but always striking the bark of the tree nearest him. I have tried this once before on a prisoner of stubborn will, and believe me he was so terrified he gave in and begged for mercy. I'm a first rate shot with a rifle, and I have brought down a rifle of my own use. I did not want you to speak about what we're doing to the girls or any one else for fear of drawing a crowd which will distract our aim. It is not likely that he'll be so stubborn to as to consume our patience yet if he still refuses to do so, then we'll have him sentenced as a would be murderer, and spy and face the firing squad before sunset."

Then after Radcliffe spoke he showed them his excellent double barreled shot gun and a long heavy rifle carrying a conical ball. Besides these he had two braces of colts revolving revolving pistols. These were all new but there were in addition two or three first class double barreled guns. The test began. The prisoner was fastened to a tree and here Fenrod instructed them in the use of their revolving carbines so they wouldn't really hit the prisoner, and only to fire a few shots at a time each. The firing was certainly rather wild, and the man though terrified thought they couldn't really fire straight, and therefore he taunted them, and defied them, called them poor marksmen and so forth but the firing then in answer became more steady and it appeared sure as if they would make a bulls eye with him at any moment. Believe me readers, he confessed, begged for mercy, and he was therefore released and brought a trembling wretch back to camp and under guard to face a Court Marshal just the same. Thus ended the attempt of a cranky prank to sicken a whole Regiment. The Court Marshall found out he wasn't no Glandolinian but a foreigner who however was in sympathy with the Glandolinian cause, and therefore he was charged with being an Alien enemy, supporting a country whom he had no business to be with, and was sentenced to be exiled. Thus went the afternoon with this excitement. Of all this the girlscouts knew nothing, but they suspected something unusual for they knew Radcliffe's ways, and had seen the prisoners fearful look when he was brought back to camp. It was well for him the boys had learned so well to shoot that they could hit any object near him as close as possible without hitting him. The boys had fired by turns, and thus the scoundrel had been finally terrified into confessing. He did it to spoil the well planned expedition. Nothing was really poisoned, but the food had been spoiled.

It was nearly about eight o'clock, far past the time for supper after Francis had brought the subject to a speedy conclusion before all of the boy and girlscouts were able to conclude all the proper arrangements. This was the great business of packing up and too it was no trifling matter, when a Regiment of fifteen hundred child scouts and their leaders are going to make a move to a new part of the country. Gertrude Angeline who was absent during the council and who as the chief of all the leaders had at first thought of taking the camp equisage and furniture with her, but had been warned by Fenrod that it would be a handicap for them all to have too much luggage, and that probably if they really intended to go to the north section of what survived of Abileann they could obtain anything needed among the ruins, and that should save their bringing along so much heavy articles in the wagons.

Still indeed the bulk of luggage that was to be taken was unusually large, for every one had worked at packing all kinds of cases and in addition to the personal baggage, Gertrude was taking with her picks, and shovels, besides a good stock of blasting materials of various kinds so as to blast in the ruins for certain purposes. When their heavy baggage was placed in the wagons they were sent off as to be put above the huge raft boat by which they intended to do most of the traveling north, and then came a long round of visits to bid farewell to all their friends. This indeed (you are in need) was a sad business, for although the fifteen hundred boy and girlscouts were alike excited and delighted, at the thought of the life of adventure before them they still could not refrain from feeling sorrowful, when the time came to leave the army they loved so well. All well and all the friends they had known so well.

The preparations being over, the forces of boy and girlscouts were formed in line for the trip toward where the raft was about ten miles down where they were to embark, while Gertrude remained behind for half an hour to see to it that she had not left anything in her place behind which she might need the best. Then taking a chair she sat down at a table to write a note to General Constantinian Gronburg, and had just finished the letter and signed her name and placed it in the envelope when a tall stout looking man, rough and uncouth in appearance, and with a pistol in his hand suddenly entered the room closing the door behind him.

"What do you want sir?" she demanded. "Oh you're the man sent by the enemy to get me eh?"

"You bet your life you little devil and now I've got you right where I want you. Thought you and your followers could break general Federal's army and get away with it eh, with your accursed signalling! If those two idiots hadn't fumbled I'd have had you two days ago. Packing up to try and escape me eh! Ha. Ha. Well you little devil in sheep's clothing when I get done with you—you—YOU—YOU—"

That was all the further he got for with one swing of her arm Gertrude sent the lighted lamp to the floor with a crash, the light going out out in an instant from the shock.

"What th—!" growled the man as Gertrude sprang upon him like a wild cat grabbing the hand with the gun causing it to go off with a loud report. He is a powerful man but Gertrude's many years of hardships, and labors and all her tough experiences had caused her to be his equal despite her size. He tried to strangle her to make her let go of him and there was a fearful struggle. Finally he did wrench himself free, and fired the pistol four times but the bullets hit only the wall, and again they were at the grapple. Again during the struggle he fired the pistol this time pretty close to Gertrude. He then dropped the pistol accidentally and not being able to find it he grabbed a chair as she rushed him again and swung it into the air, but struck it against the table instead of her, and smashed it into pieces.

Gertrude had another chair now in her hand, her aim was true, and in a second more he was lying unconscious on the floor, just as some one rushed in with a light. It was Angeline Richee, followed by three Abyssinilian soldiers with still more coming into the room.

"I heard the firing and got here as quick as I g could Gertrude—Goodness Gracious I hope you don't need any help to take care of yourself. Goodness Gracious you sure have made him a wreck." for the man's coat was torn ragged, and he was lying outstretched on the floor with her standing beside him and a big lump on his head. Angeline Richee picked up the pistol, while the soldiers picked up the spy and carried him away.

"Gee Goods" cried Angeline Richee I surely can't get over the way you

so cleverly outwitted that Glandolinian answer in when you put the light on him so that he couldn't see any better than you could. Now you're the only little girl I ever knew of who could give such a big man a little handed and armed with a gun such a beating."

Just then one of the Abyssinilian soldiers returned.
"I'm afraid we do not need to have him face a firing squad for that," said the soldier.

"I never had such a thought, but why not?" said Gertrude.
"Because if he lives it'll be a miracle. His skull is fractured. At least we don't have to watch out for him any more."

"Well try and pull him through if possible. Now Angeline!" She added I've got another job for you. We'll start the trip now. There's no need for us to remain here any more. We have lots of provisions millions of rounds of ammunition and we'll have more. We might as well be comfortable during our trip. Go off to the raft. Come."

Toward ten o'clock that night they were all about him embarked on the huge raft. Greatly were the new recruits among the girl and boyscouts amazed at the huge cabins on the raft those to be allotted to them especially. The size of the huge vessel part raft and part boat, the smartness of it, the way it was armed, and the style of its fittings alike impressed and delighted, them. It has not been mentioned that Sally Jones accompanied the regiment but she did, and so did Violet and her sisters, and also Starling, whose wound would be taken care of on board the raft. Knowing the scarcity of people in the country they were going to, and the number of enemy patrols that might roam around Gertrude had considered it a precaution to carry as much weapons and munitions as possible otherwise they might be might be handicapped. This time too they took no horses as they were really a handicap on the big raft, and took up too much room, however they took with them a strong escort of Ay Abyssinilian soldiers. The last looks, . . . which the regiment of scouts cast toward Abbleann and armies, as it disappeared at of sight in the dark distance were less melancholy that thought to be for their going away was not for good. They were doing this because they were determined to solve the mystery of Abbleann disaster. The girls and boys were all full of hope and excitement, while even Gertrude Angeline felt but little disposed to give way to sorrow as it had been arranged should it need to do so the army can come up toward Abbleann and make a re-union with her force.

Very hot and dark was that late first evening on the raft, and as many often sat in large groups together upon the decks, while the boys made preparations for supper as none had eaten yet the little girls remarked that they did not think they were on the flood at all, or if it was it didn't seem so terrible as they had expected, and that they did not feel the least bit seasick though the raft rolled because winds were blowing and the waters were in rough rollers. Penrod said:

"Wait a little till you see things my dears; there is an old proverb 'don't halloo until you are out of the wood.'"

The next day however was perfectly calm it being the 19th of September and when the new scouts during breakfast were told that they were now getting fairly into what part of the flood is now known as Lake Abbleann with the city under it, (if not washed away) they could scarcely believe the news.

"Why one would think Hazel!" Penrod said to one of the new girls "That you were really disappointed at not seeing rows of houses standing out of the flood waters, and that you really wanted to see more of the city than you think you would."

"Oh Master Penrod, I do think it would be great fun, it would be so curious to see all that. But if it is so calm too why is everything rolling and rumbling and it's so hard to walk about."

"It's the movement of the flood currents," said Penrod. "Do you think it would be great fun to have a lot of wind out here."

"Yes I think so Master Penrod, it would be great fun."

"My name is not Penrod, but Penrod!" said Penrod with a smile. "It seems none of you new comers can yet pronounce my name."

"Well young girls," Gertrude who had been standing by watching the shore to the east, and who had overheard the little girls remark "said "if it is any fair satisfaction to you I can assure you positively that you are very likely to have your wish gratified. We are near where the buildings show out of the water. But I question indeed if you will like the scenes as much as you believe you will."

"Oh Gertrude you expect a windstorm or rain?" Jane Elliot said. "I have been thinking myself that the oppressive stillness of the morning, and the look of the sky, and those black clouds banking in such great rolls in the northeast meant a storm. Oooh if it would only be a big rain, that would quench the fire burning up our forests. . . ."

"That does the glass say there?" asked Francis.

"There is no storm I'm sure as the barometer is not falling at all!" Gertrude answered.

"But what does those clouds mean?" They say the barometer also falls slightly if it is going to rain. Maybe it'll fall before or when the storm comes."

"Gertrude looked at the cloud with her field glasses. She sure looked excited."

"We are in for a terrific windstorm a stiff northeaster too or I'm mistaken in everything else," she said.

"What tone of those Typhoons?"

"No. It's the winds produced by a forest fire. One is approaching toward that part of the shore. We'll soon see a big blaze. Have you new kids ever seen a forest fire?"

"No." One of them answered.

Now it appeared likely that they were to soon have some excitement, and they wanted Gertrude to order the men to have the raft go closer to the shore.

"I should say not," she answered. "What do you want to do? Commit suicide?"

As they could hear a funny sound the new children did not seem to be as pleased as they had expected, though one of the boys still declared unflinchingly that he was quite in earnest, and that he did wish to be as close to a forest fire as possible without getting burned. As the morning advanced some of the boy and girls scouts leaned against the bulwarks watching the movements of the waters, and the great banks of smoke clouds which every moment were rising higher but forming like windstorm clouds. There was still quite a dead calm around them and the heavy beat of the paddles as they lashed the flood waters into foam and the dull thud of the engines were the only sounds that now broke the stillness. Now and then however a short puff of wind from the northwest ruffled the water, and then died away again. What also was queer and suspicious was the number of birds "lying in the air, all going in one direction, that was toward the southwest."

"Look at the great cloud Gertrude!" Mildred said. "It looks as if it were alive and appears like one of those typhoon clouds we have seen during those storms."

"Yes Mildred, it is very grand like an immense storm cloud, and there's no doubt about there being wind there but the cloud I know from its appearance is black smoke. See along the lower horizon under the cloud. That's the fire glare."

The great smoke cloud bank appeared indeed to be in constant motion. Its shape too was incessantly shifting and changing, now a great mass would roll up and up as clouds do in a gigantic volcanic eruption, either white and black mixed and sometimes yellow, cream, and brown, now sink down again, or wreath out in front and on top in false cirrus appearance, now again the whole body above would seem to roll over and over upon itself, then small portions would appear apparently break off from the mass and sail off by themselves, getting thinner and thinner thinner and forming at last into sheeted streamers, while up along the whole under mass from the horizon it rose countless shapes and immense rolls and convolutions and tall and globular formations. The smell of burning wood and pitch was in the air.

Momentarily the whole of the heaving swelling mass rose higher and higher. It was very grand, but it was a terrible grandeur, it looked far worse than any Typhoon cloud that Violet, and her sisters had ever seen, and they themselves ever were inclined to agree with many more of the more fearsome of which one little new girl scout shrank close to Penrod and put her hand into his arm.

"I don't like the appearance of that cloud Master Penrod, it frightens me."

At this very moment Angeline Riches, who had been down the deck arranging her special guards came up to the group.

"What an immense and dark cloud of smoke, Penrod and how it moves forward as if it was a storm. Are we going to have a fire hurricane do you think. Is the flames heading for those forests on shore do you think?"

"Well Angeline I think we are in for the gales that the fire heats generally produces, and if you will take my advice you will go down at once while it is calm and see that the baggage and everything else that can roll about, are securely fastened up. All you other kids now keep away from the bulwarks unless you want to get drenched. That'll come any minute now. The breeze will soon change off from northwest, and come from the east."

In about fifteen minutes the necessary arrangements had been completed, but even in that short time they could feel that a sudden change was taking place. They felt a steady and strange rolling and toiling motion, and heard a strange hissing sound, and the older ones laughed as they found it so difficult to walk steadily along the cabin, and now it was growing very dark, and a smog was sweeping over the waters. Upon reaching the decks they observed that the smooth surface of the flood was broken up by long dashing roaring waves

white in sweeping curtains of foam, that the bank of clouds covered half the sky and was moving forward and upward, and that the denoted "sea" was now flying overhead and a peculiar lashing fog or haze was covering the shore but not so thick that they couldn't see anything. The previous stillness was gone, and between the sudden whistling gusts of hot wind, the roar of the storm in the upper region could be heard, and a long the horizon the sky shined like molten iron, which flickered every now and then into unaccounted brightness. Sometimes a blizzard of sparks could be seen rising upward, and to sweep over and under the cloud, and then to die out. A pall of deep inky blackness seemed to hang from the cloud down to the roaring water, but the glare now and then seemed to be shut out by other advanced rolls of cloud rising up into the air and they could see the trees withering and twisting in an awful terrifying manner, while a roar as of thunder came from the shore.

It really was the fire hurricane. In preparation for the coming storm which sometimes was cyclonic in violence, all the soldiers had put on their thick water proof coats. Many of the children had gone into the cabins to the middle of the deck, and those who had nerve enough to remain had followed the example of the soldiers, and had wrapped themselves up in military Mackintoshes. Very moment the gusts increased in frequency and power, and the wind was very hot and the waves were broken up into fierce breaker like surges. The distant glare grew brighter and nearer. Then almost without a warning they saw the trees being writhed worse than usual and then with a roaring sound as of thunder the gale broke upon them. The winds were hot and scorching, and the air was full of flaming brands carried from the fire, which every one could see in their excitement coming in long flaming waves reaching seemingly cloud high and making a fearful booming snapping and hissing sound and pulled forward with great speed by the gale. Just before this Gertrude had sent the more timid child scouts into her own cabin promising the latter they should come out later for a peep out if they still wished it. Perrod, Francis, and some of the other boys, besides Harry Stanck, Jane Helfort and Mildred Maxwell, and even Violet, and her sisters were leaning against the bulkhead when the fire hurricane struck them.

For a moment they were half blinded, and crouched behind their shelter to recover from the spray and wind, and crouched down behind their shelter to recover themselves. Then with a hearty laugh at their crouched appearance, they made their way to the main mast, and then holding on by the relaying pins, they ran able to look fairly out on the gale. It was dark—so dark that for a time they could hardly see as far as the foremast. Around the water of the flood was white with foam looking like an angry ocean in a storm, the wind blew so fiercely that they could not hear each others voices, even when they shouted, and the huge raft labored heavily against the fast rising waves. Here Gertrude joined them and for some time clung there, watching the increasing fury of the wind until it became far worse, fairly blinding in fury, then drenched, and almost suffocated and strangled by the straits of the winds and water that they had been watching, they made their way with great difficulty down to the cabin, and had no sooner reached there, when a great terrible brightness overspread them as if the whole world suddenly became ablaze, and glancing shoreward, they saw to their dismay that the air of fire had come up to the very edge of the water near shore. The flames leaped higher than they could estimate, and the frightful winds bore to them even intolerable heat even from that distance that they were glad to dive into the cabin to escape it.

Here the feeling of "sensitiveness" for those not on the water before, which the excitement of the raft had caused so high had ceased and which now were off increased rapidly, and they were glad to slip off their upper clothes and to throw themselves upon their berths or bunks before the main fury of the sickness came on. The whole scene was a sort of horrible nightmare, when one moment those lying on the berths seemed to be on their heads, and the next upon their feet, but never lying down in a comfortable position, when sometimes the roof or ceiling of the cabin seemed under their feet, and sometimes the floor above everything would seem to go round and round, the noise too, the sound of the burning and falling trees, the groaning and thumping, and the creaking, the thud of the waves, and the thump of the maddens, the sound of falling objects on the decks, and bewilderment—although altogether it was a very unpleasant sensation. They all had dim visions of Gertrude coming in several times to see them, and to give them a cup of tea or coffee and to say something cheering to them, and all had many times a distinct idea that they had wished themselves under water instead of on top. About an hour passed, and the windstorm showed some signs of abatement but the fire on shore was something awful to behold. It was an inferno indeed a something like hell on earth. Gertrude came in again and said to the sick children "Now kids make an effort and come upon deck, it's no use lying there,

and as it is not so hot outside now, the abatement of the storm will do you good. It's cooler now as the winds are dying down and changing direction. The fire hurricane had swept across and is passing."

However two dim go groans and sighs were the only response to this appeal.

"You I know you poor kids feel very bad, and that it is difficult to get out still it is worth making the effort, and you will be very glad of it after wards. You'll see the big fire ashore too. Come jump up else I shall empty some water over you. There, you need not take much time at dressing" she went on as the children seeing that she was in earnest turned out of their berths with a groan. "Just hold on by something, and get your heads over the tain, I will empty the jugs on them and it'll make you feel better. There now you will feel better, slip on some of your clothes and come to the deck. You will see a great big fire."

It was hard work for the sick child scouts however to obey orders for the big raft rolled so tremendously and was swayed sometimes to the side that they could not even hardly proceed with their dressings, and many times they found themselves lying flat on the floor, and were often also interrupted by sea sickness which the roll of the huge craft produced. However Gertrude sent some one to help them, to joke with them until they were ready to go up. Then taking them by the arms, they assisted them up the stairs to the decks. Miserable as these boys and girls felt, they could not suppress an exclamation of wonder, amazement, and admiration at the fierce and yet most magnificent if not hellish scene before them. The flood waters was tossed up like the seas in a hurricane near the West Indies, these great masses of water which as they roared the huge raft, threatened to overwhelm it, but which as it rose on their summits passed harmlessly under her hurling however at times tons of water upon the decks. The winds were still blowing fiercely from the direction of the land, and hotter winds they were high near to scorching as they brought off the heat direct from the conflagration, and the whole shore as far as they could see was all aflame, but a rift in the flames appeared here and there which showed the places where a great many trees had fallen before the gale. The flames threw a brilliant bright ray of glares upon the tossing waters making many different and weird reflections, sometimes yellow, then crimson and even pink.

The excitement of the scene, the terrific heat, the flames trying to reach across the sky, the difficulty of keeping their feet, and the influence and dreadful heat of the roaring winds, the air being full of fire brands which even fell frequently upon the raft soon had the effects which Gertrude really had desired. The children however looked somewhat frightened and although they still had an occasional relapse of "sensitiveness" they felt quite like people who were almost lost, and yet still in hell were just escaping across Hell's Water Lake and yet would not return to the blank miseries of the cabin upon any consideration as they were held spell bound by the most thrilling scene of their lives. They were soon able to eat a piece of dry toast which Gertrude brought with a cup of coffee at breakfast time.

By eight o'clock in that morning the force of the hot winds had greatly abated (for the rage of a fire hurricane doesn't last long), and although the heavy waves of the flood still continued, the motion of the big raft was very much easier. The glare of the flames shone across the water brightly, and soon as the distance was about over entirely, and a north west wind started to blow the waters was cleared of the smoke fog and finally all were again on deck for more hours of finer weather, with even the sun shining through the black haze, and this recruited all the force and draft was their enjoyment as the raft entered the submerged town of Tagus and stemming between the picture of ruins and blackening debris and past China bunks dropped her anchor there to see whether the gale and winds and waters had not done any damage to the raft or raft. They did not delay long, but through it was their fierce experience in a flood rained city. Then seeing the raft was sound as before the trip was resumed coming now into a much wider stretch of water where they were farther away from the gale, they, and yet they still continued to view the ruins of floating towns.

Eventually were still, and they hoped for broad daylight to see more, but they were to be disappointed. Their heads for miles, and miles there was nothing but a flat stretch of moving water, and they could see in the distance or from the distance at which they were almost slowly floating little except the spires of the submerged churches and the roofs of a few of the more lofty houses above the swirling waters, and sometimes a fleet of floating wooden houses, long stretches of jammed debris, and articles of all kinds. All the scene here was most disappointing.

"That a distance we are floating past that rained town" Jane said when they had passed from their first feeling. "It must be four or five miles

"Oh no please," Jane said, "we
"All right. The horses are here, come and take them."
Some of the other Irish boys and girls, Angeline, Ageline, and
could rather go with her. According to the girls' opinion, and to
the two Jennings girls and the others who were married around Gertrude, all the
Angeline please took the load in one knew knew the country by heart, all the
others married the horses, prepared for them, all the right amount of
was placed on accompanying the horses and tied to the cattle, for the whole
party was to start at once, though it was believed they would not reach the
party still past dinner time, if not later.

He was very much delighted to see the soldiers. They had halted here several days. The Italian men were very friendly for them, and insisted to which they all had to go and see their tank now and riding on the road back through the hills and rocky atmosphere and exercise had given them the keener of appetite. They were waited upon by the soldiers one of them who was an Italian, and Francis Pickford. Pickford said that there were a good many soldiers of this National National in the Abyssinian army, and that although they were not of the Abyssinian type they made excellent Christian soldiers, and were

without flinching. During dinner the conversation turned chiefly upon the condition of the country north of Abbeinn, whether any enemies were in the territory, and upon the events upon the voyage on the flood. After it was over a boy named known as George Thompson, and also another by the name of Jimmie Thompson proposed to some of the boys to take a stroll around the place and view the wreckage before the trip would be resumed. One of the officers lit their cigars or cigarettes and took their seats upon the veranda and some of the girls went to explore the remains of the once handsome and beautiful garden. The conversation of Gertrude Angelina and Francis Pickford (a lad of thirteen) turned of course upon the topics of the isolation of the coast country, its position, and prospects, and upon the many advantages about hardships and working through--and true to what all has been said, it seemed as if we were lost souls, yet spared the real horrors of true suffering, and yet roaming and wandering for a way to escape. All in darkness, no machine, death and destruction all around us, and a stillness that we cannot even comprehend. If people were here in dreadful misfortune, and damn too it would be like a real infernal region. Oh if we ever find out that the enemy did this, I'll--I'll--

"This is not one bit like I expected, Gertrude, after all you've told us about hardships and working through--and true to what all has been said, it seemed as if we were lost souls, yet spared the real horrors of true suffering, and yet roaming and wandering for a way to escape. All in darkness, no machine, death and destruction all around us, and a stillness that we cannot even comprehend. If people were here in dreadful misfortune, and damn too it would be like a real infernal region. Oh if we ever find out that the enemy did this, I'll--I'll--"

"Do not be afraid Jennie dear" Joyce said gloomily however--for her sisters voice had a tinge of worry and apprehension in it. "One of us won't be cheated out of our efforts this time I promise you. Papa wrote me not long ago, to tell you which unfortunately I forgot, he had sent me an offering for a thousand miles said, for the success of our undertakings. He feels sure, the enemy did this, but you know we cannot do anything until we have proof. Then we'll go to Abbeinn and start things humming."

"You and Abbeinn is a very different sort of place than it was when I first came here," said Penrod with a grudgingly. "Now it's under water. I really wish Glandolinia was under the dead sea." and he said this in a way that showed he meant it with all his heart. "You sure have some beautiful sympathy for Glandolinia," said Francis Pickford, smiling. "Of course now this is a very lonely region. There is nothing in sight for fifty miles but this desolation. This country once was deeply settled and now there is not a living soul except as of course, it is like being on the moon."

With some of the daylight coming back again as the northwest wind renewed they spent a half hour riding over the desolate estate which consisted of four square leagues--that is to say six miles each way--and in examining the various groups of deposits left by the flood for valuable articles. Gertrude herself had in the meantime started on a tour of inspection through the iron provinces most likely to suit for good traveling without going through too much mud. While she was away, the boys and girls who wished cleaned up a little around the estate, and to a water themselves to the work and duties of the life they were to lead, as this old building could be used as a sort of headquarters later on. Into this they entered for two hours with the greatest zest. Even long horseback riding was nothing for them for often these boy and girl scouts had been in the saddle not exactly from morning till night, but from morning till next morning. All of them were more or less returned from exposure to sun and heat and many of them looked like young South Americans and gunchos. All of the boys counted themselves as fine looking boys, and being Abbeinnian they all have gingham faces. The dress of the boys and girls are always very picturesque. The girls wear the longer dresses but the boys wear something on the line of loose calzoncillos worked and fringed around at the bottom. Above this is a sort of shirt as arranged that it has the effect of very loose trousers. These shirts are of the brightest colors woven in stripes. The shirt is of yellow in flannel and the coats in the form of jockeys and their hats too. Their coats are very long and are made of leather (this is very strange) They girls and boys alike wear a broad leather belt with holsters attached for pistols and with a number of pockets in the belt in which different weapons like knives and bayonets and still others are stuck. The outside of the belt the stretch for cartridges or cartridges holders. They always, when not on duty wear gay silver and brass ornaments upon themselves and their horses, and therefore do not at all appear as if they were really scouts but just boys and girls out on some gay carnival time. Their saddles are fine and light, and any body can ride them. After two hours had made it a pace, Gertrude returned with the welcome news that she had made her

choice, and that she had discovered a tract of land across which her force could march with ease, by way of a flooded river some twenty miles southwest of Abbeinn near Ricardo Creek and consequently only a few hours or a day's journey from where they were now station established. Gertrude looked a little more when she mentioned this, and Penrod said so when he heard her mention the location of the stream but he only said that he was very glad that she had succeeded in finding a land landscape over which they could travel toward Abbeinn more easily. After the first two days were over, Gertrude proceeded to satisfy the curiosity of her hearers as to the new route they were to take.

"It's a clearer land, where there's rolling hills covered with nice beautiful forests, with leaves that make them look like a forest of Parsely in the distance. There's a clearing in the forest about six miles square or of about twenty five thousand acres, and when we get there we can camp for a general dinner. There is a half flooded stream running through the forest, there are a good many openings in the forests considering that it appears to be the Mic-jolleston woods, and there are many good elevations which when you climb a tree gives a fine view over the whole country, and we'll have interesting travel, though from on the travel will consist of going at night. In the small stream falls into the larger one, and will I think be useful for drinking purposes. There seems to be an abundance of game so we'll not go hungry on the expedition to Abbeinn, there is ducks, geese, and swans upon the river, and lastly the woods are defenseless, the woods grow very high so that if there are foes about they couldn't so easily detect us. And a great point is, that it is only twenty miles from here so that we could have a very interesting travel."

"That is the most important point (providing it is sharp) Penrod said. "But Ricardo Creek is the most rising stream in the country, and we'll have plenty of watchouts by and by."

"Is there any Glandolinian army near or near the whereabouts, Gertrude?" asked Francis Pickford.

"There is one within thirty miles of the woods thence to whom it belongs I do not know, and the ground between us is principally occupied by Glandolinians, and we'll have plenty of "Good" neighbors near, but we'll watch out nevertheless, that we won't have them all around us. They're Om-runs. I can tell by their hats."

"If the advantages of travel through that section is so great Gertrude how is it that you have succeeded in finding it so infested with those Glandolinians. I understood from Angelina's phone, and Maud Angelina that all in land not under flood or burning is Glandolinian possessed, and that was likely to increase in danger."

Gertrude hesitated. "Well Francis the land is at present upon the extreme verge of Glandolinian armies, and if they see us the Glandolinians are apt to be very troublesome and make my many make attacks or may not. No doubt I believe the thing has been exaggerated, still there is something in it, and the consequence is, there's worse peril further north which I discovered, which makes traveling that way impossible entirely, and I'd rather chance the meeting with those Glandolinians than chance the dangers northward."

"They say a great proportion of these Glandolinian Tales are built up of very small foundations," Penrod said cheerfully, as the faces of many of the new recruits looked somewhat serious. Then listening to Gertrude's description of her scouting tour they forgot all about the Glandolinians.

Many of the boys and girls however by no means did so, they even knew right along where Glandolinian army was there or near there, and as they walked away to sit on a log one boy by the name of Charles said:

"I think we're going to have the most thrilling and exciting adventure of our lives upon George, for I noticed that Penrod looked very grave when Gertrude first said there she had discovered a "good" route. Depend upon it we shall have fun with them after all. It's a wonder how an army of Glandolinians or I'll bet my hat and its the biggest army Glandolinia yet has in the field. They're was supposed to move against Vivianina to help the rebel Mylatzo, but he's battling general Vivian, and the Abbeinn affair just now."

They would have thought it still more likely had they heard the conversation between Gertrude and "Bright Eyed Mary" after the two were alone for a few minutes, for she too had overheard the conversation between Gertrude and Penrod.

"Well, my dear Francis," said Penrod, how came you with such a nice force of troops at your back to make such a blunder as to think of going through a country so exposed and so possessed by a great and mighty Glandolinian army under general Richardson Phillips. Their army is 100,000,000 strong. And no one dares to go see him. Why if I was in a country infested by Indian attacks I'd think it sport compared to this risk. I look upon your proposition as rank madness."

"There is absolutely all in what you say Mary, and I thought the whole matter over, before I decided it, and went scouting north. The north is straight ahead is absolutely impassable, for the main of the army is situated there as well as an impassable portion of the forest fires. There is a great risk either way—a greater risk than even you think Mary, but I am still more a great risk either way—a greater risk, but I believed if we'd travel through there by night and dress ourselves all in black we can pass through without detection. Otherwise we'll have to abandon the expedition and go back. General Tumorline does not expect us here at any rate, his army too is not in those woods for the Glandelinians fear the fires and that ought to give us an advantage. We shall be all well prepared and well armed and should therefore have no fear of our personal safety. We can also look out in case a portion of the fire swings upon our own forest. As to our horses we cannot use them as the woods are too thick, and the roads are too narrow, and besides to ride them through the woods would cause detection. But we got to take our chance one way or turn back to general Tumorline's army. It's only for a whole night at least and we'll surely then pass the rebel army. After that we shall have open country all around us, and if the Glandelinian army should spot us and move after us as I do anticipate and if, as I believe the Rosario Creek is a fordable one we can in time of peril send a wireless telegraph to general Evans and he'll come here in a rush with his army. I shall take care not to go too fast about it however, and shall have scouts on the watch. I think at the end of the night you will agree with me that I have done wisely in choosing that route."

"I have no doubt that our expedition will be made with evident success as you say by night and that in the long run your spec. speculation will be a very successful one, but it is a terrible risk. I think I've heard lots about general Tumorline, and he's like little lambs marching to meet a flock of lions suffering from Hydrophobia."

"I don't think he's as dangerous as they say Mary. Besides we have a pretty strong cavalry escort, and we ourselves are all good crackshots. There is not a boy or girl among us and you know it. I think I've heard lots about general Tumorline, and he's like little lambs marching to meet a flock of lions suffering from Hydrophobia."

In another hour, or two, Gertrude Angelina (taking main command) and all the Regiment with Violet and her sisters around Gertrude, and the soldiers taking up the front and the rear started down toward the direction she had indicated. They decided it was safer to make the trip by raft, and by night fall all were on board, and soon the raft moved off shore.

The voyage now resumed. Up the flood was marked by no particular incident this time. The distance to the spot they were heading for was about a little over twenty miles which was expected to be performed by the fast moving raft in about two hours or more. The flood here was quite narrow being only twenty miles across and was completely studded by trees and floating houses, so they had to use precautionary measures so the raft wouldn't get jammed. The scenery seemed wooded and dark, and the banks were heavily forested. They were therefore glad when they finally arrived at what Gertrude said was Rosario Creek. However they were all somewhat disappointed at the aspect of the ruined town they came upon, which had been once a big place and looked over now small enough to contain only half a thousand inhabitants, and looked miserably ruined. Here however they were not by a courier to whom general Tumorline had once introduced Gertrude, and with whom he had stayed during his first coming to her camp.

"What are all these poor boys and girls doing here? I had not expected to have seen so large a force of fine looking girls and boys. Why they look like little midget soldiers."

Indeed all of the Regiment deserved this name commendation for they were "midget" soldiers and were remarkably strong for their ages. Many looking a year or two older than they really were. In a few minutes they were on their way toward the forest spoken of by Gertrude, which was about half way, the distance from there they had now left their concealed quarters. They found that the courier had most satisfactorily performed the commission with which Gertrude had intrusted him. He had a company of men with him and had brought a couple of rough country carts, three pair of heavy horses half a hundred riding horses, two milking cows and a score or so of sheep (or perhaps) and cattle to supply the herder for the day. He had a horse brought with him fourteen Germanians—and a dangerous American gun named Herdude Lopez who was a tall swarthy man, whose father was an Irishman, and his mother an American, and brought two other men, one who was a German—Prussian called Hans Fritz, who had been in the country since he was a little boy, the other an Irish man called Patrick Kelly, whose face the boys and girls remembered at once as having coming to their army a little before the time of the battle. The last man was

an American one of those kind of wandering fellows who are never contented to remain anywhere, but are always pushing on and if they thought that the further they went the better it would be for them. He was a good crackshot, a good man and there were few thin things which he could not do. Gertrude was pleased with their appearance, they all were powerful men and accustomed long to military life. Their clothes for they did not wear any uniforms—uniform were a real disgrace to them. Their clothes were being rough and of a miscellaneous kind a mixture of European and Indian garb and a little Indian too with the exception of the Irishman who wore a long blue tailed coat and brass buttons of the "old country". Despite the fact that there might be grave peril in going through this part of the country every one was in the highest spirits at being at last really on the way, and as a light sometimes showed some of them from the reflection of fires they had a hearty laugh at the appearance of their cavalcade.

Through these woods there were no road or tract of any kind, and consequently everyone instead of following in a file as they would have done out in the open the whole force struggled along in a most confused body. First came the Glandelinian soldiers, then the animals, the sheep and the horses. Behind them marched the child scouts and then came Lopez in his full uniform and a long whip in his hand which he always carried and which he could have cracked with the report of a pistol had he not been cautioned to be quiet. The first man to be seen was Hans Fritz who sat upon a horse and his disguise was certainly the berries. His head was covered with a very old and battered straw hat of farmers kind through several broad holes in which his yellow hair trailed out in a most comic fashion and over his blue flannel shirt a large red beard flowed almost beyond his waist, though of course the beard was false. The Irish man was walking by the side of one of the crackshots in corduroy breeches, and gaiters, and blue green coat with a high black stovepipe hat battered and bruised all out of shape, on his head. They had worn these disguises to get through to find Gertrude and her troop. The Yankee himself rode sometimes near one, some times by another seldom exchanging a word with any one. He wore a fur cap (regarding the heat of the weather) made of fox's skin, a faded blanket with a hole cut in the middle for his head to go through fell from his shoulders to his knees. He and Lopez each led a couple of spare horses. Two Matiff dogs trotted along by the horses and two fine retrievers called Nero and Cain galloped about through the thick brush. The forest was over a high rolling plain and the trees in some spots were so thick you couldn't get through, and therefore they had to keep to the wide trails and the others all wondered not a little how Angelina, whose she acted as guide, knew the direction she was to take. After about an hour or so of marching and the riding Angelina Kichee pointed to a rather large clearing, a clearing much larger than usual in the distance and said:

"There's where we were going to stop for our supper."

"Hush!" shouted the English boy. "We ride on Angelina!"

"Yes boy, I will ride with you." And off they started leaving the rest of the party to follow on behind.

"And how you gallop gallop boys! The ground is honeycombed with many pitfalls left when the enemy tramped through these woods, and if your horse threads in he will go over his head."

"I don't think there is any danger of that!" the boy who had more than sufficiently good opinion of himself said. "I can stick on pretty tight, and also—" He had not time to finish his sentence, for Angelina's horse suddenly seemed to go down on his head, there was the crack of a rifle shot simultaneously and Angelina was sent flying two or three yards or more through the air, descending with a heavy thud upon the soft dry earth among the weeds and thistles. She was up in a moment again, except for a knock on the eye against her gun which she was carrying before her and after a minute's painful look she joined heartily in the shouts of laughter of the others at her expense. However the horse had not tripped but had been shot down by some sniper or the crack of the rifle had been heard.

"Angelina managed to jump on another horse, and they were soon off again, but this time at a more moderate pace. There was no use then of trying to locate who had fired the shot, for it was too dark to see. They had however reached the clearing and soon crossed a little stream, running east to fall into the main stream which formed the boundary of the clearing. Clearing upon that side, and they all saw they were now upon their own chosen land for the supper. They had now drawn rein and as there was some light from some glare far away they looked around upon the clearing which was to be their supper and temporary resting place. As far as could be seen the darkness the clearing was like a flat plain with a few slight elevations and some half dozen trees, extended. The grass was tall and stiff intermingled with the tall forest flowers literally mingled with innumerable flowers at that. Strange objects could be seen lying in the distance, and a short examination enabled Gertrude to see with her glasses that they were a scouting party of Glandelinians, to the surprise of the boys and girls.

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"Where have you fixed for the day, carrying outfit for the day?" Angelina
Joanna asked....
"There, have those three green men standing upon the highest swell you can
see (about a mile and a half further). We will point once, the others will
see us."

Another ten or twenty minutes took them to the place Gertrude had pointed out
and her companions agreed that nothing could be better for a camping spot for
it was impossible to travel further through the woods without daylight. At the
foot of the slope the river which formed the northern boundary flowed
distant a mile and a quarter or more from the foot of the rise, to the
east another stream came down between the slope of the clearing and another
less elevated rise beyond. This stream at this spot had a rather rapid fall
and was distant about half a mile from the intended site of the night camp.
The main stream was eight hundred yards across and was now full of flood
water. In some places the bank was so thickly wooded you could get to the
stream and thick clumps of brush and bushes grew with the forests beside it.
They now took off the saddles and bridles from their horses (those that had
horses) and allowed them to range as they pleased knowing that military used
horses were accustomed to be let free, and that there was no fear of their
straying away.

"Now everybody," warned Gertrude "let us begin by first getting our supper.
We have plenty of provisions with us and we can start cooking right away and
then we'll..."

At this moment the reports of guns followed close upon one another.
"Maybe some," signals somewhere," said Gertrude. "But never mind it's too dark
and they can't see us. We have plenty of GR. sauce and eleven ducks which we
brought with us off the raft."

"One of the boys captured alive four geese and eleven ducks even in
this darkness in about five minutes," one of the girls said, when they joined
Gertrude. "That is not bad hunting to begin with without shooting." "....."

"Not at all boys, it is rather unusual. What with wild fowls, and rabbits
and other provisions I think that at a good pitch we could live some time without
starving on route route to Abbeism."

"Yes, don't mean to say, Gertrude, "that they captured rabbits!" "One of the
boys asked in astonishment."

"They did indeed Joan, and I am told that they are not at all very bad
for eating. Now let us go forth and eat our supper."

By the time they were grouped in the large clearing they found that the rest
of the troop was within a quarter of a mile, and in a few minutes they came.
The cattle and sheep however did not need any attending to. Immediately they
found they were not required to continue the trip any farther than the
clearing, and therefore they scattered and began to lie down some to graze,
the horses being unhitched from the wagons, and all hands set to unload the
amount of goods they intended to be eating, and which had been brought up
in the wagons. Only the things which Gertrude had considered as prizes
for the supper had been allowed to be removed from the wagons all the heavier
goods being left on. The wagons also contained large cases containing the worst
weapons, carbines, and the like, and ammunition and hand grenades, and small
machine guns... There also were a number of cartridges with tea, coffee,
salt and pepper a sack of flour many cooking pots, frying pans tin plates,
deeshes, and mugs, the shovels carpenters tools and fire fighting implements
pickles and the like a number of rolls of felt dozens of wooden posts and ten
large coils of iron barbed wire. While the others were busy unloading the food
provisions for the coming, supper, the German had had cut some high turf and
build a rough but big fireplace, and soon had a hot but well shaded fire
blazing for they must take means that no fire in seen by the foe. Besides it
to be protected so breeze would not start to blow the sparks and entern
around and produce another forest blaze here.

"Shall we pluck all the birds?" the English lad asked.

"You don't know as way of cooking yet son," said Violet herself and took
one of the ducks, while her sisters and some of the others did the same.
They broke off their heads and pinions and in another minute they had roughly
skinned them, and threw them to the German and Yankee soldiers to do them
and put the various fowls into the frying pans.

A similar process was performed with the many other ducks and a little
pepper and salt shaken over them and in a wonderfully short time the first
batch was ready. All drew round and sat among the high grass the 'in plates
were distributed but were only used by the officials, the others using the
'better dishes and so on, as the officials believed in treating their followers
better than themselves. The operation of plucking the fowls could not have
flourished to place at had they not been used to it, and if they had not been
used to it indeed it would have made them all lose their humor, but their
former experiences had made it so. This was not so with them in the last, per-
boy and girlscout. Some absolute primitive cooking and it was nevertheless
always excellent, and after enjoying a box of treas all felt ready for
the work.

"But in the end, the first thing was the question."

"The first thing is to get these boys into the wood, and to form up
a wide force to form an enclosure for all our animals at night so to
prevent them from being stolen in case the enemy would find out of
our presence and start a raid. We will put in ten posts each side, and
pace them at ten yards apart or so that will take about thirty or forty
posts for the full completion. With that we might have left we can form
a division to separate the sheep from the cattle as they may not get along
together. Unless we do this, the enemy might take it to his head to clean
out of every animal we got, and besides this earlier to defend too."

A good spot was therefore chosen between a portion of the clearing, and
the more impassable stream on the left. The distance was not measured and
marked by the help of the conflagration rows and while Hans carried down
the heavy posts one by one upon his shoulder, all the others assigned to do so
went to work. Indeed the soil was soft and rich and the holes were dug
to the required depth in a far shorter time than would have been believed
possible. Too all the while the work had to be accomplished without causing the
slightest disturbance or noise to even speak. The fire was stretched
and fastened and before ten o'clock everything was in readiness. The animals
were driven in and the entrance which was narrow was blocked up with brush
and wreckage from the river. Then followed another half hour of toil
in setting up small shelters for those who feared to sleep outside. By this
time all were really tired and were glad when Hans summoned them to come to

another meal (breakfast) and this time one of the sheep. Then Gertrude
and many of her girl and boy scout officers to long taking their mugs of tea
and retired into the shelters prepared for them and sat and talked over the
events of the night and as to the march on the following night and then
wiping themselves up in their blankets lay down to sleep listening for some
time dreamily to the hum of conversation of the soldiers who were sitting
and smoking round the fire and to the hoarse roar of the innumerable frogs
in the stream below and occasionally the cries of Abbeismian sentries
so far distant.

In the morning they were up and abroad with the time for daylight, and a
cup of hot coffee and a piece of bread or toast prepared them for the next
move of the expedition. Gertrude, her boy scout, and the Yankee went on for
some distance and decided then to scout, while the others were sent to
work upon the framework of two damaged wagons which had been found while
others went down to the stream and cut a quantity of long coarse rushes, which
they made into huge bundles and brought up to the wagons. The framework for
the wagons which were about each fifteen feet long was already fitted and also
numbered and it took a very short time to erect and when one was done Gertrude
and the Yankee set to aid the boys erect the other while Francis Stano and
Pickford drove in the nails and secured the work already done.

So many helped at it that the work was done only in a few minutes say fifteen
minutes and a perfect stack of rushes had been raised in readiness. A great
number of long rods had been cut from the bushes and as most of them
were as flexible as t and tough as willows they well suited for the purpose.
After breakfast the whole party of boys nearest waited to their labor to
get the wagons somewhat armoured. The rods were split in two and were covered
round with sheet iron and were nailed at intervals across the rafters of the
top. Upon them the long rushes were laid and over all heavy iron was
fastened by the soldiers who were mechanics. The sides were treated in the
same way except that the rushes were woven in and out between the battens
so as to make quite a close compact wall and iron also being fastened to it.
The other wagon was treated in the same way and it was not until ten o'clock
that morning before the two wagons were finished.

Gertrude and her officials decided to take possession of one of them.
This however was to be only temporarily used. After this before the main trip
was to be resumed Gertrude told about ten of the boys to scout through the
woods for a certain distance and see how the way was. The patrol work however
was over, and the trip could soon be resumed in a regular way. Hans and
others had decided to dig holes or pitfalls for those who might be enemies
and follow after the regiment. James the Yankee had formed a mine to blow
persons up as soon as they stepped there. The Mexican Abbeismian Lopez
was still to accompany them, and each were well armed, for some how or other
they seemed to small trouble brewing in the air. The morning was very
very gloomy, absolutely like a dark twilight--about as hot too almost as if
the had been travelling through some African jungle. Gertrude proposed that
they should go on the march and that the scouting party should first
ride slowly as far as the clearing extended, six miles from the
river that they should then go to the northwestward until they reached
the main forest and should follow through that to the river by whose banks
they should proceed in general, and too while on the march to try and capture
or kill game but to use their bow and arrows instead, which they always
carried for shooting could make noise and disturb the enemy.

one of the shareholders killed was a Kingman.
Gertrude first came to remember the fact that they were captured.
One of the men however had his shoulder laid open by the stroke of the axe
and at last, and rather too late, he saw the danger. Gertrude decided to
return back to the clearing at once in order to save the boys' shoulder
dressed, and they started on their way back...

The Abingdon-Killam soldier was accustomed to the work, and knew the way. "The boy could not do about it, the American and the Irishman knew a lot more about it and was willing to turn their land to anything. First a large piece of ground was cleared of grass, and was leveled, and then some boards were hammered together so as to form a rough table. They decided to form a wall around the house out of logs. A piece of extra ground was chosen near to form the works. The turf was taken off, the soil was dug up, and one of the soldiers drove the horses round and round over it trampling it into

Heavy soft mud for they intended to use it for forming a parapet to catch any small arms fire, and a water tank for use in case of necessity. The boys had not been prepared for it. When this ditch was full they prepared to start another. It was hard work for all indeed, and the heat of the morning was too great to allow them to all work at it too steadily, but they did it by turns.

Bridge were made over the ditches. The boys had just finished the last ditch getting it ready for the mail, and were moving away, when one of them cried:

"Stop! Jam and down flat on the ground - quick."

Startled by the suddenness and sharpness of the cry, the boy obeyed and lay there without moving, and as surprised to see the other boys drop to their knees and suddenly open fire with their rifles.

"We've killed them," the boys cried triumphantly, and the boy looking

toward where the shots had been fired, saw a number of Glandelinian soldiers on horses drop to the ground, with a number of others on the swift retreat and the men coming up to see what was the matter, the Yankee said that if they had not seen them at the time and seen quick enough the Glandelinians would have ridden them down and captured them, for those Glandelinians were a woods patrol and had seen them there. The Glandelinians of that sort were more watchful than the others. Those who dared had returned to carry away their wounded. The boys grew pale at the thought of the narrow escape they had, and the one who had been exposed to the enemy fire was half inclined to cry at the thought of what might have happened. It was evidently they were indeed in dangerous territory.

Just at that moment they saw a large crowd of objects in the distance and the boys cut at once went off, to meet Gertrude and assist her to drive and the provisions she had captured in the raid. They found her reaching her that she had captured several wagons of provisions, and twenty cavalry horses - the horses being very well bred, and fast, and brought special especially for their own riding. Upon their arrival at the house the animals were turned into the enclosure and picketed. Indeed Gertrude was very much pleased at the sight of the two ditches filled with mud some distance in front of the house and gave credit to all for the amount of toil which had been done during her few hours of absence. Then before dinner she assigned to every one their share of the future toil. A number of boys were to go out and watch the movements of enemy patrols.

Those who could were to work at the house, while a number of boys were to take horses and plows and to plow up the ground in a way to make it hard going for enemy horses. Others were to dig pitfalls, which lying below the house near the river. Others were to dig pitfalls, which although already begun had been stopped during the press of more urgent toil, and the water required had been fetched from the stream in barrels placed in the wagons. In the rear of the house there was a large barn built in the adobe fashion or as mud houses are constructed and it is believed all readers must understand how such houses are made. It is as follows:

"The Mexicans and South Americans prepared the mud as if for the formation of bricks, but instead of being made into such, it is formed at once into the wall. The foundation is first dug out, and then leveled with stone with such mud between the boards are then placed on edge right down to the ground or two or three feet apart, that is depending how wide the walls are going to be made. These are kept in their places by two pieces of wood nailed but not too tightly across them. The space between these boards is filled with that sort of mud (just as good and reliable as mortar) in which chopped straw or straw even dried grass or turf and rye straw have been mixed to bind it together. When the boards are left for a day or so sometimes longer, while the builders proceed with the other parts of the wall.

The boards are then removed and the next of the mud soon dries the wall into a mass almost as hard as the brick. The boards are then put on again somewhat higher up and the process repeated until the walls have been built as high as the owner desired. However therefore had culled in the woods must have been some Mexican for they could tell that the walls had been finished in a fortnight and the walls of the barn inside were plastered with lime to keep in the mud with a bulley would continue to come from the walls. The boys who had employed the men to do the work had seen to it that a considerable amount of ground had been plowed up, and so now covered with weeds and other grass so as to hide the deep depression. Upon the return of some of the others who had went out scouting, the trenches were filled by earth, since underground. Gertrude intended to have regularly attended with many small pitfalls for one understood that the enemy frequently endeavor in their assaults to rush across open ground, and she therefore decided to have a line of many pitfalls made as possible.

But at last it seemed that all was finished. All the ground was made into numerous pitfalls, and whatever was to be done inside the house was accomplished. It was exactly close to dinner time closing on the last week of September that they had come here and all were very pleased that they had now quite a good fortification which they could use as long as they were compelled to stay here because of the barricade northward. They all gave three cheers for their new temporary abode. The tower they all agreed was in especial feature. It was built of heavy stone up to the height of the roof of the building itself but the upper stories had been built of brick over a foot wide and laid in mortar. The top had been embattled, and those who cheer boomed it laughed, and said the house appeared as if it were a sort of church they remembered going to at Home. It was a joyful day nevertheless, and the whole party sat down to a dinner of mutton and wild fowl of two or three sorts, while all those outside ate what was served to them.

At the dinner hour Gertrude told her officials that she was going to start right away to bring up the rest of the troop who were all getting very impatient indeed to be out upon the clearing. She explained to them that she should bring up the many coats with bedding, but that she relied upon them to increase their stock of axes and benches, and to put up shelves which would do for the time of being there. Gertrude thought also that she should not be away later than three or four o'clock, as by taking a long tour toward Rosario Creek she could catch the rest now to be coming off the raft, and as she had already signalled to Penrodd saying she would probably arrive, there would be no time to lose. Therefore she started immediately after dinner the last words of the whole force there saying:

"Be sure Gertrude to watch out for the enemy patrols, for the Glandelinian patrols are getting worse and worse, and more watchful and dangerous. We hardly closed an eye last night because the enemy made so much noise in their camps."

Hot as the weather produced by the distant forest fires was, the boys and even the girls worked incessantly at their carpentering for the next few hours and at the end they had the satisfaction of seeing a large table for dining at in the sitting room, and a small one to act as a side board, two long benches and a table and a long flap to serve as a dresser in the dressing room or kitchen, for the house had been found empty of furniture. They also had put up some shelves in the bedrooms, and some nails in the doors and walls for hanging up clothes. They were very tired at the end of two o'clock but they glanced around with a satisfied look, for they understood they had done their best. Then three of the boys followed by an escort and led by Angelina Hines were to ride to Rosario Stream to meet the rest of the scout force led by Gertrude. It was indeed a most joyful meeting, when Penrodd and the others stepped off the raft, but the first embrace were scarcely over when George Zimmerman exclaimed:

"Why comrades, what is the matter with your uniforms! I should not have recognized any of you."

"Well my dear, I thought that they would perhaps leave something of us till morning, but I felt almost inclined to go mad and jump overboard," said Penrodd. "It was a most dreadful night last night. It was something terrible."

"What was the trouble Penrodd?"

"Oh it's those dreadful Glandelinians," said Angelina. "They came in boats and tried their most desperate efforts to capture the raft. I fancied they were demons, and added to our discomfiture in the fight came those dreadful mosquitoes, there were millions on board the raft. I really thought they would take advantage of the fighting and eat us up. Didn't you think Jane?"

"I should say so. I didn't believe Glandelinians were around. I hope so certainly hope they are not around here Gertrude!!!!!!"

"No Mad not just now anyhow, they nothing so bad as they were last night in making so much noise, but as we are close to a vast Glandelinian army they will no doubt be, be very troublesome to us by and by, and I question whether the woods will protect us to any certain degree, but if you need my advice, and all remain on your guard we all may manage to do pretty well till we can resume our journey. It's also better to be ho, a than to be surprised by the enemy."

In spite however as they told all those who had been on board the raft and passed a bad night, and were quite ready to start the tripp. They were all to ride, with the exception of Gertrude, who decided to go in one of the wagons and they would therefore reach the clearing before night fairly set in. Verence having been told that Gertrude was not going to ride on horse this time had cut some boughs to use for lashing at brush. Gertrude at first felt rather anxious at the thought of leaving the raft almost unguarded, but Penrodd assured her, "Sure Gertrude, you have a strong force of men on board who will guard it, and no danger shall come near the raft at all for it'll be safe. The enemy cannot reach it now."

So for sale went ahead without suspense, and they all started the pretty fast for the clearing. While on the raft every one had been able all night and were able to talk away without ceasing of all that happened during the night. That now made the others realize that all the shooting was they had heard continue way into the night. The only caution now Bertie had to live with a hide back at James Greene was "Lay out for pitfalls" made to insure any attacking parties of the enemy. They had not gone more than half way before they met Francis Fitzpatrick Piskford who had ridden thus far to welcome his comrades. One of the first questions Dolores asked after the first greetings were over, was:

"Are there any glandelinian patrols around the clearing near Piskford?"
 "How many so far?" Francis said "I have no streams near either, but I understand a vast army under Phellinka Amerline is close by, but he doesn't know yet we are so near."

After waiting for a few minutes to rest after traveling through such a heat of the day they continued on down the stream where some of them saw a number of glandelinians spying on them from behind bushes, and shot them. They all soon reached the clearing, and the officers entered the houses where Jane and others swept the place with the greatest care, spread the table, arranged the benches set everything off to the best advantage and then devoted their whole exert energies to cooking, a whole excellent supper, which they would be sure every one would soon be ready for. This was just ready when from the lookout on the tower they saw the remainder of the regiment approaching. The supper was too important to be left, and they were therefore unable to come out to meet them. They were at the gate however as they rode up.

"Hurrah, hurrah!" They all shouted, as the rest of the regiment rode or marched up, and they too set up a cheer in return. Some of the Abyssinilian soldiers ran up to take the horses, and in another minute they were in their new position. The glandelinians themselves ran everywhere wild with delight, ascended to the lookout. Lookout clapped their hands at the sight of the sheep (the peep) and cattle, and also horses, and could hardly be persuaded to sit down and eat some supper. Penrod himself was less loud in his commendation of everything, but he nevertheless was greatly pleased with the new home and positions in the clearing of the woods, which was much more stronger and comfortable and better protected than he had expected.

"This is good and plentiful food," Penrod said to Mary. "It is more like being on a picnic than being in camp, now we should and shall enjoy it to be sure, if the enemy is not too near to put in any interference. They we set too after supper, and wash up. We haven't been clean really for weeks or months, and this is our first opportunity for real baths, and so forth."

"Certainly Mary, and it is well that we all could have the chance to get cleaned up for once.... Now too we shall have to be upon our best mettle and see how nicely the boys, and the other glandelinians, have prepared the supper. These beautiful geese are excellent and the chicken done to a turn. They will have a great laugh on us if we the professed chefs do not do at least as well."

"Ah but see what practice they have been having Penrod."
 "Yes Mary," Penrod said, "and I can tell you it is only one or two things any of the rest of us can do well. Birds of fowl done in this fashion, and chops and other meats are about the limits. If we tried anything else, we made an awful mess of it, as to puddings, we will never attempt them, and shall be very glad in the way of something for the creation of bread, for we are heartily tired of these flat hard breads." "QAZ"

"Why did you only have this high middle wall white washed only half the way up Gertrude?" demanded Penrod.

"In the first place," Gertrude said, "I did not have it done, and in the second, it was white washed before we came here by the owner, and in the third we are going to set to work at once to put a few light rafters across, and to nail felt below them, and clean it so as to form a ceiling. Too it will make the rooms look less bare, and what should be more important it will save them a good deal of color."

"You get milk for all of us I hope?"
 "Yes," Gertrude said, "The cows we have secured are brought along, with us are accustomed to be milked, and I and other have done it until now, but we shall hand them over to your own milkers, and your girls will have to learn and not be afraid of cows, because they have horns."

The girls first glanced at each other triumphantly.
 "Perma, we all now more about milking than you think," Gertrude said.

"Yes indeed," said Penrod, "All my glandelouts and boys too are going to be very useful little children, and Gertrude I will tell you a secret. A very good secret, while you were all here in the clearing during the time of day and night, my glandelouts as the boys too often during the same day left the raft for the shore, to try and capture game and poultry for theirs and our use, of which we secured a great many.... I saw how very anxious they all were to learn to be useful, and so as we had secured

a good number of cows I offered to teach them to milk, and to manage a dairy, and to bake butter and cheese. And believe me they worked regular and willingly, till I saw any one of them could form butter as well as I could. It has been a great secret of course for the girls and boys did not even wish you to know it yet, so that it might be a very pleasant surprise...."
 "Very well done comrades," Gertrude said, "You sure gave me a surprise indeed, and it is a most pleasant one. Penrod you kept the secret capably, and never so much as whispered a single word to me about it."

Gertrude's boys and girls too were delighted, for they had not tasted, butter since they had first joined the boy and girl scout force, and they promised already enough, to make a number of rough churns with the least possible delay. By eight seven o'clock more wagons arrived with the others and some of the baggage brought off the raft, and then there was toil for the rest of the evening, putting up the beds, and abating everything in order. The men to certain ornaments were fitted to the beds and therefore all felt gratified at the thought that they should be able to do the day the little blood suckers. They observed that on their calendar the following day was to be Sunday and therefore no necessary toil was to be done. After supper the benches were brought in from the bedrooms and the boy and girl scout officers assembling, Gertrude read prayers from her Prayer Book offering up a special prayer for the blessing and protection of God and his blessed Mother upon themselves and their stronghold. Afterwards Gertrude and the new comers were shown over the whole place and clearing before it got too dark, and also showed them the storehouse, and the places for the men to sleep the night through, the rivers, and the fields plowed up to hinder the advance of a foe.

"The ground is very rich, burned up by some recent fire that once passed through here," Gertrude said. "If a fire would ever come upon us here...."

"Ah but I have a good plan to prevent that," Gertrude said, "And I did carry it out. See if you can tell what it is."

Neither of the boy and girl scout officers could imagine or dream. "First when I described the place to you I told you that there was a big stream or river with a smaller one running into it, and I thought that this last would be very useful. I had examined all the burned over ground very carefully, and I discovered that the small stream ran for some distance between the slight rises of ground which narrow in sharply to each other just below our newly found fortification. Now I found that a temporary dam of not more than fifty feet wide and eighteen feet high or more if possible would form a sort of large body of water a quarter of a mile long and about sixty feet wide. From this the water would flow over the whole flat due to the river in front of our fortified home and away to the left and will cause our lands to remain moist. That will prevent any danger of a blaze coming upon us. My boys had entered with great enthusiasm in our scheme and many of them had gone to work at the spot where I had wished the dam to be formed. I had not the slightest doubts that if the earth was properly puddled or stamped when wet that it would prevent the water from coming through too soon. It had been accomplished most excellently when it grows lighter to morning I'll show it to you."

"There is one point very important point connected with this new spot which had been absolutely forgotten or neglected, do you understand what that is?" demanded Penrod.

Gertrude, Angelina and the others glanced at each other in great perplexity, and in vain endeavored to think of any important omission. Then Gertrude suddenly said:

"I know what you mean Penrod."

"What is it?"

"You mean," said Gertrude, "our new place which is temporarily has not been given any name. I suggest that we fix upon one at once. Now what name shall we all give it.....?"
 The suggestions made indeed were very many but no one agreed to them. At last Mad Angelina said,:

"I have heard that there is in America a city called Chicago, though I cannot tell what part of America it is in. Now what do you say to calling it Chicago Fort? It's a nice name and it'll be a very pleasant place to remain until the barricade north of us passes."

The approbation of the suggestion was general and amid great cheering it was settled, that the fortified home and grounds should be called "Chicago Woods." Gertrude then told of how the dam had been prepared. That morning the boys had been steadily at work at eighteen wheelbarrows, for which which had been made out of wheels and iron work, and fifty of the boys and men had went down to the stream and toiled hard to strip off the turf and to dig out a strip of ground eighty five feet wide along the line where the dam (what a name) was to come. The ditch was then walled and puddled... when the barrows were completed, they had been brought into the work, and so many hundreds had been toiling that in ten hours a dam had been raised at least seven feet high, six feet wide at the top and sixty feet wide at

two inches. In the middle of it, as Gertrude explained a space of two feet wide was left through which the little stream was allowed to continue to run. Two posts with grooves in them were set driven in one on either side of this, and thus the work was finished. A small sluice had been put at the entrance to this to regulate the quantity of water allowed to flow and then the boys had been progressed in closing up the dam. A great quantity of earth was first collected and made wet as possible and piled on the top of the dam and on the slopes by its side so as to be in readiness, and Gertrude had often watched the operation. Gertrude explained how a number of boards four feet long, and cut to fit the grooves, had been slipped down into them forming a solid wall and then upon the upper side of those the padded ground had been thrown down into the stream, many of the boys standing below into the water, and pounding down the earth with rammers.

The success as she explained to Penrod had been complete, for it only took a few hours before the tap in the dam was filled up, and they had had the satisfaction of seeing the little stream finally overflow into its tanks and widening at above out above, while not a drop of water made its escape by the old channel.

Gertrude promised Penrod to show it to him the next morning. That evening before taps the boys had started in forming the channels, and others were getting some large cloths and some more shovels. This occupied them till the time for the taps came. "I thought it was not sounded because they didn't want to attract the enemy by any unnecessary sound, and indeed a bugle would surely be a startling, alarming. The girls had tried even then their first experiment at better with the first churn that was finished and the result had been more satisfactory than expected though it took four hours to make it. During the night before taps Hans, expressed his deep desire to leave on a scouting tour and as Gertrude and her officials had determined to lessen their dangers—she offered no objection to his purpose. Therefore he went out, but later came back saying the enemy was very quiet.

From what Gertrude had learned all Christian generals had been rather uneasily surprised at George Andrews the Yankee having remained so long in the Abbeysman service, as the war had plainly stated to general Vivian, and even to Violet, and her sisters, when first engaged that he thought it likely that he should not fix himself as he expressed it for many weeks. However he had stayed on for over fifteen months, and had a fancy to all the boys and girlscouts he had come in contact with, and was still now interested in the brave little girls, whose Abbeysman ways and suavity character and their strange and yet fanciful language had been very strange and interesting to him after so many years wandering in many countries as a solitary way. He was a man of very few words, using only such as were necessary to necessity, and his answers when obliged to speak were as brief as possible. This habit of taciturnity was they found out acquired from a long life passed either alone or amid dangers and dangers where an unnecessary sound might have cost him his life. To the child scouts however he would break his habitual rule of silence.

He had had in his earlier life many experiences with the Glandelinians, and when Gertrude had asked him "But of all the near escapes that you have had which was the most dangerous?" he had never had for which do you believe was the most dangerous. He had been shot of near being killed. "The war had considered for some time in silence. He turned his plug of tobacco tobacco in his mouth expectantly and two or three times he was how custom when thinking and then had answered:

"You have asked me a question, little girl, which is very difficult for me to answer. I've been so near being wiped out each hundreds of times that it sure is not an easy job to say which was my worst experience. In thinking it over I frequently conclude sometimes, that one experience so near dying, sometimes that another, it ain't no more easier to say now. In my younger days little girl, I had been in Indian Wars in the United States, and in the Philippines. Oh, Indians are terrible fighters and fierce and maybe you have heard of them 'Glandelinians'?"

"Yes," he had answered. "Well the Indians and Philippines are gentle little things compared to your foes the Glandelinians. But I believe that at the time I never felt so much that my time for giving up the most and come when I was wounded near Hendrick Junction at the battle of Cedarline."

"And how was it you were in that battle?" asked Gertrude. "I was in general Anderson's army when the enemy came there. I've never in my life heard of or seen such a frightful conflict. It was as if two hosts of hell and the evilly creatures of heaven and earth were fighting that great battle that comes just before the end of the world. I saw the Christians came off with colors flying."

"Could you give us a detail of the battle or the experience you were in?" "No, but I could tell you of my way of getting in the army."

"It would be a long story, to tell it out," the Yankee said. "All the better for Gertrude," said "at least all the better as far as I'm concerned—if you do not mind the late time, and tell it."

"For your sake I don't mind a little late time," the Yankee answered. "I'll just tell it over and find where I'm to begin."

There was then a few minutes or so of silence, and then the young girlscout leader composed herself and comfortably for a good long sitting and then George Andrews began his story.

About fifteen months back I joined the army, then not as a soldier but just to serve a little and see what the war was, and which side was the right not realizing then that your country was such a holy one. I first thought of joining the Glandelinians, but hearing so much of their method of warfare, that they were and all the other details, I shrank from the idea as I would from a long position and knowing it is such. My mother used to always tell me to watch my step before I do anything. I obeyed her warning. At first I did not intend to join any regular up and down fighting, though I had then seen some of the most severe battles of that first year, especially Delilah's battle and Evangelina's battle. But I was always in a mischief, and a mischief here and there keeping one's eye always open, for man woman and child hated all Glandelinians live poison, and it was little mercy any Glandelinian a stranger might expect if he was suspected as a Glandelinian when going through any town and was caught away from his friends. The Glandelinian raiders and soldiers half robbers did you see Christians more harm than the regular Glandelinian soldiers, and mercy was never given or expected between them and us. He and John Stanley had joined together, and worked together. We had fought with the Indians out on the American prairies for years side by side, and yet never saw the fiercest Indians as these Glandelinians were. They were not possessed persons would not be as dangerous. We enlisted into your armies as scouts, that is we made the agreement to fight every now and then as much as we ourselves desired to fight and to be on in front as scouts in which way we had many little skirmishes on our own account, but we didn't wear any uniform, or do drill, which couldn't then have been expected of us. We should not even had been as good as any regulars, and yet every one now there were no better scouts in general. I was more than my companion and myself. I never what a fellow my companion was, but he was a real fighting man, means, I'm strong enough to lift a hundred pound weight with one arm strength, but I was a mere baby by comparison to him. He was six feet seven inches and so broad that he sure appeared to be short unless you saw him by the side of another man. I used to believe he was the strongest man in the world, until I saw him compared to General Hanson, Jacob Baldwin, Jack Evans, and Walter Starring.

I have heard George Andrews went on nodding "Of that famous man called Samson, it was said he was a very strong man indeed. I never came across any one who have rightly been compared to him but a good many have spoke of him, but I believe Samson would be no match for that Jack Evans. I should have desired to have seen him and Evans in the grips. I expect Evans would have filled him with astonishment. My companion James his name is came from Missouri most of our own big chaps do. I shouldn't have wondered what Samson did if he ever had wrestled with Evans, though I never had seen it and besides that he was too far back. I'd give anything for to have seen that Samson go ahead with the jawbone of an ass and give it to those called Glandelinians."

Gertrude had great difficulty to prevent herself from laughing at Andrew's idea of the subject of Samson with the jawbone of an ass fighting the Glandelinians. He however with a great effort steadied herself to say: "Samson died a great many years ago, Andrew. His story is in the Bible."

"I sure now he was and all that he did do. He carried away the huge gates of Gaza on his back. Of course I didn't depend on how big the gates were. He continued after remaining thoughtful for some time. "The gates down there were pretty heavy but I believe he could have got carried away two such as that as he sitting on top of them had there been two, that also did he do in you. He was bound in his heavy cords stronger than chains, and he broke them under. Gosh I wish he were here now. That he wouldn't do to those called Glandelinians."

Gertrude did not appear to attach much importance to this and inquired:

"What could he do to the Glandelinians, if we're having such difficulty with them ourselves."

"He destroyed thirteen hundred men with the jawbone of an ass."

"He killed—Barnabé—do?" asked Gertrude. "An' that wouldn't help us. There are millions of them in one small army."

"Would it be possible?" he was asked, and then turned in sheer amazement.

"He was placed sharply in a word; "You're making fun of me little girl. The Glandelinians can't be that lame as to fierce."

"No indeed," Andrews answered. "Gertrude said nobly. 'It is quite true. We are and that Samson did destroy over a thousand with the jawbone of an ass. I couldn't have been so. I should try to talk with the weapons these Glandelinian soldiers use. I hear they were all dead, and ever it would be a good job."

"Ah, it is good, Bob, with you friend. I might have been laded (in her
 mind) for the good" and she said "I should have known by your
 size, even snappd space have the Americans too with you. Good, put

"I have just had an expert, but his of course is Walter Starring he is a real one, much cleverer than you know." "Who have you got inside, John?" he asked. "I now I can tell you but for the million I won't tell them. Others whom I know them, and I don't want to be known by even by accident that I am here."

"The tent is empty," John said. "My director is out there in only my side-de-camp as you call it here. He can't do anything."

At this moment a man I shall say need not make his appearance, at the tent opening, and at a word from John took the three horses, while John signed to them to enter.

"Excuse me, sir," the English lad said. "We will go first to see that our horses are stalled. It is our custom always, and may never know when they may want them."

The girl smiled and then she said something to the side-de-camp, who nodded his head, and went off toward the rear of the tent (do not) the three leading their horses, and following him. The tables they observed were also tents but singularly large and well kept for tents of their size, and to their surprise instead of going to one of these tents, the boy led them to a tree.

"Ain't you going to see the station?" said the English boy.

He shook his head and tried to get the lad to understand and in his own mind (for he couldn't speak English) that they were full of nonsense. Being the boy didn't understand, and the others appeared not to believe, he moved them for proof. The three horses were then fastened to the trees, the boys and Starring putting the pistols from their holsters into their belts, and carrying their small rifles in their hands, entered the girls tent.

The girlhood received them very warmly, and she herself smiling as they entered the side-de-camp to get their horses and to eat, after which she and Bob began to tell him their story, and at first it really seemed as if they did not agree to do it, and request them to give up the plan as it was too dangerous. It was the work of the soldiers to do it. There was nothing but a girl for any of the boys at Walter Starring, a feeling, except that the girl promised not to tell the side-de-camp what they came for when they entered the tent, they felt convinced however that there could be some danger for them all if they were not watchful for Glandelinian patrols are dare devil enough to make an attack or raid upon the heart of a camp sometimes and here they were in a tent as close to the edge of the woods.

Even the girl was somewhat uneasy, and shortly made some excuse to leave the tent, and wander round about it, and the girls, her side-de-camp, and her three visitors. The boy had accompanied her and neither found anything to excite the smallest suspicion and therefore were content to return to the room of the tent, and one of the boys threw himself down for a desire to go off into a little sleep before the time for starting off, and in the interval he found that John and finally given up his plans, and that the delightful Jim was arranging with him to join him at the time proposed, for of course neither had any idea whether they would be successful in the mission or not. At five o'clock, Bob roused himself and a moment after the side-de-camp came into the tent with some memoranda.

As she was the first to receive the memoranda, Bob was obliged to refuse his offer as he wasn't just then thirsty, even in spite of the heat, when the tent covering was violently torn asunder and the entrance was entered with a violent exit and with suspicious faces. Five or six shots were fired into the tent without any effect and then a quietly a crowd of the men rushed into the room of the tent. As they appeared Walter Starring sprang up with the exclamation "Ain't you shot?" and then fell flat on his back (put in the sack) apparently shot, as the others believed through the hand. The boys rushed to get their own rifles and seized it, but before they had time to even fire, it was hurled from them. Half a dozen Glandelinians then threw themselves upon the two boys, and the girl and the side-de-camp, and they were prisoners even right within their own camp. They could see that there was no mistake, for the soldiers though they were purple were disguised as Glandelinians, and that to resist would be suicide. Therefore they did not show fight when the rascals laid hands on them, because they knew they would have to pay in them at once, and though they might be slain in a few hours after they were caught still upon the whole it was better to live those few hours as not.

Also there was such a clamor or hubbub and a shouting at first that the boys and girl could not hear a single word, but at last they understood they were a party of the band of Glandelinian soldiers under Colonel Ribbon, who scouting troop had been close by near the neighborhood, and had decamped upon the camp to make a raid. Much fun was made of the four child scouts by the Glandelinians for they knew why the three boys were there. Bob felt mad with grief for having been caught so foolishly.

The boy Bob could not feel angry with Jim but he was angry with himself for having come to be caught in a tent with a girl scout. While he was thinking this out in his mind he had his eyes fixed upon "Poor" Starring, whom no one except the four children thought of noticing, when all of a sudden he gave quite a start, for he saw him move. He couldn't see his face but he did see a hand stealing gradually outward toward the leg of a Glandelinian soldier who stood near. Then there was a slight pause, and then the other hand began to move. And it also was not at all like the aimless way the arms of a badly hit man would move, and he saw at once that Starring had been playing dead right along.

He realized he was just pretending to be dead. Bob held his breath, and so did the other scouts, for they saw now that Walter Starring had come to some conclusion they couldn't divine, but nevertheless he was up to some strange move. In another minute there was a sudden and shocking crash, and shouts, curses, and blasphemies as the two soldiers nearest to Starring fell heavily to the ground with their legs knocked clean from under them. They tried to stop themselves from falling but caught hold of two other men and dragged them down with them. During the confusion Starring suddenly leaped to his feet and made a desperate rush for the tent door. The nearest purple coat with a curse tried to grapple with him, but Starring's heavy iron fist took the man squarely under the chin, and he went down sprawling over the cot, with all his front teeth knocked out and his chin broken.

Another Glandelinian rushed at him but he nicely caught him up as if he were a little baby doll, and hurled him against four others, who were going at him bringing them on the floor of the tent together in a confused heap, and leaping over them, dashed through the door as after he grabbed the four child scouts forcing them to come with him, all this before the Glandelinians had recovered from their astonishment. The boys could have laughed out loud at the yell of rage and amazement with which the rebels set off when starting in pursuit, but Starring warned the boys to be quiet. A Glandelinian who was standing outside aimed his rifle at Starring. But Starring grasped the rifle and struck him down over the head with its butt. Two others made for Starring, and died for it. Another on horseback rode at Starring and tried to jab him in the side with his sabre, but Starring had that same hand in a jiffy, and he let go with his wrist or hand almost twisted off. He then felled the horseman with a blow from the sabre. Starring wild with fury turned upon some others and brought them down with the same sabre. The boys and the little girl surely did feel mighty glad to see Starring was alive, and so glad that he hardly remembered that he wasn't to be long or they would be long either if recaptured, but nevertheless no fierce was the attack of the Glandelinians that it was evident he could escape. The Glandelinians threw themselves furiously upon Starring. The nearest man Starring cut by the throat with both hands, choking him so hard that his face was contorted and his tongue protruded nearly all the way out, and though the crowd of rebels who threw themselves upon him pulled him finally to the ground, he never let go but brought the strangling man down too on to of him. The boys were quite mad to join in and help too and they did as best as they could. For a while they lay struggling on the ground, and then Starring shook himself free of them for a moment and got to his feet. A dozen other men were upon him for in a moment, but he was blind with rage and would not have minded it if they had been a thousand or more. Those who came in front went down as if shot from the blows of his fists, but others leaped on him from behind, and then the desperate struggle went on again. The boys and the girl never saw such a desperate fight before, and never probably would again.

It was downright awful, fearful. They could not hold his arms. He raved and roared as if he was a lion. Their weight over and over again got him upon the ground, and over and over again he was up on his feet, but his arms they could not hold, and the work he did with them was terrible awful beyond believing. Anything he hit he hit went down never to get up again, and when he could not hit he gripped or kicked. When he got a strangle hold upon a man, that man was soon dead. It was like a lion with fighting with enraged leopards, he caught them by the throat, and when he did it was all up with them. None of the Glandelinians made a grab for bayonet or dagger but they had no time to use them. They swung their rifle butts at him he had these in his hands and dashed out brains with them but smothering the gun too with the force of the blows he hit. In a moment their eyes would seem to start from their heads, their tongues protruded, and then as they were hurled away they fell in a dead lump. How long this went on it is hard to say—some fifteen

twenty minutes. No one but Evans or Starring could fight so many armed men this way, but Starring because of his strength never thought of or stopped to think of the odds or chances when his fury was up. In less than another man there was the sound of scattering shots, and a party strong party of Abyssinian illans had come up but the fight was over, the others had surrendered to their former prisoner, but stood glancing at him as if he was some terrible devil, and no one. Thirty seven Glandelinians lay dead on the ground and many more were lying panting and bleeding around, and those who survived and surrendered showed marks of the desperate fight. All Abbieannians were active races of men, many were strong even as if they were average Americans—but Starring was a Giant among men, and in his rage and hatred of Glandelinians he seemed to have ten times his natural strength. When the big squadron of Abyssinians came up and the remaining Glandelinians were secured, Starring never moved, and except giving orders to the men not to destroy the prisoners but this time give these men at least quarter, he stood with a defiant smile on his lips.

At the ending of the fight there had been one Glandelinian who escaped and made a dash round to the tent stables, where he had found seven or eight Abbieannians taking care of the horses, that he had struck down one of them who was in his way, had leaped upon the nearest animal which had been Bob's, and made off at the top of his speed, but a dozen Abyssinians had been after him in an instant, and seeing that he would be hanged and thrown from his horse he had stopped and thrown up his arms in terms of surrender. His hands had been then bound tightly behind him, and he was led back to where the ten other prisoners were.

Starring then gave a loud laugh when he saw the surprised boys glancing at him so stupidly, and amaze and said:

"You boys seem surprised at my method of fighting. Don't you like it. That was a Samson strick wasn't it Colonel?" so the officer in charge of the squadron. "If those Glandelinians had carried to children of you'd have been dead before you say a nother camp, but I couldn't resist the temptation either when I saw those fellows legs moving about me just as if I were a log of wood. The thought then had come across me 'A good sharp blow above the ankle and over they'll go' and when I once thought of it I was obliged to do it to save you children from being murdered. It was fun though to fight that way. I wouldn't give the survivors any quarter either 'the finished with a scowl as black as a thunder cloud' if it wasn't that I might grill and torture some information out of them."

"It was as you say some trick all right," said the colonel. "But don't say anything we don't want overheard general, some of those fellows may understand and if they succeed in escaping would warn their army generals." "Right you are colonel. I am sorry boys, and you too Joan that we had to get into this scrape but I expected we would get out of it somehow and we did. They didn't reckon with my strength. I'm not going to let any of my friends be wiped out."

The boyscouts had hoped this too before Starring had made his move. They are brave too, but not tired of life, but at first before Starring showed fight they had not seen any way out of it. However they had had one comfort when they observed his cautious movement, and understood that if any strong man could get them out of an ugly mess, it was Starring.

With a scowl on his face Starring told the prisoners who were bound with their hands at least, behind them to sit on the ground in half circle, three of the red coated soldiers taking up their position by their sides, and two at each of the circles end. There was a moment's discussion as to what would be done, which was not pleasant for the Glandelinians to listen to. The Abyssinians swore in favor of hanging them at once, but Starring wouldn't have it for he desired to bring them to the main body of the cavalry under general El Zeres of Gertrude's strong bodyguard for her regiment, and have them grilled later on for information, and also to find out the reason of the raid and attempted kidnapping...

He too had frequently vowed vengeance against all Glandelinians trying to do harm to any children, and as he understood what Glandelinians would do to child scouts who were known as the head of the christian army he had vowed very solemnly to his patron saint that he would protect them all with his life, for all children captured by the enemy would always go through unheard of and unbelievable tortures, and as the Glandelinians celebrated captures that way so Starring never felt like showing mercy either.

The Glandelinians however who were kept red seemed to put a good face on the matter, for it would never have done for them to let the Abbieannians see that they, Glandelinian soldiers, who had fought so fiercely in battle were afraid to die when their time came.

Joan had stood still for quite a long time, and she looked to the boys as if she was an uncommon pretty little girl. She now came straight up to the Glandelinian prisoners and looked them full in the face. The others paid no attention to her, but the officer non added with a scowl.

"Well signora child, so you Christian pig dogs were always making fools of us Glandelinians, after all, and are trying to learn the mystery of what happened to Abbieannians. Well I ain't the first soldier, that's been fooled by a pretty little christian poodle dog, that's one comfort any how. I suppose you believe the discovery of that mystery would bring the end of the war to your favor, eh?" and he laughed.

"You dirty Glandelinian dog!" the little girlscout said, her eyes flashing with furious rage. "Did you think that you could capture us with that big good protector we had. We are Abbieannians, and we hate you Glandelinians as you're all vipers." and she stamped her little foot with passion.

The Glandelinian officer who was a lieutenant laughed with great unconcern. "Well, signora child of the Christian dogs, after what you permit me now to see of you, I am really thankful that you are so kind and lenient. Thunder of thunders, what a fate yours would have been, and your boy companions if we had succeeded in bringing you to the Glandelinian camp. I overheard your conversation in that tent in passing by, and that is why we tried to capture you. If it was not for that big dog with a scowl at Starring, we'd have succeeded. You were to capture some one in our lines with important dispatches. You babes in woods are dirty spies and your giant is your bloodhound."

There was a general growl among the men at the cool but insulting way in which the prisoner treated the girlscout, and the enraged girl herself struck him a blow on the ear with the narrow part of the handle of her riding whip. It was a hard one, and it made a wound which bled but the lieutenant's face hardly changed, and he said still smiling:

"We have a custom in the Glandelinian States little wildcat, that when a girlscout of the christian dogs boxes a mans ears, he has a right to give her a blow in return. If my hand was wasn't tied, I'd had you a wallop that would stretch you out there on the ground."

There was again a roar of growls among the red coats at this, and the enraged girlscout drew a small scabbard, and would have stabbed the Glandelinian to the heart, had she not suddenly changed her mind as was her way, but she said:

"Very well you insult me coolly but I'll repay you when the time comes. We girlscouts are fiercer than you Glandelinians are and we'll prove it. Men bring them to camp, and the one who is responsible for their escape, will be discharged from the army in disgrace whether it be a soldier or any of the boy or girlscouts. Away with them."

Indeed these Glandelinians were kept in a large tent under a guard so watchful, that any escape or thought of escape would have been a great miracle. It's impossible usually to escape from the Abbieannians, though you may sometimes succeed in doing so from the Glandelinians.

At the exact hour appointed by Gertrude, for the trip to be made, by the boys and Starring, the horses were then saddled, and they were soon off, the three boys, and Joan, Starring riding in the midst of the little party, with his eyes watching everything as closely as a cat does. They had found out from the conversation that general Tamerlins army was only about thirty one miles distant. Upon their ride, Starring himself found an opportunity for the first time since the desperate fight with the enemy patrol for a talk with the boys...

"What do you imagine of this proposed expedition, Bob."

"It ought to be a success."

"What do you think of these Glandelinians overharing us as the lieutenant conferred?"

"Loo's bad general," Bob said. "If any one of them escape, they'd come hastily to camp and warn their officers of our intentions, and we'd be caught sure. And if we are captured, we'd be made prisoners as spies, or even thieves as they call us, and I expect they'd make short work of us. If we can get through we shall be able to follow the plan through to morrow morning. If we are to succeed though it must be to night."

"To night," said Starring scornfully. "Of course we are going going to succeed to night with God's help. The question is though, how are we going to enter the Glandelinian camp, and which way into the camp are we to choose?" and he laughed merrily.

"I don't quite see any way to get in yet," said Jim himself, "however we shall see what sort of a place we could put in for to night near the fence camp, and then can come to some conclusion as what to do. We could pretend to act as some bad persons, and we might get in easy. They'd even welcome us. You could act as a drunken man and we are your children."

"O, wicked as they are, they had hate drunken persons as a snake. We must think of something else," said Starring. "There comes the forest fire now. We must watch sharp now that it does not reveal us out of season."

It was about eight o'clock when they approached within sight of the Glandelinian camp, and as they approached within sight of it, which too a part was revealed by the distant reflection of the fires glare, they could have declared that a far better place against a sudden surprise could hardly have been chosen. They halted. The ground beyond the forest was flat for many miles, but the upper side of the series of huge camps rose or was builded on a slight mound of nearly circular form, and perhaps for fifteen thousand yards across and beyond, and the central part was as forty feet or so above the general level. The main camps extended as far as eye could detect in the night. There was all the assemblage of military order for the bundles of materials and other camp equipment showed that it was evident that the men because of the heat of the weather slept on the outside. In the center of the circle of upper camps upon the highest point of the rise, was a small country house.

Within the lines of small shaded or half concealed camp fires the horses of officers were picketed in rows. As they approached most cautiously, they could see a slight stir in camp, a party of men were mounting their horses as if for an expedition.

"I hope though they're on the point of starting somewhere Bob said, "that they won't head toward our camp or that they are too great a hurry to stop to amuse themselves with going anywhere in particular toward us; for it's otherwise upset our plans."

"I hope so," Jim said. "It's hard if we don't manage to succeed in the next twenty-four hours."

On coming as close as they dared they alighted.

"If we're captured we'll be quite celebrated characters," Joan said. "We have to watch out."

"Ah," said Bob, "we could do without such celebrity at present."

"Yes, from then at least. If they caught us they'd cut our throats at once, but they would also retain us, for a ceremonial murder."

As they were thus conversing, they saw an officer go toward the house, which was evidently the abode of some general. One other officer was standing at the door, tapping his riding boot impatiently with his whip, a man was holding his horse in readiness. One of the other leaders was saying something to him.

"Jehoshaphat," said Starring, "that officer is going out. If we could capture him on some pretence."

Who ever it was, Starring could see with the help of his glasses that the man was a slight wiry fellow, with a small desperate looking eye, which gave one the "squerm" to look at, and a thin mouth curved up in a cruel smile. The officer with him was a tall swarthy ferocious appearing man. But neither of them was Tamerlane. Starring looked at the four scout children for sometime without a word. Then he said:

"We've got near the enemy camp at last. But how we are going to enter is the next question."

Bob and the others only gave a knowing nod but did not say a word.

Suddenly they heard one of those men say:

"I must go forth now to reach Tamerlane. Clear my things out. Select twenty picked men and don't let any one in or out of my house or headquarters until I return. I shall not be back for before tomorrow morning. I shall amuse myself this evening with the thought of how far a christian army might be from from me. I'll bet they're all afraid of Tamerlane. Ha, ha. I promise you all a handsome reward of some sort anyhow."

And he rode off.

All boy and girls scouts had often faced death and were not afraid of it; thousands had died, but the unruffled face and the cruel smile of that man made the flesh of these four creep on their bones.

"And now," said Starring, "it's getting late, and we must try to do some thing. It's safer to enter at night than at day. I now the way to Glandelinian headquarters, as I have the directions from Princess Violet. I haven't gone through such an experience for years. But I'll promise we'll succeed. Very warm would be the than s of all of them to God if they were to succeed on this dangerous mission, and great was the whispered discussion among themselves that arose as to how they could enter without facing a most terrible predicament."

THE GLANDELINIAN CAUTIONMENT UNDER TAMERLINE.
A DREADFUL OUTRAGE! THE FLIGHT, EIGHT DOWN.
RETURNING UNDER THE ARABIAN FLAG. A DASHING EXPEDITION.
CHAPTER XXIV.

AFTER this Glandelinian, officer, had ridden off, the lieutenant himself could be seen by Starring to select about ten soldiers from the men around, for pretty well the Glandelinians had appeared in a great crowd, and told them in the first place to clear the house of the ham oak and other belongings of the general and when this way was done to guard it so no one enters. Bob had sat down on the ground near Starring watching carefully, and closely. He could hear the Glandelinian lieutenant giving extra orders to some of the men outside, to remove the horses to some other spot, and for the rest to go down to their own tents and retire for the night, as "Glandelinian tape" would soon be sounded. Then he entered the house with four other men. As the children and Starring could see the house was just an ordinary farm house, though it was of considerable size.

How many room it contained they couldn't tell, but there were quite a number of windows on all sides. The front of the structure however did not seem to have any regular windows for some reason or other. The house was not built of wood as ordinary farm houses were, but of gray stone (de bone) and was about two stories and one half.

Never in their lives did they feel that the game would be up if they were discovered, as they did feel when they saw there and glanced around. There was a group of Glandelinians seated on the ground just within a stone's throw of them, and in full view of Starring, and the child scouts, and one of them was on guard and jangling up and down. Dangerous as the situation was for them they never theless had an uneasy doubt of what they might do. Walter Starring lay at full length on the ground, or a quarter of an hour no one said a word, as they thought it best to lay there and try to get cooled off a bit, and Bob thought and thought, but he couldn't for the life of him fix upon any plan of getting anywhere within the Glandelinian camps. At last Jim thought he would stir Starring up.

"How did you feel about this general?" Jim whispered.

"I feel as if I had walked a hundred miles right on end," said Starring.

"How?"

"Why it seems we're being fools again, sure enough. As all is quiet I'll just take a sleep for a few hours, and then we'll see about this business. And—"

"Hello there," some one shouted. "Bring me some water."

For a time no one seemed to pay any attention to that call, but he continued to shout, and some one else started to join him, so that several others came up but raising Cain because they had been disturbed from their sleep. One of them brought a canteen filled it with water from a water supply wagon, and placed it down between some of the men, and then went to their pillows. The boys, Joan and Starring had made themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances, (if circumstances will allow before of forest fire hot weather, night and day) which was not saying much, and in a short time all except Jim were asleep, for they had only been four hours in bed for three nights.

Being in the army for over two years even before the war, and now so long in it since the war had come on they were pretty well accustomed to sleeping on the ground, and though they tried just the same they couldn't get a wink of sleep, and when Bob did finally almost get to sleep for several minutes he would then awaken suddenly and at first believe it was nearly sunrise, because the eastern sky was so aglow with glow. Yet it was from the fires.

Of course for the boy it was not an agreeable waking, that, for with lying on the hot ground he felt as if his shoulders were out of joint, and that he had two bands of red hot irons around his wrists and hands. His first move was to rub the circulation back into his wrists and then take a drink from his canteen. Then he sat up and glanced around. Walter Starring was sitting up looking at him and the other two.

"So you are still awake eh Bob. Couldn't sleep I know."

"Yes," said the boy, "everything still all right general."

"Everything is as it should be my son," said Starring in his ordinary cheerful tone, "Except that I feel as if I had been lying down on a landscape some distance near the fires of Hell."

"That is about the same way as I feel," said Bob. "I don't mind the heat so much. 'Tis the danger of the fires that always bothers me. It it shall be such a time before we can do anything as the fire light might reveal our motions."

"We needn't bother about that general," said Jim also rising on his elbow. "Any how it isn't far to go."

"I hope it isn't as risky as I fear it is," said the aide-de-camp. "At any rate we traveled a good thirty miles this afternoon. Now we must get in."

"My feet are cramped from lying on this hot ground" said Starring. "I'll be some time before I can move."

"You needn't bother about that general" said Jim. "It isn't much more tramping your feet have got to do."

"I hope they'll be able to do more than they've ever done yet," said Starring. "At any rate they've got a longer distance to do if we're seen."

"Are you in earnest General?"

"Never more so," said Starring. "All we've got to do is get those dispatches, from Mr. Gingsore and then tramp it away."

"How do you mean to find him General?"

"Easy enough," said Starring carelessly. "Get into the camp first, then destroy one of the picket guards that opposes us. I can rely on my strength more than weapons. Then we can do a funny stunt."

Suddenly from some where among some of the glandelinians (for glandelinians too have humor) there came the sound right out loud as if from some hymn book. When one began another began, and it was followed suit by many others until the uproar was tremendous. The boys and girls of course did not understand what the glandelinians were laughing at, but it sounded very funny to hear them all laughing at once and in different tones and paws. Just as even made the boys Starring and Joan even stuff handkerchiefs into their mouths to keep from laughing too was that other glandelinians who had been asleep were so startled and that they seized their rifles and rushed to the spot, and seeing it was only their own comrades they then also had to join until an officer came riding up ordering them not to make such noise at this time of night, or the christians will be down upon them all. The nearness of the glandelinians and the christians of the sentries underfoot friends terribly uneasy. When all was still Starring said: "I'm thinking of some plan." "How General Starring?" said Joan, tell us what you have planned, that if it is in if our really downright in earnest."

"In earnest," said Starring almost angrily. "Of course I'm in earnest. Do you think we're going to fail, Violet, and her sisters or Gertrude were sent when we were sent out to get something very important. Of course if we glandelinians do capture us we'd be killed and frizzled. No it's just as you wished, we must get our hands on those dispatches, if we have to destroy everybody in our way to get into the glandelinian camp... General!!!!!!"

"But how are we going to get into the glandelinian camp... General!!!!!!"

"That is the only point I can't make out," he said.

"How?"

"If there were not so many sentries on duty it would be easy enough, and if there was enough high grass we could crawl through to the enemy's lines in a minute, but there isn't any and we can't do that. So allow them to bring us in as vagabonds would be dangerous any how. Just try and think over some plan boys. The four children did think it over on it, but they did not could, not see any way of getting through, into the enemy's lines. Once through, the rest would be possible enough, and it's easier to escape again by the rear, and flank than by the enemy front. Besides if they each could get hold of the enemy rifles, and take them by surprise, the rest could get fairly on their feet four or five or half a dozen before the rest could get fairly on their feet they had little doubt that they could easily manage the rest, because this picket squad was far from the lines. If successful in annihilating them the way would be clear (for beer)."

Or no doubt every one but these sentries might go so to sleep as it got to be later in the night, to cause more darkness and lack of campfires, and it then would be possible they could pass them without making a row. If that was also hoped for they sure could crawl through the enemy line, and find, Mr. Gingsore. Yet too it was straightforward enough, if they could but get possession of five big handy heavy rifles. As Jim was thinking it over his eyes fell upon a little brook near him. An idea came across him.

"I don't know Starring that it would do to wet up our clothes so that we be soaked through, and then start a fire that'll go through toward the enemy's line. Then in the confusion we could slip through, even in spite of the fire and get into the camp somehow. That would be something, eh Starring?"

"And we'd be guilty of a forest fire too," said Starring. "Nothing doing. That's a foolish idea. If it were to save ourselves it might be all right, but it won't work just to enter a camp. But we can wet ourselves ourselves for a case of emergency."

They shuffled by turn into the stream, and went in far enough so they were fairly under water. The water being cold cool relieved them somewhat, from the terrible heat, for the water was somewhat cold. They felt a little remaining in for some time to remain cool. They however agreed it was no use to try and enter the camp by sending a fire down upon it to cause confusion, as it might only make matters worse, for them if they were caught. They remained laying in the water thinking over what was the next thing to do, and talking it by turns to keep their eye on the glare of the fire, for it was feared it would reveal them to the enemy in the creek.

They agreed among themselves that it was of no use, and then sat thinking over what they should try to do, and taking it by turns to cool the themselves by the water. However they did not hardly give up any hope, and indeed they prayed ardently for success in their undertaking, and then too they agreed to agree that they must try at whatever the cost, in the short intervals between the meeting of the sentries, to try and get through the pickets and into the camp. It was sure possible anyhow, if they could only see the points, for they ought to be able to slip through seeing that a lot of smoke was hiding the glare of the forest fires, and that there was no moon or stars.

Suddenly a new idea struck Joan (not with a club)

he squeezed herself back against a tree, and leaned against it.

"It's all right friends and comrades," she said. "We are as good as in."

"How's that?" demanded Starring.

"There is a thick clump of trees extending through into the camp at the left sir, and there is plenty of foliage on the ground between them. We could worm our way through there sir like we were snakes."

"Hoorah, the Christian dogs can't lick the army," shouted some one within the sound of pickets, with a yell that startled all the nearest sleeping glandelinians, and the christian scouts as well, and then he commenced thundering at one of the songs which glandelinian soldiers always sing on the march, and the song was so full of such shocking blasphemous words that the four child scouts and Starring were horrified. Starring looked to just get his fingers on that singer's throat. Several more glandelinian officers came riding up to see if anything was the matter, the same yell and the loud song having reached their ears. They were told it was only one of those "mad fools" who can't keep his mouth shut at night, that he had just come in with a spree on, and with many angry threats of the different sort of yells he would give before the Court Marshall the next day for disorderly conduct, and with the orders to arrest him and put him in the guard house, they snatched off again.

"Some of those darn glandelinians must be possessed with devils," Starring said to Joan, when the noise was stopped and the man was being led away. "If any sound of the 'little fight' we're going to have with the guards there reaches the camp they'll now put it down to some other glandelinians making noise just for amusement."

"By this time with the glare being hid entirely away by heavy clouds of smoke it had become perfectly dark, and one of the sentries lighted a fire near the pickets. A pile of wood had been brought forward for the purpose, and when the smoke had abated somewhat, the sentries were then being changed. Every three or four minutes some of the men would even bring forth a lighted brand and come a little way into the woods to see if all was clear, and that there were no christian spies scouting; on them and being satisfied that there was no one, they went back.

"What time shall we begin?" Joan asked.

"In another hour or so," he said. "Let's see it's only seven now. Maybe we'll try it by eight."

"Will it be safe then. They'll change guards once more and pickets too. They do it every half hour," said Bob.

"Yes, but those who are the sitting pickets will be gambling and quarreling round one of the camp fires by eight o'clock, and the noise, and the talk, the shouting, a hooting of the owls and other cries, and the noise of the horses will prevent them hearing anything here. We must not think of going forth however for two hours later, and then even all the camp won't be asleep as it's so dark and so hot that who can sleep. But of course we cannot dare put it off till later, or we'll be delayed too much and it's then or never."

"Let's arrange our plans for good," Jim said. "And then we can each worm our way through to them. When I am ready to go to start, I will give the meow of a cat, and then you do the same when you are ready. We had better do that before very long, for it'll be a long warming of it before we'll reach any open space between the guards. We'll go as carefully as we can, but we can't do that anywhere but through the woods. However when you are quite ready, meow quiet gently, and the others of us will answer in the same way if we are ready. Then we will remain quiet, till the two guards within our view meow at their backs and pass the moment they've gone out of sight, we'll creep forward, and choose a time when the camp fires are burning low. You creep beside me and we'll go where the enemy rifles are piled. We must then open the pump action the cartridge belts, and throw all the powder out of the pans and the other things and when that is done each take a hold of a rifle and if they see us and start at us we'll hit. No you Starring, and you others quite understand and agree."

"Quite indeed," Bob said. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes," said Bob. "You take a through the recon first, and we'll follow in. You can see now are our Ramon. We of course must try our best to keep them from coming with us to reach to use their knives or axes but if either of us are hard pressed he must call and the others must come to help them."

"All right my dear children. I don't do to be at work."

"So do we," said Jim.

"And now don't let's talk any more," said Joan. "Shut your eyes, and remain quiet until I meow."

Soon the glandelinian pickets were heard talking themselves but in low tones, though nevertheless loud enough to be heard, and they were talking over

The foods and other services they had been engaged in, and of what many of the Glandelinian armies had been doing throughout the war zone, and so involving and cold blooded were the unparalelled atrocities, of which they heard of their armies had committed, that Starring longed for the time when his Christian armies would fall upon them in half an hour. Joan gave the signal. She had picked out a sharp stone which she had been accidentally sitting on and she threw it toward the Glandelinians hitting one of them on the side of the head so hard that he went down without a sound. Rob found his hands were completely numbed by the way he had been lying, but he did not let a long time before the circulation, however it must have been a good half hour before Walter Starring heard the signal from Rob or Joan. As he had suspected, the meeting of the sentinels were less frequent now than before believing the plots should do the most of it no doubt. Fortunately the din and the talk among the players was now loud and incessant, which enabled the five to creep onward. Starring was crawling in the lead, and then lying pretty high on his belly soon reached the spot where the rifles were stacked. The camp fire was burning low and the Glandelinian night owls as they were called were sitting idly around one of them so that everything was in black shadow, so that though Starring was watching out for the safety of his of the child scouts, yet he didn't see them until they were close enough to touch him.

It was a delicate task in dead of opening the ammunition pans but the five of them did it without making as much noise as would scare a mouse, pounce, and then each grabbing a stacked rifle, by the barrel (maybe the barrel was full) they were ready in case while crawling through further they might be attacked. One of the Glandelinians was just telling a story, how when the advanced guard of the Glandelinian army was committing a fierce raid through a large town, and burning all before it, how he himself forced a very old woman and her husband to confess where his money and children were hid by torturing his elder daughter before his eyes, and how when none of them would give up, he fastened them up crucified life inside the house, and set the house afire, a story indeed which was relieved with shouts of approving laughter. This was too much for Walter Starring, he had heard and seen much of the cruelties of the enemy, and soon just as horrible massacres of children, may even worse and was about telling more shocking than Violet, and her sisters did. As the man finished telling of his horrible crime down came the butt of Walter's rifle, on the mans head with a cruel crunching sound, while Rob's did the same on the next man who had laughed the harshest. For an instant there was a pause of the greatest amazement for at that instant not of the Glandelinians could realize what had really happened, then there was a wild demonical yell and blasphemous cries of rage and fear, as the rifles of the two again came down with a crash, and a thud. All the other Glandelinians, there being thirty of them leaped to their feet, the Glandelinian Starring aiming his next blow at rolling over and over on the ground, and just escaping the blow by a mere margin.

Rob however was more lucky, and got his man just as he was rising. "Hoorah boys and Joan" Starring shouted, "Five down already out of thirty." Finally the five of them had to draw to the posts as agreed upon, and the Glandelinians fixing bayonets, made a rush forward but silently, no matter how cruel and wicked they are, or how much they hate our Lord of what their future would be if dead, the Glandelinians are by no means cowards, they're brave to dare devil recklessness. I will write that about them, and when these Omurian-Turmerannians found that five Christians attacked them, and knowing their responsibilities of not to allow any one to slip past their picket position, they fought most desperately.

If overcome the five knew there was no mercy to be expected from the Glandelinians. The Glandelinians with curses divided, and six immediately came each of the Christians. The boys and even Joan were strong for their age and could handle bayonet or their rifles as if they were men, and they each downed four of them as if they were shot, and Joan herself was whirling her rifle for another crushing blow, when she and her boy companions heard a crash, and then a shout from Starring:

"Help Joan, help boys."

The children saw at once what had happened. Walter's rifle, as he was aiming a blow at three men at one time had struck the branch of a popular tree over head, and the shooey though braying the branch at once had nevertheless made both the branch and rifle fly from his hands, and tree clear across the field. In another moment sixteen Glandelinians were upon them with their bayonets. He hit out wildly, and fired his pistols madly, but he got a slight stab across the forehead and another on the arm in a moment. The three boys and Joan made a stride across, and the Glandelinians who were attacking the children, in a stand of trying to prevent them from going to Starring's rescue made a rush to the spot (hot) where their rifles were stacked, which Joan and the boys had left unguarded. For the Glandelinians indeed, it was a most fatal mistake.

The guns of the three boys and the little girl came down upon the heads of five of Walter's assailants before they saw the approach of the children, and the others of his assailants were brought down before they had time to even defend themselves. As they moved from him, the remaining Glandelinians leveled their rifles at Starring, who had grabbed another rifle, and was also at the four children, and gave a cry as the fire fell and there was no report. For five minutes or two they fought most desperately with the butts

of their guns, but it was of no use, and the fight because of Starring's strength was soon over, and the five stood masters and masters of this part of the field with thirty seven dead men around them. Every one was indeed killed for Starring had examined every one of them. The stocks of their guns had been broken with the first blow, and the rest had therefore been given with the iron and in no case had it ever been necessary for them to hit twice. The fighting had been scarcely over when they heard a number of men come running up from the direction of the enemy line and one of them yelled:

"Is there anything the matter boys. We thought we heard a fight."

"No nothing," said Starring imitating a voice of one of the men he had heard which he felt sure the Glandelinians would not recognize at that distance to be his own. "It's only these mad drummers yelling. They're not asleep." (Yes they're sleeping all right) The men were quite satisfied with hearing this for in a minute or two they heard their foot steps receding, and then all became become very still. Presently they glanced carefully around, and observed that many of the camp fires of the enemy had burned low, but around some of the others there still came sounds of laughing, singing and cursing, and voices as if in conversation.

"Another hour," said Starring, "and we hope they will be all asleep."

They saw to their surprise however that one of the Glandelinians was throwing some more wood on their camp fire. Starring however took some tobacco and cigarette paper from the pockets of one of the dead Glandelinians, and sat down to smoke comfortably. They were all plagues anxious, and did not even pretend they were either, for at any moment some Glandelinian officer followed by an escort of or retainers might arrive, and then if they were discovered it would be all up with them. At last they agreed to agree that they could not stand the suspense any longer, and made up their minds to go forth and sit down against one of the trees till it was safer to start out, and then if they heard horses coming in the distance they would start moving out at once. The Starring himself put on one of the uniforms of the dead soldier nearest him, and put his own on him, and the five of them each supplied themselves with a brace of pistols, a loaded rifle, and then waited.

There they sat (sat) for another hour until it was quiet enough throughout the camp to start about. Even then they could hear by the noise of conversation and cursing and some laughing that many of the men were still awake but they felt they could not dare to even think of waiting one minute longer for they felt sure it must be near nine or ten on the hour already.

They therefore made it a choice for the place where the fires had died down altogether, and where everything was quiet, and crawled along upon the ground, and they were soon down among the horses. They had been too long accustomed to this sort of experience to have a bit of fear about getting through these Omurian-Turmerannians, and therefore they crawled along, and whenever there was a sound, or the cry of the sentinel, or whenever a man moved and sat up a moment they would flatten themselves flat upon their faces, and wait until all was quiet again. As they crawled they almost very often came near touching a sleeping soldier, and once they did, and aroused him from sleep but he said in a sleepy manner:

"What time is it pard."

The Glandelinians here lay outside pretty close together, but as the five crawled along in the night they made no more noise than mice or rats. An hour and one half of this, and they were through the lines of sleeping men, and far enough on the outside of the main camps on the plain to be able to get up on their feet (de street) and start into a long stride. After twenty more minutes they started off into a run, for there was no more fear now of their steps being heard.

"We fooled them by heavens," Starring said. "Won't the Glandelinian officers curse when he sees thirty seven of his men so mysteriously laid out that way."

"Maybe he'll believe they fought among themselves and slew each other in a spreey rage," said Joan.

They might have been a smile and a half from this part of the Glandelinian camp when in the quiet night air they heard the howling of six dogs. Every one stopped as if they had been shot.

"Thunders, thunders" Starring exclaimed furiously "If we haven't forgotten the bloodhounds."

The four boys and the little girl knew what Starring meant indeed, for it was a well known and very often truthful boast of any of the enemy officers that no spy, scout or any one raiding the camps had ever escaped from them, for that their bloodhounds would track them to the end of the world wide. "There can only be one thing for us to do," said Jim thoughtfully "we must go find, and slay those dogs."

"Wait my children," Starring said "We don't know where the damned brutes are kept. They were no: any where near where we fought the guards to the death, and now we might waste two or three precious hours in even looking for them, and then maybe never find them and if we did they're dogs that cannot be wiped out without a dangerous fight."

"We must risk it Walter," said the girls out.

"Yes I suppose, because it is all up with us if we are suspected and those dogs are put on our track."

to shoot the first number number that comes up, and I only hope we don't shoot Glingiroe. We have a pistol and rifle each and can open upon them from ambush. Better do that by a long way, than be pulled to pieces with hot pincers, or ordered in other ways."

"A long way children" Starring said. "That is agreed then. When I give the word aim your pistol and fire, and be sure we don't waste a single shot. They killed one of us already and we'll get even."

The four now lay close in ambush. As the Glandelinians got to the place where the fugitives had got out, they could see them, pretty close, and in their suspense they held their breath, their weapons at the ready.

The Glandelinians did not pause, however, but went on--another minute passed and they were sure the Glandelinians had passed the spot.

"Bayed. Thank God, and his blessed Mother" Starring said, and they turned and went off at a steady trot. They hoped they could continue for hours.

"How long a time shall we get to continue to escape them, do you believe Starring?" demanded Joan.

"That all depends how long they'll follow down stream. Though he's our friend Glingiroe might not know who we are, and as there are foes who would come to his part of the camp to frustrate even his plans, he'd willingly catch us without doubt so we'd better be watchful. I don't mind the real Glandelinian officers but he's hard to escape from and he usually catches a fugitive. I'm surprised we didn't trick him. I don't believe he knows how far we're ahead. I believe he'll lead his troop two or three miles down, and if they don't happen to be on the right side of the stream as they pass where we got out, they will go up another two or three miles, and near as much down before they reach the trail. We are pretty safe for half an hour's start and we might get if we are lucky, a whole hour. But we ain't safe yet by no means. It's Glingiroe Glingiroe we're up against more than the others and therefore children we ain't safe by a long way. If we could get to him one of our signal signals which he understands, he'd know then and not follow us so hard. But he thinks we enemies frustrating him in his work and he's bound to get us. Other wise we'd not have been fired on like that. It's nearly thirty miles to our woods where our troops is. We've come sixteen of it good I'm sure--I believe it's nineteen I should say, and we've got twelve miles to reach the road, and with him leading the pursuit we ain't safe even then. No our only chance is to come to our own stronghold in the woods or find some spot where we can get horses, and not go to the enemy's lines now as the whole camp may be on its guard now. I'm sure there ought to be a good many cavalry horses scattered about but it's so dark we might pass to within ten yards of one and not see it. There won't be a streak of daylight until six or half past six and it ain't safe yet."

"It's just a quarter to ten" said Joan looking at her illuminated wrist watch. "Is that all. Why we sure went through it so quick. That's strange. But let's get going. I hear pursuers again."

By this time they had recovered their breath again and they quickened up into a fast swing swing, but their hard continued traveling had told on them and they couldn't have gone much less than two miles in an hour. The three child scouts too were badly fatigued, and several times as they went on, they heard a trampling sound in the gloom, and felt sure they had scared some stray horses, but though we had they had a long lasso themselves, they might as well have tried to catch a bird with it. In another half hour they heard the distant dogs again, but they were far off by this time. There was nothing for it now but hard running, and they were still over seven miles from the road they were striving to reach which led to those longed for woods and even the road didn't mean safety. They began to believe after all they were losing the race, for they heard the gallop of pursuers in two directions. In another quarter of an hour they stopped suddenly.

"Heavens" said Starring. "what in the world was that?"

"Lie low," said Jim. "The pursuers are close."

They did, and dangerously close to them a whole squadron of horsemen rushed in a tremendous gallop past them swinging flashlights and torches. Starring decided upon a desperate move and as soon as the last man was up and somewhat distant from the rest Jim said:

"Your lasso" said Jim.

Walker however had made a tremendous rush forward, and before the horse and rider was past, he had got close, and grasped the horse by the mane. The rider tried to down him with his sabre, but Starring had leaped to the horse's back and far more quickly than it takes to write it, he was in possession, and the rider lying dead on the ground.

"Come on children. I've got a horse" said Starring. "He'll do as well as the best horse in the world for us."

The child scouts saw his meaning and in a minute the three were astride the horses back. A shot sounded from somewhere, and the horse tottered, and they thought he would have gone down on his head. Kicking were no good so Starring got out his new and gave the horse a prod, and off they went. They had not gone far, some two hundred yards or so, but the way they had wanted him right across the line they were going, when six shots sounded, and down the horse tumbled.

"All right for once" said Starring. "Howe You've done your work poor horse, but I understand what has happened for the enemy has guessed that's been up, and we are again fired upon. So the Glandelinians would not see the horse, and be able to trail them by its means, they managed to let him to his feet for he was only slightly wounded, gave him a prod, which sent him limping off and then on their way on their course, sure that they were at last safe, for the scouts had felt sure they had thrown the bloodhounds off the scent. They however continued away from their course for over two miles for fear that if they should foolishly continue right on, the enemy would lead the dogs across the trail even though they might have missed the scent, and could easily renew it again, then they turned and made straight for the road.

"I don't think" Starring said now after a short while, that we shall strike the road far off where we left it before surprised by the Glandelinians."

"No I don't believe it would be safe" Bob. We had better bear a little more to the north, for the Glandelinians will most surely come on for that action and we have been so long now on the way that daylight will soon be coming on now."

"I believe" said Joan it's best not to go to the road at all, for I'm sure the Glandelinians most surely will follow it down for a few miles in hope of overcoming or capturing us."

"I hope those fugitives will come down the main road" they suddenly heard some one, say, "and surely I expect so. Won't it be fun though, I believe from what I have heard Captain, that it must be one of those christian spies, with some of those little christian spy or scout snakes."

"What do you mean babe?" They heard another say.

"Meaning didn't the colonel tell us to leave San Miguel before daybreak, and ride on to meet with Captain Glingiroe, and close in on the fugitives? If of course Captain wasn't likely that he meant us to ride more than ten miles or so, so that he himself with his troopers will be within that distance of San Miguel by an hour or two, by daytime, and will be up to our location half an hour later. If those fugitives ride or go on, they are safe to fall into as nice a trap as--2."

"Jehoshaphat" said another. "You're right Rube Hendrick. Let's make traps ourselves. It surely can't be more than a another five miles to the road, and day will come forth in half an hour. How strong do you see one the fugitives to be?"

"Fifty or sixty I suppose" said another. "But we're hundreds strong."

"That's what about I guessed Rube. There are four or hundred or more of our comrades, and they will be fresh. Every road is being watched, every meadow and field. We'll give them the surprise unless they slip in and hide somewhere during the day. I could curse those firebugs for even starting all these forest fires, for though it might seem to help our cause, its making such darn much smoke that sometimes we do not now which is day or night. And fugitives take advantage of it too."

The four of them indeed had been startled by this conversation, and even though they had long ceased to hear the baying of the dogs, which had been most unpleasantly near when they were thrown off the horse, by its being shot it did not at all sound very comfortable. They felt from overhanging this conversation that the Glandelinian pursuers were well ahead, and behind behind them, and on all sides, even even though those with the dogs would probably wait an hour before trying to pick up the trail again. They decided that if they had to be captured at last, it was safest to allow them selves to be overcome by those under Glingiroe for he was the best, and if he did not know the three children, he sure did Starring.

Finally daylight was appearing but dimly and dimly and when it was light enough to see, the fugitives stopped and took a look from a slight rise, and there across a small plain, they could see the road just where they expected, nothing just then was moving upon it, nor glancing the other way could they see any signs of the Glandelinians. Away to the right a mile or so they could see quite a clump of trees some distance beyond the forest's main and something of the appearance of the roof of a country house, among them. This they had no doubt belonged to some farmer. A mile or so down the road the other way was the great forests, through which, the road ran.

"Let's move for that smaller wood Starring and wait," said Jim. "The fierce Glandelinians will be coming up in another half hour, and it ain't likely Glingiroe's force will be long much before that. They are likely to be much further away."

In another twenty minutes or so they were in the apparent shelter of the wood, taking care not to get upon the road in case the enemy should come along with the hounds before Glingiroe came up. They had not been there five minutes before they heard a tramp tramping of many horses, but it was a minute or two before they could decide which way they were coming. At last to their greatest comfort they found it was an opposite direction, not from the direction of the enemy's lines. Just before they came up they also had an idea that they caught a sound from the other way but they couldn't just then have sworn to it. They lay till the troop fairly came up, as it might however be another squadron of Glandelinians. The troop moved in sight and the four got the start of their lives. A big party of soldiers in gray uniform came riding up and at their head apparently it seemed was Gertrude. Then suddenly figuring these were soldier soldiers in disguise, and Gertrude was leading them and believing it was all right, they jumped out with a cheer in the middle of them.

Q. "Don't ask me any questions now Gertrude, for I'll tell you afterwards. We haven't been pursued by the enemy all night. But here's your chance you were looking for. Gimplore does not now who her fugitives are and are following us hard with about I believe a hundred and fifty men and they'll be here in about three minutes I believe. They've ridden more than thirty five miles and their horses are not fresh, so we shouldn't let one get away. That got Gimplore out of it, then he and his force are attacking. But we mustn't harm him. He's our great enemy and he's a great man in words."

"Ride back half of you men two hundred or so yards" she commanded, "and charge when you hear my signal. I with the rest, and the company of girls counts with me will turn off into the woods, and which is very heavy and screens us from view, hurry."

un from view, hurry.

This movement indeed was obeyed. Starring and his child scout followers not having horses were therefore not good to try at a charge, and so they went on in the road, the narrows they could half way between them, so as to be ready to jump out and join in the fight, however it takes some time to write it with a pen, but it didn't take even a minute to do, and in another minute they could hear the Glandelinians coming close. On they came, and Starring new they had passed Gertrude's hiding spot, and he and his friends crouched their rifles tight and peered out through the leaves. On they came, and they could see it wasn't Gingiores band but another, and they observed their leader riding first with two blood hounds trotting along by the side of the horse. Just as he was opposite they heard the new meow of some cat, the meowing cry was repeated, and the Glandelinians halted with a look of uneasiness. They however were not left guessing, for in less than a minute there was the thundering of fast coming horses, and down came the graycoated Abyssinians on both sides of them, just before they got closer, Starring and his followers leveled their rifles, and Starring fired a first hitting the Glandelinian leader in the head, and down he went killed instantly.

The two hounds turned and came right at Joan with a deep growl of rage. Starring sent a ball through each of them, and just as he did so the christian soldiers came down upon the Glandelinians from all sides.

It was the fiercest fight ever seen for such small numbers engaged for the Gandelians were in a trap, and knowing there would be no mercy for them, because when pursuing children the Abyssinians give Gandelians no quarter, they therefore fought like fiends. Starring used his strength and dived down among a Gandelian just with the butt of his rifle. The Gandelians fought their best but were wiped out to the last man. The Abyssinians not being a single man themselves, though some were injured. Starring had never seen a better or more valiant skirmish while it lasted. After it was over Starring, and his three friends mounted four of their horses, and rode on with the rest of them to San Miguel where Gingiores force was to be, but before they started off Starring told the story of his and the experience of his friends that night and of the loss of one boy, and Gertrude sent a couple of men back to bring half the escort as she decided to destroy Gingiores troop at one blow.....

Gingiroe's troop at one blow.....

And only a great cascade of Glandelinians moved in view, and Starring knew he had seen a girl scout have a much worse scare than they & save her life was positively sure it was a main division of Glandelinian cavalry, for there was long squadrons of them, but she was determined not to fall into the hands of these Glandelinian troopers, and though at first she was as white as a sheet for a moment, she was plucky enough enough,, for as soon as she could get her tongue loose she ordered her whole command, out of sight as they were all well hidden before the enemy came up. Starring expected and made sure the commander would investigate the number of men that they'd been lying in the woods plain, but fortunately the troops changed direction and rode down another way. Starring thought too late he looked at her it was lucky for the commander of the Glandelinian cavalry force she handed his name, she'd have shot him if she and her band would have to have a desperate death struggle for it afterwards. They rode on for San Miguel where this troops had passed out of sight, but couldn't just then find a trace of Gingiroe and his band. Gertrude however rode on toward the spot where she expected to meet the troop she had sent for. In half an hour they came upon them. They had a couple of hours to rest their horses, and then Starring led them to the spot where they had almost encountered Gingiroe's force by the stream. The Glandelinian party of pursuers had just turned off their course, they had the Christian troopers coming when they were close, but made sure it was reinforcements, and therefore didn't disturb themselves about it until Gertrude's force had wheeled round and fairly surrounded them did they suspect danger. But it was too late then, and only two out of the whole squadron remained dazed or down upon them, and only two out of the whole squadron got away. And those two battles so close to the main camp it was altogether a most successful business of the war, and Gingiroe was captured alive,

When they got to their own camp in the woods Gertrude said to Olingore;
"Thank you very much sir. It too for our four friends a mighty exciting
adventure but we succeeded, and what became of general Dargar sir."

"He's gone down to Anguilina Azathila to do some duties there. I had felt
Deneore and had made up my mind to go there for a while and therefore I had
scriffled you to go to me and the dispatches which you did. I promised later that
you would come and see him, and I've concluded that it is about time to do so. I've
concluded to get a fast launch and go by the flood if possible. To morrow I may
start. Unless you wish my services."

"I got some startling news to tell you all," said Penrod that afternoon.
"Can you guess what it was?"

"Well read this dispatch which I found dated September the 18th, and this is now the 29th for sure. What do you think of it.?"

They glanced at the paper and this is what they read, those that could,;

FURY OF BATTLE AT ANGELINIA AATHIS TERRAZOES INHABITANTS.
FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND OTHERS DIE: CITY OF ANGELINIA AATHIS
LAIN IN RUINS, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS, MAY MILLION INJURED IN FIERCEST
BATTLE } NOW! SINCE WAR BEGAN.

Angolinla Agathis. Angolinla State News flashed by wireless. As the appalling story of the frightful battle of Angolinla Agathis reached the bedside parts of our war torn country to night, estimates of the number of christian soldier dead rose to over four hundred thousand. Terrible bloody Wednesday with Christian army worsted. Communication in the first hours after the dimatenuous battle had been slight but as the full measure of the battle began to be seen, investigators and the various generals checking up on the roll call said four hundred thousand christians fell in battle never to rise, seven-een million were injured or captured, and most of the army swept away by the irresistible assault of the enemy. Some earlier disatches had set the dead at so small a figure as one hundred and fifty thousand.

That which had been dispatched that the Glandolinian armies (leader unknown) that struck death at the christian armies at Angelina Agathis, had moved toward Forest Hills thirty miles south of Big Girl Knoll, and another disturbance of the war, which caused the loss of life of at least two hundred thousand near San Juan, was also won, and this glandolinian army was expected by the Signal Stations to pass not far from Little Jennie Turner town at midnight to night, and general James Cannon of our armies is being dispatched with large army to meet him if possible. One of the enemy armies were said to be advancing with somewhat diminished force. Ablemannian Vice Consul Turso informed the Ablemannian State Department of Angelina, the news dead among the troops were eleven generals. He said it was a terrific battle. He declared if a new christian army could move to the rescue maybe it could do much good. He said the main christian general and the rest of his defeated army was safe and he strengthened the need of military aid. The eleven christian generals who died in that fearful battle were members of the Gemini and in the Division of troops known as those of the Society of Jesus. They were shot to death in the destruction of one of the main christian divisions. The death list was telegraphed tonight by general Joseph Hendru, formerly of Pandora city, Galverinia, who is in charge of the right wing of the disabled christian army. The dead included six divisional commanders, four Brigadier commanders, and one chief general of the staff of general Cranton. Some time earlier the authorities of Northern Angelina had at the request of Emperor Vivian had dispatched a large division of troops from Maragua Galverinia (south) with artillery and supplies. The army under general Trino as not far away and was ordered to stand by for orders. The general in charge replied that the army would be on the way to morrow ready to head northward with artillery and cavalry. Other troops had proceeded at once to the battle scene to check the foe advance on Little Girl Knoll if possible. Other troops at Beppo lansen were held in readiness if needed.

The city had been under shell fire, and there was not a house that escaped damage. The battle started at about two thirty at mid night, Tuesday or Wednesday, and lasted until thirty thirty the day following, with a lull at intervals lasting about an hour. To prevent news the enemy destroyed all wire communications and this message had been sent out by wireless. All churches in the city was demolished. In the battle many christian regiments were wiped out, but it is said the enemy loss too is very severe, a victory dearly gained. The Government of the Northern Province has organized special home

Some detail guards to guard against the advance of the enemy toward Haidel, the Glandelinians in the battle of the Christian line as if it were a crushing tidal wave before the hurricane storm, and the assault was so violent that at no place could a line of battle be held completely, and most of those who died in the battle lost their lives fighting to the last. The beautiful fields were ruined by shell fire, and by the waves of assault and counter assault, and the generals who were reinforced, killed under very great difficulties. After the conflict many of the first aid stations presented a most gruesome sight as the countless numbers of injured hobbling in, or were carried on stretchers and countless numbers were the painful operations that had to be performed by the army doctors and surgeons. The general headquarters was not much damaged by shell fire, although the veranda was demolished. The Christian defeat was as severe as if it had been a town washed out by an angry sea. Brigades, and divisions, regiments and companies, battered and driven away by the hurricane of assaults were swept from the field. The army might as well have been a town washed out to sea and be seen with the houses bobbing about in the water, nearly submerged. The Galeso river, because of an explosion was dammed at its source or its flowing cut section and because of this had spread over a part of the battlefield inundating the region. The river itself is so full of debris that it seems as if a hurricane had passed through.

With at least two hundred battles since last March including nine terrible ones, believed with varying fortunes on both sides a similar number of smaller conflicts, and thousands of skirmishes, three other battles of unusual interest intensely are raging near Big Birdknoll today. A big Glandelinian army are sweeping northward. The Glandelinian army which wrecked, damaged, or burned every house in Angellina Arathia, and won the tremendous battle there was now advancing on without being checked, coming toward Big Birdknoll and heading toward Alhambra town with increasing numbers added to the army. A second Glandelinian army advanced through the County of Porto Rico and headed toward Cuba town and menacing other points, while a third was sweeping toward burning all before it. With the Abbeinnian Red Cross, and all Nurses, doctors, and Holy Sisters, and priests being compelled to take care of no many refugees produced by the great disasters, there ain't hardly enough to take care of the millions and millions of wounded left by these terrific battles of the past, and all the survivors of the disasters had been attempting in vain to restore some semblance of order to their destroyed cities and towns, where now since June the damage is being estimated at more than twenty two billion dollars.

Scores of disasters have happened in the west, explosions, fires, and floods with great loss of life. The whole central and northern Calvernia all the way down to Northern Angellina State has been laid waste by this enormous flood. Yet all the refugees not drowned by the plagues raging have been steadily marshalling their own forces to restore what they can out of the chaos left in the path of such a disaster or series of disasters. And despite all of Calvernia's suffering we are losing many battles. At an early hour this morning more than one hundred and thirty thousand bodies of our side alone have been buried or recovered from the battlefield at Angellina Arathia and from the ruins of homes and buildings. Searchers probing in the debris estimated that at least seventy thousand more bodies would be found before the searching was finished. Indeed an adequate check up of the loss of life in this dreadful battle on the Christian side may not be possible for days as there are so many hot fires on the battle fields, in small woods, on grassy plains and in the town, and in forests beyond. General Haidel reported that at once many regiments of his own divisions had been swept from the battlefield by the Glandelinian assault that struck like a tidal wave simultaneously with a terrific shell fire pounding their lines to pieces. Rumors spreading among a panic stricken populace of Calvernian refugees placed the possible horror of our side in danger of losing the war. It is placed the possible horror of our side in danger of losing the war. It is reported nine Glandelinian generals lost their lives when their long line of battle facing the Christian fire in the morning part of the battle collapsed before a dreadful counter charge that tore through the enemy wave, before it was itself repulsed by Glandelinian reinforcements. The tidal wave of Glandelinian assault twenty miles miles, long, that fairly inundated the Christian trenches in a wild rush, tore its way through the Christian left wing, trapping its several hundred regiments and moving and cutting them and bayoneting them all to death to the last man as none could surrender. It was reported that fifty two other Christian officers of different rank including the eleven generals lost their lives when they were being swept away to fully their demolished divisions which were being swept before the enemy.

At least half of the thirteen million engaged were more or less wounded in the battle, and yet most of the surviving soldiers forgetting their own troubles, sorrows, and sufferings in the battle, disaster or helped in the first frenzied and haphazard work of restoring order in the demolished and crushed army. The task of clearing away the dead and rescuing the wounded was under way as soon as the first horror of the disastrous defeat which left the army

stunned had passed. The road leading to St John's Cemetery was the first, to be cleared of the many dead bodies of both sides and for the burial of the dead to prevent an increase in the diseases. All soldiers that could dig so were put to work digging deep trenches to accommodate the bodies of the fallen.

The Glandelinian army coming from the southwest had struck the Christian army at two sections simultaneously at about two thirty at midnight, but it was not until late the following afternoon that the enemy succeeded in coming up the Christian army, and forcing on a tidal wave assault that aggravated the havoc and devastation. The battle then had continued with diminished force and fury until evening, when a Glandelinian surge 1,000,000 strong at once attacked simultaneously all along the line from the southeast radiating the fury of the battle and then swept the Christian armies before it. When the Christian line recoiled losing the battle entirely, scores of regiments were captured by the enemy. Conservative estimates place the number of wounded at thirteen million minor, and two million mortally. Nearly all the Christian divisions were demolished, or annihilated entirely. General Westle a division, the finest column of troops in the country was reduced to a mere brigade. The division had been reinforced twice during the frightful battle and strengthened by an artillery storm that covered its defended positions but the Glandelinian assaults crushed it like paper mache. Among the known dead was General Robert Foss Fuller, of the Angellian Left Guard division, and the local superintendent of generals. The injured and other officers and generals who numbered over two hundred included the assistant superintendent general, one captain general, the chief general of the whole army general Russell Sanders who was painfully but not seriously hurt when from the explosion of a shell the roof (or roof) of his headquarters was torn away, and the inside wall fell collapsed. More than one hundred wounded men were in a burn when a shell demolished it. Less than half escaped death.

All through the zone relief and first aid stations were established, and hours after the disastrous battle occurred injured soldiers were still being brought in on stretchers, and given emergency treatment. Thousands are blinded for life, others are to be life long cripples, and many have the most horrible wounds of every nature from shell fire.

This list of so under hundred generals severely wounded in the battle at Angellina Arathia was the greatest loss ever recorded in battle among officers. The message of this battle and loss was sent by Count De piff through a signal station on Haidel Hill. The regular telegraphic instruments at Angellina Arathia were destroyed by the flood, but Count De piff set up the new station on a hill.

The whole of the city of Angellina Arathia is in total ruins as the result of the central portion of the battle ending in the midst of the streets and in the houses for nearly twenty hours. There were no loss of life among any inhabitants as they had fled at the approach of the enemy but approximately the hundred and fifty soldiers were hurt when the famous Golden Port was destroyed by an explosion of a mine during the battle. All of the population of that city is homeless to day. Several hundred residents of the community near the city were injured when they were so foolish as to go too near in their eager desire to see the battle. The Government signal station there there probably will be out of commission for a month. Yet this message was received from the signal station operator at Mord and relayed from Angellina Arathia's signal station to Calvernia.

The Glandelinian army which won the battle of Angellina Arathia was believed to be the same one which fought and won a terrific struggle a few days before at San Guan, and now advanced through Porto Rico County. The Angellina Arathia Signal Station operators reported to the signal station in Calvernia, that he had requested the operator at Mord to get all information possible.

Considerable damage damage had been wrought to the Christian army defending San Guan, during a conflict of general battle proportions, and the enemy army had attacked and struck the army late last week according to signal station reports. The battle had continued for three days. One division of Christian troops there was put out of commission. The dispatch was sent from an emergency station near San Guan. The dispatch had said:

"Apparently considerable damage done to General Andrews army at San Guan. Army slowly retreating."

A warning of a Glandelinian army of considerable proportions was given of its advance, by the very weather bureau last night. It said:

"Report came in by telegraph that advisory S.P.H. Glandelinian army under General Line 100,000,000 strong has moved inland over and across Calvernia Honduran State short distance from Little Birdknoll, north of Glandelinian army is moving a short distance northwest of St. Jean, Virgin Marie county apparently moving west-northeastward with increasing numbers added by new bodies. St. Jean witnessed an action. Big Birdknoll in danger."

Hendro Dargar reported that one of the chief Camboian generals was dead, in Tebo River a victim of shellfire, when he fell mortally wounded during the recent battle at Anmolina Amphle, according to telegraphic messages received here to day. The first details of the havoc wrought to the Christian army under general Houdavay by the Camboian assault which they say destroyed at least one million lives on both sides combined, were received by the International Red Cross service to day, in dispatches from Hombi City.

The message received, revealed that more than seven hundred thousand Glandelinians, lost their lives, when the christian fire at six o'clock in the morning demolished a number of Glandelinian divisions raising the total death rate of 1,100,000. Houses of the villages were hurled high into the air by explosions of mines and human bodies and the debris beside that of horses and the slain in the houses were scattered far and wide. The round bodies of dead soldiers lodged in the branches of high trees or lying torn and battered and gapped with horrible wounds far from the opposing battle lines and trenches.

During the assault the enemy during his successful time followed up the course of Tola river completely destroying all regiments opposing the advance, and capturing prisoners and forcing divisions of troops to retreat before their wild march throughout the fertile valley for ten miles. The river was filled with the corpses of human victims of the battle and the carcasses of animals ruining the water supply over a wide area.

The scores of hundreds of thousands of christian soldiers injured in the disaster were reported to be suffering horribly owing to the horrid nature of the wounds and to the smallest means of medical aid, lac of doctors and nurseries. Most were forced to depend upon the most primitive methods of healing. 2 The army to day what is left of it continued its efforts of aiding battle wounded reassured by reports that a second Hunadlinian army now advancing northward would pass far to the west.

Heavy loss of life was also feared to day in the case of many other big battles that raged over a wide area, throughout July August and September up to now. The full fury of many of the battles however was hardly less violent than that at Angelina Agathie, but the premises have been demolished, our side won several victories especially at Jylian Wickie. News of other disasters followed. Dispatches stating that a Glandelinian army was advancing on toward Maroonville again, had captre captured La Paz causing heavy damage. A check up of these casualties of these battles are not obtainable but believed to be immeasurable.

The battle at Ban Guan was also unusually severe, and the army commanders after the roll call counted two to three hundred thousand dead, and 10,000 officers injured or dead, and 10,000,000 wounded and considerable property damage to many towns in the vicinity of the battle from shell fire as a result of the enemy letting loose a cannonade that broke all records. To try to frustrate the enemy there the christians were tried to let loose a flood from the main inundation, and although buildings and fields were flooded, and everything else paralyzed, the enemy couldn't be stopped, though fortunately this army of christians escaped a major disaster such as occurred some time ago in June at Phelanantburg when a battle there caused \$300,000,000 damage and a defeat of various armies opposing crazy Hsinlay. The army of the christians was crushed and another was crushed

A n officer was electrocuted by a fallen wire, and another was crushed under a roof dropped on him when hurled high into the air by the burst of a high explosive shell. The battle was limited along an extent of thirty or forty miles. During a lull in the battle one of our generals while scouting to see what the next move of the enemy would be fell from a tree limb and was seriously injured. It is estimated that at the first blow one hundred regiments had been wiped out. Many divisions were smashed like window glass, by the violence of the Ghandian assaults and a good part of the main line was driven from the field. All communication lines were cut. General Happonch was also hurled from his position during the height of the battle at San Gaudille left a grand division also parted from the right but the central line held and annihilated the assault hurled against it, until the battle stopped. The line of christians under general Opone was driven three hundred yards, the Ghandian line wave then smashed through another division, but here got no farther."

[illegible]

of Calaverita within the last fifteen months, and caused the deaths of more than twenty million inhabitants from starvation, exposure, floods, managere and all other known horrors including plagues. This war has accumulated in two years more ruins than all starvations in the world combined. very calamity and besides poor holy Calaverita, the horrors of war famine, pestilence caused by disasters, these floods, not a province north or south has been spared."

"You and the dreadful horror in which immense Calaverita finds itself added Peirce, has caused the attraction which this country had brought to all good foreigners who had visited it. It has been a paradise better probably than that Adam and Eve had been driven from. But its stores of undeniable grandeur have been laid waste, and its territory and its population which has exceeded by far all other provinces in the world except Abiennia and her southern States are devastated and refugees, the richness of its soil and subsoil in faced with black ruin, the variety of its products, its sites of unbelievable beauty, enchanting is sadly ruined and spoiled, its great rivers, are rhode and sear, and filled with foul waters, its lakes, its mountains, its plains, the fertility of its countless fields its innumerable and enormous forests, all which go to make a country first in our world is facing a veritable hell of destruction. Hundreds of forested mountains appear as if they were eruptions. Its coal deposits which form the reserve of the future, its mines of gold silver, mercury, copper tin and iron in unmined quantities, its big valuable peat bogs, and its oil fields down south are all in the possession of the vandalsians.

In all Guverlinia which has all the products of the temperate, semi tropical, and true tropical regions are possessed by the forest. The cultivated wheat, rye, corn, sorghum, sugar cane, bananas, camphor trees, pine trees, ebony trees, orange trees, and dates, but there is no more in southern and northern Guverlinia. I do not speak of the destruction of those which is the principal article of sale for it too much more in the forests used to have the animals birds of glaucous color as they're gone driven by forest fires. In all eastern China would have met this fate it could not have extended far enough. The territory of Guverlinia devastated would embrace a land as extensive as the whole of North America and parts of China together. We have sixteen cities as large as London, Chicago and New York put together now a tale only of its former exulting place.

Tourists who have come in spite of great perils to Calvernia are amazed at the extent of the destruction. All tourists who had been amazed at the gradual fall of fair Albiann would be amazed to see it no more, and the I do not know what of the extend of floods and forest fires and other horror extreme which has never been found or occurred in any other large countries."

"I remember" said Starratt that Abbeville was once connected with the rest of the world by an incomparable network of steamship lines, and railroad lines and other means of communications. It too had been an immense river port which had behind it a quarter of the population of the christian and other parts of the world, which was by train only two days from Calveria's, twelve days from Angelinia Agathia, two days from Francis Atlanta, and a month from other places. Its possibilities had been great and its rail road tonnage was as great as that of New York and Chicago. This city served as an incomparable river basin, that of the Ermine Run. The largest boats of the commerce of the world had come to anchor here and the great cargo boats were no smaller on this immense artery which traversed the richest and holiest provinces of Calverinia to the sea and flowed past a hundred now flooded cities whose populations the last was a hundred thousand to two and threesee millions. Abbeville had indeed been an unusually beautiful city. All tourists had been amazed at the beauty of the site, the grand wide avenues and streets, the once imperial palace now used as a residence by the inhabitants and all beautiful beauties never found in any other city. Now where is all that? None? The beautiful Ermine Run river which divides Calverinia into two equal parts is befouled by flooded waters, waters though the river stood well and did not run over its levees. Many regions of our beloved Calverinia has become the "fief" of gaudiolian thieves and vandals and incendiaries, and they have and are still a destroying property wherever they go and this land is designated as "Vandal" land. I have heard the most moderate calculations place at twenty millions the number of very christian soldiers dead during the last fifteen months of this dreadful war, the end of which is not yet seen, and how it'll end only God can foresee, and I have found out that in the midsts of all this hellish horror the dearest Churches The One True Church has remained firm, with Calverinia's stand, even when all other things have failed. Despite Her being the only religion she had come forth unharmed, indeed she has received a great and growing number of the enemy but she is a large living, though the heads of her poor priests have been mangled and more than hundred have undergone grave cruelties, even the Sisters brave the dangers. The future

of this Country of Calvernia still has surprise in store for us."

the three months and one half had passed, since the great Abbeville disaster had occurred, the news of the progress elsewhere made by the enemy was surprising and shocking, though the successes were more in the west than elsewhere, for Hanley and his armies did not avail much though they did seem to have fought some of the fiercest of the battles. This rapid growth of the enemy success was the result mostly of officers of christian armies who could not be really relied on, they either did not understand how to manage armies, or the enemy too might have overwhelmed an overwhelmed them and cut the off from all support. The enemy too was aided by the results of the disasters, the horrors of massacres and by the floods, by the late abundant supply of troops, and the heat created by fires which made the christian armies too fatigued to do much.

However all this did not discourage Gertrude's great band of child scouts. They had been given plenty to do, and they treated that when the floods went which it showed evidence would be soon Abbeville could sent down such immense armies that Calvernia would be free. This could be done by the united strength of the States up north.

The girl and boy scouts decided upon a bold scheme and that was to get some army of christians to come up and force him by some scheme out of his position. What gave Gertrude Angelina and her followers great comfort and hope despite all the bad news heard, and of the great number of Glandelinian victors in the west was that the Glandelinian generals, and Glandelinian were making up unusual progress of their own, but what could be discouraging to others was that not only the enemy was going on with progress, but the progress made by the forest fires, and other disasters was beyond measure, the former especially, was now progressing over many hundreds of miles of forests. This rapid growth of the forest fire was the result of the extreme dryness of the forests, the dry weather, the continued low humidity, and the many more frequently set by the Glandelinian fire bugs. The forest fires too had given the country all it could do.

The fires were being fought by the united strength of all fire rangers, and men and older boys drafted from various towns and cities for the purpose the fighters arriving desperately day and night every hour by shifts to combat the flames but to no avail. The braver of the older girls thousands and thousands of them were also sent assisting, but not being allowed to go too near the danger zone especially where the heat was too great for them to face and the smoke too suffocating.

Even women were brave enough to aid in the fight against the "Red Plague" but they had light work, and consequently there were hundreds and hundreds of thousands fighting and even refugees aided, and standing armies of soldiers had pitched in, but it might as well have been the whole world of people, righteous or bad trying to put out the flames of hell.

Despite all this combat, and all the schemes and tricks of the rangers, and general experienced forest fire fighters the conflagrations had grown so fast, that many people declared they could see its progress a hundred miles away, and that the whole country was getting darker and darker day by day, and sometimes a hundred or more miles of country would be so fogged in smoke that to avoid suffocation people had to abandon their towns and villages.

The forest fires forced the main scheme of disaster in this war. It was now becoming more dreaded than the floods, though it was equally as dangerous and more common throughout southeastern Calvernia, and other States.

Scarcely less it was raging in Angeline near the northeastern border and near Angeline Vine State. It was first growing in intensity to an alarming extent in central northern Angeline State burning on through a part of the Province of Polenta but the onrush of the flood there cut the forest fire and prevented its progress in that direction.

That late afternoon when Gertrude Angelina, with Penrod, Violet, and her sisters, and some of the others including Angeline's niece were strolling down to scouting around, then they saw that in the far distance to south and east the sky was unusually low, as if one of those terrific Terriclan Typhoons was coming, and Jane Mallfort said:

"Isn't those forest fires, Gertrude, threatening all the forests throughout Eastern Calvernia, and plunging the whole world nearest us in continued profound gloom? Why the sun doesn't even shine no more at all!"

"There is sure danger of our forests going to nothing nothing," said Gertrude. "We are positive sure from proofs the enemy does that, but if we could only tell of the others."

"Well if that is so, I cannot understand how the Government of this Calvernia Province can stand all this destruction, without doing some thing desperate to stem the "Red Tide". The fire burn wildly before every little puff of wind and what do gales do. It doesn't seem possible that our forests throughout Calvernia is doomed to be a thing of the past before that dreadful & dreadful plague. I don't see why the hundreds of thousands of fighters cannot stem it."

"How could or can they, because the enemy has provided a very extraordinary provision against this. The fighters too are attacked by them."

All forest fires which I have seen too have advanced in such a fashion that fire fighters can't stand before them. You understand Jane how a forest fire runs depends on the forest, and its material. If the forests are dense the fire are hotter, if they are sparse, they're smoky."

"How do rangers breach a forest to stop a fire?" demanded Joy. "They cut down all trees in the path of the fire as much as possible. The breach is generally a mile in breadth and as long as the wave of advancing fire, or rather longer. It takes lots of men to do that a fast enough. But if the conflagration is hurled forward by a gale, breaching is of no avail. When the breach is finished, and there's no wind, the rangers wait and in a very short time after the fire driven you'd see--indeed you'd be surprised to see how desperately they fight to prevent it from crossing the gap, and when the fire tries to run along the lower plains of the ground, and the seeds, and and so forth, they beat this out with wet clothes and roben or any heavy object they carry. But sometimes the fire is attended by fierce gales and in a little time the blaze would burst forth on the other side of the breach, and the trees there too would soon be so enveloped in the flames, that nothing could be done to stop it. It would then grow larger and larger, and the rangers would be defeated, but if there's no wind, and they fight successfully, the fire would soon die down at the breach. They can then successfully fight it on the flames while guarding the gap, by hurling dirt, mud, or by beating with wet blankets and so forth. However out of all ways, a good size gap or breach is the only hope. Counter firing has been tried but it usually is of no avail, for if the wind suddenly changes direction there's another fire on their hands to combat."

"What a strange way to fight forest fires" said Gladys. "Quite long for, the time when we will see a good fight against forest fires. What would we have to do if a forest fire would come very close here. This forest is very extensive too, and our own refuge would be threatened. What would we do?"

"I mean to direct a fight too" said Gertrude emphatically. "We can do it, and I have sent for news to find out what our condition is. If one comes I'd not try to overcome it here" she added "with a sneer but believe me I'd do my best to force it to head for Tumerlines army and route him out of the neighborhood. The Glandelinians made these fires for them at it."

"But those who fight forest fires face a great deal of danger don't they Gertrude?" asked Mildred.

"It is as dangerous as fighting in battles. The thing to do is to be watchful. Of course we cannot go into the flames to fight them, if that's what you believe, for that's suicide. The calculation in fire fighting zones is that the fighters can deploy against the "Red Plague" as the army does against the other in battle, the assault on the flames is the same, front line battle, storming the rear, and attacking both flanks. It seems strange but that in the fights nowadays the rangers and men drafted are even assisted by women and children, and that they do the easier and safer part as forming the trenches, breaches and so forth, so that just manual labor needs to be required, and in the beating out of smudge fires, and hoeing and ditching and so forth all can help. Boy Scouts and Girl Scouts of other spots have done it."

"Is not machinery required to aid in the fighting of flames?" Charley Jones asked.

"How absurd" laughed Gertrude. "Machinery. How are we to combat a advancing conflagration with machinery, and what machinery could you use. Fire department apparatus would be of no use as it would be so far to obtain water, and then how could they do so when a conflagration goes raging on in so large a scale. I suppose Charley you believe some factory should send out mill machinery to fight a forest fire. The way forest rangers try to fight fire is by many varieties, by cutting down trees to make clearing, ditching, trenching, and so forth. I should teach you all how it is done as I often have seen the fighting. It will be good sport for us to do it somewhere where the enemy is not too close for we'd need to try and form a small blaze in brush so you'd fight it under my direction. Of course the weather is terribly hot for so late in the season it'll soon be October, and yet it's as warm as the jungles of south America. Of course if you learn well, it will pay us well in case of grave danger. I intend to learn you breaching, trenching, fire beating, how to throw wet rubbish over a smoulder and how to combat a crown fire, and how to outwit a combination fire. We'd have to do it rather far apart, so as to have ample room to fight in so as to save ourselves from falling trees and other perils of forest fire fighting. We should learn as we'll some day be so sorry for any ignorance on our part."

"How extensive is a breach made?" "It depends the extent of the fire. If a fire is ten miles long, the breach must be double that, and a mile or so wide."

"How much do the rangers get for fighting fires?" "Five hundred dollars a year."

"But how could we boys and girls cut and saw down big trees with such heavy implements such as ~~saws~~ saws, axes and so forth."

"Couldn't we start a little fire in these woods and fight it,?" demanded Polores.

Besides we should be driven crazy by the ever deepening doom or gloom. I shall not try any experiment in such a heavy wood. It's all right if we could depend on the calm continuing but it never does. At some other spot where trees are not so close together we will give a trail, all strange sorts of forests flourish here, and the extraordinary pine trees which at a distance appears as a heavy forest of giant parsley and carrot leaves are the most dangerous if they get a start for fire. In such a forest nothing not even rain can stop the blaze but increases the smoke. I do not believe that any of the plans for forest fire fighting would give any amount of success in the condition things are now, and how can all these rangers and the drafted help do it, when the armies can't. True the floods are receding now as it is stated and receding good, but that does not help in the forest fire situations. Still it would be interesting, and would cause a little carefree and amusement and thrill in our work, which for our early life would be an important point and so much there would be generally some hope of success, though occasionally we may come through with a total failure, for nothing is so difficult to fight than a forest blaze."

those that could faded along for a considerable

Some of my girls went out constantly before night came to see if any of the enemy were coming, as of course no one could tell how long they were to delay their plot. They had come back with the report that no enemy was in sight, though once far away they saw two scouting parties of Apollinians one larger than the other, but had no idea they were really Conscientians. In the course of a few minutes, six of the Glandelinian scout agents were discovered approaching to nose in on our position, and understanding if we frustrated their scouting, they'd get the noise that we were wise to them, and our own scheme too would be a failure.

find in camp. Upon the boys reaching camp with their find, it was believed the enemy had changed their plans about trying to set a fire trap around us, and were preparing to blow us up. Nevertheless whatever the plan, that night, the camp was aroused by strange sounds around it. Believe me after that we had a bad list of dead among ourselves, but we sure must have wiped out many of the enemy for our gunfire, and the discharge of the machine machine guns was murderous. The noise of firing had been so severe however that it brought a large party of Christians to the spot, and the enemy when about to overwhelm us, were dispersed. "

Seeing that they might have to remain here for several days, until the northern tervar was removed, they saw the next urgent business was of fortifying their clearing in case of being attacked, as they were quite some distance from the christian army they had left, though they had sent a notice to general Evans that they were close to "amerlians army. The land around the clearing was hooped up in a sort of high breaster. They made a sort of attic for the front in an experiment. For safety the two streams supplied an abundance of the coolest water they had found for drinking. As they had found the house close to one of these streams the water was frequently brought in buckets. They had from their bagons all sorts of vegetables, peas, beans, tomatoes, onions, and many others some of which were natives of warm climates and keep sweet potatoes and corn. They had an

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It must be supposed that the forces of child and layabouts, and their Abnindilian escorts during the whole of this short time, were to have a easy life, upon the contrary they were soon going to have some of the most thrilling scenes of their lives. The Chandelians made no move just not to do anything, but without their knowledge of Gortulde, the Abnindilian army knew of the existence of the child escort force near them as much as the officer deer, and General Samelise knowing the kind of child escort they were very apprehensive. It is true he had an army of a hundred million, but the sections of the army were scattered far apart, within a range of ten miles there were no less than four big sections under general Percy Henrice. A file of twenty miles on horseback would bring you dear reader to another section. The army radiatedly to the rear of Gortulde's position was under general Jacques. The tract of land upon the east of this encampment was in possession of three other enormous bodies of soldiers under general Hordede, Cooper, some Federal, and John Angus. Each of these sections of the armies were hundred and ten in size. One of the vast encampment of the soldier of child escort lay to the river exactly opposite the main force of the encampment. From the forest to the east, their camp was situated about four miles from Gortulde's position. To the west of general Jacques, there was the Abnindilian cavalry under two great generals. Elsewhere in the rear of the cavalry were the divisions of William Denders and Stanislaw. They were both ten miles from Gortulde's position. These divisions of the

about officers..... and were therefore disposed to look upon their adventures no matter how thrilling they were as fun, and therefore Violet taking a hand had to repeat to them all quite seriously to be sure that Gertrude's orders were strictly attended to, saying: at the end;

"And remember if you think this is only fun, and get too rash, and anything happens you're responsible not we. We do not ask any one to go where we dare not thread ourselves, but just the same all the spots where I and my sisters ever go to is more serious than you ever went before, and which you're going this time for sure. Therefore listen carefully to all instructions given, and during this movement Gertrude planned, if there's any monkey business we wash our hands clean of the results as it'll be your own hard luck, and you'll be punished too for the same disobedience if you survive the disasters of your own account."

Then Gertrude informed them of the mysterious box which she intended have opened, and therefore she intended to open it on the outside. She and Violet, and her sisters entered the house. The box which it takes two men to carry had been placed in a secret panel room, and four of the girls carried it out. They then that is four of the Vivian Girls used screw drivers and hammers to force it open. The latter tools however were not necessary, as the case had been very carefully screwed up, and when the top was forced up

it was removed by two of them, and they found what made it so heavy was that there was an inside case covered up with lead and bolted covered. As Violet herself was cutting through this, her sisters expressed their opinion that from the extreme care taken by the former owner, whether it had been the Glandelinians or it had been stolen by them, the contents must be very valuable, or secreted. Still they could give no clue until they got the inner case opened which they found a more difficult job, and when the case was finally opened the astonishment and even surprise of all was unbounded to find that it contained four dozen large explosive bomb rockets heavy and granular, clockwork bombs, a dozen or so of big blue lights, ten red, and a dozen of ordinary signal rockets all being covered with straw. Which had been necessary for these explosives would have detonated if they had hit one another in the box when it was handled. "all the Good heavens" all the Vivian Girls exclaimed in intense alarm. "what a miracle they didn't go off when we carried the box."

"What good will they do us," demanded Jane. Realizing their narrow escape for had these exploded in the house at night many of them sleeping there would not have been there that morning. "We could make good use of them," suddenly said Dolores.

"How?" requested Violet.

"I will tell you my dear Princesses. Of course the Glandelinians are experienced with rockets of all sorts but I see by the name written on the box that the Glandelinians never had these, and who ever had them must have had them made specially by some pyrotechnist in America. I'll bet the enemy had never seen any such rockets as these explosive ones, really they're not rockets but rocket grenades for I have seen them before, and they explode with greater effect than do our bang bang shells. One dozen you see here appear as if they were the ordinary kind though you see they're of unusual size, but they contain not the materials used in Celebrating rockets but great colored balls, which will give out star shells which throw curtain lig to over a large territory and reveal everything in the darkest night. One of them alone thrown into the air even where we believe any Glandelinian may be will light up the plain, forest and hilly country and give us as good a view of them as if it was day time. The other three dozen smaller ones here are loaded with something appearing as if fire crackers, but when they explode they let go a shower of gamma and canister and do fearful havoc. You see it is a good thing and many of these rockets have a strong case of lead placed on them and one of them striking a man without even exploding, will certainly throw him off his horse and even kill him. These things you see, and should understand are used in war in other countries and the idea came to me that as they had never seen these, they would be horribly scared at night by them, and even if the riders are not frightened, nor the soldiers on foot, it is quite certain that the horses would be horribly alarmed by one of these rushing fiery things charging into their midst. The loud roar, the explosions, the rush, the train of fire, and the volley of crashing death and destruction in their midst would be enough to rout the bravest Glandelinian cavalry force and frighten their horses altogether. I believe that do you think of my idea of using them on the Glandelinians, being some scientists we know, and have these manufactured throughout the country to be used with our mutineers in the armies."

"What do you think of the idea Violet,!!!!!!" asked Gertrude.. 979 (X)

"Capital. Capital," everyone cried..

"But how?" Dolores asked. "Will any one of us be able to make these strange rockets go straight at the Glandelinians. All the rockets I ever saw even the exploding kind always went straight up into the air..."

"Ten Jane, because they were pointed up. put I see, you can see it too if you examine them. I mean that these ain't. YOU understand a rocket goes the way it is pointed. We all have seen that rockets in war are mostly fired through a sort of tube or from troughs. We too use the tubes, some of these will come in handy through our defense, so some of you boys and even girls set to work at once and make a couple of tubes or troughs about four feet long, without ends. They can be used in our long wagons, and they must stand on legs high enough to raise it above the level of the works we may use it against. Let there be two legs on the front end, and one leg behind, and this leg behind should have a hinge, so that when it stands upright it will be six or eighteen inches higher than at the front in case we want to fire at anything close at hand. Then too when we want to elevate it or the head of the weapon and explosive to fire at anything in the distance, we can then pull the hind leg back so that, that end is lower than the front."

Penrod who was present however thought for a moment or two and then said; "I believe Dolores, it would be much firmer on the wagon floor, and more easily for us to manage it if two legs were put on behind with another one sliding up and down between them and with holes in it so that it can be pegged up and down as we desire."

"That would certainly be better, Penrod, but I doubt if it'll be all right on a wagon, but we can try it nevertheless so put your idea down on a piece of paper and let me see exactly what you mean before you begin."

Penrod did so very carefully, and Gertrude pronounced it to be the perfect thing, and by evening the troughs about four of them were finished and placed in position at the rear of four of the longest wagons. Too Gertrude in the course of the evening, explained to them all that it might be possible that the Glandelinians might venture to make a dash to attack and carry off or destroy some of their number, and that therefore she ordered everybody to be on the lookout, and to adopt every precaution upon the time of the whole force moving out.

To every one he made an addition to her former instructions, namely too that not only should everybody be on their guard before their advance was started, but that when they all started off, some one or other should climb a tree every quarter of an hour to see that everything was still clear, that the enemy was still at a respectable distance, and that even the girls should do the same, for who among girl and boy scouts were there who couldn't climb a tree? The boy Penrod required no orders on this score and neither did the little Irish foreigner boy. They were well acquainted with the Glandelinians, and had a perfect horror and hatred of them. They had mistreated the wagonets be used as sorts of traveling forts, and heavy iron plates had been fastened on three sides of the wagon, and large holes had been sawed through them to fire through, with their armoured wagons, their soldier escort and the way they were armed the whole regiment felt that they could defy all hell itself. Orders were given to Joy St. Claire and Gladys too and also Sally and Sarah that in case while the march was on, and the dogs gave an alarm, every one was to be behind trees and stones and so forth at once preparatory to open fire, to which Gladys replied characteristically.

"Sure Miss Aronburg, I suppose we could form a good ambush for them." "Right you are Gladys, when the dogs give the alarm we are to go behind all objects of hiding at once. Then we shall be able to decide according to the number of the enemy, as to whether we shall rush forward and storm them with one of our wild and audacious assaults which has always terrified them or stand upon the defensive and open a terrific fire."

And no every one having received their instructions in case of emergency, things for the rest of the evening went on much much as before, for they heard the enemy was going to march by night, and halt by day, and so they would do the same...

The evening passed without the slightest incident or alarm. The rules of the camp which Gertrude had laid down were strictly observed. All the sheep and cattle they had of their own were carefully secured in the wagons not needed for provisions, a dog was fastened up in each of these wagons, and as of the one of the mutineers was kept in front while the other was in the rear, the retrievers as usual being outside. A flag signal. Flag signal staff was erected on the rear of the wagon. The boys and girls assigned for that duty fulfilled the duties of lookouts, even before the advance started they went up every half hour and they answered to the calls that the foe army: "Bill! Bill!" Before the advance was started for Gertrude rode over to the left of her column to confer with the Abner Allan co. commander about their own duties. While she was gone Penrod who was playing with Jane and Mildred some sort of a game were startled by the sound of a rifle shot. Looking up they saw a girl on a tree top, she had just fired the rifle, and another was signaling.

"...and the Glandelinians have come at last." The Irish boy scout exclaimed, and they all three started at a quick run. The girl scout and the boy scout immediately at seeing them run, and waved her hand to them and then she and others landed over the distant plain beyond the first bunch of the immense forest. At this moment they were joined by many others. "It's all right June" June was on an untemperament that was not excited, despite her so called rashness at times. The Glandelinians who made the mid, was a very long way off, or the girls on the signal tree would be waving to us the signal to come on hastily. We must all take it easy, for we shall want to keep our hands steady."

So they stopped their hasty speed of running and turned into a plain trot, which in five minutes brought them to the tree. They themselves climbed up and descended;

"What is the trouble Maud?"

"Oh dear oh dear," Minnie said. "A big calvacade of Glandelinian cavalry have passed, and they've got all our animals and a number of our comrades prisoners besides."

"And I fear they have slain a good many of our comrades too," Maud added. "They made a desperate assault upon our southern camp. I saw it all from here."

It was evidently too true. At a distance of six miles or more the girls and boys who had climbed the trees could see a gray mass mingled with a red hue rapidly moving and retreating, and numerous single specks could be seen hovering round them. Two miles from the camp a single horseman was galloping wildly. They had already made him out as Joe Green. Those on the trees were speechless with dismay. The little Irish boy scout who could only speak English and very little Abbeannian yet was the first to find his tongue.

"Och the devilish hounds!" he exclaimed in English. "The batten devilish vandals, and to think that not one of us was there to give them a bating."

"What will Gertrude say?" Maud ejaculated. "Somebody's at fault for this, and I'll bet my soul it's Joe Green."

Penrod said nothing, but looked frowningly, with tightly closed lips, after the distant masses, while his hands closed upon his rifle.

"How as it Minnie?" she demanded at last.

"I was down on the grass below," Minnie said. "When Jennie yivian herself was over on that tree top, signalled down to me. 'Come up Minnie' quickly. 'I thin there is something wrong over there.' I climbed up the nearest tree, and I saw our animals a long way off, nearly four miles with a number of red figures, and I saw a gray mass of something on horses a going a long fast toward them from the right. They were rather nearer to us than our animals were, and were on one of the rises of the ground so that they would not have been seen by any one in the outside of the camp, then as they got quite near the camp, I saw a sudden volley of puff clouds from our camp and heard a sound of firing, but the fight was won at that section by the raiders, the beasts began to gallop away—and three of the furthest red figures—whom I suppose were the Glandelinians in disguise—separated themselves from them and went off sideways, lashing with long cowhides. The small red figures moved off in retreat and one of them seemed to get a start of the others. These were cut off by the gray mass, and I did not see anything more of them except a few that were carried away. Joe Green I'll bet got away and though some of the Glandelinians rode after him for about a mile they could not catch him. Directly I saw what it was, and drew my pistol and fired, and some one signalled. That's all I saw."

Maud and others confirmed Minnie's account merely adding that seeing the fugitives in the distance she suspected also a massacre. The animals and prisoners and foes were now quite out of sight, and the whole party went down to meet Joe Green who was just riding up to the inclosure of the camp. He was very pale, and his horse was covered with foam.

"Are any of our number slain?" was Jane Melfort's first question.

"I do not know Miss Melfort, but I should thin so. The Glandelinians caught them, I heard shooting and the boy ex-shouted. 'Santa Virgine' and he crossed himself piously—"what an escape. I will burn twenty pounds of candles upon your alters."

"How was it that your part of the camp was surprised Joe?" Mildred demanded a little severely. "You were so particularly ordered by me to keep a good lookout while on duty there. If you blundered I'll—"

"Well Miss Maxwell I did retain a very good lookout, and it was good for the whole camp that I did. Of course I'll confess I was further off from camp than I ought to have been—I understand that, but necessary of seeing things suspicious compelled me to do so, but then Gertrude told me not to go far—but I knew that the rise of ground that I could scout from was the direct direction and that I could see for many miles distance in the Glandelinian territory. Don't mistake the red specks you see for prisoners, the enemy had no prisoners, those are Glandelinians in disguise with the other. I saw the Glandelinians was up to something so I went out there, and my

comrades Mildred Pedro, and Evanos Somgotze came with me. They saw nothing and thought I was only having an optical illusion, and while they laid down to try and see better in that posture I stood by my horse watching everything. My horse seemed uneasy, and I thought there must be the enemy somewhere near about. So I got on my horse, and just as I did so I heard a noise, and glancing behind where I had never dreamed of them I saw a lot of Glandelinians with those College Student or professor hats coming up at full gallop from the hollow. They were Glandelinians, I could tell by their horizontal banner. An assault was made on the camp elsewhere for I heard the firing, and saw the cattle and horses and other animals going off at the same instant, and I gave a shout to my two companions and stuck my spurs into my horses flank. It was a near touch of it, and they gave me a hard chase for the first mile, always demanding of me to surrender, and calling me a guttersnipe, a dog and all other names and cursing at me fiercely. My horse was fresher than theirs, and they gave it up. My two companions also escaped, shooting down ten of the Glandelinians."

"How many Glandelinians were there?" Penrod demanded.

"I don't know Master Penrod. It was only those in front that I caught a view of, and I never glanced round after I started except to fire once in a while. All of them had long rane carbines for twenty of them I believe fired after me as I went off, and lances whizzed past me, one with a flag or banner attached to it. I shot six of them."

"What do you think Jennie about the number?"

Violet, and her sisters were silent, and then Jennie finally said after scratching her head to think a better;

"They were all on big rroupe Penrod and not in lines as usually they are. I could not see them separately."

"The group seemed to be the size that our cattle and horses do when they are close together at the same distance. Don't you believe so Violet?" Joice said.

"Yes," Maud thought they were too."

"Then there must have been over a thousand or more of them," Penrod said. "I wonder what Gertrude will do. One of us had better ride off at once and fetch her."

"I will go," Angeline said moving away to saddle her horse.

"Stop Angeline," said her sisters Daisy. "I believe you had better use Joe Green's horse. I do not now what Gertrude may make up her mind to do—she's a rattlesnake to the enemy you now, and it's best for us to have our horses quite fresh. She'll attack. I'm sure of it."

Angeline agreed at once, and was mounting, when Angeline "Eheeeeee" Rheeese said;

"Wait a moment Princess, and I will climb up to the top of the tree. I may Gertrude, it's nearly time for her to return. She said she would be back and it's ten minutes of the time."

Angeline reluctantly paused, while Angeline Rheeese mounted the tree, and a minute appeared at the top. She remained there for a moment glancing across the empty space of ground, and then held up her hand.

"I can see her," she called down. "She's a long way off, but she is coming. I'll give her one of my signals as she appears to be glancing this way no doubt she sees me up here and wonders what is wrong as she is slowing down her horse, and has one hand to her eyes."

Angeline Vivian was about to alight again, when Jennie her sister said it, "You had better take an escort and ride to meet Gertrude Angeline. No doubt she may be much alarmed to see the girl up on the tree top, and it will be a great satisfaction to her to understand that we ourselves are at least all safe."

Angeline ordered ten boys to follow and the whole party at once galloped off. While Angeline Rheeese remained up there continuing to signal to Gertrude. He was about only one half mile distant, and had been riding quietly. Then for a little while she had lost sight of her. Then as she came up on a rise, she saw her stop her horse suddenly. She guessed that she had seen the signal for she was gazing at the tree top now with a field glass. Then she was sure that she made out the signal for she came on at a most furious gallop and as she came nearer she could see that she had removed her rifle from her back and was carrying it across her arm in readiness for instant action. In a few minutes Angeline Vivian, and her boy escort met her, and after a short pause, the whole party rode fast toward the camp. Gertrude rode up to Joe Green heard the details from him, and then rode up to the camp.

"This is a bad affair Princess," she said regretfully, "but as long as our whole force is safe anyhow we can thank God and His Blessed Mother that it is no worse. I'm going to get all those animals into my possession again or get them from the Glandelinian camp at Glandelinians own expense. Maud ride down to my Abbeannian commander, and tell him to get his whole army of cavalry at the immediate readiness, and you Jean Andrews have the remaining animals animals driven into their inclosure and faster the gate after them."

Angeline to Angeline, "I have," get all our force at the readiness. This is a good time to repay for our loss of life on the raft. I'm going not only to regain those animals but I'll give not one of those rascals a quarter."

Gertrude then retired with Violet, and her sisters—who had been looking on most anxiously while these orders had been given. Dolores over the nose was pale, but composed, and they could see that she had been crying.

"Angeline Vivian and I and her sisters have been holding a short meeting on this, and we are determined to get all our animals back, and I'm going to get some of the enemy's property too. I'll give them something that'll cause them to be afraid to come near us in the future. Violet, and her sisters are going to be with us, and Angeline will lead the expedition. It's unfortunate that so many of our troop have ridden over early this morning to general Viviane, and will not be on the return until late to night—had they been here I now we could break through a part of the enemy's territory and get a rich haul. I thought at first of sending a swift courier, but we cannot lose time. I have sent Lopez over to another spot with a note. We shall not be back at this spot again. Not of us will need to return after our fight. Every one of us will come. Let us start as soon as possible. Lucky we had our supper recently. Charles Brownie fetch down three blue lights, two signal rockets and two of the explosive ones. We'll start off in one minute so all be mounted at that time. When the bugle sounds off we start."

In a very few minutes they were already mounted, and they started off through the woods for the plains at a long steady gallop, the troop of mounted soldiers following.

"I believe they have only got an hour's start on us," said Gertrude. "Jennie said that it was half an hour from the first alarm to my arrival, and I was in the house a minute under that time. It is about half past seven now, and it's getting dark, but the forest fire glow will give us plenty of light to see the foe."

"It's a very fortunate indeed Gertrude, that all of our troop had their horses all safe."

"Yes indeed Penrod. If we were without horses we would be in a serious situation, and our chances of doing anything would be past. As it is we shall be up with them in two or three hours. The sheep and other animals they might have stolen cannot really go more than twelve or thirteen miles, especially with their heavy fleeces on. We might catch up with them easily enough."

Half an hour riding and they were up to the scene of the assault. As they neared it they saw about forty Glandelinians lying upon the grass. There was no occasion to go very near nor to stop, the stiff and distorted attitudes were also sufficient to show that they were dead. Gertrude also decided not to ride too close to them understanding that the shocking sight of so many Glandelinians who have met with a violent death, and probably were now in hell was apt enough to take the nerve of any one not accustomed to such a sight, however brave they may be.

"The darn rash fools are evidently dead," said Penrod. "It's no use of our stopping to look them over."

Yet he glanced at the bodies with a fierce frown upon his face, and muttered to himself:

"We'll pay the rest of you for this you vandals."

The others did not even glance toward them. The girls and scouts held their heads high in a haughty manner when they passed the dead bodies. Some of the never girl and boyscouts felt a strange feeling of illness come over them even at a momentary glance they had of the rigid figures.

"I suppose you do not intend to assault them until to-morrow morning Gertrude?" Jane McFert who was riding with her, asked.

"Well comrades, I have been planning it all, have been thinking the matter over, and during the meeting Violet, and her sisters had proposed that it will be better to do so directly we catch up with them. Then we'll crash upon some part of the camp, perilous as it is and give them a big hot surprise. We can get away in the night."

"And do you think Gertrude that our force of child scouts, and the Abyssinian squadron will be able to thrash the lot of them without any loss? They're dangerous fighters you know, being the Mangaboo, and they're as courageous as we are."

"No Penrod, I do not say we'll ever be able to thrash the lot of them, not if they get reinforced, and they are more numerous than you say, for I know them more than you do, but with our weapons we shall be able to wipe out the ones who stole our animals. If we wait till morning to make the attack, they'll find out how few in numbers we are and having no dread of our weapons, or of our own savage fierceness, may even have a long fight, and over power us in spite of them. We shall be going to have a long range fight, and I know our weapons will outrange theirs. Another thing Penrod is I want to give them a lesson by driving a file of fierce rangers of an assault upon some part of their camp where their wagon train is. They

so must be made to see that they shan't come and raid us with impunity."

Scarcely another word was exchanged for the next hour, but they rode on in a way to cut off the raiders from their main camp. They went along at a steady gallop. Indeed despite the gloom there was no difficulty in following the pathways, for the long grass was trampled in wide swaths.

Quite often too, exclamation of rage burst from them as they came across a dead sheep or cow, evidently shot by the Glandelinian vandals because these animals could not continue on or keep up with the rest. After passing twenty of them Gertrude gave the signalled order for the halt, while she then leaped off her horse by the side of one of the sheep, and put her hand upon its body, and into its mouth.

"It's quite dead—surely isn't it Gertrude?" one of the girls said.

"It is, I never even expected it to be alive."

And crumpling something to herself, she leaped upon her horse, again.

"Why did you stop for?" asked Violet.

"Because I wanted to find out how warm the sheep's body was. If we try again after riding ahead for about another half hour or so, we shall be able to judge, by the increased heat of the others we find dead as to how much we have gained on the enemy and whether they're far ahead. You see Penrod, when I was in North American countries, I was once in the State of Texas and learned much about Indian Methods, who are however a much gentler enemy than these Glandelinians are. One had to keep their eyes open then, but not so much as here, for the Glandelinians are every bit as brave as we are. Don't push on so fast Princesses. Sure your horses, you will want all they've got in them before we are through. I believe we are gaining on them fast now. You see the dead sheep and other animals lie every hundred yards or so instead of every quarter of a mile. The Mangaboo Glandelinians understand well enough that it would cost them far longer than a whole day for any one too far away from the Christian lines to collect a large troop for pursuit, and would have no idea of our strength of numbers, and so I'll expect that they will now have slackened their pace a little, to give the captured animals breathing time."

After riding on for another ten or fifteen minutes without a stop, Gertrude again alighted, and found a very great increase of the warmth of the bodies of the animals and sheep.

"I do not believe they have been dead much more than fifteen minutes or so, keep a sharp lookout you boys in the waggon, we may see them at the top of the next small hill."

Not a single word was exchanged for the next few minutes and they were riding along a little faster. They crossed four slight swells covered thickly with trees, and saw no signs of the enemy, but upon breasting a rather higher rise than before and which was completely clear of trees, but covered with very high grass, they saw a column of cavally far ahead, and a mass of moving animals in the distance. These had only about two more hours ride to reach general Tamerlane's army safely.

"Gertrude again signalled the order to halt, and as all the whole force at another signal swung into a long thin line, she signalled to them to dismount, and that only their heads should show against the top. Then she said to her orderlies:

"Here hold my horse, loosen the saddle girths of yours too George, and let it breathe freely. Take the riddle out of its mouth. It seemed to me by the fling of our enemies, that they were just stopping. I'm going on on foot to make sure of it."

So saying Gertrude again strode forward a short distance, but going on hands and knees as she came to the crest of the rise in order that her head might not show above the long grass and weeds. When she reached it she observed at once that her first suspicion had been correct. At a distance of over half a mile a large mass of animal animals were collected, and round them were scattered a large number of horses, while figures of men were moving among them, while a little further in advance in square formation was a large body of Mangaboo Glandelinian cavally. They were fifteen thousand in number.

"It is as I thought Penrod," she said when she rejoined her comrades. "They have stopped for a while not to rest but because they're suspicious of being followed. The animals however must have been done completely up, they cannot have come less than five miles, and will require a long rest at the least before they're fit to travel again. These smaller red objects that appear to be some of our own comrades as their prisoners, are enemy child scouts in disguise, and they seem to be the directors of the enemy column. One half hour will do for our horses. Ince their mouths out with water, give the whole force these orders, and then let them gaze if they are disposed, and so'll give them all they want."

As the whole column soon had attended to their horses, which they hobbled to prevent their running off too far, and all set down to have a slight meal. Some of them however felt very hungry, for the excitement of the approaching combat having driven away the sharp appetites that they would have gained

help for the fury of the attacks of the chimacout regiments. She now with a shout of him. Seeing the repulse of the Glanuelians Gertrude rose with a shout of glee now ran to her horse which was trembling in every limb, and struggling wildly to escape, soothed it by patting it, loosed its bonds, sprang into the saddle, and calling to her followers went off at a full gallop in the direction by which she had come. She had not ridden very far before she finally heard in the still night air, the repeated sounds of heavily heavy feet, and knew that the mere remainder of her force were either upon the trail of the animamims and fighting the retreating Glanuelians. Gertrude had not the slightest fear of the enemy pursuing them now, she felt positively sure that the awful slaughter of the night by the now and mysterious remnant and by the repeated assaults of her hands together with the effects of the grenade rockets would have terrified the Glanuelians far enough and crowded them so much that they could thin nothing anywhere else but of fleeing for their lives. She however was somewhat alarmed when after a

"The color does not mean a light eye in the dark as Glandelinian
do. The nearer they come the darker is their color."

"We must be the eye of the storm," said Gertrude. "If they're Christian, we'll not answer. If not, we'll go on forward with hostile intentions."

The signal was given. The women and little child were supposed to have been persons. The signal was given. The women and little child were supposed to have been persons. The signal was given. The women and little child were supposed to have been persons.

"Halloo, halloo-o-o-o," cried Gertrude, forming a circle with her hands. "Halloo, whom cavally to be over, under, and the answer."

"Christian cavally of Abyssinians, with Princesses of Abileanna Violet, and her sisters, and Gertrude Angeline leading." And cried out.

There was a sudden flare of lights from the foremost of the horsemen and one suddenly revealing a white flag rode forward followed by six more. In another minute they were all shaking hands heavily with General Jack, Evans, General Harrison, and others, and with Ludliffe, and some others.

"We got your message and came on in a hurry," said General Vivian. "As soon as your man Lopez brought news of what you were going to do here, we at once started the army forward as we were. Much sooner than you could have thought. We had started the army the moment we got the message. By nine o'clock my whole army was on the move, and we had agreed that the enemy would be satisfied with their booty they had stolen from you would never believe, and we had encountered on the way a strange darkness approaching, and we were prepared for an encounter, but it had turned out to be the animals, the horses galloping northward at a steady pace. There seemed to be many horses among them. Arranged by this time some encounter or other had been made between you and the vandals, we had moved on our force with much anxiety, and we are greatly relieved at finding you all safe."

Gertrude and her troop became an addition to the army cavally and now Gertrude decided of her own free will to bring her whole cavally force to her clearing camp which they reached in four hours riding. As they came in along with the cavally and general Jack. Then Violet separated herself from the cavally and rode forward with her five guards and to the right, then returning to the others. This she repeated at intervals four times, greatly to Gertrude's surprise.

"What are you doing Violet dear?" she asked. "I'm trying to see if the enemy is near by. As for their my intent to storm's here, I and my sisters agreed upon this signal before we started."

"Is all clear?" "So far yes."

In a short time three thousand could be seen upon the field in the distance. These were known to be none of General Vivian's soldiers. When they approached one of the companies rode forward to meet them, and they rode on. Camerline was on the move, advancing northward.

Then, when the army had halted, and daylight began to appear, the east five girls rode up.

"Are you hurt much Miss Armstrong?" she exclaimed anxiously. "Nothing to speak of—only a scratch on my arm. Poor Gladys's has not the force of it, and as I had Perrod thought they can still remain their seats."

"Poor Perrod, poor Gladys!" Violet and her companions again hearing this and the two wounded children had some difficulty in persuading the girls that they could wait on a fairly well till they reached home without being hindered or otherwise touched.

"And how did you two happen to get so ended?" Jean the other girl demanded.

"I will tell you about it when we have had been fast. I have told some of the generals about it, but for the time being, and as I am not doing for it, I suppose the animals have got back. Now many are missing."

"Missing?" "George Zimmerman has counted them. He says there is no cattle missing, and only one sheep is missing, and as I am not doing for it, I suppose the animals have got back. Now many are missing."

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"There are no little girls pretty and as fair as and as bewitching as these
and as good and as lovable and as brave as these little ones were the
children of one of the children of the children of General Aronburg's army

Thirdly, considering they might have had a start on me, I remember once when one of us tumbled off our horse three times at one jump, 10 feet high and that was one of a side fall in front of Gladstone.

Two feet² site and 4 in² were any of a fall in front of a Glandolinian

The servant brought it. The general opened the envelope, and glanced at the dispatch. He uttered an exclamation, which was half a groan, half a cry...

"Good heavens, what is the matter general?" asked Gertrude.

"The Glandelinian armies who won the great victory at Angelinia Agathis have been reinforced, and have massacred all their prisoners, and captured many of the refugees from the city, and have murdered them all, every man woman and child they could find, are firing upon flood and other disaster refugees and are setting new forest blazes, and starting new floods, and are burning towns and villages to the ground. Mylotte is retreating with the purpose to join them, and Viviania is in danger and retreating hastily toward Maximilian. Tamberline is reinforced by Tomas Peddernal, and another Glandelinian general called Bicknellian is coming on to join him, and the foe army at Angelinia Agathis, or who won the battle there is marching on to rejoin general John Hanson, army who is heading for Little Girkhool thirty miles or so away, and not an arm there to oppose them. Now after your divisions brother Hanson. We might be needed. We'll have to crush Tamberline and march for Big Girkhool I'm afraid. Where's Vivianah and Herb. They should be there somewhere."

A low cry came from general Hanson. This was indeed awful news, and for a few moments the two generals sat half stunned at the calamity, and Gertrude strode away to hide her tears, while from somewhere the sound of sad music came like a mockery on their ears.

"Let us go into the garden lot," said general Vivian to his brother "where no one can hear us."

"Yes, this is dreadful," said Hanson.

For half an hour they strode up and down the once fashionable garden, and indeed there could be no doubts about the truth of the awful news, for it was an official telegram from some spot near Angelinia Agathis, and as to the extent of the misfortune, it was frightful beyond comparison, beyond description.

"Outside of general Viviania's, there is not a single strong christian army near, Maximilian," exclaimed general Hanson "and if Viviania is the enemy he's good for they're five to his one. If he is worried in case he gets into a fight, those Glandelinian armies will have it all their own way, and at that town there are many thousands of families in danger, and there are scores which are foreign born, or who came from foreign countries. Maximilian once in the hands of these powerful Glandelinian armies will soon be a center, and the foe victorious, and the dreadful horrors committed by these Glandelinians will then spread like wildfire over Galverinia, and further. What was general Vivianah about and where in the world is he, and Reppo John Evans? What is the matter with their armies. It is as inexplicable as it is terrible. Is there anything to be done brother dear, do you think?"

But general Vivian could think of nothing. All the rest at present did not hear anything yet of the news, but the tidings would reach them soon, for now in Galverinia outside the disaster zones spreads from village and from city to city with lightning speed, and even general Vivian's army was only about less than seventy miles from Abbebaum.

"Had we better tell them inside?" the general asked.

"No," answered general Hanson "it is best to let them be ignorant of it for a while while, we'll let them find it out themselves. If you can tell my staff officers to come round to the messroom, I will meet them there, and we can hold a council over the matter, but let all the child scouts be ignorant of the situation for they'll need all their strength and fortitude for what is to come. I must go to Viviania's aid if possible."

And so clearing their brows, they slowly went into the house it being now nearly nine o'clock, and listened to the sad distant music, and joined in the conversation for ten minutes or so. But general Vivian was unconscious of the fact that all of the scouts did know the news of the disastrous advance of the enemy from Angelinia Agathis, of the concentration of an overwhelming force at Maximilian, they had learned of it two or three days before by the newspaper one of them had found and had received letters that gave details of these terrible events, and there was not a boy or girl in the whole regiment who did not know the full extent of the awful calamity, nay they knew far more about it than general Vivian did or we will ever know.

Overhearing general Vivian's decision not to say anything about it to the child scouts right away Gertrude said:

"You needn't keep it from us general, we know about it before you ever received the news. Our armies were defeated at Angelinia Agathis, and we have heard much since then. I am sure some one blundered in that locality, for otherwise the enemy couldn't have won, and would not be moving forward to menace Little and Big Girkhool now. If you go to Viviania's help sir, it wouldn't do much good, you haven't enough men to cope with Richardine Tamberline and the other foe armies, and your purpose would only aggravate the disaster. The best thing we must do is to wait until we receive a telegram from Violet, or any of her sisters. They'll advise us, or you, or Hanson, or any one of the others what to do. But take my advice and don't move from here until you

hear from them. We mustn't do anything that we'll be sorry for. And we too must wait for help from some quarter before you move against Tamberline. He's got 100,000,000 men. You haven't forty. So be wise general. I'm telling you for your own good."

She then handed to him a long letter which she had received from a friend who had escaped from Angelinia Agathis and the general read it as follows:

"SEPTEMBER 9TH

1918.

Dear Gertrude;

I have bad news for you. After the battle was over at Angelinia Agathis, the whole town was set ablaze by the victors and forest fires added to the scene. I observed the flames breaking out at seven o'clock in the morning the day after the awful battle. I saw the whole battle. The Glandelinians on that fearful morning had first struck the Third Galverinian cavalry, and then got through the whole main line. The defensive lines along the left of the battle field consisted of the Third Artillery, the Tenth and Twentieth Divisions, there were also in position the Sixtieth Grenadiers, the Sixth Dragoon divisions, and ten batteries of artillery, a force that should have been amply sufficient if properly handled, to have crushed a superior Glandelinian army and to have ripped the foe victory in the bud. Unfortunately however the enemy let loose such a barrage of artillery to cover their assault, that they could not stand ground without meeting annihilation. The positions assailed were of great extent being nearly fifteen miles in length by two thirds of a mile in width; the positions of the enemy were situated at some distance from those of the foe, and the violence of the Glandelinian assault, the fury of the artillery fire paralyzed the christian line, they couldn't do a thing, though they had tried with all their energy, and the enemy carried all before him. The enemy rushed through the town while the christian troops were retreating before the pressure of their wild assault, murdered all the women and children they could seize who had not escaped in other places, and after setting the city in a new blaze pressed on, the resistance of the nationals being of no avail.

The battle was lost after nearly fifteen hours of terrible fighting, and even in the afternoon during the height of the conflict an orderly had been sent off with dispatches to the general commanding at Del Heidi informing him of what was happening, and requesting him to come to the aid of the sorely beaten army, and had he been able to do so he would have been able to save the lives of hundreds of refugees, even if it were too late to save Del Heidi, but nothing whatever could be done, the christian troops tried their best, but the foe captured even Del Heidi and drove all before him. Every one attempted to take the place of an officer who had fallen only to be killed. It was evident Gertrude that the refugees fleeing from Del Heidi were left to their fate.

The Glandelinians had pressed on victorious along a thirty mile front, pressing on all day, and the left wing of the foe had reached Del Heidi nearly at two o'clock in the afternoon. The assault was so fierce here that singularly enough Gertrude, this beautiful town of Angelinia Agathis which the aspiration of Galverinians and foreigners centered all, and where Emperor Vivian once resided, was entirely in possession of the foe, not a single christian regiment was there, not a battery for the enemy had carried all before him. It was at Del Heidi where the great horror of the battle occurred. As the centre of the province a large portion of the christian army was stationed there for a last desperate stand, some taking positions behind the great cantonments of the town, and had it not been for this part of the defense not one portion of the christian army would have escaped the disaster which had threatened it as soon as the Glandelinian army had started the squabble. The christian cavalry very strong it is reported rode out to meet them, and collided with them at once but the Glandelinian Phalanx cavalry drove them out of the field entirely with a cyclonic assault that was irresistible. The battle renewed here commenced a scene of slaughter, and frightful combat which happily is without parallel in history, suffice to say that with the exception of some half dozen of the christian regiments which were driven from the field, the whole of the

Glandelinian wave met a fire from christian guns and rifles, that caused a whole sale loss, and this advantage h the reason for their recent and most revolting cruelty. The shock of the assault was most horrible and revolting however. Had the news of the combination of these Glandelinian assaults been sent by a swift mounted messenger, the whole of the christian line might have been started being slaughtered so terribly. The christian troops in the cantonment barracks, and so forth, fared somewhat better. Their loss too was considerable but the enemy couldn't get through their losses was too great. The refugees seizing advantage of this made their escape, and although many were murdered on their way, by Glandelinian pursuit cavalry, the majority reached a strongly guarded haven. The city of Delheldi was not so easily captured. Inside the fortifications, was an immense munition storehouse or magazine containing vast stores of dangerous high explosives, vast stores of powder, cartridge shells, and arms. If the enemy captured this all would be lost to a disaster beyond compare. Therefore Gertrude was it was most important that this should not fall into the hands of the argentine foe. This portion of the position Gertrude was in general Mantons charge, and was guarded by two batteries, of big guns, and one of machine, and a strong line of infantry.

The gates of the munition sheds were closed and barricaded, and every possible arrangement that could be made was at once commenced. The batteries were in position at once, these being under all available artillery officers, there being five hundred guns in all. Their orders were that if the enemy were arrayed against this position, the whole line was to open at once, and if hard pressed they were to fall back to that part of the munition dumps where the remainder of the battle line was posted. The principal positions of the vast magazines were similarly defended, and for the further defense of this position there were two centimeter gun batteries so placed as to command it and a small munition shed close by.

Within sixty rods of one of the gates, and commanding two crossroads, both railroads, were two batteries of howitzers which could be so managed as to act upon any part of the assaulted position in that neighborhood. All these guns had been placed in position three days before the "Storm," and too during the battle a train was laid ready to be fired at a certain given signal. On the enemy approaching the position, the battle here they say raged the most savagely. The enemy pressed over the positions but the christian fired broadside after broadside, sweeping away the enemy in platoons. The gunners stood nobly by all their cannons, the noise trembling the ground as if there was a terrible earths convulsion. The gunners however were suffering fearful loss, and the enemy finally gained one position and pressed the assault with redoubled vigor. Finding that no more could be done, and the christian losses being terrible too, the general gave the order, and several of the soldiers fired the several trains, set sheds and the wooden cantonments ablaze and retreated from the post position hastily.

Twenty minutes later all went up in a terrible eruption of explosions. Gertrude, the blasts devastated the city by the concussions, and covered the whole territory with a cloud of smoke and debris. It was calculated that one hundred to two hundred thousand Glandelinian soldiers were killed by the falling walls in the town or crushed under the masses of masonry, or slain by the explosions. The christian troops survived the explosions and effected their retreat in the awful confusion, through a wood. The enemy was so enraged over the misfortune that they massacred all the prisoners they had secured. The battle was a terrible one, and now the foe being strongly reinforced is moving on toward Big Girl hood.

I have wrote to you to let you understand how the situation is. So Gertrude take good care of yourself. I know too you are close to a dangerous Glandelinian war y under Tamerlins, and he has concentrated there with many purposes.

Your Friend.

Mildred Teru
Mildred Turner.

Girlscout at general
Wienations army."

General Vivian and his brother read this with pale faces, and the officers under his command also had pale faces, as the general on his return from the outside, where the news had been discussed, told them the sad story.

In the meantime a number of the boy and girlscouts had entered the enemy's lines to learn something and found themselves in peril indeed, almost trapped. They were Fenrod, Radcliffe, Dolores, and Jane Melfort.

"We are as good as caught," said Dolores. "There is nothing to be done, I suppose Fenrod."

"No Dolores not just now, we must remain in hiding, we are in the hands of God, and can only invoke Him for protection. We will have to wait now for what may come. At present the Glandelinians do not see us, though we are being hunted as if we were rabbits. The child slaves profess their fidelity to us some believe them, and so do some of the others I with us,--I do not, it may be that they do mean what they say at present, but when they come to have the secret tortured out of them they'll confess for our presence is an incentive to the enemy. It is no use blinding the truth Dolores, we are as if we were standing on some loaded mine which may at any moment explode. I have been thinking indeed for the last week, indeed I have done nothing but think what is best to be done should we at any time enter the enemy's camp. And now here we are, if we try to get away by night it'll be too long to wait, yet if we do we shall then make for some other section of the camp where we will not be seen. It is too the strongest spot for ourselves to defend,--for there would be of no course of our getting away to the messhous,--and then we shall sell our lives as dearly as we may, if it happens we're caught in the open defense would be absolutely useless. There are only six of us here, and two of us girls. Probably but few of us could gain the Moon Hall in time, and if all did, our number would be too small to defend it. There remains nothing for us but flight for we have secured what we were after, and its very important too. The enemy is mostly on drill now. We could have our traps at the nearest door and at the sound of the first shot, we could jump in and drive out."

"But you Fenrod?" Dolores demanded.

My dear Dolores said Fenrod "We have so far escaped from the enemy's lines and are hiding in this old house once belonging to a farmer. I shall be on special duty to watch out that the foe does not follow us here, and if the whole Glandelinian regiment approaches and storms us, those of us who do not fall at the first volley will be justified in trying to save their lives or escape to the christian lines. I now the information by heart, so we need not carry any papers but destroy them. We have good horses, and we also have good provisions and plenty of ammunition. If the Glandelinian cavalry come here, either hunting for us, or on parade, the child slaves may make for them, and we who are mounted will as far as possible cover their retreat. So it is therefore arranged."

"But will the road toward general Vivian's lines be open Fenrod?" Jane asked after a pause for the danger now seemed or was so strange and terrible that they felt stunned by it, and regretted they had gone out at all.

"No my dear Jane, none of the roads I'm afraid will be open. There are three Glandelinian armies between us, and they also will probably be up. The only thing is to keep to a pathway for the first ten or twelve miles, and then if necessary we'll go through the woods and go our way on foot. I hate to even suggest it, but if it is our only way of escape, we'll note the winds direction, and if it is toward our pursuers, we'll send them a terrible forest fire. I have planned with one of the boys too. We can trust child slaves too I have secured disguises for us all, for us boys and girls and for those of the child slaves who were game enough to accompany us for their freedom. We must retain the bundles so they'll be close at hand, and in case of an alarm that the enemy is closing on us we must be sure and bring them with us. Remember my instructions are absolute. If we got to continue to journey by day, we must go on foot and secure horses elsewhere. However if you here those of the enemy who are hunting for us are too close, hide till nightfall in the thick clump of brush in the corner of the house yard, then run for that copse of big Parsley Parsley trees and try and find your way toward the christian lines. I trust I may be with you, or that I may join you on the path. But in any case it will relieve my anxiety greatly indeed to know that you have succeeded in following at my out my instructions. If I had to return here to search for you, I should bring my Glandelinian pursuers after me, and mine and your chances of escape would be gone--for I rely upon you all to follow my instructions to the letter. Many Glandelinians may be fools to escape from, easy to spy on too, but Tamerlins soldiers are dangerous. Remember my instructions."

"Yes indeed Fenrod" was the simultaneous and unanimous answer of every one every one present, who were deeply affected at the solemn manner in which Fenrod spoke of the awful situation they were in, for they were being hounded on all sides, by the Glandelinians and with bloodhounds, and the pursuers many

of them carry horses.

"I have brought a fine pair of braces of revolvers upstairs which I secured from the manhall of a Glandelinian officer," he said, and will give one to all of you boys and girls to use with your own. Carry them always as you do your smaller guns, but put them on under your coats so that they will not be noticed, and if you do not well know how to use those bigger ones it would be as well for you to practice on yourselves in their use, but if you do not need to do so all right."

"Can you give us some pistols too?" one of the child slaves said quietly. "I haven't enough to go around, but I'll try and secure some more weapons but for the present you'll have to go without them. Why not make yourselves some lances. They're easy to use."

During the wait or hiding, and while Penrod had been planning with Dolores and the others, the escaped child slaves had spent their time watchout out for the approach of Glandelinians, and though in these days of tremendous anxiety and immeasurable peril, they nevertheless all were secretly in siding with their hoped for liberators. Very earnestly all these child slaves hoped, about their of them that when the dread moment came and they couldn't escape the Glandelinians, the danger might come when they were altogether, so that if they had to perish they might go through the same fate, whatever it might be.

The small bugles also to be used in the get away were standing in the rear gardens with hidden child slaves squatting near, or in conversation with some of their liberators, while the horses of the others stood ready saddled in the stables. However much the party hoped to be altogether when the crisis of their situation came, they feared it would not be so, for there was no telling where the persecutors might come, for at the first symptoms of assault it would be the duty of the more stronger child slaves to open fire with their secured rifles, even at the chances of certain death.

Even all the child slaves in all Glandelinian armies had heard of the sad tidings at Angelina Agatha's, and therefore all pretense of confidence which they always had had, seemed to have come to an end among many, and even had there been implicit confidence in the outcome of the other battles to surely rage the news of such frightful events, and of the spread and increase of the awful disasters, many other most frightful slaughters of children, had caused an on fire stoppage of any resort of amusements and gatherings which even all child scouts had previously indulged. As is usual in extreme cases of frightful and unseen dangers, the various temperaments of the child slaves rescued by Penrod's gang came strongly into relief at these times. One little

child slave who was a bobbed haired girl of ten years of age was nearly wild with alarm for every little sound she would hear. Not daring to remain outside she had passed the early morning in going from one friend to another and she obtained advice and example from these, but poor comfort. Some of the other child slaves girls or boys were as brave as any Abbeinnian or Angelinian soldier, they had hardly shared the opinion of others, that the enemy could be able to recapture them all, but they were calm, self possessed, and ready in the worse and prepared to seal sell their lives dearly.

"It's no use crying my little dear," one of them said to the more frightened child slave. "Our liberators too have enough to worry them without being shaken by our tears. Death after all can come only once, and it's better to die by fighting our slavers than by being slaughtered when defenseless."

But there were no tears being shed among those of the child scouts. They were used to peril, defied any foe and feared nothing. The girlscoots were always quiet in perilous situations, but fiercest when assaulted. They however clasped hands with a pressure which meant much, but among them lips did not quiver, and tears did not drop, may even Penrod ate a small lunch for they had for so many days borne the terrible strain of the horrible experiences of the immeasurable war with such heroic fortitude, that they were now as used to it as if they were merely going to a garden party, and many times they even laughed among each other, and played a small game.

"I am glad we can depend on the child slaves who are armed with the rifles," said Radcliffe. "But it seems at present as if as if the enemy has made up his mind not to search for us, and we may be able to get to the christian lines with a lighter sort of travel and no adventure after all, so if nothing happens soon I'm going to see if we can find something before I go to renew my scouting. But nevertheless remember my instructions. And don't let the rascals secure one child slave."

In the meantime Jane Melfort was faithfully carried out her commission as to the sorting of the uniforms. They all understand that Jane had all the information about the enemy she could carry in her little brain. Finally it came the time for Penrod to part from them.

"Good-bye you all and watch over and protect you all until we meet again," such was the solemn leave taking, with which he and his followers parted, if only for an hour or two—since they were out here so close to the foe lines. For only ten minutes after he had gone the others recalling most of the slaves into the house searched the house over for further weapons.

There was however suddenly a strange sound in the air, and every one looked at each other.

"What does it mean?" quavered Jane.

"Something is going to happen!" said Dolores.

"Girls," said Radcliffe, "put your brown shawls around you. It may be nothing but it's better to be prepared. Get the bottles out. James Greene put a small bottle of brandy in your pocket, and let us fill our pockets with what we can find here to eat."

Silently and quietly the others did as he told them.

"There is that big box full of biscuits," one of them said when they had filled their pockets. "Let us empty it into the cloth, and tie it up. Now if you girls will put your shawls on I will glance in at the stables."

In a couple of minutes he returned.

"The horses are all ready but there's not a soul to be seen," he said. "Ah is that you Jane. Do you know what is the matter. Everything is so unusually quiet."

Jane shook her head. "I'm afraid we're spotted," she answered.

"Now Jane, get ready to start," said Mildred. "You others come with me, we will put one of the horses into the wagon."

They were leaving the room when they heard the sound of a rifle. As if it were a signal in a moment the air rang with rifle shots, shouts and yells, and blasphemies. The boys and girls leaped back into the room.

"Quick for your lives you little children!" to the slaves, some of them are not fifty yards off. To the bushes. Be scouts will cover your escape and follow you afterwards."

"The slaves with the rifles will stay here and fight too," said they, and waited. The Glandelinians came with a rush, and all opened fire as if they were practicing pistol and rifle shooting. And any one seeing them would have wondered at the faces of these young child scouts and braver child slaves, engaged apparently as it would seem in the amusement of pistol and rifle practice, but it was not so for the Glandelinians. There was no smile on their little faces no merry laugh when the ball picked off a foe no triumphant shout even at a successful shot. Their faces were set, earnest, and had a distorted fury in them. Scarcely a word was said. Each loaded in silence, always put themselves at a new firing point, and aimed steadily and seriously, the boys with an angry eye and frowning brow, as they fired at the deadly foe, the girls as earnestly, and without any of the nervousness and timid timidity which would usually be natural in girls handling firearms.

Even the child slaves who were armed, all of them could hit, and so terrible was the losses of the Glandelinians, while they couldn't get at their foes, that they gave way in fright and terror from that streaming rifle and pistol fire. It was but twenty yards to the bushes Penrod had marked as the place of concealment, and as taking advantage of the lull they entered and crouched down there, with their slaves, there came the sound of hurrying feet as now seeing no fire from the house the enemy gained courage, and a large band of immerminians led by one of the Scoddlie officers, rushed up to the veranda from the back.

"Now the Scoddlie leader shouted "Search the house. Those Christian dog spies went in there with a score of child slaves. Do not waste your time trying to capture the little tigers it's impossible. Don't take them alive. But look out they won't ambush you in the house. I know them little devils."

The Glandelinians made only a two or a three minutes search, in which furniture was upset, walls broken through to see that there were no secret rooms, curtains pulled down, and chests ransacked, and then a shout of rage gave evidence to their leader that no one was in the house, and he blasphemed.

The Glandelinian officer then shouted to his men:

"Hurry you wasted more time than you should have. Search the gardens, and gardens,--those christian dogs cannot be far off so soon, some of you ride out to the open space near the woods, no not the plain you darn dumbbells--they couldn't have gotten a hundred feet away, besides our patrols out there, will catch them."

One of the Glandelinians just then got out of the house. Just as some more of the Glandelinians were rushing up on the search.

"It's no use searching for those christian devils," he said. "I'll bet they have been gone hours. They're putting something over."

"Gone hours" shouted the enraged Scoddlie. "Who told them of our coming."

"Well we Glandelinians certainly didn't sneered the man. What do you think?"

There was a yell of rage on the part of the other Glandelinians, and seeing as one of the child slaves who had not succeeded in escaping from the Veranda but who had been hiding, they rushed on her, and a half a dozen bayonets darted into the child's body, and without a word she fell dead on the veranda a victim for her foolish presumption that her enemies would not find her.

"Now the Scoddlie said "Strip the darnplace, carry everything off, and then we will have a blaze to light up the country for though its day t its as

dark as night and we cannot see hardly a thing."

"Shall we burn the barns too sir?" said one of the lieutenants.

"Burn everything you need not or cannot carry away. I'll show these christian fools something."

Five minutes passed in which all the valuable articles of the old farm house was carried off, furniture also, everything movable being carried away and the house and barns were lit in dozens of places with torches at once. The fire quickly set all else ablaze and in less than twenty minutes the whole house, and the barns were high sheets of flame.

The young boy and girls with their child slaves hurrying on soon gained the heavy bush toward which they were directing their steps. Two Glandelinians rose in their path, but Radcliffe, proved his well-earned nickname by quickly as a flash driving his long knife into their breasts, and downing a third with a pistol butt in the head. Another Glandelinian rushed at him and had him by the throat chokingly, but Radcliffe buried his dagger deep in the man's own throat and he fell without a cry. Then as all was clear and while Radcliffe was having his struggle, the child slaves cowered down in the shelter of the bush, the girls piling their shawls over their heads, and with their hands to their ears to keep out the noise of the awful din round them, and the child slaves awaited in shutt shuddering horror the result of Radcliffe's struggle. Radcliffe was through however, no more came, and the other boy and girls crouched sat, revolvers in hand, determined to seal their lives dearly. They could hear the commands of the Scodder colonel and at his order to search the gardens, they felt that all was over, and with a grasp of each other's hand, prepared to rally forth and die. Then came that poor little child slave noble yet rash sacrifice, and the boy and girls had the greatest difficulty in restraining themselves from rushing out and avenging her death. They were seen by the Glandelinians, and the boys and girls and the armed child slaves opened fire, and the night was hideous with terrible noises, musket and pistol shots, the cries of Glandelinians who were hit, the sharp noise of spitting revolvers, shouts and cries, and at times the long or shrill yells of the enemy who however couldn't forge ahead because the fire of the scouts was too accurate and deadly. It was too much to be borne, the Glandelinian Scodder leader was down dead, and the scouts feeling that for the presence of the child slaves not had saved the boys and girls replacing their weapons in the lull pressed their hands to their heads to keep out the din. Then they started away, though almost stunned by the awful calamity, too horror stricken at what had passed, and of the probable fate of poor poor Penrod, to find relief in tears.

By the time they had reached the edge of the "Harden" the fire had burned itself out leaving only smouldering debris and few upright posts still flickering with tongues of fire which marked the spot where the house and barns had stood.

Radcliffe was the first to move from his hiding place, and he touched James Greene's arm.

"I believe it's getting quiet here now, but they may soon come here once more and search for us. We had better retreat for the forests, and by remaining close to that berry hedge we shall be in deep shadow all the way."

The girls and slaves were now roused from their stupor of grief.

"Now girls we must all remain as brave as we had always been," said Radcliffe, "and carry out the orders Penrod has given us. Our Blessed Lord has given us protection thus far, let us pray that he will continue to do so, and invoke His Blessed Mother to cover us with her protecting mantle."

In another minute, the little party stole cautiously out from their shelter. Another Glandelinian suddenly rose in the path of Dolores, but she ran him through. They then moved close to the wall of a side door of the high garden wall, through which they issued forth in the open. But here ten Glandelinians too had been in hiding and they made for the fugitives. However they aimed good with their revolvers. Shot down all but one, made him prisoner and tied him up to a tree, relieved him of his weapons, gagged him and blindfolded him and left him. Ten steps brought them to the berry hedge, and crouching low under its shelter, they moved on until they safely reached a large clump of trees. Then for some minutes they crouched among the heavy bushes, the silence broken only by the sobs of the little girls. Radcliffe and James said nothing, but the tears surely fell fast down their own cheeks. The noise of flames of the burning of many of the bungalows near the woods could be distinctly heard, and outside the shallow of the trees it was growing very light, and it was evident the enemy was setting these fires for the purpose of lighting up the country to enable them to see fugitives. They only dared to sit there for half a minute, time and peril was so pressing, they being crushed with the immensity of the danger. Then Radcliffe aroused himself and took the lead...

"Now listen dears, everyone, the conflagrations have or are already burning down, and as the Glandelinians will soon shell all sports soon to try and get us that way we must be moving, for we should be trying to reach our own lines by the following morning. No doubts others of the fugitives who had accompanied us have hidden in the woods round this place, and those graycoated fiends will fire these woods to drive them out if their search is unavailing. Remember what our own orders are," and he paused for a moment to overcome and drive down the noise which or which would come when he thought of who had given the order or issued instructions, and how it was given. "We are to make for the Christ Christian lines but I'll doubt if we'll reach it as soon as we desire. Be strong and brave little girls and slaves, and all the rest of you as Penrod would desire you to be. I have gone over the course on the district map I have here, and I believe I can go on pretty straight, though I'd give anything if we had Miss Phoenix with us, as she knows the country to her own name... We need not change our clothes now for disguise, at least we wouldn't have the time, we can do that when it gets daylight if it ever will, though I cannot account for this gloom though it helps us in a way. We must walk all through the dark. I suppose as to be as far away as possible for the search begins, which may with the aid of the enemy's powerful beacon lights. We are acquainted with some of this country for miles around, which ought to make it easier. Come girls please take heart, it is possible that Penrod and his party may have cut their way out, and Penrod may be among them. Who can say?"

"I knew he had talked over with Nellie Hanson and George Manners the very best of the courses they would take whenever they might be pursued," Jane said in a more cheerful tone. "So they must have been sure to remain together, and if any one among them has gotten away they would put how are we to find out our way. It's too gloomy to see anything."

Neither of the girls nor Radcliffe had at heart the least hope, but they conversed as cheerfully as it was possible to give courage and strength to one another. The words of Radcliffe had the effect finally. Jane finally rose, and taking Mildred's arm said:

"Come Mildred dear, Radcliffe is right. There must be some hope yet, and so let us cling to it as long as we can. Now let us be moving, but before we do continue on our way let us all show our gratitude to God and His blessed Mother for having enabled us to escape from the enemy positions so far, and let us pray for His protection and help upon the rest of our flight."

Silently the little group knelt in prayer, and when they rose Mildred followed Jane—who had naturally assumed the position of leader—out into the open country beyond the groves without a word being said. The glare of the distant forest conflagrations was a somewhat dim, a favorable state for the fugitives as it afforded light enough to see where they were going without giving so bright a reflection as to betray them to any of the Glandelinians who may be patrolling at a distance.

The glow may increase in a couple of hours," Radcliffe said, "but let us hope we shall have succeeded in getting beyond where any sentries or guards are to have been placed on all roads, we must avoid patrols, as we cannot trust our selves on a single road and when it gets daylight if it ever does our peril will be redoubled. It's best for us to retain our way through and across the clearings of the woods till we are past general Tamerline's right wing, which is fifteen miles down this road, then probably we can go the road. There too is a sort of waterway a few yards on, and it is best to go through and stay in that for a distance it does not go quite the way we would have it to but I it will be safer to follow it till in case daylight comes we will be well out of sight of any Glandelinian patrols, searching parties, or others of the foe who may be watching."

"They scrambled down into the waterway. Just as they did so the whole ground two hundred feet away seemed to heave, there was a deafening crash and the scene was as if the very surface of the landscape near the waterway was bursting into eruption and emitting a mu cauliflower like smoke plume so dense mingled with black and white that it looked as if sculptured in high relief against the background of the dark sky. The ear splitting crash almost stunned them.

"Down low," shouted Radcliffe, and all obeyed instantly, and therefore escaped the fragments and debris that was hurled in all directions though they didn't escape the "cloudburst" of mud, dirt, trees, fragments of trees and like ground and forest debris that came down after being hurled up so high.

"When after the confusion subsided Dolores said:

"Well on as fast as you can Mildred, we can keep up with you, and if we hurry on we shall be able to keep our wits about us. We're under fire. That was a bang—bang—bang."

"I'll right," Mildred said, "I will go fast for a bit but you must not do yourselves up, we have a long journey before us, and we have to watch out for those shells, we can hear their scream you know, that one one before erupting the earth shrieked frightfully."

However they found it impossible to walk fast in the depths of this narrow ditch, and besides it was pitch dark between its steep banks, and borders and stones were lying in the shallow water for some distance, having been

dropped there after falling from the blast. After going through for half an hour Radcliffe glanced at his watch and saw it was exactly half past seven. He then scrambled up and he said base ... looked back.

"I believe it's safe now, though it's more gloomy than before and the air smells of smoke," he said. "Let us go as straight as we can for the main wood."

None of them had never been hardly able to explain of their incidents of that only one hour following journey. Mechanically as if in a dream, they followed Radcliffe's guidance, stumbling across little watercourses, six times had to hide out of sight of patrols, had to tramp through hot coaling grounds, left by some passage of a forest fire branch no doubt, climbing at of and into narrow steep channels once no doubt country and forest ditches, now pausing behind brush as parties of Glandelinians rode past, with searchlights in their hands, now going their way through a heavy clump of trees, fighting their way through high weeds, and that one hour tramp seemed ages, with perils at every hand. This horror since the first beginning of that morning, and now closely pressed by other pursuers they obtained refuge in another heavy grove a quarter of a mile from the high way, with searching parties beating the ground and hunting everywhere around them, and flashing their searchlights this way and that. Then as the pursuers were gone, before throwing themselves down to a well needed rest, the girlscoouts and the little slaves at Radcliffe's request, tried to eat a piece of biscuit, but tried in vain, they however each slipped a little wine from the bottles, and then utterly worn out and exhausted soon tried to lay down and sleep but the heat wouldn't permit the well needed rest, and they could hear by sounds the searchers coming back. Once a flashlight glared toward them, and startled them but the Glandelinian who had it saw nothing and did not come. The glare in the distance too was on the point of going down because of such heavy smoke rising from the far distant blaze. However despite the enemy being so near the hour had passed very quietly. None of the searchers had approached their hiding place, but a party of fourty Scoddlers cavally no doubt a patrol, and not among the searchers, had passed by twice mounted on horses, and a larger party of Omarians had come along a few minutes later, but as some of these were using their flashlights it was evident these were searchers for they even used them on the bush and clump of trees.

From this the fugitives guessed correctly that the whole territory was being combed for them.

"Now girls," said Radcliffe a little sternly. "The first thing is to eat. We cannot be strong enough to continue on the way if we do not try to eat something. We have only biscuits and we will have to be sparing of it of course but we cannot starve ourselves. I and Jane has eaten quite a few biscuits and have had some water from a well or stream at a little distance in the wood. We can drink some cool water if you like, but you must each take a small glass of brandy to keep you up your courage and strength. We will have to stay in the wood for elsewhere heavy explosions are heard. But we all must retain and keep up our strength. So far its dark and now there is no one in sight and so if you desire you all can go to the stream and wash. Don't be longer than a minute, it would mean ruin to be seen before we have put on our disguises. While you are away cleaning up a little, I and those remaining behind will put on our disguises, and when you come back you can do the same. We can do it good."

The girlscoouts and the little slaves desired to have their wash first, and their breakfast afterwards, and therefore they did so in, and felt quite refreshed afterwards. Then they dressed in the disguises Perrod had provided for them, and could have at any other time indeed indeed he have laughed at each other for they appeared so comical. The hard awlward shoes were the only part of the strange custom to which they somewhat objected, but the sight of Christian boy and girlscoout shoes below the disguise would have betrayed them instantly, however they were determined to adopt them for going through dangerous zones at day or when crossing the fields, and to put the others on to be worn at night.

The boyscoouts presently joined them, Radcliffe in the dress of a beggar girl, and one of the girls as his accomplice.

"I should not have known you in the least," Mildred said, "... And as far as all appearances go I hope we are all safe now."

When everything was quite still quite still, they again started, regained the clearing, and seeing foam gathered near by still searching, they kept steadily along the edge, but out of sight. It did not seem to be quite so dark now, and therefore they had to be careful after only ten minutes they approached a group of horses no doubt left by the enemy, and after some consultation, the boyscout Richard whose disguise was darkest in color and not so easy to be noticed decided to steal forward and reconnoitre. If no one was in sight they would push boldly through the glen, if not they would try to go round. In two minutes he returned as the distance was not far.

"Radcliffe those are Mamboo Trooper horses standing there. I suppose they belong to some of the men of the Glandelinian cavally who are searching for us. If we could but secure them, we could so easily get away."

"Splendid Richard, why should we not try it. I can get two, you the rest, and one of the girls and we can sit on each, what do you can girls. Can you freed child slaves ride horses?"

"Yes sir."

"All right. Good. With our strange way of dress it would seem natural for us

to be on horseback in this territory, and therefore we must start for any or stop I mean for any one who might try to demand questions of us. We even now are not at all safe, but whether they come up or not when we seize the horses we will chance it anyhow, and if there are only half a dozen Glandelinians two of us alone are more than a match for the foolish Glandelinians...."

"It is a dreadful risk to chance nevertheless, Richard, but I do think it would be the best plan. What do you say girls?" Asked Radcliffe.

"Trying is better than nothing, Radcliffe."

"But let us settle everything before he start as it'll be quite perilous," said Radcliffe. "Some of you child slaves who are youngest whether you may be able to ride horses or not may not understand how to get on, so we must that is us scours will have to mount first, that we may be able to help you more easily, and you would have less danger falling off if you hold tight to the saddle and reins. We can do it better however when we have gone about half a mile. Will you stand close to Richard when he mounts one of you girls, the others keep close beside the girlscoouts. The moment we are fairly in the saddle, and have got the reins in our hands, you little boy get your foot in mine and grab hold of my hand, and through that I can help you climb up in the saddle in front of me as you're too small to ride a horse by yourself. Then put your arms round my breast and hold me tight, because we shall want one hand to the reins, the other for a pistol."

Very gently, cautiously and with bated breath, they moved toward the group of horses. The horses were still standing and partly grazing. Very quietly the two boys grasped the reins, but the horses moved somewhat uneasily, and seemed to object to children mounting them, for horses you understand which are accustomed to men dismounted to be mounted by children. However the boys had just managed to climb into their saddles, (of two horses each) when a voice said from a distance:

"Why are the horses moving one direction?"

Then some other Glandelinians came running forward.

"The christian dog spies are stealing the horses." One of them yelled, and cursing fired a shot but missed, and Radcliffe brought him down with a shot from his own pistol.

"Quick, girlscoouts, and you child slaves, up with you all in a instant!" Richard said, and the girlscoouts as light as feathers sprang up, and help the slaves too. Get along.

"Get along!" the boys cried, and the horses at once leaped forward, but the one ridden by Mildred backed. Radcliffe gave a stick to her, and seized a pistol which was ready for use. As he did so four of the nearest pursuers ran up and mounted some other horses still left and gave chase. One of them gained on Mildred Maxwell, and raised his lance to run her through, but as he did so, the blow was only a glancing one though it swept away her hat, and she then she raised her pistol and fired, and the Glandelinian pitched from his horse, and fell to the ground lying face downward.

Startled by the shot the others hesitated to follow, and Mildred's horse darted off after the others also frightened by the shot. For a few minutes they went forward at the gallop, every one holding on as well as they could, but expecting every moment to be thrown off or shot down for the Glandelinians were pursuing for all the speed their horses could go, and both parties were were rushing down the road with the ener energy of a derby race. Shouts and cries were heard from the pursuers who however were speedily gaining, but Radcliffe fired on the nearest pursuers and brought man after man down for every shot, and one Glandelinian who gained so speedily that he soon rode alongside of the child scout, got run through by Radcliffe's own lance, soon all was quiet again, and not a pos pursuer in sight.

"That was awful Radcliffe," Richard himself said. "I would rather sit on a hot stove lid than ride so fast again or to go any further at the pace we were going."

The girlscoouts however had not said a single word since they started, and they especially the child slaves now slipped to the ground. It was not an easy thing for them to get up behind, for though they knew how to ride horses, they were too small to know how to mount properly, and several slips were made before their attempts were successful. The elder child slaves got up fairly well. Once seated properly they felt more comfortable, and they again went on this time at an easy canter. During this moment they had come to what appeared to be a worn out plant crossroad, and they turned alongside one of these now going only at a slow trot. It was a well marked path running in a parallel direction to the main road, and thin they followed for some time in the gloom though not at all sure where they were going. Then suspecting by the flagging trot of their horses, that the animals were tired from their furious gallop they urged them deep into the heavy part of the wood, dismounted and allowed them to rest. Chancing at the watch again Radcliffe was surprised. It was only seven

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fifteen. Did all this happen so soon or did I miss something? No, it was going all right. They found attached to the saddle of each horse was a bag with some forage. These were put on, the horses fastened to trees, and the little party reconnoitred a little to see if they could observe any of their pursuers, for it was getting somewhat lighter again. Before starting again when the horses were rested, the first care of the boys and girls was to remove the embroidery of the horse coats, and as much of the metal work on the bridles as could be got rid of in order to conceal the fact that the horses had belonged to a Glandelinian cavalry regiment, then they mounted, with the smaller child slaves behind them, and rode quietly forward, being very careful not to travel by the main road, as the news of the carrying off of the horses would have been generally known there.

They passed by several strong Glandelinian scout parties and Panfashu patrols without being observed, or if they had been seen it was evident they had not attracted much attention, for there was now nothing unusual in the appearance of beggar children in disguise partly Glandelinian. With all this excitement they had not yet been able to cover half a mile, so often had they been forced to hide. However after another one half mile of riding, and as they were passing through a clearing a number of soldiers in purple coats but gray trousers suddenly appeared in the road from two sides, and calling them Christian dogs shouted and commanded them to stop. Everyone was armed with rifles with long bayonets. Glancing behind at hearing a certain noise they saw another body of troops, and these on horses too suddenly fill up the road behind them at some distance, not only cutting off their escape, but come charging toward them at a breakneck gallop.

"Look Radcliffe, at that old leader with a sabre, that's the officer we got the important papers from."

"We must charge those on foot, Richard; there's nothing else to do. Hold tight if slave girls. Now everybody ready. Forward...."

They dug their heels into their horses' sides, and the whole squadron of child scouts, with the unarmed prison of child slaves in their center rode at the slim line of Mangabou soldiers. There was a volley from their rifles and the Glandelinians then fired bayonets, and during the secondary firing Richard felt as if a horrid iron had been drawn suddenly across his forehead, then they were in the midst of the Glandelinians, emptying their own revolvers with deadly effect among them, six fell, and two of the armed child slaves fell, and the horses of the fugitives still dashed onward, followed by the curses, of the Mangabou as some tried to run their bayonets into poles, only to be shot. A minute later a line of guns were again discharged, the rear party on horses having rode through the other who opened up their line to let them pass, and being able therefore to fire their carbines.

Their losses were considerable, six of the poor child slaves, was killed. Two private girls were mortally wounded, and Radcliffe heard a little startled cry from Dolores.

"Did you get hit, Dolores?" cried Radcliffe in a hurry.
"I was but nothing to worry off Radcliffe. Let's ride on till we outdistance them and then we'll attend to our wounds."

After going about a quarter of a mile, they finally drew rein, and Radcliffe found that a ball had passed through the upper part of Dolores's shoulder and had also hit Richard, for he was bleeding badly from a wound across the cheek. Fortunately it had gone through the flesh only, without touching the bone.

"Just a little closer," Richard said, "and the ball would have fairly went through my mouth. It's well for me it's no worse."

Mildred bandaged Dolores's arm, and Richard's face too was dressed. Radcliffe proposed for Dolores to stay there should make a halt for a while, but Dolores would not hear of it.

"On the contrary Radcliffe it is safer for us to press forward as fast and hard as we can. For it is very possible that we had been recognized despite our disguises, for Glandelinians are very shrewd, and they may have already dispatched some swift horsemen to the main road, and paths, as well as further on to stop us here, and now bodies of pursuers may come at any moment from any direction. Evidently they are as desperate in their efforts to catch us as we are as desperate to escape, and might have sent word to every patrol to search for children on horses."

"I'm positively afraid you are right," Dolores said, "and if we could turn off this road I would not fear so much, but the river cannot be far to our right and the main road is to our left. I'm sure there is nothing for it but to continue on our way. Fortunately the Glandelinian army is far off, the country is not heavily populated with patrols, and the forests are thick enough to shield us. And if the worst comes to the worst, we must leave our horses and go on foot again. I fear that is more tiresome for you who is wounded, but we can hide ourselves a good deal better...."

Just as Radcliffe said the last word, Mildred cried.

"They're coming! Rad, there is a huge squadron of cavalry behind and my heavens they're those dangerous Mangabou...."

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Radcliffe glanced around, and far behind along the straight road, coming just around from a heavy wood of Parnley appearing trees he had seen a huge body of horsemen and by the flag they carried beside their National Colors he saw they were Mangabou Mangabou, and there were thousands of them.

"They may not be Mangabou, but if they see us a party will go off from them," said Radcliffe. However they are a long distance in the rear. Now for a race before any of them see us."

They urged their horses forward at a full gallop.

"Are we pursued?" he demanded of Mildred.

She looked back, and said:

"A large party is coming from the main column and they're coming so fast they're raising a cloud of dust."

"How much are they gaining Mildred?" he asked, after twenty minutes hard riding.

"They are nearer, Rad, a good deal nearer, but they have more than half their distance to come. We have to watch out too Rad, they're crackmen."

"We'll continue on," said Rad, "I'm hoping their horses must be somewhat jagged, and I believe they are, for I can see by their front designs of their uniforms they're Mangabou" for if they were not done up they would easily gain on us, and as our horses are getting terribly blown, but let's head again for the wood. If we can get in there five minutes before they get here, we'll be safe. It's a waste to fight with them."

By dint of fiercely urging on their horses, they finally entered the forest by a side path while their pursuers were half a mile behind.

"Another two hundred feet," Radcliffe said, "and then we'll halt. Now off we go. If they see us, and start after us we'll send them a fire. The wind is blowing their way."

Immediately they jumped off, and gave a couple of sharp blows with their hands to their horses, who dashed off at a swift gallop down the road. It was much darker in the woods than outside, and the fugitives hurried into the heaviest part. In less than five minutes they heard the pursuers come thundering past.

"We will have to push on at all costs," Radcliffe said. "Fortunately we have not done much riding and we can hoof it through. They'll come up with the horses before long, and will therefore discover we are in the wood, and will either search it through and through, or fire the forest to route us out."

They continued on for a quarter of a mile and the wood grew thicker. It was filled with an undergrowth of dry jungle.

"If you will stop here Rad, I'll push on, and see how far the forest extends," said Richard. "I'm afraid we can never get through this. I believe we are in the main forest, though it seems to be lighter ahead."

In a few minutes he came back.

Rad was close to some big river, or a portion of the flood, it is not fifty yards from here. On the other side is a dense jungle of forests. And some big fire is coming this way. I'm afraid I saw the flames."

This indeed was very serious news.

"What a pity we did not go to the right or west instead of this direction, when we left the horses. We now are facing two great perils, fire and the enemy. Even enemy. However I'm hoping they won't suspect which way we have gone, and may sent troops to scour or fire the woods here. We must push forward at all costs, and by staying as close as we can to the river, shall most likely pass the foe, or use the waters to escape the heat of the fire, besides the enemy will be quite some time before they'll decide to fire the wood to rout us out, as the fire would come their way instead of toward us, and as there is too much wood they'll not penetrate too far for fear of the main blaze. There, for heavens sake do you hear them. They're coming back, and from the sound they are crashing through the woods. We are followed. No let us go on again. Richard get matches ready in case we are hard pressed...."

In ten minutes they reached the edge of the woods by the stream. But they could see nothing of their pursuers and it was getting foggy. Keeping among the trees but close to the heavy jungle which was high enough to hide their movement movements, they went onward for upward an hour until it was about nine in the morning. Then they came upon a new road, and a bridge crossing the river. The river too had made a bend, and the road was connected with the bridge on the other side.

"Shall we cross the bridge, keep in the woods, or follow along the river girls and others?" asked Radcliffe.

"It might expose us to the enemy to cross the bridge," said Mildred.

"Better to follow the stream as long as we can continue on wading," Dolores said. "It is in the right direction toward the Christian lines, and we can go on much faster than in the woods. If we hear them coming along we can get into the high weeds on the shore."

"Listen all of you," Jane said a minute afterwards. "They are still following. I can hear them crashing through the brush, and voices."

"I expect," said Radcliffe, "they find the wood is not too much for them to follow, and maybe some had gone to the main lines to get help, while the others continue on after us. Trot on every one, the high weeds and brush is so thick."

here, we can hardly squeeze ourselves in. We have plenty of time, they won't be here for five minutes yet, and if they endanger us we'll set fire to our part of woods, and the blaze will race toward our enemies and they'll beat it, believe me."

They now ran as fast as it was possible for them, but the sound of the galloping of horses grew, louder, and nearer, and they wondered how their pursuers could go their way through the woods on their horses. . . .

"There must be a very narrow path leading somewhere to another bend of the river," Radcliffe said, as he glanced behind him. "Let us chance the peril and go in that direction, and if we are hard pressed we can hide in the jungle of the woods on the shore."

They breathlessly raced for the river again.

"Or may here is a boat, let's jump in!" and in another minute, minute, they started to push off from the shore, just as they heard a body of cavalry—for that they were the Glandelinian cavalry they could tell by the jingle of their accouterments (Those of the Christians don't jingle) pass at a full gallop.

The stream was strong and fast and they found that with the rule alone ears they could not make the slightest headway. To bring the situation more critical the boat was seen by gunners of some distant Glandelinian batteries, and the only reason why the shells did not hit the boat was because the boat was not within the range. Anyhow the firing wound bring the cavalry back.

"We'll have to land again or get hit, and go further down the river," said Radcliffe. "We will push the boat off so it'll float down stream and our pursuers will then believe we have gone off in it, and will chase the empty boat."

They hastily did this, and having regained the road, they crossed it, and made their way hastily over a large clearing in the woods. The distant forest, forests fires, which had been hitherto hidden by rolling clouds, was soon out in its fullest glare, and for some time they were compelled to hide behind the heaviest growth for fear of being seen, carefully avoiding all openings. The patches of high weed and other thrash appeared more frequently in the forest. Even though they were in the forests, it seemed Glandelinian batteries must have been trained on some portion for suddenly a solid shot crashed through the trees, and something hit Mildred and almost knocked her unconscious. When Mildred was lifted to her feet, she declared she was too badly hurt to go further.

"Mildred is badly wounded," said Jane. Her wound is bleeding bad, and it's a awful one too, her face is flushed, and her hands as hot as fire."

"As they were looking sadly at her, she suddenly opened her eyes. "Am I hit badly?" she asked feebly, trying to arise. "Oh my foot it hurts terribly and my arm too. Is the enemy still pressing us hard?"

Then she closed her eyes again and started to talk incoherently to her sister. "She will have fever as a result of her wounds," Jane said regretfully. "and we must get her under shelter at whatever the danger to ourselves."

"Just a moment ago I heard a dog of some sort," baying," Radcliffe said. "I'll go and scout. Richard and the rest of you stay here until I come back." Richard nodded, and Radcliffe then moved cautiously to the edge of a huge clearing. There he was surprised to see a large log cabin and outhouse and a Christian class. Three woodmen were just starting off to their duty, and getting a good observation of them he discovered they were Forest Rangers. One of them who was dressed in the uniform of a Forest patrol, was standing at the door, giving orders. Then he surprised Radcliffe by making the sign of the Cross. Cross and went in, and after a few minutes reappeared from the other side of the house, mounted on a gray horse (a horse). He did not speak, however, follow the direction the Forest Rangers had gone but went toward another portion of the wood.

"Those are Christian Forest Rangers," said Radcliffe to himself. "I can try and if they happen to be enemies only in disguise though he is a man, at any rate, at the worst, I am more than a match for him."

So saying he stepped out into the huge clearing. The Patrol started with surprise at seeing a young boy in uniform of gray appear before him.

"What are you and what are you doing here?" he demanded frowning fiercely. "believe boy you are my prisoner and—"

"I am Radcliffe, a Christian Christian boy scout in disguise," Radcliffe said at once, showing his proof papers. "I believe you are a Christian ranger, and tell you the plain truth, I have fellow fugitives in the woods, we are hard pressed, there are Glandelinian hunters searching for us in every location, you too are in danger, if seen, and three of us are wounded, and two are girls. One is badly wounded and can't get to her feet. We can go no further. We spied and secured valuable information. Will you give the wounded girls shelter?"

The Patrol Ranger stood for half a minute in thought.

"Glandelinian hunting through the woods for you? Christian spies? Well, through those stumps we are all kept busy fighting these darn fires, the whole country is red with little children's blood, and I too am in peril if they see me. I'll have a strong force here boy don't you worry. They're hundreds strong. You come to the right place. Where are the wounded girls?"

Radcliffe led the way to the spot, after the patrol called to about five of his men to come with him. The ranger glanced at her flushed face, examined Mildred's wound, and that of Dolores's and said:

"You sure have suffered much at the hands of your pursuers, and they were bound to get you. I will shelter them. My wife and two little daughters will nurse the wounded. They will be in my wife's chamber, and my servant's servants will not now there are strangers there. They would be faithful, but one who knows nothing can tell no news. On the other side of the clearing is my barn for my horses. It is empty now, and none go near it. You boys and the others with you better stay there for the present. When your two wounded girls' companions recover they can go on again."

"Couldn't you help us reach the Christian lines with them?"

"No boy, too far, it wouldn't be good for her," pointing to Mildred. Jane however caught the man's hand and kissed it in her gratitude.

He patted her head and said:

"You are good, brave children."

The ranger with him, that is two of them, carried the wounded girl to the log cabin, where the wife and daughters of their host (good Samaritan) prepared by him for what was coming relieved then not only with many expressions of pity, but were apprehensive to the fear of the pursuers coming there. Mildred was at once carried into the inner room. The Ranger then placed before the other child necessities of food and drink, and gave them some food with them. The child counts two bowls of milk, and some fresh bread and gave them food for the day. They showed their gratitude to him as before, and one of the rangers little daughters, the size and age of Jane came out to tell them that Mildred and Dolores would be well cared for and her wounds were already dressed, and the others then started in the direction of the horsebarn which the man pointed out to them. It was a large building of logs, and the floor was two feet deep in feed and forest grasses. Above was a sort of country lot loft in which grain had been stored. The two boys, boys and the rest at once made an agreement, that to avoid suspicion it was safer to occupy the loft, and they soon transferred enough of the hay from below to form comfortable beds. Then believing themselves secure from discovery, even if by chance some Glandelinians may be passing by, and some of them should happen to glance in the shed, they prepared to get a little sleep which they had missed the night before.

A little later when the Patrol Ranger came to see them he was followed by Jane Melfort. She appeared pale and wan.

"How are Mildred and Dolores?" were their first questions.

"Poor Mildred is as bad as she can be, her wound is a most dangerous one, she is getting delirious, and I did not feel as if I could even leave her for a single moment. But this good Ranger wanted me to go with him, as I'm sure he has something very important to say to you and us."

"Have you any news," Radcliffe asked him.

"One of my Forest Rangers tells me that the Glandelinian cavalry and infantry are searching the whole country outside the Christian lines. There is an unusual reward offered for all of you dead or alive, and any one whether he be a Glandelinian or any one else found hiding any of you fugitives will be punished with death. The younger girl scout you call Mildred is very badly wounded, and the doctor whom I hired said that she is in the hands of God, it's hard to tell whether she'll get better, she may die. The other wounded girl is in a serious condition and her arm is badly swollen. And if either one of them do get better it will be weeks before they can return through to the Christian lines. I'll have to send them both to the Christian lines in a covered wagon under a strong escort. I believe however that you and your other followers should should try to return to the Christian lines alone, and I'll guard the two girls. I will have told my servants that two girls scouts have been shot by the enemy, and they believe that puts us all in peril to have them here, and you yourselves can do no good here. If the searchers come here, you all may be found, if you are found they'll search everywhere closely, and may find the girls, and then I'll get it hard too. The orders are I hear, that if you are captured you are to be carried to Tanager's camp and will be tried as spies. I will hide the two girls scouts here safely until I can start on the way. If I am assaulted and overwhelmed by the enemy in case they spot me, I will myself journey to the Christian lines and bring you the report. You will please give me your names, and I will find you, or the name of your leader will be just as good, then she or he'll bring on their whole regiment and rescue them on the way."

However Radcliffe said he was very unwilling to leave the two girls scouts. Jane however at once expressed her warm approval of the plan.

"I'm afraid it will be worse, comrades, before poor Mildred can even get on her feet again, and I shall have an anxious time with even poor Polares. It also would add greatly to my own anxiety if I saw you were so near, and the Glandelinians would come and capture you. If dear Penrod has escaped to the Christian lines he will be in a terrible state of anxiety about us, and you could relieve him if you could get to the Christ Christian lines, and tell him where we are and how the rangers care for us. Together boys it would be much better for you and your other friends to go, for if the Glandelinians do come, you could not defend us, against more than two or three of them, and they are sure to come by hundreds."

In spite of their disinclination to leave the girls without such probable protection as they could give them the two boyscots finally saw that the course advised was the best to be pursued, and finally told the Forest Patrol that they agreed to follow his counsel, thanking him in the warmest terms for his kindness. He also advised them to leave their strange disguises behind, and to retain the uniforms they already had on, as disguises would do them but a bit of good, though he would supply them with extra good weapons. Too they would not attract so much attention in the gloom in their own purple uniforms, and could then by the aid of the continued darkness pass across fields, without being hardly seen.

"In the clothes you now wear," he said, "you could not do that and besides you show too much leg, too much arm, too much width of shoulders, and you are in greater peril than soldiers. I'll bring you some purple uniforms that'll fit you well, but uniforms that in case you have to disguise by day you just need to turn them inside out and they'll be Glandelinian gray. In a short time I will return with the things."

Indeed too it was a sad parting between Jane and her followers, for all felt that they might never meet again. Still the course decided upon was the best that they had to adopt for they must go and bring aid. In ten minutes or less even the Forest Patrol officer returned. The child scouts took off their clothes, and with some colored juice from some berries which the Ranger gave them, stained themselves a deep brown. The Ranger then produced a razor and a bowl of hot water, and some soap, and said that the boy Richard must shave his hair up to a level with the tops of the ears, so as to leave only that which could be concealed by the urban he was to wear. This with some grinning—the first time they had smiled since they went on the spy expedition, Radcliffe proceeded to do to Richard, and the skin thus exposed he did the same color as the rest of the body. Then they put on the uniforms given them. The Ranger surveyed them gravely when their attire was completed, and expressed his believe belief they could pass anywhere during the night, without being seen. Then bidding a grateful farewell to their friendly helper, the boys started alone on their journey leaving also the child slaves and the scouts with the Ranger. The shoes they found so difficult because being so light to retain on that they finally removed them and carried them... except when they were passing over stony ground.

They remained now on small by paths, and avoided all clearings as the Ranger had told them beforehand. Occasionally they had to go in hiding and suddenly to avoid a party of graycoats coming on horses, and once they did meet instantly with a party without getting a chance to hide, but in the gloom they passed it without speech or being seen, which proved that their purple uniforms suited the purpose in the darkness. For over an hour they went on. As it was toward noon and no daylight came they sometimes had some fear of missing their way, but they decided to remain by the road, for the road on one hand and the river on the other both ran toward the Christian lines, and although these were sometimes five miles apart, they nevertheless served as a fair index as to the line they should take. The biscuits added with such berries as they could find in the woods during resting times, should have lasted for two days, but if they would be out later than that they would have to obtain more food somewhere else.

"I don't know what to ask for Richard, and so we'll have to go hungry till we reach General Vivians camp. Otherwise we must try some sort of raid." They now could see by the glare or reflection from the glare of the fires, three or four scattered log cabins. They waited and watched for nearly fifteen minutes until one of the log cabins was to all appearances deserted, all its inmates who ever they were gone out to toll somewhere in the forests. They entered it boldly as they could see it belonged to an enemy sentry post. On entering about they found some loaves of bread (Yre Yeonly!) which had been apparently made there, a store of biscuits, and two bottles of coffee. They therefore foraged for all they could carry and took a little copper cooking also. They then went on their way rejoicing, and when it was midday, seeing that by glancing at their watches, they sat down lit a fire, with some dried branches, and put some of the rice which they had with them in to boil. As Radcliffe was stooping to lift up a piece of board he was startled by a simultaneous cry of "Look out!" from Richard, and a sharp blasphemous curse, and glancing up he saw three or four feet ahead of him, a Glandelinian soldier rushing at him with fixed bayonet. Just as he came close enough Richards

pistol butt came down with a sharp tap on the mans face and brought him down never to rise again.

"That was a close shave had the boy scout would with a serious face." "If I hadn't hit him on the head he would have ran you through. I'd rather have met at close quarters a cobra than that Glandelinian with that deadly looking bayonet." "He was examining the bayonet for it appeared to be strangely colored on the point." "Why he continued." "The bayonet is tipped with poison poison poison, that would have been the best thing if he had only succeeded in slightly wounding you."

"It would have been best to suck the wound on the very instant, and then to take out a knife and cut deeply in, and then as we have no vasulians, I should break up half a dozen cartridges, put the powder into and onto the wound, and set it alight. I believe that is was they what they do in the army in the case of wounds from poison poison bullets, and this if no time is lost after the bullet had hit you is almost always effectual in keeping off the deadly effects of the poison."

"Well lad, I am very grateful to God that we did not need to try that sort of treat."

"Would you wish to have the soldiers cartridge belt, Richard. It has plenty of good bullets, and they're rifle bullets they'll fit our pistols. I believe we need plenty of ammunition."

"Thank you Rad. I'll take them on trust. Now we have plenty of bullets, and his pistols too, and they will do very well for both of us. I see he's got a smaller pistol in his waist band, and a box full of smaller cartridges. If we could have got nothing else we'd have to rely on our own small supply, but as it is he came along, and 'supplied us'. I hope by to night or to morrow we'll reach General Vivians lines, though I'm almost puzzled as to where it is now. The Ranger said it was more than twenty miles and therefore we ought to get there by to morrow."

"Yes I believe we could do that all right, providing if we go on and do not sleep at night Richard. But we have been traveling since six this morning, and often by fire light, and though we didn't seem to go very fast, we ought to get over a lot of ground, and now it has grown a great deal lighter. Listen there's the sound of a party of horsemen somewhere. Both deal their breath. 'Yes there is the regular roll of galloping horses and it sounds as if thousands and thousands were coming. They seem to be on the high road I should say nearly abreast of us, and now day coming on again we without our having changed our uniforms. Let's change them inside out."

And they did.

"Now how can we see who is coming?"

"If we go to that rise over there, we might obtain a view of them easily enough, and too there will not be the least danger, as they must be fully a mile away."

Upon gaining the rise in question, they saw a big regiment in ash gray uniforms, winding along the road, but on the full gallop. They were wheelers. The Klan Klan of the Glandelinians.

"Are they just a big patrol, or the main cavalry?"

"It's more than any one could say," answered Radcliffe. "But I see there are mounted officers riding at the head of the regiment, and they got tri flags, one their National, one of their State, and a Band flag or banner, and there is perfect order being observed in its galloping, and there is nothing that in any way differs from its ordinary aspect. They're dangerous and we got to be sure they do not see us. If they do we'll not escape."

"But we go back and get our provisions and quota, Richard. We surely cannot afford to lose any of that, and if we go out a trot for a couple of miles we can get round into some heavy brush near the road, where we can get a good glimpse of their faces. If the mounted men were Christians all right if not they're Glandelinians. You understand we cannot take every one we see in gray as foes, for our own cavalry when out scouting usually wears gray too."

Half an hour's trot brought them to a good point of vantage, and just as they had desired. They then crouched in some hedge or bushes at the edge of the denser portion of the forest, not ten yards from the road, and then awaited the passage of the regiment. They had only been in their hiding places for two minutes when the head of the column appeared.

"They sure do talk gallop in very good order, Rad, do you believe they're really 'wheelers' or Cavalry or 'hangaboos'?"

"I cannot tell yet Richard, but those Glandelinians will want all our their discipline when they come to meet all our troops. For anything we know, in this territory we may be the two last Christian children left in this country outside of our own regiment, but when the news gets to Abbeville, there will be such a cry throughout the land that if it needed many hundreds of millions of men to win back Calve-inia I believe they could be found and sent out. There are six mounted officers. I can't see the color of their flags

as it is not light enough, but I'm sure they are the Glandelinian Guards."

"No Rad, I'm sure they're not. 'Wheel down' after all, they're Glandelinians nevertheless. Look, look. Don't you see they have got six prisoners. There they are marching in the middle of that column, they are soldiers however and officers, and oh Rad I do believe that the middle one of a boy scout, and my brother. And the excited boy with tears of fear running down his face would have risen and dashed out had not Radcliffe forcibly detained him.

"Hush Richard and do remain quiet. Yes it is your brother, and some of the soldiers who are also prisoners are officers. Thank Heaven we have seen them," he said in deep gratitude.

"Well let's go to them, Rad, we may as well be altogether."

"I told you to be quiet Richard," the boy scout leader said, holding him down again. "If you be so rash you'll destroy their chances of escaping, and cause ourselves to be captured. But we will rescue them if we can."

"How Rad, how?"

"I cannot say yet Richard, but we must wait and see, anyhow we will try and petition God to help us. There goes the bugle for a halt. I believe they have gone far from their main camp and intent to rest for dinner. Come Richard, we must get out of this, for if they do see us we'll lose our only chance. When they have once pitched their tents, they will scatter about, to eat, and some may come into this wood. Therefore let us get further to the rear, as so to be able to see them pitch their tents, and start their meals, and watch if we can, where they put the prisoners. Then we'll plan somehow to rescue them. We must save them."

The Glandelinian regiment had dismounted and had piled arms but they had no tents with them. Yet the ground being marked off the men were told to what quarters they could go without tents. Near a high brush but closest to the hiding boys the prisoners were thrust, and tied to trees, and two sentries one in front, the other behind the trees were placed.

"Now Richard, we have seen all, let us go further away, and plan how we are to accomplish the rescue."

To attempt this would be very dangerous however for to rescue them was of the most extreme difficulty, and the boys had no time either to arrange their plans as the column after their noon day meal would soon be on the way again. And had their been only a single sentry, the rescue attempt would have been very easy, but with two sentries, and with the strong quarter guard close at hand and the pickets near by also it seemed at first as if it was impossible for no possible scheme could be hit upon. The sentry at the rear must be the one to be disposed of, and too this must be done without the slightest noise, so as not to alarm the Glandelinian sentinel in front.

And each was marching backwards and forwards some eighteen paces to the right and left at the same time, they were in sight of each other except during the time of passing before and behind a very big stout tree, when they walked alternately, and the fat tree hid them altogether from each other.

"I suppose we could not have the slightest chances of blinding and gagging any one of those Glandelinian guards," Rad. It's horrid for me to even have the slightest idea of slaying a man in cold blood."

"Radcliffe giggled at this idea.

"Think you so," he finally said. "Well there is no help for it, but I could worry if the scoundrels all fell dead on the spot right now for all I care, for what they do, if he were alone we might bind and gag him, but as it is we must put him out of the way somehow. These Glandelinian scoundrels are all murderers and assassins. You know what Glandelinians have done. It is called a war, but it's more a merciless no quarter war on innocent children than any one else.

This regiment no doubt as the others may have been committing many of the most horrible massacres of women and children. Yet horrible as they are, I don't believe I would slay any Glandelinian soldier unless it could be helped but the lives of those prisoners depends on it, and to save even a little child slave from the enemy, I would if there were no other way either cut the throats throats of the whole regiment while it was asleep or attack it with a hurricane of liquid fire. This is no ordinary war, Richard, and you surely have been a boy scout long enough to see that now, it's a struggle for children's existence, a struggle of liberty of Church and State, and that I'm sure you hate the thought of it, I myself should not hesitate for an instant, for surely if they caught us, they'd show us as much mercy as a man does for a mad dog."

"On that case I would not hesitate at all," said Richard "but sometimes it sets a bad example for us Christians not to give the enemy quarter when there's no fighting on, and if the fellow had a chance to fight for it, it would be different. However as he would kill us all if he had the chance, he mustn't even think of grumbling if I do the same for him. Now Rad you give me full directions as what I am to do, and you may rely on my aiding it."

The scheme was then discussed and arranged, and then taking advantage of the coming on of darkness again, and a fog of smoke the boys lit a small fire in a small ravine, to boil some coffee, and finished their dinner with lighter hearts, than they had done since they escaped with their companions, from the Glandelinian camp, for the knowledge that a number of friends were close by had lifted a heavy burden from their hearts.

There was exceedingly great danger for the carrying out of their plans, but this the boys thought nothing of it, as they're usually very reckless. They could see the camp fires of the enemy, which they had made for purpose of their own roasting of dinner, but as the minutes went on these gradually became dimmed in the pall of smoke fog, and there was not the slightest sound, coming from the Glandelinians for Glandelinian soldiers also always maintain the strictest strictest silence when eating. As patiently as they might be, they waited until they guessed it was twelve thirty. The day too for so late in the year had come turned out to be (delightfully warm), and Radcliffe who had now a really wet piece of cloth in his hand from frequently wiping the sweat from his forehead, wondered to himself "Am I in Purgatory". The glare of the distant "red flag" was pretty bright, and gave a sort of ruddy light with which the two boy scouts could well have desired to do without just now.

"Now Richard old boy scout of our Blessed Lord, let's get going. My Our Blessed Lord, help us to success in this desperate and dangerous work."

They had to detour a considerable distance to approach the enemy in the rear (to avoid the main lumber) where they rightly judged the Mangaboos having no fear whatever of any hostile body being near, would have placed no sentries.

"Listen" said Richard as they were pausing to reconnoitre "There seems to be very heavy firing in the far distance. I wonder what's wrong."

There was however not the slightest doubts of it, faintly but quite distinct across the air came the sound of heavy cannon being fired in a manner as not to merely go "boom, boom" but to roll like continued and unabated thunder. "Those cannons must be fired in some artillery duel far away," said Radcliffe. "I wonder if it's at Maximilian. I've heard we're only fifty miles away from there."

"No it couldn't be we couldn't hear it so far," said Richard. "I'll bet on it it is not more than twenty miles off, and we could hear cannons at that distance any if the winds from that way. We had better wait a few minutes to see if it arouses these Glandelinians here."

But there was no movement among the Glandelinians who were only still eating, and eating as if they were gluttons too. Then the two stole quietly toward where they could see the six trees containing or to which the six prisoners were tied.

The Glandelinians had no tent with them, though their tents are large and circus like in form, gray and white in color, with as many poles as circus tents need, and one tent could hold two hundred men each. They are made of heavy and thick cotton canvass lined with yellow and red silk. In the day time these tents open right along one side. The wall of the tents being propped outward, with two slight supports, so as to form a sort of veranda and shade the inside of the tent while admitting the air. At nighttime, in the cool and cold as a seasons in Glandelinia, this flap is let down and the tent closed. The men when going in the tents retain their rifles. The tents of the christian armies are of the same form, but are stripped of the colors of their banners.

Being very hard and taking much work to put up this regiment had not thought it necessary to bring tents especially for the short distance they were going with their prisoners. Near one of these trees Richard or crawled, Radcliffe keeping a strict and eagle watch on the other side. When Richard approached the tree it grew so dark, that for a time he could not see anything, and to make it worse the fire glow so bright and distanced penetrated very dimly the forest trees and it was as if erebus had come upon him.

Therefore for a time it was hard for him to discover objects around, but he felt sure nevertheless that the Glandelinians would not go forth yet either. The ground was all occupied by Glandelinians still deeper gorging themselves, some were getting nearly on a spree from brandy they were pouring into themselves.

The uniform coats of some of the enemy was folded, and placed on the ground to serve for their plates. Six of these or more, with the same number of hats, (maybe they were College Professors from the shape of the hats) and sixteen cartridge belts, and one big uniform cloak, and all these Richard managed to use as a fine collection of, and by his signal managed to reach Radcliffe with.

"What was that sound," said one of the soldiers.

"Oh that was a bird, didn't you ever hear a bird before?"

"But in this fire threatened forest, do on your're dreaming. I'll guarantee it was a signal," said a Glandelinian child scout hounds are near us, I was one of their signals."

"Have shut up. Your getting afraid of the dark, like all kids are."

"Say Mr Scoundler, I can tell a child scout signal a mile away."

"Well toll it again. Go ahead and eat. Your getting the Film Flane."

"All right Scoundler. If we are attacked you'll remember I told you."

None of the other Glandelinians stirred though they too who were nearest had heard the signal, and Radcliffe crept quietly out, with the first part of his efforts accomplished. These uniforms were to be used by those whom they rescued. The sentries near the prisoners trees, were by this time changed and the boys gathering the things together, made all speed on their return to a large clump of trees on third of a mile in the rear of the Glandelinian horse. Here Radcliffe put on one of the pistols, and then started back again for the enemy followed by Richard.

"Don't give no signals" he warned Richard. The enemy are wise o to them."

A few minutes later the Glandelinian sentry in front of the six trees apparently observed one of his comrades, though somewhat smaller come up close to the end of his beat. He was in a great gray coat belonging once to a Glandelinian boy scout, and his face was tied up with a cloth to apparently being wounded, moaning violently, he squatted himself in front of the tree near where one of the prisoners was tied, and pretended to lay down with his hands to his face uttering occasional groans, and muttering in whispers.

"What of costs to encounter christian dogs in battle. This was all so natural for many Glandelinians suffer from bad wounds---that the sentry though he glanced at him thought nothing else of the matter. He therefore continued to pace his beat, turning back each time when within a few feet or two of the scufferer and looking at him closely.

The third time he halted and closer, the figure suddenly dropped off the

gray coat, and with a sudden spring as if he was a phantom panther, threw himself on the sentry's shoulders, at the same moment another figure darted out from behind a tree. All this surprised the prisoners who were able to see what went on in their front. One hand of the second assailant---in which was a wet cloth was pressed heavily and tightly over the mouth and nostrils of the sentry, the other grasped the lock of his rifle so that it could not be discharged. The sentry was immediately thrown backwards off his balance, and utterly off his guard, and he was not able to even show fight, and in an instant the second antagonist plunged a dagger twice into his body, and he fell a lifeless mass on the ground. And it was only the war of an instant for the two boys to drag the body a yard or two behind the lines, and before the other sentry appeared from the rear of the trees, apparently the man was still on his beat in front, and the one in the rear then marched calmly on his own beat. The whole affair had lasted only half a minute, and had passed without the slightest sound being made.

The next time the sentry in the rear was hidden from the view, the apparent guard in front, stole up to one of the trees. Cautiously and quietly he cut the first ones bound bonds, and then whispering something to him, again resumed his beat. Then he repeated the performance and knelt down by one of them to cut the ropes that held his hands.

"DON'T be alarmed it is a friend. hush don't speak," whispered the boy. Then as the bewildered soldier, gradually understood what was said, and what was going on, the soldier fell on the boys' neck and kissed him with passionate delight.

When the first rapturous joy of the recognition was venting down, was over, the soldier demanded:

"The girls are at present safe?" Richard said. "Radcliffe is elsewhere with the rear. Front I mean. He is acting as one of the sentry. Now please sir, listen the others, and then let us sneak off.... Remove your shoes and boots if you have them, the clearing where there are no soldiers is only ten yards or so behind, once there with us you are safe. I will let Radcliffe know when you are ready as he will then occupy the other sentry. We can't allance him, and to attack him would be suicide because he is within sight and hearing of the sentries of the guard quarter guard who would come in too big numbers for us to win."

He and the other one who had been released freed the others of their companions, and in a few whispered words told them what had happened. In silence they swung round Richards hand, and then removing their shoes, stole one by one from the trees. As Radcliffe passed he warned them to be watchful. The next time the sentry in the rear was passing behind the trees a heavy stone hurled by Radcliffe crashed against a tree upon the other side of the trees. The sentry halted instantly with gun advanced tried to see what was happening, and then listened for further sounds, but he could hear nothing more, as Radcliffe was at that instant seized with a fit of pain and started moan moaning. The sentry stood in a listening attitude for fully a minute then he asked of one of his comrades who was sitting near him:

"I didn't you hear that too?"

"Yes, but I believe the noise must have been caused by some large bird in flight or which might have been suddenly disturbed in the foliage."

For another ten minutes Radcliffe passed back and forth, and forward, his only fear being that the sentry might go and examine the six prisoners and find them missing. In a quarter of an hour he felt sure the fugitives would have gained the heavy forest, and would have time to put on the too uniform before

he himself reached them, and also by the aid of a couple of sharp steel filan g have got rid of their handcuffs. He might therefore go off and join them. He waited therefore till the sentry was at the other end of this beat, and then darted off among the trees. He believed he should have had at least a few minutes to start before they would discover his absence, and another minute or so before the sentry could be absolutely sure of it to hail the quarter guard, and report the circumstance. Then of course would follow the evident discovery of the escape of the prisoners, but by that time he would be too far in the interior of the forest, and would not be seen because of the deep gloom, and even if seen he and his followers out to be able to outrun any of the enemy.

His thoughts however turned out to be correct, for he was quite a long distance away when he heard the call of the sentry to the quarter guard, followed instantly by another shout and louder cries, that told that others had discovered the escape of the prisoners, then came the sound of rifle shots, a drum beat the alarm, and a babel of sounds rung on the still air.

But by this time Radcliffe was half way to the big clump of trees and three or four minutes more he was in the arms of one of his brother boy scouts. There was no time to even speak then, another coat was hurried to him, and cartridge belt placed around him, and then every one of the eight went off at a most steady trot when after one quarter of an hour broke into a slow walk---for in such darkness there was no fear of the Glandelinians pursuing them, and they headed for the direction they felt sure the christian lines lay.

"How far is it to general Vivians lines. We heard a lot of cannonading going on, and they're still thundering there."

"Not thirty miles. But the cannons are not at general Vivians. The sound of firing is mysterious and is some other direction."

"Have you heard Lieutenant how things are going on throughout Calvernia?" Radcliffe asked.

"According to vague telegraph reports, fresh regiments and armies are said to be pouring in from all quarters and they boast that they are going to drive the christians all out of Calvernia and right away too. General Winstons army is concentrating near Jennie Wrent town, what christian army really is at Maximilian no one can say for sure, but it too in is in the direct peril, for the enemy overwhelms it three to one. But they say general Viviana is advancing to reinforce the christian army there, and Nero too is coming with Nemo and plain Night Linger. Our own army of general Vivians is still in the same position, and another force is gathering three miles away to join but general Vivians is a mere handful to Tamerlins if the latter gathers his whole army. But we might be able to get him, before his other sections can be joined together. They are scattered far apart you know. So the danger may be exaggerated. At least I hope it is nevertheless."

"Do you believe there is any chance of help coming to general Vivians? If not, then for the present. The news by telegraph says that everything has gone down before the Glandelinian advances and raids and forages and other vandalism except Maximilian, Evangeline St Claire, Jennie Wrent town, and elsewhere. The beleaged are holding good at Vivian Wickey, and these are soon to go too. However it is believed something good may soon come. The whole of Northern Calvernia has risen."

"Are all the refugees in dire want and privations everywhere?"

"I'm afraid they are, thousands have been slain everywhere by the enemy sniping upon them, and by Glandelinian vandals, but there, we must hope that the refugees will even take up arms and make a stand. It will be the longest time indeed before even the whole country will get any real news, because the disasters have cut off so much communications. It's been only since June that all this horror came on, and not so long ago that Angelina Agathis was captured by the enemy."

"It seems but yesterday" Radcliffe said. "You don't mean to try to get to the christian lines this afternoon, I hope we could walk that far in that time if it is absolutely necessary, but we two boys have done a long days walk already, and for all we now we may be going the wrong direction. I never thought it would be so dark."

"No, no, Radcliffe. I only want to get well away from the Glandelinian regiment you rescued us from. They're ver-urmerannians and the meanest sort... To-morrow we may be within camp, if not, we could in case daylight comes to-morrow hide all day, and cross the open glens after nightfall. All is forest here, which is a good shield for us all, and as long as the fires don't start here we'll be safe enough now, and the enemy may be too anxious about what that cannonading is about to spend much time now searching for us. Now first off all we will need a small camp fire."

"The only place we had small camp fires" said Radcliffe, "was in small narrow dried up waterways, for to start one here, I'm afraid, as not only may we be seen as fires are scouring the woods for us, but we might accidentally

start a forest fire ourselves, and its awful windy to day. The trees at times roars as if it was thundering in the air. 2nd

"I do not believe the enemy could observe it in the forests, especially when the trees and the brush are so intertwined together. We are at least four from the Glandelinian regiment, and we need some supper or we'll not be able to continue our journey till night fall. Now for pieces of wood."

The whole party soon collected a lot of good branches and smaller pieces of places of forest debris, and one of the soldiers was about to scatter some powder among the dead leaves, and use a means as boyscouts do of starting a fire, by rubbing rubbing wood together, when Radcliffe said

"We have matches sir"

"Oh that is all right Radcliffe. There we are fairly alight. Yes we have chosen a good safe place, there are bushes all around, and we'll guard the blaze so it would be scattered among the trees. If it did start one and it'd race toward the enemy believe me instead of stopping it I'd encourage it along, but I'm afraid it'll head for our own lines instead so we'll have to watch it carefully. Now he counted continued, when the camp fire had burned up brightly "but we hear the full story of what had passed, you gave us only a very short account when we first got free. Now let us hear all about it."

Radcliffe and Richard told the story, sometimes one taking it up, sometimes the other. There were many questions from those whom they had rescued and expressions of the warmest approval of their brave conduct, and one of the soldiers who had been rescued and who was a captain threatened under his breath that if ever he had the chance he would massacre as many Glandelinians as possible to repay back for the wounding of Dolores and Mildred.

He and Lieutenant Jenders proposed to each other that they should go back and give what protection they could to the child slaves who were rescued and the two wounded girls. But Radcliffe at once gave a negative to this idea.

"If they could be brought straight to the christian lines with us, I should be willing to say yes," he said, "for with us eight we might hope to get them through the danger zone safely, but even that would be terribly dangerous, for the larger the party is the more its aim to attract the attention of the Glandelinians who are combing the country for us, and the whole country is alive with these dreadful angelinian rebels pulverizing Calvernia. But as Mildred cannot be fit to travel for weeks, and Dolores too is wounded having as the man told me a shattered shoulder, we have no choice in the matter. They must remain where they are and we can only hope and pray for their safety. Our duty lies clearly to reach the christian lines first and then follow the trail and come to their help. Now let us be off on the way, we should sleep but who can sleep in this heat. The fire has burned low and in another hour or two it'll be late afternoon or three o'clock, however for us there'll be no retreat nor revel reveille, but just the same we cannot sleep. We've tried and the heat won't let us."

"And said Richard almost laughing, "what figures all of us so show in our strange uniforms. We cannot scarcely move in them and they won't be by nine or ten inches. I do not seem to me that we are wearing christian uniforms at all. Any one can see in a moment that they were not made for any of us."

"They're terribly uncomfortable, and the heat causes them to feel worse," Richard, the captain said "and as you say you can see they were not made for any of us. But we will have to use them, and as we continue along, any one who may observe us in the gloom may believe we are a straggling party of Glandelinians going toward the Glandelinian positions, while the bright of our Abbeannian uniforms would have told its tale miles off in the day time and even shown in the night. I shall be glad to get rid of it as soon as we can and put our own on. I feel as if I had gotten into a boys' vest by mistake. I have no big shoulders to speak of, as far as my height goes I am well enough, but I feel as if I'm in tight. I had to remove my jacket already and am carrying it over my shoulders, for I might as well try to continue marching with my chest surrounded in a vise. There Captain do you hear music. I'll bet those rascals are on their march again."

The strains of music of a Glandelinian march came very faintly to the ears indeed for they were nearly two miles away from the road.

"That sounds all right to me," the captain said, "now that they have gone away we can be moving ourselves. We must have given them an hour's start."

"Now sir, we have not heard of your own adventures yet, would it be too much to ask you to tell us. // 1110. 12"

"Well boys we soldiers have not so much variety as you, but we surely have through through enough to tell about. We were out scouting at the time course ourselves, and were caught empty handed in a old red schoolhouse in the country by Glandelinians roaming through the region. We then conversed over the best course to use in case they would storm us, and what to come, come when the assault might."

We had arranged what each one of us should do in case of the Glandelinians making an attack upon us, or of them surprising the schoolhouse in the rear, and as we had even considered the probability of being set upon if we were to be hind hiding in the yard, and therefore we had all agreed that if we were surprised by the enemy, resistance would mean certain death, for if we fought when surprised they would give no quarter and would shoot us down through the schoolhouse doors and windows, and that we would be as rats in a fire trap. Therefore we made the agreement, that in case the Glandelinians would storm the red schoolhouse, we should make a simultaneous attempt to burst ourselves through and out, and we even settled upon the window or the door by which we should go. My companions about twenty other men with us were of course to go off in different directions when once outside, except where as in my case, I had made other arrangements, and the rest to various points agreed upon, where horses were in readiness. The lieutenant, corporal and myself had agreed to go for the dense woods, as it was the nearest, and our horses were to be ready for that time.

There were not many of us who believed the peril had been so great this morning or we wouldn't have ventured out side the christian lines. A Glandelinian patrol only that morning had sworn to capture us, and as we found out the character of Glandelinian soldiery, we were surprised for it was very hard to believe that they could be capable of such fury. Swords and pistols of course were put on ourselves. I was sitting between Lieutenant Hanson Manners and myself here, and my Colonel Jean Monica and we were at it happened at the corner nearest the big window fixed upon for the bolt. Things went on all right till just our morning mealtime. There was suspicious glances from my boy companion here which I did not like, but nothing to take hold of. I pointed it out to Manners and we agreed that the plans arranged as was the best possible, and that as resistance would be of no use whatever, as the Turmerannians were too brave and fierce and if at each of the four windows and three doors a stream of rifle fire were poured in, we would chance a rush straight for the window. Presently my Colonel rose and gave the proposed signal. We all rose, and as if— as if I had no doubt it was—the toast we drank was the signal there was a sudden tramping in the schoolyard outside, and at every window appeared a crowd of the Turmerannians with their rifles in their hands.

The leader was in the doorway and cried:

"Surrender christian dogs. The Jigg is up."

Put I shouted to him first "go to Hell" and then to my friends "To the window for your lives, and with drawn sword I dashed at the Glandelinians who were at the window in front of me followed by my six others. And before the Glandelinians had time to get their guns to their shoulders we were upon them. You can see by the gleam of the camp fire we are all big men and our weight, and the impetuosity of our jump, and the surprise, and the wild manner in which I plied my sword, and the others following me fired off their pistols with good effect, were too much for them, brave as they are and we burst and cut and shot our way through them standing as they did eight or ten deep as if they had been reeds. They gave a yell of rage and astonishment as they went down as if they were ninetails, but we scarcely saw it, for as we saw our way through them, the rifle fire burst out round the rear of the schoolhouse. Whether any of the others tried to follow I cannot tell. I believe most of them forgot their arrangement with me for we heard a storm of pistol shots from the house between the rifle shots. We made straight across a mounted Glandelinian cavalry patrol before it had time to start the horses forward to ride us down, and with rifle balls flying in all directions as soon as the Glandelinians we had cut and shot out our way through recovered from their first astonishment, but though good shots at the best, nevertheless a man running at top speed in such gloom is not an easy mark in the pitch darkness. We heard yells, and rifle shots all around, and knew that while the cavalry was trying to follow us, parties were surrounding the schoolhouse. By the time we had succeeded in going over the few hundred yards, the whistling of bullets around us had pretty well ceased for the enemy had either all emptied their rifles or we were out of range, or they gave it up because of the darkness.

None of them who had surrounded the schoolhouse were near us for they evidently had not followed, and we seemed pretty safe, but we still heard the galloping horses of the cavalry following us, and just as we entered the gate of a woodman's house one of the pursuing cavalry soldiers hurled a grenade, in our direction, and in the explosion something from it hit me on the head, and down I went as if dead.

Happily my friends were near me, and there was the man with the horse. He had not dared bring it out until the first shot had been fired, I felt other Glandelinians would see and put him out of the way, but I was lying, instant it began he came round. They ran the horse up to where I was lying, I left lifted me on the saddle, and he jumped on in behind and drove out the gate as three score of the Glandelinian cavalry came rushing toward the house shouting to us to stop "In the name of the law" is as their way. We had fifty

yards start, but they opened a roaring storm of pistolry and rifles at us, a ball passing through my horse's leg as he urged on the horse, and two of my twenty followers were killed, and six overtaken, and the others in the confusion got lost or separated from us. What were left of us returned the fire, and hit their leader fortunately which caused confusion and delayed the pursuit a moment. The horses went along at the full gallop, but we were not yet safe, for parties of the Glandolinians, were setting fire to the brush in the clearings to make light to reveal where we were and to which direction we were going. Two of my followers were maddened by the peril, and as the Glandolinians caught up with them, they died fighting. Two Glandolinians caught up with Hanson Manners, but he cut one down with his sabre, and shot another. A third rode up alongside his horse, and they went onward a certain distance at a racers pace both fighting a desperate, desperate sabre duel, but Manners won out. More of the gray coated devils rode after us and fired, but we continued on at a full gallop till we were out of the place.

The Glandolinian cavally who turned out to be "Wheeler" had good horses however, and three more overtook us, and assaulted Manners, but the lieutenant came to his aid and in the fierce fight the three Glandolinians were hurled off their horses. The Glandolinians pursued us for three miles, and half a mile further after another fight with the Glandolinians in which Manners though victorious was slightly wounded, a shot hit his horse, and though it was not seriously injured it began to slacken its speed and to go very leisurely.

We all had to halt, just as the other section of the cavally came up but we all opened fire and brought down ten of them down at one volley. Manners who had jumped from the horse on which I was lying examined to see what was the matter with the horse, and found as he had thought, that the horse had been hit. He had one slight bullet wound in the hind leg, and another a mere scratch on the head. It was evident that it could not go much further and they lifted me off and carried me to a patch of bushes thirty yards from the road sending the other horses away on the gallop to tell our fool our persistent pursuers.

"But why didn't you retain the good horses, they would have been very useful," Richard asked.

"You see I wanted to make the Glandolinian cavally believe we were still racing away and they'd follow," the captain said. "We did not now yet but serve severely wounded the colonel was indeed we all feared he was dead, and we felt sure too if the Glandolinians found the horses close to us later on they would be certain to make a search in this neighborhood and would have found the colonel had been close by laid up with a grenade wound."

"Happily I now began to come to," the colonel went on, continuing his story. The fragment was nothing and had only given me a mere scratch, it was the shock that had knocked me down, though it had given me a nasty fall, the wound nevertheless, and had stunned me, but I now began to come round. Instantly I was able to understand, where I was or what had happened, of our own losses, the captain and lieutenant who were half wild with excitement and grief made me promise to lie quiet, while they went to scout to see if help was near. Of course I consented.

They were away three hours but they brought me surprising news. They had first been to the meadow giving view of the schoolhouse and found it utterly destroyed as they expected. That told them nothing and they were to return when coming to a portion of the woods, they found a pocket army bander chief belonging to some little girl, and following a trail made by some feet which they could discern by their flashlight found by depressions upon the soil, that sixteen children of some sort had gone through the woods at the same time we were pursued. With hearts immensely lightened with hopes they were the "Terrible christian child scouts" as the enemy call you, and hopeful by the discovery we had made, they hurried to me with the news. I was past understanding it when they arrived for the intense pain in my head and my terrible anxiety as to our future had made me hardly doubt their words. It would have been certain death to stay so near the road, with the Glandolinians close by, so they dipped their cloths in water, and tied them round my head, and then supporting me one on each side they carried me to a clearing, about a mile away. During this time no one came near me. The cooling waters soothed the pain in my head and revived me more. It was then only a few minutes the clearing was surrounded by the same cavally who had been able to trail us. We saw at once that resistance would have been absolutely useless, and we were relieved of our arms. As it was we were forced to get on spare horses they had with them, and we were forced to go along with the regiment until you saw us. We had planned every conceivable means of escape, and determined that we would try to night which would be the last half before they reached the lines. It was very doubtful whether we would have succeeded but it was better to be shot down than brought to the enemy lines where we being spies would have shared the same fate as spies do. Indeed I am convinced we saw no chance of escaping, and that you have saved our lives, and now let us be on the march."

They had gone only a few hundred yards further when the conditions of the weather heat was somewhat increased, it was now still and close, not a breath, or air stirring, and three of the rescued ones found it was absolutely absolutely impossible absolutely impossible to continue further in their heavy disguise coats. They therefore were forced because of their excessive discomfort in the heat to remove them, and slung them from their rifles. Richard and Richard were perfectly fitted. Hearing suspicious noises among the trees they halted for a short time. Hearing nothing, they continued on, but cautiously and then found themselves standing on the shore of the same river, but five or six miles further up (further from the christian lines than they even suspected).

At this spot the river was quite broad, half a mile at least, and it was moving in such a way as if some of the flood was entering it as it was not only above its level but swamping the woods in some places. After crossing the river by swimming, they could realize they had more than eighteen miles yet to continue the travel before they even came within hailing distance of the christian lines, and it was probable that the whole intervening country was in the possession of the Glandolinian army under general Phelanina Tamerline.

"Had it not been best for us to have remained on the other side of the river for a bit had?" Richard asked.

"No friend Richard, it was best for us to cross before night comes so we'd be on the christian side of it for if we are attacked the sound of shooting would bring us help right away. We could make a straight for the christian lines from here. If we can't find a boat we would have to continue on. It was very easy going across for most parts we had only to wade and walk. The river is wider than its deep."

"Well boys," said the Major, as the weather was getting so awfully hot "We get to hiding in those big clump of trees as I hear the galloping of many horses. It won't do to continue on too recklessly until the coast is clear. These horsemen may be our friends, and may be our foes."

The majors proposition was carried into effect, but it was questionable whether any of the other party heard anything, for they had been excited by the thought that within a few hours, they would be with friends, once more soldiers and scouts instead of flight fugitives, with power to fight in defense of their country's cause and of the helpless women children, priests religious and other non-combatants exposed to the fury of the Glandolinian Glandolinian soldiery. With these thoughts however mingled the anxiety which was wearing them all, although no one conversed about it, as to the safety of the two wounded girls scouts whose lives were dependent upon the fidelity of the Ranger and his followers. Over and over again all of them heartily regretted that they had not gone back to bring them with them or watch over them, but the fact that it might be weeks before Mildred would be able to stand, and that as their protector had said the presence of so many near them might be observed and cause suspicion, and would be a source of dreadful danger convinced them that they had taken the better course.

They all understand too that in acting as they had done they were performing their duty, though sacrificing a good deal, and at this dreadful time when the fate of Christian Calvernia and Angelina State, and her their neighbors trembled in the balance, the place of every soldier and scout was by the side of all their christian soldier comrades who still maintained the old "Sacred Heart" flag flying in the face of the increasing numbers of the foolish and wicked and rebellious Abbeinnians known as Glandolinians. Still although they understood they were doing their duty, and more over were taking the wisest course, yet it would be very wrong to the cause to leave them too long and the thoughts of the two girls alone in the midst of the danger, with two of them down with one wound, and the third nursing them, tried them terribly, and they had the fierce desire for the excitement of work and danger of bringing a dashing expedition to strive and save them for who could tell whether the rangers could resist should the enemy attack them, and rangers were soldiers too."

"Here let's have a little lunch, and then we'll set to work, and try some means to cross that stretch of flood we found. It's dangerous but we'll have to do it. It seems a fire is coming this way and it's our only chance. I'll bet our pursuers set it. See how it flames! It's fearful."

In their excitement they didn't eat very much, and then as the glare came closer they set frantically to work, cutting down, breaking off and tearing up large reeds, and heavy weeds, with which to form floats. The boyscouts had long sabres which they used, but the others had been stripped of every thing at the time of their capture. In about an hour however, five big bundles were made. The rifles and ammunition belts were fastened on these and soon as the fire came dangerously close, they entered the water just in time as the heat was becoming unbearable and the flames were leaping four hundred feet.

"There are no Glandolinians, . . . in launches on the water I hope," Richard whispered to Richard. "I'd rather meet crocodiles than them in the water." "Nothing to fear in the floods except debris, and the chances of meeting anything as thin as this very small, and its not wide here."

"All right," Richard said... "Of course we have got to chance it at whatever the cost. But the Glandelinians on the water are as bad as the crocodiles or sharks, and sharks and crocodiles are fierce and dangerous too. Well here goes, and—"

"Halt who crosses here!"

"Quick, never mind the chain challenge" was the Major's order, and the bundles were placed in the water and lashed side by side with long trailing creepers which grew abundantly among the rushes, and they were thus secured from the danger of turning over from the weights on the top. Upon the rafts thus formed their clothing was placed, and then side by side, pushing it before them the party shoved off from shore.

"After them Christian dogs" cried a voice. "They're getting across the flood. Get into your launch boys."

However in twenty minutes the fugitives touched ground on the other side, and the Colonel, threw a huge stone just as the launch came to them smashing it in half by the force of the blow, and down it went with the persecutors struggling and cursing in the water. The fugitives dressed, examined their rifles to see if they were still in good order, and then started in the direction in which they felt sure the Christian lines was. Several times they paused and listened, for they occasionally heard the sound of horses, the sound of those still following them, and it was evident that the enemy was still close on their heels.

They were indeed relentless persecutors. They continued on for several minutes, until they thought they could not be far from their destination and had begun to congratulate themselves upon being near their friends when the forest they had left behind appeared in a terrific blaze lighting up the country for miles as bright as day and throwing a terrific heat, and at this moment the sound of a strong body of men was heard sweeping along the level opening across the flood stretch across which they were now passing.

"There is a small wooden shed ahead," Radcliffe said "if they're enemies they'll see us in that glare. Let's run for that, they're coming across here."

However by the help of the reflection of the terrible fire they were seen for a shout of "Who goes there?" was heard.

"Give me your rifle John" the captain said to the lieutenant, for the officer with the wive weight of his rifle and ammunition belts could hardly keep up with the others. They had just reached the shed in time, and rushed in, and closed the door as the cavarly swept up, and they were Glandelinian Mangaboos, with some Scoldier officers. It was a good sized shed about thirty foot long, and two stories high a big building of log format ion, massive and strong, with one little window about two feet square, and on the same side a strong door.

"Place everything you find against the door" Radcliffe cried. "John fire at once at them. Our only chance now is of holding out with the hope that the firing may be heard, and that a troop of soldiers may come from the Christian lines to the rescue."

"Surrender you fools in there" shouted the Scoldier leader.

"Come and get us," shouted the major.

"I certainly will" was the Scoldier's answer. "You think we Glandelinians are afraid of a mere handful of Christian fools like you. Forward men, capture them all. They're the spies we are after, and two of those boy scouts we hunted for all day are with them."

The captain however fired just as the troopers dashed up to the door, and a man fell from his horse.

Something was said about Christians by the enemy which is not to be written here.

"Now Manners, steady get your man as fast as you can," the Major said. "aided by the boys he jammed a piece of wood between the door and the wall at such an angle, that except by smashing it to pieces, the door could not be forced."

"Now he" he said "It is my turn," and he fired into the enraged enemy, but a ball came through the window and to the horror of within laid the major low. He was dead.

"Now Rad steady," said Richard. "We can't expose ourselves. Oosh there goes the lieutenant dead. Those Glandelinians are crackshots. Are you loaded again captain?"

"Yes Richard, just ready. But I'm hanging low. Or I'll be hit next."

"All right Richard. You follow, and be sure to take good aim."

The Glandelinian cavarly answered their fire, every shot of which from the survivors within was being very effectual and the shots from the enemy being directed at the door and window was not of no effect.

"Draw off" the scoldier leader shouted "hear any man hold the horses, front rank men dismount, and break in the door. Grenadiers come forward and hurl bombs through the window."

The order was obeyed, and the troopers rushed forward on foot, some preparing to throw the grenades, but the grenadiers especially were met by a steady and murderous fire which brought them all down. Vainly the others of the foe hacked at the door with their sabres, and battering rams and struck it with their rifle butts. A hand grenade was even thrown against the door three times and over with out effect. One landed inside the shed but did not injure anyone. Injure any one though it threw fragments of debris in all directions from the floor.

"Throw yourselves against it all at once" cried their leader, and a dozen men rushed pell mell against the door, it creaked and strained, but the big beam remained in its place.

"You keep on firing at them through the window" said the Colonel "to the second lieutenant. The three boys and I will fire through the door."

Yells, curses, blasphemies, and shouts of defiance and groans of pain followed each shot through the door, and after two or three minutes the Glandelinian troopers drew off.

"Any one else hit?" the colonel demanded.

"I have a bullet in my shoulder" said the second lieutenant.

"I've a scratch on my head," said Richard.

But these were the only replies... There was a defiant shout outside, and Second lieutenant Manners exclaimed:

"Confound the Mangaboo dogs, they have a big fallen tree that will soon splinter the door as they're coming with a rush and fourteen men are carrying it on each side."

"We must halt their purpose as long as we can" said the colonel, as he fired among the men who were advancing with the branchless tree. Ten of the Glandelinians fell but others were in their places in a jiffy and they pressed on as fast as the weight of the log would permit and at the very first crash given by the battering ram driven by the men, the ram came clear through pulling the men in with it, the door being shattered to splinters.

Being dangerously exposed, the Glandelinians who had been brought inside by the momentum of the battering ram, hastily beat it, that is those that could, but the others were shot before they could escape.

"Fix bayonets now" the colonel said. "Now Manners, you and I will hold the others at bay. Not more than two can easily come in at once, and their bayonet is no use against ours in so narrow a space. Boys you stand in reserve and go on loading and firing as you did before. If they get in of course use your own rifle bayonets, there comes the next assault."

A shout of triumph burst from the Glandelinians as the enemy came forward. "Come on" cried an officer on whose breast hung a dozen medals "Follow me, death to the Christian dogs."

He rushed forward followed by twenty of his men. But as he passed over the threshold he and the trooper next to him fell beneath the bayonet thrusts of the colonel and his companion. The next two pushed forward by their comrades shared the same fate, while as they fell the rifles of the three boys sent their contents into the mass. The colonel was fatally stabbed by one Glandelinian who got in running his bayonet through him, and the lieutenant was also slain, but the three boys with their backs against the wall opened such a steady fire with their pistols that man after man fell as fast as they came into the door way. Three tried to get in through the window and remained there dead, it was a frightful scene indeed, and at last the rest recoiled from the fatal doorway with yells of derision. It was drowned in a sudden crash of rifle fire, mingled with a cry of surprise and despair from the Glandelinians as a large body of Abyssinian cavarly led by Angeline Jennings rode in from the clearing of the wood, and followed their volley by an impetuous charge. The Glandelinian cavarly however were nearly forty thousand strong in all, only fifty having assaulted the charge and seeing their comrades in peril they advanced, one squadron after another, the vast wooded plain trembling beneath the syncopated stamp or gallop of many thousands of horses. The spectacle was both magnificent and terrifying. The shock of the assault was almost unbearable. It was sheer tactics on the part of the Glandelinians, but the charge came to an abrupt close, as an immense squadron, a portion of the main Christian cavarly came upon the rear of the assailants. There was a charnel hell for half an hour, more squadrons came pounding forward, a third and a fourth, and the enemy appalled by their losses and assaulted by overwhelming numbers of the fierce Winkies turned and fled at a gallop, and in five minutes but for the many gray and scarlet clothed figures lying on the ground, not an enemy was in sight.

"Well you three good boy scouts have made a stout brave defense" the officer in command of the first squadron said, as he returned to the shed, outside which the three boys had so bravely gathered. It seems if we didn't come sooner you'd have been slain. I see four officers dead inside of our army."

Then Angeline Jennings came riding up and released her flashlight on the three boys...

"Who are you boys my I am," she said. And where have you sprung from. It's hard to tell in this gloom and glare of the fires, and this flashlight is almost spent."

"Why Angeline Jennings is it you? You have't forgotten So Radcliffe so soon. And here are two of my new found friends Richard Mandors and another boy scout whom I rescued and he's badly wounded."

"Hurrah than God," shouted the girl superior scout. Then Our Blessed Lord boys you at least are saved, we fancied something was wrong. I am glad you escaped from the foe lines. I am glad indeed and she shook hands most enthusiastically with her friends, who while two of the officers who were colonels coming up, joined in the hearting greeting.

"Do those three boys belong to your Regiment of Child Scouts?" one of the colonels asked. "If so they're wonders for I don't now a case as yet where three boys held so stoutly against so many Glandolinians when their soldiers companion companions were all killed."

"I do not recognize the other two, but I'm sorry they don't," said Angeline Jennings. "This boy Radcliffe I know well, but his secret I cannot reveal, even who he is, what he is and so forth, but in particular he wanders from army to army in his duties and expeditions and belongs to no child scout command whatever though he has a whole lot to say over them just the same. But I can tell it though that he is a sort of near relation to general Conant."

Concentinian Aronburg and Angeline Aronburg.

"What," he claimed the other laughing, believing his superior girl scout friend and leader was joking.

"Indeed it is a fact, as you will see when they are in the lines and all cleaned up," she replied and Radcliffe, added, "And my two friends here are two as fine young boy scouts as ever lived, and now are we far from the main christian lines."

"No," answered the officer. "We heard the firing, and that brought us. The fire lighted our way to this spot and its burning fiercely yet."

"In the next place," said Richard, "I've got a bullet in my left shoulder, and one in my right arm, and shall enjoy coming supper all the more after they have been removed. Our stories are long and will keep. Let's see fur."

"Has there been any future news about the situation of Calvernia?" asked Radcliffe.

"The news is as cheerless as before, however that will retain too, now let us be off," said the girl leader. "Have we any losses among our troops?"

Colonel! "she asked of one of the officers, who came up for orders."

"One Miss Jennings."

"What is the enemy's loss?"

"There are fifteen hundred here dead, which can be fairly counted to us, sir, and nineteen thousand dead and wounded elsewhere further off."

"That's a terrible loss but I should worry for such fools," said Angeline Jennings. "Fall in you three good brave lads, and all of you too," she said in addition to the men who had gathered round, "and let us get to the return route. Gertrude will be glad to hear that these three boys escaped from the enemy."

There was a hearty cheer of great satisfaction from the whole troop for Angolinian troops were bound very closely together in these terrible months of immeasurable and most violent of wars. Then falling in, the two corps of cavalry marched toward the christian lines going by the same route they had come and the going was good as the fire lighted their way to the whole distance. On arriving at last at the christian lines which were stretched across the country near Pithelreda, the three boys were seen surrounded by troops, who had been called under arms at the sound of the distant firing, but had been dismissed again on the arrival of a message to the effect that the enemy had fled when repulsed in their assault upon a party of christian fugitives. The news too had spread rapidly upon a party of christian fugitives had escaped from the foe lines, and all officers that had the chance and the time pressed forward to press their hands or shake their hands, and the men uttered words of kindly congratulation and welcome. And the greeting swelled into a wild and loud cheer as the detachment of cavalry who had rescued the three lads fell out and scattered and scattering scattering among their comrades told of the desperate and scattering scattering inflicted upon the enemy by the four men who were slain however, and of by the boys too who fortunately survived as if by a miracle. The fugitives were of course first brought into the mess-room, Richard however being carried off by the surgeons, to have his wounds examined and attended to. It seemed almost like a dream as they sat down again at a table laid with all the brightness and comfort seen in a christian line or army, and felt that they were indeed safe among friends. Mary were the serious questions asked them by officers, who had friends and acquaintances among all of the christian military, and the fugitives learned that they were so far as known the only survivors since they first left the enemy's lines, and they began to worry about Richard because no one had seen him come back. The story of their escape, their being "wounded" all day, and the hoped for safety of the three girls, was told

as briefly as possible, and everyone listened to them with eager and absorbing interest and also anxiety, and very deep and hearty were the congratulations, which the boys received for their share in their duty to their country and its cause. In return they learned what had occurred since the last or past ten days according to the fury of the war. The story too was not reassuring, and tidings of great evil indeed were coming from all parts. Yet where christian victories may have occurred, and where the Calverinians were rising against the enemy was comparatively small, but and too the situation throughout Calvernia was terrible and critical. In Angelinia Agatha, the foe had won, at Maximilian, Jennie Wren Town and Abrahamara, the situation was more than doubtful and the population of these places were fleeing.

At Poyjo Landin, and near Hendriea every precaution was being taken, but the approach of overpowering armies of the foe was regarded as inevitable. In fact everywhere, save in northeastern Calvernia, trouble had either come or was coming. General Anson was collecting with all haste a force at McCormick junction, which was intended to advance to relieve the pressure of danger at Maximilian—where a christian army was seriously menaced by Glandolinians under general Manlet—but his force would necessarily be an extremely small one to reinforce Viviana with, and no help could possibly arrive up country for many weeks. Therefore there was only from Abbiennia to expect overwhelming aid. Happily as the Vivian girls had stated in a telegram as they had shortly reached Wianstians army that his army was larger than any one would have thought, and that they were only waiting for word from their father to whether they should have Wianstian move to the aid of the armies threatened at Maximilian or remain at Jennie Wren Town."

"I suppose general Vivian's army is very strong here, as well as others?" said Radcliffe.

"Oh yes, his army is so big its crowded. We all sleep under canvas. General Vivian predicted he believed he had a force of 130,000,000 strong despite what others say. He's willing to move against Phelinia Tamerline any time."

"I intend to go leave to get up a troop of boy and girl scouts and a strong force of Volunteers," Richard said. "In the first place to go out and bring in the three girl scouts and child slaves and afterwards do any other scouting that may be required."

"That is hardly so now," said Radcliffe. "There had been a rumor of general Vivian forming the army into many sections of lines with the purpose of handicapping Tamerline, so I do not believe especially in your condition that you or any of us will get leave, because it will be a hazardous business to make our way thirty miles through such dangerous country, especially if the forests are still full of these Glandolinians probably still searching for us. But it'll do no good to ask the generals, you'll have to either get the permission from Miss Aronburg, Angeline Jennings, or Angeline Pichea, and they I'm sure wouldn't let you go because of your wounds. But you may try it."

They had just finished their night evening coffee and Radcliffe had glanced at his wrist watch and announced it was only five thirty, and were preparing to get ready, when just as they were mounting their horses, one of the soldiers suddenly drew their attention to a man coming at the fullest speed a horse can ever gallop toward the christian lines from the direction of which the fugitives had just come.

"What in the world can be the matter?" Radcliffe asked looking anxious. "What a strange thing indeed, that a messenger should come so fast on horseback. I wonder is he perused or does he think he is perused."

"Let us ride and meet him," James Greene said, and putting spurs to their horses, they galloped toward the approaching fugitive as he seemed to be. As they came close to him, his horse stumbled and fell, and the man was thrown and lay almost stunned on the ground, being for the moment unable to rise. The two boy scouts sprang from their horses, with a feeling of vague uneasiness for blood streamed from the man's head and shoulder, and part of his left hand was gone.

"What is the matter?" they asked as they quickly did what they could for the man's wounds.

The man suffered at the moment too much pain, and was too much exhausted to reply for a moment or two while they bathed his head in cool water, then he gasped out:

"The Mangaboos. The Mangaboos."

"The two boys gave a simultaneous cry of dread and suspicion."

"The two boys gave a simultaneous cry of dread and suspicion. Tell us what has happened? Tell us right away sir, put with it man. Tell us what has happened? Tell us right away sir, are they coming in great force to surprise and assault general Vivian's army from the rear?"

"No boy. The Mangaboos forest home is burned all forest is on fire a perfect perfect hell. Glandolinians attacked. All Mangaboos killed. I'm one of them. I escaped. Carry away three little girls and child slaves. He managed to gasp out."

The news was too sudden and terrible for the two boyscouts to speak. They stood white, and motionless with horror.

"All the Rangers Killed, the forest on fire. Oh, Dolores, Jane and Mildred. Oh God! It cannot be," Radcliffe groaned.

James burst into tears though he placed his hand violently rudely on his pistol holster.

"What will Angeline Jennings her sister do. Now we must persuade them with a strong force."

"Come James," Radcliffe said dashing away from the tears from his eyes, and starting to bite his finger nails violently in his passion. "Do not let us waste a moment. All hope may not be over. The Glandelinians may not have slain them girls yet and may have carried them away, and they may be alive yet. If they are we will rescue them if we go right across Calverlin to do so. Come help the wounded man onto my horse. We'll bring him to be cared for though I'm afraid he'll not live two days."

The two boys lifted the wounded man onto the horse ridden by Radcliffe and in five minutes they reached the Christian lines. Here they dismounted, and called Jane Lee one of the girlscouts.

"Let us go up to general Vivians headquarters, James so as not to excite suspicion. We must call the general or Gertrude out and tell her first so she may break the news to Dolores sister. If she learns it suddenly it may prostrate her."

Gertrude Angeline had just dismissed her own orderly and was finishing a glass of tea, and was standing at the open door glancing with a frowning frowning face at the sudden glare of light in a new direction of the horizon and therefore there was no need for them to approach closer. As she glanced round upon hearing the noise of two horses, Radcliffe making his customary sign which Gertrude always understood beckoned her to come down to them. For a moment she seemed puzzled, and glanced round carefully to see for sure if the signal was really re-directed to her. Seeing that no one else was near her, she again looked at the boys, and Radcliffe earnestly repeated the gesture, making also a flag signal with the flag he carried which she gave her the words "come at once."

Gertrude, feeling something strange was happening, and giving one more steadier and more suspicious glance at the increasing red glare, ran down the steps two at a time and hurried toward them. By the time she reached them, she had no need to demand questions. James Green was leaning up the gate crying as if his heart would break, Radcliffe stood with his hands on his lips as if to check the sobs from breaking out, while the tears streamed down his cheeks.

"Dolores, Mildred, Jane have not returned. Missing!" she demanded.

Radcliffe shook his head, told the story of how because they were wounded he had left two of them at the Rangers, because they couldn't go further. I thought they would be safe, there but the Glandelinians who have been searching for us have burned the woods, set the rangers home on fire, one of the men though mortally wounded has escaped and brought the news. We know nothing more. Perhaps they are carried off, not killed. We had decided to organize a force to go there and bring them here when we got the news."

Gertrude staggered under the sudden blow.

"Carried off?" she murmured to herself. "It's worse than death."

"Yes Gertrude," Radcliffe said, anxious to give Gertrude thoughts a new turn. "But we will rescue her and her companions if they are alive, wherever they may take her, and if they're dead, we'll commit a grand massacre."

"We must and will," Radcliffe said Gertrude earnestly, and rousing herself at the thought and asserting herself proudly for now she was in her dangerous mood, which cause all Glandelinians to dread her as they would a reptile they couldn't slay. "I must go up and give the sad news to Angeline, though I shall do so I cannot say, but she'll have to help us recapture her and get all her abductors too. We'll give them no quarter whether they do them girls harm or not. For kidnapping us or the Princesses you know there's no quarter. Do you give what orders you desire for collecting the force of troops. Bring out half the army caviary if necessary. First let us question this wounded man. I see he is a Ranger. When was it?"

"Two hours ago at three thirty. I and my leaders followers had just laid down in my hut, when all of a sudden I heard the galloping of many horses, and glancing out a window I saw the Glandelinians were surrounding the whole place. I felt sure it was too late for me to try to escape, but I threw myself out of the window, and lay flat by the wall, as the Glandelinian soldiers demanding of us to surrender the girls they were after, burst into the door. There were eight of us in that hut, and I closed my ears to shut out the sounds of the desperate death struggle within. Up at the main house too and other places I heard the sound of terrific firing, screams of the wounded and cursing of the Glandelinians. The Glandelinians were all around everywhere, and I dreaded lest one should tumble up against me. Then a sudden bright glare shot up, and I saw they were setting the log cabins on fire. The glare of the flames would have shown me clearly enough, and if the forest caught it'd be too bad for me, but I remained where I was ready to sell my life dearly, but soon as the trees did go by thousands at once, and

I crawled on my stomach till I came to a small clump of brush a few yards off. One Glandelinian saw me, and dashed at me but I hit him on the head with my pistol butt and he fell. I dragged him into the brush with me, and as I lay in their midst the plants covered me completely and my prisoner. In another minute or two all the other huts were set on fire also, and then I could hear a great tramping as of horses going away in the distance, and a Glandelinian officer on horseback with others passed me, and one of them said:

"That is what we do to those hiding escaped spies. Burn up everything." Then they soon had all gone for I could hear voices for a short time, and Glandelinians had been moving about everywhere in search of any one who might have escaped. Many came close to me several times, even an officer who was uniformed as if he was a prince and I feared they'd thread on me with their horses. After a time all became quiet but I dared not move until the heat of the flames drove me off. I jumped off, and got on a horse and dashed off. Then I was spotted and half a dozen chased me. They hurled grenades, and that is how I'm wounded."

Gertrude now slowly went up to the house, to break the sad tidings to Angeline Jennings. Radcliffe ordered eight Abyssinian messengers to saddle eight horses instantly, and while they were doing so he wrote, on eight leaves of his diary:

"Rangers home and sheds destroyed by Glandelinians, Rangers slain or carried off, three girlscouts and eighteen child slaves among them. For God's sake send us caviary quick as possible so we can recover them. Give kidnappers no quarters. Meet with caviary at Gertrude's or general Vivians headquarters as soon as possible. Send this note round to all caviary commanders."

Radcliffe."

One of these slips of paper was given to each messenger, and they were told to ride for their lives to every one of the eight Caviary generals, for that three girlscouts were carried off by the foe. This too was the first intimation of the tidings that had arrived for it was telegraphed throughout the army, and a perfect chorus of lamentations arose from all the girlscouts and of execrations of rage from the soldiers. Just at this moment George Zime Zimmerman came running down from the house.

"Is it true Master Radcliffe?" Jean Turner says that Angeline Jennings is receiving bad news, and that three of our girlscouts her sister one them have been murdered by the Glandelinians."

"Murdered or carried away, George, we cannot tell yet."

George Zimmerman was a warm hearted boy, and he set up a yell of lamentation which drowned the sobs and moanings of the others.

"Hush George," Radcliffe said. "We shall have time to cry for them afterwards, we must be doing now. We are going to pursue with half the Christian caviary, and all our scout forces except those to remain on guard duty are to follow."

"I will Master Rad, but will you let me go with you to recp recover them. won't you now, Master Radcliffe."

"You George in fact for what you are we'll need you badly. I will have you accompany us, and leave just the sentries in charge. Send for George Maxwell, Mildred's brother, for he too must come, and have Clarence Trene come here."

Trene was close. He too was really affected by the loss of his young girlscout friends, for they were a favorite with every one indeed.

"Trene, you and Miss Angeline Riches are good guides, so you'll guide us with her. We may be away a long time maybe twenty days. I am sure I can trust you as an expeditionary leader. The sentries will take care of the camp."

The boyscout bowed with his hand on his heart. All Abbeunian boyscouts do and always did preserve this grand manner.

"And now Trene, do you know of any of the other boy and girlscouts who know all parts of this country well?"

"No Master Radcliffe, but one of the Camp fire girls Olga does, and her loud voiced brother does."

Radcliffe at once wrote notes commanding that these two might accompany the expedition, and dismount dispatched them by mounted couriers.

"And now Trene, what amount of caviary equipment have we in store?"

"A good stock in store, enough for all our own force and the caviary soldiers besides."

"All right, Trene go up to the house and see what provisions is there. George Lopez, get all our own horses saddled and have the bugler arouse the

whole camp of boyscouts and girls too, and get George Zimmermans horse and
gave our own horses a feed of oats. Now Rudcliffe lets me go up to our house
or headquarters and add to our captured pistols with my own."

"How are Angelina Jennings and others Gertrude?"
"Despite her grief she is quiet and composed boys. They have gone off to
send in the news. They're going with the expedition. And said 'oo is going
with us, and Angelina hopes at my wish is to lead the expedition. We are to
storm the moment we find the foe who stole them off. And now had life dear
what arrangements have you made."

"That is right." And now we will be off at once. Give Angelina Riches directions as to where to go as you came from that direction."

"I shall we bring you a load of exploding rockets overhead
 "No they may not be of any use, but everybody must bring their grenades,
 and the dangerous atom bomb, not the small ones, but if you wish each
 of us may bring along a rocket or two of each sort, and roll up a pinch
 of us may bring along a rocket or two of each sort, and roll up a pinch
 of us two boys, and fatten it on your saddles. Put plenty of ammunition
 in your bags, and have three cartidges balls on, see that their brandy canteens
 bottles are full. The others must all bring along with them their water
 canteens, and get all the spare canteens possible, and see that you can
 get the pungent tobacco which you'll find in the storerooms we'll use them
 or that to gas the foe with, and be sure to bring plenty of water for
 because of the draught and of the heat of fires the country may be too free
 of water, and besides remember the flood waters and the rivers may be
 foul."

... ..

... .. attended to, and then just

in as short a time as possible all this was attended to, and then just as they were going out of the house, Sally came up her face swollen and crying.

"Won't you two brave boys take a cup of tea and just something to eat before you go. You've had nothing yet and you will want it. It is all ready in the dining room. You can bring it out if you wish and eat it on the way."

"Then you Sully, you are right. Come boys try and eat a good supper. We'll pep up our hearts, you know and we will bring our little heroines back, ere long. I've ordered Masses to be said for the sure success of our expedition, and the Masses will be said first thing to-morrow morning."

long. We can be said first thing to morrow morning and the Halls spoke more cheerfully, and the boys too soon felt their own spirits rising. The bustle of preparations, the prospects of the perilous adventure before them with bad conflicts to come no doubt, and the thought that they should assuredly sooner or later come up with the enemy if they didn't go to their own lines all combined to gladden them hope. Gertrude had not the fear of finding the body of the girl crouched under the ruins of the conflagration. The Glandelinians of course murder children but probably they would wish to bring the three into camp first to be tried as spies.

The scheme of the expedition was carried out without difficulty, and the news was no sooner found out throughout the encampments that half of the christian navy was to be in the expedition and to be formed for scouting and general purposes, and that unattached officers might still receive further orders, join it, than the headquarters which contained Gertrude Angelina and her officials was besieged by other men anxious to join a corps which seemed to afford them a chance of striking a good blow at the Glandilians.

Hitherto all the christian cavalry officers in the army, had been fretting from the inactivity of the christian army that they could not be doing something to aid in the great duty of holding Calvernia, and driving the Glandelinian forces out of existence.

doing something to force out of existence. The Gaudelander forces had called for General Bonifigians light horse cavalry and the Gaudelander Angeline had called for General Bonifigians light horse cavalry and that afforded the opportunity desired, and soon the squadrons had arrived as fast as they could come. As the day was made to the generals to watch closely the Gaudelander forces in general. As fast as a big cavalry force could come from their general division the many who were sent into force could come from each with their respective officers, and there were being cavalry men of the highest order. Some of the men who were in main command had each division to be commanded by its own commander. This had been wounded during some

[illegible]

Therefore there indeed was, a deep feeling of satisfaction, as well as of great surprise, when at eleven o'clock the men were all told that the whole army of cavalry would parade for duty at evening Retreat, and the expedition was to be under way and that each man was to see that he's provided with a haversack, with cooked food sufficient for days in case of need be, and all the ammunition they can carry.

Had the route been free from enemies of the christian side, the distance might have been done in the shortest time as all had swift horses, but it would be necessary to make a detour on starting, so as to avoid striking any part of the main road, for it was all important on the way to avoid detection as to their movements, as the enemy cavally might come forth in all its own strength, and might assault in such strength that their return would be difficult and dangerous in the extreme and might cause a bloody cavally battle which Gertrude wished to avoid. And the purpose too was to go the route which would enable them to cut off the force that took away the children, so they could not reach the Glandelinian positions. The girls, out, and the child, save once in their possession, the return journey might be easy, as they worried a lot about no infantry, but they could avoid cavally, and had no fear of having to cut their way through any body of cavally patrol whom they might accidentally come across, especially as they would have all the full advantage of a surprise.

At exactly seven thirty the whole squadrons, of the boy and girlscoouts, and the immense cavalry rode out a flying gallop out from the christian lines amid a hearty cheer from the infantry soldiers, who hearing that the child scouts intended "to lead an expedition" had assembled in long lines on both sides of the road in drill fashion to see the start..

" Angelina Indians rode at the head of the squadron, with Gertrude Angelino, who commanded the whole scout troop by her side, and behind them came the other guides who were well acquainted with the country. All of them however that is the guides were disguised as Glandelinians in order that they were far in advance and they passed any Glandelinian patrol or if they were challenged, they could ride forward and represent the troops as a body of disguised Glandelinian cavally sent out to scout around general Vivians lines. However the precaution was not quite so necessary, for after they got well outside the christlan lines and into the country they were able to continue on without interruption.

They came upon two patrols and dispersed them, capturing half the body disarming them and tying them to trees and leaving them behind so they could not return to their positions and report the expectation. They even passed through several ruined villages, but although the tramp of the horses and the rattle of sabres might have been heard by any one not afraid for the Glandollin patrol might have thought them their own cavalry, though many of them too had begun to believe they were masters of the country, and had heard that many of the christians had begun to doubt whether the Galverlin country could be recovered, whether the resistance was by any means a benefit so far as the war was concerned. Just after being out twenty minutes the head of the column which was in some distance advance of the main suddenly halted near a clearing having watered their horses at a stream.

They had gone on so far that they had hidden some twenty miles in a short time and were they believed about fifteen miles from the place where Madcliffe said he and Richard had left the girls alone, and which the messenger said had been stormed and burned. It might have been possible to continue on at once, but the forest fires, seeming seeming to tear the heavens with flames were dangerously close, and it would have been like to catch on in that direction and it would have been foolish too to tire out the horses in the moon when they might need all their speed and strength on the return. To Madcliffe that gloomy fiery and sad day had passed very slowly. Deciding to rest an hour to contemplate the direction of the fire movements, many of the men were allowed to throw themselves down and sleep during that time, but they couldn't because of the heat and the excitement of the adventure and from the fire. It was more than thirteen hours since the two boys had left the three girls alone and the child slaves and such dreadful things of which they didn't dare to even imagine might have happened since they were carried off, as Mungabee Gandelinnas are fierce.

"Don't let us talk about it any more," Gertrude Angelina said at last. "Because we're only all to the anxiety that all of us must feel. How mad you ~~are~~ positively must lie down for an hour at least, you now your surgeon said it was mad of you to get on horseback without waiting till your bones of the shoulder had set firmly, and that it was ten to one in favor of amputation should on again, to have much to go through yet, and you remember that it happened to poor Rose Gilm because she was foolish and care when she knew she was seriously wounded. You'll go too that way if you are not careful."

"Oh I'll be careful," Hans answered. "But who in the world can sleep in this Purgatory! can't it's supposed to be October but I believe it's early July in the American Death Valley, the way it feels."

Usually in fairer weather for all soldiers and boy and girls sleep would overcome excitement, and though the whole party tried to sleep as

long as there was the hours' wait, the heat made them swelter so that they couldn't. It however had been determined to start in time to arrive at the Hungers home, before the flames of the blaze reached their path to cut them off, to see what extent of damage there was, but the two boyscouts said they hoped the fire would still burn for it would light the scene and enable them to recognize the locality, besides which it was advisable to get as far in advance of the enemy cavalry who did the business as possible before the vandals managed to reach the Glandelinian positions. If they hadn't already done so, it they had then it was necessary to find out which part they had entered, and launch a terrific assault upon that section.

The boys all the time had been riding in front of the girls.

The whole column moved on again.

"That is the portion of the wood, but its unapproachable because of the fire," Radcliffe said presently. "I can prove it by those big pines yet untouched by the flames, all growing together in a clump at a short distance in advance. I noticed them particularly."

"Where's the remains of the house?"

"Burned I suppose," said Radcliffe.

"And where's the main shed or barn you told us off."

"We ought to be able to see the barn," Radcliffe said, and he looked at

Gertrude apprehensively.

"Yes," Angeline Riches said. "We ought to certainly see it, but where is it?"

"Are you sure you are not mistaken as to the locality?" Gertrude asked.

"Positively sure," Radcliffe answered. "But the big barn!"

"Let us gallop on, fire or no fire," Gertrude said, catching the fear which was expressed in Radcliffe's face.

Five minutes riding, and they drew up their horses with a cry of dismay. A large patch of wood ashes beyond the unburned forest showed the spot where the houses had stood, and the same with the shed. They sat up as well as they could in order not to frighten the others as to the truth of the messengers' story. They had scarcely reached this spot when Angeline Jennings, Mary Stanj, and Bright-eyed Mary came up to them at full gallop. Both of these two advanced girls were armed to the teeth, and at the sight they swung the heads of Gertrude.

"I see it," said Mary. "We made a copy of Radcliffe's note, and sent of half a dozen men in various directions with them. Then we came at once. Of course the enemy has had some start on us. Have you any clues as to where the Glandelinians went?"

"None," Radcliffe said.

"Well, my boy, I need not tell you then if the dear girlscoots are alive we will continue on till we find her, and I've already sent clever sluths plunging into the foe lines to find out what part they've brought in, in case we don't cut the enemy off. We'll get them if we have to tear our way through that position do to do so."

"Thanks, thanks, Mary," Angeline Jennings said earnestly. "I feel a conviction that we will recover them yet."

Many of the cavalry soldiers had by this time with many of the child scouts galloped up to the scene of the catastrophe, and absorbed in their thoughts, not another word was said, until they gained the main point. An exclamation of rage and sorrow burst from them all, as only a portion of the chimney and a charred post or two showed where the structures had stood, and a large stretch of burned still smouldering forest beyond. The huts of the rangers had also disappeared, all the trees were burned down and all the ground was a fierce smoulder. With clinched teeth and faces pale with rage and anxiety, the party rode on past the site of the houses and cabins, scattered round which were the bodies of hundreds of rangers. They halted not until they drew rein, and leaped off to examine the bodies as Radcliffe wished to see if the leader was among them. They were close to where the main house had stood but only the stumps of the corner posts remained intact though still glowing. Everything had burned as if so much tinder, and here all the forest debris was smouldering sending great impenetrable clouds of heavy rolling smoke upward to a great height through which the reflection of the flames could be seen. Here and there however were unburnt heaps, and in perfect silence but with a sensation of over powering dread, Gertrude, Radcliffe, and the three chief girlscoot leaders, signalling the main troop closest to them to be at attention, tied up their horses, and proceeded to examine these heaps in the smoulder even at the risk of being burned, to see if they were formed by the remains of human beings.

By means of heavy branches they turned them over and as they did so indeed, their knowledge of the arrangements of the different rooms helped them to identify the various articles. Here was a burned and still smouldering bed, there a metal box of closely packed linen all burned, the interior bursting into flames as they turned it over, here was the storeroom, with its heaps of smouldering flour where the sacks had stood. In twenty minutes they were able to say with tolerable certainty that no human beings had been burned, for the bodies could not have been wholly consumed in such a speedy conflagration.

Perhaps they who survived have all been made prisoners. One of the soldiers suggested, as with a sigh of relief, they concluded their search and turned from the spot. Gertrude shook her head. She was too well acquainted

with the habits of the Glandelinians to believe such a thing possible. Just at this moment, Colonel Rush came forward and said:

"For heavens sake come and see what's in that ditch there. It's shocking."

All at this felt that the terrible secret was there. The boys and girls all within hearing turned ghastly pale, and they felt indeed that not for worlds could they approach to examine the dreadful mystery.

Gertrude was too much affected, and said she couldn't go.

Angeline Riches glanced at her friend, and then said gravely to Colonel Hardy:

"Do you all wait here, we will examine the ditch."

As she and Angeline Jennings left them the boys and many girls turned away, and many leaned against their horses, and covered their eyes with their hands. They dared not even look round. Angeline Riches stood still for a minute, but the agony of suspense was too great for her. She started off at a run, came up to her friends and with them hurried on through the smoulder for the ditch. But yet they couldn't see into the ditch but they glanced downward into it, and Angeline gave a short gasping cry, and caught at a tree for support. Huddled together in the ditch, was a great pile of dead bodies, rangers, and among them peeped out pieces of little female and male clothing. Anxious to relieve their friends agonizing suspense, Angeline Riches leaped down into the ditch, and getting some of the men down with her had them remove the upper bodies from the ghastly pile. First were the rangers, then came one of the officers, then the child slaves whom Ferrod had rescued, and an old woman servant, and three other little girls, the chief rangers wife, and below them were bodies of other rangers. There were no more. Dolores, Mildred, and Jane were not among them. When first she had heard of the massacred Angeline Riches had said:

"Better dead than carried off," but the relief to her feelings was so great as the last body was turned over, and that it was evident that the child scouts were not there, that she would have fallen had not one of the boys hastened to support her, at the same time crying out to those in the distance:

"They are not here."

Radcliffe turned toward Gertrude, and Angeline Jennings burst into tears of joy and gratitude. The suspense had been almost too much for them, and Angeline Jennings felt so ill and faint, that she was forced to lie down for a while, while Gertrude went forward with the others. She was terribly shocked at the discovery of the murder of the entire force of rangers, as Radcliffe had cherished the hope that they could have at least resisted the enemy to success. Yet it was pretty evident that the three girlscoots had been spared or their bodies would have been found with the others.

The bodies were hastily lined up in the ditch, and dirt was thrown over them. Rage and indignation were upon the faces of all who had seen the bodies and their feelings were redoubled, when they heard that nearly the whole of the force of rangers who were so justly loved and esteemed, were dead.

General Edwards was now up with them and general Jamelson.

"It's best Gertrude said" that some of us had better employ ourselves in burying the remains of our poor friends."

The news of this horror had arrived at seven thirty, and there was now a general murmur of assent, and those with tools looked to Gertrude. "I believe she said we cannot do better than leave them in the ditch and just cover them up so as not to delay fire. The place I believe will never be the site of another habitation. And any one hereafter who may buy property here after the war would choose another place for his home than the scene of this awful tragedy."

Gertrude then brought out her prayer book, and after she and many others in kneeling had pronounced the prayers for the dead, all the rest on their knees and bareheaded, and storn with supreme sorrow, the earth was filled in over the ditch, where the rangers, two women and children lay together.

It was awful to Radcliffe to have seen the abode of the protector of his three girlscoot friends destroyed. Other friends joined the group after the burial, the rest of the troop having dismounted at a short distance, respecting the pain, which the discovery had caused their leaders and all the child scouts.

"What shall we do now," Gertrude Angeline herself demanded, breaking the deep silence.

For a minute or two no one could find word to answer her, and then George Zimmerman said:

"Perhaps we may be able to find some of the survivors among the rangers somewhere for Radcliffe said that the leader and some others he got acquainted with are not among the bodies."

A good thought George said Gertrude.

"We must not give up hope," said Angeline Riches, there are not so many bodies lying about the place here, so maybe they are still alive if not carried away with the rest... Go to the three girlscoots if they are carried off we must go to their rescue, there is what is to be left of the big barn, Radcliffe!"

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from you that the expedition is a most dangerous one. The Glandelinians are pursuing according to the same statement in a full Glandelinian cavalry division, numerous, and are dangerously armed. The time we may to say from the Glandelinian line is altogether not known for if it is a year I do not intend to return until we have found the three girls. I understood too that there is not a man, boy or girl here to who would not gladly help to rescue them,--not one who does not long to avenge our murdered friends, and comrades. At the same time many of you have ties, lives and children who had lost their lives in the big disasters. All of you have gladly accompanied me, but if any one feels any doubts from the reason that I have stated--indeed if any one considers that it is useless to run this tremendous risk--let him or her say so at once, and I shall respect his feelings, and let him or her return, to camp and my friendship and good will will in no way be diminished."

"As Gertrude finished her eye wandered over the whole troop with hearing, no one answered for a moment, and then general Jan-leson said: "Miss Gronburg it was right and perfect of you to say that any one of us, including any of your boys and girls, who might desire to remain behind and return to the camp would not lose your respect and esteem, nevertheless, but I for one will say that he or she would absolutely and determinedly lose his or her own respect. We have all known and esteemed, and loved all of you boys and girls, and they all have loved one another like brothers and sisters, and there has not been one who even is not still fearful over the loss of three of their most esteemed comrades. Dolores, Mildred and Jane. We have known and loved all you girls and boys, leaders or not as if you were children of our own. From all of you brave hands saintly girls and boys we have one and all received very great love and kindness and the warmest hospitality even though the Government places us highest amongst the warlike and carried away, and I say the dear girl scout officials who had been wounded and carried away, and I say he, or she, whether it be a man, any of you boys, or girls who stays behind or returns to the camp is unworthy of our position in rank of our very names. For myself and others I say that if we fall in this expedition--if we never set eyes on any of our loved ones again, wives or parents--we shall die or succeed satisfied that we have only done our duty. Every one of us are with you to the death."

A loud and general cheer would have broke from them all if Gertrude Gertrude recently had not as an ad for the strictest silence but nevertheless everyone drew their sabres and brandished it as a meaning that all approved. And all the officers, men and child scouts. In turn came up to Gertrude and Huddell and grasped her hand saying: "We go back, all right, but with Dolores and her two companions. We are with you to the death."

Gertrude and Huddell were too much affected to reply for a short time then she briefly but heartily expressed her gratitude. After which she said:

"No to business. We have other cavalry forces co-operating with us from other directions to close in on Marshfield if possible. Let's move forward at once."

Then Gertrude remounted her horse, and the whole troop again moved forward, and as Gertrude watched them start, she felt that in fair fight by day or night they could hold their own magnificently against ten times their number of Glandelinians. Every soldier had his terrible cavalry rifle in addition to which all had revolving chamber revolvers holding twenty cartridges apiece the use of which, since Gertrude and her troop had first fought the enemy with such deadly effect very often upon the enemy. Nearly all these Abolitionians were young, and every man had his poncho red in color a sort of soldier cloak more to stay off the heat than cold, rolled up before him on his saddle. It always was difficult to find a more noticeable object in the line of well mounted men, and the expression of their faces, as they too their last look at the grave of the massacred ones boded very ill for the Glandelinians who might fall into their clutches. Abolitionians do not get quarter.

On the way Gertrude questioned her guide as to the strength and position of the Glandelinians who had stolen the three girls, and which led out of the main road and which had not been seen by any of the troops, as Gertrude had ascertained before starting. The account was not reassuring. The Guide who was "Mexican Pete" reported that there probably could not be any fortification, but that if the foe were in the town they could use it to fortify but that half the town was on steep slopes, the only access being a straight narrow road cut in the face of a cliff, which could be defended easily by cannon, and loopholed walls at each turn if possible, and with other means if the enemy found out he was pursued. The strength of the Glandelinians Gertrude however had learned from the wounded lancer as on the road he could ascertain was none one hundred thousand strong too, the ordinary number of Glandelinian retainers being at present increased by many patriots joining them who had joined the cavalry hearing that they had captured and were going to move toward the positions. The troop halted on the edge of a clearing within one mile of Marshfield, as the guide said there was no place nearer, where the trooper force could be concealed without a certain of discovery.

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Before proceeding further Gertrude and Huddell put on Glandelinian payment uniforms, which the two had brought with them, in case it should be necessary to open communication with the three girls, and to meet to say that the town appeared like, and they left the wood with one of the guides dressed as a Glandelinian officer. The disguises were not meant to deceive close investigation, and no attempt was made to disguise the hair, or wear disguise caps but they were nevertheless sufficient to enable the wearers to pass without exciting suspicion by any one who saw them at a distance. Until they be mistaken for runaway Glandelinian soldier and scouts. They found themselves within half a mile of the town which answered exactly to the description they had received of it. Gradually but remaining always at a safe distance as far as possible of cover--they made a circuit of the town, and then an hour afterwards returned to their comrades, who were anxiously awaiting their report.

"It is as hard to crack as a coconut," Gertrude said to those waiting to hear. There is no possibility of climbing any of the slopes anywhere or of storming in any way except by the regular ascent and that is a dangerous move. There are eight routes to go across, and to reach the town would be to expose all our troops to an unrelenting fire of the Glandelinians. We should require to blow up the town, but we have no siege or big field guns to drive them out with. The town is easy within range of the guns if we only had them. I do not see it would be absolutely impossible, because before now Abolitionian and Angelinian troops have done what seemed utterly impossible in all battles, but the difficulties would be so enormous and hazardous, the danger of failure so great and immeasurable, and the loss among our troops certainly so crushing, that I should not be justified in attempting such a desperate adventure on my own responsibility, and for my own private ends. We have no right boys and comrades to cause the loss of some thirty or forty probably fifty thousand of all our young fellows here ever to rescue the girls. An assault by surprise is the only possibility. At present I'm afraid none of us can see the way but something may turn up to help us. I have sent messengers to as many priests as can be found with money to demand them to lead High Masses for the success of our expedition to-morrow, failing in getting some sort of plan, our only plan is to wait until the Glandelinian commanders start out of the town with their troops, and the girls for the foe positions, and then to go into them on their way. The main drawback to this that they may not leave until they're sure Tamara is not coming their way, and that at any moment we may all be discovered, and then they'll get away from us. Besides too the there is the difficulty of feeding the horses and ourselves. The town is of course not fortified but the enemy could do that in a duff if they saw us so close. Now Huddell, and you other scouts you understand as much as I do. Think it over, while I have a talk with Angelina's Nieces, and Jennings."

"Angelina Jennings as is at the other end of the wood Gertrude, half a mile away scouting. We found too after you had gone, that the main road ran through the fire swept section of the woods, so Angelina Jennings suspected to Mary Stanek that she should go with twenty strong men and hide there, so that they could see who went or rode along the road and perhaps intercept some messenger, between the foe lines and the town of Marshfield."

"Why that was a capital idea on her part," Gertrude Angelina said. Just at that moment however Angelina Jennings and Mary returned with their parties, and Mary was bringing in four prisoners.

"Who have you there Mary?" Gertrude demanded. "Four of the hateful Glandelinian 'Wheeler' cavalry, who chased Huddell during the day. One of these fellows you see I recognized months ago, there were sixteen of them, and one Hancock officer but they showed desperate fight then we surrounded them, and tried to ride through us, so these four are the only survivors. One of them is a brother from general to Tamara, to general Stanley whom I heard is coming to reinforce Tamara. General Vivian by Heaven's sake must know of this right away. He's in danger. He must cut Stanley off at Ethelreda before it's too late. The two generals and their armies must not junction. Here it is."

Gertrude Angelina looked severely at the prisoners, who were wearing the "wheeled" designed uniforms, and then ordered them to be taken away and tied to trees at once so that they couldn't escape.

"I ought to have you hung at once," she sneered. "But as it is I'll let you rebel as it is tied to trees. I don't care however if you remain in that position for days."

"What did you men do with those who were slain in the fight, Mary?" "I had them hide their bodies under some bushes, at a distance from the road."

"You must go," Huddell said, "with some other men, take George Zimmerman with you, must strip off the uniforms, cartridge belts and all the even and their shoes, and bring them all here. If there's a Glandelinian money in their trousers than it, we don't want the filthy stuff."

"How many uniforms you want?" she asked.

"How many were slain?"

"Seventeen."

"So will have them all," answered Gertrude.

Fifteen minutes later Gertrude summoned the officers of her own command

and held a meeting.

"Nothing could be more fortunate than this capture," she said. "Some one must bring this message to General Vivian right away. He will go."

"I will," said Joan Saunders.

"All right here. You now the way back. Don't let even a legion of demons stop you."

And she was off like a flash.

"Now this means to clear the way for us altogether," she continued. "But I propose to do in this, that I am of the best soldiers of our troops, the with two boy scouts, should dress in the uniform of these soldiers, that is the men men, the uniforms won't fit the boys they're too small. I have made a duplicate copy of the letter and they can go bodily in with the letter to General Hanson. They of course must be careful not to be stopped by the foe, and for this good thing they will be well received by General Hanson. While we are on this expedition we must not let General Manley join with them and start trouble with General Vivian. The two who go as officers, will be entertained by the general of course, and will learn through this letter the plans of General Manley and Tamerline. The other two will be made welcome by the retainers."

And I'm going to send out some spies, to the Glandelinian position on the town with another duplicate of the letter, for the letter must go through to Manley for if it doesn't both generals will be suspicious and may start General Vivian together at once, and our plans will be destroyed. When all is therefore quiet, and the letter has gone on its way, the spies must steal out, and wait on the cliff beyond the town pretending to be guards. That projecting hill stone would be the best place. We will go below with our ropes. We ourselves will come closer. Then a rope must be lowered. We have two long heavy climbing ropes in two big bolls, either of which would be even longer than required, but if they're too long we can cut off some of it."

"But we would have to be careful with the ropes," said Radcliffe.

"Why?" demanded Gertrude.

"Because they would be too bulky to carry in without suspicion. Our Abbeonian girdles and retainers however, will soon tear up some cloth, twist a rope not much thicker, but strong enough to hold the ropes."

"I see leave the ropes outside but use clothes inside. That's a good scheme," said Gertrude.

"Then," continued Radcliffe, "the rope can be twisted round the body without fear of detection and when the time comes lowered, with a stone at the end. We could be below with a strong rope or other sort of ladder that we can easily form made with the ropes and strong twigs of the trees, and once fixed, we shall be up in force in no time."

"That's a go," said Gertrude.

"All right," said Radcliffe, "I'll leave it up to you to decide. We can try the best men. They of course must be asked if they are willing to under take it. I myself will speak to the men."

"What do you think of the plan?" asked Gertrude.

"Excellent indeed," every officer said.

"It might be as well," said Ansellin corrected. "That each of the party and troopers should have a light rope wound round him so that if one, two or even three could not slip away, the fourth still could carry out the plan."

"Recon't the motion."

The answer came from all.

"All in favor of the plan say I."

"I." Came from all.

"No in favor?"

No one answered.

Some other details were then arranged, and then some of the officers when the meeting was adjourned went to select out the two men who could best pass as Glandelinian messengers. There was no difficulty upon this score whatever, for two of the troopers, though born in Glandelinia, and true hearted full blooded Glandelinians, but who were in favor of the Christian cause, as a saint would be, and who had for years before the war, commanded training soldiers, spoke the Abbeonian language as perfectly as the native.

The work of making the rope ladders and the light ropes for hanging them was entered upon, and with a hundred of men working this was accomplished quite as fast as the reader would think until by ten o'clock all were ready for the expedition.

Fortunately for them they did not need to remain any longer in the forest, for during their short wait five or six Glandelinian cavalry men who came in suddenly had to be captured, seized and held, and it was certain that there were many Glandelinian privates, particularly the floor of the woods (ground) was heavy with brush and weeds, and no one could see through them for any Christian trooper. There with the purpose to capture any one. However every detail of the plan was carefully considered and also discussed by every officer, so that no one could do the wrong thing and no one did. And each of those to do the main work had his part therefore assigned to him.

The two Glandelinian girdles who were however loyal to the Christian cause, and who knew much about the Glandelinians and their ways, and military life, connected more than will look to do their parts, and at the proper time being probably ten o'clock, the two disguised officers and men came from their hiding, crept and stole off toward Glandelinia bearing the duplicate of the letter from General Tamerline to General Manley. Indeed the in the town of Glandelinia there was a great excitement that night. The commander of the Glandelinian cavalry had received with all honors the two disguised officers from the Christian lines. The letter itself from General Tamerline which had been forwarded to the leg, had begged that general to come as fast as possible with his army, as it stated that General Vivian was alone by, and though General Manley was somewhat inferior in force Tamerline nevertheless was quite afraid to tackle him without help. It had also told of the situation he was in, for three sections of his own famous army was cut off by flood and fire, and could join quick enough to make in all force to repel any attempt on the part of General Vivian, and the letter begged General Manley to come at once if possible with his own forces. From the letter too it was known to Manley that the Glandelinian campaign (apparently) everywhere was a success against the Christians, and that at Big Glandelin and Little Glandelin, and Thimbleton and Abbeonabra, the Glandelinian armies were concentrated in great numbers, and it was hoped these places would soon fall into their possession.

The evening had ended early, and nice and hot in the weather, the early October night bring no chance in temperature, and the two officers pretended to be fast asleep with their "long fast hair horseback ride", and being shown into the "Glandelinian" officers' headquarters they were soon apparently asleep on the beds prepared for them. The Glandelinian commander of the cavalry fearing the strange articles of the forest fires, was afraid to proceed on further during the night and had intended to remain in the town all night, and therefore he retired to his own headquarters, and the officers to their, and although for another hour or so, talking and laughing, and singing went on in the few houses of the town, presently these too were hushed and a profound stillness fell upon Glandelinia. Then barefooted the two "Christian Glandelinian" stole cautiously out of their apartments, and made for the suburbs of the town being careful however as they felt sure none of the enemy would really sleep that night from the heat and might be aroused. However as they had anticipated, they found quite a large number of guards about and a long line of sentries at the lower town, but nevertheless they managed to slip past them without being seen, and reached an old shed near the edge of a cliff which had been pointed out to them without the slightest suspicion. Here the other fifteen had already arrived, and after these the two came small clouds of light as the signal, proposed, and which was answered by a call only and the host of an owl, the ropes were lowered without delay. Some of them were soon fastened, by somebody below, and then the others being also found were fastened to the rope ladder. The weight which was considerable, and then those above the precipice began to draw up. Everything was a success beyond belief. Scores and scores men appeared at the top of the cliff. More and more came from different parts of the town, and quickly the wide street, into the streets suddenly and pitifully overpowering the sentries without a sound being changed by them, then they formed into large parties. More and more continued to come until half the troops of the town, the leg, and Abbeonabra having entered the town at another section. All were in position at the entrance to all the main buildings, and then there was a great deal of further conversation, and many a battle was fought. But the Glandelinian army was increased by the capture of the various towns and the various parts of the town. Then the sudden surprise as an owl had reached out in the forest was made that ensued, the town became like an inferno and buildings were set on fire. The Glandelinian command or was the first to reach the town, and immediately seized and burned before he even was aware of what had happened.

"If the remainder of your men by wireless to throw down their arms and surrender," the Abbeonian command said to him. "Or we will put you and your whole army to the sword here. The whole town is surrounded, and there is no escape. Do you not hear the horses down below in the plains?"

The Glandelinian commander of course told the Christian general to go to "The Hot Place" but nevertheless whether he refused to surrender or not, it needed not his order for the Glandelinians in the town being so suddenly surprised by the unexpected sight, and having but the hands in half a minute fled, and fleeing the whole town already in possession of an Christian force of great numbers, three town their arms and surrendered, and were taken from buildings, and other places. Orders were sent to the Glandelinian commander to take the men and the other various sections to cross the night for which he was then sent. And there, however, they took their way out of the trap and escaped. Polaris and her two

companions had been arrested at the head of the barren, but had not paid attention to a station at first believing it to be only from the Glandolinians because the men of both sides are played alike. When the stir and terrific fight broke outside at first the men of both sides, and they had remained quiet until they heard a loud pounding pounding on the door of their apartment, and then they could scarcely believe their ears, their faces showed in Gertrude Angelina's and Mildred's voices. With a cry of delight, both Dolores and Jane sprang up, and with impetuous rushed to the door, and in another moment the two girls were in the arms of Gertrude and Mildred.

"The whole force is here dear friends," Gertrude said, after the first wild greeting. "Hurry on out, girls, your friends are longing to see you. But where's Mildred?"

"She has been sent on with another party of Glandolinians, these having stopped here with us," said Dolores. The "The enemy thought if three of us were together we might plot an escape with her, she's badly wounded and cannot stand on her feet."

All the survivors of the foe were all collected in the street of the town, where a great patrol of troopers with their revolving barreled rifle in hand watched them closely. The whole of the arms given up by the Glandolinian captives were possessed by the victors, and the cowardly horses of the enemy all herded together, besides the recaptured horses of the surviving and dead rangers, and cattle. There were some cannon planted on the outskirts of the town and these were aimed and pitched over, and the town soon being in a blaze. All the ammunition cartridges were taken possession of, and when could not be carried away was fired. The Glandolinian general and his two sons, who were major and captain in the army, were then told to prepare to accompany the troop, and warning was given them that they would be shot in case an attack was made upon the force as it continued the expedition to recover Mildred.

"Tell all your surviving followers this," Gertrude herself said. "We had used to give no quarter to any of you Glandolinian troopers, but since you did not harm your captives and as they confessed you treated them more as hostages than enemies after all we are loving you and your followers off easy. Order them to spread no alarm or to spread the news, for other wise if we are alarmed by any other force of your side your life and all the rest will be lost. As it is you may hope for clemency when you are brought to the Christian lines, for you have not done harm to them as we feared and have even done more for the wounds of one of them than we thought, and although there is no doubt of your intention, your good conduct during your captivity with us may perhaps wipe the memory of your fault in carrying away the three girls out. But if you want more further tell me all where the other girls out was carried off."

"They were scattered."

"The is being brought to the lines. I don't believe she's there yet." It did not seem to be said of the captives greeting of the two girls, her own and their comrades or the happy half hour which was spent together on the street while the preparations for the departure were being made on the streets. The Christian commanders saw to all that was being done, leaving the girls out leaders leaders free to join the happy girl and boy out force outside.

"Are you strong enough to ride and join the expedition to bring back home Mildred, Dolores?"

"Oh I'm sure of it Gertrude, I have not been so seriously hit as the Glandolinians thought, and the thought too I could not be on my feet at all, but I am pretty strong despite my wound, and if I can't ride by myself I must then be tied on to someone else."

"You can ride with me," Gertrude said.

"NOW COME THE Glandolinians seem to have been kind instead of rude." "Bloodless and merciful though the force are usually polite to their prisoners," said Jane. "But our fate would have been woe once we were with the lines. I fear for poor Mildred, and the two girls shuddered. "She's in the hands of the dreadful Omarians."

In the meantime the commander of the cavalry had said to his officers, "Order all the men and children of the town who may not be of the Glandolinian cause into the streets. Tell them that they all will be spared their property if they are not enemies. Of course no one will be offered any of the women, but the men you will let be. Let the men be offered the women. Tell off another party to look all surviving women recently captured by the Glandolinians for food and provisions that only one that and nothing valuable and portable, and we cannot number ourselves with the men as we need to go for Mildred. Any horse the Glandolinians want to turn all the things down, they may consider themselves fortunate to get off with their lives."

However Dolores and Jane pleaded for the women and children, and the men. Inhabitant.

"They're all Christians and were in the terror while the enemy was here," said Jane. "They were killing in the name of the Lord for fear of what may come and did not molest any one."

"Well, well," said the commander of the Arabian lines. "We will not burn any more of the buildings."

In another hour the whole squadron leaving the prisoners off in another direction under an escort for the Christian lines, were well on their way after the Arabian detachment. The good fortune what had attended them so far was hoped to follow with the recovery of Mildred and the capture and destruction of the Omarians. Nowing what kind of Glandolinians these are Gertrude decided to make it really bad for them.

However they were very anxious to avoid an encounter with any other parts of the enemy and they therefore took a more circuitous route than that by which they had gone first, but riding through the burning town.

The whole force went on at a swift swift canter, the very pace they knew their horses would be able to continue for the longest time—breaking over every half hour or so into a walk for ten minutes to give them a breathing time....2.2.2.2.2. As to say the whole cavalry troop itself was well mounted on strong serviceable animals, and had special speed every one of them, some great number of them were even old time racers. It was evident that the chase would be a long and desperate one, and might be a failure. The other Glandolinian column had about four or five hours start, they appeared to be better riders than the Abyssinians, and carried less additional weight. Their horses therefore could travel as fast as those of those of their Christian pursuers. The condition of the forested land, the heat of the night, the dense darkness would it were true would be an incubance, the light thrown by the distant and near forest fire would not be so, and it was probably as the enemy had gone on with the main army the cavalry may have to go on a fifty or sixty mile journey traveling at a moderate pace only as the Glandolinians would suspect that no instant pursuit could be made.

Indeed their strength, which the prisoner had estimated at two hundred thousand horses would render them to a certain extent careless, as upon upon an open plan the onslaught of this number of men would sweep away any pursuing force not so equal. Then if they were still forced to be separated from the main Glandolinian army it would be probable that they would go on as long and as speedy a journey as the animals could accomplish. After that being all well heard their own main army and in their own territory they would come to travel rapidly as no pursuit had ever been attempted yet of Glandolinian cavalry in former instances since the war began.

However there was no difficulty at all in finding the horse tracks, despite the night, because the glare of so much flames, made such a reflect reflection that it was nearly as easy to see as if it was daylight. The Glandolinian horse shoes are peculiar and leave behind them their depression in the hardest or softest dirt, and even in grasses, and therefore the ground could be found trampled in a broad unmistakable pathway nearly road wide....2.2.2.2.2. Once or twice Gertrude Angelina who was more like an Indian guide than a girl scout could see the depressions, and she now consulted her compass.... The trail ran northwest by west, and was straight and not curved, for a time no one said a single word. The whole squadron though allowed at "halt" while going forth were too impressed, and depressed with the terrible scenes they had witnessed, and the tremendously hazardous nature of the enterprise they had undertaken in indulge in any conversation.

However gradually as it must be, the steady rapid motion, the sense of strength and reliance and hope in God, and in themselves and each other, the cause of their expedition, finally lessened the sombre expression, and started by Gertrude a general conversation began, mostly upon the battles and Christian victories of the past, in which most of the older soldiers, and the longest serving girl and boy scouts but at last at one time or other soon or soon a patting pastaken of Gertrude had started the conversation, and too she surely felt sure how necessary in an expedition of this sort with terrible perils on all sides it was to continue the spirits of all those engaged, and she endeavored therefore, to shake off her own heavy weight of care and sorrow, and to do her best to give animation of life to every one within her own hearing, again and therefore spread the conversation to them all. The spirits of the beyond girls scouts rose first, and those of the younger soldiers, and in turn the pace was therefore increased, until Anne Angelina, whose horse, as the selected guide and leader of the whole expedition was compelled to recall to them all the necessity of saving the strength of their animals many of which had already come from ten to fifteen miles before having regained at least Dolores, and Jane, and captured the enemy who survived the battle of Bushfield as prisoners. After three hours most steady riding, through smoke glare and heat, they arrived at the banks of the Ethelreda river.

The stream was so flooded and muddy that it appeared to be impassable, and here Gertrude called a halt (the stream was receding the flood) for a purpose of resting the animals and finding a way to get across the stream by having the horses wade if they're game enough.

"I believe," Gertrude said, "that we must have done about twenty miles. The main Glandelinian army is moving and therefore is the reason this cavalry force does not gain up with it. We will give the hour horses an hour's rest and all of those who can and wish may try and get a little sleep by that time. Some of us have already done quite a distance, and it will not do to press the pursued too hard. They may turn on us in the dark and surprise us and cause disaster."

All girls were therefore loosened, and the horses went either to work eating on the high sweet dry hay like grass near the water's edge or laid down. The whole force relieving the command to halt, finally threw themselves down on a sloping shore or shore, and those that felt they couldn't sleep because of the heat (which was sometimes almost intolerable) took out their pipes or cigars, or cigarettes and so forth and lit, and the probable direction of the pursuit discussed. In a short time one of the boyscouts by the name of Charley Watson awoke, and said:

"I will see if we can't get some berries for a night meal, or if you desire something better, and whistling for one of the camp mascot retrievers, trotted off up the stream. In ten minutes his rifle was heard at a short distance which started the whole force, and then again, but by this time faintly.

"I hope he isn't shooting game," said Radcliffe. "That noise will attract the enemy."

"There couldn't be any game here with that 'Red plague' said George Zimmerman pointing. "There's something wrong."

Ten minutes later he appeared wiping the perspiration from his face, with two uniform hats on his head, and a big coat, and a couple of cartridge belts on his arm and leading three horses.

"What the?" began Gertrude;

"I killed three Glandelinian patrols at two shots," he interrupted, as he threw down the articles. "They tried to ambush me and I let fly in the middle of them before they had me."

There was a feeling of general satisfaction at the sight of the trophies and other articles.

"There is one satisfaction," Gertrude said. "Radcliffe frowning frowning, we can't be trifled with by the Glandelinians and they'll soon find it out, and we can't miss the way either. We have only to ride far enough, and we must overtake them."

"We can overtake them to night and capture the whole batch of them," said Mildred James.

Both Gertrude and Radcliffe only shook their heads. They understood enough of Glandelinian methods of Glandelinian warfare to be certain that every artifice and maneuver would have to be watched for and baffled, for even whether the Charlans believed themselves safe from pursuit or not, these Glandelinians are craftier even than the wild of Indians and never neglect to take every possible precaution against it, and if they find themselves pursued they won't take to flight but would come at you at a sudden attack, if the pursuers are too close.

Gertrude consulted one of the soldier guide guides with the purpose to find out if the stream might have been followed or crossed by the Glandelinian troopers, but they said according to their examination of the narrow horse-shoe depressions, that they might have crossed the stream at the narrow part. Therefore Gertrude decided to halt till the hour was up, and then to go on for Gertrude and others new the place well from frequent expeditions to cause the discover the cause of Abbe's destruction. They had all gone through here many times, and all boy and girlscouts were well acquainted with the forest forest. Just at this moment Gertrude thought she caught sight of some movement among the trees. She therefore ordered three to follow her, and at once started for the brush, several of the others going off in other directions. Gertrude proceeded very cautiously, and the wind being started in a little breeze and fortunately toward them, they were enabled to creep up tolerably close.

PERSUADING THE ENEMY THROUGH A STORM OF FIRE.
STAKED. RESCUED DURING BLOODY FRAY. RESULTS.
A SMALL TPO TOPIC ON THE PROGRESS OF THE WAR, AND THE HORSES
RECEIVED OFF AGAIN. "..."

Who ever they were that were in the bush, were extremely cautious too, and had an idea too that some danger was about before Gertrude and her three followers could get in a fair shot. They were Glandelinian scouts in hiding for they opened a sudden rifle fire from their place of concealment, and her three followers were immediately shot dead, and she herself only escaped by suddenly suspecting something and throwing herself flat. She answered the fire with her pistols vigorously, and one of the enemy shots hurled her gun from her right hand, but she drew another and continued the fire for several moments the shooting bringing others on the jump. Six fell at once, but the others threw themselves as flat as she lay and answered the fire until the firing from the brush seemed to recede.

"Be careful the rest of you," Gertrude whispered. "Those Glandelinians are dangerous and the best shots I ever saw. Just follow me. We'll get them yet and avenge this slaughter of our comrades."

As she saw they were slowly retreating to another quarter she at once practiced a trick which she had often found to be successful in her efforts to pass a line of enemy sentries said to be impossible to penetrate. She threw herself on her back, the others doing the same, and she pulled her red handkerchief from her neck, tied it to one of her shoes so as to let it float freely in the air, and then threw up both legs in the form of a letter V. Then she began to move them slowly about, waving them to and fro. The Glandelinians who were on the point of opening fire again from their new position, paused to gaze at this strange object, then they began to come forward a little their glances still directed at this strange unknown thing, to which they were rapidly continued to approach, but Gertrude too saw something was up for they were gradually circling around. At last they were fairly in shot, and Gertrude whose legs began to be weary suddenly sprang to her feet, the others did the same, and in an instant the foremost of the Glandelinians about fourteen of them lay quivering in death.

The survivors returned the fire, with some effect, killing and wounding twelve more of the Abyssinians and six of the scouts were wounded, but they took to flight as rapidly as they could. Seeing that they were alone the surviving men placed the wounded upon their shoulders and proceeded to the others where their arrival with a number of wounded and dead, was hailed with exclamations of dismay. A new forest fire some distance away seemed to be already alight, it being a fierce blaze too.

"There's great danger in our path of advance," said Gertrude. "The Glandelinian troops know we're after them and are sending skirmishers against us. That fire may pursue us. The most of you men better for the sake to slow its progress pull up all the high weeds possible."

This was done hastily, the high weeds and dry grass being pulled up by hand, and brush cut down. A large quantity was soon removed. The others who had pursued the assailants a short distance shortly returned.

"Things are coming to a pretty pass," said one of them. "The Glandelinians had speedily rallied, and had cut up the party of us pursuers. They're setting more fires and trying to speed them up this way. See there comes a whole swarm of them to attack us. They think we're only the child scouts out here in pursuit."

However the Glandelinians smelled trouble and didn't come further, but some of them with torches were about to light another fire, when they were brought down by well aimed shots, and all within reach opened fire and those of the foe who did not fall ran for dear life. The fallen were speedily stripped of their ammunition by the victors, and all the party in front of the main column were now engaged in hunting round to see how the clearing was, and when all was satisfied that the Glandelinians were gone, pipe pipes were again lighted, and a general feeling of comfort experienced. The horses of the scout leaders had been picketed close at hand each boy and girlscout having cut or pulled a heap of grass and placed it before his or her beast.

Then Gertrude Angelina chatted apart for a short while with some of her followers, anxious to find out as much as possible of the dangerous territory into which she and her force were entering. The others chatted and told stories and turns about the war....2.2.2. Presently Gertrude joined in with the general conversation with her own following, and then during a pause said:

"Although my friends I consider it improbable that the enemy will steal up to us any more for the present, still it is just possible that they may have remained in hiding some distance off on purpose to fall at night upon any party that may venture to pursue, therefore it is right for us to begin our duty in a business way. I therefore propose that we keep watches regularly till our hour of rest is up. I believe it is now ten o'clock. We will be moving by quarter after, so George Zimmerman I'll propose

that you be on the watch. I should and will place a number of other boys stationed fifty yards apart but in hiding and in different locations."

There was a general assent of approval.

"No save trouble" Gertrude went on, "I suggest that we keep watch in the style that I have heard Indians do and the enemy is if close by won't be suspicious. Twelve of us will be on till the first of this hour, and I'll include myself as in the central company. If anything happens, don't report it to each other, but to any one we can signal or come to first."

Indeed the proposed proposal was at once agreed to, and the fifteen who were to be on duty rose at once, and taking their rifles, went off in various directions, first agreeing that each one of them should give their customary scout signals but "Wahogah" as a signal that something would be seen, and two such signals close together followed by the howl of a cat, or the hoot of an owl close together would be a warning to signal the whole squadron. The watch also ascertained which were the next thing to do should a bad fire threaten them and these all agreed to link close to each other by various sentinel signals in order that they might be able to arouse every one in case of new danger.

During that whole hour nearly all of them had tried to get some sleep for that one hour, but the heat, the smell of the smoke, and the excitement of the perils prevented that. Gertrude had no intention to try any sleep for she knew she couldn't, and thoughts of the events of the last twelve or fourteen hours, of the best course to be adopted, and upon the heavy responsibility upon herself as leader of this perilous expedition, prevented her from sleeping more than the heat did. She heard the wind howl and sing through the high pine trees, and in another minute sweating as if she was in a "mucky bath" she herself rose, and walked out toward George Zimmerman one of the sentries.

"Is that you Miss Gronburg?" he asked. "I was just coming in to wake you up."

"What is it George? Your face is pale."

"It strikes me Gertrude, that there is a strange blood red light away to the southwest, where I never saw a light before. I have noticed it only the last few minutes, and thought I was only seeing things, but it gets more brighter every minute."

Gertrude looked out anxiously into the unusually deep gloom, and quickly observed the appearance that her friend had spoken of. She did not speak for a minute or two, and then as the light evidently increased and became more of a sort of yellow sheen, she took out her field glasses and examined the glare closely. Then she said with a sigh:

"It is what I feared those Glandelinian dogs would do—they have set the forest into a fierce blaze southwest of us. None of us need to stay on watch any longer. We are as much separated from the Glandelinian troopers we have been following as if the Ocean divided us."

George gave the alarm signal as agreed upon, and then returned with Gertrude to the rest of the boy and girls. Then the bugle sounded at Gertrude's order and every man and child scout leaped up rifle in hand, believing that the Glandelinians were approaching.

"We must be up and going," Gertrude Angeline said cheerfully. "The Glandelinians have fired the forest."

"There was a thrill of apprehension in the bosom of all who heard this, or who saw the glare, and who had heard of the terrible account of the dreadful forest fires but this speedily subsided at the calm manner of Gertrude Angeline.

"The big forest fire southwest of us," she said, "may be ten or so miles off yet. I should say that it was, but it is difficult to judge, for this forest does flame up pretty high in this locality, and yet need not need to fear so much if there is not much wind, and the smoke may drift between it and us. The wind fortunately is light, but it will be here in little over an hour. Now let many of you attend to your horses, to see that they do not stampede. Have the officers form their troopers in a long line a couple of yards apart, and have them clean or pull up all small and high weeds by the roots, thinning behind them so as to leave the ground clear in this clearing. I have a fear it'll cross the clearing if we can make the ground clear of the grass. The wider we can make the breach on the ground the better. If any of you rest want to have can have as many trees blasted down to as possible. But it's up to you. It matters not now how much noise we may have to make since the enemy now of our presence."

All fell to work with a desperate and hearty zeal, for their very lives depended on it. As quickly as the one hundred thousand cavalry men would fall into battle, they deployed to do the work which would prevent the progress of the flames in their direction. While desperately toiling as hard and as swiftly as the heat and endurance would allow, some occasionally would look over their shoulders, and discovered that a gray appeared to be on fire. The forest blaze was some miles away, yet but nevertheless there was no simple distant glare, for there was moving forward toward them with a strange rushing and hissing roar a perfect wall of leaping flame struggling upward in blood red color on top and dazzling white at the base. There was an occasional sound of foot, as herds of deer flew by before the danger.

"How far will it go Gertrude, do you think?" Ladcliffe, as one of the girl leader, next to whom he was at work, for all the boy and girls were doing their best too, for it was terrible for the danger that now

threatened them.

"I should say that it should most likely stop at the edge of the clearing in which we have fort safely halted our troop. We are safe if the wind doesn't rise."

"What is if there comes the fire hurricane?"

"Why we'll have a desperate fight for our lives, for the wind will do all the damage to us before the fire comes up. You know it blows like a fierce tornado."

The horses of the whole cavalry force were starting to become very nervous and restive, and from many there was a momentary pause from the desperate battle to wrap ponchos around their heads, as if to prevent the animals from seeing the flames and smoke. The fire could now have been more than five miles distant when the clearing to nearly its entire width was cleared as wide as the officers believed it necessary for safety. A regular noise something between a hiss, crackling and a roar, was now plainly heard, and when the wind lifted the smoke and flames could be seen running along in a very high unbroken wall of fire higher than they even had thought it was. Night birds flew past shrieking and hooting overhead and with terrified cries, and a close hot smell of burning was plainly distinguishable.

Gertrude was horrified. The flames though so distant were catching long rows of trees as if with waves upon waves, a wind was starting in as if a gale was threatening, a wind so strong that the trees began to writ and twist in an alarming manner, and a hurricane of sparks rose through the air.

"We'll have to fight as we never did before," gasped Ladcliffe. "I'll bet it'll cross the clearing and get us if it don't."

"I don't believe so," said one of the men. "The wind wherever it is coming from is blowing from the straight west, and the fire is heading northeast."

"That won't save us," declared Gertrude. "I have a plan. It's a desperate one but I'll have to do it even if I may be killed upon an instantary myself. This will be my own forest fire. It's our only chance. Make for us a dozen of you and then follow me and do as I do."

Gertrude quickly took up a bundle of small twigs, mixed with some leaves and set it alight. Then starting half way alongside the clearing where it wasn't yet cleared, she set the dry grass, and a tree too alight. For a moment or two the fire burned slowly, and then fanned by the wind, it gained force and spread in a semicircle of flame.

"Fight it, fight it," she screamed a command. "Drive it toward the fire."

They did, and hard too, preventing the flames from coming to their way and finally they got it going toward the other edge of the forest as Gertrude desired.

"A good Glandelinian Counter fire is our only chance," she said. "It's our last chance too or we're all goners."

All the horses that could be were already picketed, and half of them were taken to the rear quite a distance and strongly guarded, while the rest did other work to prevent the main conflagration from reaching them.

The soldiers themselves were in readiness to extinguish the conflagration as much as possible if it happened to cross the clearing, for it was evident the north section of the fire was advancing head on and furiously against even the wind. Over and over again the fire crept partially across, for the clearing had been done but roughly—but it was speedily stamped and beaten out by the fighters. The spectacle as the terrific conflagration swept away before the wind, just giving them all its tail and was fine in the extreme. The whole force seemed enclosed between two high walls of flame, each more than half a mile away and throwing a terrific heat that made them suffer in the extreme, and they had to frequently stop and hang each others clothing or uniforms for so many sparks were hurled at them by the wind that there was danger of all catching fire themselves. The smoke became suffocating, the main conflagration was now fearfully close, burning up the trees were already blowing about them, and the sound of the fire was like the hissing roar of all the rockets of the world going off in that one section at one time. They saw the fire now began to come up to the edge of the clearing then it began to turn to the edge, the northern flank rolled, and now began to turn toward the west, while the other section moved southeast with a speed that they could hardly believe their eyesight at seeing, and leaping hundreds of feet. They were roofed in fire.

"Now," said Gertrude. "We have time. It'll cross the clearing after all but it's delayed. Mount every body, and forward, every one to the stream. Put your ponchos over your own heads as well as your horses. We'll have to cross our own fire to get there. Hurry. The heat of the main conflagration will set us all afire. I can feel the heat burning me already."

In another minute amid all the chaos the whole force was dashing fearlessly through their own smaller fires, for there was no other method of escape, and this fire though it had already extended over a vast tract of the clearing did not reach to any one as long as it had not yet reached the trees on the other side. The grass and weeds did not reach a height of three feet here and burned but as if it was so much hay. They beat this fire, and in twenty minutes of fierce riding with blazing trees falling dangerously close and ahead of them they finally reached the wide stream, and stood in long lines

In the center and deepest portion of the river, allowing the horses to splash to escape them to go and not all over. There for a considerably long time they remained without moving, though almost scorching by the heat of the fire and raging elements all around them but half strangled with the smoke.

"It was some time before Gertrude spoke, but when she did she said: 'It's all just now. You can be around.'"

There indeed was a general exclamation of great astonishment as all the many thousands of heads were turned away from their wrappings, and the men recovered sufficiently, enough from the effects of the blinding smoke to look around.

"Where has the fire gone? One of them cried, only observing a glare in the distance.

"Where indeed?" said another.

"The fire has passed like a great wind and thunderstorm," said a third. The main conflagration had swiftly swept by them, and divided into two

beyond a bend in the river where it succeeded in crossing, and these two waves of flame growing farther and farther asunder, as the newly kindled fire had become a forest blaze of its own and grew extensive, were already far away to the right and left, and between them was the big fire they themselves had made, now twenty miles in extent along the opposite forest and already far in the distance. Yet everything was a sea of smoke. Many smoldering trees still stood, some almost burned through, and smoke rose heavily from the ground debris which smoldered fiercely.

Every one had felt very uneasy at the sight of the great fire traveling toward them.

"We're caught here and good too," said Gertrude. "We can't travel through that dense ocean of smoke and live."

"What shall we do then?" asked George Zimmerman.

"There is nothing to do but to remain where we are until morning. I'm afraid," she answered. "All the horses had better be picketed, and then all those that can had better try and get a few more hours of sleep. We shall want no more energy day to night as no smoldering smoke could reach us here through that inferno of smoldering fires, and sea of smoke."

"And the expedition will be delayed."

"Can't help it," said Gertrude severely. "It's suicide to go through that smoldering sea of smoke and live."

In half an hour's time most of those of the troops all now on the safe side of the forest across the river were again asleep, and the Glandolinian officials tried to follow their example. Example that the heat bothered them so much that they couldn't sleep, and then Gertrude signalled to them quietly, and when they stood before her she said:

"Come this way all you officers of my scout force. We are going to have a meeting. We might as well as none of us can sleep. Thank God when we can."

The boys and girl scout officers followed Gertrude to where Angelina, Madcliffe, and some of the cavalry generals were sitting down at a short distance from the first row of sleepers, and these the boys and girls made out by the glow from their pipes, cigars, or cigarettes to consist of general Jamieson, Hardy, Herries and some others.

"This is a terribly bad business now," Gertrude began, when she and the others had finished the pipes they were smoking before having a meeting and then seating themselves in a circle on the ground. "I expected it, but it's a heavy blow the Glandolinians have dealt us nevertheless. We have lost forty men, ten or twelve of our scouts and one officer dead, and have fifty wounded on our hands. And you take this fire has aggravated our matters."

"Why what in the world is the matter Gertrude?" the boy and girl officers exclaimed anxiously. "Have we lost anything, that we can't recover, the tracks we have been following?"

"Yes, command Gertrude," Gertrude said. "We have lost what at this very moment was the most important thing in the world as you said, we have lost the trail. These Glandolinians have outwitted us."

The girl uttered a simultaneous exclamation of dismay, as the truth flashed across their minds.

"The trail is lost," gasped Madcliffe. "I have never even given this a thought."

"Yes in the excitement of this dirty, old fire it has never once occurred to me that the Glandolinians were wiping out every trace of the trail left behind by the hoofs of the Glandolinian horses," said Delores.

"I'm stumped," said Jane.

"Headwinded," said Mary.

"Bamboozled," cried Joy St. Claire....2

Gertrude then went on:

"Of course you understand this forest fire was not only lit to drive us out of our homes but also in case we did escape the conflagration, then for the purpose of throwing us off the scent. Have you any idea how far it is likely to have come and then come on?" she asked of Mary Florinda.

"She knew about forest fires as her father had once been a most expert forest fire fighter and patrol."

"In what way, do you mean?" she asked.

"Far is the state of the existence of any wide stream body of water, damp ground which would have checked it and which must therefore be the furthest boundary of the forest fire sent on us?"

Mary was silent for fully one minute, then she said:;

"The next river I know of is more than sixty miles away, but it's not very wide, nor deep and would not stop the forest fire, going or not going with the wind, and the heat would dry up the stream I believe. Beyond there is no stream of any sort as far as I know of, and the region is of the desert forest."

"The ground rises high into long hills, and beyond the forests grows denser, and denser thirty or so miles on. I should declare that the only light the blaze this side of that," declared Marie Stanek.2

The other Mary nodded assent.

"We too the bearings of the horseshoe tracks by our compass..." said McWhirther said. "Could we not follow it through by compass across the more burned out debris, and hit it upon the other side?"

"I don't pretend to say where the trail is gone at all," the latter said. "But nevertheless the one and only main place where I am quite sure it ought to be, is on the continuation of the present line. But it'll be two whole days before this debris will be cool enough to stop smoking. And we can't wait that long."

"No indeed," continued Gertrude Angelina. "As you say Mary there is no for certainty." "The"

"Yes," said Mary Florinda, "and when the Glandolinians got to some certain place, which is probably about half way across the burned ground and forest across the river, either to the south or north, and traveled on steadily in that direction, sending some of their cavalry men with torches in the direction toward which we may have been coming, to set the forests on fire, and sent it toward us, so as to both sweeten all away the trail or its trace and probably holding we'd all perish in the conflagration. They may have gone to the north northwest or south-east, or may have even doubled back and faced us again at only a distance of several miles from us, and sent a sufficient number to make a petty attack upon us to detain us if possible. We therefore have no clue to guide us at present, not in this intense darkness and all this smoke, and if we do not have any daylight to-morrow we'll still be forced to remain here. There may be a probability that the enemy may reach the main Glandolinian army, and if they do we cannot save poor Mildred, unless we capture some Glandolinian officer that is prized more highly than her by them and exchange him for her return. That is the exact state of the affair."

"That makes good news..."

"And in what direction do you believe general Temer Tamerline's army is moving?" General James Jamieson asked after a pause, because it appears to me that it is a waste of time to make a search for the trail where it left off, and that our only plan is to push on after the army which we ought to reach before the fugitives get there. And in that case if we found the Glandolinians guarded, we might surround them all. If they get to the camp we can try and capture some high commissioned officer, and then exchange him for Mildred, and when we once get her we can fight our way back..."

"It seems a capital idea," the English boy said to Gertrude in his own language which she could understand, "but I've found out it's wrong too. Miss Gertrude, 'The Glandolinians I have heard won't exchange prisoners for more.'"

"Do you believe set our so?" asked Gertrude, "seeing that no one approved or seemed to prove or approve of her idea."

"Yes," he answered. "They won't exchange prisoners."

"Not especially Tamerline," said Angelina Hichou to Gertrude. "That just came to my mind. The best plan is we must arrive our utmost to prevent the cavalry who have her in their possession from reaching the army."

The latter plan was believed to be the best, but even then Madcliffe said: "But there is still a great difficulty even in that way. I observed that the trail did not lead due south, as if it should have done if the Glandolinian cavalry were going toward or following general Tamerline's army. I questioned the guides, and many others too, and they all agreed with me on the subject. The trail was too westerly for the fact of the foe cavalry following Tamerline's army too far too the south for any other escape."

And from the appearance of the soldier, troopers I do not believe they belonged to Tamerline or any of his vast separate commands. I believe Manby and his army is nearer in this territory than we believe. I fear that there is really danger of a combination of the two dangerous Glandolinian armies, as there was something suspicious in this recent slight overcautious attack upon us to right, and that on the retreat the survivors went in the direction which would prove they may have been Manby's soldiers, and that on reaching their own hiding places—perhaps twenty miles or so from here—they laid in ambush for us several times. In this case not the pursued but we are in the greatest danger. We are being closed in I'll be bound by Manby and Tamerline. In this case to even insure our own escape besides rescuing Mildred we have first to find one or the other of the two trails then to decide the terrible question, which party of the cavalry has Mildred in possession."

Some of them expressed their perfect accordance with Madcliffe's views and others were surprised at this idea of having been so identical with their own idea upon the subject. The greater danger was upon the pursued not the pursued...2

Although this conclusion was unanimously arrived at it did not nevertheless seem to be conceded or agreed to very reluctantly by most of them, and the apparent reason showed as they were talking back hard where they had left the whole command.

"I cannot and will not believe under any condition that the conclusion we have arrived at is really correct," his blank remark, "I cannot help being sorry for my doubts, for ever since our meeting was adjourned I have made up my mind that she was likely to be taken to the west straight or they really followed toward the Timorinus army. I'll tell you why I have my doubts. The glandolinians are either, or think they are more crafty than any of us, and therefore have either furnished a larger command, or it may be to hood wink or fool us have made all these tracks on purpose to have us follow these, and throw us off the right track. Of course I had no reason for thinking so, but so it is. I know Glandolinians as I do my own name and I don't believe the very evil spirits are as crafty as they are."

"That is just what I thought," Gertrude said, "and the English boy too admitted that he and some of his other friends in the majority had all entertained a somewhat similar idea, for he too was well acquainted with the Glandolinians."

At twelve o'clock they were all again in the saddle having refilled their water canteens, and of watering the horses because it was hard telling where the next stream would be.

"How far do you think it crosses at the bend?" Radcliffe asked Gertrude. "It cannot cross very far I'm sure," Rad. "And we are so much nearer the section where the Glandolinians settle the fire, that I do not believe it could have spread more than twenty or so miles across. We have to watch out though for if we find the wind changing direction, we the smoulder we left behind can set the forest in front of us, and we'll then have a race for life instead of persuading our foes."

Gertrude's conjecture soon proved to be correct. After riding swiftly for an hour and a half, they came to the other side of the burned forests which were still smouldering infernos, and reaching a point which they felt sure was to the south of the place where either the right, or the false trail would have left it... 2-2-2-2-2-2 as they now had done more than thirty miles since the trip started at night, and the horses were much distressed and every body tormented, and half smothered with the effects of the dense smoke and sometimes coming toward them from the west, it was resolved to get away from it by going more to the northward. The horses fortunately had recently relieved what water they would swallow. All too felt much distressed from the unusual heat, the smell of the smoke, the fatigue and the want of sleep, but they couldn't sleep, though they even tried it in their horses, but the more they tried to sleep the more their "Turkish Bath" manifested itself. They had nearly an hour's rest when with the help of their flashlights they believed they had come upon the real trail. They saw it clearly despite even the gloom, and as broad and as much tramped as the believed untrue one but after a most careful examination of it there was but one opinion namely, that the number of horses who had passed was decidedly more than those seen of the trail that had been found going southward before the approach of the fire. One of the guides now told Gertrude, that he felt sure that at a very short distance further on to the northwest, there was quite a good sized lake of water much used by forest rangers, and where he had not the slightest doubt the Glandolinians had used to water their horses. Finding that it was not more than ten minutes ride, Gertrude after a brief consultation determined to go that way, which might give them a trace. In little shorter of the time named, they came to an immense body of water the forest being separated by it six miles in length, and a mile across. The horses who were thirsty drank heartily themselves, and filled the water canteens. The horses who were would be allowed to drink, and the dogs plunged in it with the greatest delight, emerging in their own usual gray or chestnut color, where before they had gone into the water perfectly black as ink. After the dogs had come out and shaken themselves, they commenced hunting around the shore, and one of them started sniffing so violently that the attention of one of the nearest girls was attracted to him. Presently the dog ran forward a few paces and gave a sharp bark of pleasure, and the girl running forward gave so loud a cry, that a hundred sprang forward. The girl scout however was not able to say a word. There half buried in the ground was a sharp dagger of long size, and round the point or hilt rather was twisted a large piece of uniform, which Gertrude instantly recognized as a piece of the purple uniform dress Mildred had on. They were all silent for a while from the surprise they felt, and then exclamations of pleasure and excitement came from them all, while Gertrude and others were greatly affected at this 'proof' of the recent presence of their beloved comrade. The dagger which seemed to be half the length of a sword, but was of Glandolinian formation was deeply scabbled into the earth, but it was placed at a spot where there was no grass so that any one passing to pass by there could not have failed to see either the dagger or the

of uniform dress. There was a perfect shower of congratulations, and it was some time before they had recovered sufficiently to remove their own onward trip. They seemed or were radiant with excitement. Two Mexicans, Perez Martinez, and P. Mexican Pete, the latter well known however stood quite a distance apart from the rest and conversing excitedly but in a limited tone or undertone to each other. They did not even approach the others to right away mount their horses, and Gertrude's attention being attracted strongly by this unusual circumstance, she rode up to them and demanded what they were talking so earnestly and excitedly about.

"Well, neither of them revealed her for a moment or two, and she therefore repeated the question. Then Mexican Pete replied:

"Martinez and I believe the same. The Glandolinians have again played a smart dirty trick. She didn't say that there and if she had she would have thrown it among the grass for where you found it the enemy would have seen it. The latest one she has gone the other way. Again we are bamboozled."

and conversing grandly and bravely they both spoke these ominous words, Conversation and preparations were all suspended at these ominous words, and each looked blankly into each other's faces. Now that their full attention was called to it, the whole circumstances of the end case indeed suddenly rushed to their minds, and they knew and felt the truth of what Mexican Pete said, and now their hopes fell to a zero. Radcliffe was the first who after a long silence spoke:

"I'm positively sure, Gertrude, that what Mexican Pete says is right and that we have been almost thrown off the scent by a most dastardly trick. I know he is right for the Glandolinians are so crafty no one a prisoner in their hands could do this to bring persecutors to his or her rescue. Mildred would see too strictly and carefully watch by her captors, and as it is of Glandolinian make she could never have possessed herself of that dagger, dagger and then have fastened a strip of her uniform dress on it, without being noticed and if she had tried to do so our pursuit is ended for they'd have killed her right then and there. Still more impossibly indeed indeed in it that she could have placed the long dagger where we have found it. No one could have passed without noticing it, no unless we suppose she was allowed to linger behind every one of the Glandolinians, which is out of the questions, the dagger could not have been even thrown down here by her."

"It is too true indeed Radcliffe," Gertrude said with a deep sigh, after a short silence, "it is altogether impossible, and I should therefore call it all a clumsy effort at artifice were it not that it decided us for a while, however there ought to be some comfort for us—and it should decide the question as we ourselves decided it, Mildred is gone with the larger division of Cavalry, and to the northwest."

Preparations were continued but with a very subdued feeling by all the new of the trick Radcliffe had so now mounted his horse, and while waiting to proceed, being a lad of very restless habit began toying with the dagger. First he untied the piece of purple cloth, smoothed it, and put it into his pocketbook, while his eyes filled with tears, and he continued listlessly twisting the dagger in his fingers, while he listened sadly to the conversation around him. Presently his eyes fell upon a retreating number of figures, and saw a long stream of men go out of sight. He started in a flush of excitement rushed across his face and his hands and lips trembled as he closely examined the retreating figures, and saw one man turn so that he got a good view of his face. All gazed at him and the retreating figures in astonishment.

"Oh, oh Gertrude," Gertrude he cried at last, "I know that man I saw who had turned his head."

"Know the man?" all repeated. . . .

"Yes I am quite sure I am well acquainted with him. Don't you remember Mamma to one of the girls when we were in the Glandolinian camps so long on a spying exploit, that day that so many Glandolinians fell dead or wounded at Hedrick Junction, and one of them was a Christian spy in disguise which we recognized when there. He gave me a picture of himself for reward so that we could recognize him in case we were there again. This is the picture I most solemnly declare, and you see the fellow I observed is the same. He is the man whom I helped to recover from his wounds."

"Is he a true Glandolinian?"

"In birth yes. But he is for our side and scouts and spies always for us and is a danger to the foe. He never has been discovered, he serves with them to get the plans and helps our armies more than any one else does with the information he obtains."

All within hearing crowded round to examine the picture with their flashlights, and then Gertrude and Anneline said solemnly: "Praised be God for His Mercy, for He had through the intercession of His Blessed Mother decided the way in our favor. A holy cause always has a Holy ending. Without the slightest doubt, Radcliffe says one of the men wounded in battle at Hedrick Junction was a Christian spy in disguise within the foe lines, and he would now show his gratitude. He no doubt saw Radcliffe for Radcliffe says he made a signal with his hand as of greeting."

Gertrude's suggestions was carried out, and the battle was resumed in that style. The first volley of the exploding rockets showed the region crowded with thousands of horseback over whose heads the volleys of rockets slowly whizzed and exploded like a roll of thunder. Some of them happened to shoot against the tents not yet afire and exploding there set them afire.

"Do you think they will attack us again," Gertrude asked quickly.

At this minute one of the officers came up for orders. You will need to place Gertrude said to the general, "Two Regiments in advance of our main line to act as pickets. Others will be moved forward, and

"What shall I do about your own horses Miss Aronburg and Master Radcliffe?"

"But what about our left flank Vertrude?" Indcliffe asked. "It would be a serious loss to us if they were hurried out of the position in these woods, especially if they were thrown back upon our own scouts. Then all would be in the hands and our boys and girls would suffer a great loss."

troopers covered with their plan and MacCallie himself "but it would be dangerous, and would cause the rest of our battle line the greatest anxiety. I had imagined too, that the enemy's great object is not only to get to the rear, but also they intend to recover Middle River, and to threaten from there, and they will renew the attack from a different location I'm sure, and in heavier force, and, they may make an effort upon the Abyssinians on the left at the same time that they attack us here. They will not pay any attention to us as child scouts for a while. They have already found it a most difficult business to force their way through our line, and they may not do their offense, with their main strength, until they find them out of these woods in the first great assault, and therefore while the storm comes again none of us must be idle depend upon it."

14-00000 The preparations were hastily made and it was agreed that Gertrude, Helen
Hoch, and Mary Stanley, as a usual thing the Canadian Linen Cartage Co. could
take Gertrude and Helen to a woods by sending a portion of the force to
"destroy" the woods. Gertrude thought, however, that an exception could be made
in the present case, as they understood that the Indians were two extensive,
the woods too large, and the Indians were too numerous. The men while awaiting the
signal, but they were behind the trees and stood, smoking their cigars,
knew of cigar and, conversing in low whispers. Angelina Jennings was in
front of her position, the Redna Jones was her assistant officer, and
Angelina dividing her own time, between them and the top of the highest tree

"There's someone there the consultant is on again," Gertrude said. "I'll bet it is an attempted kidnapping movement. Indulge have all our own boy and girls out to return to their customary position and have them all at attention so they'll be quiet. He don't want any noise up here, to tell the Glendelians that he is on the watch. On color, I Fitzgerald, you notify the advanced element, and I will go to those that on the right to order them to fall back. Attention."

"Sure thing, I heard a dull thundering sound like an army, a vast army of horses galloping in a strange direction, and incessant firing and other strange sounds. I should say there were a great many of the sounds. It seemed to last a little while, and then all except the firing stopped."

firing began at about half past ten but these soon ceased sometimes one or another giving a suspicious yelping but between these sounds no sound except the distant firing was heard. Every one was now behind their trees in different positions to meet the enemy come what direction he may with a service fire. The girl and boy scout force took up their stand near the house and extending their own line, several young men had left the cliffs and being joined by "two Sun" the distance for the defense was the same, but more formidable and extensive, and the wounded unable to fight, offered to

and outside of the distant firing there was not the slightest sound.. Then there was a slight rustling noise among the weeds, and the brush, and as if leaves were stirring though there was not a breath of wind.....

Over, and over again the strange noise,, was repeated... However
ca. 10 m. on the landfills was it was impossible for even them to get
the air in the buildings and roads without starting them to wave or without

"Comrades," said Gervais, "I believe I will have to change my mind."

"I believe great numbers of the Cloudollins are by another way

[illegible]

away from their camp. They then placed on a large round stump which stood about eight feet from the ground, a large blue light, fitted into a hole she had made with her hunting knife. . . . A shelf made of wood and wet leaves had been placed on top of the stump (the pump) and just so large that it threw a shadow over the top of the "forest ceiling" so that those standing behind trees and so forth were in comparative darkness, while everything round would be in brightest light. There with a match in her hand in put the blue light aflame, she awaited the time to give forth the signal. Indeed for all the others it was a long time coming—so long that the house grew very painful, and ever, one in the forests longed desperately for the bursting of the "war storm."

Then at last it came. The wildest, the loudest and the fiercest yells of the Indians would be tame compared to the loud blasphemous yells of the Gandelinians which rose in on the still twilight air, and the assault suddenly burst with frightful violence and fury upon the Abyssinians and broke through from the irresistible pressure of it, and came rushing and storming toward the position of the girl and boy scouts as the soldiers were compelled to retreat before the onslaught. Confident as the regiment of boy and girls were, there was not one of them but felt his or her blood run cold at the appalling ferocity of the outer outcries, not naturally from the tone and sound, but of the frightful and dreadful blasphemies added with it. The flash of rifles, the retreating of troops, the gloom and red glare of distant forest fires, was enough to make one believe they were really on the edge of hell if not in it.

Simultaneously from the direction expected there was a tremendous rush of gray clad troops at the left of the position of the Abyssinians covering the child scout troop, and the Abyssinians met the shock like a breakwater meets the hurrying force of a storm wave. The wave broke before the resistance, but one section of it still pressed on, and then went down all into dead and wounded and dying. The slaughter was terrific, and as the Abyssinians line though shaken stood firm and flared the woods with their blaze of rifles, the Gandelinians partially fell back but then opened a muckety storm of their own. Then came from the Christians a rain of grenades and exploding rockets, and the carnage was redoubled.

From the effects of the awful fire the Gandelinians paused in astonishment. Their assault instead of forcing the line, merely caused or cost them heavier losses than before, the brush was afire because of the rocket rockets and there was fire raging among the trees adding to the consternation. Then the assault redoubled and then suddenly a bright light lit up the whole scene. As it did so from behind every tree and other position of the boy and girl scout regiment a stream of pistol and rifle fire poured out, repeated again and again, and so many reports in one was like repeated claps of terrific thunder. The rifles in particular heavily loaded with buckshot told with terrible slaughter upon the crowded lines of the enemy, and the discharge from the line of Christian soldiers a little beyond for a while cleared the assailants from that quarter. However general Fitzgerald of the Abyssinians was killed, Terence was badly wounded, and general Lopez was disabled.

The onslaught was lulled here, but elsewhere it still continued with all its might and the Abyssinians were decidedly getting the worst of it and their assailants were overwhelming. They had to swarm away from their more exposed position, and recoiled to another portion of the woods to which part they rallied, and poured such a fire upon the enemy that the survivors finally broke and fled in panic. After the "first explosion" of this action, especially in this quarter, a perfect quiet succeeded to the deafening din which had raged there, broken only by the sound of far distant battle, and by the glare of the spreading brush and wood fires. The reserves were now hurried to the front of the position, where the presence was urgently required.

Understanding the tremendous simultaneous rush there would be made at the new position, the Abyssinians reserves were posted at the old position while the hard pressed soldiers were placed in the rear, leaving the rest of the others in the further off positions to take care of themselves for the present. The first rush of the Gandelinians was so tremendous, that the defending line was hurled out of its position, massive in numbers as it was, and the line of troops in the rear fearing that their comrades in front would be again forced to give way, threw the weight of their numbers against the Gandelinians, among whom at that one mad onslaught over two thousand fell, and ten thousand were wounded, wounded many unto dying. Then with the failure of this mad charge, came a storm of firing on both sides, and then a portion of the Gandelinians save having swung round came rushing forward to assault Gertrude's position, not knowing however that it was defended by mere brave boys and girls. The boys were in front and they laid down behind the level ledges and with their pistols leveled at the foe waited for the light which was to enable them to see their foes. As it came they fired with their pistols till every chamber was empty, and again two thousand Gandelinians fell. Again and again they fired with their last pistols until not a single Gandelinian assailing them remained to tell the tale. It was a terrific massacre of Gandelinian troops, but the main line had finally tore through the defending Christian line of troops and these driving all before them hurried forward toward the other position. The boys held their position desperately until there was danger of a hand to hand encounter which Gertrude wished them to avoid, and then they fell back to the

to the position with the girls themselves, and this position both held using occasionally from tree to tree, and chasing the mad assailants with a murderous fire of rifles pistols, and hand grenades. In this fierce fight Gandelinians did close with them but the boys and girls were somewhat hard to be reached by the assailants because of their size, and were therefore moved down in awful numbers before the position. In this fight, Dolores though wounded as she had been, had certainly the honor of the first blood of a Gandelinian officer, she was also a courageous girl though so young, and having bro on her rifle when hitting a soldier determined nevertheless to do her own level best in defense of her own country. Therefore as an appropriate weapon, she picked up a flaring fire brand which had fallen from a thick and big burning brush, and seeing the rebel captain coming toward her with drawn pistol in one hand and a sabre in the other, she seized the fire brand on the cooler end and plunged the fiery part with all her force and strength into the mans face. A fearful yell of pain and rage followed which rose even above the tremendous din of the battle all around.

There was no lull in the conflict now, it was simply wild, and after the discharge of the last barrels of the boys and girls revolvers, and seeing the Abyssinians unable to stand, the boy and girls retreated, as fast as they could, fitting fresh chambers to their weapons, and then receding further up, toward a new clearing, let go some fire rockets and these going off among the shrubbery and brush started a fearful conflagration at once that sped with incredible haste toward the assailants.

The Gandelinians before this new peril broke and fled panic stricken, and the defenders let loose three volleys of the rockets among them and opened fire again with rifles pistols and hurled grenade creating terrible carnage and panic, and the Abyssinians seeing this, rallied, and stood their ground, picking off a whole line of retreating Gandelinians in a very short time until 17,000 of them strewn the ground.

It was a twice fierce battle than Waterloo, and the retreating girl scout leaders now rallied their troops near a ravine and rejoined Gertrude, whose head was banded.

"That's right girls—the fire did it, the assault is beaten off for the present. But we got to be careful. I just heard from our boy scout officer Johnny when we all call Johnny Dolt because of his never failing in his efforts that the enemy is bringing forward artillery. I didn't now they had cannons. So now keep to cover. They'll give us shot shell and grape."

"Now take your carbines" said the officer in charge of the Abyssinian troop. "There's a wave of Gandelinians coming toward our rear. I heard the warning from our sentries when this part of the fight began, but the light hardly reaches so far."

After hasty preparations were made to meet the assault from that quarter, Gertrude said:

"Now look out those in front. I'm going to send a couple of rockets over the assailants even if it sets the forest afire. Our rear is the most important, so all of you direct your shots and grenades there. Colonel Hurbert, and Captain Charles of the Abyssinians will cover us. Huckle divide some of our exploding rocket grenades among the rest and let go when I signal."

In another moment, the rocket flew up into the air, tore through the tree tops and as the light burst out with a loud report that was like deafening thunder, a wave of Gandelinians could be seen within fifty yards of their own ravine. As the brilliant light broke over them, and as the exploding missile hurled downward a storm of canister the Gandelinians scattered with a cry of astonishment. Before the light faded a terrific fire had been opened upon them. As the rockets burst Gertrude gazed eagerly over the wooded country where it was more open and fancied that she could see a long immense dark mass at a distance of over half a mile. This she guessed to be the horses of the Gandelinians. By this time the blue light on the stump was burning low, and Gertrude climbing the stump, and stretching her hand up lit another at its base and planted the fresh one down upon it. As she did so a whizzing of numerous cavalry lances showed that they were watched. A grenade also burst near the stump and wiped out eight soldiers near its spot. One lance with a long pole went through Gertrude's thin cloak pinning itself to a tree and holding her fast, another went almost through a thin sapling, a third struck her a glancing blow on the arm, and another laid John Andrews clean open from the lip to the ear. Another struck a girl in the neck and almost took her head off. The loud bleeding to death and couldn't be saved.

"Keep low under cover everyone," Gertrude shouted, "return the fire." "Are you hurt too Huckle?" Jane who was near by asked. "Not seriously Jane, but it hurts awfully. My chest is partly laid open on the left side. He stamped with rage and pain."

"What has become of the Gandelinians assailing the rear?" George Zimmerman demanded. "They are not rushing on to any fresh onslaught, but there is terrible firing somewhere."

"No I believe they have had enough of it in that sector," she answered. "But probably for the present until they get up their artillery. Then we'll get it. Now is what we should do is wonder how we'll get away. You see our positions are all exposed to their fire, for trees here are pretty thin and don't go within twenty yards of it. The Gandelinians are in hidden positions in front and behind and our position is pretty open in both directions, and we cannot see them except by the spitting of their

of their many thousands of rifles. We are under a murderous fire. The enemy is not at this edge of the position, so they must be hiding behind trees and other positions as we are, or are crowded among the trees and shrubbery at the other sector. The enemy is not as exposed as we are now, but we are safe as long as we stay quiet.

"No Gertrude," Haddcliffe said eagerly "we could have a secure position nearer the ravine. Don't you remember we left two rocky ledges a mile long?"

"Of course we did," Haddcliffe said. "I remember all about it now. Steal down and tell the troop of scouts to be ready to retreat to the ravine, and to fire as they retreat when they see another rocket go off. I am going to send another light rocket over in the direction where I saw the horses, and directly I get the line I will send off as many exploding ones as I can or as quick as I can at them. That with the terrific fire from below among them and the fright they ought to get when they see their horses attacked, they are sure to make a rush for it. Without their horses, strong in numbers as they are they will be jeopardized."

Haddcliffe came back with the words that all was in readiness. In a moment a rocket soared away far, and just as its light broke over the clearings another one swept over in the direction of the huge swarm of animals, seen plainly & plainly enough in the distance. This however didn't do so good. However, the horses didn't stampede as expected or the rockets didn't go far enough, and then a cry of dismay burst from the boy and girls' mouths rising in yet wilder alarm as three shrapnell shells almost exploded among them and tore gaps in the crowded masses of Abyssinian lians. Again and again was the deadly discharge of cannon repeated from the enemy, and with a yell of dismay a wild massive rush was made for the ravine and its shelter. Then the Abyssinian lians followed suit, and the Glandelinians with guns loaded with grape and canister opened upon them, every discharge telling in the dense mass of red coats who struggled to surmount a huge rise of ground. Frenzied with the danger, dozens of boy and girls' mouths attempted to climb a high fence surrounding an old log cabin, followed by the soldiers, and as strong as were the boards and posts, there was a crashing sound, and the whole fence fell in another minute of the struggling mass of hundreds of Abyssinian lian soldiers there remained only some twenty struggling forms, seven thousand having been shot down near that fatal fence. The boys and girls got to the ravine with small loss, and to try and confuse the enemy a volley of rockets were sent off in the direction where the horses had been, to see then a stream of signal rockets, whose light ones broke up by the artillery fire, and though the clearing was covered with scattered figures of men and animals, the animals flying at the top of their speed, the main foe remained in position pouring a murderous fire.

Then another fierce charge was made, and was repulsed with the loss of another ten thousand Glandelinians down.

"Than God and His Blessed Mother we have reached the ravine at last and we are safe for the time being," Gertrude said solemnly as all her force was now pouring a stream of rifle fire down upon the foe. Never will the Glandelinians ever forget us. But if it does not get right time pretty soon it will be all over with us. She said to Haddcliffe as she sent off another rocket, and it will take hours for the survivors to get together again and make a safe retreat. I have also got scratched again with a lance but no real harm is done. Haddcliffe you have only a flesh wound. Don't be frightened, Dolores," she added quickly as Dolores turned pale at the appearance of Haddcliffe's chest which was certainly alarming and Mary Gloria was trying to clean the wound. "He will put it all right."

"Do you believe it will leave a bad scar?" Haddcliffe asked rather dolorously. "Haddcliffe, I should not be surprised if it does, but it won't spoil your beauty long, your clothes will cover it, besides a good scar in honorable conflicts is always admired by all our friends. Now let us get further to shelter. They won't storm us again for some time. I'm sure, my arm too wants bandaging, for it is beginning to smart awfully, and I am sure all of us who have survived must want something to eat before the fight renews again."

The meal was eaten hurriedly, and then many were stationed as guards at all respective points, and were up and moving into new positions, the firing now distant, now close, now local and sputtering still going on. Angelina, who requested that nobody should go outside the exposed position until the dead boy and girls' bodies were removed and buried, as the sight could be a most terrible one. The men themselves were sent to collect number and hastily bury the slain boy and girls' bodies. When it was finally reported, these were more numerous than Gertrude had believed, and showed how terrific had been the enemy fire during their sudden retreat. The Glandelinian cannons had been loaded with grape and canister shot and the discharge of these had been most destructive more especially those fired at the closest range. Near the fence among the dead soldiers there were no less than eighteen bodies of boys found, and sixteen girls, while around the shed of the log cabin were thirteen others, three of them only boys. The shrapnell having hit the place had showed terrible effect upon the fugitives. At the fence were one hundred and fourteen others, all girls, men and boys. Of these only twelve were surviving but would not live long, another a girl lieutenant still breathed, but evidently dying, while one other had a shattered leg. Unquestionably it was found that two hundred others had been wounded, but had managed to rejoin their comrades and had their wounds attended to.

The bullets of the Glandelinian revolvers too seldom hitting a mortal point enabled the soldiers and child scouts much less than the balls of heavier calibre which the Christians used. It was absolutely useless for the men to move the children who lay dying, all that could be done for them was to give them a little water. A little later they too were dead. The more severely wounded ones were carried carefully to the ravine. Other wounded were found down by the cattle enclosure near the shed, and these believed also to recover were brought and attended to. Many other bodies were found here until the dead child scouts counted up to nearly two hundred and ten. In the ravine during the lull which was lasting quite long this time, many soldiers dug a large grave, as wide and as deep as time would permit under fire and in this the dead children were laid side by side, with their names first written on pieces of paper, age and so forth by man after man as fast as names were called out, the earth was filled in and the turf replaced. It was a sad thing indeed, and they were all deeply grieved at the loss of so many of their own number. It was two hours before all was done so a assault having been yet made either. Johnny Doit who too was wounded had washed away his own stains of blood.

Mary Gloria had to attend to the worst of the wounded, he had a slight knowledge of rough surgery, and she discovered a bullet at a short distance under the skin in the broken leg of Hazel Mary. Two other girls held her and Mary drew her hunting knife out down to the bullet, and with some trouble and drawing of much bloody finally succeeded in removing it. The wounded girl didn't flinch or groan although the pain was very great while the operation was being performed. Mary then carefully bandaged the leg and directed that cold water should be poured over it from time to time to allay the inflammation. Elsie Ruth McWhirther brought a girl who had her knee joint broken; this was of course a need for an army surgeon and it was carefully placed in a splint by Mary and bandaged for anything else she couldn't do and had to wait till they got to camp. Jane posted to an officer had a bullet wound near the hip, and with this Mary nor even a doctor could do anything for her recovery or death, would depend entirely upon God. All the care and attention possible was given to the wounded. The child scouts all through the conflict had maintained the solid front of apathy of their race.

It was now about five o'clock in the late afternoon, and though the battle was still raging fiercely the firing was more distant. The Abyssinian troops were still in position but in sullen despair, and now that fires burned fiercely they could see how terrible had been their losses. They could not tell the exact number yet as they had no time for roll call, but the roll reader may now that upward of sixty thousands of their number were missing or dead, and upward of eighty thousand of the enemy. Their best officers had fallen, as several of the most valiant braves of the army. They had been sadly defeated by the enemy, but had avenged the massacre of the rangers and rescued Mildred however. The girls' scouts over the imminent peril were plying and swinging their hands. Presently Gertrude rose behind a tree viewing a new lull in the firing.

"My boy and girls' scout comrades," she began. "Our position, and those of the Abyssinian lians are very dangerous. And now over their loss the Glandelinian generals are very angry. We have now so far held our positions as long as it has been possible, but later on we'll be as grass before the Glandelinian soldiers. They had artillery, we haven't. They are still overwhelming our losses in disabled and slain have been terrible. It was awful that we had to go through all this to rescue one of our beloved comrades. Indeed I never anticipated, and Mildred told me we were foolish to have gone at it with an attack, that we should have waited till night and then might have had the chance to steal her away. So far the forest hides us away from the strongest copies of the enemy. However the enemy is just as badly punished as we are. If they had not killed Dolores, Jane and Mildred we would not have gotten into this awful mess. But I suppose it was so. Mildred told me too if the Mangaboo officers would have retained the agreement with their Mic-Hollett lian generals of not firing her to Hanley, and if the spy could have set out with her, we ourselves could have been joyful and relieved, and we would not have needed to throw ourselves upon the camp and bring on this awful battle. But the chief officers of the Mangaboo troops would not hear the words of some of their wiser Mangaboo colonels. Mildred said they argued, some wanted to bring her to Hanley, others wished to take her to Hanley. But where are we now. Our own troops are dead in great numbers and I dread the consequence of the roll call, and our situation is very critical."

Gertrude then resumed her seat, but as she expected no one rose to say a word after her. The depression was too general, and the fact that, had it been waited for till night before any attempt had been made to rescue Mildred the dangerous battle in the wilderness would have been averted, was too manifest for any one else to attempt to utter a single word. After a profound silence of some moments duration, Gertrude again arose.

"That in the world shall we all do? The enemy cannon fires will cause us further loss, probably the enemy will be reinforced, the assaults may start again and they may even detour round and cut off our retreat. They too have many rifles and pistols which they could shoot off for many shots without reloading, and they have gath'ring guns which carry very far without their grape and canister. We are as grass before a thrashing machine before their fire. We are almost in the hands of the foe, and if they win now they'll show us not the slightest mercy, and the troops would have to fight to the last man to defend us and there'll be a terrible massacre of us and the troops. What in the world shall we do. We have four hours of time to go to. Should we retreat now or fight on till night?"

"You too are one of my best leaders" he said. "You will have a good heart and have often stood by my side in all perils. I will present you my own special carbine which shoots many times which you can use with those who are to cover our retreat."

energy to their efforts against the foe, and to reap the fruits of the war. For a probably a little close to two years Gertrude Angelina, and her leading followers had remained in the army going through adventures that the slightest coward would quail from. It was nearly that length of time since Angelina Aronburg started first with inciting child slaves to rebellion against the foe, and she now longed to see the day when they were to be all free, and the enemy made to beg for mercy. She sure for some reason or other had a terrible feeling of apprehension or uneasiness for the future. The Gandenian army under Tamerlane had concentrated between St. Ehrenfels and Isen, and now the enemy army was fairly stretched in position for a day beyond the town. A rebellion was rapidly rising, and there was fear that there would be a big battle here soon or later as Tamerlane was bound to frustrate general civilian who had intentions of retracting his

city of Corinto, the harbor town, and the story of this most famous and bloody contest beginning early in April and ending in a dreadful and fearful result far too long for any written description to be given here fully. However, the fierce assaults of the enemy had to continue up to September before the complete defeat of the Christian army under General Aguilar and the closing of the mouth of the harbor of the town by a line of glandelinian warships, torpedo boat destroyers, floating batteries on rafts, and blockade runners, with the concentration of tremendous batteries on shore, was not only to prevent the escape of the Christian fleet, but to shell the city from all quarters. Then a most terrible engagement occurred in which the one hundred and fifty Christian ships of all sorts remaining were reduced to fifty one, and the sailors and soldiers their spirits broken, were all renounce of the hope to cut their way through the red line, in which it had been attempted, and the survivors attempted to be ordered to land and save their way through the wooded shores. However the expedition was a waste and hopeless one. The Christian army too on the shore was four million four hundred thousand strong, largely destitute of food provisions, and many of the soldiers would or ill, were it was sure destined to ill fate. Put off in their march, and surrounded by superior forces, they fought still only four hundred remained and these through a miraculous intervention from heaven, managed to be spared whether they surrendered or not. The wretched state of the inhabitants of the fallen town were treated with the most inhuman and shameful cruelty by the glandelinian victors. Also near the captured city were many deep and large stone quarries and coal and asphalt mines into which the greater part of the Christian women and children were lowered, and were left confined there lying upon one or another without the least protection afforded them or any convenience whatever. For them all escape was impossible as even though any one could have climbed up the edges were closely guarded by hundreds of sentries, and each for food only received a daily ration of one pint of canned goods, and half a pint of not too clean water not half enough to save them from hunger and thirst while they were daily taunted with the cries of the populace of glandelinian soldiery on them from above. Many of the captives thus confined speedily died, the captives were not allowed the time of removing the dead, or corpses. In this terrible prison they remained for days, when all the children of the surviving parents were torn away and sold for slaves, that because of the rest these reports were not able to tell. As regards the Christian armies holding the neighbor town of St. Teresa it was so weakened by this disaster that it fell before the assault of the foe who drove a blinding storm of shells and shrapnel into the faces of the routed Christian armies with their thundering batteries.

Another wonderful siege maintained by the enemy beginning late in 1912 and ending in July 1913 was the siege of Warner Junction. The story of this siege could have been famous for the aid given to the beleaguered by the great number of Christian and the assistance in the defense of the city. During the height of the siege by the glandelinians under a portion of Physicians army, directed by General Blackbrook, these celebrated engineers and scientists almost or did without the patience of the glandelinian army, they used their very ingenuity of defense and not aggression. They even constructed a terrible number of great machine batteries for blowing to pieces the glandelinian positions, and some fortifications, and ships, and setting fire to the glandelinian fleet, by the aid of long range gas hurling mortars, and gas explosive shells, and forming deep underground a long passage of tunnels so that secretly Christian provisions could be brought and reinforcements and ammunition. Had the foe captured this city the glandelinians would have burned and pillaged, massacred its inhabitants, and left it a mass of ruins. The siege however was unsuccessful for some forty miles, for a great Christian army soon reached the scene, and in the frightful ten days battle of Warner Junction the glandelinian army was completely routed, and only a single saved Blackbrook from capture as he was severely wounded. During this theatre of war the present disasters were confined to the northeast sections of Glandelinia, and Warner Junction remained unharmed. A part of the city of Andean Outhier was destroyed during the siege in the month of June 1912, by an explosive shell fire, and the month later was again severely shelled, and threatened with utter destruction by fire and flood but these upon it by the enemy in launching a levee of the river Raminie. The enemy finally was driven off, but it was again besieged in May 1913 and the story of this violation and the efforts of the Christians to stop the ravages were so long to detail but this siege accompanied by shell fire, conflagration, gas, smoke, and explosions almost destroyed the city, while its defenders for twenty one days were subjected and forced to defend themselves against the fiercest onslaughts of the glandelinian infantry. On this occasion the harbor was choked by the wreckage of ships and by the explosions, and though the siege was raised because of Christian armies approaching from Verdelin, when the harbor is still a safe place for a while to improve it in being, called at a great expense, but this could have been against the fierce action of the enemy and is one of the handiwork and that cities along the Glandelinian coast.

At the end of the one city went through a repeated horror before the enemy and before the Christians too that smashed all records, beginning April 1912 and ending September 30th 1913.

This city was St. Pierre Glandelinia. Before the enemy came up under one of the Purgarians, it was in a flour flourishing condition, but it met with a sad reverse at the hands of the Glandelinian "Lion" who captured it, without a battle as the Christian army was there to defend it, removed all the inhabitants and sent them as prisoners to Glandelinia, and captured the city, soldiers changing its name to "Black Flag town". This change did not last long, several ships were led by a Christian army from the southwest, in possession of the city, and captured one third of the enemy, and restored its name of St. Pierre. It yet had other misfortunes throughout that long space of time. It was again seized by the Glandelinians under Nicholas, regained and later again in possession of the Glandelinians under Cicero who plundered the city of its Christian military property, sold its inhabitants as slaves, slaying the parents, and planted there a battery of impregnable cannons. Strange to say, it again was recaptured, and under the Christianarrison it was about to regain its old importance in a short time, but after it suffered so severely from a storm that it had to be repaired, later Glandelinian armies under Gotha plundered it, it was sacked, and was again conquered from them by the Christians, was again saved by the enemy during a siege, and was several times besieged by the Christians themselves early in 1913. Despite all the disasters from the war which this city has suffered it still survived and the enemy had not tolerated it since.

Another town which suffered similarly was Timoleon, when a glandelinian army whose leader was not named in the report seized the place and pressed the population into a reign of terror. Then the Christian armies three months later captured it, but a month later the foe again were in possession and because they too again could not hold it destroyed it so utterly during their retreat that it had to be entirely rebuilt. This was to be done by general Monogis who drove out the glandelinian foe. The fierce struggle that followed before the recapture of the city by Monogis led to an appeal to the Glandelinian authorities for aid which was promptly responded to. In this way this town too was concerned in the origin of the long and desperate conflicts between the two great warring armies. At the close of this struggle the general was in progress for two months in the rebuilding of the ruins when again of a great struggle the enemy was again in possession, and remained so till January 1912. Even then it did not escape the ravages of the bloody war, during the struggles that followed the death of the Christian general Julius Caesar, and which general Menzina came into his command the Christian armies were beaten, and again it was captured and sacked by the glandelinian troops. This showed the enemy was showing his power pretty soon by invading Angeline Vine State rapidly gaining control of vast territories. Menzina Junction fell into the possession of a Glandelinian army and was held by them for more than two months, when a Christian army came to dispute dispute the foe's dominion, and the city fell to the Christians.

Therefore a came to it again however when a glandelinian army came there again and held it for six months, but again things turned when a portion of the Glandelinian army perished before the Christian besiegers and who sacked it through and through of glandelinian provisions. Again it was under the control of the Christians. After a month of Christian occupation the Glandelinians under general Franchise Penchle occupied it and held it for two months, when the inhabitants from the cruel treatments of the foe rose and drove the invaders absolutely from the land. The Glandelinians came and in the series of bloody battles that followed besieged the city, but the people boldly and fiercely defended their city, and for once in its history repelled an invading army. The foe again had it. The town never recovered fully from this disaster. The people also about forty thousand died of a plague and the town was destroyed by an explosion, and great damage was done by shell fire of the foe besiegers. The shell fire destroyed sixteen thousand women and children, and explosions in July and August also caused loss of life and property. Then it was occupied by the enemy, and still is in his possession. These cities are most fortunate for the most part had been out of the path of floods, or explosions, though the forest fires resultant upon the wars upheaval has made Franchise Penchle as hard as the rest. Here the destruction had been almost as wide spread as other ruined cities, although the city is far smaller than El Verde, La Polona and other towns. Many cities in Angeline Vine State have suffered much from the ravages of the fearful war. The Glandelinians under general Max, Syrac captured it in June 1912, and in July a Christian army made a fierce onslaught upon it and was repelled, and this was the result of a most protracted struggle, ending in the complete destruction, and the capture of the temple of the Glandelinian army, and the liberation of many child slaves held by the enemy. It was restored

"It sure is an awful situation for our country of California, Angelina Province, and other part," said Haddcliffe after there was a moment's lence.

"It is not alone the disaster of this flood, or at least the explanation, but the floodhorror itself was even complicated by the disaster we call the Red Plague, a profound ocean of the fires we now have seen as much either close or at a distance have seen the fire come forward even as if they were huge billows of ocean water, and this is the whole destruction of all our entire forests will soon be due. It's just as if there was a terrible eruption of fire from the bottom pit, and so far since last September a year from now it has covered over hundreds of miles of forested territory which is one of the greatest forest fire disasters in all histories of forest fires, but preliminary to its description I have had some experiences with forest fire disasters that any of you might be interested in."

"I have heard of many examples on record," said Gertrude.

"Yes, Violet, and her sisters have had thrilling escapes, one of which that of the great forest fire that overtook Cedronine Territory after the battle or after their rescue from Augustus St. Claire, which too was the most destructive to human life, while the flames which burned up most of the cities of Collier and Standlinburg and trapped and destroyed so many of their inhabitants was seen even on low level ground one hundred and fifty miles distant west. In other cases cities one hundred and eighty miles away have felt heat waves that drove the temperature to such a rise as to cause a general exodus of those places. This heat effect is common during these blazes it is feeling in some cases the same as heat waves in midsummer but far more intense than the hottest day in Africa."

"I was on a ship not far from Logan last when the explosions came," said Jane Helford. "The ship I was on was so violently disturbed that the masts and ropes were broken while the water was still, there was no blow on the bottom of the ship, though it did feel as if the ship was grounding, and there was too about twenty one jerks on the cable. Even cannon had been hurled up and down on the deck by these sudden vibrations. Yet there was no disturbance on the water Gertrude, that would show any signs of earthquakes...2.2.2.2."

"I don't believe I could fear the fires as much as the effects of the flood," said Haddcliffe. "In some cases this flood that has caused so much country has seemed to have proceeded the explosions, as it has at Abilene. It was predicted that at the city of St. Thomas Ten miles north of Abilene the water came across land like a huge tidal wave, and the wall of advancing flood was so high at its front as to literally lift half of the town of buildings, live ships and hurl them high and dry upon the adjoining highlands. I've heard too that hundreds of wooden buildings of the town of Boston was swept upon the sides of some hills by the violence of the rushing waters that partly swept away and inundated Mildred Greenburg. At regard the Delight's Junction horror the flood ran from thirty five to sixty feet high and created havoc in the Christian lines belonging to Vivian McWay."

"Well," said Gladys Wentworth "with this view on the subject, whether you may believe me or not I will describe the phenomena I observed when I saw the flood coming toward Infanta Maria."

"Infanta Maria," said Gertrude.

"Yes indeed. About it seems an hour after daylight (six o'clock in the morning it happened there readers) when I was the flood came rushing on. I was on a high elevation at the time which really saved me and my parents. It must have been about half past six or so in the morning when my father called to me saying that the river gorges seemed strangely agitated as if its northerly course was being changed suddenly to south, the current being in peculiar motion too and pushing forward the boats or capturing them. Other craft at the wharf of the city were treated the same way and I believed there was a storm coming with terrible winds as the ships appeared bobbing about as if they were bits of wood in a tempest. I was with were startled and surprised to see the river assume enormous proportions the such as I never saw before, and with a roar one of its levees burst, and elsewhere the river rose so high it topped the levees and fell on over in water falls. I then heard a strange booming and hissing sound, from the direction of the northeast, and my father suddenly gasped out "Good Heavens Gladys! Wife come here quick! See that! What in the world is happening. Has the ocean come over the land or what?"

"What did you think it was Gladys?"

"I knew we were too far away from the sea shore to have a tidal wave, and because the water did not come from the direction of the sea, however the flood at the front the enormous volume of water did look like a tidal wave of the most enormous proportions, but it seemed to extend in a very straight line from east to west and it rolled like a sea wave, and it was sweeping across the land, mounting low foot hills and carrying all before it. The waters in roaring, foam came rushing, and I saw too and scores of big ships were swept to pieces at once, and I saw one big boat part her anchors and go careening and crashing into other vessels before the flood."

A small town north of Infanta Maria slipped out as I say it swallowed up in the rising flood that roared around it whirled in fashion, and the oncoming flood arriving a swirling land and covered with masses of wreckage which was carried along with it and up a huge roaring cloud of spray.

"No over all of the accounts of this flood she had not been able to relate except no more come on a high elevation as I said. At Zoe Town south of Infanta Maria the story of the flood had been most terrific. At this spot the flood had swept forward and then the front extended a mile or so. The water advanced in front seemingly, with the appearance of a sea wave, and swept the town or half of it to pieces, and at the highest places of the town the flood waters had rushed for large through the streets to a depth of twenty feet. Nevertheless she continued."

"I watched the progress of the flood toward Infanta Maria and this next offering might had be transfixed for quite a spell. The flood grew as it approached still it seemed as high as the signal corner near the city. It obliterated the river and crossed the river ships about like townships of trees either turning them bottom upward or tearing them on their beams ends and a lifting them along with the current. It came toward the city with the same velocity but it seemed as if it were to be before it swept over the signal tower, leaving the building as if it was made of paper and it came on and the river front was then came a head of the river's front caused the flood to form into a huge long wave thirty two feet high, and the water then seemed to be held and form the opposing sides and gathered as if it intended it to obliterate the city and the land."

"It put out many of the fires then falling in the ruins. So violent was the flood that it seemed as if a big wind was coming on. The waters then rushed itself upon the city and all the adjoining land, and as the flood advanced everything everything was swallowed in the torrent. The house of mine own trembled with the shock of the impact. It seemed to me as if two strange men, one of water and the second of land was falling, the first falling most fearfully, the one as if the other and as if the land was coming in and the whole city into the air. The flood rushed at out hill, and rebounding hurled a terrible cloud of spray upon us from the shock."

"Part of our house was injured by the concussion produced by the flood. I can say the city of Infanta Maria surely suffered frightfully, but it was not really harmed any by the flood as many had reported, but nevertheless the deluge rolled in a mighty roaring stretch of water and swallowed it. The force of the flood destroyed the levees of the Zoe Lake Run and of the lake river too and I don't believe a single soul escaped out of the whole population. I even doubt if this day if any one ever saw their eyes at the lower part of the city which for month a was under the deepest water, and I believe is still flooded. The water didn't recede for over a month from even the highest parts of that city. The lower part of the city rapidly settled because of the weight of water upon it and even now to this day it is feared that it may drop into the river. Fortunately Gertrude, the disaster never did prove to be so complete as others have stated but never a nevertheless it was terrific and soul harrowing."

"The worst part was flooded to a depth of thirty feet, some of the levees along the river front were swept from their foundations and carried along with the flood. All the railroads entering and leaving the city that is the many railroad lines were destroyed. Someone told me a sort of hurricane or windstorm added to the terror of the flood. I heard that the middle region between St. Jean and St. Michael not far from Infanta Maria was blown swept entirely away, and that even to this day Delight's Junction is still flooded. Reports told that the river front of Delight's Junction had been completely swept away, Sunbeam River is still obliterated and a raging sea, and what is to be left of the river harbor of the town is filled with the wrecked parts of vessels of every sort and that because of the vast horrors which in that locality it is impossible to approach Delight's Junction by water or land."

"Very little detail came over here from Delight's Junction," said Gertrude. "Generally, nevertheless as far as I understand, with the horrible course of the flood, the mass coming of thousands of boats, the crashing of ships, the sweeping away of three quarters of the town, the flood had become even more horrible than I had feared. The land was covered with debris of every description, loaded with human bodies and that of animals. Reports as far as the town was danger came that the landscape was greatly altered because of the concussion of the flood, while all of the magnificent houses of the city of Delight's Junction had been destroyed or flooded. I also heard that the town of Delight's Junction, the flood swept away five hundred boats, and sank a thousand and did great damage to large vessels and river steamboats. At Delight's Junction they say a large steamer moored at one of the wharves seemed suddenly to be thrown up, upon up into the air by the

when violence of the flood rush...reports said it landed on top of one of the lower houses on the west of the wharve and the left hanging there all night by the receding water. A bar of water 1 1/2 in. in the river harbor ran down into the street. Many others were said to have foundered. Many railroads were said to have been washed out by the flood, and all the leading fortifications at Vivian Wiley was washed and the buildings could not be saved. The square in the city of Birmingham collapsed and sank because of the weight of water on it."

"What was the worst horror of the disaster?" asked one. "I believe when fire followed it," said another. "I understand, following, the explosion consequences at the places not touched much by flood, as in the case of the overthrow of Francis Anna which was not flooded fire and great conflagrations started in all quarters of many of the cities not touched by the inundation and had threatened to finish the work of ruin when the strange consequences had begun. Even in cities that had been flooded, and when torrential rains in those localities delayed the streets, and fierce thunderstorms raised the flames were said to have eaten through the roof. In many towns and cities with the alive effect that great numbers of those buried beneath the ruins and or injured, died a most terrible death from the devouring flames."

"Could I couldn't do one stop the flames?"

"No. Water pipes were all destroyed, and therefore no matter who made the effort by other means no one could stop the fire, while in many cities and towns the gas pipes went off the strange unusual started the centers of the conflagration, adding hundreds of small fires to the general destruction. The soldiers and what were left of the survivors bent every desperate effort to stop the flames in Mildred Greenburg, but had no effect as they were of the fact that there was no water, and by the explosions of gas, the extinguishing of the great fires there proved to them a most difficult business, and on one passed before it had been accomplished. Glandelinian prisoners brought there were made to help and lend their aid in the fight against the flames but the fires had continued to burn in some quarters still there was nothing left to burn. The torrential rains accompanying terrible thunderstorms while adding to the results of the flood helped in the fight against the conflagration and therefore had prevented the horror from being as destructive as it otherwise might have been. Many scenes of horror were declared to have been witnessed on board a rescue vessel coming down the flooded river running past the city, and the captain and said that the gloom of night settled down upon Mildred Greenburg, the conflagration that were destroying what remained of the doomed city was easily visible the sky being as red as a blacksmith's hammer and only a few scales of a house or so here and there could be seen upright in the gloom (conflagration) and as that ship moved onward it was seen by those on board that many once lively villages and towns on the neighboring shores of the river had been completely wiped out or obliterated or were nothing more than heaps of shapeless ruins with occasional flames showing themselves and revealing where the houses and once stood."

"Somebody said 'Mildred Jane' that there were no vandals in these cities on this occasion."

"There weren't! Who ever wrote or stated that was loony. Of course the Vandals were Glandelinians, and they came for a time were able to show that they had the advantage of the situation and defied the restraint of the city citizens law, and the soldier powers, and began a career of looting and outrage which almost was gone in since the war disasters started. The latest historical instance of this terrible horror of vandalism was in the Sicilia horror. There however it was put to an end as soon as possible by the stern and almost ruthless hand of the powers of order, but these series of similar events after the Apollon horror was far far worse."

"But where did all those vandals come...from?!"

"I couldn't tell the details as of other cities," said Gertrude. "At I myself witnessed Vandalism in Francis Atlanta. The prison there collapsed at the first concussion. The prisoners numbered nearly fifteen hundred all Glandelinian prisoners of war, about whom three hundred were killed, but the survivors made their escape through fire and debris and started sacking the city. There too was a confusion going on, and such efforts to combat fires that the Glandelinian 'war veterans' met with no opposition. The local officer in charge of the city's soldier home guard in a dead under the war wreck of his own home. Everywhere should the flames fire in the night bloom was rising even their very lives amid the tottering ruins shamelessly striving to profit by the disaster to obtain articles and things which their generals could see to carry on the war against our country. They even robbed the dead and dying and acquired even possessions which they themselves had no means of procuring or conveying away."

"How did the northern army to carry on, didn't they do it for their own interests as usually thieves in other countries do or did they do it for the sake of their own 'hated' Glandelo?"

"No they did it for the interest of their country's cause and to have America united with which to carry on the war. These Glandelinian vandals in Francis Atlanta pillaged the ruins of shattered buildings, and even stole all sorts of clothing, food, and valuables from the buildings, and over removed clothing from the corpses of the victims and a great many of them to be used. They were not even hindered by the flames that raged in several sections of the city, but had the advantage of the glare and reflection, for their military vandalism therefore many a day and night in Francis Atlanta was one of horror indescribable, flood, fire, robbery, death and dying in every side, the city in the utmost confusion, and the people full of panic, and under a spell of terror and apathy."

"Didn't no one try to stop this horror from the vandals?"

"Yes and it resulted in bloody fights. Severe measures were at once, effected with the purpose of stop this terrible vandalism, the citizens who survived the disaster, and all soldiers who could get there being ordered to stop the Glandelinian looting on sight, but nevertheless the wild hope for gain for the purpose of getting spoils and provisions for their country's cause led them to defy and resist the authorities, fierce fights all of them in all for both sides, so occurring everywhere in the city. Thus it was reported that at one spot in the city six hundred and seven Abbeinnian soldiers had been shot or butchered by Vandals while trying to prevent their nefarious military robbery. On the other hand a foreigner himself was said to have shot one of the Glandelinian thieves upon whom were found valuables estimated to be worth \$27,561,689 and 10¢."

"No longer did the terrible scene of Glandelinian vandalism continue?"

"For two months so the reports said. For those two months the Glandelinian vandals had the upper hand, the scum of the Glandelinian military being in full control and defiantly flying their very Glandelinian flag above some of the ruins and dead and dying and even rescuers and soldiers, citizens and the Charity and Relief Committees, and priests all being victims of their merciless depredations or fury, and they insulted nurses and ripped the clothes and head coverings from the hands and sisters and heaped the dirtiest insults upon them, while these good women were at their toll of mercy among the injured and homeless. One Glandelinian vandal was shot by some one claimed to have been an American while the Glandelinian was trying to tear the ring from the finger of a dying woman, and about a hundred and fifty others were slain in the midst of their work. They being soldier of course and used to war and deeds of any sort of bravery were even defiant enough to every time engage in pitched battles with soldiers, citizens and custom officials, and often won out in the fights, and only after the arrival of a great army of troops that surrounded the city and worked their way through the ruins everywhere, did the authorities of Francis Atlanta gain the upper hand and end this reign of terror. Things the vandals did couldn't be written in a volume. Little wounded children found in the debris, the Glandelinians and murdered instead of reaching them, it was necessary for everyone soldiers and citizens to proclaim martial law as there was no other means of dealing effectively with the Glandelinian pillagers, one who was a captain and who was captured being found in possession of all sorts of rings and diamonds and other articles worth \$20,000,000...."

"I didn't believe the Glandelinians could be so down right bad...."

"Maybe you didn't Glady's but you'll learn soon. It was several months however however even with the arrival of the soldiers before the reign of terror could be checked, it being finally accomplished by the efforts of General Wise who was known as Richmond Halsted in command of the troops sent to preserve order...." said Gertrude. "I got his story as he told it to me of the work he had to perform when he came. I wrote it down in my little diary. I wonder if I have it with me?"

she searched through her waist pockets for several moments and found the key fortunately. The others about fifteen boys and girls crowded round her as she sat down on a small portion of a wall. Then she read for them all:

"What especially preoccupied me since the disaster is the usual manner of dreadful robberies since the first day of the disaster. I have heard of banditry in many countries by robbers, burglars and so on but saw nothing or heard of nothing to compare to this. Hundreds of natives and foreign persons pouring into the devastated districts searching among the ruins for bodies, or to help in the rescue of the injured and homeless were set upon by these Glandelinian military malefactors and robbed or murdered. The dead and injured have been found ~~any~~ with fingers cut off to remove rings and with ears torn to remove ear pendants. Countless signs of vandalism have been discovered in half ruined houses which these Glandelinians penetrated during those two months of general fright, battles and disorder. The other night after I arrived a group of peasants who wanted to enter Francis Atlanta for evident motives of rescue, or to find bodies or the injured of their loved ones, or to find out if they had escaped were fired on by these vandals and ~~one~~ one was wounded seriously. They were armed however and we repulsed the fire slaying three vandals and wounding ten, and yet every day since the state of horrible siege by the vandals until I came with my troops the reign of terror continued. I believed the city with the help of the surviving men and good women citizens and home guards, which I maintained vigorously, the military tribunals distributing the gravest penalties to all persons caught with any suspicious goods and valuables on them.

All the severity of the military was put against them and against all those in whose possession were found objects of value of which they could give no satisfactory account. And in order for me to clear the city of these gray coated military criminals my programme is to allow no one to enter the city except those whose interests make it absolutely absolutely necessary and to them I shall give a strong escort of soldiers to guard against any harm to public or private property. The city too will be emptied as much as possible of the women and children inhabitants not able to defend themselves and have them set to places of safety and to capture or destroy all Glandelinian vandals who obstruct the efforts of the authorities. The Glandelinians will be all made prisoners and shot if anything is found on them while I will try to persuade all defenseless inhabitants to go to the cities or to be not in the danger zone or to construct huts in the hills outside the city."

"Nevertheless" continued Gertrude "despite even all his efforts however, as he wrote to me when I was at Angelina Apatia the looters in places continued their dreadful deed, the bullets of the christian soldiers or citizens not stopping them and even soldiers were set upon and robbed. And even after the rigid enforcement of martial law in Francis Atlanta complete devilment and anarchy prevailed in the outlying regions, as it left without police or military guard, and it seemed as if the whole city was possessed by devils. I also remember one great fire that broke out. That fire while all fires seemed apparently to have been extinguished, was probably lying latent under the ruins, for one day there came a disaster almost dark and furred by this and on the night of June the last they broke out again in the following day in a most furious blaze that reached such formidable proportions before it could be checked that it seemed as a volcanic eruption as came forth in that part of the city. It started near the remains of the Holy Name Cathedral and during the afternoon spread over a very large district making its way toward the heart of the city. The remains of the city walls fell in and a great fire, the conflagration an or out of burning, found its way into the smoke, and existing the terrible fear that the still living were being ~~robed~~ alive. A large section of the unharmed buildings fell in a wing the progress of the big fire, the absence of water and the abundance of open places to stop the progress of the flames rendering the efforts of the fire fighters almost slight to make it later in the evening forunately a terrific thunderstorm came up and it rained such blinding torrents for three hours that the fire went out. The mayor of the city had a narrow escape from being caught under a

falling wall while helping in the rescue. When the rain at length stopped the fire an enormous gap had been opened and the rains in that part of the city, ~~which~~

However ever since the time the disaster had begun no one could tell rightly even now the horrors and the sufferings of the many refugees. At or during June the first onset of the fearful concussion disasters was one of stupefaction and for many, insanity. The disaster both of the concussion and flood had come so suddenly, and without warning during that fatal midnight and early morning arousing millions violently from profound slumber to a terrifying vision of sudden death, their houses swaying as if they were cradles beneath them, ceilings and floors falling as if there was an earth convulsion, walls being precipitated into the streets, furniture hurled in every direction numbers of those who even who were not flung to immediate death screaming in mortal terror and groaning in pain. After the recessions of the dreadful floods from most of the cities, starved, still bleeding from injuries and almost insane or insane from their many days of horror, of being murdered and of other terrifying experiences, the survivors of these towns and cities had fled wildly in every direction, terrified still more by the savage fury of the Glandelinian howls, fearful rainstorms and also from the advance of whole Glandelinian armies that threatened their safety.

The spectacle presented even thirty days after the recession of the flood, even two months after as most terrifying. The tumbled buildings in one city alone not counting the others had destroyed and mangled many thousands, while hundreds of the injured imprisoned in the debris had been drowned by the floods, and no one could have reached them. One of those who escaped said; when being questioned; "Was there an earthquake?"

"No there couldn't have been though the buildings fell so suddenly."

"Did the earth suddenly drop and turn violently on its axis?"

"No. There was a sudden bumping vibration, as if our city was on a table and the table was hit by a heavy weight suddenly and violently but no other concussions. The whole population neither was not precipitated from the houses nor spun round as if tops as we ran through the streets. We felt nothing air, but yet the buildings vibrated, jumped and crashed in, many of us fell crushed to death and others bewildered had tried to find refuge for breath beside walls that seemed to withstand the strange vibrations, but they soon at other concussions met the same fate as of their companions."

What had caused the loss of life to have been beyond estimation was because in many of the ruined towns in the path of the flood, many of the fugitives and the victims too had been imprisoned in their wrecked houses.

The tumbled heaps of refuse making even for all fugitive fugitives escape impossible, and when the floods came they perished without any one being able to lend them a helping hand. And what aggravated the horrible disaster was that because of the frightful extent and fury of the raging forest fires in other sections of Glandelina darkness continued for months to lay over all, there being for many hundreds of miles no such thing as even day, and fearing to move when the crash did come for fear of bringing down death upon their heads many waited in trembling terror for the coming of the light of day in vain. They were then by the aid of the lights of fires been able to find their way out often with terrifying peril, and a floodlike clamoring up inclined floors covered with debris and hanging dangerously loose, until the streets were reached. They had been forced even to leave behind them plauding and weeping victims and dearest friends and loved ones so deeply buried in the rubbish that it was impossible to give them succor. And half of the number that had managed to escape were more or less badly injured, and for the countless living unfortunate indeed, indeed, who could not get out from the debris that held them fast, a dreadful death by slow and lingering either from the creeping tongue of flames that shot in blood red lines upward from the mounds of places and threatened to destroy everything or drowned in the raging floods that soon prevailed, though I can also add another deadly peril, and that was from the dangerous reckless and

yet merciless vandals. For days and days after the dreadful floods had subsided from these cities, the streets had been terrible scenes. Walls still crumbling down at intervals, people still were dared to remain underfoot in absolute distraction or acting as if possessed, many of them utterly frenzied, silly, or cynical from the torrents of terror grief and exposure, and among the countless hundreds of the mounds of their fleeing in still wild terror from forest fires that menaced them or avoiding floods in the open country, there were even there by Glandelinian vandals by thousands who would rob them, hundreds of thousands more gathered along the muddy beaches

presentation of human peril and half insane insane terror. Gertrude and her followers went on exploring the ruins of Etheldreda one of the victim cities, and then she herself said:

"I was at Abbeinn when the disaster occurred."

"So was I," said Angelina Pichee.

"Was you there Madeliff?" asked Gladys.

"I sure was," she answered. "I sure had a terrible experience and got laid up."

"What happened there?"

"I was in northern Abbeinn, and after my experience I was in a badly wounded condition. Indeed 'Infernal' is the only word that could absolutely describe the fearful and terrifying scene which I witnessed."

"Tell us something of it will you?" asked Joy.

"Well when the first strange convulsion came the whole city was fast asleep. I will confess though before I went to bed that night I had stayed up till half past ten watching a terrific red glow in the southern horizon of which I could not account for. I was not asleep even at midnight as the day had been rather hot, and the night was close. I had got up to get me a drink of water, when I heard a noise as if two enormous cannons had been fired off somewhere, at that second time the house swayed, the windows banged and rattled, and crockery and glass crashed to the floor. Curtains of the window blew outward and then inward and then all was over."

"Is that all that happened?" kind of judding.

"No, impatient, wait till I get to the point. Well as nothing more happened and all was still again I first glanced out the window believing something must have exploded somewhere, and then went to bed. I had not lain there two minutes when there came a terrific booming crash as if it was an awful bang of thunder overheard, and I was at that instant thrown violently out of my bed to the floor by the bed absolutely absolutely, would you believe it being turned bottom upward. The whole ceiling simultaneously crashed to the floor, and a roar told me the upper portion of the house must have fallen to ruin. I was stunned, and half scared, and yet realized the only thing I must do was to get out of doors while the getting was good. I did so just as more violent 'booms' came and the city was clouded in mortar dust, and the streets were filled with survivors, everybody having rushed out in their night clothes heedless of the debris falling on all sides. As the strange crashes continued terrified screams and shrieks and yells of terror mingled with prayers arose from all sides, and we heard heartrending appeals for help from the unfortunates held beneath the ruins but I couldn't see a thing the atoms atmosphere was white with dust."

"Walls were still tottering all around us, though the 'Booms' had stopped and not one of my party expected to escape alive. Strange materials was falling upon us literally from the sky and a great cloud of ill smelling sulphurous smoke from some unknown source soon enveloped us in darkness. There were some terrified girls and boys with me and in a frenzy of terror we grouped our way through the streets holding our own against the panicky people clambering over piles of ruins until we finally reached a place of comparative safety. This was not done until I had been hurled down and badly injured by some thing that literally fell upon me from the sky."

"Where did you believe that came from?"

"I could even think then. However all along the street were we were jostled by many scores of fleeing people half clad as ourselves. The houses still were crashes crashing down in whatever direction we turned."

"Could you Madeliff recollect what time it must have been when the flood came upon the city of Abbeinn?" was Gertrude's question.

"Not by the hour I couldn't but it seemed to be exactly the time for sunrise. I did see that the levee of the huge body of water the city faces had burst, and the lower parts of the city had been under water a little after the disaster. But this started to recede before the flood came. The flood never came to where we were, but poured into the lower western part of the city as if it were an advancing flood from the Ocean trying to roll over the land. It seemed to me then that this must be the end of all. The oncoming water rolled in a huge sea stretching across the land and over it as far as eye could see and covered with debris, accompanied by a terrific roar. I was there for four days after trying to find a means to escape the ruin without encountering the flood, and at night the horizon was aglow with the reflection of burning houses, and as if this was not enough I saw suddenly rise into the air a huge burst of flame followed by another crash that seemed to convulse the city and throw down many more buildings. That probably was the last of those explosions which cause we are trying to find out. Eventually I finally reached the principal square of upper Abbeinn. Here I believe were about twenty two or thirty three thousand utterly terrified people assembled. No one could find a thing to do for themselves. We waited in an agony of fear. Men and women prayed children too. Then I lost senses and

then did not remember anything more for a time. Later I was sorry I had left the house for I found most of it except the top floor had remained intact. When I came too I was lying on a straight square stone covered with all sorts of cloths. I still could hear the injured hollering from their awful tombs beneath the ruin, and from what I heard them conversing about around me horror had added upon horror, and an strange inky blackness had pressed upon us with here and there a flame shooting out from among the debris. Then we had the chance we found our way to the harbor where the flood had thrown the water fourteen feet above the level of the lowest streets of the high part of the city and torn every vessel adrift. The large harbor was full of debris cases, steamers and captured capsize and other craft. I saw four big steamers Ocean going which had been flung on the big quay. The British Consulate was found to be a mere dust heap. I located what had been a friends house, where some survivors were digging with their hands and had succeeded in breaking through the fallen masonry, beams and rafters and broken furniture. They rescued my friend, his father and mother and little sister and eighteen other persons. We found no trace of others in the same building and it was believed that all of them must have been crushed under the ruins of the three houses adjoining."

"I forgot to tell," said Jane but one of the Vivian Girl Princesses had some experience in the disaster themselves. They told me so. The stories they had told me are interesting while the house they were in did not fall it was severely convulsed and mind you and in Angelina Agathia at the time she had been there and so had her sisters on a short furlough taken themselves and she alone happened to be awake at the moment of the concussion and was flung from her bed before she could even think of getting to her feet."

She hastily aroused her sisters and managed to get downstairs while after momentary pauses the concussions would continue with ever increasing violence. They as she told me had been delayed slightly in leaving by an injured friend, whom they were obliged to drag and half carry with them. The last and worst concussion which paroxysm was seemingly in the air as they reached the street, and to this delay they probably owed their eyes for they escaped the danger of falling masonry. She told me one hundred and ten thousands perished there. The house in which they had resided before going for their palace was almost at the corner of a large square and to that they hastened. There they stood in utter gloom of the night for nearly six hours listening to the death throes of the badly ruined city. I asked her what the effect was upon her and her sisters during those hours of such awful suspense and what they could do. She replied:

"We did nothing, in fact we could do nothing. We stood silent in the utter darkness of the night, dull dazed, half stupefied. I say it was no earthquake for there had been no concussion of the ground. I do not remember feeling any such emotions at such sorts of disasters in fact I was so used to all dreadful events that it was a drama to me I did not even feel the slightest slightest fear. Joy was scared however almost to fainting, some of my sisters were badly shaken and were ill for days afterwards and returned to the army as soon as we could win without even finishing our furlough. Yet I believe we all except Daisy Bailey and Hettie passed into a condition of submissive indifference. Hettie was the most shaken and she had been so frightened that she vomited blood, and for two days couldn't eat nothing, and yet with the slow coming of daylight, Jennie told me her faculties then were aroused. The gloom revealed little until actual sunrise, though she said it was the hour for sunrise, but there was none, and then she and her sisters helping one another strove to force their way through the lower part of the city for the palace, but found that region suddenly to have been all afire, and the lowest of all being covered by water which was speedily speedily arising. They found too as she told me to her astonishment and dismay that they were prisoners in the destroyed portions of Angelina Agathia. Every street leading from the square was piled twenty feet high with impassable ruins. They imagined then that they were alone the victims of this dreadful isolation, and hoped for the speedy coming of soldiers or relief parties. They had no suspicion of the truth until four hours later when they saw a priest a short distance down the street which was formerly St. Peters. They came up to him and requested of him what the situation was elsewhere."

"I thought Angelina Agathia wasn't ruined much?"

"That was the first reports," said Jane. "You understand Violet and her sisters are too righteous to even tell lies about disasters, and what I saw myself there, afterwards for I went there, to see, they couldn't exaggerate to even save their lives. I'll tell you what they didn't see. To me Angelina Agathia absolutely seemed to more. Even then though I came to see just to send reports to the nation on the disaster I failed to comprehend the nature and extent of the disaster but I with my followers I had Alfred and Jennie Turner and Walter Starring, and Violet and her sisters with me and we struggled over the debris toward the Aronburgs Run."

midnight hour he told them he had been roused from sleep by a tremendous roaring sound as of many buildings falling down. He stated he also felt himself falling, and he thought at first that he was in the grip of a fearful nightmare. He said it seemed to him as if he had awakened in hell for no sin at all for the air was filled with the most terrifying yells, cries, shrieks, and most doleful sounds mingled with a dreadful crashing thundering and hissing sound. He told them that he soon realized however, what was happening. His bed fell to the floor below killing some one underneath. That floor also gave way at once and thus the man and his bed came down from the seventh floor to the ground, always killing somebody beneath. There was one thing I saw myself worth repeating. Continued Jane. On the day after the strange concussions Violet, and her sisters after having recovered were themselves directing a party of rescuers and heard a faint cry of "St Peter save us. St Peter save us." Coming from deep down in a great pile of rubble. They thought it was the voice of some half insane victim or in a sort of delirium and the men began to dig and pry. They strove desperately for four hours, and finally reached a big cage of some sort containing what had once been a beautiful meow bird now bedraggled and covered with mortar dust, but still valuable and lively, and from the fright of its experience a little inclined to be vicious. The diggers, and even Violet and her sisters were so dimly dismayed and exasperated that Violet herself drew out the cage and one of her sisters suggested that they wring the worthless creature's head off for felling them in such dreadful times. But one of the men discovered that the removal of the cage uncovered a human hand. The hand was seen to move. The men fell to work with more vigor and presently they dragged from the dirt, dirt, three women, two children and a man. The doctors at the hospital said that all would recover. The animals at the city were equal sufferers with its human beings. Starvation was the fate of nearly all of them. Four days after Violet tried to rescue a small puppy dog on the top of a remaining six story wall whence he could not ascend, and the pitiful way in which he howled as she climbed up the rubbish beneath him was almost human. She couldn't get him however. His sister stood in front of a warehouse at the same time the interior which had fallen in, and she saw two dirty paws protruding at for half an inch through a small opening beneath and there came from within the most heart rending wails that a little cat's throat could utter. She had some liver in her canteen and she pushed half her lunch under the opening of that door. Then she and her sisters managed to by their own efforts force the door apart and rescued the poor half starved little cat. Violet and her sisters said that many of the survivors were not hardly able to help themselves. Jennie met a family consisting of father mother and five children standing practically with no clothes on in a small open square. The ruins were on fire.

"For the love of God little girls help us get out of this inferno," said the father of the family. "We are surrounded."

But to reach the unfortunate was utterly impossible, but Violet got rescuers to do it. Many persons were distracted. One old woman who had been released from the debris of her home did not realize she had been buried for four days. She had thought she had been entombed in a cave. One woman carried a valise in her hand and thought it was a small Blengiglomean creature. Another carried a cage full of canaries, and although they were chirping and hopping about inside the covering she persisted in telling the Princesses that they were little dogs in the cage, and she would not stand for any arguing about the subject and thought Violet, and her sisters were prize fighters going to carry her off from her husband. They even came upon the assistant Count of the city. The floor of his room had fallen and half conscious he was hurled into a mass of debris. His body was lodged in a niche in a wall and he was held by a heavy stone his face being covered by a rag that threatened to smother him. He managed to remove the rag with his teeth until he made an opening in the folds through which he could breathe freely. The man had lain in that position for eight hours expecting death at any moment. Violet, and her sisters had him rescued.

"What did Emperor Vivian do about the disaster? He wasn't in Angelinia Agathia then was he?" demanded Radli Radcliffe.

"No. Yet no sooner had the news of the disaster reach The Christian army in which he commanded and come to the ears of the great and righteous Emperor, than in consonance with his great record in preceding calamities of the terrible war he left the army in command of one of his generals and made haste to proceed at once to Angelinia Agathia and other parts of the disaster zone and to do all in his power to further the toll of rescue, investigate the cause of the disaster, and ordered a special fast boat to be made ready to take him as near as possible to the scene of the disaster. From this point he designed to make use of any means of water transport capable of conveying him to any of the ruined places."

"Did he go alone?" asked Gertrude.

"No he did not go alone, however. His wife Empress Vivian on hearing of his decision, resolved to accompany him saying that she would not give up her own privilege of sharing her all her husband's dangers for the cause. For all the enemy did, she claimed was done direct to her husband and to her. In consequence the Emperor and Empress left the Christian army together on their errand of mercy and investigation shortly after one o'clock of the 18th of June. A number of Abbeinnian Ministers, Senators, and Deputies, and the President of the State of Angelinia vine together with the Mayor of Pandora accompanied them at the time they left Violet, and her sisters had returned to the army. Ambassador Handon was the only foreign diplomat to learn of the departure of the Abbeinnian King and Queen.

He hurried to the Christian army stationed at Marie Gornum and offered them their Majesty's condolences in the name of the English Nation saying that all other disasters the world had known of made it possible for all Christian nations to realize what a calamity that had raged in Quiverinia meant. The King and Queen thanked the Ambassador warmly and asked him to convey their appreciation to the English Government and people. There had been a great crowd of soldiers at the boat station to see the Emperor and the Empress go. The women refugees cried, and said "God Bless you in your dangerous adventure as they bade farewell to the faithful Abbeinnian rulers. Among the persons however were a number of Abbeinnian Deputies one who had desired to say something effective and therefore exclaimed; "I hope the Presence of your Majesties will be able to control and cheer up the stricken population." However he had turned sharply upon the speaker and abruptly replied "What do you know what I'm going to do?"

"Where did he go first?" asked Gertrude.

"To His own city of course. He proceeded by boat down the flood the only way of navigation reaching Angelinia Agathia about six days later. They then at once made for the ruined city. The surviving people, women men and children wept from emotion and gratitude when they saw their Emperor and Empress come ashore to their ruined city. The women and children threw kisses to both rulers and both were practically carried up the pier in the arms of their subjects. Immense crowds of the terror stricken victims swarmed around the royal party, prostrating themselves in the mud and crying aloud for pity. This reception and the sad horrified sights around overcame her Majesty, who took sick and almost fainted. The presence of the Emperor and the sudden illness of the Queen acted indeed as a general inspiration, even the injured found fresh strength when they found out that their Emperor and His Queenly wife had arrived among them. Many terrible stories were told to His Majesty in connection with the toll of rescue. He was told that in many cases injured men and women could not escape out of reach of the crumbling walls, and faced dire perils until they could be moved to a safer place. His Majesty however lost little time in listening to the recital of horrors. He immediately joined a big rescue party, and while directing it, labored and toiled as hard as the others, putting on a pair of old overalls and not appearing as His Majesty at all. His first act indeed was to personally remove from the ruins as many persons injured or dead as he could discover."

"What about the poor queen?" said Radcliffe.

"Well she is a strong willed woman and it did not take long for her to recover from her faint faintness caused by the distressing sights on all sides, and she when she was well enough followed the example of her husband."

"What was the most she did?"

"Why she devoted all her attention principally to the little children and rescued with her own hands a little boy and girl four years old bleeding from many cuts and wounds, and carried them to the hospital where she nursed them till herself."

"Didn't they meet with any danger during all this time of their rescue work?"

"They sure did. Their rescue work was not without its greatest perils, and one day while the King was standing in one of the streets in Angelinia Agathia he ran the great risk of being buried on or under the ruins and falling walls of a wrecked building. It had crashed down just a half minute after he had left the spot. After his work of inspection in Angelinia Agathia, so I heard from Violet herself, he visited at great peril from flood, fire, wreck, and the enemy and vandals all the wrecked villages along the Aponburgs Run meeting everywhere flooded cities and towns and scenes of immeasurable desolation. He sought Dorothy Gale on the 21st proposing to make a similar inspection of wrecked villages and towns in that province but Dorothy Gale was unapproachable. He as Violet told me reached Patricia's but Dorothy Gale was unapproachable. He as Violet told me reached Patricia's early in the morning by boat, and in company with the Queen visited the scenes of the ruin and desolation and gave directions regarding the rescue work."

He tried to go further but the flood raging south of Patricia was impassable, and full of floating debris, and thanks to his superhuman strength he was able to save his life when six Glandelinian Vandals attacked him with the purpose of robbing him. Then embarking on a warcrusier which was to go by flood northward he sent the following wireless message to Count De Biff:

"I return from the city of Patricia which I found in a condition far worse than Angelinia Agathia. The Prefect of Patricia says that grave injury had been done to all the communes of his own province. A Abbeinnian warship taking chances with the perils of the inundation will arrive at Calverine this morning with five thousand wounded and everything must be prepared for their landing and housing. Another ship will carry wounded to St. Michael. It is desirable to provide at Calverine ships that can bring an abundance of medical supplies, and having the disaster investigated. The reports of how the concussions were, and of people hearing strange distant than thundering sounds, seems fishy to me. The disaster positively was not an earthquake. I'm suspicious and so are my helpers."

Emperor Vivian."

On a Saturday Violet told me the Emperor too the decisive action of putting into a new office a Mayor and chief engineer for the city of Dorothy Gale in place of those who had died in the ruins. The Emperor continued his own labors in both these big ruined cities, and the Empress in spite of his entreaties refused to return to Abbeinnia saying firmly that her post of duty at that dire time was among the sufferers. Nevertheless girls the presence of our great Emperor gave the most unusual impetus ever seen to the relief work as far as communications did not interrupt too much. At night he walked and labored for many hours amid the wreckage apparently not even having the thought of food or rest in his devotion to the needs of his good subjects. He did as much as the others in rescuing the unfortunate victims in the ruins."

"The Emperor and Empress of Italy's done the same in the great Messina earthquake," said Joy.

"God bless him for it, but our's was the same nevertheless. In one case he discovered a man, his wife, and three children held tightly under the ruins. Of the poor woman only her head and shoulders were visible. His Majesty summoned a rescue party, and while the men were at work he did his best to give the victim all the encouragement possible, and even from his own provisions gave the man and his wife and children food and drink."

"Did the Emperor ever catch any one taking pictures of the ruins?"

"Yes, confound them, and they were foreigners. Violet herself met several engaged in taking pictures of the sad scenes as she told me in Glinda city, and she had them arrested and run out of the province. Even poor Violet, and her sisters, one of them born on foreign soil, still had done their share, and the people could not but help worship them for their love and self devotion, and their unselfish service given by them, and remember no other children of such high lineage had ever done anything so much as they have to cause them to be so doubly dear to the nation. Their mother the Empress was as if she were them too and the devotion of all was particularly strengthened by them sometimes conveying little children in their carriages from the bare hospital to their royal palace at Angelinia Agathia which had a good deal after all survived the concussions. It was reported the poor queen did not appear at all well, she too was greatly exhausted, and the terrible scenes she had witnessed had affected her very strongly. Violet told me how often she that is her mother had wept, and that on more than one occasion she covered the hands of some unfortunate man, woman or child with her tears, and with her own hands she bound up their wounds using her own dress to make bandages when other bandages were not to be had. She also had given of her own worldly possessions, including the ring and other jewels from her fingers for their aid and relief."

"She sure was a good queen."

"She sure was," said Joy.

"What else did she and he do?"

"There was one time when she was hurt in her charity work," said Jane.

While she was engaged in one of the improvised hospitals the queen was injured as a result of the onset of a score or more of those devilish Vandals whom she surprised in their robbery of victims. Before they ran away at her approach one of them threw a big stone which caught her in the chest. The queen had fallen backwards. They saw her mouth became full of blood and this bleeding continued for some time. The Vandals were pursued by enraged citizens who shot every one down as if they were mad dogs... Yet the next day she still continued her dangerous toil as usual although every now and then her lips were reddened with blood. Toward the end of the month as the Princesses told me the Emperor and Empress because of the strange and preternatural progress of the war were compelled to return to their own respective stations but their efforts was not given up. Violet and her sisters when ever they have the time always do what they can in securing clothing for the refugees, food and so forth. Emperor Vivian has also done his share by placing three of his royal palaces at the disposition of those engaged in succoring the victims of Angelinia Agathia, Dorothy Gale and other cities. Indeed Gertrude the quick and warm response of these two royal persons to the needs of the suffering did much to endear them to their subjects. However the Emperor did pass a decree that none of the disaster should be ever found out by the armies, until the true cause is known."

"You say Jane that loss of life was so heavy at Angelinia Agathia?"

said Gertrude.

"Not me Gertrude Violet, and her sisters said so. But rescuers had started immediately after day had dawned following the disaster, and even then the hands of many rescuers were at their toil of mercy in the desolate streets. Violet, herself had told me that only a miserable fragment of the populace had escaped from their fallen houses in both Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale."

"Which cities were hit the hardest?"

"They seemed both hit just as bad," answered Jane. "Both were of equal population too and the loss of life was about the same. Of the remainder not counting the survivors Violet said that uncounted thousands either lay dead amid the ruins or were buried alive in the fallen horror, some of them visible before her eyes, others made themselves known only by their call for aid or some means of pain, and to save the latter was a duty of immediate and pressing importance."

"How many rescuers were at Angelinia Agathia?"

"Their number was not estimated, but strange to say Gertrude, would you believe it they were mostly foreigners?"

"Foreigners. See here you're giving me the flim flame Jane."

"I am not. If you don't believe me ask Violet, or her sisters."

"But what were foreigners doing down there?"

"Many ships lay in the harbor even at the time of the catastrophe and most of these ships had been foreign interred there by the fear of the enemy outside of this zone of comparative safety, and from these when their crews had recovered from the terrifying effects of the strange tidal wave on the big river produced by the concussions and which had lifted and flung their ships about as if they were cork's, the warm hearted foreign sailors landed and set to time in the beginning of the noble work of rescue. They were British, French, Russian and other ships all near at hand and these too had been rushed to the harbor of Angelinia Agathia or Dorothy Gale, and their sailors and passengers sent ashore where they had at once started in the perilous work of removing the wounded from the dreadful tottering ruins and conveying them to places of safety."

"Where were the larger number of rescued brought?" asked Gladys.

"A large number of the rescued," answered Jane, "were transferred to these and Christian ships, which as Violet said, who went aboard became great, floating hospitals."

"How many doctors and nurses did they get?"

"Not a single one!"

"Not a SINGLE ONE? Say Jane are you goofy?"

"I am sure am not. Doctors and nurses were either in the ruins in the desolate region or so many in the army that they couldn't be had."

"Gertrude and the rest looked at Jane straight for about a minute."

"What's the matter now?" she asked.

"I'm just wondering if you're not talking through your hat."

"I might be but I've not got a hat on. Of course I'm telling you just what I've heard from Violet, and her sisters. I saw very little of the disaster. The disaster is far more extensive, far more dreadful than you Gertrude or the rest of you here will ever hear of for months. Three hundred thousand was the total dead at Angelinia Agathia, and that many more at Glinda which was hardest hit. Also the same at Jessica."

"Well no let's not argue about it," said Madcliffe. "We haven't the time, but I believe it's true. Go on Jane. Let's hear more. But God help us if all you say is really true."

The British sailors and men began their work by saving a family of five who were imprisoned in St. Elizabeth's boarding house and school. They aided in removing a good many more mostly children who were pinned beneath the mass of debris.

"How about the Russians? What did they do?"

"A number of them were killed in their rescue work. Violet and her sisters helped there and had a narrow escape themselves, and saw the Russian. They came from the rescue ships of some Russian names I cannot pronounce and these crews were equally as prompt and efficient and showed such courage and reckless daring in their work among the unsafe ruins at Jassica as not only to win the highest praise on lip or every lip but about sixteen of them perished, and Violet and her sisters almost perished with them. I heard these words from Evans himself. You know how Violet and her sisters are. If they ever had any fear of anything then it must have been only of sin. They hesitate before no danger, and they had been seen helping soldiers and men to dig under tottering walls, or entering unsafe shells of buildings when begged to do so by some frantic woman who had not lost all hope that husband or child was still alive."

"They have done daring stunts that I'd go in the background to escape," said Gertrude. "They had me in terror once when I went out adventuring with them."

"Will you tell me about their narrow escape?" said Madcliffe. "Where did it happen?"

"In Angelina Agatha and within sight of their partially ruined palace. It was a part of the Palace wall. The incident happened the day when they reached there after hearing the news of the awful disaster. They followed a party of both Russian and French sailors and men and stood near a part of the Palace wall still standing precariously. A foot or two or less Evans said only remained of the fifth and sixth floors and upon these narrow ledges were a number of men, women and children crying desperately for help. There were no ladders, and rescue seemed impossible. What the men did not dare to do Violet, and her sisters using good presence of mind did. They did the most heroic thing of their very lives and no one could prevent them, while

Jennie too the foot being the strongest of her sisters, the others stood starting from her on each others shoulders against the outside of the wall and Daisy carrying a large pick, climbed over them and using her weapon as an ice pick drove it into the mortar high above her own head.

By this means that brave little sprite pulled herself up to a window sill, released her pick and used it again in the same way to gain a narrow and nearer window far above, almost fell three times, and finally reached the terror-stricken refugees about one hundred feet in the air. She then was able to encourage some men to come up in the same fashion, and the men lowered the refugees with a rope to his comrades below and then after Daisy came down by means of the rope slid down himself. The little party including Violet and her sisters assembled in the narrow courtyard, prepared to depart and one of the sailors was wrapping his blouse around one of the almost naked little refugee girls. At that moment the tottering wall fell upon them and killed every one, all the victims so perilously saved, and the brave rescuers. The only reason Violet and her sisters had not been caught was that they had just then gone off to another rescue party to help there, and were one hundred feet away when the wall crumbled; some of the bricks however hit them, and they got clouds of dust into their faces and had to spend an hour and a half to get their eyes cleared of the dust by a woman who knew something about nursing. They I believe never forgot that horror. This shows indeed Gertrude that the impetuosity of these heroines, friends of ours and the foreign heroes led them to dare the greatest risks, as this disaster showed. Indeed here is another terrible thing to relate, the work of dangerous rescue at the priory house of St. Raphael Church was the most saddest and the most troublesome I ever heard of, and from the lips

of Violet and her sisters themselves. The rescue party, led by them through the most heroic efforts and in the face of occasional onslaughts from Glandelinian vandals dressed as citizens finally reached a portion of the ruins under which came groans which showed that more or one of the inmates of what had once been a priest house were yet living. This fact infused fresh vigor into the men directed by our princesses, and though they were fired on occasionally they toiled most heroically, but no success rewarded them even though they continued their desperate efforts as long as daylight would let them.

"You don't mean to say," put in Gertrude, "that even the rescue workers were so wickedly fired on by Glandelinian vandals?"

"I'll say they were and two of them were killed too by the Glandelinians who were 'charismatic'. However this did not stop them, and getting with them an armed gang, work was resumed at daylight the following morning.

The reader himself or herself always knows that the heart of man always beats in a responsive manner throughout the world and all have sympathy for one another when misfortunes, such as storms, cyclones, floods, fires, volcanic eruptions, earth convulsions and the other calamities extend to the ends of the earth. As it is let the awful occasion arise and the reply and aid come forth with heartfelt efforts and so forth. This is always the case now in our own days when the means of all sorts of communications between the nations of all regions and climes are so prompt that we learn of disasters almost at the time they happen to occur, and have them detailed to us in such vivid reality (sometimes or often even exaggerated) that we seem to be almost gazing at them as they occur, and then our hearts beat with desire to help our brothers of whatever race and color for in these days the universal brotherhood of man is almost a thing accomplished, so closely linked are all the people of the world by bonds of immediate association.

It was the same with all nations in this story. Though all communications of all sorts were utterly destroyed throughout Calvernia, and as many cities, cities and towns and railroad lines as the whole United States and South America may have, as though as much forests were going without stopping as the whole State of California may have at once in fire, and though Glandelinian submarines were creating a reign of terror on the seas, and other dire perils unaccountable, the news of the disaster, its progress, its dreadful results, and its length of duration had gotten out to the nations of the world in the shortest time.

When the news had been first pulled through concerning the great lake fallen horror, the world had it in less than three days. A very recent example of this was also in the case of the destructive southeastern Calvernia Red Plague of the Forests, where the people of the whole of Atlanticia stood half paralyzed in startled horror, sympathy, apathy, and true hearted grief, feeling toward the sufferers as though they were the dearest relatives of their own blood, and putting out their wealth in untold profusion for the relief of the sufferers, and the men of various towns and cities volunteered their services to go forth into Eastern and southern Calvernia and fight the huge conflagration.

There no doubts of course were some misadventures of their own native land, linked to each other indeed by the ties of nationality, but also in the case of the other frightful almost simultaneous disasters, the affect of which would not let up, which had caused the destruction of so many cities and towns by explosion, conflagration, fire and flood, and raised by Glandelinian men violence, the sentiment felt for the victims of these disasters not by only their own nationality, but by the world in general was none the less intense and the haste to aid them none the less immediate.

In this story the world stood appalled at the lengthy duration of the big flood, three months duration already, and now only beginning to show considerable signs of recession. Therefore all up to this time the same brotherly feeling was manifested in the destruction of the fair cities of Angelina Agatha, Dorothy Gale, Jennica, and Glinda; and the world though it half heartedly believed these disasters a "Salem, cataclysm of unusual and record breaking fury" nevertheless turned suspicious eyes on Glandelinia.

Indeed though the heart of the whole world was truly shocked by the dire disaster, and the long continued suffering of the victims, and gave expressions of sympathy and aid, and offers of other sorts of aid came from all nations of the world in this story if I would even dare to conclude America, Europe, and from Canada to Rio Janeiro, and other capital capitals from the far south, these nations, and their rulers had received from news paper correspondents, and others, all such reports of the disaster, the stories of refugees, and had received such photographs of the appearance of the disaster, that all the people despite the reports of scientists that it was a natural disaster felt that it didn't listen good to them. However from all the rulers even with the continuation of the catastrophe came expressions of condolence and from these subjects of the catastrophe, great spontaneous contributions of aid which all were before the world closer together in times of great calamities. All the little children made great sacrifices, to aid the sufferers and even cried. Hundreds of ships, and trains bearing supplies were continuously on the way to the devastated country, and all the ambassadors and ministers in the Calvernia Capital Sacramento City hastened to express their deep sympathy with Calvernia and her States in her unusual affliction. However the nations did not like the looks of things, of course it is true, great disasters, such as earthquakes, volcanic eruptions and so forth have occurred during wars, as well as times of peace, but these Calvernia calamities certainly did seem a war to the people of all the nations, and they positively believed Glandelinia had something to do with it.

When the men fell to their efforts with a greater aim, feeling certain that the prisoners were alive beneath the debris. Only a muffled gas sometimes heard now and then and that meant it was a great relief, and often the rescue was forced to stop directing to fight off the number of these half man mutilated Glendelinians, and still the rescue was, among were a number of Russian allies perished. Evening fell and as twilight told me at the fifteen one of the race, racially Glendelinian Vandalia there a big bomb which exploded near the debris where the rescuers were at their efforts causing a concussion which rendered the situation so tense the men undertook to give more extremely dangerous, no the following walls about them threatened to fall momentarily, and bury them with the debris already there. The sailors were however so careful of any damage, and while some continued to fight the Glendelinian vandals, the Russians too, the others continued their desperate efforts, refusing even under fire to be denied the chance of rescue, and their persistence were soon rewarded for they found the bodies of six of the prisoners all dead. The bodies were badly crushed, and it seemed as if death had been almost inevitable. However they were not deterred by this gruesome find nor by the efforts of the Glendelinian vandals to stop them, and they kept hard at work until finally the groans and cries beneath the twisted wreck began to cease, and the efforts of the vandals grew more and more that they were convinced all had died. Only then did the men feel compelled to quit the work."

Probably if it could be said, among the earliest and the most prominent to offer compliance and aid, would have been the United States, which also could have entered upon the work of espionage activity that was to comprise the basis of the Counting thereafter with all the other confederates from the British to the Chinese. But the Counting was not to follow the first suggestion of assistance came to Emperor Theodoros of the following confession of the only communication from the Emperor of the other far distant Catholic Christian nation called Protestant. [111]

However throughout all the christian nations the appeal for contributions have continued, and indeed it was apparent the Belgian Government even of Protection, and indeed it was apparent the Belgian Government provinces had brought all the nations of the world together in a common cause as never before seen or heard of in any history Indeed from every quarter of civilization relief funds and supplies poured into Abbeville for the stricken as long and continually desolated by the strange disaster work shown by a nightide and lightning a great unanimity without parallel in all the centuries that have come on before.

A time of profound and dreadful war and yet at a time
of peace with each

The Protestantia, and the Condencia ships were able to go at about two hundred and fifty miles a day, and as the distance to Sacramento Abbleannia is about thirty three thousand miles (miles) it was hoped to make the trip in less than a month. In Sacramento Abbleannia, the ambassadors of various nations were equally prompt and ardent. One of them chartered for five months out of his own salary an Olverinian Steamer, of 88,000 tons loaded it with medical supplies and provisions, put on it three doctors, and four nurses, two priests, and several Nuns and dispatched it without delay to the land of need, and he did not even expect any reimbursement to the generosity of any people. On its way this ship was accompanied by a foreign ship believed to be an Austrian also loaded with provisions. Neither of these ships have ever been heard of since.

This work of international sorrow and sympathy was received with expressions of warm feeling from Emperor Vivian and the Premier of Abbleannia, the former answering in a return cablegram to the ruler of Protestantia.

"What your country has done on this occasion is most magnificent and shall never be forgotten. Your nation takes grave chances to the loss of ships however from enemy submarines and therefore our fleets will afford your mercy ships with all the protection available. Yours and the United States have always stood first outdistancing all others in sympathy and generosity. Our gratitude is so great that we cannot find a single word in which to express it fittingly. As to your entering the war on our side is also gratifying, but it is wiser to retain your armies over there in case our foe goes forth to assault your unprotected shores, as Glandelinia is as treacherous as the serpent who deceived Adam and Eve."

"Your Friend and Comrade,
Emperor Vivian...."

However all this was really only preliminary. On June the 14th, The governments of all christian nations spoke for the whole of their people, in voting the splendid sum of \$600,000,000..... for relief work in the devastated Olverinian coast countries, and the Emperor Vivian warned all these nations by Telegram and Cablegram.

"If you desire to send provisions to us, send your ships well guarded, as our foe Glandelinia is as a big storm which has no regard for anything, and their submarines are as busy as bees."

However the answer came back from one of them as follows:;.;;

"The appalling calamity which has befallen the people of Olverinia, one of your Primi Primi Provinces and which is followed by distress and suffering throughout a wide region among many hundreds of thousands who have escaped with life but whose shelter, and food and means of living have been destroyed, did before appear very funny to me, but the fact that Glandelinia strives to frustrate our work of mercy in sending supplies verifies our suspicions very much, and we'll gain say that Glandelinia surely must have been utterly responsible. The ordinary machinery for supplying the ordinary wants of civilization has been even paralyzed by the enemy that is contending with your country, and as the exceptional emergency exists which demands that the obligations of Humanity should regard no limit of national lines, and which Glandelinia tries to turn to topsy turvy. Topsy turvy means that she is not only frustrating our efforts of Garitable intention by trying to destroy our relief and food ships, but is at war with us too, and when time comes we'll form a speedy intervention and wipe her for good and all off the map of the world."

Signed.

King of Blomlinia."

The immense debt of these civilized nations to Abbleannia, the strangely warm and steadfast brotherhood like friendship between that country and the others, the affection for their native land felt by great numbers of people who were Abbleannians in origin lands on touring, the abundance with which God has blessed many nations with a safe, all this prompted them to send immediate and effective relief, and to declare themselves at war with Glandelinia.

While therefore the governments of these many nations had thus sprang actively to the aid and continued to do so continually for those three months for the aid of stricken Olverinia and her provinces, the people of all these countries were engaged in the same fashion. Immense crowds were eager to contribute until the funds surpassed many a million in one nation alone. Even the Blomlinia government contributed 23,000,000 dollars and every civilized nation in the world added generously to the sum total. which was sent forth despite the Glandelinian Submarines. The tidings of the progress of the awful disaster in Olverinia and other states had barely reached the civilized nations if the of the world before the general Red Cross Society hearing of the great number of doctors and nurses wiped out by the disasters and the war itself, and of the need of the christian armies for so many doctors and nurses. That international realm of sympathy and charity was also actively active in its efforts to send aid of all sorts bringing all its energies and the opportunities of its organization to bear on the collection and despatch of the heavy funds for the benefit of the war victims.

Therefore money flowed with the most remarkable freedom into its many coffers and receivers and flowed out of them as freely for the aid of the sufferers from the catastrophe. Not if the disaster had been a true one would this have also been done in the United States but in many other lands would this activity had been manifest manifested, as they were in all of Abbleannia's other friends in this story, the International Red Cross Society being an informal union between all the Red Cross Societies of all the christian nations in union to the relief of the afflicted in every land and clime of the Olverinian Provinces. It was so organized as to make its labors wonderfully effective. They even came themselves to the disaster region, braving the perils of the war, the disasters and the fires, and every dollar sent for instance by the Red Cross of Blomlinia to the Red Cross of Abbleannia went only by cable order, and was put to work at once the cable orders therefore serving the purpose of the money itself. Thus almost even on the eve of the disaster beginning, 500,000 dollars had been telegraphed under the seas to Abbleannia, and the cash was there immediately forth coming for the purchase of supplies.

Shall we write here of the perils of the members of this help giving organization in Abbleannia in which the best instincts of the age were embodied. A brief statement of it will surely be of interest, showing what sort of a few Glandelinia was to even everybody in general.

The Red Cross Members I would say of Blomlinia came over to Olverinia in the face of submarine warfare and originated several societies for the care for the wounded and ill of the disaster. They were first joined together with the Abbleannian Red Cross and adopted the Abbleannian Red Cross as their badge and emblem. Conferences were held as to how to accomplish their purpose, as they observed there was grave peril and difficulties in their way, but the International Committee at Geneva Abbleannia, agreed to allow them that is the men and women of the organization to arm themselves.

The Red Cross Society of the United States because of certain disasters happening there, remained home to attend to their own and couldn't send any of their members. But they nevertheless showed their sympathy as far as the story will allow it to be told. It was due to the head of the Red Cross in Olverinia, that the war disasters of all sorts such as those of this big flood, famine, pestilences started by the flood forest fires, explosions, city fire disasters, the horrible result of battles, and massacres of children were added to war in the scope of such associations. This broader idea, applied probably if it would have been done by Mrs. Clara Barton herself, was immediately adopted by the societies of all the nations abroad and incorporated among their duties under the name of the "Abbleannian Succor." As a result all these Red Cross Members had collected and distributed large sums for the relief of suffering in such cases as the horrors of the Abbleann flood, the Olverinian Central Province famine which came as a result, the Angelina Agathia land of horror and flood, the Aronburg Run overflows because of its relieving the flood too much at once, the many other western disasters and on other occasions of urgent need of assistance. Many women joined them and a great Abbleannian Society was therefore definitely organized under a charter granted by the Congress of Olverinia in June 1913, and Emperor Vivian himself was chosen for its president. But because of the wide spread nature of the disaster, there was not enough members to reach, many had been shot by enemy snipers, others had over done their bit and grew ill from over exertion and no sleep in their mercy of acts and it therefore lacked completeness of organization for real effective work, the collection and expenditure of money being left to local groups, as a rule untrained to such dangerous work and unprepared for ready and effective aid in a sudden contingency.

To be obvious the weakness in its makeup as to combat with this situation more effectively two new features were therefore added, at its meeting on 30th of June, 1913.... A new and Extra Office of Director was therefore created its incumbent to be the executive officer of the Galverinian Central Committee to give his entire time to the work, and to represent the Red Cross in the distribution of money or supplies in any case of need. To aid him in this work a new class of members of the Society was also formed these to be called the Institutional Members and therefore they were drawn from the great charitable organizations of the war-torn country. Thus a trained director was aided by well trained assistants, and by the aid of such officials its effectiveness was greatly and magnificently increased, alike in the collection and distribution of funds and all the other demands upon its sole activity. In Galverinia therefore it was because of the extent of the horror divided into Three Departments, Those of War Relief, Emergency Relief, and International Relief, each under the care of a special board. And thus organized it rose in Galverinia at once to the same position as it is in other countries of the world. Emperor Vivian consented to be elected as its president, and in Galverinia and Abbeinnia it thus has the Abbeinnian Emperor and His wife at its head. His brother Hanson King of Abbeinnia State and from provinces and for all his life General Superintendent of the Abbeinnian and International Bureau of Charities accepted the position of Vice President and National Director, and on its War Relief boards were officers innumerable of the army and the navy. On its Emergency Relief board men and women and even elder children of wide experience in relief work, and on its International officers of the Abbeinnian Department of state..... Therefore this statement of the new and effective organization of the Abbeinnian Red Cross Society greatly aided by the International of other nations was of immediate interest in view of the "fact" that its services were so urgently called for throughout the ruined countries. Occupied at the time at first in the aid of the injured of the Christians and so forth in battle for which funds were even then being collected by the sale of Christmas War Cross Stamps, a sudden and immense test of its improved powers was made a little after the 10th of June when the tidings of the dire disaster in Galverinia came on the wires and cables under the ocean waves, and stirred in the heart of all nations to that labor of charity to which it is ever ready to respond. The branches of all the Society in every nation (not one one excepted) lost not an instant, leaping into the branch with the alertness and effectiveness for which they had long been notable. Throughout all Christian nations there was not a single city or town village or hamlet, which did not join without a day's loss of time in the efforts to raise the necessary relief funds, for the Galverinian disaster sufferers. From East, West, North and South came reports of record breaking contributions not as small.

By midnight it was estimated that many thousands of dollars had been subscribed from the smallest town to the fund, and from cities the funds were so big they had to be banked for the time being for safety. From Protesentia came tidings that its Red Cross Society had despatched a special car with hospital supplies for the wounded, and that a line of cars were being placed in readiness for sending on the following day, the Emperor to have them forward by ship to Galverinia.

From other countries similar news was received, and it was therefore evident that the energies of the Societies everywhere were enlisted in causing the prompt response to bring in more than was necessary. The first to leave Condencia on similar duty was Edmund Berette Trust of the Condencia Relief Committee who embarked for Galverinia to go in person to aid the stricken of that country.

So great was the activity of the Abbeinnian Society that it drew wonders while the foreign powers the International Society already had over \$800,000,000 ready for use, and much of it had been cabled to the various Ambassadors at Sacramento city in Abbeinnia to be turned over to the Abbeinnian Red Cross Society. Through the latter Society it was decided that all relief for the war sufferers should be administered. By the Fourth of July the funds in the hands of the Abbeinnian Society had grown to a quarter of a billion of dollars, and this sum the Ambassadors delivered to Emperor Vivian the head of the Red Cross. Emperor Vivian was overwhelmed with emotion at this help being given him. However one of the greatest difficulties to be encountered was the prompt distributions of supplies, and therefore outside help was warmly welcomed. On the following day July the fifth the subscription to the Abbeinnian

Red Cross had swollen to four hundred billion, and on the sixth they had reached a total of half a billion all of which was cabled without delay for distribution by Emperor Vivian and the Society which he represented.

However subscriptions continued to come in during the following days and the benefit work of the Society was to continue as long as the disaster kept up the suffering of refugees. In aid of their labor the governments of the nations had prepared and sent to Abbeinnia the materials for as much rebuilding as possible, all red tape being swept aside so that the many ships could containing this material might be sent on without the slightest delay. With the lumber and stone were sent nails, putty putty and glass so that the houses could be restored with expedition. The remainder was to follow as soon as possible the whole being sufficient to shelter as many refugees as could be found.

The girlscouts and Redcliffe for fear that even in this town they may encounter Vandals, which was more than they desired, as they would miss ten to one in really fighting with them, re-started their return from the place toward the Christian lines. As they continued on Gladys herself said;

"The tale of the great explosions Gertrude, whether they really be eruptions or earthquakes or not seemed to have been unnecessarily brief in our newspapers. It is but a small birds eye view of one of the most destructive and the most terrible of calamities, that even nature if it was driven to it by the enemy has ever visited upon any country in the world since the days of the flood. In our State of Benfall there are a hundred cities that puts a person in mind of a Hundred Mesinas. Other places there are thousands of cities and towns that put a person in mind of a thousand Galvestons. Then too there are sixteen hundred places that put you in mind of a fifteen hundred St. Pierres. I wonder why the loss of life has never been figured yet. Can you account for that Gertrude?"

"Yes I can. The actual loss of life will never be found out. The flood has carried too much debris and bodies away to the sea. The most conservative estimate of the destruction wrought instantly at first, and then continued throughout these three months, and still progressing but gradually abating in all the known doomed cities and towns, and the country adjoining, not counting what the bat 1 battles and forest fires and enemy is doing, stagger the human mind to comprehend, and maybe without meaning to say a thing anything wrong I doubt if the Angels can figure it up themselves."

"It sure is a complication of cataclysms that before which all the nations of the world stand aghast," said Redcliffe. "I'll bet at the destruction of Abbeinn alone the loss was over a hundred trillion dollars in buildings alone not counting banks, and other properties."

"It is believed and said that poor Galverinia lost in this unusual disaster more of her children than both sides in the whole of this war up to now which is turning out to be the most deadly conflict of all historical records," said Gertrude. "If so I cannot comprehend it."

"It seems possible though," said Joy. "The loss of life in the Solicia horror of November 1912, when explosion flood, and fire destroyed that splendid province of Middle Galverinia was great enough, but it sure was very insignificant in comparison with this great preternatural disaster which devastated so great a Garden spot of the Galverinian country this year during the closing of May the loveliest month of the year. The destruction caused by the waters of Pond Solicia was hardly one hundredth part as great in the sacrifice of human life as was this immeasurable cataclysm which even yet fills the very world with horror and sorrow. And it is still a picture of most tragic pathos before which civilization stands in fearful and yet in fascinated awe."

"Yes and as the tidings of the great catastrophe continued so much to come in many strange items of interest became known and certain variations in the early tidings were made," said Redcliffe.

"What were they?"

"Well at first for instance it was reported that because of the force of the concussions that radical changes had been made in the depths of the river Norm it growing deeper in some places and shallower in others and that at a point in the river there had been fifteen feet of water shallow was water now prevailed. It was also reported that the shore line of Lake Mic-Holleston had greatly changed."

"I heard of that," said Gertrude. "In reverse of this opinion it was later really found out for facts that the line in front showed little if any change and that there was no geological effects of the convulsion in that locality. There is much exaggerated about it I'm sure."

"I happened to be present in the ruined city of Jessica and it was about the afternoon that day," said Redcliffe and I witnessed the daring rescue of the great treasures of the City Grand National Bank and the work had a most startling climax."

"Tell us about it," said Gertrude.

"Well the building was the strongest in the city of Jessica, and as I heard it had been specially designed to resist the greatest earthquakes. Even against the protests of the engineers, the city authorities had so constantly insisted on a deep foundation of concrete that it had been at last complied with. Above this were buildings several layers of alternate steel, iron and concrete, and the rest of the building had steel frames

and even iron and concrete floors, no wood being in the building except except the window casings and the doors. In the big vaults were stored the bulk of all the saving banks deposits of that city, amounting to more than one billion six hundred million dollars in gold and cash, and bonds, and security securities amount to about fifteen billion or more. Strong as the super structure had been it had been totally damaged nevertheless, but the vaults were intact having been on the first floor. Large groups of Glandolinian Vandals had tried to loot the place on the day after the recession of the flood from the city, and many soldiers and citizens and the Vandals were shot in the fight that followed but the ghoulds were nevertheless driven away. Nothing nevertheless had been touched when the vaults had been opened after the flood for the first time but it nevertheless too fourteen days to remove the accumulated debris. The specie was safely removed under a strong guard well armed and brought aboard a river battleship. The day I was there was the thrilling one. They had removed the safes out containing the full account of the securities. A large force of men guarded from the onset of Vandals by a double line of about one thousand two hundred soldiers slowly hoisted the big boxes to the surfaces. Just after two o'clock they had succeeded with ladders and ropes in dragging the last one through what had been an entrance into the street. As I watched the operation there suddenly came close to us a terrific explosion as loud as if a 10,000 ton cannon had been fired close at hand. There was a cloud as if a great eruption had sprang from the building, the earth quaked and vibrated and a moment later the walls of the ruined building which had withstood the concussions and the force of the flood a few weeks before fell inward with a crash a great roar and crashing noise and a great suffocating cloud of dust rose high in the air. The soldiers fled off from the danger zone in time but they were not terrified as great as their danger had been. The last safe with its 10,000,000 dollars was deserted for a few moments until all was assured to be safe and the soldiers and toilers then returned while on a large number of them scoured around to find out what had caused the blast, as it seemed mighty suspicious. Had the explosion come ten minutes earlier probably half a thousand toiling men and a thousand soldiers would have been buried in the ruins and there would have been another great tragedy to be on record."

"Did they save all of the treasure?"

"Yes, all of it was safely recovered, and removed from the ruined city. The funds of many of the other banks amounting also to thousands of millions had already been removed by the toilers and brought to Angelina. Riches the only city having withstood flood and concussion in that territory though of course many of its tallest buildings were ruined. Much other wealth had also been recovered and all the treasure found was removed to the ships. Much clothing was found in many of the ruined cities so it was said."

"Couldn't anybody ever estimate even a trifle of the figured loss in the destruction?" said Gladys.

"At Jackson it may amount to about five hundred thousand dollars in ruined buildings—perhaps five times that sum may be nearer the truth. But it's hard to tell when no value to the buildings yet have been claimed. And you must understand too no one has yet been able to even imagine to attempt to count the cities and towns and villages which have been destroyed in such a large area and when it will be done no one can say. All are architecturally destroyed, as well as private interior belongings, and the believe is they include a population of a hundred million souls."

"I have heard of one thing," said Gertrude.

"What was that?"

"Why there has been much interest in the effects of the disasters and the floods, and conflagrations upon our own and the foreign insurance companies operating in many of our big cities and towns. All of the foreign Companies have strong disaster clauses of all sorts in their policies, and the most queer part is all insurance agencies were wiped out many were slain among the members, and no one can do a thing. The disaster has hit us altogether too bad. In spite of this fact the English and German Companies have been reported also wiped out, so that the loss sure is immense. The principal Abbeinnian St. Stock and Insurance Companies were in Angelina Agathia, with the same names, and they alone survived and the companies have to be held. The Austrian companies, which had closer relations with us, operated generally in that city, and the buildings are in ruins and everything wiped out by fire. Even with the insurance companies that may be surviving the most serious effects are feared among the life and death companies, as the deaths and missing are so far never found out, and only two hundred thousand bodies have only been said to be recovered and this means many heavy claims. While most of the were poor people, countless numbers of wealthy merchants in all the cities are believed to have died under the ruins or in flood and fire, and it is believed countless numbers of tourists lost their lives most of whom would carry heavy insurance."

"It is strange," said Gertrude "how the ruin could have reached so far across the street as to meet in the middle from the buildings of both sides."

"It does seem strange and cannot be explained," said Radcliffe.

"Doesn't it seem as if the debris had been flung by the concussion more than thrown down?" said Joy.

"It does. And it is an unusual custom of many nations to erect their houses, even in the smallest villages crowded and huddled together as if space were so valuable that light and air must be therefore sacrificed to it. I've been in some of these foreign cities when I was small and observed that so called streets are nothing but narrow strait lanes giving passage to single wagons, and without provision for persons to pass up and down. This is not seen in our cities."

"I should say not. Our narrowest alleys average less than seventy feet, the buildings including private dwellings are sometimes having even space between them. I'll bet had these concussions happened at night, a devoted day declared. Gertrude "There would not have been such loss of life, and the people would have been able to escape into the wide streets. Squares and open spaces are rare in foreign cities. Not so here. We have many, and large ones too, such a construction in an earthquake country like foreigners have is a death trap. To their way of forming structures, more than to the violence of the earth's vibration is due the proportion of the death lists."

"Our Lake Sololia region thought she suffered a disaster of the first magnitude," declared Joan.

"Well it was child's play compared with this extensive cataclysm," said Gladys.

"It's a positive proof there was no real earth convulsion," said Radcliffe.

"How do you believe that?"

"Because for places nearest the explosions, the damage was the less, and about a hundred and further away yet the damage was terrific. That goes to show there were explosions doing it all."

"I don't doubt that," said Gertrude. "An Angelina Agathia is two hundred miles south of Abbeinn, and was shaken as a reed, until she dropped bleeding and lifeless into her own dust. Cities that distance north of Abbeinn suffered the same. As we have seen in Abbeinn that survived the flood only the highest buildings, and those mostly of wood came down. The force of the nearest explosion and not the vibration damaged her."

"How did the concussions seem to be?" asked Angelina.

"Why some say that for every time there was the sound of the booming in the far distance there was an incredibly violent and swift yanking from side to side."

"Was there not any rapid upheavals, and depressions?" demanded Joy.

"No," said Gertrude herself. "When I was in Abbeinn what astonished me more, there was nothing felt on the ground as any convulsion, and yet the cars we rode jumped up and down as if they were mad dogs. There was no up and down motion of the ground, and when we escaped, and were on the ground with our own feet and buildings continued to tumble down we felt no sensation whatever, and yet were flung from one side to the other. The rails of the tracks were not affected in the least."

"That verifies it was caused by explosions."

"One of the most unusual things about the Angelina Agathia part of the disaster," said Radcliffe, "was the length of time many persons lived entombed in the ruins."

"I have heard of that," admitted Gertrude "and had the proposition to burn the place or cover it with quicklime for the destruction of the decomposing bodies been carried out, an enormous number of persons would have been destroyed who were finally rescued long after all thought of any one surviving surviving under the debris had been abandoned."

"Yes, and more than once the search had been given up as hopeless only to be renewed again when chance led to another rescue," said Joy. "I saw one rescue in La Polama where a man was having soldiers digging for his wife and children. They had selected what seemed to be a safe and most favorable spot and there began digging as if mad. They toiled on for a long time the husband frequently stopping to shout into the ruins. After about five hours of it he said to the soldiers that he had heard a very faint reply. Therefore they delved frantically into the vast heap, and shortly before evening found the wife and two children who just lived and they dragged them out. I saw them summon help, and the stretcher bearers came. They gave the poor wife and children brandy and milk and they revived a little. The joy of her husband can only be imagined as he strode back beside her as the sailors carried the two little girls and finally gave them in charge of the Red Cross Nurse in charge of a hospital ship, van on the thirty first of the month of July strange as it was an aged woman was

lived from a living bomb, he was found to be still breathing but unconscious and how she managed to live that long under the debris was a mystery, and many more of those found still later were many children, who survived the horrors of the disaster better than their elders despite the flood, these we found in the midst of ruins too high to have been reached by the flood waves. A five year old child a girl was found alive and well five weeks after the calamity. Three girls and two boys and a man with them lay for thirty seven days under a pile of ruins of a deserted prison home. They had a supply of food somehow from the home's storeroom in which they were buried which helped them to fight off starvation, and then they had finally dug themselves so far out that their cries were heard by some passing rescuers."

"What will be the fate of our destroyed cities and towns?" asked Angeline Pichee.

"That is a question question that is exciting much attention," said Gertrude. "I believe it has been wondered whether all should be left a ruin after the floods finally go and the region deserted until the war is over, or should they chance all dangers and rebuild the ruins."

"When the material can be secured the places might be rebuilt in spite of all things," said Radcliffe.

"You are positively right," admitted Gertrude. "We cannot blot out twenty centuries of these historic and righteous towns. The towns I'll bet anything will be rebuilt in spite of the war and the horror of the disaster as soon as possible, to show the foe she is defied to the last."

"It surely would be impossible to leave deserted the spot where so many beautiful cities and towns flourished, even if an unestimated number of the inhabitants had perished. The survivors will surely refuse to abandon their native cities and towns forever. It would be too much of a sacrifice for them, and they'd be all homeless."

"And grant loans without interests spread over a great number of years will surely be made to all landowners. I should consider all cities as still existing even if only three houses remained," said Gladys.

"And I am full of hope to see Abbeinn rebuilt within two years in accordance with modern ideas, and following the example of other countries who did the same abruptly after a disaster. There will rise I am sure another Abbeinn, with at least fifty thousand inhabitants to begin with. And with many years to come I'll bet it'll be the same as ever and even though its sad days would never be forgotten."

"I have heard that the final decision seemed to be," said Angeline Pichee.

"That the ruin covered site still existing should or would be abandoned, and a new town grow up on a new and unnumbered site, several miles distant from the old, thus escaping the great cost and toil of removing the vast heap of ruins."

"That won't be," said Gertrude. "The fifty thousand survivors will refuse to leave the site of their homes on any conditions, as it'll appear as if they're running away from Our Lord's foe, and I'll bet as soon as materials can be brought there, light and water will be restored, the water still other the other sites will be forcibly drained out, and the shipping of war materials will be resumed. I look to that coming sometime next year. She was right."

She was right..

Reflected 2 counts
**FAMOUS EFFECTS OF THE DISASTER FROM ITS LONG PROGRESS
 AND ITS RESULTS, PREPARATIONS FOR ACTION NEAR ST. ETIENNE
 ON ARRIVAL OF THE FOIL.**

"It seems to be," said Gertrude when they were returning within the christian lines again "that because of so many battles, so many big explosions and so forth, the earth is never still. Quivers and slight tremors have been caused by the tremendous cannon duels in our awfullest battles, I suppose however not perceptible to us and discernible only in the delicately adjusted seismic instruments and these no doubt are of very frequent occurrence but they have never been strong enough to produce any concussion of disastrous consequences. And yet that that is many scientists call this disaster "eruptions and earthquakes."

"It does seem strange," said Radcliffe. "It is surely only in certain limited regions, usually of volcanic character that any earthquakes occur at all, and in some such regions the occurrence of a quake of this kind is sufficiently frequent enough to keep the inhabitants in a state of most nervous uncertainty as to the security of their lives and homes. One such locality, dismally famous for its many disasters of this sort is that they say surrounding Mt. Etna, Vesuvius, and St. Helens, while various others exist in the more remote volcanic regions of the globe. Of course we have some pretty dreaded Volcanoes in Galvernia, Mt. Galvernia is one, Mt. Andean which is always active is another, and out still more active ones Mt. John, Helen, Crowley, Catherine, Vivian and others, but earthquakes have been very rare near them and never have been of any severe nature. And they or not any one of them is responsible for this disaster, and Galvernia which is the nearest is about three hundred miles away from Abbeinn."

"Our countries disasters in this unusual war is unusually numerous," said Angeline Pichee. "And these are largely those which have occurred in the earliest area of the war, those of older date I believe because of so much communication being cut off being far from fully recorded. Emperor Hanson's catalogue covers a list of between seven and eight thousand instances, ranging from April 1912 to April 1913... Several of these are of the Abbeinn character and which Hanson believes are worse than those of Bible history, and all of these disasters including that of Abbeinn according to his idea is a problematical issue as to what was their actual character and whether they could really be blamed on the enemy or not. The first greatest of these we are all well acquainted of, and that is the disastrous explosion at Jennie Vivian city, ascribed to the time of the battles of Sumbum Creek or Evanrollini Canion. early in November... A second case was the disastrous convulsion of the battle at Delight's Junction, when our divisions of armies under Mindermine, Richard Greatheart, and general Vivian were almost destroyed and a third suggests an explanation of the destruction of certain enormous Dams, and levees and so forth."

"Did the Scientists say that the disaster at Lake Belicia was caused by an earthquake, as they did at Abbeinn?" asked June.

"They positively proved it was caused by mine explosions under the levee of the inland sea. At Abbeinn," continued Radcliffe, "as I was there during the investigations, the scientists rather disputed the real cause of the disaster. One claimed it was the most remarkable kind of an earthquake on record, and that the horrors of the destruction of Sodome and Gomorrah as described in the Pentateuch could not compare."

"What did the other say?"

"According to another one it was accompanied by a violent volcanic eruption around Abbeinn. At first some said the eruptions upheaved a district several hundred leagues, and caused a subsidence of a large tract of land not less extensive, and that the whole water system of rivers and the levee of the sea being altered by the destructive disaster. However extensive investigations proved that no such thing happened, and that out side of five hundred miles of country being split up by the force of the supposed eruptions there were nothing but eighteen huge craters in the ground, some filled to the brim with water, and many others entirely empty."

"It was too bad it occurred whatever it was," said Gertrude. "The south country of Abbeinn County, before the date of the terrible disaster, was as a paradise, heavily forested and dotted with cities, including Violet, Paul, Violet Lancelin, and many others where our armies recently in the first part of the war fought and lost decisive battles. Whatever was the cause of this disaster that hurled so many of our cities to ruins and spread desolation to such an extending land Violet, and her sisters though determined to find out yet have had not further time to do so. It's too bad they had to go when we thought they could go ahead. And we cannot try anything without them around. I must confess without their presence we are a little afraid." "AAABDF"

"One peculiar scientist recorded his this disaster of explosions to occur at midnight," said Gertrude, continuing on with a smile, "and we who witnessed it at midnight. That Scientist must have slept in a sock."

"One of them tried to give our Government to understand," said Radcliffe, "that the ground opened into a yawning chasm from which the eruptions occurred."

"But we ourselves, and Violet and her sisters have not witnessed any real or effects of any storm of red hot cinders and stones having fallen, or any volcanic ash or lava flows," said Gladys, "That Scientist must have had Volcan on the mind."

"Maybe Mt. Calverine blew up and let down a big storm of fire upon all of the land which turned into water and dust and mud, and gold," suggested Joy.

"Her blow up was an unusual one for she still stands there," laughed Gertrude.

The verdicts of some of these scientists puts me in mind of a man we have heard of called Roscovitz," said Angeline Nichee. "He writes that a great volcanic horror destroyed sodome and other cities of the plain. I do believe there had been terrible convulsions of the earth all right, there is and has been proofs of that, but as to volcanic activity there is none. All I have seen the Bible Record is that; "The Lord Rained Upon Sodome and other cities fire and brimstone from heaven, and overthrew those cities and all the plains and all the inhabitants of the cities, and burned them for their unrepentant sins, and that which grew upon the ground. But Roscovitz cannot really prove that Volcanic eruptions occurred, nor that the Dead Sea ever came into existence from such a convulsion when it may be a probability that that sea was at the same time of the creation. He says writers may have been wrong in the causes being purely supernatural. That is saying the Bible lies. Well, these scientists here seem to be about as out of their wits as Roscovitz is. They say that Abbleann and other cities were thrown down by the concussion of volcanic eruptions from the level ground and there is no such evidence, not even a handful of lava dust to give any evidence. All the debris thrown by the "craters" in the "Bible" as they call it, is clay, sand and mud and limestone and granite, each substance which is under rock layers of plains. This is such a description of the catastrophe as might be expected from scientists who are unfamiliar with such dread consequences and are therefore apt to attribute the great events to natural causes, and not by any other. The evidences discovered discovered clearly indicates the nature of the cataclysm, even if one can yet find proofs against the enemy. Some even write that lots of cities were covered with volcanic ash and silt and which made her turn into a pillar of salt. I believe some people in the world who claim to be scientists and so forth, are crazier than those in asylums. Violet and her sisters are bound to discover the cause and humble those foolish now it all scientists, who are foreigners and have no right here at all. Our own scientists are afraid to go and investigate."

"Our own knowledge of this great Abbleann disaster however is not confined to any historical account yet so far," said Gladys.

"Maybe it is and maybe it is not," said Gertrude. "But I myself have made up a record of this great catastrophe. I was told by some scientists that the great Lake Mic-Hollester bursts its levees after the great concussion which formed the great flood after the terrible terrific concussions and explosions and that many cities were swallowed in the floods, but I have been by the Mic-Hollester Sea as I'll call it, and there is no evidence of any inroad from its waters and no levee to have burst. The real origin of the flood is now found, but no one is allowed to tell of it until it is found whether the enemy did this, or it was a movement of nature as the scientists say. In the eyes of all our most religious people and some of our own Abbleannian Scientists, and those familiar with such occurrences it is regarded that this event is a visitation, not either from Nature or from the Heavenly Powers to try the faith of the country and its people, but there is something suspicious in it that makes these scientists look sort of strange at Glandelinia. Strange it is that our country of Calverinia suffers for what Glandelinia should receive for all her super crime and wickedness, but all we too know of it from other sources indicate that it was the result of some secret hidden means that I'm sure Glandelinians did which we cannot find real evidences of."

"Of the valleys watered once by the Lebanon Stream," said Radcliffe, "that of Bonbon was the best and best densely forested and most populous. On the day of this great disaster as they say there is reason to believe that all the northern part of this valley with its woods, its fields, its towns and cities, its broad river was swept clean by a part of the flood. On the southern plain the land seems to have turned into a stationary sea at which

this part of the flood seemed to be have been arrested and damed. Of course all investigators have found the aspect of the country strangely altered. The Valley of Bonbon has vanished, a vast sheet of water covering its former location, into this the stream flowed, and beyond the great body of water this stream still remains. As the country appeared then so it appears now. We could see there the vast body of water and were it not a remembrance of the terrible calamity we could call it a beautiful lake. This disaster has made this country the most desolate upon the face of the earth."

"Who is the evidence of disaster so great as this not to be found in any of our newspapers?" said Jan.

"Evidence of this disaster is not to be found in news papers because it is not allowed," answered Gertrude. "Many others of our war disasters are found in the annals of our own records but not this. This of the Abbleann however must have surely been a prodigious disaster to go as far and to maintain in the flood as long as it has. This which seems to center in Bengal State, the explosions of which occurred in the vicinity of Abbleann, has now always been believed to be of volcanic character, for some who witnessed the explosions said that flames had issued from the earth. But we have not seen any evidence of lavas or volcanic ash. The part of the flood that still covers the lower sections of Abbleann and refuses to drain out almost appears now as a splendid and limpid sheet, the blue waters reminding one of the Michollaster lake itself. Yet it is covered with floating debris. Some have said that the lands of that portion had suddenly sank downward with the forests and towns and villages upon its surface, and into this the flood waters had poured and had failed to find an outlet. But I do not believe this is true. Of course I don't doubt that the concussions did demolish a big huge levee on the eastern shore of the Great Mic-Hollester Run River its waters pouring in an overwhelming flood upon Abbleann, and drowning the whole population on the lower sections."

"It's singular however that any one could still make light of such a mighty catastrophe," said Angeline Nichee. "By saying Nature was the cause. Of course this flood has spread over a vast tract of country, and the concussion was felt nearly as far including in Ang Angeline Vine, and Angelinia."

What one scientist said is that the concussion broke down a levee of Lake Angeline further north than Abbleann, and also one of sea Mic-Hollester, and that the two floods poured in fury over so much of the land and therefore covered the whole of southern Central Calverinia with their waters and that the waters of Lake Angeline drained out, and they say that all the inhabitants of the flooded area had been drowned, with the exception of all those who might have had the chance to reach high elevations on time. The recollection of this part of the catastrophe has been found to be true on Lake Angeline but not in a Mic-Hollester."

"In another prediction of the flood," said Joan, "that of the famed city of Confection lying on the shore of Lake Angeline. We are told that the armies of christians attacked a Glandelinian position there during the night and that during the desperate battle which followed, there came fifteen terrible secondary earthquakes, and simultaneous dangerous eruptions, which in that one night drowned all the army of christians, and at the same time engulfed the city of Confection which was swept away by the flood, and that the Glandelinians perished with them. This news given us by witnesses may have had to do with some remote part of the concussion to which witnesses gave this very problematical form as Confection is pretty far north of Abbleann. The report told also that the whole population of Bonbon was drowned by the inundation that followed the explosions and secondary earthquakes. We could call this the deluge of Calverinia."

At the same time this flood was said to have produced the overflow of rivers and that this part of the catastrophe also drowned all the people of Poverty but except the Mayor and his family who escaped upon a strong boat, which at the end of two weeks was borne down to Angelinia. Anathia by the flood. After their escape the Mayor when he was able to tried to save the disaster investigated. Yet it sure is strange how this flood extended throughout all the central part portion of southwestern Calverinia, and its principal injury being in Bengal State and Bengal County where so many towns and villages and even cities have disappeared, southern and lower Abbleann also engulfed in the flood seem to be an unusual thing, and I was told that when the waters are calm, the appearance of a "mysterious city" might be discovered in the floods depths. This, and once the superb righteous Abbleann its houses in ruins, its Holy Churches in fragments, and too the disaster was blamed on My Mt Catherine, Joan and Calverine. Neither have even been in eruption."

"In all of Calverinia's disaster," said Gertrude there is none part more destructive than that which has wiped out Abbleann, demolished Angelinia Anathia, Dorothy Gale, Big Gir-Knoel and other places. The latter city built by Calverinian pioneers in times far past, and which ranks after Abbleann as the third greatest city of Calverinia was apt especially subjected to the disaster, especially more so by the flood. There has been during the whole war so far fighting most frequent frequently. When the flood

came so much damage at the city of Jessica. Had Emperor Vivian had seen two Abblemannia Senators to that city to investigate the state of the situation. Then he had decided to act as a preventive of any more such more disasters, he would have all levees and places strongly guarded by whole nations if need be. The most severe of all disaster to the cities seems to have been Jessica. At the time of the occurrence of this disaster the city was full of soldiers whom general Tamarline was then leading in a campaign up to meet Mylette and his Glandelinian army. The greatest danger destruction to buildings and life had occurred, the rivers were seas, and the Mayor of that city to escape from the falling buildings was forced to take refuge in a country tent. Here of all cities next to Abblemann the most destructive results of or to human life occurred. The city had been almost entirely destroyed and the loss of life was said to have been enormous, at least out of a population of two million people two hundred and fifty thousand were missing, and the presence of a Christian army added to the loss and also of the fact of so many being in their beds swelled great greatly the sum of the dead. And there were one million injured. In naming the other visitations of Jessica of fire and flood, the latter brought on greater loss of property but no lives however extra. At Mombi five thousand were missing out of a population of one hundred thousand. All these disasters, together with others due to the war, and the general conflagration throughout the country has been almost proving fatal to good sections of the country. There are many other desolating disasters which has put on itself too long a list to be named, and it may as well be imagined when we consider the number of severe ones within this short space of two years of war, what we can believe of the enemy if the Abblemann disaster is proved against him. I have heard that the destruction of Glandelinia city almost outrivals that of Jessica in the destruction of human life the loss of the missing being estimated at nearly one hundred and ninety thousand. The destruction at Polychrome city is credited with one hundred thousand missing. Coming to the loss at Roma Town it is believed to be thirty thousand, and Eva Town the loss is believed to be 90,000. Returning to Chamberlaine which was fearfully visited its death toll is believed to be estimated at 98,456. We can also find Little Girmoll or in little Girmoll and Henrietta and Ophelia exams examples of enorma enormous sacrifices to the great flood flood demons, the flood and concussion in the city of Henrietta one hundred and ninety five thousand of its people, and claiming one hundred and twenty two thousand in Ophelia, and ninety five thousand in Little Girmoll. But here we're in the camp now, and the bugle is just sounding. We'll be needed soon."

"CALAMITY JANE.."

BEFORE we go any further we can mention something about the girl scout little Jane Mellfort as of her history as she may be one of the main girls to be mentioned among the girl scouts. The story of Jane's life of adventure since she entered the Christian lines as a girl scout to this present time of the eve of this coming tremendous and destructive battle of St. Ethelreda, is one of the most remarkable on record. It was difficult for any of her comrades could ever conceive how so much affliction, suffering and misery caused by her daredevil braveness and rashness could have ever come upon her without inflicting death.

Her first experience happened on March the 12th 1912 when she suffered a very severe injury to her spine due to a fall from her horse while out scouting when it was almost riddled to pieces by a shell exploding under it. She then had been in the girl scout troop called the Fu Flamigoes. It was on a Sunday morning when this had occurred, and Jane had arisen at four thirty to go to the early Mass in the camp and receive Holy Communion. At about eight thirty that morning during a sort of battle then raging and despite Mildred's warning (Mildred is her guardian) went out scouting. She encountered a Glandelinian battery dangerously close and concealed. They let go, and the horse was brought down badly mangled. Not realizing what had happened through she received a spinal injury, and never having had a single day of illness she fought it out, shot six of the gunners, disabled one, and got away before a Glandelinian cavalry patrol could get her within their grasp though they pursued like fury. She then later that day strove to continue at her duties while suffering but was again in her back, numbness and weakness in her lower limbs produced by the fall, and strange disturbances in her abdomen.

The day too had been cold and snowy and her whole body was chilled from her drenched clothing, she having been thrown into a ditch when the horse was shot. She was unable to climb the stairs to her own bedroom in the Geneva headquarters at which she then resided, with the purpose of changing her clothing but managed to attract a guard in a sort of lame manner to the bed room, where she was forced to her bed much against her will although she was not rendered altogether helpless as many people have been who injured their spine through a fall from a horse.

She then was able to get up her feet again, but four weeks later she had another fall from her horse and was shot and wounded also, while assisting two of her companions to escape a party of Omarian Dragoons who were following them. When the horse was shot under her and she was thrown she landed back first striking her head on a stone. She was rendered senseless and besides two bullet scratches received a bad wound on her head which bled badly and matted her hair heavily in blood. A terrible delirium developed after this fall, which to use her own words "created a strange sensation within her head as though some one was trying to burn her eyes out every minute for the whole day. She lay in a hospital camp from April 21st to July the 30th 1912 without receiving any special relief."

About the second of August, she was able to get up, feeling better, and joined a company of scouts going to see the Camp Fire Girls. She and her companions were pursued again by foes who again brought down the horse she was riding. From this new fall she received new head injuries, her vision was further disturbed, and her spinal injury was aggravated, while sixteen of her girl scout companions were slain in the fight for safety and forty wounded while only six of the four were wounded. However the bed could not hold her captive, she being impatient to be useful to her cause as she always had been. But it did not pay for on November 25th she was out scouting with a party of soldiers. Glandelinian gunners saw them, and let loose a terrific shell fire. He was caught under her fallen horse, and it was all that six men could do to get her from under while shot and shell was whizzing all about them. Ten of the men were killed and fourteen wounded.

After that her failing eye sight became worse, the beginning of a strange enduring blindness set in. She was forced to bed again at a time when nearly the whole of the scout force was down with the measles. She then began a bed ridden existence, attended by severe suffering. The several severe injuries to her spine resulted in almost complete paralysis and her stomach would accept no nourishment outside of a little milk and water.

Near Christmas of that year she became totally blind, following two more bad adventures. These rendered her condition still worse.

She was now subject to frequent spasms on which account it was necessary to build the sides of her bed higher in order that she might not fall out during the night. There however was no evident danger outside of this spasm time, because she was unable to move herself in bed, unable even to turn over. After complete recovery, which came in April 1913, she had been far more careful, Mildred watch everything she did, and if times were dangerous would not let her go out under any conditions. She of all scouts seemed to have had the worst of all adventures, and from that they called her "Calamity Jane." About May she became afflicted with a severe throat trouble which made it almost impossible for her to eat or to say any nourishment whatever. Her throat was sore a long time and on frequent occasions she had nearly strangled because the aperture was almost wholly closed. To all this was added another calamity. While out with Mildred in another part of the camp, her horse got scared of a fire fly and she was thrown bad and injured her left arm badly. Up to now even her arm never appears to be quite better yet.

"AFTER THE STORM CALM COMES THE STORM." "Is a saying true in the case of this awful war. All of the girl and boy scouts agreed that sooner or later Tamerline would swing on general Vivian and then something would happen. Too Tamerline would desire vengeance because such a force of girl and boy scouts rescued in the face of vastly superior numbers three of their girl companions, and for their disastrous defeat by so small a body of men, and children, and when the storm would come none could say. Besides general Vivian was determined to get through and join at Maximilian, and no one was disinclined to even imagine this, or to think of it.

The main Christian armies were not therefore, able to give their whole attention to the movements of general Tamerline's army. The first operation was to slowly follow him in his advance, but also to remain hidden in the woods as they marched along. Four great intelligent men had been commissioned to do the main scouting to watch everything that Tamerline's army did, and then to come and report as soon as possible. Colonel Charles Beare rode over toward the van of the Christian troops with Captain Aldro Hardy, and his two lieutenants, Colonel Gardens and Francis Huber on remaining within the lines to aid in forming plans--the latter however laid up with a wound in his left leg. Sometimes during the halt of the advance Christian cavalry would dash into some portion of the Glandelinian camp at night, and it would be a amazing sight to see three or four hundred horses belonging to the enemy and many provisions wagons driven under fire to the Christian lines, and a number of prisoners with them. These raiders were accommodated according to the number of horses and wagons and prisoners captured, and these raiders were very expert, one man one time through a scheme of his own securing a hundred wagons in one day. They were rather rough with the one way in their raids, for the raiders often cut up the enemy counter attacker badly... 7.7.2

Each Raider, and because of their habit of hiding mostly at night they were called by the enemy as the "Night Riders" or the "Wooded Terrors" each man had an fast horse as any Glandelinian cavalry man had, and therefore the Glandelinians also had to put on a "night" in extreme strong of sentinels and pickets. A certain privilege and even a certain was stopped from their part for every time those sentinels would from lack of watchful near by allow raiders to come in without warning, and although this made them very careful to a certain extent, the raiders still would come out of the adventure successfully.

A much more exciting movement of the Night Riders was to try and break through into the quartermaster's section of the Glandelinian camp, which took place usually at midnight. Sometimes even a lot of horses would be used here and the animals would be quietly let out one by one from the enclosure, and as they passed a long a sort of line formed of hurdles they were driven on out into the open. The enemy sentries would sound the alarm, and the Glandelinians would charge the raiders. Therefore some caution was used in this process, and they would have to hastily leap over the hurdles and mount their own horses and driving the others onward escape to avoid a close engagement. From so many raids frequented upon them the Glandelinians were rather wild, and the number of sentries would be redoubled every time.

General Vivian himself had by this time been long enough in Bengali State to feel sure of his own position. He therefore determined to move forward to press on toward the great city of Santa Ethelreda which had been on such a state of round as to escape most of the disaster. The population were warned of the nearness of the enemy but they as yet did not move, and fearing a terrible scene if the enemy hit got there first general Vivian was determined to race Tamerlane for the place and cut his off. He engaged ten of his most reliable generals, and sent to extend his divisions over a great territory and to have them move at once. Ditches in front of the Christian positions were deepened and strengthened and widened, and side channels cut so that in case the enemy would try to start a night surprise on at onset the Glandelinians would be trapped. Besides general Vivian decided on that the work of diversions could be carried on over the whole of the low lying land. Forty thousand cavalry were kept steadily at work on constant scouting tours and men were placed in fortified positions as fast as they were put into condition. General Vivian was resolved that until the country beyond him got so strengthened by his various armies that there could be little danger from the excited incursions, he would not increase any number of refugees within his trooper camp and that in case of a battle pending they must go elsewhere for safety. He also decided upon entering extensively upon all military operations that was necessary. He had already ascertained that a ready reinforcement could be obtained, as O Abbiannians under general Ismarie and E. Puenos were close at hand, of any amount of ammunition that could be brought in from the northeast, and that anything other military power could be given to him. Up to the present time any new troops that had arrived had been obtained from the north only, and being equal to that of Tamerlane he determined to try the experiment upon a large scale. This he decided to do on October the Fourth. A movement of the left wing toward Ethelreda was first to be made. This was to partially occupy the side of a low slope called St Ethels Hill, and to team it with the best available batteries, that would cover quite a stretch of country.

Behind the battery a trench was to be constructed, and earth piled above to form the position of very great strength. Strong beams were to be placed across the trench and in front of the position were to be placed a considerable heavy amount of rushes. In this way, a good secondary position was made. Then preparations were made for a new and stronger defense in front of the position. A sort of strangely formed lane was made of two strong fences of barbed wire and of wood. This lane though long was in the shape of an immense funnel, narrow at one end and to little more than to let an average man squeeze through. At the end of this was a machine gun, that though a single one sprang enough bullets to mow down a whole regiment at one discharge from the cartridge belt. Often half a dozen scouts would be selected from the soldiers and sent out on patrol duty. One by one they would approach the foe lines, and when one or the other had received any news or observed anything, he would come to his general and report. They brought the report that the enemy was not neither advancing or retreating. Then at this news one of the military detectives began cautiously and quietly to approach the enemy lines, and could come and tell the same.

Since a big battle seemed to be impending Gertrude had advised all of her followers for their safety to remain out of the fighting zone. During all this time the girls were taught a few new things in the army of their own part of the camp and that was how to milk their few cows, goats and Dolores and Mildred who were suffering from the effects of their injuries though they were not sent to any army hospital as Jean and her friends had been nevertheless remained in camp but had nothing to do and had to remain

idle while the rest were busy. John undertook to wait upon these two, while all the rest of the girls did what was customary for mail scouts to do. In the mid day even some of the child scouts, they had secured from an enemy's market master store, butter and fresh cheese. Penrod who had returned with plenty of information after telling how after his escape he literally cried on the enemy all that time, returned with a light cart and two horses one pulling it, and one in the rear, and it was loaded with ammunition boxes. With it were two milk cans. Pulled along with the horse all lashed together were twenty pigs, a calf, and a calf bull. Penrod mentioned also in the cart was a crate full of quite noisy hens. When Penrod goes out he doesn't "bring anything" NO, and how. Although some of the other boy and girls scouts who had been new to the job had not a good start they nevertheless had driven in a surprising manner, and one of them also went one raid, and came back loaded down with nectarines, peaches, apples, oranges, apricots, a canned goods and plums, all in a good size army bag which was to afford a pleasant change and addition to their diet.

However there was one trick that the Glandelinians played on some of the child scouts. At a certain spot the enemy allowed them to get in easily, and cart off a certain amount of stuff without hindrance, and later when these things were brought back to the Christian lines Angelina Riccos had asked of them "Where in the world, did you get all these darn frogs. These animals having got loose were a very great nuisance. They after getting away literally swarmed. Do what they would the boy and girls scouts could not get rid of them. If they would but stay out of the headquarters, and the tents no one would have minded them, indeed as they destroyed a good many unwholesome insects, they would have been welcome visitors in the camp, but this is just what they would not do. The door because of the heat had always stood open and they would come in by hundreds. They would hide behind bureaus, wardrobes, behind boxes, or get into and under beds and cots, and into their clothes, caps, hats, and into water jugs, and canteens, and in fact into boots, shoes, into socks and every possible place. The boots too had to be shaken out before being put on. It was at first quite a matter of difficulty to know what to do with the plague of frogs after they were caught, to harm them they didn't have the heart to do, but after a time they had secured covered baskets and into these the frogs were popped and brought as often as they were caught and emptied it into a stream.

But the darn things would only return. Worse of all one of the raiders had by being fooled by the enemy brought with him a box full of different different sort of insects scorpions, and large centipedes. These creatures escaping from the box were a great trouble to the girls in their own dairies especially the frogs for the frogs and toads would climb up the walls and fall squashed into the milk cans. The only way they could really be forced to remain out of the house was by having the door as seen as under three feet from the ground, so that the lower half could be shut while the girls busy in the house were engaged inside. However in spite of the utmost pains the little ones would crawl in through the crevices or leap in at the west window, and at last the girls who understood how to do it, had to construct wicker work covers for all the plans, and this was the only way they were able to keep the milk clean. Another scheme the enemy played which was quite as bad. Three of the girls had a great scare when they came upon an iguana which never before had ever been seen in Calaveria, and this the enemy had put among the provisions secured by the raiders, though where the enemy got it is not mentioned. They really understood what it was, but these great lizards almost dragon like in appearance are a little over five feet long, and are ferocious in appearance and are very savage when attacked. Then they will defend themselves and can inflict a sharp crushing blow with their tails, claw you, or inflict a severe bite with their teeth. They were very common on the Pampas in South America, and how this one got here was a mystery to them.

By tricking it the boys managed to capture it, and placed it in a big wooden box intending to get it to become tame, and have it as a pet as they all knew just what it can be fed. In the meantime several new divisions of troops had arrived and the very fact of their presence near to the main army gave a feeling of companionship and security.

Very frequently that day a number of new officers would arrive with letters of commendation introduction. General Vivian's army also received an increase. A young General named Hindernine Borden, had written expressing a very strong desire to join his army with his own command as a reinforcement, and requesting general Vivian's advice in the matter. Several messages had been exchanged, and general Vivian agreed to receive his help, and general Vivian never afterwards had any regret having received him. That afternoon however a change had come over which deserves mention. Sally one day came to Gertrude and said that the enemy threatened an engagement toward Sarah Junction west of St Ethelreda, and that the child scout camp might be caught under the zone of fire. Gertrude had long suspected that such a peril might spring up but she only smiled and said:

"Well Sally, and what do you believe the enemy will do. Do you believe it is necessary for us to move to some other quarter?"

"Oh Miss Gertrude but I don't wish to see the camp move unless the army does. That is what I just told Terence. If we have to though we cannot say no, but I'd rather see the camp stay, as it were as it is in a beautiful location."

"I have no objection at all Bally, and I believe I can get a battery to protect us. Terence is a very good boy scout, good and steady, and I understand Violet, and her sisters have a very high opinion of him, so if it is not necessary for us to move we won't. We would be very sorry to have a bad loss among ourselves however, and if we have to move we have to, but I hope this is only a false alarm and we then shall have the satisfaction of remaining here."

And so it was settled, and after dinner, Terence and Bally went on a scouting tour to watch developments, while the rest of the camp went back to work as usual. By this time the boy and girls had begun to find out which of their signal drills peculiar to their commands would pay and which would not---or rather---for they all paid more or less---which was the most suitable. The flag drills had proved a complete success. The flag drills had always been looked upon as great fun, although it had proved hard work before they had mastered it. And its results had rather exceeded Gertrude's anticipation. The progress of learning the peculiar cries drill, that is to say out as of different sorts of birds, cats, and owls and so forth had proved for them all a long and tiresome operation, and had taken an immense time. All however had to learn that or couldn't have become scouts. However judging by the progress they at first made with it, many had really begun to despair of ever finishing their course, but with practice they finally became more accomplished.

Still flag drilling too had been found to be too great a labor during the heat of the summer days, and too cold for winter, and therefore in winter had been carried on indoors. It had been slick work too, and it required bright well developed minds to be able to accomplish it. Their first teacher had been Miss Dorothy Gale, an accomplished girl scout woman, and if it had not been for her help many would have got sick of the job. Although the success in the drills had been considerable, there were many who for some reason had not been able to grasp it, and couldn't learn, and therefore instead of being rejected after all had been put in as "later class scouts."

Gertrude herself had never carried out her idea of joining in with the Camp Fire Girls Scouts, the duties of her own regiment having been required for other purposes, she had not however ever abandoned the idea, but now it didn't seem possible to move a junction as the two sects were too far distant. Indeed the drilling of boy and girls scouts required considerable care and skill, and new recruits have to be drilled by another party before they can enter the troop of those well disciplined.

The nearly two years which had elapsed since the boy and girls scouts more better known by the readers had effected a considerable change in their appearance. Penrod ten years old was now eleven (a few months older too) a squarely built sturdy but very rough appearing young fellow. He was more freckled than ever. From his life of exposure in the open air and his many adventures he appeared older than he really was. He too had a strong idea too that before he sees another year the Christians will win a magnificent victory. He had all the dare devil recklessness of any boy and was so persevering in his efforts of anything he attempted that his friends and comrades, and even all generals, and the Vivian Girls named him "Johnny Do it." He too a lively interest of all he did, of all that above or under him, and gave his mind to everything and was very religious. If he went out shooting he did so to get game for the table. Sometimes when he went hunting for game he caught a number of wild ducks and so forth and brought Glandolinian prisoners back with him also. Ask him to do something that seemed impossible, and he did it. He enjoyed the sport and entered heartily into it but he did so in a business sort of way. He was also a imaginative boy. He stuck to all work as conscientiously as he did in his duties as a scout, and he concentrated his mind on any thing. Being appointed by the Vivian Girls he was the main super head of them. To those who were a little careless and who didn't know him, they would or he at first a little dislike for him, as he really is severe. But otherwise especially when he becomes more acquainted with the party and they with him all misunderstanding passes. A new adventure would be more irresistible to him and not unfrequently when he went out scouting alone he would come on the return in a high state of triumph with some curious Glandolinian trophies. Usually he was the sort of boy too who was in cases of extreme necessity so fierce, so wildly ferocious and vicious vicious that Glandolinians never bothered him unless they were in the overwhelming majority in number. Then sometimes they were sorry for going for him.

Angelina Riches was of the same age and so was Gertrude. Angelina Riches was highest next to Penrod and Gertrude came third. Their own constant out of door adventures, scout exercises and so forth had made them as nimble and as active as if they were little fawns. They loved to scout, and for Angelina Riches to even hear or see the fact that a Christian army was worried in battle was the most precious pleasure for her.

Dolores wanted three months of eleven, and appeared to be under twelve. She was quite the home bird of the Christian camp and liked nothing better than doing all her military work and going out adventuring. The time was now approaching when any moment a Glandolinian one may be expected. It was apparently still and quiet in the direction of the Glandolinian army, and Gertrude Angelina, hearing of the increased number of general Vivian men had not the least fear of the enemy delivering a successful assault upon any part of general Vivian's army, but she had heard that general Vivian had resolved when the time came to deliver a grand thrust himself as he was bound to pass through the enemy lines and go on toward Maximilian. He had ordered nevertheless an extra number of sentries to be out, especially at night. He looked forward with some little anxiety to the danger of general Hanley making a junction with Tamerlane, because when he had ridden out with general Julio Benligan and two of the others to the scene of the encounter of the Christian cavalry and the child scouts who had rescued Dolores and Mildred, and they found that the Glandolinian cavalry had fled so precipitately for the loss of so many of their men and of the escape of the rescued and their rescuers that they had not buried the bodies of their comrades, and that short as the time had been, wolves and foxes had left nothing but a few bones remaining of these, and vultures and Griffons had also feasted upon the bodies. From the shoes and from the weapons of the dead soldiers strewn about and cart-tridge boxes,

general Julio Benligan had pronounced that hundreds of thousands must have been engaged in the fray, the Glandolinians having been Hunghood and also the fierce Hic-Hollistians, the latter although ready to fight most bravely against any real attack upon a really too strongly prepared foe, and the other the Hanguabos of a far more native and courageous character. The former of the enemy, Benligan affirmed---and others agreed with him, would not of themselves have been likely to attempt a fresh onset upon antagonists who had proved themselves to be formidable against overwhelming numbers, but the latter would almost be certain to try some most desperate attempt to wipe off the disgrace of their defeat. Under these circumstances although confident of general Vivian's power to beat off any onset it was resolved by all the generals that every precaution should be taken when the time approached, for if Tamerlane was afraid to attack, Hanley wasn't.

The plan was to fight past the two of them and retreat toward Maximilian. Late that afternoon however, Angelina Riches, had gone out to scout with Gertrude Angelina, and a large party of Abblanlian mounted Dragoons. Jane Melfort, Calamity Jane was much all right, had come down to the rear portion of the Christian camp with his arm on her shoulder to do some guard duty of her own plan as she was too much at leisure, and wanted to do something, and Gladys and Joy had ridden to the front of the Christian position to a small pool in a stream at some slight distance off where she had the day before believed she had observed a young Pileated Woodpecker. Gertrude which she had believed to be a new note and she wanted to see it. The cattle of the scout regiment had just been driven in by Colonel Andrew Jameson's command were in the field below still at their military drill, conducted with a loud band. Ethel was in the camp sitting on a log, trying to learn a new prayer in a prayer sheet, while Bally was in the edge of the camp picking some flowers to decorate the table in her tent. Presently the occupants of Gertrude's headquarters were startled by a sharp piercing cry from Bally, burst in the door without she was just fairly throwing herself up the steps, burst in the door without ever knocking or in usual way, threw her hat violently to the floor, rushed at a bound to a bunch of stacked rifles, snatched one and crying: "Quick everybody your rifles for heaven's sake!" was gone in an instant.

Angelina Jennings, and all who were within the room sprang to their feet too surprised for a moment to do anything, and then Angelina Jennings repeated the words "Quick" every one of you, your rifles." They seized their rifles and revolvers slung them on their shoulders and rushed over their shoulders in a hurry, and with Angelina Jennings in the lead ran out every doorway there was into the open. Then they saw a light which brought a scream from all of them. After a moment's pause they grasped their rifles and ran forward pell-mell to a stone wall though their limbs trembled so that they could scarcely carry them on, and their hearts beat loudly. The night was indeed a terrible one. A distant distance of two hundred and fifty yards some three child scouts, and not belonging to Gertrude's command, and who appeared by their gaily colored and colored uniforms to be the "Fu Flamigoes" were riding for their very lives. One was a boy, the others were girls. His hat was off his gun was gone, his face was deadly pale. The others still were armed but had no time to fire. Behind them rode about one hundred and thirty three Glandolinians, and the fiercest fiercest of all, the dreaded Zimmerman. The nearest one was immediately behind the little boy at a distance of two horse lengths, the others also about thirty were close to their leader. The two girls were some distance

The low trencherous wire fence was not observed, and in another moment more than a hundred men and horses were rolling in a confused mass on the ground, while the foe infantry was still some distance behind.

"Now Penrod said 'Every barrel we or mine have' and from the building a rain of lead was poured down upon the beleaguered Glandelinians, while from the wall a rifle and pistol fire streamed added by those of the machine and sniping guns. The horses of those nearest the noise frightened and wounded, and many of them again straddled and kicked dreadfully and did almost as much in harm to their masters as the deadly bullets of the Christians, and when the fire ceased not more than half of them remained their seats and galloped off leaving the rest in a ghastly heap. Seeing them in full retreat, but seeing the Glandelinian infantry coming on as if it were a wave, Penrod and some of the others descended to relieve Gertrude and Angeline.

"Well done boys well done. Very well planned George Gertrude said as she reined in her horse. 'That was a near escape.'

"Not as near a one as three other children had, by a very long way indeed Gertrude."

"Indeed Gertrude said anxiously. 'Well we can hear about it when this danger is over. We'll have to fall to the rear. Everything will have to be abandoned as the foe is coming in overwhelming numbers and not only our selves, but the whole Christian line at this section won't be able to stand. It'll be a fierce onslaught in a few minutes. But when did the other happen?'

"It occurred only a few minutes before your own. The girl and boy scouts behaved most splendidly; but they are rather upset now, many are wounded and some slain."

"If you will retreat up to the house we can get them out if the danger is so great," said Penrod.

Then just as soon as all this was accomplished and just only getting time to remove only some of the wounded girls and boys out, the building went to pieces before the explosion of a terrific shell and hundreds were killed inside including many other boy and girl scouts and many men and officers. The Glandelinians despite the terrific fire they met were coming forward now with a tremendous yell as if they were a perfectly large army of the wildest Indians and portions of the Christian line was avering.

"Lopez," cried Penrod, "Carry out what I told you before, see that all is out of this location. Lose no time our loss is big enough now. Tell every one to hurry to the front, for the enemy will be on us soon otherwise. You Jane there's your opportunity create some confusion by bringing down a couple of those Glandelinian officers that appear to be generals. All the rest retreat as soon as you can. Terence remove your column of signal Corps before shells land on the spot."

Having seen that his various orders were obeyed, Penrod went up to the house to see if any one could be rescued, but the wreck was all afire and rescue work was impossible. Another shell exploded and hurled the flaming debris all about him leaving a narrow escape. The boy and girl scouts had retreated, and as Penrod rode swiftly forward he found another line of Christian troops in position in the rear with batteries and machine gunnery. The girls who had been so trembly had not quite recovered although they still appeared pale as the noise of the conflict increased. Every body was retreating, and under Dorothy Gale's direction all the remainder of the child scouts were escaping bravely enough now and then they would rally and pour in such a fierce fire upon the enemy that they inflicted dreadful losses. Dorothy Gale absorbed in her attention to their safe retreat to a strong and high position behind the line of battle had fortunately heard nothing of Gertrude's danger until Penrod told her. As soon as they were safely lodged, they watched to see the proceeds of the battle and as the enemy was still doggedly pressing on, and there was yet time, George S. Zimmermann now said:

"Gertrude dear, you give us your account first. That'll give us a sort of clue how to form a diversion in case we are all greatly imperiled."

"I have not much to tell George and the rest of you within hearing. Angeline and I had ridden out with our fifteen hundred men some distance five or six miles I should say, when we heard noise and saw a small party of the enemy coming. I and Angeline fired with our revolvers but the Glandelinians increased in enormous numbers. In the conflict that ensued our scouts were all slain wounded or captured, and we had the lead in getting away, though we stopped a moment after the horror had occurred to give them our barrels with minnie balls, and then believe me we rode for it with hundreds of them after us. Unfortunately we had been foolish enough to go without our revolvers. The Glandelinian soldiers horsemen and cavalry pressed us hard, but I was never in fear of their actually catching us, not those especially on foot, our only alarm was that one of us might repeat my disaster of my or her horse being shot under us, so I and Angeline tried our best to hold our own thirty or forty yards ahead. They made lance at us and fired shots but missed. However I made sure that any one of you might see us coming, and we should have shouted loudly enough, I can tell you, to warn you as we came up. Besides we understood that that at

the worst our troops might help, or that in the arms were hanging above the fireplace in our headquarters, and that we wanted time enough only to run in, catch them up, and get to the door to be able to defend the house until the rest of my troop could help us. And now that is your story to the boy, and the girls who had been rescued.

"I have even less than you have Miss Gronburg. 'We had been detached from our own command from another army in scouting. We were persued for miles by Miss Gronburg, let our rescuer. Pointing to Penrod tell his first and I'll finish mine. He is entitled to it.'

"Well said Penrod, I too had just started out to go scouting with quite a force of my troop, and was planning a better arrangement for it when I heard the noise of many horses galloping and the sound of terrific firing. It was followed almost directly by a tremendous volley, and my comrades rushed into a concealed position, and saw the remainder of the enemy coming along on a retreat at full gallop. By the direction they were going they would pass only a little way from where we were concealed, so I gave my orders, and then all my followers including myself gave the enemy a hot fire from all our weapons, and many a horse and man went down almost simultaneously. The Glandelinians who survived raced on more confusedly but I gave them another fire and repeated the loss. Then I reached the place I saw that three strange child scouts had a narrow escape of it, Angeline Jennings had fainted from loss of blood, and others were in a great state of cry. But I had no time for questioning for I ran up to hoist the danger flag, and then saw Gertrude and Angeline coming along with the horde of devils after you. Now boy let us hear the finish of your story."

"Well comrades as I began we got detached from our own force in scouting to see what foe was before us and three of us rode out to the small slope in hopes afterwards of getting on the return and that our troop might still be there. I left my horse and telling the two girls to stay and watch I crept on very cautiously through the reeds till I came within sight of a sort of clearing. Sure enough I saw far away a vast Glandelinian position rather on the other side of the Lebanon Plains. I waited for fifteen minutes and wondered who whose Glandelinian army he was it was it was:

"Both the Glandelinian position boy," George Zimmermann put in "We don't care about the enemy position, we want to hear about your experience."

"Well I'm coming to the pursuers boy pioneer," the lad said "at the position must have been Hanleys, for all that. Well after examining the enemy position I went out from the bushes to my horse and called to my friends. As I got to them I heard a shout and the shout command in a man's voice:

"Surrender you little Christian Spartans, the jig is up."

The sudden command almost made me tumble down it startled me so, and not a hundred yards away and rising to cut me off from home, were thirty Glandelinians, on horses far in advance of another set of forces about one hundred and thirty or five hundred strong. I was not long as you may say, suspect climbing into my saddle, and I and my two companions bolted as if the forest fire was after us. I was not able to go straight for my home, but had to make a big sweep to get round them. I and my companions were better mounted than any of those Glandelinians except the thirty, and these gradually gained on me, while all the rest in turn lagged some distance behind, but four of them galloped lances, and we had no time to even fire a shot in defense. They cried at us again and again to surrender but we didn't answer. Our horses did their best, and I encouraged mine to the utmost, but I believe it seemed all up with us for I was fully convinced that they would capture me and the two girls before we could reach a place of safety. When we were a little more than three hundred miles from your camp I saw a line of boy and girl scouts followed by soldiers come dashing down toward a stone wall with rifles in hand and a little afterwards many more came too followed by a whole troop of soldiers. The thirty Glandelinians came nearer and nearer, and I expected every minute to feel a blow from a sabre or get shot. I could not at first understand why none of you had fired, but I supposed that did not feel sure of their aim, and I had the consolation the rebel soldiers nearest could not be going to sabre or shoot me or they would open fire at once at an cost. On I and my companions went, and three of those thirty foes came so close that one of them almost rode alongside of me and I could feel his horse's breath, and the idea came across my mind that the rebel was trying to catch hold of the calf of my leg. At a hundred yards I could see the girl's face who was lanced in the shoulder, and seeing more coming I felt I and my two girl companions were safe. She herself seemed to me as steady as if she had been aiming at a cloud. Then there was a frightful yell almost in my ear as I heard one of the girls cry out:

"Stop, for heavens sake boy stop." I was stopping before but my head went down to the horse's mane I can tell you. Then there was the sound of shots from two rifles and a yell of pain. Then came a crash of all the rifles and though I could not glance round, I felt the horse behind me had stopped

and that I and my two girl companions were safe. That's my story as far as I remember except when the foe leaped the stone wall and the fierce fight happened."

A few more questions elicited from Gertrude by Perrod all that she understood of her own experience and then the warmest commendations were bestowed upon all the girls and boys who had been first to go to the rescue. Angelina Jennings however generously disclaimed all praise, as she said that she and the others should have done nothing at all had it not been for Sally's sounding the alarm.

The action along this portion of the Christian line progressed with unusual violence in fact it could be said that within a space of five miles it raged with the fury of Gettysburg and Waterloo combined to gether in three days time and yet lasting only from two till six in the evening, but the fighting was equally as savage along a thirty mile front, and climaxed with a violence that put it into thirty of such battles, or with the same equal loss of the battles in such a short space of ground. The losses of the enemy was terrific, but the foe were somewhat successful, and at nightfall the Christian line had to change its position, and the main section fell back toward the city of St Etheldreda, (not the ruined one mentioned before as this one is farther away and only a town. The Olandelinians had maintained during the whole progress of the onset the stolid stolid stubbornness of their race. As wicked as they are and as wicked as their cause is they are as glutious for terrible punishment and too they are very difficult to beat if they rush against you in such great numbers and in such violent force and fury. The wounded too never express any gratitude for being cared for when within the Christian hospital tents, and very often even to the Red Cross Nurses who bring them through in when almost at the point of death the rascals especially when they're Omandians are treacherous as little slaves.

Indeed they are very evil in human form, however when they're Omandians they are very inferior to the more noble appearing Mic-Hollett Indians, and Turnerianians, and others, but they are the fiercest of all Olandelinians to contend with, and the most difficult to defeat. They are generally hairy & all of them like the Zimmermannians tall girlish looking men, wear hair in all sorts of fashions as little girls. Their complexion is usually an ivory color, and many of them are generally extremely savage and brutal and cruel looking, though all have fighting faces and fierce fighting eyes.

In the course of the approaching night after the first storm of the battle that was to follow on the morrow, General Vivian rode over from St Etheldreda, and was greatly surprised to hear of the fierce attack, and of the sad results. He stated the Olandelinians had not been seen or heard near the city, though the population were apprehensive, and the so fearsome starting an exodus, and the general and all his staff, were ignorant of anything having occurred until his arrival. He regretted that the girls and boy scout force had been so caught in the sales for Gertrude reported her loss in dead as one hundred and five hundred wounded. All the officers desired to hear of the particulars, and to offer their congratulations for the narrow escape Gertrude's hands had from annihilation. All the other officers were particularly alarmed, and it was proposed at once that the part of the line that had been worsted must be heavily reinforced and that efforts must be made to recover the lost positions. General Vivian decided not to sleep that night. He went over toward Beasie to attend to the concentrating of troops, and threw in by signals and whistled commands a long battle line of artillery of four square leagues long forming it in immediate join his own position outside and within Etheldreda giving the same care of pushing in strong bodies of infantry. The reinforcing troops placed him into position near the spot where the disaster had occurred were under the Two Edwards, and by an Englishman who though a foreigner had long been in the Christian army and was the same sort of a fighter as Wellington might have been had he been here now. His name was General John Marcher but he had been so long in Abbiegria even when a boy that his Abbiegrian language was the same as his own in knowledge. He was accompanied by his two divisions of Abbiegrians and a strong cavalry force, and a friend who was also a general. General Hardy who had fallen mortally wounded in the battle was superseded by General Sub White. General Vivian had made the acquaintance of this Englishman when he first entered the army under his command and pronounced him to be a very good man and a staunch militant Catholic. General Marcher had brought with him a strong force of volunteer troops long in the service, who had won many a battle and were some of the toughest fighters of the army. General Marcher promised General Vivian every bit of assistance. There was great pleasure at the thought of such a good reliable general in the command, and Violet, and her officers had ever at first been especially pleased, as such a fighting man would be a great advantage to the Christian cause. The plans of General Edwards and Marcher were excellent. It was decided that General Gorman and Don Martinez should join together to form a sort of resistance toward Vanston and fell the foe in that location. 2.2.22

It was so that a good portion of General Vivian's army was about nearly six miles away. It certainly could have heard the firing and should be very close by. Therefore a conversation on the matter too of an extensive portion of the Christian line between Vanston and St Etheldreda. This ought to show that the Christian line was stronger than at first supposed. Indeed with the exception of General Marcher, who had brought up all his own troops, the other divisions did not as yet arrive. It was a few days before when General Marcher had arrived with his command and that of course some of the boys would have heard of it. And General Marcher had accompanied General Marcher and the staff officers, and it was with him that they were powerfully built men and could accomplish a great deal. General Vivian suggested that the Christian position should be improved, the new position was forced some distance from those from which they had been driven, and the troops which were brought up consisted of Angelina's.

During the progress of the fight no new arrivals from the enemy occurred, but the danger of the danger of one nevertheless every possible precaution was taken to avoid a surprise. Troops were now established upon all endangered spots, for many miles upon either section of St Etheldreda, and even beyond the twelve miles which the city stretched to the south, the army was placed in position. One large section of the army occupied the city to defend, but General Vivian considered that all danger was in that locality more than any other. Two hundred acres of cultivated land was a position for a deadly string of machine guns, and the city itself was covered by a long range battery. The position was now north of defense and offense, the interior line of battle having been moved fifty yards further off during the night, and the defended line of troops to a greater distance to give them time to reform.

During the night most of the boy and girls were devoted plenty of time to the number of their wounded, but it was feared for many that the time would soon be approaching when their leader and guardian leader was to return to the army from which he had come and that was Concentrian Arkonaghe. He had been very popular to every one, he had done well, as Perrod bent help, adviser and leader too.

"I believe Iudcliffe is almost as much here as every other place," George Zimmerman said one day. "I heard he is dreaded by the not told of the enemy. I shouldn't wonder if he wasn't Gertrude's brother. He looks so much alive, and don't hardly appear to be a boy."

Perrod happened to pass Gertrude's place one day, and noticed she slightly frowned at George and a bright flash of color came to her face. She said nothing at the time, but at eight o'clock that night called George to her room and had a long conversation with him that was strictly private. "How can you see my dear Gertrude's friend?" she concluded. "For those good reasons we don't want anything to be said of Iudcliffe that I would care to mention. But that he is he doesn't want no one to ever find out. If his real secret is found out it'll frustrate his plans for the cause."

Later on she took up this matter with Perrod. "I am sorry for this," she said after a pause. "We could or ought to have foreseen the possibility of this thing. For that it is mentioned, I wonder we did not foresee this before. My friend Iudcliffe has done much for us and I did not ever hear that his being was a mystery to all of us. We all simply love him extremely. His principles are good, and he would and does in all ways be something of an asset for our cause. At the same time you acted right, and we cannot permit even our best friends and companions say anything about Iudcliffe that might be heard. Of course George didn't understand the danger. Concerning the secret being out among us, wouldn't be so wrong whatever, but the fact is we can't tell whether all are friends within our lines or not even among scouts. Many scouts have sometimes been employed within our lines, and we have had the case of a fine getting them captured or put to death. On the other hand had only been a short time here, and understood nothing of our cause yet, and though good in all the things he had accomplished is altogether a perplexing experience with the things he had accomplished. I therefore approve of it Gertrude that he must be any of our secret says. I therefore approve of it Gertrude that he must be turned over to us as a warning for his own good, for if Iudcliffe ever was angry it's just as bad. He I believe is going to return for a while to General Arkonaghe and so will be the presence itself to our y. I know who Iudcliffe really is. At the end of the present time however Iudcliffe is willing to give up his identity or shall then of course offer no objection that he said and indeed should rejoice much at every thing that you must be as Iudcliffe was. If he ever found out of any thing that was of his real identity, and knew it but I wouldn't care what he said. And that's that."

Gertrude throughout agreed with Perrod. It was well with Perrod, and George too that the former had been told by Gertrude, for as soon as the interview of Perrod was over, the topic at captain had George summoned specially to his headquarters, and then he appeared. Perrod went at once into details regarding whether George had said something about Iudcliffe and received the confession promptly from the lips. Perrod heard him quietly to the end.

[illegible][illegible]

17. Here many big righteas and religioas millionaires, and church members of the sect, and as generous as in receiving had put millions also into their mansions one building alone being said to have cost over twenty two million dollars. These righteas millionaires were generals now in the christian army, having given such a support of the cause, and Red Cross and I other works during the war. The said man was General and Ch. Churcher had gone up here because of the goodly support of these naidly Millionaires. One religious institution of art contained inviolable objects of art and was the property of the St. Gertrude Church adjoining. Father Iohann had been at the St. Germs Church which alter cost more than I \$1,000,000 was one of the most chcy residncs chriches on this hill because of the extremely white and pink walls, and heavy gray chate elite roof, rest of it being a Millionaire home and farther west an enormous

On 11/11/68, the FBI advised that the above information was obtained from a confidential source who has provided reliable information in the past. The source stated that the above information was obtained from a confidential source who has provided reliable information in the past. The source stated that the above information was obtained from a confidential source who has provided reliable information in the past.

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When the burning of the school about 1 1/2 blocks away commenced and the flames reached toward the house a farmer and farmer's wife from the north, General Vivian next six of the best men from the Christian Union with orders to stop the dreadful conflagration at any cost of property or the little country in this locality would be ablaze. With them they brought many tons of burning material, dynamite and the terrific power of the explosive was equal to the leisure extermination of the dreadful fire. Captain Van Allen was in charge of the squad. Chief James of Barrett placed the charge and the third man met them off. Stationing the selves on G. A. N's street toward which the fire conflagration was approaching from district to district this regular regular fire sea from the burning and where section of the city, town, sent a brilliant electrically at his desperate fight, and when they had ended a broad open space occupied only by the almost total ruins of a hundreds and dozens of buildings remained of what had been a long row of handsome structures with or which with all their costly treasures of furnishings and articles of decoration had been consigned to heinous ruin.

The many thunderous detonations were astounding if the city was bombarded again - which the terrified population of the city all too readily thought, the name of day not mentioned meant much to those whose bare feet felt the flames. A hundred million dollars' worth of property and residences were destroyed, some smoke and drifting dust, but it seemed absolutely hopeless now for that destruction apparently broke the fire storm and sent the raging flames on from McClellener Avenue, to Bendale Avenue, a distance of forty four blocks or over three miles was dismantled a block deep though most of the structures had stood unscathed by blast or cinder.

If one large wall failed, and not one building a wall upon its foundation, it could not even for one instant nullify the force of nature in reversing the direction of the wind sign of the southwest wind, it would have been possible that the more powerful wind at street corner northeast, joined with fleeing flames and undiminished by the thousands of barrels of the river front, would have been safe. Ever, found of the fire had done its duty, but the indestructible hard, and shifted from southeast to west, and the fire crossed the wide part of wide street at another section which had not been anticipated. That was at Centralia Street. There the flames rolled on in clouds of fire before the significance could reach the ordinary citizens. They made their way desperately to the foundations, calling their explosives, despite the hellish heat and

The charges had to be placed so that the fuse lit in such a hurry, that the explosion was of quite so successful from the trained view point of the panelist that nothing could be done to stop the progress of the flame. The men realized that the last stand would be hopeless except on North Avenue, their decision thus coinciding with that of the authorities. They dared to force their explosives farther in the burning region, and again with was the result and the ruined districts of the city thereafter found a trench through the clustered structures, that it was hoped the conflagration would as it was could not. In the place, pushing water from the river in that section had hoped to complete the little effort that the government had been had left, but the fire turned up, consuming a once beloved and beautiful city and for three days more the burned and fire-ridden buildings the terrible conflagration. It had turned up to a final, destruction of the city where it was divided by a broad river, and there it was finally halted, its way after the battle the desolate waste straight through the heart of the city remained a place fit more to the most heroic and effective work of the whole capability of the war.

After three days battle six men did this, and when their experience told them that the remainder of the city was equally for the first time, they started out, and they did so, and they had come, were ordered to have a one dreadful three men. They finally moved the advance of the fear of conflict, and the critical line to the river, leaving the river to spread except along the river bank in the critical line to the river.

[illegible]

The U.S. government has extracted the heart of the Chinese nation and hundreds of thousands of the poorest peasants are victims, much of the saved area is being used for the benefit of the rich people. The people are being sold to the world to work and the nation has no money to immediately aid, though this was hard to do, as the money was very much greater than even the percentage of the world's population. The people of the world could indicate.

It is, naturally for all, that in saving the population not counting those engaged in battle within the city, the loss of life was considerably small, compared with the awful extent of the frightful disasters, and with the records of other cities similarly overthrown during the same time in other actions.

other activities simultaneously. Over a period of six days, approximately 1000 persons who were instantly killed or who died of their injuries, it was impossible because of the confusion caused by the battle, the flight of the refugees, the time required to return to their homes and so forth, to really estimate completely a full and complete statement. However, we fear a hundred and fifty bodies had been recovered at the end of the second week after the battle or one could estimate how many lay buried under the ruins, to be discovered only as the work of excavation continued, and how many more had been utterly consumed by the raging flames and the use of their weapons.

The estimate of the probable loss of life ran up to 11,500 or more while the injured were greater or very numerous and dead. The great or number of the inhabitants escaped, fleeing to the unengaged portion of the Christian army, to other parks in the city, and to the ferries leading to the A. I. O. Open Area river, which met with little damage. 2-2-2 The loss of life however among the soldiers of both sides who fought desperately for three days in and out of the city had been immeasurable, the losses of both sides for every hour, covering that of Waterloo, and yet going without intermission day in and day out, and the number of wounded was frightful. Though at some points the enemy encroached in a portion of the Christian line they couldn't maintain possession of the city, and the battle thereore locally ceased elsewhere with mutual fury along the Christian lines. The losses determined

columns with machine guns along the front. The christian generals were determined to hold the third day, and at last the christian generals were determined to retreat to retake their last positions, but a moment was to be lost, as it was also all important to reclaim the city of St. Pierre, and so by setting off the heart of the Glendallian army to show the glendallian armies all over the territory and through Silverina that not one of the christian armies had any idea whatever of giving up the cause despite the progress of the dimensions. The main force of christians had come off during the night under general Charles Brown, and Robert Brown, and Col Ronald A. Grund and also under general Pen. Counterforce of strong calibre was hastily massed and the glendallian position, and this moved forward, while general Brown divisions advanced to affect a location which it. With this latter force were general Harrington's regular troop division which had come off just the evening before. The troops as soon as it grew daylight moved forward to storm

The Glardullian position to the left of the city of St Etheldreda, and where there was a large and lengthy stone bridge across the stream. This led him into the fight, revealed to him not important in his results as the very very severe, therefore the Glardullian had lost all their way. For of battle, with of honor, assistance, all however had gone on with of being stopped but not in the side of battle was to turn hoped never to get again. To fill the Glardullian army as doomed in a sea of blood, however since the had held the city of St Etheldreda for three days, and had destroyed it by shell fire, and had reached a portion of the christian army the Glardullian armies under Tamerlane were confident of success. They seemed to be greatly a superior in force, they had been carefully drilled in the very christian and ever american (United States) system they were led by their best reliable officers and generals, and they had been pampered for years and indulged by their governments, and they too regarded themselves as being no less than fully equal to the christian in fighting quality if not a superior.

[illegible]

"Gertrude is married. Marry or Perish is a story in which the mother and daughter move up here with her mother, and the father is a very rich man. Do you believe it can be done."

"Well, no." "Dear old Pa," said Lancelotti, "let her go. I'll be there she-
don't delay no time in making a man."

At 11:20 P.M. Dennis began moving, off to the right. The Christian band led by Greville moved up a few paces, and up some lines, and nothing unusual had occurred, though the darkness was at some locations was still in a general action, and some of the Christian soldiers were firing, and some from a light battle placed near a captured flag staff were firing away, that was the right. The main body of Calvinists cavalry had moved up and were now in the position assigned to them. The rifle fire of the Gendarmes had now ceased, and for the rest of the night all was still.

General Viviani army during the whole night apparently lay "basking in the calm warmth of the ~~the~~ darkest night ever seen. General Viviani army was the giant of Apollonian State military careers, and because of the frequency of its violent battles and its numerous victories it was known by one of the strangest and most known of all the christian armies the "Giant of the Glandelinians in pitched battle. No inoffensive christian armies of the smaller species, such as is sometimes frequently retreating instead of advancing, but a giant danger of its sort, a terror of Glandelinia. As well before it: us in the location of still burning St Etheldreda. Neither have one, or sometimes as it is also called a "current has suit as well as much as "Rift" the main part of the christian armies under this famous righteous Alexander the great and Joseph in one the army was up and ready on the morrow, and with the approach of day only to be in an all day whilst the battle was on again. The Glandelinians made a fierce effort to regain the lost position. The force of the foe came forward in an onslaught of astonishing violence. It this time carried the warning flag of its sort, showing it was the coming of the ended Nic-Hollesian Infantry supported by a huge division of Glandelians and an all day fire of severe internal pierce in fighting. Glandelinians had other Glandelinians, feared by even the mightiest christian generals. The Nic-Hollesian soldiers are one of the grimmest sort of brave demons of the Nic-Hollesian army. Only christian armies had always had a wholesome dread of them, for they a christian army has been destroyed by the attack of this monster of Glandelinian Nic-Hollesian troops, whose force of advance has enabled them even to pass through the stoutest christian line founded.

Christian line approached to the morning, the fire of the christian guns on the left of the morning have nearly been early a little, but the rest came on. The whole christian line in this territory was instantly attacked, but the attack by desperate defense beyond description was repulsed proving the christian troops to be invulnerable. It was the case a little later, when another great blue gray column of troops came crashing upon the slowly waving motion of all columns of Zimmermannian troops was attacking against the christian position. It was a dreadful assault this time and though it was a dozen times the bulk of the defenders, and a dozen times the force of the former assault, the assault merely glanced off the main christian position, and the christian fire of machine guns and artillery rose like a wave of fire against the assault. The assault was the flaming waves of a hurricane had swirled over and back from the position. The wave after, for a time had pushed a portion of the christian line apart, but the gap was restored after the foe harnessed a deadly counter attack, and the christian position seemed to be invulnerable. It seemed to him that the christian position was literally immune to even the largest and most fiercest of his assaults no matter how well supported the storming armies were. Once the christian troops were in position the fiercest wave of assaults had a single most desperate to make an impression upon them. He did not now him general livians army and himself himself was a mystery like to the enemy according to their knowledge of him was neither a conqueror, not even an Alligerman, Calverman, or Angellman Angellman, let he had the fighting qualities of an American General of the highest order. Though he seemed quiet as if he could not stand a line against the enemy fire of anger like that of a roaring lion, and Gertrude had concluded that she had seen a lion in action, Gertrude had ever retreated, whether he failed in his object or not. In this part the terrific battle had been fighting so fiercely with the burning of the city, and the enemy was equally as at Bern. General Vivians army was like a battle, with its back again in the end, yet invulnerable, and invulnerable. In many cases, however, along could tell of the events of the battle in proper detail. The enemy after a few more terrible calls to go to, and recover the positions had lost like a fearful artillery storm, and saw the of his battalions batteries fly in face of the return counter fire of the reinforcements. Headquarters are demolished by shells, and he had a face, slight, it seemed to be a soldier. Even there well showed that he had been a general in a general's uniform.

Over his shoulder of "off" and while the carnalistic positions seemed to appear and disappear from the back boards of the cart, and the brave, fighting, responsive, in league selves, and needed affairs, corresponding in the configuration of the city, general underline and his generals had been holding conversation, wondering how to plan to attack this Napoleon of the Caribbean. By the time the christian fire was actually heavy at all in the field this year, and he felt an overpowering urge to try and sort of and he could conceive of a defeat a good seized christian army with a much loss of life among his own armies, and therefore he decided to have a "christian" army under general leadership and for the rear of St. Elizabeth where a good vigorous flank attack might be made when any unsuspecting portion of his own troops christian army. At the same time he has been to sacrifice this portion of his troops army, but the abundant melting from the christian battles was doing so much damage that he was desperate, and already he had delayed the plan longer than a day.

At about the time that at one point the Christian troops were coming at his line as if a psychotic running amok had struck his lines like an insane bull, and was going through as if no resistance was there at all, he received a final assignment to delay his desperate plan no longer. Had he had these two dissensional commanders rode together for another short interval in scouting the treacherous scene of discord, and then general Hagedorn turned away as if in an answer to an irresistible impulse, and he had to order his whole command to follow him, he would have been successful in his purpose. He was not, but he would have, and he would have been able to do so, had he had these two dissensional commanders riding with him.

Straight aheadward, through the parklands where he and his divisions of troops held their course, his army bearing through the forest with the regularity of a vast machine and apparently as without getting nearer and nearer all the time. All that time the Glendellian army stopped for nothing going at the speed of a fast trot, sometimes at a walk and sometimes at double time.

Aspen or a Glendinning army could approach that city for days on end when occupation arose. Conservation is perhaps the best. Because of Glendinning Army existed no Glendinning war, because as it may be in their adversary has never existed an ounce of necessary strength. Hence it seemed on this occasion that incredible stories of heroics were in these fierce Zinner Christian soldiers. They soon guided by the Lord came within sight of the burning city to the north, and where the rear of General Benigne and General Percival A. Glendinning was.

This needed action, as the rear is as dangerous as the front when on guard, and all late food needed to move himself to immediate action. A sense of great peril to his army assailed him. He believed months must pass before General Vivian could be forced to move from this spot and leaving that the "what might happen. All of it was due to the shame of the war, and the Yats' personal animosity as shown marked on by some inner outrage, which neither victory nor defeat could scathe. He went seeking first to know the position of the Chinese army and then the Japanese. He was raised aloft by it. He was reaching for something in reality he was fearing about with his senses for the answer to how he was going to sustain a rear of an army which, however grand not a rear, but an army with two fronts, one front active the other inactive, but still active.

Presently, to plan, came and sent him home to his former position. He gave his various officers secret orders, and the army deployed into several columns, traveled on steadily, following what impulse, as can tell, as the night deepened the air in the direction of the battle a line of flames illuminated the vast stretches by coming something as if with five, as if were sudden silver shafts, light, darkness waxed and waned, until a flare of light was not only that the light came from the front, but from the right, and the light.

For planning armies however, regardless of their size are a different type of organization, their will through words or plans alike.

Chandellinian availed me to go out to assist in the fear of a christian position though mightier in a. There are ever in fear of Concentinian cavity and the Abymnifilian Winkles, and other dangerous christian cavity that move and about a long, hard, ve. And if any proof of this were needed it was furnished the next fifteen minutes, as the firing was beginning to extend along broader proportions. Old General Hategod caught sight of an immense squadron of the fiercest Winkle Abymnifilian dragons that ever was around guarding the seat of a christian and Hategod succeeded in striking his blow, there would have been a terrible time for all of Geratide band as they were in the danger zone. Speeding through a high grassy plain as if they were a terrible long was a muscular and yellowish high almost shaped Cardinal like face, their long trailing forest of terrible horns held forward toward the air, they came forward at a thundering gallop that shook the ground, these fierce Winkles which are the terror of the Abymnifilian Winkles. The black and white and before them, no how can infantry. Seventeen hundred thousand in number, they were"urtering the fear of the christian. How much to for many can there.

...the left 1. He stepped down on old General Hategodu's army with a thundering
...a fierce fighting, light...2.

Some of the Glandelinian columns seemed to lose all sense in their terrible
 proxy of fury and sometimes when lunging straight through the tangle of
 the christian columns instead of recoiling as was hoped for and expected, sometimes
 there was so much smoke from the battle that everything was lost to sight.

By this time however general Tamerline believed he had enough of this sort of
 experience. Obeying his own impulsive instinct he launched another force of
 troops forward to reach the christian line before it was too late. While he
 did not ride on the return to his own part of the command to have a council
 with his general officers. He realized his army was not to escape from this
 battle haunted again how without a notion of his own to remember long that day.
 It was his first battle in the war, and it was a terrible one. As he sped onward,
 he saw a new scene close up around the horizon of battle.

The advancing Glandelinian reinforcements was a suddenly barred by the troops
 of the terrible christian Napoleon under the dreaded Charles Brown, who to the
 Glandelinians had been always an abiding nightmare, when all was said and done
 of all the fearsome forms of christian divisions that was under the leadership
 of general Vivian.

He was forging swiftly along through a forest of trees at first unseen by
 the appalling Glandelinians, and he hurled his troops with frightful fury upon
 the Glandelinians in front and rear. The Glandelinian column or wave was
 bent double, and swung apart by the violence of the impact and seemed twisted
 as it fought this new peril with the utmost desperate valor and courage, but
 another division of christian troops under general Ben Logan appeared suddenly
 and gradually joined that of general Charles Brown. The Glandelinians realized
 they were in the grip, and at grips with two of general Vivian's most desperate
 fighting generals ever seen. Gloriously, inexorably they were hurled backwards
 by the triple impact. General Tamerline knew many of the christian generals,
 having heard heard and read so much about them, he had hunting the christian
 armies who had not dared to oppose him. But none of these was anything compared
 to this "Monster in purple". Frenzied as were the struggles of the Glandelinians
 opposed to this new onset of Charles Brown and Ben Logan, they availed them
 nothing. Bayonet met bayonet from nearly every man fronting each other in a
 hand to hand conflict too terrible to even exaggerate and which brought out
 dreadful slaughter on both sides, but trying in vain to cut through the tough
 wall of Angellians the Glandelinians before the pressure was driven
 to the rear and over the position.

Saying to himself "My luck has not yet run out" general Tamerline sent a
 messenger to call to the general of one of the big separate part of his army
 to come to his assistance as soon as possible and to communicate the news of
 his danger to the others so they would all sooner or later combine against
 general Vivian. But as the Angellian army was, Tamerline felt sure it was
 not of the largest, and his army was therefore incapable without Hansons help
 of engulfing the whole Glandelinian army, neither would all its titanic
 strength avail him against the adamant strength and desperation of the
 Glandelinian column.

As a result Tamerline threw in others of his reserve divisions, and as a
 result now general Vivian's army was swept by an assault of the most terrible
 fury and savagery he himself had ever witnessed. Furious with rage, and with
 a desperate defiant staring them in the face before aid could come to them
 the Glandelinians rushed pell-mell upon the christian position, with all the
 crushing force of all their available numbers but the christians still
 moved forward, hurling everything onward to ruin, and devastation. Because
 of the insane noise of the battle "maybe the infernal regions was silent
 compared to this" small creatures fled to safety from far distant woods, deers,
 too, wolves, bears wild cats, and small burrowing animals.

All of the resistance of the Glandelinians availed them nothing. Less
 than nothing for the pressure of the christian side was irresistible.
 General Ben Logan was wounded, but retained command and urged on his men.
 For general Tamerline he might as well have been a mud turtle and drawn
 in his head and flippers within his shell and prepared to hide himself for
 safety. From the outset it was plain to him that the mightiest struggle of
 his army in this vicinity was as nothing against this righteous "Purple
 Monster", whose troops had seemingly the strength and fury of St. Michaels Host
 against Satan and his followers.

His own hope was that his troops would hold out until general Vivian tired
 of the game, or until the time of night would stop the horrid commotion.....
 But once general Vivian has fastened upon anything only death for his army, or
 doomday can cause him to let go, so that was why always general Vivian and
 his brother were called "Abbeinnia's two big Devilfishes, with armies for
 sucker arms."

All Glandelinian Glandelinian troops finally fell back to all their positions
 as fast as they could, and the battle began to die down. General Vivian's army
 for a time began to "cease its wild" tantrums and had fallen quieter, more behav-
 ing, deadly quiet as it seemed as if exhausted. But two of his columns were
 in possession of the Glandelinian positions, and one was still like a
 tentacle wrapped inexorably around a portion of the Glandelinian encampment
 a mile off from burning St. Michael's. General Vivian no doubt expected the
 Glandelinian army to break or disintegrate in time, nevertheless his embrace
 of the city, and camp, never relaxed an instant and he was seeing troops
 from another location to recapture the city. It was now ten o'clock
 in the morning. Meantime he was shelling the positions from other sources, his
 "Night Riders" hunting through the teeming forest region and capturing other
 scouting parties of the foe. Thus the long hours of the bloody morning had
 passed, and each of these hours had been taking a terrible toll from the foe.

Ordinarily as had been said Tamerlane could remain in an action a long, long time, but this tremendous assault of the Christians and its pressure, combined with the struggle it had put up against it, was a different matter. The endurance of this portion of the Glandelinian army had been taxed to the utmost, for hours the army had been dwindling by thousands per minute. Already in exhaustion he had drawn heavily upon his final resources, and even if something did not turn up when the conflict was renewed the Glandelinian army would pay the utmost price for its rashness, for starting a battle without waiting for a union of the other section. It was then when the end was but a matter of hours away that help arrived for Tamerlane in a strange and unexpected form.

The Christians were now rushing on to renew the onset. In that time a new and strong body of Glandelinian troops under general Stanislaw came up to restore the shattered gray line. To the Christian generals it was but another welcome Titbit. The assaulting wave struck with a violence as if they were colliding foot ball players, and it was apparent the Glandelinians would be compelled to close with them. Just as the army was thrusting through, a startling thing occurred. At the last moment the Glandelinians generated all their strange power into one violent counter charge. There was a blinding flash of rifles many miles long on both sides simultaneously that illumined the clouds of battle as if they were lightning sheets, and during the closing of the two sides the Christian wave of assault was rent and torn almost to pieces. Next moment the Christian wave was torn and mutilated amid clouds of dust and smoke.

Out of the turmoil, out of the very jaws of this monster, the Glandelinians rushed, and behind the first fighting column appeared another column of the speedily arriving new troops, tearing through the Christian columns terrible convulsions. As this occurred the Christian soldiers released a most terrific fire of rifles and rifled machine guns the noise of which hid them from view.

Now with the Glandelinians again the assailants the din became fiercer and fiercer, and the whole seemed to be an animated picture of an array of immense numbers of embodied spirits conjured up by a supernatural power. It indeed was a great field of bloody battle, where now the Christians and the Glandelinians were engaged in the deadliest conflict. They closed again, and there was the clash of swords, the ring of bayonet against bayonet, the tumult of shots at close range, the tramp of steeds, the blazes of bugles, and the storm of distant but thousands of cannon rolling as if they were that many drums. Finally the Christians began to give way before the foe, the Glandelinian troops with shouts of "See, they're beaten at last, hurrah, at them, give them all the fight they want" pressed upon them, and put the Christian assailants finally to a rout. The standard of the Cross, was captured and recaptured thirty times, the banner of Abbleanna was trodden under foot, only to be recaptured and re-erected, the air resounded with shouts of triumph triumph from countless throats of the Glandelinian soldiers, with yells of fury, blasphemous and terrible obscene words, and with groans of an immeasurable number of dying men.

In the midst the flying troops could be seen an officer who was mounted on a white steed. In the confusion of the flight, the soldier was shot and fell, and was no longer to be seen and the horse galloped wildly through the field of battle without a rider. General Hindermine stayed to watch no more but rushed into the ill fated field follow followed by his apprehensive attendants to restore order if possible. Some of the columns were rallied and faced the yelling foe, but others whole regiments fled through a glen, and to cover their retreat set all the trees on fire. A gigantic figure on horse with a whirling mass appeared, but he felt with a shot in the heart. As the retreat continued several of the soldiers found two officers who were Christian generals lying dead near a lane as though they had been crushed by a mighty blow. An eruption as if from a volcano occurred carrying a tornado of death and destruction in all directions by its force. Shells were exploding everywhere and the sky was dark with smoke. It seemed as if all nature was in a wild uproar. The heavens were darkened by heavy clouds from bursting shells, and from the burning of the city, and other confagration. A loud burst of thunder rent the air from high explosives, and every time an explosion occurred earth was deluged with debris and rattling stones.

Seeing the repulse of his army general Vivian ordered that the heaviest batteries should be brought into position at once, for he and his officers were dismayed by the tremendous tumult and the mingled shouts and groans that continued to prevail without the battlefield. General Vivian hastened to the front, though he was pelted by a tempest of debris hurled about him by distant explosions. A frightful eruption with a crazy detonation banged carelessly close to him about a hundred yards away, and his horse fell mortally wounded and six of his follower officers died right there, but he escaped unhurt. The distant hills shook and echoed with the thunder of cannons, explosions, roar of rifle fire, and yells of combatants, trees were uprooted and blown down, and the hurricane noise of distant yelling was beyond description. It was more like a fierce storm than a battle. It seemed to the slightly frightened courtiers of the general as if phantom legions of hell had issued forth and mingled with some frightful supernatural hosts for amidst the claps of salvos of shell thunders, the drum drum roar of so many cannons the sea wave noise of firing, and the howling of the soldiers the sounds of drums, the shouts of reinforcements and the rush of steeds and men continued, and the retreat continued. Thus threatened to be beaten

by this tempest of Glandelinian onset, and overwhelmed with horror as to the result general Vivian and his staff, arrived to the nearer front, and clattering across the bridge of the stream near Vantum, sent orders for his other divisions to hurry to arrest the confusion, not far off a big building had burst into flames as though it had been built of rosin and the flames catching than many thousands of trees mounted into the air with a brilliancy more dazzling than the sun. The confusion was gradually arrested, and the cannons that were brought on, in ever increasing numbers. General Vivian massed his iron strength of the army into position, and now began to hold the exultant foe at bay.

In the meantime because of the wildness of the conflict the Glandelinians would force of Child scouts were improvised and trailed, surrounded by the enemy and had to fight for their very lives. They were assigned at the station assigned to them, and the roar of battle seemed to be all around, the rifle fire in the small gardens and glen and grove on ground near their position being very heavy to the extreme, and a large body of the Glandelinian soldiery was seen extending into the plain with the intention of pushing forward on the right of the rise of ground, while backgrounded against the sky horizon momentary was a long line of terrific eruptions that rolled like the loudest crashing thunder and shook the very ground.

They were close to one of these awful lines of battle as previously mentioned, and they saw one of the generals ride up to his under officer Andy and say: "You will charge the Glandelinians at once, but be on your guard, as it's the fierce Mc-Hollisterian, and Elmsommanian you'll be contending with."

With a cheer the whole line of troops before the very view of the boy and girl scouts dashed forward. Evidently the way they acted it was the moment they had longed for, and the fury with which they made the onset was so seemed too much for the Glandelinians confronting them, who although enormously superior in numbers at this section, halted and opened fire before the Christian assailant reached them, and then recoiled slowly with the Christian soldiers mixed fiercely with them in a confused mass of desperately desperate struggle men so that the contest was a fierce at this spot as at any hand to hand fighting witnessed along a twenty mile front simultaneously of the battle of the World War. The Glandelinians at this spot recoiled to their positions, and the Glandelinian artillery opened a heavier fire, forcing the attackers to fall back. The losses of this big brigade was not yet found out, but among the great mass of the injured was lieutenant general Jullen, a most gallant young chief officer of general Hindermine's staff, about a mere lad, but a general and beloved favorite alive with all general and men. He was hit by the fragment of a bang, and his horse was hopelessly from the first, but he kept up his spirits to the last, and said with a smile to some of the boy and girl scouts who came to bid him a sad farewell: "Well dear brave children I go to see my God."

Indeed such was the spirit which animated every officer and man in this tremendous battle of St Etheldreda, and it is no wonder that for those four days of exceedingly fierce fighting, they were able to crush the enemy with fearful assaults, and repulse the fiercest onsets of the ever increasing enemy. The boy and girl scouts surrounded by this insane battle surely now needed protection from the fire of the enemy. At five, ten and eleven o'clock that frightful morning they had witnessed more fiercer onsets of the enemy in counter charging the assailing Christians than they ever had witnessed before.

Their main excitement seemed to have come when general Vivian's assault had been so frightfully repulsed at about two in the afternoon. During the repulse and all the frightful clamour clamorous scene as written before, a large force of the exultant counter charging Glandelinians, under general Child guided only and along moved forward quietly, and worked their way round to the left of general Meltonia Greatheart's troop or line, and came forward and made a most furious overwhelming assault on the four divisions of general Lord Bowen's Seventy Fifth who were holding the front of the Thirtieth Battery. If such a number for superstition was supposed to be called unluckily, it surely was for the assailant troop at this section. Before the mad Christian fire, three whole lines went down into slain within a few minutes, the main Glandelinian wave of attack was shattered and torn asunder, and the firing was simply crazy. On the Christian side general Curran Truller was shot dead, and two of his staff officers also generals were mortally wounded and ten others disabled. The Glandelinians though their whole wave of assault was torn and mangled pressed the attack to utmost victory and carried the breastworks, but the first line in rushing on top went down simultaneously into dead and wounded, and three of their generals were slain with them and twenty wounded. The Glandelinians pressed on and carried themselves over a mile of ground, and to the Christian line here a great disaster threatened. General Meltonia's army itself was in position not far from this scene, and general Jack Evans too and everyone was on their feet at the sound of the frightful discord.

"Forward to the front shouted Evans. We must restore the line of battle at all costs."

In less than fifteen minutes the men fell into long lines and in less than two minutes from the sound of the first crash the whole in a long wave were dashing up the slight ascent to the position where the tremendous blind fury and sound of the battle told them the Seventy Fifth of Meltonia's main division with Robert Bowen now also wounded were hard pressed...

"Remain in your line formation" was the command sounded down the line of counter advance. "Now get ready for a charge. go right at them hammer and tongs."

Don't fire a shot till you are within five paces, then give them the bayonet and retain your other munitions in case you too are pressed. Meldonia will come to our aid soon. If we are pressed out of this location it's all up with Gertrude's little band of heroes and heroines. Hurrah for God and Abbleannia."

With a thundering cheer that reverberated the air the gallant but most monstrous christian column of Winkle Abyssinilian Infantry rallied the other line and the whole at once fell and closed upon the victorious Glandolinian army many of whom had carried even the hehristian battery, and captured a portion of the camp, and was hell bent with fury toward the band of girl and boy scouts toward which the soldiers had been compelled to retreat. The troops were then defending themselves with utmost desperation when the help arrived. Still the Glandolinians pressed on, and would have swept this portion of Evans' army aside, had not the main body came up with the sight of Meldonia's troop coming at double time in the distance. Then Meldonia's batteries let loose a frenzy of shell fire, and that fell upon the Abyssinians in a barrage and threatened the whole with annihilation. Struck with terror and surprise at this sudden counter attack, and the violence of it from Evans' column especially with their all precautions to the winds, and by the shower of shells which torn their main line to smithereens, the enemy finally wavered and broke at the fierce onslaught, while the Seventy Fifth raised a shout of joy that was deafening, at the arrival of the new aid, too the offensive, swept before them the mighty Glandolinian storm, who nevertheless because of so many in numbers were compelled to retire slowly fighting madly all the way. The christians recaptured their battery, and all the whole line drove the insurgents astounded and panic stricken at the fierceness of the counter assault pell-mell before them and followed clean up to their own position, and even captured that.

Evans' troops had arrived just in time, for general Gales who commanded at this section, and nearly half his force had fallen before general Evans came to his aid. From the terrible sound, it was evident the counter assault of the enemy elsewhere was continued with ever increasing force and fury, each leader of the Glandolinians being equally as desperate as that of the christian side. Desperately the whole portion of the christian army cut off from the main body had to fight most cruelly and savagely to maintain their position, and the losses were becoming so serious, the numbers of the assailants so large, so rapidly increasing that it was clear to all that the most prodigious efforts would be necessary to enable them to hold on until the others of general Vivians army arrived, and that all idea of an early recapture of the still burning city of St Etheldreda must be abandoned.

For the time being general Meldonia's Greatheart's army had had no share in these desperate struggles, and now after the Glandolinian assault upon general Robert Bowne Bowen was repulsed Evans ordered general Greatheart to try and launch a terrific assault upon the Glandolinian rear immediately in front of general Bowne's line. Besides a note had been brought in by a courier to the effect that several Glandolinian divisions had been annihilated leaving a gap in the assaulting wave and if the rear assault would be successful, the gap could not be closed and calamity would befall the assailants. The instructions given to general Greatheart were that he was to crush Roberts' assailants, and that he was then to press on toward Vantura. Communications had ceased with

general Great Love the officer in command of the battle line near there but it could not be found out whether he was actually besieged or whether it was merely a severance of the telephone and telegraph wire by the battle. If he could join with general Great Love he was to do so, if not he was to try and push on to form a part of the force which general Curran was moving forward with to restore the line at St Etheldreda. It would be an hours perilous march, but the troops were admirably armed and equipped, and as they would have the choice of routes open to them, and could and would travel fast, it was thought that the flank attack could be made upon Roberts' enemies in good time and with good success and their aid would be valuable to either general Great Love or Glide quibble, and Ben Ben Logan or to general Daniel Jones who had reported that he was hard pressed.....2

The battle elsewhere was raving madly when this big division started. It was in a blind fury during their aid to general Robert Bowne before they had profited by their intercession on time, and now they got rid of every access of ammunition that would make a noise. The water bottles of all the soldiers were encased in flannel. Nothing save the soft sounds of the marching feet, was to be heard as they advanced, and even those were muffled by the deep dry dust that lay on the road. Each man moreover more over carried extra weapons for precautionary measures. Under the guidance of two scouts, the troops made their way round the region without the slightest adventure. The country was forested, and the burning villages sparsely scattered. This troop before having arrived at general Vivians had always marched by night, and rested by day in the forests at a short distance from the main road. Upon a long march in this way before them it would have been impossible to maintain secrecy by marching by day. Food for men and the horses, by their officers was requisitioned and this could only be obtained in christian villages. The head men of the villages and towns willingly provided provender for the horses of officers while flour, eggs, and fowls were forthcoming in sufficient quantities for the men. The march for the rear of the Glandolinian army assailing general Robert Bowne was as successful as expected, and crossing a small stream by two bridges they halted to rest about two miles from the Glandolinian position which was the immediate object of their movement. They were now in

for stirring fighting and they had since crossing the stream avoided being seen as much as possible, for they didn't want to chance being surprised themselves. The Glandolinian position was strongly guarded. The Glandolinians here are full of war and used to arms, and without surprise assaults even a small regiment of the Glandolinians could not be carried without considerable loss. They had not however rested many minutes when one of the scouts came to report that their movement had been observed by general Tamerline himself, and that the Glandolinian rear was being placed on its guard. This indeed was the fact. The Glandolinian commanders had at once started measures for defense. The first grand division was to defend the front of their rear position with their massed artillery against an assault. The second division was to move round to the extreme end of the woods, were to get into concentration there, and when the christians began to waver before the rifle and artillery fire were to sweep round and double in their rear. General Painter himself was in charge of the first grand division, and general Stubble posted his line of men behind a bank with a long hedge at short distance in front of seven pine trees. Then each Glandolinian soldier being acquainted with his place and position, they fell back out of the scorching radiating heat of big fires started much by the battle further to the front, and waited....

In half an hour the Angelinian forces were seen coming forward, two or three million strong and with battle tattered banners. The "Avengers" as the Glandolinians here called themselves, fell into position behind the long hedge and quietly awaited the assault. The christians first opened a heavy fire at long distance.

"Never with only a few shots or two, occasionally" their commanders had ordered "as they will then aim their assault at the hedge then at the position. We don't want our main rear position discovered until we fall back to the supports or all is lost."

Slowly and steadily the rifles shot out their death dealing bullets in answer to the heavy fire opened on the hedge position, and as almost every man of this Glandolinian troop was a sportsman and a good shot, very few shots were wasted. The Angelinians cheered more and more loudly and advanced fiercely. When they were within three hundred yards of the hedge the Glandolinian commanders gave the word!!!

"Fire fast, but don't throw away a shot. Let the machine guns play on them at short range."

Antonished at the accurate accuracy and deadliness of the fire which was poured upon them by their still invisible foes, the Angelinians however though stopping their swift advance did not waver. Their leaders were shouting loudly, and exposed themselves bravely in front, and called them on, as slowly and yet with heavy loss the main body arrived to within fifty yards of the hedge, and despite their loss in ever increasing numbers. It was evident to the Glandolinians in front of the hedge that to hold the position would be a great miracle. Those in front were falling now so fast before the very fire of the purple coated assailants and before their bayoneted bayonets, that no efforts of their leaders could get them to maintain the position any longer, and already a retrograde movement had begun, when there was a yell of fear, as another long line of troops in purple, hitherto unnoticed, charged furiously down upon their rear.

"Empty your rifles and then to the rear, for the protection of the battery" shouted their generals and other officers, and the Glandolinians retreated toward their main position. Some bodies of the Glandolinians were already in full flight, and a squadron of christian cavalry dashing through them, were cutting them down, or emptying their carbines and revolvers among them.

"Run for the positions. Run for the positions" their officers cried, "hurry" at full speed the retreating Glandolinians dashed across an small open plain to their position, just as a new body of christians were arriving. Great near sure was doing his bit. The Glandolinians gave a yell as this fresh wave of infantry fell upon them, and only half the number got over and behind the shelter of their position. They tried to maintain this position but three or four regiments scattered again in flight. The christian cavalry and infantry dashed down over the position, and were in possession.

"We have advanced so far successfully, and if we can hold it for the rest of the day it'll be our headquarters till to-morrow" general Meldonia's Greatheart said, as the waves of troops were now in possession. "We have secured an abundance of food for horse and man, and we will press on now and try to drive the whole line into dislocation, so the assailants in front will be caught between two fires."

"Well your Excellency what do you thin now of the situation?" one of the senior generals asked, as night began to fall, and the situation on both sides was about the same and everything had quieted down. The best house in the captured territory had been set aside for general Vivian, the army being on the rest. Many men had been placed on sentry duties and the whole region had now assumed as quiet an aspect as if the sounds of war had never been heard in the land, save for the groans of wounded and dying left out on the battle field. It was night and all was still. Life and animation. Thousands of great campfires blazed where the men were frying their suppers, others had lit their pipes of old cigarettes and chatted round the fires, while general Vivian and his staff sat together in their headquarters and started to discuss the best course to be pursued on the morrow.

"The situation is peculiar, and seems rather bad for both sides Charles."

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and negotiation among the foe.

The Glandelinian infantry fire however continued so fiercely and steadily that the christian pumors of another battery whose loading was not yet complete were forced to retreat from the guns or be annihilated. Six shells hit the wall and tore ragged breaches six feet in length.

"That has unraveled the christian dogs for the present," General Smith said. "I expect they'll do nothing more now for a few minutes. As they're coming on to charge, we will give them another good volley, this time a stronger one." Artillery and rifles again roared and were repeated in another terrible crash, but the assaulting column came surging up to the very foot of the stone wall, and closed with the Glandelinians in a titanic hand to hand contest until the wild confusion prevailed, especially among the Glandelinian horse and artillery men who were now trying to drag the guns out of reach of capture. After ten minutes of this blood curdling horror, the assailants mowed themselves in a stronger wave and would have pushed over the wall, had not General Cranter who saw the confusion at a distance sent a new force and the attackers were soon thrown backwards and hurled back to the rise of ground with great loss.

The Glandelinian artillery again opened to hasten the repulse, and then during the short lull one who survived was signalled to lie down and keep cool till the "Christian Dogs" made another assault.

Even at this time another train of horses, hundreds of them with more guns came from the direction of Vantum and proceeded to a extra position to about a mile from the Glandelinian position, and with the train came an immense wave of the first division of the christian infantry. There the panic filled horses of the first division had gathered after the stampede, and presently a great tent was raised in the rear of the christian position.

"Those christian dogs are going to do it in fine style," General Richard Slater laughed to his aide-de-camp. "Indeed I shouldn't mind some nice local cream at present, if that Federal general has got any to spare."

"Look General Richard, there is a strong movement, they are getting the position on that large knoll a little to the west, and a hundred yards or so in front of their line of horses. I wonder what they're intending to do!" General Richard took the field glass which his aide-de-camp handed to him.

"Yes we shall be under severe fire presently, but I'm sure they won't destroy our position this morning at that distance."

Two hundred more guns from this new position opened a thundering fire upon the Glandelinian position, and to make it worst a storm of shrapnell tore the air overhead with their terrible "Shrap--Shrap--Shrap" noise raining down deadly fragments, while bombs tore the ground up into perfect eruptions in front of the position, or tore up with heavy booms against the wall, dealing death and destruction immeasurable, while high explosives in so instances crashed through the rear positions. The Glandelinian artillery however replied very effectively also, and after an hour's firing the christian artillery grew more intense, as new batteries came into position and finally grew so terrible that it was a curtain fire upon the grounds in front of the position, and believe me everybody remained lying as low as their bodies could hug the ground while a cloud of debris at times swept across the wall threatening annihilation to all exposed to it. It was at this spot alone an artillery fire ten times as severe as that of the big cannon duel at Gettysburg, as ten times that number of artillery were in action. The results of the terrible cannon fire indeed was tremendous.

Half an hour later or so there was a severe movement on the part of the christians again, half of the number of cannons being pushed forward to a point about a thousand yards or so from the Glandelinian position while the hundred others were taken round and placed along the road at about the same distance, so as to command the angle of the position and give the enemy a severe cross fire across fire. Again the tremendous cannon fire along the christian line was renewed and with redoubled vigor, and this time with great effect. Again the troops were called to the other positions, and the greater portion of them armed not with Glandelinian government rifles but with sporting military and hunting rifles of tremendously long range, short barreled as to be as good as carbines upon the christians the fiercest rifle fire ever on record during a battle before. Ten of the best armed men were told off against each cannon of the battery, and the slow steady fire, was very effective, for with the field glasses men could be seen to fall with unusual frequency at the guns, but the christians must nevertheless have had very str steady nerve for the cannon fire was not at all hurried, and though it seemed wider in fury and more numerous in reports as to sound as a continuous roll of drums as low as cannon the fire was more accurate than it had hitherto been, and the shells were aimed more at these rifle men than at the position, and scores were slain or maimed by them every time for a cannon report.

The main line of the Glandelinian infantry with the exception of ten regiments told off for special duty, were in position at the trench behind the stone wall to stop if possible the next assault of the christian troops whenever now creeping daringly and with apparent dare devil fury and bravado to within a short distance, and started up a rolling rifle fire of great intensity and fury upon the portion of the Glandelinian position. For that time however the charge didn't come as expected, but during the artillery storm about five hundred of the men mostly military engineers were removed from the Glandelinian position, and set to reform a position four feet high, and to have half the troops withdrawn from the stone wall which was being gradually demolished by the christian artillery fire. Two or three cent houses had been demolished rapidly by explosions, and great masses of stone were blown up. A rough earth position was being rapidly constructed, while a long trench five or six feet deep, eight feet wide, and as long as the

the position was simultaneously dug, in front and under cover of the fire of the more vigorous of the Glandelinian batteries. During the height of the assault artillery storm, and just as the trench was finished, an unlucky shell struck an early constructed wooden barricade of the position, and without exploding fell upon a munition "Quint" behind the artillery, and there was a most terrific explosion, followed by a series of tremendous outbursts of volcanic eruptions of explosions that tore everything before it, cut the forest aflame near by, and disabled twenty five big cannons, and wiped out six regiments of men, sixteen hundred to each regiment. One great big tree fell only before the concussion though some distance off, dragging down half a dozen with it, and adding to the loss of life and the number of wounded.

A distant yell of surprise and triumph came through the air, as also the wall was terribly breached by a volley of shells simultaneously.

The rate of the fall also fell, dragging the two posts with it. It fell partly across the narrowest part of the position.

"Hey you lads!" cried one of the lieutenants amid the confusion "push them back if you can a little bit! if not knock the part over the ditch to pieces, if it's half smashed already."

It was however easier to demolish the gate and knock it already splintered with shot to pieces than remove it.

Then in the meantime one of the generals summoned his lieutenant, General Rose.

"General Rose to it that as many of your men as can, will fetch what is left of the munitions of that exploded 'cant' put it all in the trench, with a long train. You attend to the train, and when I give the signal you see to it that it is fired. Have your men also bring up or form many big cans or canteens and pots of boiling water which is still boiling in the big boiling pots to the highest position. Have general Kent Stephen sent forth one million three hundred and thirty three thousand of his troops to hold the inner position, but if any of you hear our superiors loud shrill whistle, every reserve is to go into position at a run. Three million men will man the outer wall. Pushing behind those immediately assaulting. The remaining reserves will fire from the upper positions as long as possible and will then form at the positions and defend them to the last. I've got word hammering in sending us heavy reinforcements and it'll be here at any moment. I'm positive as hard as we fight, the enemy will push over the stone wall this time and hurl themselves upon our second position and therefore those in the upper position when the enemy tear our line up and come within their range will lay down his rifle and while the short range machine guns are busy will attend to the boiling water. Let them each have a small pot as a ladle. But let them pour the water on those pressing toward the second line of positions, not those who have reached it in advance. Those are the affair of our infantry and machine guns."

In half an hour's time each division of troops was at its respective post, and a withering fire of rifles and artillery from every section of the line of battle along the extensive front wall upended fearfully upon the onrushing tidal wave of purple coated soldiers moving down whole masses. However the left of it sort of swung forward as if it would have been an opening gate formed of human beings, and came swarming toward that section of the position with the wildest fury. The effect on the assailants here was very severe, the fire mowing them down many thousands strong, for indeed every volley told, but the Glandelinians are unusually courageous probably because they are so unusually good, and the rush toward the position continued.

They were however also covered by their own artillery fire, which told fearfully on the desperate defenders bringing them down like the grass before the tornado. Yet as fast as they themselves fell more were in their places but it was the same along the assailing line. Fast as those in front fell the gaps were imperceptible in the swarming wave, and getting within range the survivors opened a sudden fire with a noise like a tremendous explosion of a heavenly planet, and the foremost of the whole teeming line of Glandelinians fell dead or wounded. Major general Watson Turner Glandelinians were forced to recall from the angle of works near Warrens Creek and at this moment while trying to rally them the general fell mortally wounded.

Another portion of his line was drawn up behind the main ditch, and as the head of the assaulting column moved up toward the position in an extensive heavy line volley after volley rang over many miles long simultaneously and not only swept away great platoons of soldiers but even many of the christian leaders. The charge of the christians was about eighteen times as fierce as the whole battle of Waterloo in this space at this one time. However despite the dreadful losses they inflicted upon the Glandelinian assailants it was apparent it was impossible to hold the long stone wall, despite despite even the support of their many machine guns which had been action like playing the stream with the hose as long as the guns would permit without getting too hot, and therefore when the dense wave arrived within thirty thirty yards of the wall, the signal to fall back was given, and a retreat was made until the whole defeated line swarmed into position behind the breastwork....

On and on with a hurricane storm of the wildest shouts of defiance and derision came the christian assailants, and it happened as was not expected, the storming wave of men must have been conscious of the deep trench, but although they all leaped it yet it was soon full with those who had fallen before the terrific Glandelinian fire, but yet the survivors returning the fire swept on without even being checked in the least. The defenders finally to make it worse for the situation ran out of ammunition for their rifles, and had to resort to their revolvers and bayonets. The artillery too grew

too hot to be so continuously discharged and had to cease, even many of the light machine guns, and therefore hand grenades had to be resorted to and the boiling water and pipes and bayonets and sabres and daggers. The Glandelinians now were divided into two long lines who were alternately to take places in front and fire, while those behind loaded their revolvers. The din now, as the first line of position was covered by the onrushing assault, was prodigious beyond description, the sharp incessant roar of countless revolvers, the sound of rifles for those who still had ammunition, the strange droning whirl of many machine guns, the roll of musketry from the angles position, the bells of the enemy, the cries of the assailants, the shrieks which often arose outside the second position as the men in the one high up scattered the boiling water broadcast upon them formed a chaos, while was added the ring of bayonet against bayonet or the thudding sound as a clubbed rifle met. With the fury and despair of cornered wild beasts, the Christian soldiers fought striving to get over the long stone wall which so unexpectedly barred their way, but their very numbers being reduced so heavily, the increasing numbers of the Glandelinian soldiers, and the pressure from behind hampered their efforts.

The machine guns still in operation swept them out of existence by hundreds per discharge, and if many men in the front line of defenders had emptied his revolver or rifle, before the one behind him had reloaded, and the assailants were too near to for the use of hand grenades, they held their position with the bayonet and with tear gas bombs and so forth.

"The wall's giving way from the pressure," came the cry among many of the Glandelinians, and then was heard the shrill sound of the generals' whistles high and loud above the uproar. A minute later the whole front of the stone wall tottered and fell. Then came the signal for the blast, and those who were assigned to do so fired the train. There was another thundering explosion as fierce as there had been along the Glandelinians before when the "coat" blew up, there was a cloud of fragments, fragmentary bodies and whole bodies by many hundreds through the air, a fearful eruption as if a volcano exploded from beneath the ground, a yell of anger, surprise and dismay from the Christians, and then as though those already rushing triumphantly through the breach stood paralyzed with amazement and surprise, the Glandelinian soldiers fell upon them with the bayonet and the abra sabre, the men from the other positions came rushing up eager to also be in the fray, but all this, and the renewed sweeping machine gun fire, tear gas bombs, stink bombs, tumult of bayonets, hand grenades, and counter pressure, and how more great explosions could not check the wild Christian advance, and the enemy inside the first line of breastworks were either cut down, bayoneted, shot or driven across and from it.

The strong wedge of Glandelinians behind, already shen on by the fury of the assault and the murderous counter fire that the forces now in possession of the stone walls set up from the captured artillery, and from their rifles, while they almost were unable to move from the jam of panic-stricken refugees in front, had recoiled slowly from the second line of breastworks. The Glandelinians were terror-stricken because of other great explosions among them, and the sight of even the handful of survivors in front flying from the captured positions, and the Christians advanced pell-mell after them completed the effect. Their generals saw to say it that way that apparently all "Hell" couldn't stop those wild "Christian dogs." One witness of this awful scene compared it to the dog chasing the cat, and Glandelinia was the cat. With yell and rage and discomfiture, each regiment of men more exposed appalled at the frightful slaughter among their comrades turned and fled, while the defenders facing Vantura hum also recoiled and the whole line of battle was completely rolled up, and cut to pieces and General Smith was badly wounded, and captured, and with six of his lieutenants.

The Christians however could not pursue too far, as there was danger of being too far advanced without the support of the main body. "Thank God and His Blessed Mother it is all over for the moment and we've won in the face of all obstacles," Major General Paul Marcus said. "It sure has been terribly hot while it lasted. Have we any casualties among our officers or generals?"

No one could answer just then, there was no time for any roll to be called, though later it was found that the Christian side though having suffered immeasurable loss in privates escaped marvellously in the loss of officers, compared to that of the enemy. One young general had been cut through the head by the fragment of a shrapnell shell. Thirteen other officers, some generals were wounded with machine gun or pistol, rifle or shell shots and fragments.

No one could tell why, but now it was rapidly becoming dark, probably from the clouds from forest fires far away, and General Calhoun who was put in unaided command rode to the summit of one of the lower hills to have a last observation of the movements of the victorious Christians.

The Christian Christians he could see were in possession of the trenches and other positions, and two fresh divisions of troops and Abyssinians and Conventinians at that were to be seen approaching from the distance, while Glandelinian promises of help didn't yet arrive.

"That's all right I am," he said to himself while his brow was as dark as a thundercloud. "They will wait until the new reinforcements come, and when the assault is in hand if help doesn't come, St. Etheldreda will have to be abandoned as its impregnable hold it without help. These Christians are a bludge in strategy and nothing can stop them."

In the rearward the battle had raged again elsewhere, and it was the fiercest around the location there. Glandelinian force of boys and girls were

in a desperate struggle to be able to see what was going on, and to prevent themselves from being captured in case the enemy could repulse a Christian charge and pour through. Glandelinian and many of her followers had a most heroic and daring plan to take the position that place as high as a pilot house, and to increase the effect they had set a number of houses in the country around the place of the battle and in their care a high instant and they had secretly revealed an advice from one of the camp fire girls to retreat from their precarious position as soon as an opportunity presented itself, and come and join their camp which was considerably some distance from the terrible and storm battle.

"That big bonfire and the burning houses will burn for hours," Gertrude said. "Quite long enough for our purpose. We are besieged by the battle but we'll get through some how. We'll all pray before we start however..."

Other great fires could be seen scattered all over the side of the immense half forested plain, some of the conflagration coming up close to the camp, the air smelted of powder smoke, they saw hundreds of distant eruptions, and listened with disdain to the awful fearful sound of the battle, the wind sound of yelling, and watched with sadness the enormous canopy of cloud dark, roll, and heavy that rose high in the sky from the burning city of St. Etheldreda, and now that the danger was pressing. Their camp once already had been under shell fire. On the road in front still strewn with many dead bodies of the enemy which had been left there since last night, but far enough to be well beyond the conflagration raging nearest, many voices among wounded soldiers could be heard.

Evidently too by the stranger sounds mingling with the thunders of battle, the Christians were beginning to win at many sections, and that to day a larger number were in action, and probably enemy guns had been brought much closer and Glandelinians too may be stealing forward in large numbers to prevent any attempt on the part of the besieged to dash through their enemies, and get through any gap of the battle line. The blazing bonfire throwing in the strange twilight as it did a bright light upon the nearest scene showed that at present at least, the besieged beyond girl-scouts had no idea of trying to escape that way.

At nine o'clock that morning, the whole of the child scout regiment stood to their horses, not only had their feet been muffled with the leather shoes, but cloths of which there was plenty in the camp had been wound round them until their footfalls would even on the hardest road be absolutely noiseless. And then Angelina Riches led the way to the spot where forty of the soldiers had been at work during the afternoon of the day before. At this point which was on the side much further from that upon which the enemy was pressing an assault upon the Christians, a stretch of trees and bushes grew close to the camp on the outside, leading to a hidden glen, and a clearing had been made in this mass of brush wide enough and high enough for a horse to pass through easily. There was no word among them, every one had received his or her orders, and understood absolutely what to do, and as silently as ghosts the child troop passed through, each boy or girl leading his or her horse. On the outside the bushes, they formed in twelves and went cautiously forward, still leading their horses—these were it less not in danger of snoring with their mantras and mattresses at their heads.

Twenty five minutes passed and they were convinced that they had little to fear, and that there were no Glandelinians or anything dangerous to them on that side. The troop now mounted and trotted quietly away, going in a wide detour, and then going straight toward the direction of General Vivians center. The flames from some other big fire had been, and when about half a mile in front, they could see the battle, far away, and the Christians being progress too, Perrod, and Radcliffe, who with Colonel Angelina Riches was riding ahead, held up his hand. The signal passed along, and the whole, the troop came to an immediate halt.

Where was a Glandelinian wagon train ahead moving our way. "He said to several of his aids—do you remove the muffs from your horses' feet and ride on by yourselves, and see what is in the wagons, how many are guarding the train and where they are going."

The two boys did as they were ordered, but they needed no questions. The wounded were full of ammunition going to the Glandelinian army. He the boys being disguised as the Glandelinian scouts passed on with a good word of greeting, turned their horses when they reached a good distance in front, and allowed them to pass, and then rode on the return to the boy and girl scouts.

Other wagons full of ammunition going to the enemy lines, and guarded by a squadron of sixteen hundred cavalry men armed with lances and carbines.

"The very thing," Gertrude exclaimed, "no longer to be more lucky."

"What are we going to do," the possession of blow them up?" Demanded Radcliffe. "We'll take possession," said Perrod. "We'll need the millions ourselves."

"Why not blow them up?" repeated Joy St. Claire. "Both sides down our way."

"Yes and the police of the British will bring them to our own lines."

Orders were passed down the line by Perrod that they were to ride along until the leaders were abreast of them, then to assault the cavalry column.

"The cavalry quarter," shouted Perrod. "They can't give a children any."

"What about the drivers?" said Perrod. "They can't give any wounded in the wagon."

"I'll decide that after the contest," said Perrod. "I'll pay for the horses." This is usually done by the captives, but Perrod paid for the horses and then said:

"We'll see whether they're Christians or not." The driver of the Glandelian wagon, who were captured, were not the captives of the Christian soldiers, still more startled when they saw that the captives were not all captured without a struggle, and that some of the troop of child soldiers had been captured. Then the rest of them, who were bound, gagged, and laid down in the field at some short distance from the road, one of them however being unharmed and questioned before being finally left. There were no wounded found, as had been expected, but all the captives of the Glandelian cavalry were also bound and gagged and laid down on a meadow a short distance off.

"Swear not to pull for aid or to even say a single word should any one pass the road, for one hour or more," was the warning administered to every one of them, and all were forced to swear to observe it, feeling that after all they had received quarter, when they expected none from boy and girl captives. The eighteen wagons and all the captured cavalry horses, and weapons, the boy and girl captives proceeded on their way, but a large clump of trees a quarter of a mile from the rest of the Christian lines inactive just now at this section was reached, and they were forced to halt once more. The rest then dismounted, led their horses and the captives some little distance from the road, and tied them to the trees. Twenty boys armed to the teeth remained on guard. They had seen a large party of the enemy coming on horse and they had decided to capture them if possible to bring them into the hearts of the Glandelians. Sixteen of the boys dressed themselves as to appear at a short distance as Glandelian child scouts, while the others also disguised themselves as to the drivers' seats, and the rest crowded into the wagons covering themselves with their uniform coats to avoid being seen. When the horses of the wagons were again set in motion toward the party of Glandelian cavalry, they were again set in motion toward the party of Glandelian cavalry. They were not even challenged as they approached with the wagons.

"More ammunition, good...." The officer in charge of the cavalry said. "Yes," answered one of the boys.

"This is the fifteen with lot. We'll beat the Christian dogs now. General Turnerline must now be receding twenty of help from somewhere. Ah, Treachery indeed!" he cried, as the first wagon moving into the light beyond the shadow of a big tree he saw the white faces of the supposed Glandelian boys, and discovered some of the color of their uniforms. There was a leap from the nearest driven wagon, and he and the horse together were borne to the ground. But the other officer close by had heard the cry, and drew a pistol and fired to warn the cavalry lagging behind. Then the whole force of brave children leaped from the wagons, and they scattered through the meadow cutting down those who offered resistance, and disarming the rest. The Glandelian cavalry were terrified and not capable to resist so complete was the surprise. The captives were also tied and placed on the meadow near the road and a line of scouts were placed with rifles at the ready to guard them with orders to shoot them down at the first sign of movement. These they intend to bring along with them to the Christian lines as prisoners. 2.2.2.2.2.

The main body of this retreating scouting party of Glandelian cavalry had been alarmed by the arquebuss, the sound of which, and the cries of "I surrender" from the others, and loud shouts, curses and blasphemies were heard, and loud orders, and the main party therefore came up to assault the victim. They however received such a withering fire that their horses were drenched from that one terrible discharge, and too there was little time given them to even rally, for the rest of the child scout force came up on horses and they were forced to face away. Twenty of the enemy cavalry however had gotten possession of one of the mutton wagons, and they secretly lit a fire, and then ran back to the main body, who stood at a safe distance awaiting the explosion that would set the other wagons off and be fatal to the whole force of child scouts. However the fuse was defective, and though they waited for a full minute no explosion came, and the boy and girl scouts with a cheer dashed across the road, and deployed in such direction as to cover around the rest of the Glandelian cavalry. There was scarcely any resistance for they were suddenly by surprise a second time and being outnumbered greatly by their assailants, there being five boys or girls godly armed to one single man the frightened cavalry men either surrendered or tried to fight their way out of the encircling troop, but they were closed up, and speedily disarmed, and all made prisoners. As the Angelina school. He then informed by the others of the capture, she ordered that the prisoners should be made to march with them all on foot the horses to be used by members of the men too wounded to remain on their

feet. With the whole troop of Glandelian prisoners they made their way straight toward the Christian lines. There was no time for explanation among the rest, though Perrod was surprised by the capture. The horses of the captured Glandelians were taken over by them, and then when all was ready for the starting, Perrod rode forward to meet some of his girl scout friends and leaders. Perrod was on her horse, surrounded by her attendants.

"Good," said Perrod, saluting and bowing as was his custom. "Angelina, riding the girl scout leader in highest command next to be beside me to tell you that this capture without a single loss to your side, after our capture of these wagons breaks all records. In spite of the fact the enemy wanted to give the wagons to the flames and cause an explosion that would have wiped us all out. Now in the world did you do this, this noble deed you have done should be notified to the Princes as it is the best ever yet on the enemy's side. To do this soon, and if you get a higher commission than even I have you sure do deserve it. All of us are brave boys and girls together, but you have accomplished this even against fate. This is sure proof our cause will prevail and it'll be because of our girl leaders." Then saluting he turned to the long group of fallen prisoners and added:

"You Glandelians say by brave men but you now say find it is wrong and futile to fight against us. We will and can always prevail against you even if you come in overwhelming numbers and all who have dared to resist us will be punished. Lastly, remember let no one among you try and schemes for whoever does so we will slay without mercy, for we generally don't intend to give any quarter, and therefore on this only occasion you prisoners should consider yourselves fortunate we left you off so easily despite your resistance to us."

Then turning round again, Perrod, and his companions returned to their own force. A few of the Glandelians however who had escaped, managed to get through somehow, and had brought the news to the Glandelian camp. At this time the Glandelians were getting ready to make an attack upon the prison portion of the Christian lines also, and the foe had been meeting fifty of artillery and three hundred and thirty six guns had already opened, upon the Christian position, ere the messenger reached the Glandelian position in this location.

The Glandelian general could not believe the news that the Regiment of boy and girl scouts had escaped the encircling battle, that a wagon train full of ammunition had been captured, besides a Glandelian cavalry squadron and his surmise and fury was great.

These little Christian dogs are an unusual sort of people," he said, stroking his beard. "Then jumping from his tent he communicated the news through the whole line. The news ran as wildfire through the whole Glandelian position, and their fury was unbounded. With a wild rush at the command of their officers they made for the spot where the boy and girl scouts had been camped, scoured the territory, and soon discovered the glen through which the besieged had made their escape. Then three thousand of them of the Glandelian cavalry set off in swift pursuit, but it was nearly noon now, and the fugitives had not time to rest even for a half a start. Perrod, Gertrude, or the other leaders of the child scout bands and their troops had no fear of being pursued. New sections of the foe army met wit with during their advance toward the other section of the Christian line, but with the wagons, and with two regiments of horses, and a number of prisoners and six horse start for they were confident that no pursuit could commence too soon because of the wild fury of the battle—they felt safe from the enemy from which they had escaped, especially as these could not find out even the direction which they were pursuing, and would believe that their aim would be to return to the Christian lines with their prisoners. Instead of pressing through the heart of the territory of Vantura Junction region. The party of Glandelians whom they had captured, consisted of Captain Hard heart who also of the enemy was a deputy commander for the lead of massacres of children, with his two lieutenants, and his aide-de-camp, of a captain Perrod, and his lieutenant, the former the son of some chief enemy general, who had been absent on duty because of wounds received in some past battle, and of Captain Hardman, and Major Jens who were also officers of the captured Glandelian detachment. The Glandelians glimmermanian cavalry, with an intermixture of some Mangabos and Turmetanians, and strangely to say also several negroes were also among the prisoners. They had dared to resist fiercely Christian cavalry, but all Glandelians seemed to fear the detachments of boy and girls because they're so like lightning in their movements and cannot be worsted.

Perrod and others had heard what was going to be done, both at Maximilian and Big Girl's pool. At the late latter place not only the Glandelians approaching them there but general Myette or Berge Evans, with Cannonia were said to be also threatening the city though their armies were quite a long distance off yet, and despite the danger the foolish overconfident inhabitants refused to start an exodus from the city. General Big Hughes Whistletail with the officers of the Turmetanian divisions, and forty or fifty Whistletail divisions having some eight thousand or so of women and children prisoners in their hands, were also moving forward to threaten Big Girl's pool and the danger seemed high. There occurred also an event at the place which was believed will color on, and that was a movement toward Big Girl's pool by another Glandelian army. No wonder general Vician was determined to smother Whistletail at Big Girl's pool.

At this time they had been all in camp, and had delivered their prisoners, and the boy and girl scout leaders were in general Vician's headquarters. The general had called all his generals into council to determine what was the

bent on my to adopt under the circumstances of the battle. General Curran stood up and then demanded, "Ally!"

"What shall we do, shall we dash through the lines of the enemy left wing, and cut it up and haul a big force upon St Etheldreda, or should we hurl an assault upon Tamerline's main center, and send another to endeavor to join forces with the army now assailing the Glandelinian position at Warrener Hill? If it is impracticable to do that, should we send for Hanson and him get Tamerline in the main rear."

There came some debate to this position, and finally and very reluctantly the course of allowing the enemy to do the attacking was decided upon for the day. It was agreed that the truth of the conclusion of the others was proved by the fact that throughout the long battle so far there was no single instance of the Glandelinians so far as they were numerous and courageous, carrying a position held by Christians in the vicinity tent between St Etheldreda and Vantum held by any strong force of the Christians. And that even if the enemy if assaulted himself could hold the intrenchments near the city, against any assault that Christian troops might and did hurl upon them, that the enemy in the long run if not forced to surrender probably from want of provisions or men would be obliged to abandon the five ruined city anyhow.

In the attention as it was now, the arrival of Hanson's army would be a source of hindrance than either of help as the army would then be too big and both would be in each other's way. The reinforcement of course would be of sufficient strength to enable general Curran to crush Tamerline if it may come up in gradual union with him, but to come up all at once but be necessary and all probabilities would be that half the army under Hanson would be forced because of its size to remain inactive and see no part in the battle. It was therefore resolved to allow Hanson to continue his bulldoggedness toward Bunley, while general Curran's army was to remain the way of the action, to be attacked, and to counter attack, until Tamerline either got tired of it, or one side or the other was worn out. It was decided to finally direct most of the movements against St Etheldreda from the direction of Vantum, and to have the army of armed engaged avoid the forms of Edith and ally, and to have general John Bunley to advance directly toward Edith and Edith, while scouts would be sent to find out the news of the hoped for urgent strait in which Tamerline's army might be already placed, and of the necessity of for an instant advance to crush him before reinforcements, or any other section of his far divided armies would advance for or to his relief.

Vantum was but about twenty miles away from St Etheldreda, and Edith and ally were about the same distance but in different directions, and fortunately the battle lines were not stretched in that section, but they could distinctly hear the sounds that told of a heavy artillery fire in some other direction. At which section of the foe lines the fiercest assault should be delivered, so they could not yet decide, but in fact it was more necessary to do so near St Etheldreda as it was the main goal for both sides.

The course of the battle storm program had now been finally decided upon, and maps were consulted, and it was determined to sweep Tamerline's right wing across the Vantum Stream and to drive it toward Edith, and ally, close in and try and destroy or disperse the whole. It was agreed too that the assaulting force should move to storm the positions northward and try to smash Tamerline into "Humpty Dumpty" style.

Therefore at about one in the afternoon the plans were arranged and the movements started, while simultaneously the child regiments were again in the saddle, and on going forth to watch the result of the conflict reached and hal at the village of Edith. There were quite a few of the population there, but the men questioned there by the boys and girls told stories of the enemy that agreed the same, that they did not know the noise they heard so far away was a battle, and that they didn't expect the least danger, living also they learned that a long bridge by which they intended to cross was open to them, the troops of boy and girl scouts again proceeded on their way for the purpose to try and reach ally and warn the inhabitants there to move before the enemy came there in case they were forced out of their position leaving the village of Edith lost in entrenchment as to where so large a body of child scouts called the Rangers could have come from through such a dangerous territory as this. As the scout force was heading forward they heard the sound of galloping horses, and as fast as military movements could allow every one was hidden in the shortest space of time. A Glandelinian cavalry squadron passed, and so of the men who were the Rangers, one had and the other his brother, Richard James being on rearward riding together some two hundred yards behind the rest of the squadron. When the main column was out of sight these two came riding along. Then some three score of small figures suddenly rose from the ground and these were girls. Ned was hurled off his horse by a blow with a butt end of a gun wielded by one of the girls, whose name was Lucille Redwood, and Richard before he could or had time to even shout or show signs of resistance was dragged from his horse, his head wrapped in a heavy cloth, and his arms bound. Then he could feel himself lifted up and rapidly carried off.

After a time this Glandelinian officer came out on his feet, and the cover of his head removed. He found Ned beside him, and a word of congratulation as both were alive were exchanged. Then a rope was placed round each of their bodies and tightened, and surrounded by their captors, all of them to the surprise of the prisoners were child scouts and who rode horses, they

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were started at a run with admonitions from those around them that if they attempted to escape, or yell, or cry, or swore would be punished with instant death. For two full hours they were hurried along, and then the child scout squadron halted near one Christian line at the edge of the woods to deploy a little and try to get a view of the battle before returning.

The prisoners were allowed to sit down with their captors. Those who in the prisoners could observe the "hunger" under what they had heard the "dreaded" Wild cat Gertrude Angeline, who had been accounting so frequently during the battle. The sound of gunshot came bolder nearer and clearer. Had gathered from the conversation that their capture was the effect of pure accident. The scout force had moved the cavalry coming and had hidden out of sight on two sides of the road with at first the intention of surprising the whole force, when they had seen the troop of horsemen approaching. But their leader felt as if one intended to remain out a considerable long time and therefore didn't wish to be burdened with prisoners, and therefore the band had laid quiet until the troop as they supposed had all passed. They had then risen to leave to rummage their horses and ride on to follow the Glandelinian cavalry with the purpose to storm it in the rear and disperse it. When the two last Glandelinian horsemen came into view, and these

Gertrude had determined to capture and carry off if possible, hoping to force some concerned news out of them about Tamerline's army and so forth. They had mentioned of turning them over to Penrod or Radcliffe. Radcliffe's name to these two prisoners had not as yet that terrible history attached to it which rendered it terribly dreaded wherever Glandelinians heard of him, but these two men had heard that he was the fiercest boy scout in the whole shobang that all Glandelinians and Abbotonia too there was something decidedly mysterious about him, and that he was therefore no sudden in his assaults actions, and mischiefous works upon the Glandelinians that he got the nickname the "Butterknife" and fighting as it were, with a rope round his neck at the handle of such a Glandelinian boy scout and so weirdly mysterious, they had no power to expect, and none from Penrod either.

"I'll be of no use to try and bolt for it, Ned!"
"Not the least in the world. We might escape Christian dog soldiers but there is like trying to escape from the fiends in hell. Six girls scouts mind you are appointed to watch us. Don't you see some of them are sitting with their fronts to us with their guns across their laps. Should we even get up a few inches we would be shot down in an instant. I don't even like the way they keep boring us with their dark glaring eyes. They're fierce I tell you. All Christian dog child scouts are fierce!"

There was going on a debate among the band whether to push on to the Christian line at once, or to try and watch the battle, but they had already made a long trip, and moreover thought that they could create a greater effect by driving with their prisoners any time. Anxious the two men watched in silent hope that their guards would get sleepy from the heat. They showed no signs however of doing so but sat at staid in conversation over the hope for defeat of Tamerline's army and of the restoration of devastated Glandelinia, and Abbotonia. The boy and girl scout guards were talking too how once when pursued and assailed by many thousands of Glandelinians they had been saved by a young Glandelinian enough creature, who had with a mighty scream screaming sound had rushed and flew into the midst of the Glandelinians scattering them in confusion slaying many and pursuing the rest for some distance. The party continued on now with their two prisoners, and had not gone far when they saw a Glandelinian of Glandelinian soldiers resting in a small wood some half a mile or so off to the right on a slight rise, and probably a guard being on the watch for a surprise attack from the Christians might come this way. At the approach of the child about regiment on horse there was a wild cry, men rushed over each other in their efforts to escape from the terrible assault threatening them, none considered, and others getting to their feet started off at full speed. For a moment some of them had lain paralyzed with the sudden appearance of the "Terrible Child" scout squadron and then had the name as the rest darted away.

This gave the two Glandelinians however a chance to bolt in the commotion and they did, but they didn't get far before me, when they were pursued and captured once more.

Never mind the Glandelinians who fled said Gertrude. To the Christian camps with these two, and in an instant they were on their way, the remaining Glandelinian soldiers having plucked into the undergrowth and were forcing their way at full speed through it. To them scouting squadrons of Christian children were all ready for and in order, and there was a little fear among these routed Glandelinians that another party might be going through the wood, and even had such been the case, they could have fought from behind trees. The Glandelinians therefore were safe as far as they were concerned. Presently in the meantime the child scout came upon a path leading through the woods the shorter route toward camp, and they followed it in five minutes they emerged on the other side, and were within sight of it. As they did so they heard the sound of terrible firing in the direction of St Etheldreda and saw that the Christians were attacking the advantage they had recently won in the first blood action. The first object of the child scout force was to get as close to the Christian lines as possible, however, and therefore the whole column decided to again allow them to a rest, and the two prisoners were again closely guarded. Gertrude was the first to speak.

"What on earth are we to do now, Angeline? We are close to our position and we have not accomplished nothing."

"Have not accomplished nothing? What are you saying Gertrude. We have not only not accomplished nothing, but we have lost our position, and on the other hand,

to put out her searchlight. Angelina alone can read tens of millions of soldiers, and all Abbelesians have declared to her. Already Vivian Wacey is more than likely to be killed, and she is formed to march to the aid of the Christian army. Maximilian may be quickly killed, but in the end Calvernia will be recovered, her enemies will be destroyed, and her friends rewarded. But I know she went on to tell me the two girls' chief leaders, that it needs not a thought of this to influence you, and that in your kind heart's compassion alone will suffice to secure your protection."

Gertrude laughed, again. "You are only a very short distance from the Christian lines," she said. "We have surely learned to understand what dangerous expeditions are.... No tell us how you got here?"

"Gertrude" interrupted Angelina. "I had better have all the others get ready, for we will have to be moving soon and if the Glandelinians do not through the Christian lines near our own section they might surprise us. Let these two camp five girls come with us, while Mildred will go in, and give direction to your attendants. I will bring some robes of disguise to the two girls, that is if you believe we may need to. If you have resolved to retain them here as hostages...."

"I have resolved to do this," Gertrude said. "You have heard my camp five girl friends. You may for the time being sit in front of my tent. When preparations are made you will be notified."

With deep assurance of gratitude from Mable, the two Camp Five girls went toward the tent which was indicated to them, delighted with the result, of their interview....

"I do hope that one of them will bring us something to eat," Mable said. "Edith in English. I am as hungry as a famished victim of starvation. That girl scout leader is a good girl isn't she?"

"She sure does. Not see Gertrude Angelina, or rather, she sees ze famous Evangelina Aronbois, but she call herself ze Gertrude Angelina. She sees ze breech, she sure sees...."

Two minutes later a step was heard coming down the narrow road running through the camp, and a boy came who seemed to Edith to be a German boy who stood, glanced at the two, and again retired.

"What was he?" asked Edith. "He looked at us as if he wondered who we were. I'll bet he is a German lad in our service."

"He may be ze investigator. At least that what heem seemed to be." Ten minutes more passed, and two of the girls came who were of course Gladys and Joy St. Claire made their appearance. Joy said to the two Ediths to the one Edith:

"Miss Aronbois wishes you two before her right a way." she seemed puzzled as she did not understand Abbelesian, but Mable said:

"She says Gertrude summons us right away. You no compren, but let's make ze go."

In a few minutes the two stood before her. She was alone with Mildred who was able to be about despite her wounds. Mildred held out a basket of provisions, and pointed to a bundle of clothing....

She however spoke to Edith and said: "Put on these uniforms which is as ours. You must be as one of us now. You see, Edith...."

Edith was puzzled again and only shook her head. Mildred comprehended the situation at once, and smilingly said in surprisingly good English, (for she had learned it in a school she attended in her earlier years):

"You do not understand our language. Little girl I see. Well but these new uniforms on. You are going to be one of us. You are a little Irish girl eh. I can see it in your features. Well that's better. Irish are good fighters. Ever the devil can't lick them."

The two girls then retired, hastily ate some food, then put on the new uniforms, and went forward to Gertrude's tent. Gertrude then motioned to them to sit down upon two stools brought up near her, and saying: "It is very hot again. Then to the two; You sure can make very pretty girls. Only one of you are too white. She added pointing to Edith.

"Miss Aronbois, if we had some light colored dye we could pass as two Calverniaans. I believe Mable said, 'We have done so before this, since the war began'."

"Tell me about it," Gertrude said. "I also want to find out who you are and how you came here as if you had dropped down here from the heavens...."

Mable related their adventures which had to be omitted here. "How brave you two Camp Five girls are," she finally said. "We wonder the Glandelinians are afraid of children will be the real conquerors of Calvernia."

Glandelinians. No Mildred as you can see English tell both of these Camp Five girls what we propose."

"We cannot remain long here for the enemy is assaulting the Christian armies furiously and my fear through at our section at any moment and we are going to move. We therefore dare not leave you two here. You must have to be fed, and we must trust many friends. We go to St. Ethelreda or near there and hope to reach there by this evening if not sooner, and you must go with us. My ride-de-camp will bring you a horse apiece. You must be prepared for the same adventures we may face. He's a good German lad, and he will not question you, though at the first sight he had told me he had been suspicious and sized you up. The whole camp is prepared to start now. You cannot

remain behind us either as even our soldiers will not understand who you are and will believe we have two prisoners. Here," to Edith is some stuff to dye your faces and hands a little. I will then later direct you what to do and I will see to it you are efficiently armed. You are to go first however, and you will see a road along the road. Don't go that way. We are now too hid to have had such a trying experience but the best will come of it...."

Everything being now arranged, Gertrude rose. Mable showed her expression of gratefulness from herself and her companion, and Gertrude quietly held out her little hand, whose size and shape any girl might have envied; and the two Camp Five girls kissed it. "Edith respectfully. Mable with a heartiness which made her laugh, and drew it away...."

"You are a darling girl scout leader," Edith said in English, "and I wish I knew enough of your language to tell you."

"What does she say?" she requested of Mildred.

"Mildred repeated the words she had heard."

"The little Irish girl is an unusually grateful child," Gertrude said. "Mildred," and I have a good mind to have her be one of us. Now good bye for the present. Mildred will prepare you for the trip."

INDEED of ann names probably connected with this year of the frightful Calverniaan Abbelesian War (probably except Calvernia) St. Ethelreda will always stand out very conspicuous especially in this tremendous battle, for it is a dark record of utmost or unusual and record breaking treachery, treachery horrible massacre, and the cruellest sort of bloodshed, bloodshed frightfulness of the battle, matter of endurance of both sides, insane stubbornness and determination, and strange record of ending, and its name therefore should, and will so long as this country ought to continue to exist in this story be regarded as the darkest in the annals of the Abbelesian nation.

It was not stated before it must be said that the city of St. Ethelreda is situated on the Ventura River one hundred and three miles southeast of the region of Abbelesian, and was a large city of the size of Chicago and San Francisco put together, extending for the same distance along the shore of the river, and from it on both sides. It stood on a large plain intensely hot and dusty in summer cold and snow bound in the winter, and because before war had hardly ever been expected possessed no fortified positions or fortifications or other building such as should prove the safety of the inhabitants and the city itself for the enemy.

The Glandelinians had at once got possession of the city as stated at the opening of the bloody conflict, and the Christian forces of a part of general Vivians army then stationed there consisted of only the First, Fifty Third, and Fifty Sixth Angelinian Corps. The Second Corps of Angelinian Cavalry, and about one hundred and fifty artillery manned by many invalid artillery men who had hardly recovered from injuries received in the battle of Glandelheim.

When the news of the danger of Big-Girl noon as written before had reached general Vivian, and it was too probable that the disasters of the war would spread to all other sections throughout that portion of Calvernia, general Vivian had at once planned to try and make a pass at general Tamerline to push him out of his way so he could get on to march for Maximilian while Tamerline could start for the latter city, and Tamerline must have heard of the plan through spies, for he started the battle immediately as already stated. The Christians who had been retained to guard the city had before the battle at once set to work to prepare a sort of fortified position in which to retire with the inhabitants in case of necessity. To this end he connected with a long line of breastworks a large and unfinished trench intended as a trap for for assailants. Within these lines he collected artillery relieved munitions from the main line stores and provisions for a months consumption for his troop and the inhabitants and having thus as he hoped prepared for the very worst in case the battle would come he awaited the event....

Although before the battle started there had been much uneasiness and disquietude things went on tolerably well up to the time of the outbreak of this terrible war storm. General Vivian himself had meanwhile believing Tamerline would retain his distance had advised Hanson to move against Hanson and force him to retreat toward Lebanon forty miles distant while he also sent a courier to find James Vivians army to have him come up to help either him or Hanson, and he also asked the advance of general James Cannon, and Jim and John Scanlone armies to come to the assistance so as to overwhelm general Tamerline and hurl him aside. About two days before the battle started five Corps of Jim Scanlone's army, the Thirty Second Corps of James Cannon's army, and two hundred and fifty thousand troops of general Cannon's Concentinian cavalry arrived from the north, while messengers came from these three generals stating that they would be well on the way in the meantime. Through some reason they had not yet arrived, and the battle is already well on its fourth day duration.... James Cannon himself was at this time a man of forty two years of age. He was the son of general Harold Cannon, who had been of ill health for many days and had been compelled to resign. General James Cannon was a powerful commander,

and had overthrown six powerful Glandelinian armies on one occasion and had been joined by other generals in giving the bloody war against Glandelinia its name. When it seemed that the Glandelinians were starting to win great successes elsewhere he was only hiding his line. General Stanley had once said in a discovered written statement:

"Glandelinia never has any good chances whatever with that James Cannon in command. He's more dreaded than the two Vivian generals, and they're not to be beaten either."

Thus at this critical period of the war, the minds of all other Christian generals were so concerned in him as a godly chance to Glandelinia's cause, and they lent him all aid possible. General James Cannon was described by many Christian officers as the hero of Pullaway, as the scourge of the enemy, and no fortification complex however as is the case with most Abbeonian gentlemen is scarcely that of the son of a general. He had a certain character in the whole of a Jew's oval and indeed somewhat rakish character. In reality this rollicking Abbeonian officer was a human tiger to the enemy... 2-234,222. On the very morning when the bombardment of the city was to so suddenly begin there was an alarm of some danger impending, and women and children of a railway station near the Christian line of defense too, refuge in the fortified sections prepared for them, and from that time and during the whole battle the sufferings of the residents commenced, with the battle in the streets, the awful shell fire as described before, the dreadful conflagration and other horrors although it was not for a fortnight afterwards that the general horrors were to really commence, for the overgrowing and the intense heat caused by the conflagration, at once began to effect the health of those huddled together in the ill ventilated rooms, and deprived of all the luxuries which alone makes existence endurable to Galverinian people in Galverinian cities during the heats of summer, and winters.

Scarcely a day had passed without news of the horrible details of the battles savage war, and though the news produced some effects by the fact general Vivian was progressing, it didn't relieve the city from its awful situation. With the intentions of general Vivian to recapture the city, there were then in the captured Christian intrenchments the Glandelinian forces and others already mentioned under general Smith, the whole defense force consisting of two hundred and forty four thousand men for one single wing, and the total being three times that number throughout the whole line and included the various numbers of guns. There were in their power a large number of Christian ladies and children, the wives and families of the officers and civilians of the city, and all the inhabitants, homeless and destitute but held as hosts or prisoners.

General Vivian had heard of the progress of the Christian assault against general Smith, and during this time, during the lull the enemy had taken a fierce counter charge, drove back the Christians set fire to many more of the surviving residences of the city, and threatened to break down the Christian resistance at all points within the nearness of the city. A message was therefore sent by general Vivian to general Cannon, to the effect that he was marching a large division and inviting him to assume the command. This he at once agreed to, and arrived within the scene a few hours later with six hundred thousand troops and one hundred and sixty six guns, and his first act was to rally the torn up Christian columns there, and roll up the Glandelinian assailants and swing them round upon their main defense was record breaking loss. Having destroyed the Glandelinian columns opposed to him, the force marched on, but on reaching the right of the former position held by Smith general Cannon called together the generals of his command and advised them to try and carry a portion of the city. The proposal was accepted with acclamation, and they therefore being reinforced by Jim Scanlon, and his brother, with great bodies of troops, by means of movements angulated general Vivian's army nearest St Etheldreda, and half of it invested the city by noon, the last message coming through from general Vivian on that day with the fighting having grown intense at half past ten in the morning.

"Don't let go, and I'll send more troops and artillery. If the enemy do harm to the inhabitants and don't let them go, so they can escape our own fire, give the Glandelinians resisting the city no quarter."

The first proceedings of the Christian troops was to regain possession of the suburb portions of St Etheldreda, where recently the surviving houses had been smashed, broken open or burned or plundered, 2-232,233, and many of the respectable inhabitants slaughtered. The bombardment of the Glandelinian position began at half past two in the afternoon and even here the cannonade and the shell fire on both sides was fiercer and more severe than the greatest cannonade at Gettysburg, and yet continued with minute increasing fire until four in the afternoon. Every most desperate attempt by hundreds of thousands per onset to carry the place by storm was met with equal fury and desperation, and the sufferings of the besieged from the heat, smoke of the still smouldering city, and from other horrors was becoming frightful.

There was a small stream near the entrenched intrenchments, and upon this the besiegers continually concentrated their heaviest and most destructive fire so that it could easily have been said that even one third of a rainfall of water cost a man's life.

After five or six hours of incessant bombardment and one dreadful assault which was repulsed with immeasurable loss, the besiegers started with firing incendiary bombs, and red hot shot, and high explosives, and tear gas and stench stench bombs, and everything was set on fire anew, and a strong wind blowing the fire spread so rapidly and fiercely that the Glandelinians had to flee from the burning positions. The other surviving buildings were so riddled and riddled by shot and shell that they afford scarcely any shelter. Many of the besieged Glandelinian soldiers made dugouts as seen in the world war

in the ground, in the streets or under the tranches but the deaths from the earth tearing explosions and from the murderous fire of grape and shot and incendiary bombs were even more numerous than those caused by burning and by falling houses. Seeing that they were soon to be forced out, as Tamerlane couldn't send any aid, the Glandelinians in their desire for revenge of their threatened defeat here created a reign of terror. All the Christian prisoners captured in battle were massacred, with women and children and every further prisoner brought in when captured and there were many who murdered by the enraged Glandelinian soldiers. Hour by hour the suffering of the garrisons in the intrenchments became greater, and the mortality among the soldiers was terrible.

Every hour had seen the besieging Christian army increasing, by the arrival of troops from other quarters of general Vivian's army until it reached a total of twelve million while the fighting force of the Glandelinian garrisons had greatly decreased, yet the handful of Glandelinians still repulsed every effort of the great host of assailants to carry the fragile line of intrenchments. They were determined to fight to the last man, for they realized now for what had occurred within the city, they would receive no quarter.

TREACHERY... BASE TREACHERY... "QAAZE

In the meantime when Blith and Mable having carried out the instructions given by Gertrude Angelina, arrived at two o'clock, not far off from the besieged city, Penrod at once led them to a small tent where they had encamped for at least half an hour.

"I have much news to tell you two. The fighting is fierce in this territory. General Vivian has sent in a message to general Cannon to say that he must force the place until general Cannon Profile comes to his help. We are to go all of us down the Vantum stream and try to get into the city and see how things prevail. We leave all of us at three o'clock this afternoon. General Vivian has sworn the Sacred Oath of our religion that if the inhabitants of the city are injured by the besieged Glandelinians, the enemy there at least will receive no quarter, and all his officers have added to the oath that that these conditions shall be observed. Boats will be provided for all of us or if we wish we can tramp on horse by road. The latter is more preferable as it may not be safe by stream just now. Her Captainship Miss Cronburg will shelter you two here if you do not wish to accompany us into the city but if you wish you can go with us into the city and join our adventures."

With many thanks for the boy generals offer, the two girls at once decided to join them, and accordingly, when the half hour was up, the whole column started under the leadership of Angelina Richee. There were but few people of any sort in this territory. Not far away from their left was a sad procession of women and children, those who had managed to escape from the city, and many wounded and ill among the latter a wounded officer the gallant first commander commander who had defended the city at the beginning of the conflict all were in wagons provided by friends. The girl and boy scout leaders rode up, and a few words explained to their surprised refugee friends, that they were commanders of a regiment of Rangers scouts, and many a word of welcome was muttered as a native handshakes given. In return they were able to give the news to the refugees of the arrival of other troops to general Vivian's support, and of the commencement of the siege, all of which was new to the refugees who had been for many months without word from the outer world... 2-232

At last the column reached a bend in the road. Here seventeen more covered wagons were collected. At this spot the way down the broad road was very steep for the shore of the river was very high, and at some places covered with heavy forests. Further on could be seen a farmhouse and a moving column of purple deploying on one side of the road. The wounded and the sick, were carried down the steep road and placed in the wagons, the ladies and children refugees then took their places, and the older men followed... When all was ready Gertrude called some of her troopers to the rear to relieve their instructions.

Then as if by magic from out of the heavy forest on both sides of the road down to the lower level of ground, many thousands of men in purple uniforms rushed. Two of them to the surprise and horror of Gertrude, carrying the Glandelinian national and Regimental Standards, while at the same moment long rows of bridges fell to the ground, and showed a great number of gatling guns, all placed into position. In a moment a most tremendous tremendous and wondrous fire was opened upon the unhappy refugees, and great numbers were hurled at the wagons. Great numbers of them were at once slain in the wagons, some jumped from the wagons into the road, and ran and threw themselves into the river for safety, and made for the opposite shore, while others leaped into the river on the deeper side and tried to escape by swimming. But upon the other shore were enemies in red uniforms as blood thirsty as those in purple they had left behind, and these cut off the retreat of the fugitives there. They were Glandelinians in disguise, treacherous soldiers the fierce Goodwillers. All the wagons were riddled with canister shot and were on fire. The Glandelinians rushed from their place of concealment and all those still alive were seized and butchered, while the women and children many of them bleeding from wounds, were thrown into the burning wagons and shot. The Glandelinians also made a sudden and fierce assault upon the regiment of boy and girls from two sides, and a fierce and merciless struggle raged in which both sides began to suffer the most fearful loss. Boys and girls fell by scores, so did the Glandelinians, and two generals were shot in the head at once. Six grenades was thrown among the regiment

conducting a frightful havoc, and many were slain. It was terminating into a fearful massacre in seed, and the boys and girls seeing themselves out of luck, fought like little fiends giving and asking no quarter.

Handreds were slain, and many more hundreds of the enemy. Edith and Edith were in one of the boats on the river which was still ashore when the treacherous Glandelinians in disguise as christian soldiers burst from their hide hiding place.

"The murdering scoundrels" went from both hopelessly, while Edith seeking at a glance the hopelessness of the situation grasped Edith's arm. "We will have to swim for it Edith. You Comprene. How so long dive and go under again the moment to have got a breath."

Without an instant's delay the two girls, leaped into the wag water, as dozens of other girl and boy scouts were doing, and although each time their heads came up for an instant the bullets splashed around them, and could not hit the water they continued on untouched until they reached the center of the stream. They however were still within rifle shot range but the distance was sufficient to render them pretty safe except against the fact that the enemy might sweep the water with long range machine guns which they had on shore. They glanced back and observed that many of the enemy had entered the river, up to their shoulders, to shoot the swimmers or cut them down with spears, others were strangling children to death, or cutting their bodies apart others on horses had ridden far out and were cutting down those who were unable to swim far made again toward shallow water, while cannon machine guns and rifles still poured in their fire against the helpless crowd who had tried to escape down river in boats they had ceased.

"See Edith it is of no use for us to try and get to the top, onto shore" Edith said "There is another large body of Glandelinians there, we must simply float down the stream in the middle. If we can remain on our backs, and go down as low as we can so as to show only our noses and mouths above water, they may fire for months without hitting us. There give me your hand, so that we may float together. I will glance up from time to time to see that we are floating pretty fairly in the middle. I will do it quickly, so as not to be seen for if we lie on our backs they won't watch us after a short time and will believe we are two drifting dead bodies. Now girl friend" so saying the two Camp fire girls turned on their backs and occasionally gave giving a quiet stroke with their legs, or paddling with their hands drifted down stream so showing so little of their faces above water that they could scarcely be seen from the shore as the river was very wide.

Both of these Camp fire girls were good swimmers, but Edith was perfectly at home in the water, and Edith therefore understood her own inferiority in this respect left herself entirely to the protection of her friend. Soon however Edith in her sudden glances to observe their position, perceived that three boat loads of refugees alone of all the number had got fairly away down stream, that all the wagons were on fire on the road—that the boat loads following had gotten out cars and were swiftly rowing up to the swimmers, but she saw too that on both shores of the river the Glandelinian guns continued to retain abreast of them, and that a more severe fire of artillery and rifles and machine guns was maintained. They were stilling committing massacre massacre, and too what was left of the regiment of boy and girls scouts were still fighting and cutting their way through the Glandelinians, and were succeeding in effecting their retreating being crushed by the enemy, and crushing Chris crushing in return. For a moment Edith thought of being taken on board, but their chance of escaping the enemy was centered upon them seemed hopeless and she therefore decided it was best and much safer to continue on in the water. She accordingly paddled herself out of the center of the stream so as to give the boats a wide berth, trusting therefore that the attention of these murdering Glandelinians would be so much directed, at the boats, that the floating bodies would be unnoticed. As to remaining retaining afloat for any good length of time she had no fear whatever. The waters of Glandelinian was rivers floating vegetation, and northerly directions because of the tremendous heat of the forest fires raging in so warm even now in this month that any amount of swimmers could remain in them for many an hour without any feeling of chill or discomfort. After an hour passed Edith lifted her head, and looked forward.... The firing was more than two miles ahead now.... But one boat of the three still floated and Edith congratulated herself that she had decided not to join her fate to that of those on board. Four hour after hour passed, and still the two Camp fire girls continued to float on, until at last the twilight of all day because of so much smoke in the sky deepened into darkness, and now they turned on their faces, and swam quietly down the stream. For three more hours alternately swimming and floating they continued their course down the river, until toward midnight fearing a sudden unusually bright glare of some distant fire might reveal them too much in the water, they gently paddled ashore, crept into the heavy woods on the shore further inland, and fell asleep almost, instantly....

It was early in the morning when they were aroused by a lot of distant noise. They were hot, they were desperately hungry, but they agreed to spend no more hour in the waters of the river, before searching for food so as to be able to put as much distance as possible between themselves and the dreaded territory of St Etheldreda.... They had been to ten hours in the water before, and allowing two miles and a half an hour for the current and sometimes for their swimming, they calculated that the city of St Etheldreda must be thirty one miles behind or maybe less. One hour more of steady

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swimming, a steady march to the, and they landed again with a hope that several Glandelinians for close Glandelinian and a soldier could not have been left far behind, and that they had now only the ordinary perils of travel in such a territory through a territory filled with hostile disguised foes to face. It could be about three hours or more before the coming of twilight and it didn't get light, and they swam off at right angles to the river, then landed, and walked till it became twilight, when they entered a forest near to which was a country or woodland house, wondering if it was occupied or not they watched it closely from behind a big tree, and finally a man they saw a man that appeared dressed in the clothes of a wood cuter coming out, followed by two children, a girl and boy, and at once made to sit, telling him she they were and begging him for food and shelter.

He was greatly surprised at their wet appearance, the two children for a moment were scared and hid behind him, but finally he received them kindly, and gave them the best which his hut in which he lived alone with his wife and children afforded. A meal of jam and, and hot coffee greatly revigorated them, and then after telling him their story and warning him to watch out that the enemy do not surprise him and murder his children, they started off again, with enough food for a two days supply. That they were not ahead of all their foes they were dead certain, from the fact that some targets they met said that he had heard the whole territory is scourged by heavy Glandelinian cavalry patrols for two more hours they continued on their way, passing through the heavy wood, their hopes also rising, for as they felt, the further they got from the region of that awful battle, the less was the chance of the danger of meeting with Glandelinians.

Finally when the morning was well advanced, they came to another place and asked for the direction toward some sheltering christian army. "You can have food too" he answered "But I now not where any christian army is except that under Hanson vivian, and he is ten miles from here. But you had better go to that mansion over yonder about an hour walk. He has a number of girl and boy scouts over there who came from the direction of some awful massacre that occurred yesterday, and he is a very old man and a friend of their cause. Maybe they can direct you...."

Indeed they were delighted at the news, and the two Camp fire girls went forward as fast as they could. As they entered the courtyard of the country mansion they were greeted with a hearty salutation, and their hands were clasped a moment afterwards, by a christian officer who was a lieutenant, an officer indeed who had often distinguished himself in many a battle and especially at Cedemine, and was one of the survivors.

He brought them in to the owner of the building, who received them as if they were his own long lost daughters, and after they had been clothed and their uniforms were hung up to dry, they were to bed a while, to rest, and a few minutes later, Penrod, Gertrude, Polorens, and many of her boy and girl scout comrades appeared..

They wished to find out how the two girls had escaped, and when they told their story, Gertrude told the camp fire girls how she and about a hundred of her comrades, and many of her officials had escaped. They managed to secure two good boats as staunch as rafts and plunged in. The two boats were crowded but they escaped the massacre and though the boats were very low in the water having on board many others besides the child scouts they were able to go on ahead and returned the fire of the enemy on shore, hitting a man for every shot. They were then fired at with artillery but without effect, without a loss among themselves. Toward evening the leading boat hit a rock and was rendered unserviceable, and ground on a sand bank.

Then the Glandelinian infantry fired so heavily and incessantly that the boy and girls scouts and those among the refugees able to carry arms about one hundred and fourteen in number made for the shore and assaulted the Glandelinians themselves with hand grenades. These fell back, and the handful of christians followed them creating a terrible loss of life among the Glandelinians and killing their chief commanding officer. Great numbers of the enemy then came up, and the fugitives took refuge in a large country barn and here they defended themselves fiercely until the enemy gave it up temporarily for a time with the loss of five thousand lying before that fatal barn. The enemy then piled rubbish weeds, bushes and forest debris at the entrance and at other parts of the barn and settled down on fire. Then the men and brave women and children refugees, accompanied by the few survivors of the child regiment of scouts fought their way through the flames, and made again for the river now moving down scores of the enemy as they did so. Radcliffe hurled one grenade into a crowd of the nearest Glandelinians and the whole crowd was laid low. Ten of the women and nine of the men refugees who got through the fire were shot down in the fight, and sixty more of the girl and boy scouts were slain or wounded, before the remainder of the band reached the river, and of these who reached the river twenty two were shot and killed before they had swum far. Of all of the boy and girls scout officers not one of them was even injured and that seems strange counting the fact that they were under a withering fire for on the gray coated murderers but they themselves piled their two pistols so quickly, incessantly as long as they were loaded and with such unerring aim that not one was hit while they hit their adversaries every time and brought down a score of Glandelinian officers....

Three miles lower down one of the boyscouts swimming on his back went too near the shore, and was shot to death. Six miles lower down the firing had finally ceased, and soon afterwards the fifty boy and sixty girlscout survivors out of a regiment of fifteen hundred were hailed by a squadron of christian Conventinian cavalry, who aided them, shouted them to come ashore and they obeyed, and were brought to the shelter of this mansion. Since they were together, they had been determined to set out to try and rejoin their army, and to also to get even with the enemy for this awful massacre. So many of the girl and boyscouts had died of course fighting to the last, but no to Gertrudes and report the refugees had been butchered without being able to defend themselves at all. The owner of the building and his butlers endeavored in vain to dissuade them, but the former in finding that they were determined gave them disguises, furnished them with an escort, and sent them across the river in a boat, with a message to another friend to help them forward.

The party to whom their guides conducted them, after crossing the Vantura with an easy hearing of the frightful firing of the long and bloody battle, relieved them as warmly as the man of the mansion had done, and told them that the safest way for them to go to the christian lines was in a hay wagon covered with hay in which they could hide, and placed one immediately at their disposal, with a trusty well armed man as the driver and another with a hidden machine gun to accompany them in the hay wagon. He told them that the right wing of the christian army was as it was said just the morning near the city of St Etheldreda, and that it was reported that a general advance was going on, and that the battle was more fearful now than on the preceding days past. General Jamerline would it was said, send great troops to maintain the positions at the city. As yet however none of his separate parts of the Glandelinian army had reached the fierce battle field, which was very fortunate for general Vivian, for the main road ran through that place, which was but twenty miles from the point where a great portion of the christian army had crossed the Vantura and was cutting up the Glandelinian army opposed to it, and rolling up to it up and carried or carrying it before them as if it were not resisting at all, and although the christian assaults would be pressing on, it would not insure any ones safety in a trip through the endangered region, even though they would remain by a road running alongside the river, and therefore too the danger could be greater because the Glandelinian cavalry would be scouring the territory for hundreds of miles. This news excited them not to accept the mans good invitations to stay the night through, and therefore decided to start on the way as soon as possible. It was still but little past morning, and they needed to reach the christian lines before night, so they started out, of all of the hidden in a long line of hay wagons covered with hay. Before they halted the party finally made three miles, and in passing through a village not endangered by the war learned the welcome news that the christian army had driven the Glandelinians before them and had advanced toward Vantura. This portion of the christian army it was said had met with unusually violent resistance but could not be stopped, and the good country people were full of stories of the manner in which the Glandelinians had been fiercely engaged with them only to be hurled to their own positions and even from them, already in the minds of the peasantry the idea that general Vivians army would win the final victory in the terrible and long strife was gaining ground, and as the whole country had suffered from the horrors of the Glandelinian invasions and life and property were no longer safe for a moment the whole sympathy of even Calvinian-Glandelinians or all those who had anything to lose was with the christian cause.

The parties continued to follow the road near the river with the hopes of finding traces of the christian armies as they feared to fall either into the hands of the Glandelinians who may be retreating toward their way before the advance of the Angelinians or crany reinforcements coming down from the direction of here another portion of Jamerlines divided divisions of the army might be. They were forced to halt for a time near whence a road ran direct toward St Etheldreda, which was now about a eight miles distant. The villagers repeated that the Glandelinians had all fallen back in the location of the city, but that there was a great fight going on to the northwest of the city and that the battle was general all the time. along the line. The christian force was strong, and general Scanlans main army were within a mile now and on their way on a forced march.

General Vivian indeed was very silent during his investigations of unpleasant news he had heard, although he was also very sober. No one suspected the reason for his silence until he reached his headquarters that evening during the lull in the battle, and Minnie Saunders who had remained seemed nervous. Just as general Vivian came in, and Angelina Niches and two other girlscouts who had remained home at his request the day the other parties of child scouts went out, started to go upstairs. General Vivian called Gladys back.

"Come into my council room with me Gladys," he said with a quiver in his voice. "I have something to say to you."

Gladys hesitated, for she did not understand his tone of voice, and therefore with hanging head for she felt something foreboding, and flushing cheeks she turned and followed general Vivian into the council room.

With happened during that interview no would ever know, but she was sad and subdued when she came out of that room some three quarters of an hour later. As though as she made her way very slowly and disconsolately upstairs there was fire in her eyes, and she poured floods of tears. Her friend and companion Joy St Clair was in her room brushing her hair, when she heard her friends step and called cheerfully:

"Is that you Gladys's dearest?—where have you been so long?"

"Down stairs with general Vivian," said Gladys in a voice like one who had been scolded unmercifully by some one and sounded too as if she had been crying bitterly, and Joy turned in sudden surprise the hair brush still in her hand.

"Why Gladys's what is the matter?"

"Nothing wrong with me," said Gladys's shortly, and was turning away, still sulking, when with one of her sudden impulses, she changed her mind, came back and threw her arms around her friends neck, and burst into a perfect tempest of sobs and tears.

"Oh, Joy, Joy, wailed the little girl as if she was repentant of some big sin she had been punished for. "I feel so sad, so terribly sad, so dreadfully dreadfully sad."

"Scared of what?" inquired Joy in growing bewilderment. "Oh Gladys's dear, what is it, what causes you to cry and act so. What has happened?"

"Oh it's terrible, terrible," sobbed Gladys's. "General Vivian called me into his room and told me that he heard that general Gertrudes whole band had been reported nearly wiped out during a massacre on Vantura river and he can't get any details as if there were any survivors or not. Oh dear oh, dear, what shall I do. We here are the only survivors."

"Poor little Joy was terribly distressed."

"Oh please, don't please don't, Gladys's darling," she pleaded sobbing too at the news, and covering her friends tear wet face with kisses. "Maybe the news is a false rumor."

"No it wasn't," cried Gladys's hugging Joy tight, "You are a brave and beautiful person and all have loved you. Some of us will have to go and spread the news. Jennie Turner has come here just this morning. Oh if it is true I cannot stand it I will die, I now I shall. Oh the hated enemy. The treacherous scoundrels. They laid ambush dressed as our own soldiers."

"Nobody can really be sure of that," said Joy reassuringly, "and probably general Vivian didn't really believe it either I'm sure he didn't. But I'll go out and investigate. So don't cry Gladys's. If it is true I'll notify Jennie Turner. she'll avenge it I know she will."

Jennie Turner was explaining to one of her followers a new rumor by the name of Eleanor Andrews the map of St Etheldreda. The day itself had been actually not, and with the noise of the battle nothing seemed very interesting. More than once the new girl had nodded in her chair and she was not making much progress with her studies, but Jennie went on patiently, placing herself every once in a while by a glance of the at the passing troops hurrying by outside. It had been a very no beginning of this month for so late, then a chilly fall should have started, and poor Jennie was very tired languid, and somewhat ill, and had been suffering from a little trouble with her eyes. For her the passed month while she had been away had been very trying, for she had been so long from her girl and boyscout friends of the princess that there had been no bright little faces to make the unaccompanied unaccompanied seem happy like to her—no child scouts to gladden the long hot days and evenings and nights with their merry chatter and loving caresses, and she had come on a return to be with them again. Her duties and a sporting had brought her success it is true and she had spent many a lonely hour in forming bright plans for the future, but even the prospects of possible fame could not make up for everything, and poor Jennie had been very lonely. But it was almost over now for she expected to see them come

What did it matter now that the days were not what did anything in the world to her and she would see her dearest friends any time.

"Who is it?" she asked, and when she saw it was a girl, she said, "What is it?" "It's a girl," she said, and when she saw it was a girl, she said, "What is it?" "It's a girl," she said, and when she saw it was a girl, she said, "What is it?"

"Perhaps I may be able to find out for you," she said, and when she saw it was a girl, she said, "What is it?" "It's a girl," she said, and when she saw it was a girl, she said, "What is it?"

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conclusion of the foreboding fact that the news had not really been all told, which made them cold and faint with apprehension.

General Haldonia Greathart who had moved up with new troops from his army had met the two on the way and was very kind, and now the two girls did not realize that some time after afterwards, Joy herself had grown very fond of her girl and boy scout companions during the few months that she had been in Gertrude's regiment, and he had a little conversation with general Charles Brown on the subject, when Joy had called at his headquarters on her way to notify Jennie Turner.

At last the location of general Vivians headquarters was reached, and Jennie with a wildly beating heart, followed her companion toward the road leading toward the building.

"We'll have to go to general Vivians headquarters," said Joy.

Jennie gave a little start.

"General Vivians's she repeated, why I thought Gladys's was at your own tent."

"No you did not understand what I told you. When I discovered through my investigations that Gladys's story was true, Angelina Pichee and all those who had fortunately remained in camp insisted in holding a meeting in the building with him at once. They didn't want to hold it in an open tent. I was sorry they wouldn't hold it in my tent, but under the strange circumstances I felt that I could not object."

"No indeed," said Jennie, "it would be terrible if Gertrude and all the others were gone too. General Vivian had been very good to all of us. Gertrude had written of him often to me in her telegrams."

"He's a perfect angel," said Joy, trying to smile, "and he has to be on a wonderful fancy to all of us. I never saw a man more utterly crushed and distressed than he was, after Gladys's burst of weeping over me. I went in to see him and he told me about the massacre. You understand it was a terrible thing. He was sending officers to various parts of the battle line that he met a patrol returning who had witnessed the horrible massacre. Gladys's tell me she had been complaining of a strange apprehension all day, but no one else knew anything about it."

"No Gladys never complains about anything, except to her self," said Jennie.

"I have seen that."

"Oh Joy I hope Gertrude and some of her followers will have escaped. They must have been exposed terribly to the fire of the machine gun if they had run into it."

"A shade of anxiety crossed Joy's face, but he said cheerfully:

"She and her band didn't get caught in the trap. They had followed a party of refugees, and when the refugees ran into the ambush, the girl and boy scouts risked all chances, and fought like lions to save them and got it terrible themselves and were routed into the river where they too were massacred in awful numbers who still fight desperately. One thing that comforts me is that the enemy who did it suffered frightful loss at the hands of Gertrude's band, a loss never before in the war suffered by them when assaulting the Rangers. Yet General Vivian does not seem to believe there is such a danger as all of them wiped out, as the ambush fight had not scarcely reached a much more stage when Gertrude's survivors were forced to retreat to boats and by swimming the river. He has given all patrol scout officers to orders to go out at all costs and find out the details, and of course we can't cut to sleep to night still we've found out Gertrude and many others are still alive."

"I can't help feeling a little uncomfortable at the idea of such a loss," said Jennie, coloring. "It's the worst disaster ever happened you see."

"I don't believe there is any need to worry on that score Jennie. We'll have to wait for developments. A big body of soldiers has gone out to find the rest if possible."

Jennie said no more, but her heart was burning with bitterness just to think of it, and in a few minutes they had turned in at the gates of general Vivians headquarters.

"What a beautiful old house!" exclaimed the girl, astonished and awed by the beauty of her surroundings in the midst of such a dreadful battle field. In spite of her anxiety and suspense.

Even it was quite the show of the battlefield, but so far it has suffered no harm. Here we are Jennie, you will excuse me if I don't go in with you. I'm afraid to go out scouting with Gladys to see how far the extent of the massacre is. At her corner Gertrude's aide-de-camp James Greenlee will be able to give us all the latest news."

James who had been waiting for them, came hurrying down the steps to meet them, and in another moment the little girl found both her hands in a warm friendly grasp, while a kind, bold voice said: "I'll be all right soon my dear. The scouting parties are doing well and we'll have you expect, and Miss Saunders has been asking for you all day."

Jennie gave a pang of relief, squeezed the boy's hands hard, and then turned and said good bye to Joy.

"I don't know how to show my gratitude," was all she managed to say, but she knew that accompanied the words said a great deal more, and Joy drove her into the house. The boy went led the way into the house, and upstairs to a pleasant room on the second floor. Jennie wondered a little however that general Vivian himself could be so, but she did not wish to inquire.

[illegible]

(The following information was obtained from the records of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.)

[illegible]

no. Still Jennie refused to go, and requested again she merely shook her head and Jane then glanced appealingly at Mildred Maxwell whose arm was in a sling. "It would be far best for you to go Jennie" Mildred finally said with cheerful decision. "None of us can expect any news as to the results of the massacre for some time to come, and any of us will send for you at any time any news comes in. I will ruin your health if you don't try and get some rest, and then what will sort us out, when she does return and asks for you, Jennie?"

Indeed her sister bore all this with the least of her jaw's twitching heart to core, since she had heard of the massacre these were the first painful words she had ever heard, all the others had been very good to her, but neither of them had or even could have said a single word of the time when Jennie's arm or her hands might return and prove they escaped. "From the disaster Jane Melfort was a tithbright sensible young girlscout official, and Jennie had always relied upon her more than any others even though Jane was sometimes foolish in her perilous dare devil adventures. Now she rose almost involuntarily.

Mildred nodded, and with a pray on her lips, Jennie left the room, followed by Jane herself...

"One of Gertrudes retainers has just come here. Everyone seems worried. Some of Gertrudes band about a hundred and sixty did survive, they say but

"Lost" one of the others repeated. "Gertrude's hand lost. How very dreadful. Are you sure it's true."

This news seemed a fresh torture to the two girls. Out of the band of a part of it only a small part had only survived, only one hundred and a sixty out of fifteen hundred, and Gertrude lost, the girl scout leader of every one, and here she found a man who had not only been a female nurse but a nurse of men. As she washed her hands and smoothed her hair, why it was that Gertrude could not have escaped the enemy, she had often done so before. Perhaps Tamerlane's glandolinians were different from those of Manley, more treacherous, watchful and foxy. It was days and days that she said to herself, "I will never again be in a position like this. I get round this glandolinian army, and it was so immense she had been appalled."

"There is his exscumency general vivian!" Jennie inquired...2
He is outside like sitting on a bench. I've called to him twice, and I'm
I'm afraid to do it again for he gets so gruff. Perhaps you alone wouldn't mind
trying to get him to come in mine, as the supper has been on the table for over
three hours three hours."

The next moment she had touched the General slightly on his arm. He lifted his head with a start, and stared at the young girl beside him for a full moment as if he did not see her.

"Come any way sir and try to eat."

With a long sigh, the general slowly rose to his feet, he advanced a few steps toward the door, then came back and laid his hand heavily on the child's

"Oh its my duty to remain up. You are younger and need the sleep. And you

Did general Charles Brown tell you that he has telegraphed to general

doesn't need them and will send his whole cavalry squadron, which will be here before ten this night. They'll scour the whole country and

Jennie held out her hands with a sudden impulse to the great general as she had done on the first time of her arrival when she saw him standing by

She had scarcely uttered the usual impulsive words when, she surely wished
and left them unsaid for the general suddenly turned upon her with an

"There that will do, there is nothing to be sorry about. Now come in to see the first Girlscout that's ever catch with me."

"Your Excellency, excuse me sir, but had-----you heard about the number
of people who have been slain by the boy and girlscoots during the

"Has anything been heard of Gertrude Angelina, whether she is
not and the others?"

out of the first one.

Jennie felt relieved only slightly. Gertrude, and the others had been very good to Jennie, it would be too terrible for her if Gertrude and her but followers too had been massacred, but once on the return to her room Jennie had eyes and ears, and thoughts for nothing in the world except for the hopeful news of her return. It seemed to her that the quietness outside was as unusual as a calm before a dreadful storm, even the limbs and pine needles of the trees did not move a single bit now, and oh how hot it was, and was sweating, not a breath of air. But when she whispered her fears about her apprehension that a forest fire might come, Mildred answered encouragingly.

"We can't tell anything by this calm," she said. "It's only the natural course of the weather produced by these blazes an inward draft you understand as for news nothing had been heard of yet but I am sure something will turn up before morning."

It was after nine in the evening or night before general Charles Brown appeared. This time he was accompanied by a gentleman with heavy matted brown hair and a clever but stern face, whom Jennie suspected must be the famous Dargat so often heard of, the great "Army Specialist" who also caused so many defeats for the enemy.

"How my dear Miss Turner," said general Charles Brown kindly "Angelina Jennings will be requesting you to come with her in about half an hour or more. She is going to search for the lost ones, and she wishes you to help her. Bring all the others here along, and be sure you're well-armed."

Jennie rose obediently for she was a great friend of Angelina Jennings and her sister.

"Where's Dolores. Was she caught in the massacre too?" "No she didn't go out she's in no condition too fortunately. She's at or in her own tent down the road a bit. You can see if if her if you want to."

Jennie turned, and with a heart that was almost breaking, she left the room closely followed by the others. Outside the door Jennie almost tottered and then leaned against the wall, feeling suddenly very giddy and faint. Indeed it seemed to her and the others too that nothing would ever be heard of the lost ones, and with an exclamation of pity Jane (Calamity Jane) gathered Jennie in her arms.

"Please don't take it so hard," she murmured, as Jennie with one great tearful sob laid her aching head against Jane's shoulder. "Why don't you try and make yourself cry. It surely would do you the best of good."

"I can't cry," said Jennie desperately but in a hoarse whisper. "I'm just choked up. I've tried to but it won't come. If they all have been massacred we'll be all alone, terribly alone in the world."

Jane tightened her clasp perceptibly.

"Jennie dear," she said very tenderly though she felt grieved too. "Continue to pray and beseech Our Blessed Mother to intercede with her blessed Son with us, to help us bear this trouble, and to cause the reports to be true."

"I have, I have but now it seems useless. It is true for starting but badly wounded. As good as we all are yet it sometimes seems as if we cannot even then get our prayers always answered. So many good people have perished in this country because of the war, and therefore how do we expect to escape them. I can't always feel sure that God does things for us if it is not for our good."

"You are right Jennie," said Mildred. "We don't understand, and it isn't always best for us that all our prayers should be granted, but he always does answer them if they're all right, and now before we accompany Angelina Jennings I'm going to request a favor of you."

Jennie raised her head with sudden surprise at this, and said: "I'll do anything I can for you, for you have been so good to me always. I won't refuse anything for you."

"It is not exactly for me," said Jane smiling. "Well in one way it is, and then in another way it isn't. I want you to go outside and try and comfort poor General Vivian. He's awfully distressed and won't come in."

"To comfort General Vivian," exclaimed Jennie, seeming rather frightened. "Oh no Jane I don't believe I could do that—he might not wish to have me bother him in his own grief."

"Try and find out whether he wants your company or not," said Jane most reassuringly. "I've served with General Vivian for more than three years, and I understand him and am more acquainted with him more than most others are. He is always gruff and short in all his manners sometimes, but bless you he never means anything by that. He's that way now because of the disaster. For all of us he's got the most loving heart in all the world, and he just about loves us as if we were his very own."

General Vivian was sitting in the same spot where she had found him when she called him in to supper, and with his face between his hands. He too felt that if the news did come in it might decide the fate of all of those who went out. There was a slight sound beside him, and for a second time that early night the general raised his head to meet Jennie's gaze, and her eyes too were filled with a nameless grief and misery. However this time the general did not stare at her as he did before, but rose at once to his feet.

"Is there anything Jennie that I can do for you?" he asked in a voice that Jennie scarcely recognized it was so low and gentle.

"No," said Jennie in a rather very unsteady voice. "It's not that—I did not come for anything—but I'm afraid of impending horrors I am very lonely and unhappy, and I thought—thought—you might also be very unhappy too, you seem so fond of us all."

"Fond of you all," the general repeated slowly, and there was a strange ring in his voice, and a stranger gleam in his eyes. "I think I am just as fond of them, as I am of myself, and of everybody but one." Jennie now came a step nearer, she was not afraid of general Vivian any longer.

"Is that one Gertrude Angelina?" she asked softly.

The general gave a violent start.

"Which one, Miss Angelina Aronburg?"

"You."

"What do you know about Miss Angelina Aronburg?" he demanded sharply.

"Not much except that my little dead sister, Francis is just like her. Jane told me that, and I thought that in why you cared so much for Gertrude."

"Jane told you that did she? What Jane?"

"Jane Melfort."

"Calamity Jane they call her. What else did she tell you?"

There was no ending the steady sharp gaze of those blue eyes, but Jennie met the gaze without flinching, she had nothing to fear, she had as much authority as he did.

"That's all," she said quietly.

"She didn't tell you anything else, good. But didn't she ever tell you that the Glandelinians, the heartless brutes they are murdered one of her younger sisters because she chose to do as she saw fit to strive to free child slaves over two years ago. She didn't tell you why Gertrude became a spy and scout, and done all this for the cause?"

"No," said Jennie, "she never told me that. She didn't dare."

"Why?"

"Gertrude didn't want anything said of her past?"

"Well it is in greater danger than Violet, and her sisters are. This massacre is something that won't bear conversing about, and that I cannot forgive myself for not investigating and refusing to allow her to go that way with her troops."

With one of her sudden impulses, Jennie held out both her hands to the general.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I wish I could say something to comfort you."

"It doesn't beside me," said general Vivian, abruptly, waving her toward the bench on his right side. "Now then suppose you tell me something about your own self. If Gertrude, if she doesn't doesn't never return, and she and her whole band had been destroyed—you say you'll tell as if you're alone in the world?"

Jennie nodded, she dared not trust herself to speak.

"You must have some regiment of boy and girls—surely somewhere of your own."

"I have a few regiments near general Hanson's army, but they're under the command of matrons and leaders. Gertrude and I have been the best of friends since we met. She had been with me since my father died."

"Gertrude told me you have two other sisters living. How about them—have they not entered the army as Scouts?"

"No sir, they're too young," they don't now much about military life," said Jennie with a slightly discolored, color. "My regiment only accepts girls and boys only—between ten and of age, not as young as these under Gertrude."

"And your sister are the Flamings I suppose?"

"No sir, they're the Hungers too. My sister belonged to them and was slain in an adventure with me. Violet, and her sisters nearly two years ago. I am not sure about my dear brother. He stayed at home, and I've not heard from him since, because all communications are destroyed."

"Him by the big flood I suppose."

"No, no, no, by the destruction of railroads and so forth by these fires. He couldn't come because he is too young too and yet has to stay with mother."

"There was a short pause, general Vivian gazed rather nervously with his fingers on the bench. He was the first to continue the conversation.

"What made you join the army as a Scout?" he demanded abruptly.

Jennie hesitated. Then she said:

"Because I loved adventure."

"I would to face such perils for that cause," she continued.

"My sister died from her wounds two minutes after being shot. I never cared to say any thing to any one else about it as the subject was a very painful one to me."

"Well to go back to Gertrude. How did she get caught into the ambush?"

"I suppose you'll believe it very strange," she said but really I do not know."

"Don't know the cause of the massacre? Well that's a queer state of things. She didn't even mention by what route she was going to any of her friends. She didn't even mention by what route she was going to any of her friends."

"She told Dolores but I haven't seen her yet. She loved her so dearly."

A wave of some very strong emotion swept over general Vivian's face and for a moment his hand trembled visibly, but Jennie was too preoccupied with her own own thoughts to notice it. Then he continued, and his voice shook in spite of all his efforts at self control.

"She loved all of us you say—loved us all dearly to the last, in spite of everything."

Jennie gave a sudden start. Indeed something in the manner of the poor general suddenly believe made her believe it to be mighty odd. She gave one quick glance into his white set face, and the next moment had started impulsively to her feet.

"You are ill, let me do something for you. Oh I'm sorry if I had said anything to hurt you. I forgot you had lost your dearest friends in that cruel massacre. Oh please forgive me and let me do something to help you."

"Good old horse!" The boy said stooping to pat the animal's head. He was

officers and men not engaged threw themselves down to rest. An half hour after the troops came up. The guns captured from the enemy were brought in and the great baggage train captured in the village organized for their service.

There were at this distance so much for these balloons, the batteries was
and some of the in the of the Christian heavy in battery was
at a distance of 1000 yards from the road, still in the air.

[illegible]

"Our boys and girls couldn't face the terrible fire of the Glandilins machine gun," he said. "We managed to save some of the refugees by rushing to the front again and again, but the machine guns were mowing them down by hundreds, and we finally had to retreat. We seized boys which could be helped to the enemy and filling them showed off even under

11/17
I feel I don't know my own language as well as I do in English. It is interesting.
I could shoot it at home, and I can't do it now. In that way, I
know, through a small amount of smoke, I can't do it. I can't do it through
a number of the Mandelins with my family name and escaped though they
persecuted me. Finally afterwards was able to collect my survivors. It
was the most terrible experience in my life.
I was the most terrible experience in my life. I was the most terrible experience in my life.

In the meantime many Glendolinites were found in hiding in the town of Yantam and these were as soon as identified with the general all hung or shot before the firing started. Then the general Jim Fearlion arrived with two hundred and seventy Glendolinites and men a part of his army, who had been ordered to march to meet the incoming reinforcement, for Glendolinites force was easily depleted by loss in battles, by heat stroke, and by other horrid causes. A portion of the army marched against the Glendolinites position near at night, day every heart beating at the thought of engaging the Glendolinites at this section who was five million strong. The attacking force however, by the courage of courage, as the approach of the attacking force, however, by the courage of these Glendolinites, the courage of their officers didn't maintain, and they recoiled from the advanced position, after resisting on only several minutes leaving behind them, the guns, baggage, many wounded men, and immense droves of horses. The munitions were blown up and the captured tents of the camp all burned, and the prisoners made to face a firing squad.

CHAPTER SEVEN.
THE THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR AND TOWARD THE END OF THE
THIRD AND GOING ON FOURTH YEAR TO SEPTEMBER,
AND AGAIN THE RECOGNITION OF THE THRILLING TIMES OF THE VIVIAN
GIRLS IN THE REALMS OF THE UNREAL, OR THE FIERCE GLANDIC-
ANGELICAN WAR, CAUSED BY THE CHILD SLAVE REBELLION.
BY J.M. DARGES.....

THE COMPLETE STORY OF THE WORSE OF THE VIVIAN WICKET HORROR!
WRITTEN ABOUT THE EXPERIENCES OF THE GENERALS AND CONCENTRICAN
ARCHBISHOPS LEADING TO THE CAPTURE OF THE CITY AND OTHER IMPORTANT
POINTS IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY.

Many incidents of the awful siege, tornadoes of cannon fire,
F, Flood of humanity, and cyclonic war disasters, personal experiences
of many survivors. , terrible letting of thousands of mangled dead bodies, and
the battles from houses to houses in streets and alleyways of besieged city;
horrible pestilences from sea land, decaying bodies unburied, thousands
of barge captians compelled by armed men to tow millions of dead bodies to
Galvordian seas. Millions of billions of dollars raised to aid the suffering survivors
Hanson Vivian orders army rations and army tents issued to millions of survivors
and orders a many armies to protect the city and people and pri property from
being in hands of foe again, Tales of horrified survivors from Vivian iskey
of awful battles inside the city, awful explosions, wrecked homes adrift on
rivers, many acts of valor. Many Ang Libian soldiers drowned, Great heroism,
great vandalism; Gw Great horror, a second most terrible battle of the
war but worse, hundreds of thousands of men women and children drowned, no
way of escape for any;

DEATH ! DEATH EVERYWHERE.

Special
Sheet.

THE PAGE AT THIS TIME

Where in the name of jumping ... in that ...

2254.

CHAPTER ONE.

VOLUME SEVEN

THE GREAT GLOINIA OR AN ANGELINIA AGATHIA CAMPAIGN
IN ANGELINIA. THE WAR IN THE ...

On June the eleventh general Givania had concentrated his badly worn out armies after a many days marching near Evangelino St. Alare Angelina. General Joseph McWhirther had been defeated in severe fighting at Big Betty Pass after he contending for four days against the Glandelinians under the Red Swishenackere. In the fury of the conflict he did exactly what Jackson did at Chancellorsville deliberately weakened his center to force his men around to crush Swishenackere flank. It was a success as matters went and the Angelinians after repulsing many frightful charges with a deadly cannon fire carried their success into the very heart of the enemy's line. The Glandelinians had been badly beaten and routed with heavy loss but McWhirther had been mortally wounded while urging his men into that overwhelming rush that was Swishenackere's undoing.

However a few days later after continued carnage day and night all along other parts of the line a general who took McWhirther's place rallied them on but when a Federal came to the rescue of Swishenackere and great columns with hundreds of thousands of glowing bayonets were thrown upon the Christians amid the most dreadful carnage! All that forenoon of the fourth day of the battle the carnage progressed southward then after marching all morning Hansonin sprang to their aid to rescue general Archburg.

All of Hansonin's first divisions rushed in to support that wailing and shouting line. When twenty color bearers had fallen one after another general Archburg seized the flag. He fell and was mortally wounded, and despite it all he still held it in his grasp as he faced the enemy. Many corps had all their field officers down and scores of divisions had been annihilated or decimated, and mangled armies showed horrible bloody losses. Hansonin had seen two divisions of another Glandelinian corps approaching like a storm to crush in his right and saw the twentieth corps coming up to face Archburg who however delivered his blow with such a hellish shock that the twentieth corps was crushed to fragments could not hold. The formation of the battle line had broadened to a fan shape many times there being a mixture of purple and red and gray in frightful pandemonium. Now the overwhelming Glandelinian artillery broke forth in the roar of a single voice in the support of some Federal's whirlwind attack. The whole scene for miles and miles became a slaughter of hell. The Christian guns utterly outnumbered, hundreds of battery horses killed strived against uneven odds in a furnace of fire.

Tongues of lightning lightning from thousands of bursting shells spattered the dead, dying and wounded and mangled about like melting butter struck with a knife blade. At parts where the smoke drifted away the Glandelinian battle flags fluttered victoriously and a tumult of bayonets pierced and disjointed lines of new to death, lines broken, into lurches and scattered melted away, while here and there those who did not in vain used to show the teeth and fiery tongue of hell once more in desperate resistance to the oncoming sea of graveyards flushed with success who again dislodged them.

Hansonin saw as well thank heaven that this situation did not occur before his fifth and seventh corps of Angelinians regained lost ground on the left side and were up to where they would have been jeopardized. As a river current pressed back the left tide the Glandelinians regained the lost ground, and the Glandelinians amid a hail storm of little preternatural carnage surged back over it, other reserves help to retake it, again it was lost. With the Angelinians it was a case of hastily mending breaks of patching weak points before they break. Every section sent in was instantly engaged but at last the Glandelinians held the ground for keeps while alone to point they were pressing close to Federal ridge. Hansonin is riding back and forth almost too had hands a handsome to be read and so quick of mind saw a gray wedge a portion of Federal's right about to pierce the line despite the fierce resistance they met.

"T Z Stop those yelling buhuman fiends!" He shouted; "Give them hell!"

The these Angelinians sprung from their trenches and threw themselves in a contemptible bay tackle against that wedge in gray which staggered under the impact. When their rush was spent all but five hundred thousand more were down. Nevertheless the Glandelinians pierced the line at another point despite every christian reserve that was rushed against them pell-mell. Forward to right or left they faced a terrific wall of rifle bullets and volleys of terrible shells which engulfed them in destruction. Hannas battery was hurled forward under a baptism of fire in a Niagara of carnage! The christian line however was being rifled and soon Henton fell dead. General Burns rallied the men repelling assault after assault until also killed by the Glandelinian sharpshooters who also mortally wounded general Miller whose battery was put out of action by the terrible fire of the Glandelinian gun-oh. Another leader by the name of Pech brought up reinforcements the christians being in fiercer action from the revenge over the loss of their officers. The advantage of position was with them and they had the confidence that comes with seeing the ribbon on the rope in hell's t up of vanguard over to their side.

The Glandelinian Confederates along this point fell back crushed and mangled but the main columns continued their onslaughts making terrific roaring charges. The Glandelinians lost hundreds of thousands of upon thousands of thousands but they cleared the fields time and again by striking the flank. Into the shell torn fire swept wooded regions the Glandelinians assailants poured. Open spaces were bullet swept, saplings were cut in two by the hail of minnie balls, trees were bullet peppered and incinerated by shell burst, while at close quarters a fusillade of canister mangled and mangled all human flesh that got in its way. A rush here a rush there, from the cover of rocks and trees slipping in the flood of their fallen comrades as they went the Glandelinian Glandelinians advanced with the ferocity and cunning of tigers.

Hard to hand over the stonebreastworks, the scene becoming like two armies of savage cannibals in a death struggle. Angelinian gunners were surrounded, and fought with hand pikes, rammers, infantry pikes, and even stones and flats and baskets were used as weapons. The Glandelinian tigers along this point who went into action with seventeen hundred thousand, had only one hundred thousand remaining and when they forced the line all along the front the struggle along new fronts became terrific. All along the line a drum of horror proceeded among rocks and trees and slowly, at stubbornly Hanson's center had to yield as reinforcements drawn from Federal's interior line accumulated their force against him bending the line dangerously near to Hanson's rear. Along the whole firing line

vastiridescent clouds of smoke spread and thousands of murderous shells burst everywhere. The merciless conflict kept up an unceasing roar while cannon after cannon exploded amid the yell that broke in exultation along the whole gray line. Sweet to the ears of the Angelinians was the scream of their own shells over their heads against the Glandelinian batteries playing on the end of it against their assailants. Shell shells were now coming into the flank of the Angelinians; they started to bend away from it only to get shells in the other flank.

Then roaring storms of rifle fire came rippling into their lines. Volleys from the front and from the flank and now canister added to the shells cutting swaths as clean as the mower. A long line of Angelinian artillery and infantry in front of Arontburg's brigades which was at the head of the onslaught were hanging on a precipice edge as it were, and striking their last desperate blows against these yelling plunging maddened gray figures that came on in myriads. General Mahones battery had only one gun remaining the leader having had his abdomen opened by a shell fragment and as he fired the last charge he dropped dead. Through the struggling gray line which had been partially driven back came the new divisions of reserves at a charge. Arontburg dropped pierced by forty bullets while four thousand men were shot down as if in execution. From both flanks now seeing the day is won the Glandelinians pressed on with the ardor of victory.

The whole column of Angelinians faced about retreating under fire across the open field. Meanwhile Hancock's cavalry riding to strike Thomas Federal's rear had been repulsed by Iron, Rogers and Kilpatrick's troops in a picturesque and a savage shock of calms and herons in the rear of Big Betty Mass. There was no word now for general Weldon Hanson from any quarter and his great heart was broken. Everywhere came the flash

Where in the name of jumping can will is that confounded man I had this

of swarming bayonets the enemy carrying all before them. It was a total rout and Weldon their main leader that is Weldon's son Weldon was mortally wounded in attempting to check it.

THE NATION AGAIN IN PERIL. HANLEY'S ACTIONS.

In the meantime general Vivian learned from wireline that Buchanan Hanley to make maneuvers that would be disastrous to Angelinia had sent Mosmann's army to make another drive toward Pandoria the eastern boundary of fire and devastation swept

Calvernia, while picknell Mosmann and Cannon were also to separate and to strike separately but simultaneously against Arontburgville. General Mosmann Hanley himself proposed to strike against Moro Vivian to prevent him from interfering with these drives. General Vivian was indeed jeopardized for he had no means to repel the separate divisions each of which was one quarter the size of his own army and well fed on stolen rations while his armies were suffering terribly from the results of the wide spread forest fires caused recently by Raymond Richardson Federal and by the losses in the stubborn fighting at Mc-Holteater run. To separate his columns like Hanley did was dangerous because Hanley made this movement because he had forces ten times the size of his own and the one he was leading now was far superior to his own. He could not get aid from Hanson because he had been worried by Thomas Federal and Switzer cracker and mortally wounded in the far east and Hanson's forces itself with him were too small to make much reinforcements.

"This is all on account of that Berger and his old picture." He said bitterly. "I wonder how it could be recovered."

He went at once to general Berger's headquarters and requested him to make out some means for the recovery of the picture.

"How am I going to recover it, your excellency?" Said general Berger sadly. "I have tried various means, invaded the Glandelinian Public Libraries, and no one but without success. As it is fair in war I would have seized the book of newspapers the picture was in but I could not trace it though I examined book after book. It was in some date of either June, fifteen eleven or fifteen twelve."

"June fifteen eleven or fifteen twelve." Said general Vivian sharply and with urgent suspicion. "I thought you recovered the picture from her waist?"

"I did but I lost it. I had recovered another in a newspaper that told of the tragedy, which was also stolen with many others I had. General Phelan an Angelinian traitor had something to do with the murder and feared that I would expose him so no doubt he stole the picture so no evidence could be made against him."

"Ahem! a traitor hey. Well I'll be bound. He must be captured at all cost. What Glandelinian army is he in?"

"A division of Raymond Richardson Federal's army, your excellency. He goes under the name of Tamerlinia but that is not his name at all. He is one of the worse men next to Thomas and Raymond Richardson Federal."

"Humph! could you describe the murder?"

"Yes your excellency. I was then a Glandelinian child laborer, poor but much against my will as I was compelled. Federal governed all the slave houses in Calvernia

and Phelan was his mayor. When the Child Labor Revolution broke out this little girl was elected a leader by the child rebels and by her gallantry she made rapid progress which enraged Phelan who got permission from Federal to murder her in cold blood. I was the witness of the most blood-drenching crime ever committed in Calvernia. Annie Arontburg habitually in her nighties had been probably occupying her mind for some time by planning for victory when the brute seized her by the hair which was loose and flourished a razor about her face. The screams and attitudes of the poor child had the effect of changing the probably guilty feeling of the assassin into those of wrath and instantly he began to choke her tearing her nighties tatters then with one determined sweep of his muscular arm he nearly severed her chest open with his razor. The sight of blood litened his anger into frenzy. Wishing

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his teeth and flashing fire from his eyes he flew upon the body of the unknown child and imbedded his fearful talons in her throat retaining his grasp until she expired. I had tried my best to stop him but a struggle with such a furious giant was useless and he got away after trying in vain to shoot me down. I called the police secured the picture for a special use and went off to report the deed to the American Civil Liberties Committee. Not long after I lost both pictures one after the other.

"How old was the child?"
"That I do not know your excellency. She was as pretty as an angel though and graceful in her manners. She had been one of my workers. I had requested her not to join in the repelling telling her that it was dangerous as Federal and his aids were fearful of her but she only answered that she would be willing to die for the children's freedom. I and the little girl had been great friends and I longed for the picture as a memory of her."

"How then is it that the loss of the photo photograph of the picture also is responsible for the situation of this war?" Asked general Viviania rather hotly.

"That is a mystery your excellency, even to me."
"That mystery has gotta be solved, if you wish for me to regain the picture you lost." Said general Viviania fiercely. "You ought to have placed the picture in the hands of the Angelinian government for security then this would not have occurred. Are you a Christian or just serving my army for revenge?"

"I'm a perfect Angelinian and nothing else I had have no love for the enemy of my country." Answered Dargar. "I belong to the St. Anthony Parish."

"Do you pray for the recovery of the stolen picture?"

"I have offered a petition for its return."

"What reason have you to say that. You mean requested a petition?" Continued general Viviania with a serious look. "What is the donation?"

"\$2,000,000, your excellency."

"Where are you going to send it?"

"To the place I requested the petition. I have only done this last March however."

"I'll tell you what can be done." Said general Viviania looking seriously at him. "You have showed me great service during the war since your entrance with a great honor at Cedronia by your brave deeds, befriended the Vivian girls in their need and saved them from peril. It is to my idea that the wicked Tamerline general knows something about this and Federal too. If you will try to cause Tamerline's capture I will try to locate the picture. This is the only way. They got to be found or my armies are ruined."

"I will do my very best your excellency. I would like to have help though."

"The Vivian girls will render all the aid needed." Said general Viviania.

"And also will their guardian Evans. Go to them. Tell them off your plans."

Saluting general Dargar withdrew with a better hope than he ever had before.

THE PAGE AT THE END OF THE BOOK

Where in the name of jumping was it that the... was... and... was...

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the Angelinians decimating their columns frightfully. The Angelinians raised their 'devil yell' to its highest pitch came on with irresistible fury and even far rains of pikes and bayonets and... did not stop them and they started to carry all before them. They surged among the lines of cannoncutting down the gunners and hurling back the infantry after a furious counter attack had toward. The Angelinians strove madly to hurt back the assault on they came with their lines fairly roaring with fire. General Viviania from his observation point saw this danger and concentrated all his available batteries upon his assaulting columns mowing down multitudes. This fire made a temporary check but more divisions came to the aid and general Viviania had to concentrate all of his best divisions upon the threatened point and for four hours the roar of cannon and musketry seemed to split the heavens and defy the very gods there with the din. The battle indeed now was very terrific and extended already for a sixteen miles. The Angelinians surged again and again upon the blazing Christian lines like angry roaring storm waves but were broken and cut to pieces time and again with the thunder of thousands of cannons which stunned and almost drove to frenzy and insanity the survivors.

General Dargar's Mc-Pollister crushed his lines again against the Masonic front which was assaulting Viviania right with titanic violence and great superhuman vehemence and he went down mangled and bleeding being mortally wounded.

The slaughter was horrible even for the assailants and two great divisions of Angelinians lay cut up and mangled reposed in corpse vastness a conglomeration lying cut down by the Angelinian cannon by the hundred thousand. The Christian line now began to press forward with irresistible force over the body at twin fields and through the smoke filled plains forcing the foe to stop by step and paving the ground with the dead and wounded in prayer. Seeing the turn in events general Vanley massed ten thousand and one hundred cannon upon the Angelinians and wiped out columns after columns with his terrible storm of shrapnel and high explosive shells. Not only was this done but general Vanley's army was massed against his forces upon the whithering purple line and the clash was terrible but the Angelinians outnumbered him and pressed on across the plains which became like a roaring volcano volcanic crater. Thousands upon thousands went down mangled and lying as simply at every yard and now suffering intolerable losses the Angelinians began to flag before the enemy's fire which threatened them with annihilation.

The left of the column gave way in confusion but the other two held firm in a storming volcano of flame and din until reinforced by two large battalions and general Vanley's corps. The battle is having already raged all that morning and now in full swing. One heavy attack after another was launched by heavy columns of Angelinians but the gray wedges stood against the Christians and the most frightful carnage. General Viviania's whole right wing was advancing against general Vanley's left but it failed to force the line at any point the withdrew during the twilight. One remarkable incident during the second day of the battle is when heaven and earth seemed to be going to pieces from the din of cannons and musketry with the bravery of general Dargar.

In the midst of the battle field was a large barn which had in a tape picture of the Archangel Michael pictured or painted on the outside and which was the headquarters of general Dargar the Angelinian butcher. Against these gray wedges Dargar threw his forces with might and main but was repelled with serious losses and he at himself was almost shattered dead by the cannonading thunder of the Angelinian guns and showers of musketry. By sheer force of numbers he managed to force the enemy's lines but Dargar threw his fresh divisions to the rescue and after a bloody hand to hand fight lasting an hour which resembled borders of cannibals at war with each other the Angelinians were again driven back but a shell blew a part of the barn to pieces and Dargar was severely wounded by the fragments. The picture was unharmed. Two more times Dargar made terrific onslaughts with the same result. Dargar went into the action with not eight hundred thousand men and lastly one hundred thousand. But several times as he was Dargar tried a general assault being bound to capture the picture at all cost. The result was that his columns met frightful annihilation, the battle alone being a line being terrible. However he made temporary success. He left a large piece of the enemy's line in front of the barn and cut it to pieces. Matters looked pretty serious for the Angelinians and Dargar's left was rolled up in confusion and put out of commission entirely.

General Sir S. S. Schloeder came to the scene however reinforcing the point forced at the left wing with heavier columns of infantry and artillery and after much gun guinary fighting for four hours in which there was a panorama of bloody horror the Angelinian columns were thrown and back mangled torn, battered and bleeding.

The other columns reinforced by Schloeder was too heavily outnumbered to contend with successfully and margin found himself hard pressed for many miles.

However Manley came to the aid of his main divisions again at Marger and Schloeder. The struggle was fearful but the Angelinians held for an hour until the other divisions, most of one hundred thousand were reduced to remnants and the main line was overlapped. Then the Angelinians receded in utmost confusion Schloeder being killed as he tried to rally a column near the farm.

The late Angelinians rallied behind their works and repelled all the assaults that the enemy made. Ten desperate onslaughts were made against the rocks but every column that came within the range of the christian fire literally melted away. Marger wounded he was but retained his command and launched the second assault with terrific fury but the whole line withered the survivors falling back in great confusion.

In the third assault Marger threw forward one of his main divisions which in the fierce storm of charge played the line at the center but were engulfed in a vortex of massacre in contending with the other columns right and left and only a few thousand of the five hundred thousand escaped death but were made prisoners. The whole division being wiped out. Marger however was still engaged but he could do nothing for he had no more troops to get large forces from Manley and these made a head long charge while the christian trenches were filled by a curtain of artillery fire. The Angelinians edged away from the annihilating artillery fire but to the general Edmondson's division a great number of the troops they seemed literally run into the mouth of hell as fierce was the resistance they met. They managed to break the line however and poured through a storm of mill-mines and a tumultuous wall of bayonets. In fact they could have won the whole christian line back and not paid the price of a first infuriated concentration. At his death the christian line was mangled and killed. Their works were still intact but the works being covered with the dead and wounded of both sides. General Edmondson's main columns were withdrawn to the rear and seeing that the christian line was thinned considerably Marger launched another assault but the whole division was literally torn to shreds by a severe concentrated artillery fire and driven back by a furious demonstration that lasted an hour.

His other divisions however but seeing that he had many fresh divisions at hand and that the christian line was badly reduced he decided to try again. This time he concentrated a great force along the whole line simultaneously and which was kept kept up for over an hour with unceasing fury. His losses became terrific for his men faced the deadliest fire and again he withdrew though he had succeeded in clearing the line slightly at the left. The seventh assault was more determined and cleaved the christian right but the other columns were reduced by a terrific full scale bombardment of artillery from a new quarter and were forced to give it up leaving in hundreds of prisoners in the hands of the Angelinians.

General Edmondson led this assault which made the conflict extremely fierce in the region of the farm itself and he declared after words that it was like another Iwo Jima scene in action. The Angelinians were driven back the line but not such a lot of men of fire from the christian batteries and cannon that they went down in thousands and were forced to flee the battle weary and mangled their mangled columns like an eggshell and causing the loss of many of the officers.

General McWhorter had been mortally wounded in trying to rally the divisions and general McFarmer who succeeded him rallied a line but it could not stand and it was swept aside like chaff. Hemo and McFarmer being down among the works just as they lunged their entire divisions through the front of the Angelinians who tried to lance them with a pike. The column with only a few thousand survivors were also withdrawn to the rear and now Marger began to see that he was in a perilous position. He sent an appeal to Manley. As he was throwing forward four divisions to a madman heading assault general Edmondson McFarmer arrived with one million elite hundred thousand men and Artillery with a battalion which was sent back by Marger and until the assault was over. Had he put these into action at the right time he would have made great success but at this point another thing turned up. While the assault of the four divisions was in progress the heaviest cannon were still

Where in the name of jumping jacks is that newspaperman who has this manuscript?

withdrawn and placed into a situation as to toward McFarmer's and Aronson's columns before they came into action. So heavy was the slaughter that McFarmer's column receded across the Angelinian run in confusion but Aronson's army was caught in the ground and met annihilation the Angelinian commander being blown to pieces by a bang-bang-bang. At the same time nearly five hundred rushing guns were concentrated upon the four assaulting divisions and one of the them literally went to eternity in a short space of time. The others were mangled and crushed and as they fled and recoiled the Angelinians and Abbeinians rushed at them like an avalanche routing them like sheep and mowing down myriads.

Marger held a delirium over the situation but the pen and staff do charged that it was worth trying again as he had no more fresh divisions at hand while the line of purple coats was becoming terribly thin and received no reinforcements as far as could be ascertained. Marger did not agree with the

Angelinians had the dreaded Concentinians and Abbeinians forces with them who made the trenches a regular hornet's nest. But as they began to crumble and complain he decided to try another assault. This was made by five divisions under Marger who was supported by a miscellaneous artillery fire of nine hundred guns. Despite the thickness of their line the Angelinians outnumbered these divisions and met them like a break water meets the series of waves one after another.

The quarters of the five divisions dotted the ground where they fell but the above mentioned divisions solidly wedged swept upon the Angelinians like an avalanche rolling back one of the wings and crossing the entire line of trenches. This resulted in a general blow of firing that lasted fully an hour, and men on both sides went down in tens of thousands but the Angelinians made a terrific counter assault. Marger was wounded in the middle of his head to head combat the Angelinians being cut down in their tracks and the remaining but in plight general Marger being made a prisoner as he with hundreds of thousands of others fell inside the christian works.

General Marger was disencouraged at this outcome and decided to give up. "Why now throw the whole force upon them at once," advised general Edmondson. "I have no more," "You may succeed then," "No," "I have no more," "Put it would again result in such horrible losses," "I hate to do it," "I believe I'll let them attack," "I do not believe they will," "I do not believe they will," "I believe Godfrey's plan is the wisest. Why not concentrate and overlap at the same time?"

General Marger did not consider it was a wise plan but he acted anyway and managed within four hours to get his whole army in motion and move forward to the attack. Heavy batteries of all kinds of cannon dominated his columns but on they charged though whole lines melted away. The crush was as successful as it was terrific. The Angelinians overlapped on two sides gave way abandoning the works amid a sea of hellish destruction. The Angelinian right wing being hammered to pieces halted at the rear pressed on. At this critical moment Marger received a second wound which disabled him and caused him intense pain. For an hour the christian line tried to hold but now the Angelinians again drove them back over the works and to the distance of more than three miles. Another division came to their aid but the works could not be taken in the engagement and were only abandoned when general Edmondson ordered the withdrawal of the main right wing. The engagement with Marger and Marger was the hottest engagement of that second day's battle with sides suffering unknown losses.

At the next day fighting began early in the morning and during the hours of fighting the Angelinians were driven from the christian front. At the same time general Edmondson advanced on Marger striking him in the flank and throwing three of his divisions into confusion. Marger's army itself crushed to pieces was driven back for some distance when the timely arrival of Hemo and Edmondson's divisions turned the tide of battle. The fresh troops advancing with Palmer's divisions struck Chickama's flank and thrust him back in disorder. Artillery corps Aronson's troops attacked it at the same time in front and recaptured all the works which the christian general Marger had during the second day's battle. While Chickama's was thus engaged and was retreating in the wildest confusion general Edmondson's divisions of Medunne corps coming from the Angelinian left to support Chickama's attempted in vain to drive Aronson's from his advanced position. Edmondson's brigades advanced five in turn being in vain. In one hour's fighting Edmondson's four hundred thousand men had only officers and was then withdrawn. Edmondson took his place and charge.

gallantly through a plain that extended across his front where he encountered a terrific fire from all arms. Unable to get his own artillery into position the christian leader on his front and on his right flank, poured murderous storm and confusion of crops and conflict into his ranks. Staggered for a moment the brave condottieri again pushed forward until the strength of the christian position and a fresh attack on the right compelled them to retreat with frightful losses. Pasternak now relieved Brown and with Zimmerman's support succeeded in driving the christians in front beyond the Aurale Run road. Already the fighting extended far up general Vivian's line and by 11 o'clock Murrie and Mitchell had become involved in the struggle and the entire Glandelinian left was engaged with the exception of two brigades of cavalry which held the extreme left of Norfolk's army west of Nine Pines.

On the christian line during the most sanguinary fighting a division after division had been sent in unbroken line of all. Each in its turn amid frightful slaughter had driven the enemy and then outflanked had been thrust back. The arrival of of unbroken line finally stayed the progress of the Federal advance on the right of the battle where the picture still stood in the center of the right wing.

In the center the Glandelinian confederals had gained considerable advantage. The shells from their batteries almost reached general Pannum's headquarters. In support of the weakening center of the right wing Nelson's divisions arrived on the field and went into furious action immediately driving the enemy steadily.

Panner had been put in jeopardy by the failure of Prussian to maintain his position but the advance of the Glandelinian and confederates and the attempt to attack the flank was checked by general Nolan who driven back upon a elevation but finally turned four hundred guns and began to pour into the advancing Glandelinian a storm of fire that threw them back in disorder.

This attack which had for a time broken the center on Vivian's right began on Vivian's right after Chickama had been repulsed, and now there was a lull in the battle in front of the right grand division for about an hour during which Dargers and Aronburg reorganized their commands and were withdrawn to a strong position on the left grand division in which direction Aronburg looked for the next attack. The Glandelinians however advanced some distance farther to the right and Dargers and Aronburg's troops were hurried off to pandora's paradise driving fast in time to prevent serious disaster.

The Glandelinians had crossed the Angelina and made a sudden and bloody unexpected charge upon Baird and August Agard and drove the christians a mile and a half taking twenty thousand prisoners and scores of guns before Dargers and Aronburg's troops arrived to crush and hurl them back. It was impossible to estimate the loss thus far though it was believed that the Glandelinians sustained the greater loss for they had little opportunity to get their artillery into action. Among the Angelinians Dargers and Aronburg suffered most severely. The former when flanked and driven back lost of a division of regulars one million, four hundred and eleven thousand strong in killed and wounded, two hundred and eighty nine of which were officers of lowest rank besides one hundred thousand others which were made prisoners and two strong bar batteries one of them shot last year these gallant defender of commander general Pettibone stood by his guns to the last falling into the hands of the enemy mortally wounded.

General Thomas' shattered general Scott's division to pieces out his defensive lines but there was delay and the fight was now on fiercer and extending along general Vivian's extreme center, when general Tributal and ten of his brigades arrived to the scene. One of Vivian's divisions of three hundred thousand men and two brigades of Glandelinians had been severely cut up having been exposed to an inflaming fire from the christians behind the breastworks and general Tully and most of his commanding officers had been killed.

The other Glandelinian brigades had advanced driving back the christian a under general Henry Aronburg but soon they were confronted by general Dargers left, now reinforced by Artists and Woodroff's Road. Woodroff's division and before two o'clock Vivian had been driven from the field. General Glynn advanced against the christian center with a better success. Owing to a blunder general Judas forces of confederates sustained a loss of five hundred thousand but they held firm under a storm of destruction and Glynn's division had to be withdrawing through his elements.

Where in the name of jumping Sam will is that confounded man T had this

The repulse of Vivian and Glynn was more than offset by the misfortune that befall the christian divisions on the right of Vivian's center. General Vivian's general Vivian to close up and support Dargers and William moved his division entirely out of line at double quick and passed to Dargers' rear. Thus you see a gap was made where none had existed and through this gap the Glandelinians poured throwing the entire christian center into awful confusion. General Cannon's columns came in just in time to take advantage of this break in the christian line caused by Vivian and Kilmoes sudden withdrawal. As his column penetrated the christian line Cannon's received a severe wound which was believed to be mortal and general Muldoon succeeded him in command. Undeterred by the death of their leader Cannon's men pressed their advantage and a great battle of killing fires, flanking Dargers on one side and Dava Davis' mortar on the other cutting off twenty brigades from the right and annihilating them and driving the other panic stricken columns to the rear. At the weak point the Glandelinians outnumbered the christians a five to one. Fearless five brigades were driven back with the loss of half their numbers and with every one of their colors in tatters.

Dargers' right was routed with the loss of every one of his batteries. Davis and Porter strove to make a stand but the Glandelinians advanced far to the right making resistance out of the question. General Meldons' army in fact lost half of the christian armor center had been swept from the field. General Vivian's main column alone was left to save the christian army from the complete humiliation of a disastrous rout. He had with him one of Puerby's brigades and the divisions of Aronburg, Hal Nemo and Nero and such remains of Dargers and Davis. Porters as had not been involved in the disaster and with this force he was face to face with the whole half of the Glandelinian army all concentrated upon his crushed and mangled center.

On the supreme christian center there was confusion at its worst. The whole center had been routed beyond reforming. General Johnson and Whelan had made a stand but sustained a terrible loss and repeated repulse. However general Vivian was just in time to enable his center to secure a safe retreat and though driven from the battle field the Angelinians had succeeded in shutting the Glandelinians out of Evangeline St. Clare.

THE STRUGGLE ALONG THE RIGHT

About the same time that general Vivian's center was cut to pieces and swept from the field major general Bernard Costelloe beheld a great army, three of the army corps commanded by Thomas Federal deploying themselves along the Annie and Zoe Allen Run, and he resolved to destroy it if he could, he himself attacking with all his vehemence in front and commanding Neptunes to form Vivian's right wing.

After a fearful struggle in which Tamerline came near being made a prisoner, the Glandelinians along Federal's left retired leaving a sea of dead and wounded in the field and frightful numbers of prisoners and cannon in the hands of the Angelinians. Federal then pushed fresh troops to the rescue of his crushed and mangled right wing, and upon the right grand division in an effort to lead the christian right wing a fight to recover their center which was vehemently assaulted and at a half past twelve at some point to him that the christians were not involved in the fight their right hand gave orders to Tamerline with new divisions to attack their center, to overwhelm it and rout the whole christian line. Then there raged a titanic struggle between Glandelinian and christian divisions, which was destined to fill the Angelinian world with admiration.

Here on the center the monstrous divisions under Alex's a Lox, Morgan Stout, Grouchy, Tamerline, Johnston McColister, Lyons, Costelloe and Frank led an attack upon the Angelinians with such crushing fury that for a time and the smothering storm of hell's damnation their single onslaught brought threw the whole christian line in the wildest uproar of bloodcurdling slaughter as ever seen for fact since Catherine and a brigade of 12,000 men were completely wiped out. Five great christian divisions were fired to pieces besides the destruction of the brigade and driven into confusion while lines of the Glandelinian divisions shattered to shreds by a demoniac fire were

hurled back by a frenzied counter charge of general Tamarillo's Generalistians while cavalry and infantry corps led by Tamarillo's sweeping over a storm of air over a chain of artillery standing with hellish destruction dashed themselves upon the walls of christian soliders, and renelted like a million furies, returned to the charge with redoubled fury. A second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth with the carnage being terrible, murderous, implacable, bloodcurdling war made each with greater fury than before. Such was the infantry wedges of "Vimball" woungs and "Strukteronia", which with heavy cavalry returned to the assault on the christian resistance of the christians must be overcome at once before any relief comes.

A kind of indomitable, floods urdling furt fury roared the Glandelinians on the resistance of the christians must be overcome at once before any relief comes.

But the Angelinians officered a wonderful resistance, they realized that Perkins must be given time to come up and that they therefore cannot afford to yield a palm width of ground.

"I have no other instructions given except to resist as long as a single man is alive." Said Bernard Costello to a general who had come to him to announce that ten of his brigades were almost annihilated, and who wanted to know what to do. Storms of gang gang-shells, shrapnell, and canister lashed the christian army, hundreds of thousands of men falling on all sides, the line growing thin while the troops were losing a courage in mind and body. A little before four o'clock twenty hundred thousand Condensians led by Ives delouched from the woods in the right of the extreme wing. General Costello at once realized that this was the advance guard of Vanleys left wing and that the situation had become critical along his army for his army, which was almost exhausted from its titanic efforts to repel Federal onslaughts.

Federal's supreme effort had already crushed the left grand division while the center of Tamarillo's army had been forced to complete destruction. From four o'clock, - o'clock until six Bernard Costello's army struggled with a sublime fury beyond anything bloodcurdling, against the slowly growing forces of his two enemies. Costello indeed did not hedge but what indeed must have been the anxiety of his pure heart. Where was General Vivian's helper general Hanson in doing? Every few minutes general Costello sent a messenger to locate him in vain. Another few hours would decide anything. Either Hanson or night must come. "Either Hanson or night must come." He cried with tears in his eyes no longer able to bear the terrible anxiety.

Terrific indeed was the carnage. Everything that the valor of soldiers and the genius of the generals could imagine and attempt to overcome the advantage of numbers, was imagined and attempted, and for a moment the enemy lines finally shaken by the terrible impetuosity of the brave men who arrived under Perkins seemed to waver. General Costello fell mortally wounded however, the line becoming terribly breached which allowed the main force of Tamarillo's army to win the slip through his hands and join John Tomas Federal in time to save the Glandelinian troops who were now not less exhausted than the christians. This reversed the tide of battle the whole christian line being literally cut to pieces at the center and with the loss of their main commander Vivian who was severely wounded could not hold.

First the left gave way, then the right, the central guard or grand division who had been badly riddled. In a few hours the whole christian right in a worse condition than general Vivian's center had retired on confusion from Callens Run the Glandelinians following hotly bent upon its destruction. General Vivian saw that that all was lost. Only his left was still intact and holding its ground but it did not save him from defeat and soon it would have to withdraw before Vanleys right under Fox law. To make matters worse general Swichenacker was guarding Hanson's movement and intercepting him from Noro Vivian, threatening him every minute with fight.

Along general Vivian's left wing the battle was still progressing. Across the fields through the woods, and over broke the maddening gray lines came in in monstrous surges four hundred deep landing back general Callens right. Here the on fire was a sublime onslaught. Angelinians first broke made their rush and then fell back before the irresistible advance of the Glandelinians. In eddying when they had to pause to cut their way out from a converging line. The advance of the Glandelinians gathered force like a thunder tide taking in the prisoners in trains of wagons and caissons. The fire of the christian guns along the front was something terrible. Gunister that one regiment of field guns fired to two hundred and forty shots a minute ten to a gun, dropping three hundred bullets and fragments with each shell burst. This was exactly two hundred fragments a minute falling into

Where in the name of jumping can I find that confounded map I had this morning?" asked general Charles Brown of his lieutenant.

the space of an acre. Under such a downpour one has about the same chance of escaping a wound as one has of dodging a storm of snowflakes in the fiercest snow storm. But three thousands of such guns were in vigorous action and no one could describe the suffocating maddening effect of their fire, the air seemed to writhe with projectiles and the rumble of explosions seemed to fairly split the air.

Think of the regiments of guns, putting such volleys into the assailants, melting away columns after column in a volley. The firing of the christian musketry was so fast that it was like the roll of many many a cyclopean snar drums, beaten with sticks the size of ship masts. Along the whole line was a continuous cloud of smoke from burstingshrapnell shells, renewed with fresh fresh whither puffs, raining bullets as fast as it was dissipated. It may be strange to relate though our kind readers may have noticed it though that the Virgin girls have never been too close to the main firing line during the war not even mentioned during the terrible but lasted several times. The conflict seemed as equally fierce along the left as the other two wings. Sabres and bayonets of men on both sides were driving with blood and the christian cannons mowed down men faster than any machine the eye that ever mowed the fields of grain. Swaths of men many hundreds of feet in extent were cut down, many hundreds of thousands already being killed or wounded and during the battle there was complete complete brutality displayed by the Glandelinians on Vanleys left. One wounded Angelinian was on his knees his face raised imploringly his arms stretched out. A Glandelinian brute was standing above him holding at both hands a rifle, at the end of which was a long bayonet that makes a hole with three edges.

I think of the bayonet that was plunged into the kneeling man's face, into his breast, then into his bowels, then pulled out and plunged in again. Such scenes were repeated tens of thousands of times during the terrific onslaught. Young men and boys on both sides lying gasping, suffering horribly agony, horses galloping over them, while as they lie one bullet after another strikes them until one luckily brings death. The horrors of the conflict was so great that no one can realize it. When his left at last gave way before Federal's sledge hammer onslaughts general Vivian indeed saw that the field was lost. His whole army was retreating in a rout being in a worse condition than Napoleon's at Waterloo. His center and left had been dreadfully mangled and cut up and no relief was at any point.

General Hanson could not do any thing because Joe Rae Swichenacker was on the watch and Hanson dared not show his fight less his army meet with destruction. General A Vivian's defeat at Zoe Callens Run was one of the first disastrous ones in the war and due for facts by the works of traitorous spies. One of the spies communicated with Vanleysmen by means of signals according to a code arranged or prearranged with the Glandelinians. He had been captured by the Angelinians however and a written code found found in the prisoners possession showed that the signal flares at various points were used as signals, that the Angelinian heavy artillery fire was on the right, that the already torn and mangled columns was in weaker force, that only a few divisions were standing their point at Aronhurs picture barn, that Angelinians were advancing by the northwestern roads, and that Angelinians were going in by western roads.

THE extraordinary movements of the flares had attracted the attention of the little Vivian girls who understood the boy scout signals and the spy had been seized by the very little girls themselves. Overwhelming proof of his guilt was found. And the work of spies was so feared that when one was caught his execution was started as quickly as possible, and in the most terrifying manner. He does not even receive the benefit of every possible doubt like the murderer on trial, and the spy must be feared and he hated is the one operating against his own country. This spy who was caught by the little girls and sentenced by the Angelinian generals was successful for he done enormous damage to the Angelinians before he was discovered.

He had even indicated the position of one of main the main christian commands and staff enabling the enemy by a well directed volley of artillery to wipe the headquarters organization out of existence. This spy had been tied to a tall post by a roadside, where he was executed twenty Angelinians putting twenty bullets into his body with hearty good will. The man's body was left by the roadside for days in the very region of the most ferocious fighting. Upon the next the Angelinians nailed a placard which bore the words:

"A SPY. A TRAITOR TO HIS BELOVED COUNTRY."

2265.

Another traitor in the battle was an Ange-Angelinian general who led a force of Glandelinians in disguise just in front of an Angelinian battery. After he had lingered here for a few moments he prudently passed on and as soon as he was out of sight a storm of Glandelinian shells fell upon the battery, and the disguised Glandelinians fell upon the unsuspecting Christians putting nine Angelinian runs out of action and killed hundreds of valuable Angelinian artillery men. He also indicated the position of Another Angelinian battery by signals but Violet discovered his actions. He was caught and immediately executed in the same way as the other. At the same time this occurred Jennie Vivian believed that a Glandelinian wearing the uniform of an Angelinian sergeant had insinuated himself into the Christian ranks. After an examination among the men Violet herself at the information of her sister, easily picked him out from the ranks of the Angelinians just going toward the firing line. He was questioned, found guilty, and a short trial, and immediate execution ended the during attempt.

The battle was figured in one exciting spy exploit: During the battle a swift upon battle car the size of an auto truck came racing up to the Christian lines. In it were three apparent Angelinians officers and between them they held a burly strapping Glandelinian officer prisoner apparently, a desperate character who was determined to escape if he could or perish in the attempt. The Angelinian officers endeavored to aid the carnage to force their way through the lines in a premeditated way, on the ground that they were taking the prisoner to headquarters but a superior Angelinian officer attracted to this by the suspicious looks of Violet and her sisters who by him at the time insisted on stopping and examining them.

He had just been fooled by some other ingenious trick and was especially by the looks of the Vivian girls intensely suspicious also. The supposed Angelinian officers proved to be Gargolians speaking Angelinian perfectly and wearing the uniform of well known dead Angelinian officers. They had been fitted out in this way on a daring mission to get behind the Christian lines and signal certain things that were happening there....

By desperate fight the spies managed to escape killing two Angelinian generals one sergeant and a score of privates. It hardly need be remarked that to under take such an enterprise as this requires more nerve than to face the ordinary risk of war. Undoubtedly soldiers often feel sympathy for a capt and spy working for his own country, but such are his possibilities of causing disaster that no mercy are shown. But there is no sympathy for traitors whose execution is without any trial and the most horrible that can be thought thought off....!

TRY TO CAPTURE ARONBURG!!!!!!

During general Vivian's mighty conflict three hundred thousand Glandelinians tried to capture the small town of Annis Aronburg after a terrible battle. In one day a triple disaster fell upon the fleet at the cost of victory. The great Angelinian battle ships the *Vriatib*, *Titanic*, *Herculemn* and *Orpe* were blown out of the water by the guns of fort *See Rae*. On each side over 222,445 men went down. As the battle progressed another huge monarch of the Angelinian seas one of the proud set of Angelinian ships was stricken in the side by a torpedo and took two thousand five hundred sailors to her grave.

Floating mine mines came bobbing down the current from the Glandelinian shore and blew up five more ships. Then two more monsters joined them, the *Triumphant* and the *Majestic* *Rosa* being smashed by the Glandelinian guns. A score of transports at the same time chaffing to be off the water and onto land had suddenly leaped upward with stricken groans from their vitals, and vanished victims of the dangerous mines.

The Royal Angelinian, went in this fashion aid with her three thousand four hundred men. The list indeed was long and no one knew how many the dead totalled. The ships that had not been sunk suffered for the bombardment from the forts and Glandelinian ships landing from Glandelinian land batteries had been densely. Four thousand five hundred killed and wounded, a hell of destruction back and forth, the clatter being heard for fifteen dread miles. It was the greatest disaster of naval warfare. The Angelinian battle ships the *Thunderer*, *Agamemnon* and *Colossus* were also destroyed by floating mines while a Glandelinian submarine tried to sink an Angelinian but both were sunk accidentally by the *Colossus*.

THE PAGE AT THE T W DOWN.

Where in the name of jumping jacks will is that confounded map I had this morning?" asked general Charles Brown of his lieutenant.

2266.

ly the Glandelinian shore batteries. Then during the height of the contest a Glandelinian battleship *Abyenwas* was torpedoed and going down with all her crew. At the same time a Glandelinian submarine sank four Angelinian ships and two transports ships which sank with ten thousand soldiers. The sinking of the Angelinian battleship *Phelan* and water broke followed then a torpedo boat sank the Angelinian transport ship and also an *Abyeninkilians* while another with one thousand men went down. Four Angelinian transports were sunk by Glandelinian shore batteries and also a guard at ship went down with four thousand sailors while a Glandelinian torpedo boat destroyer sank for Angelinian submarines, while the Angelinian submarine *See Rae* was sunk by shore batteries. This attack was a failure and the Angelinians withdrew....

General Vivian defended the Christian fleet.

After Hoenmann had encountered overwhelming forces of *Abyeninkilians* and Angelinians at Pandora and appeared in vain to Manley for aid, but with success from the government of Glandelinia he retired toward the possible possibility Hoenmann hotly pursued by his two strong foes. Most of the Glandelinian army armies which had swept the Angelinian forces from *Wickay*, *Landinia*, *Calvernia* were withdrawn and sent to Hoenmann aid while another force from *Hallingburg* was sent to strike against *Robert Bowen* who was concentrating his *Abyeninkilians* toward *Norman Run* with the intention of trying to force the railroad of the siege and a years continual battles raging there and at *Julo Callio* and in there *begin the fire were successful*.

General Vivian had learned of this occurrence and sent for

Violet and her sisters who promptly came....

"I would like to request you little girls to go to the chief commander of the army confronting us and tell him that I said that he is to fall back on Pandora." Said general Vivian. "I know by his movements that Hoenmann is forming a trap and I wish general Hoenmann to be warned intime. What ever you do avoid the enemy's lines under any conditions for if they get you now it is good bye." The little girls promised that they would be careful and went off to do their bidding. It was a perilous undertaking they were about to make as enemies were everywhere. They did not know that they were going to run into many dangers but wise as they were they asked a troop of men to accompany them and placed their friend Jack Evans at their head. With this strong body guard they set out on their mission right away going in the direction of Chamberlains northeast of Aronburg Run.... They had marched for about in three hours when nearing the region of Evan galin e St. Clare they found their way barred by the *See Rae* *Swick* *Swick* *crackers* army which all this time had kept its eye upon Hoenmann.

The little girl herself held a council among themselves, then consulted Jack Evans about the situation.

"T I this is surprising indeed for none of us knew of this at all." Said Jack Evans with disgust. "We have quite a strong force here and we could easily play a trick on *Swickcracker* or drive up his rear in a headlong attack and break his line that way. We could do it easily enough."

"But it would cost delay and disaster would also follow upon us." Said Violet. "See Rae is a hundred to our one and could easily repair the broken rear with reinforcements. The only thing we will have to do is to march far around him. I do indeed wish to avoid an engagement."

"We had not been near a great battle line for a long while on account of watching for signs." Said Violet. "Not even much fighting. Let's try an attack. Maybe we can break through the line and get to Hoenmann during the confusion. Night would be the best time. You know Jack you have over two hundred thousand men which give us some considerable advantage."

"Maybe the other officers do not approve of it if it is of it." Said Violet.

"I'll hold a general council with all the officers and see what their decision is." Said Jack Evans.

This was done. While the progress was while the council was in progress the mission of the little girls was needless for the *Abyeninkilians* commander had discovered that Hoenmann was up and without difficulty and then during Hoenmann's attack. So if this had not happened the little girls would have been late in the morning.

back in confusion. Parson began to realize that Schleiermacher was moving in and overwhelming forces upon him. His whole line was now under the fiercest attack that he had ever seen. The whole line, the cannonade, the sniping, the whole was now under the fiercest attack that he had ever seen. The whole was now under the fiercest attack that he had ever seen.

On Parson's center the enemy was moving in numerous forces. The Alandelinians were with thrilling shouts hurling themselves against Grant's lines. The enemy was moving in numerous forces. The Alandelinians were with thrilling shouts hurling themselves against Grant's lines.

Grant's line was now under the fiercest attack that he had ever seen. The whole was now under the fiercest attack that he had ever seen. The whole was now under the fiercest attack that he had ever seen.

The Alandelinians were now moved down in many thousands and general Weinstone's Alandelinians who amid the greatest bravery charged upon the Christian artillery almost met anihilation. Their losses were terrific and intolerable and unknown at that.

THE ENEMY RECOVER. PARSON SUCCESSFUL.

The struggle had now become fiercer, the veterans under Miller and Moran coming on to support Parson opening a galling fire upon the enemy at once, as checking the Alandelinians and manning every charging column near a border village along Grant's right flank.

Bolton's cavalry forces charged with desperate fury upon the force of Alyandelinians in an endeavor to force the line but were cut down and routed.

Whitehead's divisions of Alandelinians and Angelians now arrived and revealed the enemy's assault with terrible fury, then another division of the enemy came rushing up and attacked. The Alandelinians with such fury that they forced them back upon the main line crushed and mangled and struck general Hernandez with a rage and infantry put them out of commission and with marvellous force crushed Henry, Walden's division to break and retire to the rear in confusion. The Alandelinians pushed on with great force and crushing the infantry lines under constant bombardment to pieces amid a storm of death and devastation.

They then assaulted November's artillery and after fierce fighting with the gunners cut them all down capturing the artillery. Then to their charged upon a side battery and despite the destruction fire the survivors rushed it and drove the Alandelinians and Angelians and Alandelinians into the rear. The Alandelinians with such fury that they forced them back upon the main line crushed and mangled and struck general Hernandez with a rage and infantry put them out of commission and with marvellous force crushed Henry, Walden's division to break and retire to the rear in confusion. The Alandelinians pushed on with great force and crushing the infantry lines under constant bombardment to pieces amid a storm of death and devastation.

Kilpatrick's brigades with fixed bayonets and driving them back simultaneously after severe fighting.

At the same time Parsons' divisions with terrific fury charged general Vanderhulst's army to fragments and the whole line after cruel fighting in which there was terrible slaughter on both sides drove in the whole of Parson's center back to his line. In the meantime general Apolix came to the rescue the latter's columns began to rally and met the advancing Alandelinians with intense fury. In a division after division of the Christian army rallied to the struggle to become an all the fire of the Christians burning so general and destructive but the enemy at moments began to retire. General Reinhardt's Alandelinians had joined themselves together at the rally of the Christians and after a counter charge the enemy was routed. The Alandelinians were now moved down in many thousands and general Weinstone's Alandelinians who amid the greatest bravery charged upon the Christian artillery almost met anihilation. Their losses were terrific and intolerable and unknown at that.

Where in the name of jumping am I? Is that confounded map I had this morning? asked general Charles Brown of his lieutenant.

The lieutenant had been looking out of the window when the general made his demand and saw the general's map and the map of the Christian army.

multitudes of Alandelinians literally melted away. The struggle now became brutal indeed the Angelian divisions suffering terrible losses. One surge of Alandelinians was still rushing on and took two Alandelinian battalions on the flank striking them a desperate blow and scattering the survivors. Part of this force charged upon the left of the main center which was rallying coming on with irresistible force. The fight was now tremendous all along the line. The whole Christian line was blazing in fire the approach was a victory. The Alandelinians were advancing with some thirty irrepressible forces striking the wind wings of the seventh corps furiously breaking the line into many parts. The battle raged furiously all along the line for many many hours the thunder of hundreds of cannon seemed to shake the earth and the discharge of firearms became fiercer in the extreme. The Alandelinians continued to press on breaking the western part of the line but general James Hamblin's Alandelinians had arrived with fresh artillery and the roar and crash of their guns stunned the Alandelinians who recoiled before this deadly fire the attack being abandoned.

The Christians now pressed forward the foremost columns advancing with a rush and with such force that the Alandelinians under Keif and Apolonia were panic-stricken and broke ranks and fled in two general directions.

The Christians continued to press on and a defender grandeur of firearms and artillery attacking Apolonia advancing on the left and drove them back badly shattered and panic-stricken and with their leader wounded. General Scholtz was also forced back under a deadly fire but his right wing consisting of one million one hundred thousand men made a desperate counter charge but only a hundred returned. Child's Alandelinians were still storming the Christian lines but he was also compelled to withdraw or meet annihilation. At the same time the Alandelinians of the Alandelinians were still storming the Christian lines but he was also compelled to withdraw or meet annihilation.

The first and second corps of Stanislaw's divisions made a stand but after a fearful struggle they were reduced to fragments and compelled to retire and now Parson began to make success along his entire line. The force under general Handle struck general Kerens' Alandelinians a terrible blow on the front, while ten brigades under Phil and Ellen most by Alandelinians and Alyandelinians struck upon the main column with crushing force. Grant's divisions under general Bradin charged again and again upon Vanderford's artillery with steady hammer force, crushing in the left and right of one of Vanderford's best brigades whose main line had opened fire like a blizzard.

Save Child with heavy forces struck against Vanderford's main line but he fell mortally wounded and his division was cut to pieces in a furnace of hell. At the same time general Hare's Alandelinians forces coming up from Vanderford's extreme left advanced upon Kill's Alandelinians right and a tremendous cannonading and blaze of firearms of every description. The carnage was so frightful that was inflicted by the Alandelinians but Kill's Alandelinians failed to hold his main line together, whose left flank divisions was turned outflanked and routed. Thus ended the conflict along Parson's line.

ZOE, JAR, NEROES, SUCCESS. COST OF THE FRIGHTFUL STRUGGLE ALONG HIS LINES.

For five hours general Zoe's army and general Hare's army fought it out together like two heroic titans each army surging back and forth like balls of fire. General Apolonia's divisions of Christian army had five times come into collision with general Hare's Alandelinians and Angelians and Alandelinians and five times flung back after a frightful struggle. After being repulsed the fifth time the Alandelinians were put out of commission. The main line kept up their attack with amazing fury despite the continuous withering storm of fire which dealt awful havoc among their ranks. Nero's battle line extended for thirty thirty five miles his center relieving the

fiercest of the waiting blows. His cater and again and again closed up the monsterous gaps made in the long line, while along this point the Alandelinians under general Henry advanced to storm the redoubt and before that was a shell swept plain. They advanced across the plains in hundreds of thousands but when they reached the redoubts only one hundred thousand were left. Their attack was continued however and by a sheer force of fury they drove half of Heroes center far from their position amid fearful slaughter, but the main portions under Brock held stubbornly, the terrible struggle reaching its height in which the Alandelinians meeting for some hours with of baffling bayonets and a seething storm of musketry fire and hurled by new forces of Alandelinians began to give way slowly at first then in a panic. Of this grand force only fifty thousand were left.

Along the left the Alandelinians had made great success their right having rolled up Heroes left. The fighting here had indeed been fearful. Again and again the Christians had hurled back their heavy onslaughts but the assaults had seemed to be filled with a blinding rage over their horrible losses and had attacked in overwhelming numbers. General Hamilton's division had kept upon the purple line with terrible desperate desperation on fire. The force and fury during the desperate fighting drove the Christians out of their redoubts pell-mell, mowing them down in tens of thousands.

By this charge the whole left had given way the Alandelinians by their well directed withering fire mowing down hundreds of thousands of brave Christians within one hour. General Hamilton's division were exhausted by their exertions in trying to check the Freemasons and it was their only salvation to retire their number of two million levies were reduced to the hundred and twenty thousand. In the meantime Jack Evans and the Vivian girls failed to find Vannonia as provided by a flank attack as a tip force of Alandelinians had come upon them before Vannonia began his attack these proving to be Manley's army as these Alandelinians were led by general West-in-the-head. Terrible as was the engagement but Jack Evans was victorious as matters made it but they had to withdraw an enormous main army was advancing. After retreating for four hours they however managed to come within sight of Heroes left which they reinforced to his surprise. The little rifle unit only met resistance in their failure and asking for heavy support for Hero while the awful blood-curdling yell of the awful nearness of the Hollesters Alandelinians and the threatening of an awful calamity.

Soon Angelinian infantry in endless streams pushed steadily toward where Heroes left was already rallying carrying what they found of their ammunition bags and ammunition. The burdens added to the burden of the enemy's progress and the haste of which the crushed and mangled left had been forced to retire.

Human nature could stand the strain and excitement as these Angelinians did in this terrible battle.

Fields, roads, plains, prairie, and mead, even meadows and woodlands were made mangled alive with Angelinians who were exhausted, and thousands slightly wounded in their desperate fight who had fallen back before the enemy's headlong attack. Being rapidly supported by heavy numbers under general Henrique St. Clara some of the scattered divisions made a stand who while the little girls went on to Hancock to report of Manley's advance. By the booming of cannon that was of much intensity to shake windows and doors out of houses in the city of Man galle St. Clara's division from the battle field, field, and by the million cannon can heaven and the incessant ear-splitting detonations of shells and high explosives Hero at his headquarters knew that the struggle along his line was in full sway and he was compelled to hasten to the scene of bloody action. General Hero knew from what he saw as he reached the scene that that very day if the enemy under West-in-the-head was to be checked at all he must be along. His only plan. The courageous Angelinians threw themselves forward and the struggle was on. The battle was the Alandelinians finally being thrown back all along the line. Thus ended the battle of Ponia Vista. Related also reporting his said headquarters, it being one of the fiercest engagements of this part of the war drama. Both sides lost three million five hundred thousand. The Christians lost two million on both sides were made prisoners.

Where in the same of jumping can will is that confounded map I had this morning?" asked general Charles Brown of his lieutenant.

The lieutenant had been looking out of the window when the general made his demand, and now he turned around and pulled at his mustachios. When he turned, faced the general, saluted and then asked:

"Is it not in possession of the Vivian girls?"

"I do not think so. I have not seen them all day."

"That's too bad sir."

"Where is my Geography then?" inquired the general looking through his drawer and examining everything most carefully so he could be sure he was not dreaming.

"It's in the desk," said his lieutenant but the general only shook his head.

"No it's so gone also," he said.

"No other were with me and no record book-- no maps, no geographies of any kind kind!" asked general Paul Marcus looking pale all of a sudden.

"It's in the desk," said general Paul Marcus looking pale all of a sudden. His assistant therefore looked through everything in the room, and seeing it was true that everything was missing, stood beside general Brown watching him shuffle slowly and anxiously to think deeply.

"It may be that violet and her sisters had taken them. Nothing could be in danger in their possession," he mused. "and they being emperor's daughters can be trusted with anything and they would not do anything against their cause. Tell me general, do you not trust them?"

The general turned and looked at his friend. He had very kindly eyes but on account of the sights he had seen during the war he had not given the slightest smile or even laughed, and he seemed to never looked any other way than at solemn. And the general being serious in nature, a never looks unless it was completely necessary, so very few of his staff had ever engaged him in any unnecessary conversation.

"Why I do not trust them," said the general slowly. "but I do not believe they have them."

"I think they have," declared general Marcus. "why do you doubt it?"

"Are they here early or late this afternoon?" asked general Brown.

"Yes but they stayed only a moment but they were not in your room."

"I suspect so but they would have left no word that they took them. What else?"

"Nothing. But I bet they are studying the articles right this minute. But if you still doubt it why not ride over and see?"

General Brown only shook his head.

"But suppose they haven't got them. What then shall we do?"

"Of course," said general Marcus who really in secret began to feel a little scared. "The spies could get into our lines here as every spot is too well guarded. If it be so we would be too late to apprehend any one as it is already night. There is plenty of time you know to interview the Vivian girls, only if they are out when we happen to be there we must find out and go where they are."

General Brown stared at his assistant as if scared himself.

"By ten o'clock to night," general Marcus continued. "we must reach their headquarters where we can learn the truth, or we'll be worrying all night."

"What time is it now?"

"Half past eight."

"Where are their headquarters?"

"Where? Why down the road to Company A. I don't know how far it is I'm sure," replied general Marcus. "but you must know the distance sir. You have been there early yesterday. I don't remember the distance because ever since I could remember anything we have been here so long. All I've seen of their headquarters is beyond the city at the west where they are. General Hanson Vivian's army is encamped whose sentries won't let no strangers go by them whether they know the Pass word or not."

"Only their own soldiers and not of any other camp," the general said. "Oh yes the headquarters of the Vivian girls is about ten miles from here I've heard. As I've heard tell they are braver than the bravest men. I've often heard conversations about them and of their heroic friends, boys and girls alike. What I have heard about them would take a whole year to write by the fastest work of the type writer to explain in as much words about their girl and boy friends. They are more active than any of our best professional spies and the Gemini. It's funny indeed that the two of us have only seen the Vivian girls twice is it not?"

"You surely indeed," said General Brown.

"Then let's go right away without delay and find if they have not the things we miss. I'd love to see them once again yet."

"It may not be safe to travel on such a night as this," said General Brown.

"Why not?" "It is not as dangerous as you fear and besides we are used to small fire," answered General Brown earnestly. "I think I can ride as far and maybe urge my horse equally as fast through small swept encampments as you can general Brown, and now that your important articles are missing, we must relieve our minds by seeing if they are there or not."

General Brown did not speak for a long while. Then he sat out down in his chair, whistling it to face the room, for now the moon was rising above the tree tops, and the weather was considerably chilly. There was a big pile of logs blazing fiercely outside beyond the company street, it probably being a general camp fire. The two generals sat by the desk for about half an hour and both were in the deepest thought. When the moon rose higher outside General Brown said:

"Let's get our horses and then we'll speed to their headquarters."

But General Brown had already sent his orderly to bring the horses. A few more minutes had passed, and then they could hear the horses arriving. General Brown then laid his hand tenderly on General Brown's shoulder and said:

"The horses have arrived, come."

When the general arose abruptly, he noticed that his friend looked worried and anxious, that he had not eaten his supper and as usual the general was not feeling hungry because he was worried over the important articles he was missing. General Brown was a little hungry but he decided they would receive something better to eat when they reached the headquarters of Violet and her sisters. However they both put some apples in their pockets after which General Brown said it again as he strode out through the door on the doorway:

"Come hurry, the horses are waiting."

General Brown at this time felt well pleased. He was positively sure that Violet and her sisters had the things he was missing and he was very anxious to go over, and see them for they were so good that he could not help loving them. For a time he had wished he could find the excuse to have a friendly interview with them and know all the negotiations they had made. When both generals were outside more soldiers arrived to guard the building in a building the general looking the door and then both started their horses down the company street. They felt sure that no strangers would disturb the building with so many guards around even if the most sneakiest spies slipped into the encampments while they were gone.

At the corner of the company street that separated the main encampments from the headquarters of the Division, the path divided into three. One company street led to the left toward the enormous and mighty Aronburg, and the other two toward the headquarters, that is of Violet and her sisters. General Brown urged his horse up this road, that is the right hand company street, and General Brown followed without asking any questions. He knew it would lead them to the headquarters of the Division, where he had seen only twice, and whom he felt was his dearest friends.

For a while the horse galloped down the company street, and at half past ten came in sight of the small but dignified looking building. As they rode on they had the houses, which they had passed placed in their pockets. The building as I said it before was not such a big house and peculiarly it was round on top, almost built like a mushroom house and of in the "Oz" books of the munchkin country of Oz. It was painted gray and once there had been a pretty garden around the house where now naked and leafless trees stood, and where flowers once grew in the greatest abundance and where there had been beds of cabbage and other crops, but now they were all gone.

Around the house grew tall leafless and walmighty trees, and cotton wood, and rows of briar bushes. Paths of white gravel divided the farm fields and flower beds and the company street itself led right up to the front door. The building was apparently in the center of the encampment but a little way off to the south was a forlorn looking forest which no doubt concealed a portion of the rebel lines, at least a portion of the main army under General Manley. After answering the challenge of the sentries and telling who they were, they were permitted to pass through the line of guards, and General Brown knocked at the door of the house and a small chubby faced beautiful girl dressed all in scarlet opened it, and seeing who the two were greeted them with a smile.

"Oh," said General Brown. "You must be one of their guardian angels, or else you are a mean known as Mildred Maxwell, the chief girl my for the Division girls."

"I am that girl, but you are wrong about my name," she answered. "But knowing who you two are you are welcome here. Step right in."

"May we see the most famous of little girls, Violet?"

"They are very busy right now," she said, shaking her head doubtfully. "But come in and let me give you two generals, and soldiers of Christ, some supper first, for you must have traveled far from your headquarters in order to get here. Did you come here for something very important?"

"We have," replied General Brown as he and General Brown entered the house. "We have come for something so important that we wish to interview them alone."

"Interview them alone? And in this house?" she explained. "Then it must be something very important that you wish to see them about."

"It is my good girl."

"Goodness me!" she said looking at one of the generals. "If you must be General Brown known by the insurgents as the 'Desperate war bulldog.' When she looked at his companion steadily for several moments. "And you must be General Paul 'Arcus'!" she added smiling sweetly at him as if she had known him all her life.

"Yes, yes," he answered. "I never suspected you knew us as this is the first time we have ever met." He added soberly. "But it is really good that we met. I like good little girls and boys too."

"Well," remarked the child about bustling around the room, and setting the table and quickly bringing the food from the pantries. "You were lucky enough to catch them home to night, for they were out all alone in that dismal forest all day to day or at least till two o'clock this afternoon, and had much worse adventures with the enemy than usual, but through some good mishap their luck changed and now once again they are away from the enemy's line. If General Brown's headquarters return to you, please to come across Aronburg and Aronburg will have her here will you?"

"What shall we do if we do not meet her here my little lady?"

"I'm sure I do not know, but for the safety of our cause we must keep all our most greatest secrets to ourselves. Perhaps our chance will come," she replied.

It is probable that both the generals had never in their lives eaten such a fine meal. There was a whole roasted turkey for both, stuffed with a large dish of boiled peas, a large bowl of chicken soup and bread pudding to add when the two general generals had eaten heartily of this fare, the little girl said to them:

"Do you want to see the Darlings of the Nation on a war business, or for just a friendly visit?"

"General Paul Brown only shook his head.

"We have come on a most important mission," he replied. "I do not think Violet and her sisters have in their possession what we are missing, but we ardently hope so for we would not care very much to lose them especially if they got into the possession of the enemy, but for my part I am curious to know if the Division girls possess them."

The little girl seemed doubtful.

"I remember seeing one of them come in with a long roll of paper in her possession that is Jennie herself," she said. "And so perhaps if it is yours they will be glad to give it back to you again. Violet and her sisters are busy, very busy just now as I have said, but if they have time to see you you may come in, but I'll have to see them and ask if they will admit you, as they are studying over a large map they each had worked hard to make."

"Thank you," replied General Brown much pleased. "We will wait until you return."

The girl was gone for several minutes, but then she returned and led them through a broad hall and toward the door of the room which was that of Violet and her sisters. The room was very large, and had three large windows on each side which in the daytime made the place very light, the sun shining through the east windows in the morning and the west into the afternoon, and there were two other doors in addition to the one leading into it from the hall. Before the east wall of windows a long and wide bench was placed and there were many chairs and other furniture in the room. At the south end of the room stood an old fashioned stove, and in the center of the room stood a large round table on which was a large map.

Seven ordinarily or quietly looking little girls were either sitting down at their chairs or leaning over the table studying and working on it with crayons at the same time or directing each other on it here and there, and each exclaiming to the other about every different section of the map. These two generals the usually children, appeared to be of unearthly beauty, and for some time they stood dumbfounded two and to advance or retreat. Finally however Violet looked up and seeing the two general standing like statues came forward to greet them, but General Brown was so embarrassed that he was for a moment not able to move hand or foot, but Violet realizing the awkwardness of the general saluted and said:

"Yes sir. What is it you want sir?"

"Ah no you are one of the beautiful Princesses of Abbeonania?" remarked general Brown without moving a foot and ever forgetting to salute in his embarrassment.

"And you wish to know what I and my sisters are doing," she continued gazing at him intently surprised at his fear of her. "We are looking over a wonderful map that we ourselves made, and which which no one knows anything about but ourselves. When we first started to draw it we did not think we could complete it completely, to even save our live lines or lives no matter how hard we tried. It took us several days to make this wonderful map, but at this moment I am pleased to say we have it nearly completed. You see we have planned it for a good purpose, known only to ourselves and for the good of the cause, and to make yourselves comfortable and after we have finished the map we will be glad to explain it to you."

"You must know," said Jennie herself when the two generals had slowly and bashfully seated themselves on the long bench and not the chairs they offered them, in their embarrassment, known as the broad window seat. "That we have foolishly spent most of our precious time in working on this old map which now we are sorry we started on. We also have secured plenty of important papers from the rebel lines in yonder woods northwest of here. But in escaping we had to fight our way through the enemy's lines. We also found some letters belonging to general Manley but I believe knowing we were within his lines, that he placed them within our reach purposely for he cheated us wickedly, for the letters were forged and were not important at all."

"Perhaps the other papers are forged and are no good either," said general Marcus forgetting for the moment his mission as their beauty and friendliness enraptured him and his friends. "No they are perfect," she declared. "The first package were important plans made out by general Manley himself. He planned to march his army upon General Hanson's rear and to deceive Hanson as to his real intentions to make a feint attack, and also a fake retreat, at the same time."

"All that?" exclaimed general Brown in astonishment. "That seems too prodigious to be real!"

"Yes it seems so to us too, but Manley can do wonders, and he makes a powerful adversary for all our best generals," explained Violet. "He also has two great professional spies in his service who are so shrewd that they make pleasant companions but advise themselves a little more than is considered modest and they positively refuse to be frustrated under any conditions. Our assistant Angeline Aronson Aronburg who calls her self Gertrude Angeline for military reasons known only to herself, make a trap to catch those twosomes once, but they proved to be too high bred and foxy for her, clever as she herself is, so she now thinks it is impossible to capture them alive. Also she once had a stirring almost fatal adventure with them and know from that experience, that those two spies are extremely hard hearted and very unfeeling for any one who opposes them."

"I think if we ever have a meeting with those two spies we will make it so positive that they will not object to us making them prisoners and their apprehensions on any prove of some very excellent good to our cause," said Violet. "I know who they are," said general Marcus. "What did they do to General when they tricked him and made him their prisoner?"

"They wanted to make him tell something he did not know or would not tell," said Catherine reply. "I've supposed you have heard of the boy scout captain Radcliffe who is known as the 'Rattlesnake' by the enemy. He is now working with our boy and girl scout regiments in general divisions and is a great favorite of us. He alone is feared by the enemy of all boys at least."

"No I have never heard of him," remarked general Brown. "I'm afraid I don't know much about any of the boy and girl scouts of the national Abbeonanian armies. You see our divisions have fought through the whole war so far, without the use of boy and girl scouts and there was no one to tell us anything about them."

"That is the reason your armies are so unluckily as to suffer such tremendous losses," said Violet looking up from the map in a sympathetic tone of voice. "The more one knows about our boy and girl scouts the luckier their armies are when they employ their help. And is the greatest gift we can obtain for our holy cause."

"But please don't let me intend to do with that large map you are making? Did you say you were making it for some special purpose?"

"So we are," she answered. "We make it for the purpose to trace every movement of the foe throughout the country."

"Oh is that the purpose of the map?" asked Violet. "I do!" general Marcus asked for such a map like this seemed even more strange and unusual than the one general Brown had lost. "I think it is best that we show you the map," said Angeline and Violet together as she and her sisters seized at the abrupt astonishment of the two generals. "Otherwise it would be rather difficult to explain to you. But first I will tell you that for many reasons we must be very careful. No other persons have been ever admitted into our presence because of the danger of the prying eyes of glandelinian spies. This place we have chosen for their special headquarters is a lonely and out of the way place, so be cleverly proposed to surround our building with many hidden guards, and also had selected one or two for every room in this house. This seemed a most excellent suggestion and so I at once summoned a hundred guards and when they were placed we set to work to finish this map. As we said before we have been at this work for a long, long while, and so having the guards we decided we had plenty of time to finish it between our scouting hours of duty. Yet the task was not so easy as you may suppose. At first we could not think what to start with, but in finally in searching through our chest we came across this large paper which we decided to use to draw and color the map on."

"What was that queer noise?" suddenly asked general Marcus.

"We had to patch up the map into many different colors, and shape the landscapes together correctly," she continued not hearing his startled question.

"You can see all of the hills are of various sizes and shapes, and the way we have completed the work it is very pretty and also gorgeous to look at. We have never before made one like it, for we girls generally do not have the time for such work so this is the biggest map we have ever made. If the enemy spies seized it our country might as well turn into a crazy quilt for it would be more use for them than an empty beer can. We call it 'The Crazy Quilt Map' because the colors, lakes and landscapes and mountains and hills and rivers and other places are so mixed up that we alone understand it and no one else. When we got this far with it I said to myself that it would do nicely for our cause and such a dreadful mixture of colors on this map would probably discourage rebel vandals from stealing it."

"Are you positively sure it is safe from glandelinian spies then?" inquired general Brown who all the time had been hearing a funny and most suspicious noise outside near some of the big windows and also elsewhere.

"Yes in a way. They may steal it but it would do them no good and only cause their destruction and not ours. All what we plan are safe you know. But we do fear those two professional spies, for they could work out any code or puzzle we or any one else makes. But we have suspected that, and by means of carbon paper have made an extra copy under this one by tracing all we made on a separate piece of paper. All of our generals except you two have seen this map and they all so liked it will be of so many colors that it will be only useful to us."

The two generals now nodded their approval but still felt suspicious and apprehensive for they could not make out the noise they still heard occasionally.

"It is a good idea," they said and then they heard that strange noise or sound once more but said nothing.

"So now the map is finished," said Hettie and Angeline. "We will show you generals what a good job we did." And she and Daisy and two others, Violet and Catherine held it within the generals view so both could look it over carefully.

Both of the generals closely examined the curious map with exceedingly great wonder not alone mingled with some great curiosity. The map was three feet in width, and five feet in length when held upright not counting the size of the sheet of paper, the ordinary sheet of paper being doubly larger. Violet and her sisters had first made into the map beginning from the west coast the rivers and hills, and then they had placed in their proper spaces the cities, towns and villages necessary, and using crayons and paints to color the map with. Upon one part of the map they had originated the Christian and positions under general Manley, and Vivian as they now were, and the directions toward which both extended. All of the important markings had been carefully made and placed and colored properly to hide their real identity.

"This map will serve our purpose upon splendidly when the time comes," said Angeline.

The length of time it took to complete the big map with the seven little princesses working on it was the most curious part of it. While the opposing armies had remained in those positions so long without any engagement, Violet and her sisters had found ample time to make and complete the map and to make it as correctly as it should be and they realized that a good map to suit their purpose must be properly drawn and colored.....

"quick, quick everyone, go quick. There was strange face at the window." They all ran to the window at once and Joice who was first there it open quickly, she leaned out but though she looked everywhere, everywhere there was no one in sight, who ever it was had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. Very carefully little Angell opened the door and with a loaded pistol in her hand looked everywhere about the outside of the house, but no one was in sight, when she entered after questioning the guards who said no one had come near them within sight or hearing she said to her sisters that she could not find any one, for who ever it was had slipped away during the excitement leaving the company street as clear as before. Angell Jennie was again mimicking the guards by blowing a whistle the others very carefully but tremblingly removed the carpet from the table, folding it up and placing it in a secret panel in the wall, when this was done they all stood still, still looking scared indeed. There was scarcely a sound from either of them.

"Maybe that was only one of the guards looking in again if we were all right," said general Brown in an encouraging tone of voice though of course he felt like the rest and more suspicious.

"Yes but it was a strange wicked looking face," said Catherine's face that I'm sure I even recognized. "I'm afraid he has seen the map which we alone know how to make. It has taken us three days to prepare this map but what it really contains just now would be worth the price of all the victories in the war, and many a Glendolinian general would give all he possesses even their lives to obtain it. When our excitement and fear has cooled down, we'll put the map in a more secret place but in the meantime we must now watch it carefully, less suspicious persons get away with it."

The two generals both stood quietly looking at every window but saw nothing to be so excited about, and therefore were for that moment more interested just then in the peculiar names and sentences written on the envelopes. Thinking at least that it was really one of the guards looking in to see if everything was all right inside and believing it both unfair and unkind to suspect any of the very least selected sentries of being a disguised spy they both took down every writing on record book on a shelf near a table and looked through the pages to see if there were any directions written within that told how to make out codes. None of the little girls knew just then saw them do this for all were looking fearfully at the windows, but soon as there was no reappearance of the face they remembered the codes themselves and came back to the table.

"Let's see," exclaimed Jennie. "We whistled for the guards to show themselves but none appeared. Taking her she went down from the wall or hall tree she started toward the door. Her sisters became uneasy at this, for they feared there was unseen danger lurking in the darkness, but as she was heavily armed, and quick on the shot they did not think it necessary to follow, so they comforted themselves with the thought that one cannot be clever enough to surprise her or even themselves in the day or night time. Jennie quickly went out while Joice now brought a powerful glass to the table. Angell reproduced the map and placed it again on the table, while Daisy went to the door leading to the outside outside, and remained hiding securely behind some curtains to surprise any strange person who happened to sneak in.

"Now we are ready to examine the envelopes and their contents," said the general, but violet replied:

"We have got to think of some secure place to hide this map before to-morrow morning morning, but I think I'll have time now to fold it properly."

"Very carefully she folded it up, and then looked it up in the drawer of a secret cabinet in the wall.

"At last," said violet hugging herself gleefully "we have ample time to examine these packages before bedtime. So let us girls all sit down and enjoy ourselves with the work. After spending three days on the map we can be glad to have time to do something else."

"I'm afraid you little Princesses will have to do most of the work," said general Brown "for you understand how to work out codes more than we do, and use less time."

"I know that," declared violet, "but that renders us agreeable companions despite our high rank. Most people grow impatient over the least thing, so it is a relief to find to two good hearted generals who always helps us through our difficulties."

Both men looked at violet and her sisters with much awe.

"Don't you little Princesses find it very thrilling to reside alone in such a small building especially at night?" asked general Marcus.

"No, we are quite proud to be alone sometimes," was Joice's reply.

"I suppose we are thoely ones in all the world that the enemy would give anything to destroy, or see us destroyed. There are many dangers we have faced but as yet they are not so awfully exciting."

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS ARE ROBBED.....!!

WHO EVER SHE WAS, she was about the size of Joice, Vivian herself..... AROUND her neck however was a ring of beads made of apparent delicate purple beads which appeared like jewels, and she wore on her breast a locket in the shape of a heart, and appeared to be made of a blood red ruby. Her eyes were gray blue and she was delicately formed but perfectly. She had beautiful hair, that was like spun gold, and though she was delightfully pretty and always had a smiling expression about her face there was an expression of light in her eyes that evidently showed she was like a ferocious wild cat when aroused to anger or excitement.

"Well violet dear, do you mean to make us an introduction or not?" demanded the new arrivals in a tone of cheerfulness, "coming to me by a dear friend are forgetting you have two generals as visitors."

"Excuse us," returned Jennie laughing. "This is general Charles Brown, commander of general Vivian's light Grand divisions."

"It seems I've seen him before and many times too though he has seen me not," observed the child bowing gracefully.

"True indeed, so I recognize you," replied the general giving her his respectful regards. "but it has been so long that I have forgotten your name."

"Yes I have been so busy lately for many days," the girl explained.

"I've been in the heart of the forest, and the enemy lives, and though that rebellion is dangerous to approach, I accomplished my mission without an exciting adventure this time, who is your companion?"

"It's general Paul Marcus," answered Brown....

"I have never seen him before," she said.

"You have not? Well that's strange. He's been a general since the war started, with more years of this conflict he will be a very great general."

"If he survives that long won't you consider that magic?" the girl inquired.

"It may be but it would be our blessed Lord's work which is more wonderful than anything known to us. For instance its his protection power that made you and the Vivian girls Princesses able to perform your brave deeds successfully, and it would be a poor poor job if any one else would try to do what your stunts, because you girls are experienced to them, are useful to the nation in all ways, and a tremendous bother both to the enemy and their spies, but all that don't make you proud. I believe you will always be the same sweet little good little girls, some what may and the same saucy foes of the rebels, with clever brains and lion's hearts."

"No one can regret more than I the fact that the war is so severe," said the little girl slowly away her locket from side to side. "This is very war is making the whole world a most uninteresting place for me. I've wandered through the camps of many Glendolinian armies, until the excitement for me never seemed to cease, and now when I come into this house the sight of a strange face looking into the window just now from the outside bores me dreadfully. We are all facing unseen danger."

They all were surprised to hear this.

"That may have been the same face we observed in the window over twenty minutes ago," said violet.

"Did you not try to find out who it was?" asked the girl.

"Jennie did but came back with you instead."

"That was because she met me as soon as she left the house, and we had too much common sense to stay out in the dark company streets alone in such a stormy night."

returned the girl. "Can't we all go out then and investigate so we won't need to feel so uneasy all night?" asked Angeline pleadingly. "I'm afraid to go to bed now for fear we'll be robbed while asleep."

"Perhaps so, we can try it after these letters are carefully put away," said violet, "but we will have to be very watchful that no enemy of any kind surprises us in the dark."

The girl who had from her excitement forgotten to introduce herself to the two generals now walked up to the window followed by Joice and violet, and raising the sash looked out, and in every direction searchingly.

"Are you sure you saw the strange face?" violet asked.

The girl nodded.

"It is my belief that it is the face of some living my 'she said. 'Then behind me, in the dark, the work you plan to do is being done. He looked at me with a horrible expression and gave me a most ugly smile. But whenever he is I'm not going to allow him to touch me. He expects to do it. If we get our mitts on him we will make him regard us respectfully, and also regret that ugly look he gave me."

"I won't let him get in here," said Violet. "I could not repay respect and spine who are mean enough to rob little girls under any circumstances."

"But if he tries there will be more or more pain than he will like," cried Jennie in a whisper.

"Why did you not close the blinds?" said the girl. "You beautiful Princesses are too pretty for a ghoul-like ghoul to look at. They are not worth your very presence. Sometimes I believe it was a mistake that you were created to be so pretty, very pretty indeed, for it makes every movement an unusual thing to you. I should have also made me pretty, very pretty indeed, much too pretty, and yet I'm sorry for the ghoul-like ghoul who has me, and every place I go to, and every hour I've been watched closely and closely, and often in a quiet room, I get some afraid that my very heart beats may bring a dozen men upon me and that I would have to strike like a 'pattin' he left the window and went to the door as she said this, and opening it stood in the doorway looking in every direction very sharply, and with such caution. 'But I do not see any one outside.' 'I'll bet that pretty stranger will hate himself for letting me see him as he evidently knows me,' continued the girl. 'If I were you, Violet dear, I'd hide that map somewhere else than in this house or make another for safe keeping. That map may burn the house down to destroy it.' 'Your advice is excellent,' declared Violet much afraid to even carry it with her on all occasions. 'But I don't think the map would understand the map, considering what it is made of. Even the rubbers in the sky have not so many colors, and you must admit the window is a very pretty thing.'"

The girl softly closed the door, and then the window and looked it. 'Have it your own way then,' she said. 'If something happens I'm sorry that's all. Ghoul-like ghoul are not to be trifled with under any circumstances.'"

Yet so excited and apprehensive did they all feel that not one of them dared retire for the night, and Violet and her sisters were glad the two generals were intending to stay for the night, because they felt more protected.

They feared nothing for themselves, for they could not see their enemy first on all occasions. In some cases one tried to kill them. It was the loss of the map that was depending they feared. And yet none dared go out for fear of some one entering the house and robbing them of the map while they were gone.

Violet and her sisters were wonderfully beautiful little creatures, to the two generals, who had never seen or known anything of beautiful children before, although they had lived in a magnificent roomed the world over and seen and knew countless pretty children. Children over since they became men, or a time now having put the lights out they remained perfectly quiet but nothing unusual happened and they could plainly hear the rain dashing against the window panes with redoubled fury and it was beginning to thunder and lightning with great fury. The two generals who had forgotten to mention their loss, and would not have had, but had not this excitement occurred a account of the strange face at the window had retired into the darkest corner of the room with Jennie and Violet, and they decided to remain all alone here for the present until some exciting something exciting occurred.

Only that the strange face at the window had caused them to fail to remember their own important mission, but now they had started at to mingle with new adventures, and the first exciting experience proved so thrilling, and even interesting to them all that they could not yet find nerve and comfort to retire and sleep despite the number of guards. And it could be possible that some of the very guards would be spies in rank disguise. The girl who had admitted the two generals though only eleven years old was an excellent cook for her age, and had given the two generals a fine supper before admitting them into the presence of Violet and her sisters. When they had thus been quiet in the dark for sometime, and nothing now happened, Jennie who was standing beside general Brown said:

"This is one of the most trying experiences I and my sisters have had for a long time, for twice already that a man's face has appeared at the window. I shall be glad when it is daylight again. What a relief the coming of day will be to us."

"It will indeed be relieving and save us from much anxiety," said general Brown. "By the way general what brought you and your comrades here to see us. What was the purpose of your visit?"

General Brown then suddenly remembering said it:

"We came to see if some of our important articles we had been taken as a temporary loan by you or your sisters. I do not worry as you know if they are in your possession as therefore they are safe. But if they are not, and are really gone, that would be a dangerous loss, and would make me scared and discouraged for of course they would be of great value to the two generals" and he explained the things he missed.

Jennie was somewhat disturbed as she listened to this, and the general began to fear it was true, that the Vivian Girl did not have them. But if so it was too late for regret, since all this time he had forgotten to mention them. He might have suspected this of what he had lost, and now he feared his loss might incur a disaster. He now believed a spy had seen him look up his things, and had slipped past the guards and added his room when he was not there. Jennie went to her sisters and spoke to them about it, and asking lights again they all went through every thing they had even through a book case.

"We can't find them," said Violet in a whisper. "and I believe we were not even at your headquarters this afternoon. We girls believe that some spies, tried your room, and in their efforts probably performed one of the greatest acts possible for any experienced spy even to one of the hundreds of men that ever raged in the world. In no other case could it be done at all. I think tonight that you two generals have been robbed. And it is very unpleasant to reflect that since you only told Jennie now and it is such a long time since you missed them that it would be too late and useless to attempt to pursue or trace their captors now."

As she spoke she went to the window again to gaze out and then seeing nothing but the rain falling in streams down the glass she pulled down the shade and looked the watch.

"Hear!" and uncomfortable things will always occur during wars," remarked the girl who had come in with Jennie (who is she) "but I see no harm in taking that important map with us when we go to general Brown's headquarters tomorrow. By that way we can heat the map to it."

Jennie removed the map from the hiding place in the secret cabinet and unfolded it to place upon the table. They all bent over the table on which the map was placed. The two generals stood behind near the window, general Brown at one side and Marcus in front, where he could have the freedom to see if the face would appear again.

"All ready to fold it properly?" asked Violet.

"All ready," they answered.

So Jennie started to fold it and at that moment there was a sound as if something heavy struck the ceiling and a heavy shower of plaster fell directly over all of them and onto the table. This surprised them all none too much and they all ran or sprang from the center of the room, Violet grabbing the folded map as they did so. All of them were so startled that even some of them had sprang backwards so quickly that Violet and general Marcus bumped together, the general throwing up one arm to shield his face from the flying wreckage. Accidentally struck the folded map from her hand and sent it flying across the room, striking striking Angelina in the face. General Marcus had joggled a big book case behind him and upset a wing mantle clock that was standing on top and overthrew the book case which fell with a deafening crash splitting the book out and shattering the glass of the two doors.

Jennie and Jennie uttered such a wild cry that the others nearest the book case jumped away, and the other girls sprang after the two generals, Catherine clamping her arms around general Marcus in her effort to prevent herself from falling. The little girl who did not give her name, started and drew her gun and made for an object lying out of a window and firing ten shots, and so it was that when the clock and the book case fell, the clock crashed only upon the head of general Marcus. Then when all the excitement was over they all stood motionless in exactly the positions they were when the confusion died down all covered white with the plaster dust.

Violet then ran to her sister Angelina, filled with a terrible fear for the map that had been hurled from her hand in the confusion. She did not have it either, even though she had received it full in the face. When they all looked around for it they could find no trace of it. Even the strange envelopes, and the letters had mysteriously disappeared. Angelina was now dancing around the room in a frenzy of fear and despair, calling upon her sisters to summon the guards, and help to recover the map again. The others quickly recovering from their fright and confusion now came together in a group looking at one another with deep despair in their faces. The other girl looked at them all and sneered.....

"I don't blame you for feeling alarmed," she said. "We have been outwitted by that darn spy at the window. Can't he hear it?"
"Horrid!" repeated Violet. "Why it was thoroughly dreadful. This incident in origin? If you please not forgettable. Of all the dastardly shenanigans and amazing disasters the world ever had this must be the worst. Indeed, she but poor Angelina suggested the making of the map and now its possession the window has been pried open."

They all crowded to it in a moment shouting for the guards to show themselves. Jennie noticing something cold and round lying on the floor stooped and with some very great difficulty picked it up and calling the attention of all the rest, they all stood and examined it. It was evident that this thing had been thrown at the ceiling and the fact that it did not hit any one was a marvel as it was a round ten pound piece of granite stone. Gone our outside had flung it at the ceiling from the open window. They were filled with amazement, who ever would have realized that stone on the head would have been killed instantly. Then addressing them all Jennie exclaimed:

"Someone threw this at the ceiling from the open window. If it had hit one of us good night, that one would be playing the larp with the angels now. But I'm glad it didn't. I'm awfully happy that it missed any of us that's just what I am, and nothing else."

"Let's be quiet," said Violet in a whisper. "Be quiet, I think I hear a strange scratchy noise. We must recover that map for if a big misfortune comes to the nation through the loss I'll go mad."

"Let's go outside and search," said Catherine who had wanted herself in a chair and looked very dejected indeed.

"Think of searching all of you if you want to but we don't dare without a strong escort and plenty of torches," cried Violet frantically. "It would be useless on such a dark and stormy night, and such thunder and lightning. Here that scratch it just shocks you."

"One but one thing has got to be done," said Catherine speaking in a voice of despair as a terrific thunder roll crash like army in the sky and shook the house to its foundation. "I'm tired of letting Glandelinian spies doleful cross us all the time. I wish they'd cut it out and take a rest."

They all looked gloomily at her.

"Let's be quiet," said Violet suddenly. "The guards do not respond to our call. The spy or thief must have done something to them."
At once all the girls went up to the window and fairly screamed screamed but to no avail their shouts were drowned by the crash of thunder booming and booming every second with all its violence and therefore brought no response, and they feared exceedingly that there had been more than a dozen spies, and to accomplish their purpose they have done something to the guards, or maybe they were the spies, themselves in disguise. Violet felt an angry and afraid, and disconnected as well as broken hearted that she furiously kicked the round stone into a corner with such force that it knocked loose the planter, and then sat down on the chair not knowing what to do.

"We have had many bad things happen to us before," she said resolutely as a flash of lightning lit up the whole outside like day. "But this misfortune is enough to drive every sane person in the world dark or stark or mad."

"It's no use now to feel so bad about it," answered general from an ear-splitting roll of thunder almost deafening them and rattled the window pane like an earthquake. "You know it is partly my fault as I accidentally hurled it out of your hand during the confusion. I did it my dear girl so don't blame any one else."

"So the spy has bungled everything," said Violet almost ready to cry through grief over the loss. "It's all our fault in some way. I believe we all have been born unlucky you know. I wish that angry thunder would come. You'd think the sky was blowing to pieces. My god listen to that crash. It's dreadful."

"What's more than nonsense Violet," retorted in a the girl friend. "You and your sisters never have been unlucky and who in this world has the intelligence to accomplish all the marvellous stunts that you have done. When you girls even direct the actions of all the boy and girl scouts. Some day I think the unlucky ones will be the Glandelinian generals who have made all the trouble for you and chased you all over the country. What did you lose anyhow?"

"The map," answered Violet as another deafening thunder crash filled their ears. "General Brown accidentally hurled it out of my hand during the confusion."

"Well why don't you summon a crowd of soldiers and search the whole house?" asked the girl friend. "The thief could not have gone very far and probably he would not risk going out in such an awful storm."

Violet suddenly jumped to her feet as a flash lighted up the whole room.

"My gosh I'll do it she joyfully cried amid the ear-splitting crash of thunder, and grabbing her whistle she ran to the open window and blew upon it as hard as she could.

Her sisters rushed forward to open the door but Jennie reached it first. The soldiers all dripping wet came and the search continued until morning the storm quitting toward midnight. But not a trace of the spy or the map could be found. So excited were Violet and her sisters that they had not gone to bed at all that night. There was not a place in the building that had been overlooked and while the search had been going on, all the sentries and pickets had been ordered by telegraph not to allow any one to leave the lines not even if he was general. Vivian himself, but when the search was over and it had been futile, Jennie who was the first to enter the building threw her dripping and wet hat far from her in her fury and grief and with a wail of despair.

"The map is surely gone," she cried. "We wanted so much to see in making it, hoping by its use it might have saved our nation from so many disasters."

Then she bowed her pretty head in her arms and began to cry. Her sisters did not cry but some of them patted. The two generals were sorry for them and so was the girl who herself went up to Jennie and said:

"You can make another map just like it Jennie dear. Why not do it?"
"It is not that," said Jennie tearfully. "We would not worry if it took sixteen long years, but I fear in it will get into the possession of general Gormann Delight. You cannot hide anything from him. He would understand that map surely and it would be the ruin of us all. The very war would be lost."

"Good God is that true?" was the girl's agonized reply. "While we stand here idle our poor nation is at stake. We must act quickly. General Delight why that Glandelinian general could find difficult places on a map in the darkest room God help us if he gets possession of it. Why stand we here idle like marble images?"

"But what else can be done?" asked Violet.

The girl shook her head at the question. Then suddenly she seemed to remember something and looked up.

"There is only one way we could frustrate the enemy if even if the map is not restored," said she. "The two generals you know are out with large forces now trying to trail the spies down. It may be hard, difficult, and dangerous to do the thing I plan, or it may be hard to find the spies, but if they were recognized and the papers seized from the one who has it we could do in an instant what will otherwise be impossible to save our nation from the fatal effects of an immeasurable disaster that we would not recover from."

"If right then let's go out into the rebel lines and find the spies then," suggested Violet hopefully. "Though it may be risky that seems a lot more reasonable than moping over our loss."

"That's the idea Gertrude Angelina dear," said Violet approvingly. "I'm glad to try anything once, but we will have to wear disguises that are exceptually good to use and we'll have to go some to come across the Vandal spy if we suspect them as we know their faces anywhere."

"It'll be dangerous though," repeated Gertrude Angelina for it was intention?"

"I—I believe I we intend to follow our plan Angelina dear," said Violet. "But to think of it. I don't like the idea of spying on spies. It's like jumping in a hot fire with gasoline on your clothes. She replied looking grave.

"It's fits my plan better to enter general Delight's headquarters, hide somewhere and seize or destroy the map which ever in the quickest and safest. It's better to do that and nothing else. Have you other plans of your own?"

"I had the foolish idea of shooting the spies down in the very confines of the enemy's camp, but it would be quite and unbecoming and most dangerous thing for me to do," answered Gertrude Angelina. "This incident to me seems to surely bungle everything."

"Yes indeed," sighed Violet. "This whole incident in a very and hangle taken in all. I almost feel we did wrong to make the map as we did for it may be useless to a many other Glandelinian generals but if it get's into the possession of Marshall Gormann Delight then good night. Such a misfortune never happened to us before."

"The situation may not be so awfully bad as you may think," retorted the girl hero ne heroine. "I've been through many thrilling experiences a good many days during this war so far. I've never met with any misadventure or been seriously injured by the enemy once."

"You seem to have been captured once," Jennie said with a laugh, and then Gertrude Angelina laughed too.

"Tell me please Gertrude," pleaded Violet. "What must we all do you to prevent general Delight from securing possession of the map, and if failing in that how can we find a way to save our biggest armies from a fatal disaster that many end the war in favor of the enemy?"

"First," was the reply as Violet and her sisters were working hard on their disguises. "We must secure a fake passport and pass for each of us into the enemy's lines. Their passes are written on a piece of paper clipped or cut in

the form of a four leafed clover. We can only secure that by making them ourselves. Passes into the rebel lines are very scarce & on now and very hard to secure."

"We can easily make them," said Violet.

"The next thing," continued Gertrude "is to enter General Delight's headquarters on the left wing, while pretending to be a Glandelinian boy or girl scout. We will have to secure an extra pass for that also. That pass may have to be original and can only be secured in the Glandelinian Tribunal house in the center of the rebel lines west of Delight's headquarters."

"We'll find some way to secure it," declared Joise putting on an old gray hat. "Is that all now?"

"Oh no, we'll have to carry a fake book of recipes to use to deceive the Glandelinians should they question us," saying this she drew out a very small book covered with red leather. "We must disguise ourselves well and enter the enemy's lines at moon time. We won't be able to attract attention then."

"But what kind of a building is General Delight's headquarters?" asked Angeline.

"It's a two story frame house in a section of the woods where few ever dared to penetrate and where our spies never found their way. When we go we must take care that no rebels see us reaching it or entering it, and we must avoid the disguise readers."

"We can accomplish all that well," said Catherine. "When we must find out which room he usually does his military writing in, and must find some place where we can hide in the same room without he or his officers seeing us."

Violet and her sisters looked grave at this.

"Won't that be a suicidal business?" Daisy inquired.

"There may be some sort of danger but I don't think it is like suicide or I would not suggest it. He is a good crackshot with any gun and so are his officers and men but I've never seen any Glandelinian who could outdo us in marksmanship just so far," replied Gertrude.

"If we can find it safe we will do it that way," said Hottie. "We must prevent him from getting that map come what may. But is there any chance of entering the general's house? And will the spies, whose names are Francis Pedro and Christie Morofania bring him the map or find out what we are doing and show us?"

Gertrude thought for a full minute, then she said:

"That's the only thing those spies will do. And of course we must do everything I plan or our efforts will be of no avail. We can never even shadow the spies ourselves if we come across him or the both of them. We all know their faces. One the tallest is a Glandelinian and the other is a Glandelinian or a Glandelinian. We don't need to do anything rash and there must be a chance somewhere to accomplish our adventure or I would not dare think of suggesting it."

"All right," returned Joise trying not to feel scared or discouraged. "We will all try to do the best we can. Our nation's welfare depends on it."

Gertrude Angeline looked at Violet and her sisters in a doubtful way and then said:

"Come to think of it all this will mean a most perilous adventure for us perhaps we will have to face thousands of perils for we must search through different portions of the woods and rebellious and even elsewhere in order to locate the general's headquarters. He has thousands of scouting parties out everywhere."

"I know it," Gertrude but we must do our best to locate the map we lost."

"And also the papers and envelopes with the queer words we found. If we find one we can find the other for both were taken from us by the same spy or spies. Of course the letters of are of no real importance to us but the recovery or destruction of the map will restore our courage. We must do the best we can and while we are gone we can have our boy and girl scouts on the continual lookout for us so that if we don't return on the time set they can work their way into the foe's lines and see if we are delayed or in trouble. Then if we should unluckily fail to recover the map we will have lost no time in putting that general out of commission. But if we succeed we can return to the Christian lines as quickly as we can and if we are successful we can frustrate the enemy."

"We must start on the way to the enemy's lines at once," said Violet.

"And I will go with you," declared the other girl leaning in the room just then for she had hid behind the door and heard every word between them.

"No, no Mildred," exclaimed Joise. "We do not wish to have you run into any unnecessary danger for us. You are only a mere child much younger than any of us and have not yet gone through any adventures that we have. Please be reasonable. The Glandelinians hate little girls worse than a snake."

This little girl who had been dancing gracefully before her royal child friends stopped and looked at them.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Why you are only eight years old. You do not know the dangers," Gertrude herself explained.

"Very well," said the little girl. "But if I am eight even it is my duty to serve you and your friends the beautiful Glandelinian girls by helping you find the map you say two bad spies have stole from you. You need a lot of assistance you know, such as are not found so easily. I'm not a fighter like either of you but I know how to use my brains."

"It is true," sighed Violet. "But little girl are you well aware that we have undertaken a very serious and dangerous task?"

"Little Mildred only laughed and resumed her graceful dance; sang sweetly;";

"Here's a task for seven brave girls

To recover a loss from a foe of Earls,
A pass like a four leafed clover to enter thereon,

To secure the map and letters or begone,
Every one is needed for the work right well,

And people with brains to breathe the magic spell,
The crazy quilt map. To find they must also try,

And if we get them the Nation need not cry,
And if we leave the foe's lines without harm,

The country will make out of us a perfect charm,
But if we get them not then,

We might as well be the rooster as well as a cackling hen."

Gertrude and Violet and her sisters looked at her thoughtfully.

"You have recited that piece pretty good," said Violet. "And if that is true what you recited we won't have much encouragement when we start our adventure. However I believe we shall let you go with us but if we see it is too dangerous we will not let you into the foe's lines under any conditions whatever. Yet we think you may be able to help us for you seem to be more clever than we ever expected you to be. But we warn you to be very careful of yourself and do not allow your self to become separated from us. Try not to expose yourself or the enemy will suspect our mission. And remember when you are with us stick close no matter what happens, and we will reward you when our errand is accomplished."

"I'm going with you too," announced Angeline Ritchie who was the girl who had admitted the two generals.

"It is foolish for you to go too," said Gertrude. "You can't?"

"Why not?"

"You'd get too excited in no time and therefore you could not be any use to us for you are like liable to shoot even without necessity."

"I surely beg to differ with you," returned the girl in a dignified tone.

"Ten heads are better than nine and I've seen those spies face to face more than a hundred times and even again last night and know them on sight. One is a Glandelinian and he is that queer funny looking whiskered shorty that reminds me of Jesse in some comic paper. I've seen in Chicago. And the other is a Scoodler and he is like Augusta putt. You can even now see the mark on my forehead where one of the spies and the tall one at that struck me when he knocked me down. The tall one is Francis Pedro. And the shorty is Christie Morofania."

"Well you can go along," said Violet cheerfully. "You would have something to return his compliments from that blow. We are glad to have you any how, and I am glad to know you can recognize them too."

"Thank you," she answered.

Joise now took a small wicker basket from a cupboard and packed several things in it in a hasty manner.

"Well we are ready to start," she said. "I'm sure we'll find strong friends on our adventure who will assist us in our search. Let's go."

"We will and must succeed," said Violet and placing their guns in their hostlers, and putting on their cartridge belts they all left the building. Of course little Mildred Maxwell though a brave little girl had never been accustomed to the same stirring adventures that Violet and her sisters were, and had never traveled far outside the Christian lines or had really ever yet saw a Glandelinian soldier or knew what they were like despite the much talk of them she had heard. She did not even know the proper path toward the enemy's lines or where the thicket of the woods was situated. That was the reason why Violet and her sisters hesitated to take her along on this adventure.

Angeline riches was quite new to this portion of the country and did not know anything of this portion of the rebel armies of Hanleys command or of the portion of general Hermann Delight though she was an adventureress in her own way and was never captured because she was like a ferocious wild cat to the enemy, and like a little female demon when aroused in Abbiannia's cause.

There was leading from the Christian lines more than a dozen roads and paths toward the woods, so no matter which way they took at the start they could not miss their way and for a long time they walked on in silence and in silent thought, each one of them being impressed with the danger and the great importance of the adventure they were on the way to undertake. Suddenly Jennie laughed, almost screamed. She looked doubly pretty when she smiled or laughed and her eyes beamed brightly.

"Has something funny occurred that caused you to laugh?" asked Violet who was feeling very blue and joyless through thinking of the loss of the map.

"Yes indeed," she answered, "to think of the common incidents of this adventure pleases me for it is a queer and funny plan I am figuring out and the outcome of it will be queerer and funnier still. Here we are upon another adventure caused by that darn map we made which we intended to use for future plans or our own, and which is gone by an incident, that none of us girls had ever anticipated. Nevertheless we enjoy thrilling adventures))) for this war gives us a chance to show what we can do despite being girls, while the many cowards remain home hiding...D... under the (EOD)... bed. If that is not funny enough to see cowards shivering and covering under beds and other hiding places and to laugh at I don't know what is."

"I suppose you haven't traveled far from the lines or been through many adventures yet Mildred have you?" remarked Gertrude. "The operations of wars does not consist wholly of battles and scouting adventures or any other scenes that are observed on all sides of us-----"

"But I will this time going along with the pretty vivian girls, and are they not at good-----as they are---pretty...f...f."

returned Mildred-bobbing her head until her golden curls fluttered in the gale then blowing. "going along with them however sort of fills me with awe because it is like going along with celestial beings. If the rest of all the 'little girls in this world are only half as beautiful as they are and as good as they are I shall be glad they are here."

"I don't know what the rest of them are like I'm sure," said Gertrude, "but I'm going to find out as soon as possible."

"I've never been outside the Christian lines," Mildred added, "but to me the distant woods, are gloomy and look frightful, and the air is so moaning with sound that even very nature seems to be lonesome. Times must be near where nature is more beautiful and there is no great war going on."

"I wonder if any of the glandelinians we shall soon meet will think I and my sisters are as splendid and pretty as you say Mildred?" asked Joice. "All we have seen so far is nothing but the horrors of war, great battles, big fires, most with many sad adventures, and have seen nothing but immeasurable misery, when we go out on our many adventures. Yet to many people who know us we appear to be bright and contented. Yet very often we feel blue and sad."

"I think for one thing that your father the Emperor or made a great and most serious mistake in giving you and your dear sisters so much liberty in going on those dangerous adventures," observed Gertrude Angelina. "Perhaps as many generals have said you little Abbiannian Princesses will have an overdose of adventures some day, and then fatal consequences consequences will happen."

"What do you know about our adventures?" asked Joice. "A whole lot," replied Gertrude. "Just now to my way of thinking the Glandelinians mean to give you few stirring and exciting experiences with them for a time-----only a few----- just enough to keep you girls going strong--- but some day when you are least expecting it----- they will add a good many more of the worse and most horrible kind--- more exciting than those you've ever read in any of the most exciting story books."

"Thanks very much," said Violet dancing along the path ahead of her sisters and then dancing back to them. "If a few more exciting adventures are for our good, many thrilling experiences must be better for our cause. I don't care a snap for wicked glandelinia and I defy her generals and her whole kingdom of officials officials as I would a small fly. I and my sisters fear nothing wicked."

"But you ought to realize that all the dangers you may face are no always evenly balanced," said Gertrude. "And at every time all of us must be extremely careful. You girls from your ways, your beauty, your rank, and your dignity, are to the nation worth more than the armies, the Counts, Lords, Dukes, and every one else combined. I'm telling you right smart Violet that your death or the destruction of your sisters combined would mean the fatal ruin of our poor Emperor and the loss of the whole war to him. And yet from the way you and your sisters are acting I guess that fact does not bother you. You may think that because you are so good and holy that you'd go to heaven straight. Maybe it's true."

But you are foolish if you girls do not heed my advice. What you are always doing should be left entirely to the members of the Gemini. What I've seen you do often is even grab a color from a fallen color bearer and even lead a regiment in a into the thickest of the battle. I'd be insane if you saw me do it."

"You did once!" laughed Angelina riches and then Violet added. "We have brains enough to know when times are getting too exciting so don't worry." And Jennie walked along in a very dainty and graceful manner. "The only dangers worth considering just now are the adventures we are looking for right now. I can remember Gertrude you have placed yourself in dangers often, that were far worse than a mouse jumping into a dragon's mouth."

"Yes but I did that for the nations cause."

"Go do we, so why argue further?"

After traveling for half an hour they came to the banks of the large Mico-Holleston run River that crossed their path, the woods and the enemy's position being on the opposite side. The day had been very hot and windy after the nights of dreadful thunderstorms, and the party being tired and hungry as well as uncomfortable from the heat, sat down to rest and eat something from the knapsack each carried.

Each one had the same morsel, bread, cheese, a little meat, boiled eggs, and some brown cake and butter and milk. One of them cut the bread and with the eggs made sandwiches. While they were eating they all gazed closely and intently at the river. At this point it was as wide as a good sized lake and for a time they almost fancied that the enemy had placed the river there to prevent their crossing it, and reaching the camps. There were no pontoon bridges, not even a boat in sight. To swim this river with the current very powerful they did not wish to try unless compelled to do so under necessary and life saving conditions.....

"Ah," said Gertrude Angelina. "We are stopped as if by a work of magic. This is a wide river and deep with a most powerful current, and the rebels have seen to it that there are no boats on this side of the shore, so it will be keeping me guessing how we will be able to accomplish our journey however much we need to go on."

"Why don't you flag the rebels with a white piece of cloth and have them row us to their shore," suggested Violet mischievously.

"Why do you suggest such a thing?" asked Gertrude gazing at her in astonishment. "Do you wish to have the excitement of being prisoners right away?"

"No," said Violet smiling.

"Then why don't you think of something more safer such as crossing over in a boat of our own?"

"Because their guns would blow us out of the water and send us to heaven quicker than you wish us to go," said Violet.

"And why don't you go over and steal or capture one from the enemy?" suggested Joice.

"I don't need that kind of excitement," said Gertrude. "It's too much fun."

"But by means of a boat is the only way we can get across is it not?"

"Yes but to get one is the problem," Gertrude admitted. "If we do not find some means to cross we'll have to turn back, and we'd have to make the crossing in the dark or if we try it in the day time they would use us as a target for their high explosive shells."

"Why not swim across," suggested Mildred who was like a fish in the water at all times.

"Ah we did not think of that," said Joice.

"Yes but the river has a powerful current and will pull us under," replied Gertrude. "If I did not think of suggesting that in the first place then I would be telling a lie. But I'm afraid if we try to swim we'll be dragged under by the current and drowned."

"Oh I didn't know that," said Mildred. "Give me some time to think."

Joice seeing she had no cake gave Mildred some and as she started eating it Violet asked,

"What next? How are we to cross the river? Pray tell us!"

"Swim," she said, scarcely able to speak with the mouthful of cake she was chewing.

"I tell you the current is too strong," said Joice. "Up once you tried that with all our efforts we would be unable to rescue you because you'd be beyond our reach in no time."

"Why not fly over?"

"Who will supply the wings?"

Being unable to win her suggestions Mildred finished the cake and then laughed.

"We must remain on this side then till we find a bridge, for it's true no one could swim the stream here," she said.

"That's what I said" declared Joice. "and I and my sisters are not fools enough to try. Can't you understand Mildred that we told you before that we would be likely to meet with dangerous adventures. Though being Princesses and superior children we are sharing perils that we do not wish any one else to share for their own good. Suppose you find out you cannot stand to accomplish the things we need to do? What then?"

"Why shouldn't I understand all that or anything else?" asked the little girl. "Please don't bother me by asking questions. I beg of you. I will not back out now under any conditions. Just let me discover everything in my own way."

As she said this she began to amuse herself by giving one of her graceful dances.

"Be careful don't dance too near the edge of the bank or you'll slide into the river and get drowned," warned Violet and her sisters all together.

"Never you mind."

"You'd better before it is too late Mildred, here is an twenty an mile an hour current here and if you fall in we'll all perish trying to rescue you. No one can swim in the face of that undertow except a Blongiglamenian Creature," Violet said.

"Don't you think the fish too can swim the current?" she asked.

"Yes but we are poor humans, not water creatures."

"Then" said Mildred "I'll be careful for if the river is as bad as that we'll never cross it until we secure a boat or find a bridge to cross. But why not try to bribe the rebels over there. They may be easily deceived, you girls are so unaturally beautiful."

"Do you think they'd fall for that plan?" asked Violet laughing.

"Fah," answered Gertrude Angeline. "We are as ugly women to those Glandelinian soldiers. We are not beautiful to those rascals the worse enemies we have. Please remember that my poor body has scars all over from wounds I've received from them. If I was transparent you would see instead of an exquisite red heart in my breast, a rolling cloud of fire. That's how much I hate the foe. Glandelinia is responsible for my sisters death and shall pay." and her eyes flashed as she said this and her face appeared suddenly transformed to that of savage fury.

"Sure thing" cried Angeline picking dancing around and looking quite excited. "and to think of the horrid things they do Gertrude. The Angelinian scouting parties have missed what we have seen, but we can't forget it, and I notice you Violet, and also your sisters have some very great accounts to settle with Glandelinia too. If you were ten thousand times more beautiful than you are now you'd be persecuted only that much more. The Glandelinian nation is too stuck up for anything. When continuing her excited angry dance she sang wildly;

Whoop-tee- doodle---do, hoop-tee-doodle---do.

A million foes have gone, and lost their hue;

Their feet are bare, but I don't care;

For what they'll do the odds are up to you,

so why do we care for the fools who hide in their great big shoes."

"Goodness me" said Violet "don't you think Angeline picked a little Daisy of a Poet?"

"She may be but only in human form and not in that of a flower" answered Jennie, "urmer with a puzzled look for she too was with them." But if general Kormann insults us I'll scratch his eyes out" she suddenly declared.

"Let's find some way to cross the river please," pleaded Catherine rising with the intention to resume the journey. "Let's be all good and careful what we do and be as cheerful as possible for we are likely to meet with plenty of trouble with the Glandelinians pretty soon. Let's be on our way."

It was nearly time for the sun to set when they came to a line of nine big trees standing far apart in a straight row facing a smaller stream which ran into the river. This stream was known as Joe Callen Run. The trees were Poplar pines.

Beyond the stream they observed spread out before them a most delightful scenery. There were broad green fields of waving corn, stretching for miles over this portion of the Mc-Holleston Run Valley which was strewn thickly everywhere with myriads of pretty flowers of every kind, and here and there could be seen magnificent houses and farm dwellings none of which however was very close to the spot where they now stood. Just at the place where the road went beyond the nine pine trees stood a large wooden mansion covered with the leaves from the vines and not far from this stood several men in uniforms of gray with shouldered muskets. They seemed very much surprised and startled when the party of disguised girls emerged from the shadow of the tree as but as Gertrude approached nearer one of them covered her with his rifle and said;

"Halt where you are!!!"

They obeyed, but he looked so funny that the girls laughed. Whether these two guards were Glandelinians or not they were not so sure but they seemed to be all alone and there was no Glandelinian camp in sight here. However he had bushy black whiskers and merry blue eyes and his uniform was new and though gray in color was a great deal different than any of those the rebels wore.

"Mersey me" he exclaimed when at last he stopped looking at them so in such a quizzical way. "who would think I would ever meet with the girl n yivian Girls in such queer disguises. Who would think they could and would make out of themselves such a funny group of harlequins in disguise. What part of the christian line do you wish to enter, and where did you all come from Violet. You and Jennie are dressed up as if both of you were wearing crazy quilts cut out in the form of dresses. What's the idea? Going to a children's ball?"

"No you mean all of us?" asked Violet taken aback by being recognized by the soldier.

"Of course" he replied. "I'm a disguised picket guard. This is the outskirts of a portion of general Hanson yivian's lines."

"You misjudge our designs. We are not intending to enter the christian lines and coming here we must have gone way out of our course. We were heading for the insurgent camp under general Kormann," she said.

"That makes no difference" he replied beginning to laugh. "Why I was a little boy my mother used to sew such things like you two now wear and call them crazy quilts. But I never thought you two dear little Abbieannian Princesses could ever think of wearing such things for a disguise."

"It was a most important purpose that we did it" explained Violet. "We were robbed by a Glandelinian veldal."

"Oh then you have come out in that disguise to spy eh?" I should have known it at that. Well I declare. Here is Abbieannia's fiery Angel Angolinia Aronburg. But you will all get into serious trouble if you approach general Delight's army. For any one else it is against the law just now for any one to enter the enemy lines without general Hanson yivian's permission. So of course your own word is the law also so what you do is your own lookout. But if you Abbieannian Princesses go near general Delights camp you will surely be recognized by the Glandelinians and be shot down in cold blood or arrested as spies."

"We are going there any how for we must," declared Violet sitting upon a green chair swing and swinging her legs.

"I see" said the guard nodding. "You girls all of you are as brave as the very angels you resemble."

"We really should be brave," remarked Jennie. "But that is not to be wondered at when you can remember how many had to come to our rescue often. For my part many say I'm made out of a brick. Did you notice how the rest of us are disguised? You see we mean to do our work right well."

"So I understand" replied the guard. "but I don't see where you will be able to accomplish very much this time. To go into the foe lines during these exciting times is sort of useless. Yet your disguises surely make me laugh, and laughter is usually the best thing for us all to live by. Late this morning I saw two men in our lavender purple uniforms pass by who were strangely contrasted in size. One was a tall six foot man and the other seemed only to be four feet and several inches. The tall man was smoothly shaven but the small one wore a mustache. I almost laughed when I saw them for they exactly resembled Mutt and Jeff in the Comics of the Chicago Daily News Papers I receive from across the seas."

"Two men like Mutt and Jeff" said Violet her heart suddenly beating loudly. "That is strange. For God's sake where did they go. Where are they. I know them too like my own names."

"I'm not sure which way they went but I admitted them into the lines. One of them seemed careless and excited. The tall one had a roll of paper in his possession. When I questioned him about it he said it was a map he was bringing to general Hanson under strict orders to see that he got it personally. So I let him and his companion pass as they gave the proper counter sign."

"and you let them pass?" gasped Gertrude Angeline. "Why in the world did you not place them under arrest?"

"They had papers with them that showed that Emperor yivian favored them greatly so I could not. I would have if I had known who they were though. The papers said that the tall one is a great favorite of Empress and Emperor yivian and they have made him and his companion a Count and a Lord. He is called Jack Ambrose Evans and his companion's name is Penrod."

"So is Penrod?" inquired Jennie feeling very sick all of a sudden.

"Did you retain the papers," inquired Joice looking as scared.

"No" said the guard. "It was the man's personal property. I know only of one Jack Evans and that is your best friend, but I never saw him."

"We know know
"We have known him ourselves and there will never be another man like him," said Angelina vivian herself. "my goodness why did you let them in," she demanded stamping her foot and almost crying. They are professional spies and the tall man is Francis Pedro and the other one is Christie norf Nerf Nerofania.

"I suppose we must see general panson vivian for now we must shadow these two within the very christian line if we can get them without within our sight."

said violet.
"but for?" asked the guard.

"We must secure that map as it is ours."

"It's a long journey to his camp," declared the guard "and you will go through through lonely woods and traverse dangerous spots before you reach them."

"guilt's us all right," said joice "the spies not suspecting we are shadowing them will not suspect anything, and will therefore remain within the christian lines in a disguise to secure more information if possible. We may find a chance to capture them."

"You are crazy girl. Those who dare shadow glandelinian spies are likely to meet swift disaster. Better sent the Gemini to shadow them, and stay at home."

The guard who was really one of the Angelinian pickets then invited them all to remain for the night in his little cabin or house but they were anxious to go on, and so left him, and crossing the creek by a small bridge continued swiftly along the path which to their surprise was much wider now and more distinct even in the coming dark darkness. They expected to reach the christian lines before it grew totally dark but the twilight was very brief and violet and her sisters began to fear they had made a mistake in leaving the two guards.

"I cannot hardly see the road," said Violet at last. "can you see it Jennie?"

"No," she replied, and Mildred was holding fast to Joice's arm so she would guide her.

"I think I can see it faintly," declared Gertrude. "My eyes are good and if only the moon would!"

"Never mind the moon please," said Jennie Turner hastily. "just lead the way and direct us on. Wait a minute every one. I hear a queer whistling noise far off. What is it?"

They all listened but they admitted they heard nothing. They continued on more cautiously, Gertrude Angelina guiding them along the road. Though the others did not, Jennie Turner still heard the strange noise, and she grew more nervous. In deed she and the others had proceeded in this manner for more than an hour when suddenly far before them there appeared thousands of large twinkling lights, and they were all the colors the artist knows and were in a perfectly straight line.

"Goodie there's the christian camp at last," cried Mildred.
"When we reach it the good christians will surely welcome us and help us catch the two spies."

Yet however, far they walked the myriads of lights seemed to get no nearer so after a while Gertrude said:

"It seems to me the lights are moving forward too, and whatever they are, or mean we shall never be able to catch up with them. But here is a small tent by the side of the road so why go further. The spies will still be there to morrow."

"here is the tent Gertrude. I don't see it!"

"Just here on our right violet."

They went closer and they were now able to see a small tent near the road-way. No one else was near and it was silent and dark inside, but violet and her sisters and even the others had not slept the whole night before, and had traveled hard during the day and they were good and tired now and wanted to rest badly, so after a short debate violet went up to the door of the tent and called:

"who's in there?"

"who's out there?" cried a man's voice from within.

"The Daughters of Emperor Vivian Vivian, and with us are Gertrude Angelina and three others," violet replied.

"What is it? Are you in danger?" asked the voice.

"No we want a place to sleep until to morrow," said violet.

A light suddenly appeared and as they were admitted they saw only one soldier. Seeing that they wished to go directly to bed the soldier set up the extra cots that were in the tent. Then he went outside to go on guard for them though he laughed quietly to himself at the funny disguises one or two of them wore. As soon as they put the lights out they retired. It was now very dark inside and they could see nothing at all. Then feeling suspicious Gertrude said:

"I'm nervous about this. Why is it that he is the only one here?"

"He's a guard," said Joice.

"I can't believe it."

"He must be," declared Joice. "he spoke so nicely to us. I could see everything in the tent and no other soldier was present. But he put up all the beds, all made up so we may as well go to sleep and stop worrying."

"But what is that queer noise?" inquired Joice.

"It's just what I've been mentioning," said Jennie Turner.

"Well why not one of us," remain on guard," persisted Joice.

"Here, here let's not pay any attention to the noise," cried violet.

"Keep quiet girls please, and let's go to sleep."

However Gertrude went outside and looked sharply around for the cause of the strange noise but could discover nothing although the sound was not very far away. She felt a apprehensive and excited. The soldier whispered to her:

"Ain't you going to bed with them?"

Gertrude went in without a word and felt of her bed and found it was big and soft with feather pillows and plenty of blankets. So she took off her shoes and clothes and crept in. Yet still she felt puzzled over the strange noise. Mildred sat up looking scared.

"Lie down and go to sleep," whispered Gertrude.

"Can't I sit up for a while?" asked Mildred. "I'm scared of that noise too."

"Better forget it," Gertrude advised.

"Are you sure we are safe?" she asked.

"I'm not sure."

"Then I'll stay awake until to morrow," said Mildred.

"Listen Listen Mildred no you must keep perfectly still and go to sleep," said Gertrude in a soft musical voice.

"I'm afraid to," replied Mildred speaking as loudly as usual. "I get scared when I hear that noise. I feel like getting up and going out."

Before she could say anything more there seemed to be some kind of a concussion and instead of being in bed she found herself rolling and bumping on the floor of the tent and when she got up she heard excited cries from violet and her sisters.

"Goodness and Gracious what has happened to us!" asked violet for she and the rest had been dumped out of their cots also.

"Maybe it was an earthquake," answered Gertrude. "I felt my bed jump. But never mind lets go to sleep or we will never get a rest at all."

Recovering from their confusion they all got in once more and smuggling down in their beds fell asleep and so tired were they that no one not one of them awoke until the sun was far above the eastern horizon. Violet was the first to arise and she looked carefully around the tent. The tent was larger than it had appeared to be in the dark and had ten cots set on all sides of it. The bed violet slept in was nearest the door.

Joice and her other sisters were still asleep, Joice lying on a bed opposite violet's, the others were in the beds by the opposite wall of the tent, and the others were the next.

In the middle of the tent was a large round table on which a special breakfast fit for queens indeed already was placed smoking or steaming hot.

Ten chairs were drawn up to the table there a place was set for all of the little Heroines. No one was in the tent except a soldier who was to wait upon them. violet got up and put on her clothes, finding a military toilet at the head of the bed she washed her face and hands and rebrushed her hair and fixed it the way she had it the day before.

Then she awoke the others by blowing a bugle and they were all ready in a minutes time. Violet and her sisters were at the table but though the others went to the table they hesitated because the food seemed to be only for persons of a kingly or queenly rank. Gertrude seeing the three bashful girls hesitating said:

"What's the matter?"

"I wonder if we are to eat here too?" Angelina Riches said.

"Come and eat with us," commanded violet. "Don't be bashful."

The three girls were hungry indeed and the breakfast looked so excellently good so they bashfully took their places and ate all they could after saying their Grace before meals.

LOOKED IN.

THEN WHEN the after grace was said they arose, took their hats, and started for the door. Violet glanced at the soldier who had waited upon them.

"Come," she said. "we wish you to accompany us to the lines. You have been kind to us and therefore we will grant you this favor." The soldier made no answer but saluted, and after glancing about the tent room, went out the door, the sentry entering to take charge. In the middle of the roadway stood two powerfully looking sentries pacing back and forth.

"Oh there you are," one of them exclaimed cheerfully. "I thought you girls were never coming out. On't you know it has been daylight a very long time? It's half past nine."

"Did you have any excitement during the night?" asked violet.

"Nothing to do but remain here and gaze at the stars and the moon," replied the guard. "They were interesting last night. I never saw them so bright or so numerous before."

"Did you catch the two thieves?" asked the other guard.

"Of course not," said Joyce. "We did not even see them yet, but heard they are in your lines."

"You guards were foolish to allow those crafty spies to put anything like that over on you," remarked Violet. "One of them has an important map of our's."

"That's all right now," said the man. "All of our generals have been notified of your loss. If I had not been obliged to remain at my post I'd go with you. If I had not been here I would not have been able to see them nor the his companion."

"But companions did they have with them?" inquired Angelina.

"Two tall men and they came for the tent you girls occupied three times during the night."

"I cannot understand what they should want," said Catherine thoughtfully. "but we had plenty to eat in that tent for we all had a most fine breakfast, and we all slept on fine cots."

"Did you not all feel scared last night when the queer sounds filled the air?" asked the guard noticing that Mildred alone yawned.

"Why yes, and I feel still tired yet just as much as last night, and yet we slept well."

"But why did you all delay for the night. And you afraid the thief might have succeeded in returning to the rebel lines?"

"It seems strange to be but I don't think so and don't believe so," replied violet. "we have a good idea who the thieves are, and yet as we are in a hurry, I think I and my sisters with the others will resume the journey to Hanson's lines and not the enemy's this time. We want to spot the spies if possible."

They bid good bye to the guards and now were well on their way walking as briskly as possible. They could see the mass of stripped tents far in the distance and even where they were walking there stood tents scattered far apart but thickly nevertheless and they knew in which part of general Hanson's lines they really were. When they thought of it, Violet and her sisters still felt bad over their loss, and hoped desperately they would be able to discover and capture these two professional spies and recover the map. On they went. They continued on for a whole hour in silence when Angelina Riches started to dance up and down the road as she sang:

Kissle Kissle Korse;
I've seen a foolie upon the floor,
There's nothing to see but a battle without victory,
And the foe coming back
Looking like the nuts from the tree called Hickory."''

"What does that song mean?" asked Catherine.

"Don't ask me," replied Joyce. "I just composed it myself but of course I know nothing of the ways of the foe or anything else."

"No," said Catherine. "but I've seen them do things that is enough to drive any one stark, raving crazy. They fight battles-----"

"Both of the battles," cried Violet. "who cares about big fights now any- how. I am thinking of the map map. Have you noticed how far away general Hanson's vivians lines seem to be yet? It seems we'll never get there."

It was just then they heard a sound of swiftly running footsteps pattering along the broad path close behind them, and all turned abruptly to see who was coming. To their astonishment they beheld a very short and sized man running toward them as fast as his legs could carry him, and he wore a purple uniform and a big hat with a gold rim. He also wore a beard but no mustache.

"Hold on please," shouted the man pleadingly. "wait for me. I wish to talk to you."

"Goodness me, that man almost looks familiar," said violet. "it must be the small professional spy who we were looking for all over."

"Probably it is," returned Joyce in a nervous tone of voice, and then as the small man overtook them she added sternly; "who are you, and what do you want here, anyhow?"

"I'm a forgerer really, and have ran away from the army," said the man. "After you took left general Vivians army I and the general had a fearful fight and he threatened to shoot me if I did not get out of his camp immediately. Of course I had to do that because the Angolinians threatened to mob me at once. So I slipped out of the lines while most of the camp was sleeping and I've been running after you all night. Now that I've found such pleasant company in you beautiful little girls, I can hope to take refuge in general Hanson's lines."

As he had a most suspicious manner, and looked so cowardly all of the party including the accompanying soldier were greatly annoyed by this mans appearance and therefore did not like this unwelcome addition to their party. Also they did not believe his story, for if he really had a fight with general Vivian he would not have succeeded in escaping at all. Also they felt sure that they recognized him as one of the men they were intending to shadow, but not wishing to be rash by showing their suspicions too soon, as a spy is most dangerous if suspected they did not care to apprehend him just then. At first therefore they did not know what to say to the new comer but a little thought decided a decided them to be cautious.

"We all are traveling to general Hanson's headquarters on the most important business," declared violet. "and therefore you must excuse us if I say we cannot be bothered."

"A beautiful as you are, you are very impolite to your superior officer," exclaimed the bearded man, not knowing who the girls really were.

"I'm sorry but we are telling the truth," said violet almost laughing. "No one is superior over us but our parents. You must go somewhere else. We have no use for those who desert the army just because of a quarrel."

"This is surely very unkind treatment at the hands of you Abbieannian Princesses then (I must declare) whined the man in a most injured tone. "Every one in the national army hates me and yet I intend to fight on their side to help them win their cause. And yet even you who they say are as good as Angels turn me down when I'm in trouble and deserted the Glandelinian army."

"We don't hate no one and neither do we reject any one especially."

observed Angelina. "but there's something in your very actions and words we don't like. Before you said to deserted general Vivians army. Now you say you deserted the glandelinians, and before we left general Vivian's lines we suffered a severe loss. And we are bound to regain that article too. It is a map."

she said this to see if he would chance in aspects of his face but it took no effect whatever.

"But that is not my fault at all. It's the fault of those rebellious glandelinians spies. When I lived in the same building with you I used to hear so much squeaking growling, grum grumbling and clink clinking sounds so that it spoiled my sleep at night and the racket just frustrated every attempt to sleep I made. I must admit that I have a clean record, that you are wrong that I never deserted the glandelinians or general Vivian either, that I had no fight whatever and that you are wrong to be suspicious of me," answered the man.

"Just the same we'll demand you to please go away," said Joyce determinedly.

"Wait a minute," cried Gertrude Angolino. "something in this man interest's me. I believe I have heard about him when I also left general Vivians lines and I would like to find out for sure. What is your name sir?"

"Historia Collierbra Edisonia Peenbois, Gallenannia grandertonia Allenby," he answered.

"Well I shall call you Hic for short as your name would take a days study to know it by heart," said Angelina Aronburg. "go ahead and prove to us that you are a worthy companion. Please for the first tell me your name again."

However he did so without a mistake.

"You're You're crazy to allow him to accompany us," warned Angelina Riches. "I don't trust his face and besides no man ever had such a long name. He's kidding us."

"The whole world is crazy according to every ones statement. Loosen up and show that you are a true trust worthy companion Mr Hic."

"The only proof I have with me" explained the man in my hand, "is a paper, the recruiting officer office allowed me to get in just before I went into the battle. It's a highly classical slip of paper, a composition."

"A what you said say?" inquired Gertrude.

"It's a classical slip of paper signed by His great Excellency general Robert Angeline Vivianston. He had it manufactured. You are supposed to accept it whether you like to do so or not, and if you don't why the proper thing is to get out and look as if you did. I understand."

"Not in the least bit," said Gertrude, "but we have no general by the name of Vivianston. Let me see the paper. I believe you are hoodwinking us."

"Here it is. Take a good look at it."

At this he handed her an envelope and Gertrude first glancing over its contents showed it to Violet and her sisters. Just as they were looking over the slip of paper there all of a sudden came a horrid volume of sound in the distance, and in a moment Violet and her sisters put their hands to their ears to shut out the dread noise, and the others began to laugh but Gertrude snarled.

When it was from, the dreary horrid noise continued. Gertrude put the slip of paper back into the envelope and handed it to the man who receiving it apparently attempted to place it in his pocket but it dropped and fell upon the ground in the road. Joice picked it up and handed it to the man saying with a laugh:

"Violet it out. You let it fall on purpose."

Still the noise in the distance continued being something like a jerky jumble of sounds that proved to be so bewildering that after a moment Joice said:

"Let's run from here" and they all started and ran down the path as fast as they could go. But the short man was right behind them and he called out reproachfully:

"What's the matter! Don't you like my company?"

"It's not you we are running from," said Catherine halting. "That noise is getting on our nerves, but just the same we don't really know who you are and as you resemble some one we don't trust we are afraid to share you our company."

"Then here's my passport. That will prove to you that I am speaking the truth."

"How do we know? There's no one we know to identify you."

"Well look at this and see."

"All right, will," said Violet. "If you fool with us though I'll arrest you."

she added threateningly.

The man handed over what he called the passports and as she glanced over it carefully the man turned his head from one to another of the girls and said in a voice of great indignation:

"What's the matter with you now? Is it possible that you still can't appreciate me enough now to know me and trust me?"

"It is true we ought to be a trifle more suspicious," said Jennie, "but we can't understand anything and it is this. You look like some small man we'd arrest in an instant if we knew you were him. We cannot help being suspicious."

"Yes and we suffered a dreadful loss," exclaimed Joice with a shudder.

"Yes it's enough to drive an insane man mad," murmured Angeline. "I'll tell you what. He's about to drive an insane man madder to him for some reason or other you have missed your guess. You are not a real foreigner, your face and speech betray you. I bet you are the very man we want."

"You are greatly mistaken," asserted the man sadly. "I thought you girls who have beauty and charms enough to soothe a savage beast would not turn a poor soldier down."

"But we are not charming savage beasts. I advise you to go back to general Vivianston and beg the general's pardon."

"Never, never. He'd put me under arrest."

"That's what we will do if you persist in keeping company with us," Violet declared firmly.

"Run along. He and go along somewhere else," advised Jennie Turner. "Find some one who can really identify you to us, some one we know, and then we'll trust you with us. In that way you can do some real good in the world."

The man turned silently away and trotted down a side road toward another portion of the distant Christian lines.

"Shall we go that way too and shadow the man?" asked Gertrude anxiously.

"No," said Violet. "I think we shall keep going straight on for I or my sisters cannot be too hard on him. I don't believe our suspicions are justified but if we are mistaken he will surely come back with some one to identify him when we come to the next group of guards we will inquire the way to general Hanson's headquarters."

For a long time they continued on their way and an hour and three quarters of steady and brisk walking brought them to the edge of the main encampments of general Hanson's army and therefore they approached a tent which appeared somewhat better than the other two they had already passed. It was somewhat large and stood close to the roadside and over its top on a high pole fluttered the National Abissinian

flag. From the appearance of the flag it was evident the headquarters of some officers and before the entrance of the tent stood two sentries.

"Maybe here is the place where we can get all the aid and advice we desire," said Gertrude. An Angeline. "Maybe they can tell us all we need to know. Let's admit ourselves into their presence."

They all walked up to the entrance of the tent without being even stopped by the guards. Violet then said to them:

"Why did you let us pass so easily? We are expected to be hailed."

"Because I know who you are despite your disguises," one of them answered.

When she received this answer, she looked sober, then she said:

"It's all right for us to receive the respect due to us, especially because of our rank, and other reasons too, therefore we may thank you for allowing us to pass unchallenged. But nevertheless you sentries must obey orders to the limit for the safety of our officers. You know us despite our disguises but supposing we were rebel boy or girl scouts imposing as Emperor Vivian's daughters, which could happen, and entered the tent unchallenged. We could rob those generals of some papers whose loss may be fatal to the cause if brought to the rebel lines. Therefore you are bound to challenge even our father the Emperor. We are going back on again, and return return and you must challenge us please."

With this they all retraced their steps and then headed toward the entrance of the tent. This time they were challenged.

"Halt who wishes admission to tent?" demanded the guard.

"The daughters of His Majesty the Emperor Vivian, and their companions," Violet answered.

"Give the counter sign," demanded the guard.

It was given.

"Pass," said the guard.

"All right," said Violet in a satisfied tone. "But for the sake of the cause you are fighting for do not make this mistake again. Do not be afraid of us. We wish to save our generals from losing things through spies."

Then Violet being ushered by the first sentry entered the tent where an officer dressed in a sarol or scarlet uniform and wearing a black hat with a blue rim and bells on the rim was busily engaged in conversation with three other officers. They arose when the visitors entered.

"Good morning," said the general in a deep bass voice that seemed loud in the room of the tent. What is your desire, pray?"

"Why we came for a good reason," replied Catherine. "We suffered a serious loss and we wish for some advice. It's free to ask for it is it not?"

"Certainly to those we know," said the general eyeing them searchingly.

"Usually advice does not cost you anything unless you do not follow it. Permit me to say by the way that you are the queerest lot of child travelers that ever came within the encampments. Judging you little girls generally from appearance you are so beautiful that your very eyes cut one to the heart. I think you had better converse with the officer over yonder. He's the chief."

They turned to look at the officer which they at once recognized. For a moment he stared back at them with searching eyes.

"It's general Vivianston," cried Violet.

"That beats anything that you children know my name," said the general frowning.

"Who are you Angeline beauty comes! And what is your errand?"

"We are what you once called us," said Joice. "The Darlings of the Nations."

"It's just nonsense," declared the general. Glandelinian girl scouts have tried the same thing and failed you are under arrest for!"

"You are rescuing foolish intentions for a general," laughed one of the officers.

"Yes indeed," said another admiringly. "You are the one who claim you can read the cleverest disguise and they have fooled you. They are real: the daughters of Emperor Vivian in disguise. Listen to what you should know from them and you will be wiser, and cannot go wrong."

"I don't believe it," retorted the general. "I say they are under arrest and!"

"No you are mistaken said Violet. Look us over carefully and see."

General Vivianston looked more carefully at them but it was a long while before he really recognized them. Then Angeline picked up said:

"The Vivian Girl Princesses have very charmed lives, They are no ones enemy, yet suffer and almost lose their lives, Yet lacking fear, and loving every one, They'll be loved even though full of fun."

"He is giving you quite a compliment. Quite a compliment indeed I declare," exclaimed one of the other officers looking at the child heroines with awe. "You are certainly wonderful children my dears, and I fancy you have foes among the Glandelinians. If you were my daughters your sorrows would make me a ruthless foe of your enemies. Your

beauty when dressed in your queenly uniform is so dazzling that I'm a maid I would have to wear smoked glasses when I looked at you."

"Why do you say that?" asked Hettie. "It is usually said that most beauty is only skin deep, and usually goes with old age."

"It may be true for me for many but not for you," said the officer. "Even the disguise two of you are wearing are gay and gaudy."

"If it is only our beauty that dazzles you then you had better let the matter drop and wear the smoked glasses for fear you'll go blind," asserted Joyce. "While we strut around in our stupid purple or lavender uniforms we allow too many spies to slip into our lines unseen. We are robbed by some spies and they are in the very camp here."

"I'm afraid you are wrong about that," said the officer. "Four sentries and our pickets are too watchful and therefore no one can slip into our lines without being questioned. So I'm obliged to say that we are free from spies just now and I confess it is a very pleasant sensation."

Violet is searching for two spies,
Her sisters are searching for the same or the nation will die,
Cause their important map has come to harm;
Such maps are scarce, they are hard to make;
They've got a job you bet for their country's cause is at stake."

"Don't you think that your poem sounds kind of foolish and out of place Angeline?" asked Gertrude.

"Extremely so at that," replied Angeline. "Iches but don't you realize what warning I'm giving you. At I can admire you just the same for the reason that your poems are never foolish. Some say that you are wiser than most of the best learned generals, and that you are very unusual and therefore are sure to be a very interesting to your cause. When she started one of her graceful dances and said or rather sang:

"It's hard to be a war Princess;
All may soon know all of that at many glimpses;
Their beauty is so transparent;
That every one does an act/
That is always clear to us,
And that's a fact."

"Have you heard anything about the spies?" inquired Violet ignoring Iches poor poetry. "One of them has our map. With it in their possession, they can outwit all you generals."

"No we did not," said general Lindernine looking worried. "Of course it was so dark last night that the sentries could not see very well. But we'll look right into that immediately. But my advice should be excellent. I advise you all to follow it."

But surely you have not given us any advice yet," Violet declared.

"I know it. I was attracted by those queer poems recited by your comrade. What does she call those peculiar verses?"

"She just recites them for foolishness," replied Jennie. "Mildred sometimes does the same thing."

"Of course it may be a little foolish at that. We must all be a little foolish or would we allow ourselves to run into so many and unseen dangers? You are trying to be very complimentary to me indeed!" asserted Angeline. Iches rubbing her hands together as if highly pleased. Then turning to general Lindernine she asked:

"Which is the best road toward general Hanson's bivouac headquarters?"

"Westward," said the general.

"I know but what is the road we shall take?" was the girl's next question.

"The Big Girl Knool road of course, or road of yellow bricks. It leads directly to the main camp, and also through it."

"And how shall we find the Big Girl Knool road?"

"By continuing along the same road you were on before. You will come to the Big Girl Knool road before the approach of night. And you will know it when you come to it because it is paved with bricks made of yellow sandstone."

"Thank you," said Jennie. "At last we have found out the way we should go."

"Does that road extend just as far as Hanson's bivouac headquarters?" asked Mildred.

"No," replied Violet. "It goes to the big city of Angolinda Agathia from the city of Big Girl Knool. I know many other plane places but they would not interest us just now. The sooner we'll start the sooner we'll reach general Hanson's headquarters."

"So off we go through rain or snow,
When we'll recover from our loss, we don't know,
Patched up, ivian girls, three poor adees and lad,
All facing perils, all good and bad,
Meeting a thousand dangers, all making us grave and sad,
Steadily worried, feeling sometimes mad,
When we'll recover from our loss no one will know,
Nor do we for we're all glad,
Put off we go. But off we go."

"Sounds like she is giving us a hint," said Gertrude Angeline.

"Then let's take it and go right away," replied Violet.

Then they said good bye to the general and his officers, and at once resumed their journey. They continued for a long time and finally, Joyce said:

"We are entering the general part of the camp now. There are so many tents."

"Never mind the camp or the tents now," said Angeline. "We are not looking for tents but rather the yellow brick Big Girl Knool road. Won't it be strange to run across a yellow road running through a camp and stripped a tent?"

"On some occasions there are many worse things and having worse colors on in their coats than hearts than yellow in our armies," asserted Hettie in a spiteful tone.

"Oh do you mean that old cowardly Greenhorn of an Englishman who they said caused the disaster at the battle of Delight's junction?"

"He is one of them if you must know it," growled Joyce. "He is not worth a pair of pink brains, yellow heart, and green eyes."

"You are right," laughed Gertrude. "You'd be surprised if you knew how many more there are like him. I wouldn't give a piece of candy obtained free or a spoonful of cantal for their cowardice. I'd rather have a variegated complexion."

"Neither would I," retorted Violet. "We saw to it he was immediately deported. We had a hard time of it though in saving his life. The generals all wanted him executed as a coward."

"I'd of had had him shot," declared Gertrude.

"I see you don't understand about him," said Joyce. "He was a foreigner and therefore we had no grounds to condemn him to die though we were for it. Anyway we abhor condemning any one to die. It is not our nature."

"Please let us not talk about that any more," begged paisy. "We are on a most important journey now and such subjects like that at this time make me very discouraged. To be brave one must keep cheerful and not engage in unpleasant subjects so I hope we will be as good as possible."

They had now traveled for a long distance being continually gazed upon, and even questioned by guards and soldiers. When the tents began to change into wooden barracks and they went down the main company streets they suddenly came face to face with a fortified high line of breastworks constructed of every material known, and which to their surprise also stopped them from going any further in that direction altogether. A part of these breastworks lay across directly across the company street and was manned by a small forest of gatling guns not about ten paces from each other. When the group of child adventurers stood on top of the breastworks and peered beyond they saw a gloomy and forbidding looking encampment than any other they had ever observed in their lives before.

However they were not interested in these low fortifications just now and after traveling along its broad top for nearly all its length they soon made the discovery that the road way they had been following through the camp now made an abrupt turn and passed around the trench but what made the party stop and looked look thoughtful was an officer thirty feet away beckoning to them.

Not knowing who he was but deciding to be cautious nevertheless Violet halloed through her hands:

"We are the ivian girls with some companions. If you wish to speak to us come over."

The officer came as he was surrounded and saluting handed an envelope that was sealed to her.

"A tall general with a smoothly shaven but wearing a short mustache told me to give this to you," he said. "He told me it was very important. He wanted an answer." Violet looked nervously at him, and seeing that he looked honest, and trustworthy took the enclosed envelope which was sealed with sealing wax. She shook it first to make sure it contained nothing else but a letter and then she slit it open with her pen knife and this is what she read:

"BEWARE OF US TWO.

We are aware of it that you, civilian girl Princesses are shadowing us. We know why. Try to capture us and you'll find out you are trifling with two ferocious Tigers. Instead of you shadowing us, we two are shadowing you. Look out.

The Giant.
The Shorty.

"What does the message say?" inquired the good soldier noticing that they looked excited and were slightly trembling.

Violet showed him the note and his face whitened like marble.

"That means that the man who gave me that note may have been one of those two spy spies," he said looking as scared as a frightened cat. "It's a fact that there are two professional spies here in this camp. He must be trying to throw you off his track and that of his companion, or he would not be sending you this note. They are dangerous spies."

"As long as they know what we are doing, then let's keep out of their way and quit shadowing them," suggested Mildred. "As long as the road leads to general Hancock's headquarters we can see him and explain the loss to him."

"You indeed?" said Angeline. "I see you are backing out already. Our errand Colonel (to the officer) is to regain the map some one stole from Violet and her sisters. And we'll regain it if we have to trail a ghost."

"Let's go and get general Hancock to help us find the map," suggested Mildred. "These two spies are ugly in nature despite their funny faces and dangerous or they wouldn't spy like they do. Maybe they will be caught when they are not looking."

"Perhaps there is no chance at all now to regain the map," answered Jennie Turner. "The letter warns that instead of us shadowing them, they are shadowing us which may mean that they know every move we make."

"Nevertheless," said Violet, "this officer says that the man who gave him this note to deliver to us took up his abode in his headquarters three blocks down the company street. Suppose we go with him and try to capture him if he is still there! Very likely if he values his life in case we corner him he will politely surrender to us and if he is only a follower we can force clues from him."

"We may be compelled to force him I'm sure," said Joice as they started the officer leading the way. "and yet if he is a cross patch nothing could make him tell anything."

"But he may be dangerous also," said Mildred.

"You need not worry, Mildred," remarked Catherine. "For if there is real danger you can remain outside with the soldiers so that if we get into trouble you can bring help. I and my sisters, or Gertrude and Jennie, Turner besides Riche are not afraid. You surely not are you Angeline."

"I am a little," the child admitted, "but this danger must be faced if we intend to recover the map. How shall we find the room the man is in for here is the house before us now?"

"If he don't answer the questions we'll call some soldiers to break down the door," answered Joice as she and the rest began climbing the stairs leading up to the entrance. The other girls followed and found themselves entering more easily than they had expected. When they entered the hallway they began to walk down to the other side and soon were in the main corridor. Here they saw doors leading to the rooms but none of them were occupied when they looked in. They then began retracing their steps the officer leading the way and looking and wandering into every room until they were at the other end of the corridor. They now came to one last room which door was ajar. So far they had met no one in the building but when they saw the door open they knew the man they were wishing to see surely must be in there. Indeed for the bravest it is hard to face any savage landolinian spy who may suspect he is being shadowed without a sinking of the heart, but we know it is still more terrifying to face an unknown spy who you have never seen or had a picture of. So there was little wonder that the pulses of all the little girls beat fast and loud as they stood facing the door.

"I guess the deliverer of the message is asleep," said Gertrude Angeline. "I shall give a shot up into the air to arouse him."

"No please don't do it," answered Mildred Maxwell with her voice trembling a little. "I'm in a hurry, and I'm scared."

There was no need to fire the shot however and they had not long to wait either for the man who was in the room heard the sound of voices and trotting out of the room stood at attention before them. He was not exactly the kind of man they had expected to see. He was very tall and wore a hat that was square shaped and had an upper part whose top was flat. He wore no beard, had large eyes and gray pupil pupils and had a long mouth. His face was dark complexioned like that of a Mexican Indian and his features were not fierce or ferocious in expression but rather good humored and droll. He was absolutely a foreigner a true Mexican but who could speak the Abbinannian tongue well. Seeing his child like visitors the strange soldier folded his arms and took a good look at the girls, especially Violet and her sisters.

"Well, well," he exclaimed, "what a queerly disguised lot of pretty children you are. He. Trying to hide your beauty? Oh! He can't be done. At first I thought some of those miserable sneaking landolinian skunks had come to raid this place supposing it to be vacant, but I am greatly relieved to find you Abbinannian beauties instead. It is plain to me that you are a most remarkable group of children as remarkable in your features as the angels and saints in heaven—and so you are welcome to my hospitality, hospitality. Nice place here is it not put to day it is lonesome, dreadfully lonesome."

"Why did you join the army being of free foreign nationality?" asked Jennie Turner who was regarding the Mexican with much curiosity and suspicion.

"Because I had a desire for adventure and I like fighting. The enemy hate me because I kill all their spies which the rebel general sent to rob the Christian lines."

"Are you fond of shooting down spies?" inquired Gertrude Angeline.

"Not exactly. But rebel spies are very dangerous. And our generals do not like to see their places raided by spies and so they approve of it when I kill one. Of course I could not do that always."

"And why not?"

"So many of the spies are so clever that nothing can be done to cause their capture. Spies have tried to get me and finding they could not succeed in their attempts to destroy me they have been shadowed always. Unkind is it not? But nevertheless I keep my eyes open for them all the time."

"But what are you doing now in this building?" asked Violet.

"Nothing at all. I just came when I arrived and entered. I saw some one slip out of a window and disappear into the woods. Anyway since then I've been sleeping for a while while for I've been with a general on a scouting tour all night much longer than it seems to suit my taste. But duty is duty. So there being nothing to do here to day I thought I'd make up for the sleep I've lost last night." Then he added, "you little girls must be awfully hungry. I can get a good dinner ready for you in no time. Would you like to eat dinner with me?"

"I feel as if I would like a bit anyway," said Mildred. "Anything would be gratefully to my appetite."

While the dinner was being eaten all the girls were silent and cautiously watching every movement of the stranger. Then Violet thinking of the threatening letter again exposed it to the Mexican's view. The man reached for it and glanced over it in a twinkling.

"That's rather a good smacking warning," he declared without any evidence of surprise in his tone. "Any more enemies besides these?"

"We don't try to make any," said Violet. "But we have then just the same."

He glanced over it a second time and then went to a open window and looked out toward the woods. Then he came back again.

"That's mighty suspicious," he exclaimed. "Who sent this to you?"

"We received it from our escort," replied Joice.

The Mexican sat down in his chair and thought for a long time while the girls finished the dinner.

"That will do for us," said Violet at last. "I'm quite full. I hope I did not eat so much that I'll get indigestion."

"I do not think you will," said the Mexican. "It's better than what I eat at home."

"Well anyway I must say that we are all very much obliged and we are glad to have come and find out you are not one of our secret enemies. Is there anything you we can do in return for your hospitality to us?"

"Yes indeed" said the Mexican earnestly. "on beautiful daughters of his Majesty superior citizen have it positively in your gracious power to do me, a common Mexican officer a very great favor if it is in your will!"

"What is it?" asked Jennie Vivian. "Name the favor please and surely we will grant it if it is reasonable."

"I want you Vivian, Iris for your own personal safety to abandon the search for this map and leave it to me and the Gemini," said the Mexican but with some hesitation.

"At once our search for that map! What we say that the welfare of the country depends upon the finding of it, and everything else," exclaimed Violet.

"and we want it very much," said Catherine.

"The map is the sole safety of the nation if recovered," said Daisy uneasily.

"If we abandon the search for the map our friends won't think we are as brave as before," said Angelina.

"Yet the nation must retain you too," said the Mexican firmly. "I know more about these two spies you are trying to shadow than most any one who ever existed." and he told them all he knew about these two professional spies, and their work and how cautious, clever and watchful they were and that they both seemed to bear charmed lives. The brave children listened with great attention and when the Mexican had finished the recital Violet said with a sigh:

"We always always keep our word for being good we pride our selves on being square when favors are reasonable, so you may gain that favor of us for I think under such circumstances it would be selfish in us to refuse it. But we will do that on one condition."

"And what is that condition?" he asked.

"We want you to help us secure the man who has this threatening note in his possession. He may be hidden in this house somewhere."

"I certainly will and with great pleasure," he answered.

"Thank you sir, thank you sir very much," cried Violet joyfully. "May you wish to help us now?"

"Any time you like," answered the Mexican. Violet got up, went to the door and taking hold of the door knob tried to open the door. She failed, she strained and pulled with all her might but the door resolutely remained firmly closed.

"What's the trouble?" asked the Mexican who had noticed her useless efforts with evident surprise.

"I can't open the door," said Violet panting.

The Mexican laughed.

"I was afraid of that," he declared. "I looked you in, or rather the door looks itself. You will have to turn the door knob twice toward the right and pull harder."

"I'll try it," exclaimed Gertrude coming to Violet's side. "You pull the knob and I'll pull you and together we ought to open it easily."

"Wait a jiffy," called her sisters and then they formed a line and hugged each other tightly so that they could all pull together.

"All ready now go ahead," Joice said. "We'll all pull together."

Violet grasped the door knob with both hands and after turning thrice to the right pulled with all her might. While Gertrude seized her around her waist and the others added their strength to hers, but the door would not budge. Instead Violet's hands slipped from the door knob and she and all the rest rolled upon the floor in a scrambling heap and never stopped until they crashed against the wall.

"I give it up," said Violet as she arose and assisted the others to their feet. "A dozen strong men could not pull open that door. I believe it is nailed fast."

The Mexican after laughing for a few minutes went to the door and then said:

"You are surely prisoners alright. We have been double crossed while we were eating our dun dinner. The door had been locked or nailed from the outside."

"Then what shall we do?" asked the girls in a despairing tone. "If we get outwitted like this so often and a fail to recover the map the other exploits we wish to accomplish accomplish will be a loss on no use at all and we cannot save our armies from a terrible disaster."

"He makes a guess I guess," said Jennie Murmer.

"Never mind," added Gertrude. "I can't see that old 'Mutt and Jeff' can use the map themselves. Their efforts are not worth the trouble any how."

But Violet and her sisters did not feel that way. Violet was so disheartened that she sat down on a chair and began to cry. The Mexican looked at Violet and her sisters thoughtfully.

"Why don't you shoot upon the air and summon aid?" he asked. "I can break the door down but I don't like to do it unless I have to. Then when the soldiers come they can surely find a way to open it." sure.

Violet and the rest were overjoyed at this good suggestion.

"That's it!" Violet cried wiping away the tears and springing to her feet with a smile. "A couple of shots will bring help."

"But if the bullets hit the ceiling they will rebound and lodge into one of us," protested Mildred.

"It can't matter in the least. It'll only bring plaster down," said Angelina Aronburg. The shots were repeatedly fired but no one came up not until they each had kept up a perfect fusillade. Then a man shouted from below the window thirty feet above the ground.

"Who's there please. We can't get in. Every door is locked. All our generals and other officers are locked out, and ten thousand men are poisoned and many dying just after meals. What in the world does this mean?"

"We are locked in the general dining room," said Jennie Murmer looking down being surprised in hearing the strange news.

But the soldier not knowing who she was gave a little laugh and inquired in a scornful way:

"How do you intend to get out if we can't get in without breaking in or dynamiting the building. Not one of us have ladders. Someone of us are going to batter in the entrance. Everything is locked, and many regiments as I said are dying from poisoned food."

"It can't matter in the least," agreed Jennie Murmer. "If you can't get in we'll have to break out."

"One on then," said Joice picking up a chair, "let's break down the door. If that fails we can think of other things to do."

"How do you expect to break down an iron door with a chair?" said Angelina Aronburg laughing. That puzzled them all for a time. They now heard inside the building but below them the excited cries of men, a heavy banging and thumping sound, and something screaming to the floor.

"Let's go to the door and listen," suggested Gertrude Angelina. So they walked up to the door and then there was the loud tramp of feet and some of the men stopped by the door and a voice cried excitedly:

"How in the world did you get so locked in here. We had to break down every door in the building and hallways to get here."

"Someone must have gone in to escape capture," answered the girls. "We are the daughters of Emperor Vivian and have been shadowing a spy who stole a map from us. Please break down the door so we can get out."

"I cannot do that," said the voice outside. "It's a heavy steel door and the only means of opening it is by blanketing. But the force of the explosion would cause such havoc that it would kill every one in the room."

"If you can secure a ladder from somewhere we can climb down from the window," answered Violet. "We can also jump that high if you could secure a net. We had thought of climbing down from the roof but there seems no way to be able to do that at all."

There was silence outside for a moment as if those outside were trying to think what they should do.

"Can you break the lock?" the voice asked.

"No," answered Violet for we have no such tools. How can we pry away the ketch as we have nothing to do it with."

"Who ever looked at these confounded doors were not such numbskulls after all," some one remarked the sound of his footstep approaching the door. "And just think, ten thousand soldiers poisoned and many hot boys and girls counts also. How can that be?"

"You have not seen or heard the whole of it, or so you would not say that," declared some one else. "Every officer in this building has been robbed, and a threatening letter left behind for each."

"Robbed?"

"Yes, cleaned out, I also. This locking up business was done by some two professional spies or half a dozen of them."

Suddenly as he ceased speaking there was a strange loud growling noise whose sound echoed like rolling thundering cannons all through the valleys and woodlands which caused the girls to tremble with excitement, and Mildred to cover her head with her neck clothes. To them it appeared there was nothing in the world so terrible to hear than this sound. It lasted fully a minute and then suddenly ceased as suddenly as it came.

"I wonder what that awful growling sound was just then?" asked Violet in a most apprehensive tone.

"I do not know," answered Joice. "It is some kind of a danger signal and I'm sure it was anything else but an explosion. It was indeed the most fearful ear-splitting and soul shuddering sound that I ever heard in my life. I felt scared for a moment as I almost fancied a volcano was breaking into explosive eruption right under our feet. It sounded that way and yet theirs was so no earthquake."

"I saw flashes of fire and clouds of smoke along the horizon," admitted the Mexican.

"Real fire?" did you say?" asked Angelina.

"Of course it was real fire. Do you suppose it was flashes of imitation fire?" inquired the Mexican in an injured tone.

"I've just solved the riddle. 'Tis an Alamo, riches dancing with gloom." There is a way to get up to the roof for there's a ledge along the wall from the window and under the eaves and if we can make our way along it we'll be free. Then we can reach the roof easily enough find the sky light and go down it into the hall below."

"Ah I have never thought of that plan or we would have been free long ago," said the Mexican. "But I cannot dare risk such a trip unless we had supports to hold onto."

"Some of the girls looked at the ledge.

"Can't you think of something easier to do please?" asked Hettie of

Angeline, riches.

"I'll try it myself first," she answered. "Just watch me."

"Will you dare to make that dangerous attempt?" inquired Catherine.

"I'll dare anything," said Angeline, riches. "And I don't ask you to go anywhere where I would not go myself."

"What do you mean?" asked Hettie and Angeline, riches together.

"I don't know but I'll make the attempt," she replied. She then lowered herself out of the window and was in a moment standing on the ledge below with her head a few inches above the first window sash. Violet then called out:

"Don't do it. You'll fall. And it's thirty feet to the ground."

But she paid no attention and started slowly along the edge until she reached the fire escape. Then up she went, the girls watching in breathless silence. Seeing her on the roof they all cried "BRAVADO" together and that gave her more courage.

Meanwhile the soldiers had tried desperately to force open the iron door but all their fierce efforts were unavailing and during this time the girls had already worked their way along the ledge and were now on the roof.

"Ah we are all got here safe and sound," said the Mexican. "It was a happy thought for us to make the trip, one by one, for it made me feel sure of escaping. Fine work was it not?"

"Rather risky though," replied Mildred with a shudder. Violet broke the glass of the sky light and then seeing soldiers below doggedly the falling glass shouted to them to bring a step ladder.

"We are all out," they said. "No need to break the door down now for we came up here from along the ledge."

The soldiers looking up were greatly surprised when they saw they had escaped.

"So a step ladder it will be," declared a captain chucking gleefully. "When those spies learn of this they will be scared for they expected to be a long way from here before you were out."

"That reminds me," said Violet as the ladder was being placed "that you soldiers must promise not to mention this incident to anyone," while we are in this part of the camp."

"Not even in general Hannon's?"

"O sir, you would unintentionally get us into trouble with more spies and just now we cannot afford to have any more trouble than is necessary. We will reward you as much as we can and that must satisfy you."

"All right we promise and pledge it under penalty," said the officer cheerfully. "And when we promise anything you can depend on it because we are always square on the promise."

They had now all descended to the floor below and went along with the soldiers. All the soldiers were all right they had observed one man who they felt they could not trust but as just now not knowing him they did not want to say anything.

Besides just now he could not do anything if he wanted to.

"I do not like the man who had just gazed at us," said Hettie as she watched him go into a side door hastily.

"No he looks like one who is liable to do anything," asserted Catherine. "Don't don't blame me if I also regard him with suspicion. Many of these strangers are wolves in sheep's clothing."

The others did not speak but they had uneasy misgivings that they really were being shadowed. As they reached the stairs leading to the floor below they saw a man dart from a hiding place, regard them for a moment and then disappear.

THE ADVENTURERS UNDER FIRE.

ABOUT TWO HOURS after this experience, the party of child adventurers were well on their way toward general Hannon's headquarters and had left the building they had been locked in far behind. They had traveled until about two o'clock in the afternoon always being talked to about the number of men having been poisoned by food and child scouts also, and being weary and excited over the news had topped for a short rest when Angeline, riches who had gone on ahead to do a little scouting of her own came running back to announce to them that the Big Girl Knool road was just a little way before them. They all at once hurried forward to start on this great road which was said to be so famous in the history of their country. The road was about one hundred feet across but surely it was not a straight one at all. (hire a ball) for it was stretched over a hill and dale, and the ones who may have constructed it had picked out the hardest places to go. It was evident that all its length and enormous width was paved with large bricks made probably of bright yellow sandstone and it was smooth and level at every point.

"I am wondering just now," said Mildred looking carefully up and down the big road "which way shall we go to general Hannon's headquarters at least?"

"Ask for it and it'll come over to you," suggested Jennie Turner.

"And what direction do you think general Hannon's headquarters is?" asked Violet.

"He a Hannon's headquarters is," she replied.

Violet and her sisters laughed.

"You misunderstand me," she said. "We have to go onward. I know this big road well and so do my sisters for we have made many trips over it."

"Have you ever been to the big city of Big Girl Knool?" asked Jennie Turner.

"No have you?"

"No I'm very shy by nature as you may always have noticed and have never mingled with people anywhere. I'd rather remain out here in the country when the war comes to an end."

"There is said to be a big war now there. Are you afraid of the Glandolins?"

Joice inquired.

"Well, when I'm so handy with the pistols, I should say not. I'm not afraid of anything, not even the fiends," declared the girl decidedly.

"I wish I could say the same," sighed Mildred. "But I don't think we need to be afraid when we reach general Hannon's headquarters for there his place is in the heart of the camp where spies and vandals do not dare show themselves. The general though stern is said to be very kind and does everything possible to help every one who is in trouble. But they say there are many great dangers lurking on the road outside the Christian lines and so if we go on out we must be careful, very careful."

"I hope nothing will happen to us again," said Jennie Turner in a nervous voice as she fancied by the strange movements of bushes that some one was following the party. "I don't like to be delayed you know. If anything should fade the lovely patches of my disguise it would spoil everything on us."

"You are right," admitted the two disguised Indian girls.

"I'm sure you two could not make yourselves look funnier if you tried," the Mexican said.

"One day you'll find out," said Catherine. "Do you think our disguises are all very fast and of brilliant colors Jennie?" she asked of Jennie Turner in an anxious tone.

"They seem very fast when you run," she replied and then looking ahead of her she exclaimed: "Oh what lovely colored clouds of smoke over there!"

They all gazed in the direction she indicated and indeed observed rising far above the horizon clouds of all colors. They were very beautiful to look at and the travelers hurried to the top of a high rise of ground to observe them more closely.

"Why they are not clouds of vapor at all," said Hettie. "They are just monstrous rolling billows of varied mixed smoke clouds."

Indeed that was what the clouds really were, enormous masses of great rolling bulging smoke which rose from the horizon in different and separate columns far into the sky for perhaps a thousand or more feet until above they spread together into a magnificent differently colored wreath and as thick as the long stretch of a far distant thunder cloud. The rising clouds of colored smoke ascended in a long row along the horizon and elsewhere but in scattered columns rose a dozen

or more clouds of most dense black smoke which rolled upward to a greater height as no wind was blowing, but the most curious thing about the other smoke was their peculiar way of changing color. Some of the clouds were dense blue but here and there at times other colors glistened through the blue, gorgeous yellow, turning to pink, purple, orange orange, and sometimes suffused with more sober brown and grays each appearing as other clouds mingled into the one and then gradually disappearing to be just as slowly replaced by some other color of a different shade.

The changeful coloring of these clouds of smoke was very beautiful and fantastic and fascinating, but it was strangely mysterious, and bewildering as well as the novelty of the magnificent scene drew our travelers closer together in awe where they stood watching it with rapt and excited interest, wondering what was causing them and the nature of their course.

So interested were they in this strange and fascinating scene that they continued watching it until it grew dark. Suddenly there was a strange sound behind them and Joice felt something touch her. Swiftly that momenting whatever it was enveloped her in its strong embrace and drew her back out of sight.

"My good Joice is gone sister," gasped Violet in amazement and she and the rest listened carefully believing they could hear the muffled screams and protests coming from the direction she had gone. But before they could think what to do to save her from the unseen foe something was seen to dart out from a dark mass of bushes and seize hold of Jennie and then she was gone.

"Look out every one!" cried Violet drawing her pistol. "Run away from here every body. Run quick or we'll all be lost."

Jennie Turner and the others turned and saw timid Mildred running swiftly up the road and screaming at the same time. But some dark form sprang out of the shadows and seized her even as she ran and both instantly disappeared from sight. The others including the Mac Mexican had no chance to escape. More than half a dozen of the strange dark forms were coming upon them from all directions and despite their attempts to open fire the shadowy forms clutched each at one in a firm embrace. In a flash they were among the dark bushes and a quick disarm. Then in another flash (what kind of flash?) they were hastily lifted onto the backs of horses, men in seemingly black uniforms and hoods mounted the horses and off they dashed at a full gallop.

They all struggled desperately to escape crying out in rage.

"Let us go. Let us go. What right have you to kidnap us in this fashion? Let us go."

But neither struggles or protests had any effect whatever. The soldiers in dark uniforms who ever they were only held them more firmly and said nothing at all and only urged their horses on full speed. Then the girls quieted themselves and they all began to think, especially Violet. Despair fell upon her when she realized her sisters and the little party of girls with them had been captured, even as she was and evidently there was none of the Angelinian soldiers about to save them.

"I should have expected this," she sobbed miserably. "I'm abused within the very Christian lines. I'll bet it is the work of those two professional spies. If our captors take us within the army's lines something dreadful is sure to happen to us."

She could now see her capture when they were more out in the open and saw that his uniform was too dark to be that of a Gladiolusian soldier. He had what appeared to be a black bandage around his hat and he held her so firmly that she found it very difficult to squirm in his embrace or even move her arms and legs in order to change their position. The minutes passed and on they galloped. Violet wondered how long it would take for her captor to reach the foe lines at such a gallop and if the foe would destroy them for sure this time.

Though she had had many trying times with the Violet at first had believed that the Gladiolusians would not really dare to harm her or her sisters for fear of Abbieanna's dreadful vengeance upon them. But they now knew different and her greatest fear just now was that she and her sisters if not destroyed would always remain imprisoned among the Gladiolusians, and never see the joy of freedom again. No sound came to her except the galloping of the horses. All otherwise was intense stillness. Violet wondered if Mildred had stopped her screaming or if her captors prevented her from doing so.

After a while the column slowed down by a huge roaring camp fire and one of the soldiers whistled. To the surprise of the prison prisoners the swarm of soldiers who appeared wore purple uniforms. What were they? They wondered. Yes surely they must be Abbieannians or Angelinians, she decided for there were too many to be rebel soldiers in disguise. Also far off she could hear the strains of some pretty Angelinian melody played by some kind of Spanish instrument that all Angelinians have. The sounds were sweet and low and though they reached her ears very faintly they were clear, distinct and harmonious. Sometimes the sound was nearer, and appeared to be just south of the pig girl knool road. In a few moments captors, and captives had dismounted some of the soldiers around the fire quickly scrambling to their feet.

Then the prisoners saw that a strangely uniformed officer was standing before them a man wearing a uniform so curious in appearance that they stared at him with round eyes. He was a big tall man in full Spanish dress of clothing with heavy shakers shaggy eye brows, heavy long bobbed hair, but totally brown eyes that were as brave as that of a lion. On his head was a tall velvet purple hat with a jeweled band. His coat appeared to be decorated with diamond buttons. The velvet breeches had jeweled buckles at their knees and decorations all around the hightens.

On his breast hung a medallion bearing the picture of the Vivian girl. Princesses and in his hand as he stood looking intently at the fair prisoners was one was an officers cane.

"Oh," they exclaimed greatly astonished at the sight of this stranger and then Violet added, "Why are we prisoners sir?"

"Can't you understand it is my order?" replied the man with a polite bow and tons of the hat trailing at the same time. "I'm general Bularibula and you disguised girl scouts are arrested on the charge of impersonating as Emperor Vivian's daughters. You can see we captured you nice and easy."

"Then I can see that," said the girl nodding. "Was it you who ordered us to be made prisoners in this fashion?"

"One other you may be sure. But take care and don't let me hold or I shall have to use harsh measures. You'll face the Vivian girls the morning to-morrow morning for they alone are going to judge you and God help you when they do. The penalty for posing as the daughters of Emperor Vivian is death no matter what the age."

At this Violet gave a jump and her sisters realizing they were prisoners by mistake fought hard and desperately to suppress their desire to laugh, for now they wished to see the joke run through.

At the order of the general their captors led them up the road past the great camp fire and not until they were in the general's well lighted tent did the soldiers leave them alone with the officer.

"You see this is my duty to perform," he said gravely. "Impersonating the Vivian girls is considered a very grave offense by them and the Emperor especially for spying work against us, and how they will judge you I cannot say. Better pray to God asking him to touch their hearts so they'll be kinder with you and only hold you for exchange and not have you shot as felonious spies. Yet you see they are as good as they are cheating and probably if you will try to behave and answer their questions nicely they may let you off with only a light sentence seeing you were caught only at the first offense. But just the same it does not matter to me what they do—maybe a good view of them will soften your hearts so that you will repent and if their goodness does not move you nothing will. I always respect most rebel girl and boy scouts but those that impersonate the Vivian girls for spying purposes upon our camps are an exception and a treacherous lot at that. To day as I returned I saw you leave my headquarters disguised just as you are now with all my valuables in your possession and know what you were. I suspect you believed I thought you were they, for being princesses they have rights to anything anything as all is theirs on how, but you couldn't fool me. I had all parts of my lines and others watched and here you are with disguised companions. Klucky for my country I captured you all in a bunch as it were, here's the things you stole. They belong to the Vivian girls. If you wish them to be marvellous you will reveal who poisoned the regiments of men and also women, and also reveal where you put those important papers. If you will refuse to confess you will face serious punishment. They are good little girls but they are terrible to deal with if they are your enemies and I'm telling you the truth for your own good. If you were I'd have shot you down right here wheel!"

"You are very kind for your advice," said Joice. "and we thank you. Will you prove to us that we are not the daughters of Emperor Vivian?"

"Certainly. By what evidence?" asked the general.

"By giving us a chance to be investigated immediately," said Violet.

"These are our girl companions and the man with us is a Mexican," declared Hettie.

"A what?"

"A man from Meci Mexicoanna. You know he is as true as steel though we don't know his name. And here's Jennie Turner."

"Jennie Francis Turner?" asked the general.

"Yes."

"And who is the other?"

"She is Angelina Alice."

"And is the other one Gertrude Angelina?" he asked looking from one to another in a most embarrassed manner for now he felt sure he made a mistake somehow.

"Yes," said Violet. "and here is Mildred Maxwell."

"What Mildred Maxwell you say?" inquired the general.

"Yes."

"Why I can't understand this at all," said the general..... greatly perplexed. "This is a most queer situation indeed, but I'll have you given the once over by some of Penrod's boy scouts and if they say you are telling the truth then the joke is on us and the papers are gone."

"What papers are gone?" asked Juana. "The letters to Emperor Vivian." "???"

"You will know just what it is after you are identified," answered the general. The general gave an order and soon some boy scouts were ushered into the tent.

"Are those the boys you say stole the papers?" the general asked.

The boys stepped forward and gave them one good look and then suddenly stepped back and out. One of the boys then walked up to the general and pointing to the girls said:

"My dear general, you are a wonder. I must introduce you to Emperor Vivian's daughters, Jennie Turner is with them, and also are Angelina Archburg, Angeline Nichols and Mildred Maxwell. The two soldiers who are in foreign I do not know."

For a moment this did not convince the general and he ordered them to have their disguises removed which they did right willingly. The general had to be careful and every one knew it for if he was fooled the right Vivian girls could surely hold him responsible. After this was done the general saw they really were, and realizing the mistake was for a moment furrowed and alarmed but one of the boys said:

"The thieves are really captured sir." Penrod and the "Rattlesnake" saw seven boys scampering down the company street as if in a great hurry. They resembled the Vivian girls a good deal to him especially like they do when disguised but Penrod did not like their hasty and rapid flight and he was therefore ordered by Penrod to capture them and after a lively chase we succeeded. One of them however tried to jab the "Rattlesnake" with a long knife but was captured after a hard fight. Only one of them escaped beyond our reach but some of the soldiers seeing him run so fast were sure suspicious and captured him after a chase down the field. They are now facing general Hanson sir and he doubt will be brought to face violet and her sisters tomorrow."

Soon the entire party of brave girls were gathered around general Gladerlinia quite beyond themselves with surprise over this strange and almost comical adventure. General Gladerlinia stared a first at one of the girls, and then at the others and seemed greatly interested in them as well as being greatly pleased.

"Indeed, since the war started I've seen persons in the cleverest disguises," the general said, "but never in my life, have I ever seen any one in such queer disguises as two of you adventurers are wearing. Let us sit down awhile in this tent and have a good hearty talk."

"Haven't you always been in command of one of general Hanson's Vivian divisions?" asked Gertrude Angeline.

"No indeed. I used to command an army of my own, but for the country's sake I came here to make a junction with general Hanson's Vivians, and Emperor Vivian begged me to remain."

"How do you like general Hanson?" asked Jennie Turner. "They say he is very stern but isn't his army and the gallantry of his men and officers grand?"

"It's one of the finest armies in the world even if it is not made up all of fierce Abbeennians, and I'm happy every minute I'm in command here," said the general. "But tell me something about your selves and why you are in such queer disguises?"

So violet herself related the story of the map she and her sisters had made, its importance to them and how they saw the strange face at the window, and how they had their suspicions, and then of the loss of the real map and of their suspicions of the one who took it and of their fear that it got into possession of general Kormann. Then she told how they had first set out toward general Kormann's lines in their effort to cut off the spies and of the big river barring their way. "We found out however that the two spies are concealed in general Hanson's lines and we decided to shadow them and expose them at the first opportunity but we could not trace them and we found they were either shadowing us or having us shadowed instead. So we decided to take this Mexican advice and ask general Hanson to give us redress for our loss to avert the disaster that is threatening. So we brought the Mexican along."

"I see," returned the general who had listened with great alarm to the story. "I also wondered why so many soldiers are being positioned in our area since three days ago. But perhaps I can notify general Barger the great genius for I'm sure he can locate the spies and apprehend them for you."

"Try it if you like," said violet wondering exceedingly about the position rumors they have heard and why so many were dying from the effects of ground glass in the food thousands of soldiers had eaten according to excited reports.....

So general Gladerlinia sent a call by wireless for the supreme spy but received answer that general Barger was on a long distant scouting tour and would not return until morning.... General Gladerlinia then left the telegraph table and as I said;

"He's out scouting this afternoon but he will return tomorrow. If you can keep the spies shadowed until you know exactly who they really are you can notify general Hanson who will find a way to capture them. But watch the other things that the spies seized."

"One of the things," said violet was a package of letters with queer wording on the envelopes instead of names and addresses."

"We surely must notify general Barger of this for he ought to be able to find the two spies and also who the ones are who are so secretly and cleverly poisoning so many of our soldiers and boy and girl scouts," said the general. "There is a law against allowing strangers out of the lines without a permit from Emperor Vivian so I think I can get general Hanson to grill the whole case. We'll get the spies if we can."

"Thank you," replied violet while her sisters nodded. "but the thing is to capture the spies."

"For that you must leave it up to the members of the Gemini," the general declared. "I've never heard of any rebel spies escaping from them, and their leader is a general Barger a good friend of general Hanson's."

"Oh I know I have often frequently heard of him," exclaimed Gertrude Angeline. "He is certainly a most wonderful man."

"So he is indeed, and his followers are as wonderful as he himself. And I'm sure general Barger will do all in his power to help you recover your map or at least prevent it from entering the enemy's lines."

"I'd a doubt if the map can be found now," said violet. "We lost it two nights ago and cannot tell whether the professional spies were guilty of taking it or not."

"Indeed? Well then that makes it more difficult," said general Gladerlinia scratching his head in a puzzled way. "but I never give up hope under any conditions do you?"

"No indeed," said the girls together.

"So you know in which part of general Hanson's lines the two spies may be found?" the general inquired.

"I can't imagine," said violet. "they are too wise to stay long in one place."

"Then we must ask general Penligan to have them looked up. He is investigating the poison mystery already."

"General Penligan? But surely he is in general Vivian's camp."

"Most people don't I must admit," answered the general. "Understand the mysterious operation of wireless telegraph. But we have many telegraph operators who are very intelligent. General Penligan is believed to possess the best ability in all general Vivian's army."

"Better than mine?" asked Jennie Turner.

"Better than mine?" echoed Angeline Nichols. "We should all have better brains or nothing can be accomplished at all."

"Well we can't say much about the brains of everybody but we all can do a lot of clever thinking if we try," asserted the general. "If any one can cause the spies to be located it is general Penligan."

"At what section of general Vivian's lines can he be located?" inquired Gertrude Angeline.

"He has a splendid headquarters headquarters in the center of general Vivian's camp near the residence of general Vivian and he is often to be found in the most important conferences at general Vivian's headquarters."

"Then we will ask him to locate the spies if they are still in the camp," said Gertrude Angeline.

"But what are the spies like?" asked the general.

They gave him an accurate description of them, and having several pictures of the spies with them, gave them to the general.

"I don't think there isn't a speck of a chance of capturing them two spies alive," said the general.

"That is just what I thought," replied Gertrude "but our cause is at stake is if that map is not recovered, or destroyed, and therefore we will not give up until we find the spies or frustrate their purpose. If general Kormann has it I'll enter his lines and recover it if I have to shoot him dead to do it."

"I surely wish you good luck," said general Gladerlinia shaking his head doubtfully. "but I don't believe you can accomplish that without a difficult and most dangerous job. Getting a plan or a map or anything from that scandalous rascal general Kormann is like committing suicide. And he is so watchful."

"There's a tiger's nature in his officers and men too," said the Mexican.

"I don't doubt it," said the girls together.

"But you are brave enough to do anything," returned the general admiringly. "You are regular dare devils and have more dignity than you care to admit."

"I cannot bear any one who is without dignity," cried Angeline, picking kicking her old hat up to the ceiling and catching it as it fell. "Half the fools, and all the wicked and cowardly people are willing to die, and the glandelinians are neither the one or the other."

The glandelinians are all just army," explained Gertrude Angeline. General glandelinia laughed.

"They're dreadfully like floods in their way," he said. "yet I'm sure you girls are pleased with your adventures and every soldier will die on all of you. Did you say you were traveling toward general Hanson's headquarters?"

"Yes," replied the little girls. "we thought that the best place to go first because general Hanson will do anything for us, and we can always depend on him."

"If you permit I will escort you on horseback," said the general, "and show you the way. It is so dark out now."

"Thank you they all exclaimed. "I hope it won't get you too much trouble!" "Now I'd be glad to do anything for you heroines," said the general, "as everything is quiet just now and I haven't anything particularly to do, so I can do this for you. I've been a soldier since I was eighteen years old, and although

general glandelinia has given me two grand medals to reward myself I still get the desire to make a junction with the main army once in a while and fight with them against the foe. I've been away from Concentinlan army for four weeks this time and now that I've come again met the seven Abbotinlan Princesses, and their best friends, I'm sure it will be like a visit to heaven to for me to accompany you to the headquarters of the great general and bring the report of your loss to him."

"Indeed that will be very kind of you," said the girls gratefully.

"I hope we do not meet with enemies in the dark," observed Mildred. "There is some danger and some chances that there are not," the general answered. "But if you are scared little girl you a better remain behind. I never fear any foes even if they are true glandelinians in disguise. They may be lurking in ambush any time they like for all of me and we'd get safely through but the same."

"There is surely some chance in that," said Violet nodding her head in approval. "Come on let's get to general Hanson as quick as possible."

With this she ran and danced up the hill and also skipping and then turned to wait them.

"It's quite a long distance from here to general Hanson's headquarters," remarked the general, "so we shall not get there to night a not until tomorrow afternoon. Therefore we shall have eaten at its nearly noon time for the evening. Then we'll take the jaunt in an easy manner, you girls riding in a night carriage so you can get some sleep. As you know I'm an old traveler and from many experiences have found out that no one ever gains anything by being in a hurry. Always take it as easy as possible." In his motto. If you find you cannot take it easy take your time or quit goin altogether."

Supper was soon over and half an hour later they were on their way, the girls riding in a covered wagon so they could obtain some sleep during the long trip. After riding some distance over or down the big girl Knool Road Mildred said she was still feeling hungry and wished to eat some bread and cheese. so offered a portion to violet and her sisters who told her they did not desire any now but wished to get a little sleep. In the meantime the general and the Mexican conversed in the low tones as they rode alongside the covered wagon.

"When I first entered the christian lines," he said, "I carried along enough evidence to bring me through anywhere during my travels from one camp to another and obtain passes to last me weeks and sometimes months. Think I'll show you something important now as long as we are riding slowly and we have a bright moonlight."

Saying this he took a package from his pocket and as he opened it out it appeared to be about the size of a printed letter page.

"That," announced the Mexican, "is a map of the enemy's lines in perfect form an invention I learned from a boy scout whose name I learned is Penrod. It contains the city of Mac-Banner where Manley has his headquarters, also the stream of Zoe Gullen gun, the big fair grounds belonging to George gain, the rebel batteries near the seven pines, besides the big rebel positions all put on this small little map so it could be conveniently carried until I could hand it over to general Hanson."

"I'm square with you," said the general excitedly. "let me see it please!" So the Mexican gave the map to the general who stopped his horse for a moment and glanced over it in a twinkling.

"It is a six course map," declared the Mexican.

"Pshaw," said the general warningly. "This shows you are a spy or trying to be one. I want to tell you something for your own good. You are a forger and if the enemy know this the rebels will leave no stone unturned in their efforts to hound you down. I appreciate this but there is no fun in doing this sort of thing. You are playing with fire and gas together."

"One should do his duty for a holy cause to sustain it no matter what he happens," replied the Mexican, "and that map is equal to thousands of a million lives for general Hanson."

"I don't care what you say. You took a very serious risk and I don't approve of it at all," grumbled the general.

"I believe you are wrong about that, quite wrong my poor Angeline's friend," said the Mexican in a voice that sounded full of pity. "think how many dangerous adventures the vivian girls have gone through and yet how and why they are still with us yet."

"Adventures is not tireless for them it's just fun," maintained the general. "I always go out on scouting tours and always observe movements of the enemy. Give me time enough and I'll prove to you how dangerous and exciting a tour is while near the enemy's lines."

"No, no you can't prove nothing to me," protested the Mexican. "I've had experiences since the war began and now."

"Maybe," answered the general, "but I guess you will feel yourself on one of your spying exploits. I may not be too sure about those spying exploits or about this map you have but I consider this spying business beyond the safety of strangers to our nation. I like to realize myself what is going on inside the enemy's lines but I'll enter first before I'll send any one of my men into the same danger when they are not professional spies."

The Mexican however was not convinced and the general shook his head reproachfully and said there were no foreigners so terribly obstinate or hard to convince as a Mexican. At this moment the pattering of footsteps was heard behind them and glancing in that direction they saw a short whiskered man the same who wished to join the company of the vivian girls standing before them. He seemed to have passed through very rough but short adventures since violet and her sisters and their girl companions lost and his hat was ruined his uniform torn and his face and hands scratched in a way that made it a poor one if he had been attacked by some kind of wild beast and just escaped with his life.

"For goodness sake," exclaimed general glandelinia startle. "then he rode up to the man and said, 'what in the name of jumping grackles has happened to you? Been through a cyclone?'"

"No sir," replied the man in a sad and depressed voice. "I've entered general gormann's insurgent lines and sneaked barely with my life. I've had enough musketry fired at me since I broke through the rebel picket lines to have killed a thousand men. And I've had enough rocks thrown at me to attack a stone quarry and furnish bricks for half a dozen houses. I'm wounded in the leg, and---and---and---"

He reeled and would have fallen but the Mexican had leaped from his horse, and therefore was on the ground to have the chance to catch him on time.

"Are you so badly wounded that you cannot walk any further?" asked the Mexican giving him a good draught of brandy.

"I've been shot twice in the left leg but I believe I am able to walk long enough to reach general Hanson. Just now I have in my possession a very peculiar map that is really superb for it's crazy quilt like coloring. I killed the general and a rebel soldier who had it in his possession. The soldier relieved it from a spy so the map must belong to you," he added more cheerfully.

"It's too bad you are wounded," remarked the general as he dismounted. "We have no objection to your riding with us but concerning the wounds they must be taken care of immediately."

"I tried to gain the confidence of the vivian girls early to day but they would not trust me because I looked like one of those spies they have a picture of so why should I give the map up to them?" demanded the wounded man in a tone of indignant protest.

The general and the Mexican looked at one another inquiringly but neither one could answer such a question. Finally the general said:

"I'd like to see that map you secured from the enemy's lines."

The wounded man sighed. "I have risked my life and lost all I possess to regain it sir," he said as the Mexican was dressing the wounds.

"I know but your accomplishing this will make the vivian girls appreciate you much more. Tell me my son how you came to know of this map being stolen from the vivian girls which you say this is, and how you secured it."

"It's a very long story sir. I secured it so quickly that it was a marvel. The glandelinians have gone wild over it though for in my excitement during my effort to escape I killed general gormann and fifteen other officers."

"And so that made the rebels wild then it is a dangerous situation you are in," said the general. "You'll have to be placed under strong protection for the glandelinians will do anything to be avenged."

"None of my armors can enter the christian lines" explained the man as the Mexican placed him carefully on his own horse, later the soldiers have driven the pursuers off. Don't you hear the firing?"

They listened carefully and surely did hear the sound of many shots far off.

"This exploit of yours will prove a precious treat to you and the vivian girls I know" said the general as they now started forward again and going a little fast to catch up with the covered wagon which left them far behind. "The recovery of the map will make Violet and her sisters happy. They will trust you now for sure." They rode on kind of swiftly until they came in sight of the covered wagon. Then the party continued on for another mile.

"Here, who comes there?" suddenly cried some one out of the darkness, and a large number of soldiers suddenly made their appearance with leveled muskets. "Give the password."

"I'm general Gladorlinia according to the vivian girls to general Hanson's headquarters" answered the general.

There was a loud laugh from the soldiers a score of whom surrounded the general and the covered wagon.

"That's the latest popular lie and a good one at that," declared one of them. "If you are general Gladorlinia then I am emperor Vivian and these are the generals of the main army with me. I want from that horse the throes of you officers and prove it. See who is in that wagon men and if they resist drag them out or give them the bayonet."

"What do you mean by such impudence?" demanded the general. "I'm general Gladorlinia. I'll let you know and the password is Abbieanna over."

"General Gladorlinia?"

"Yes. The vivian girls, and their girl friends are in that wagon. That therefore makes a popular truth I'm telling you and welcome to reach general Hanson's vivian lines or headquarters by tomorrow."

"That time will come to you all right but as prisoners" said the soldier sternly. General Gladorlinia passed here half an hour ago with a short man who said his name was general Benigan. He proved it by some papers he showed to us. He also told us to keep our eyes open for spies riding on horseback and in a covered wagon. So this is as far as you'll go until we see who is in that covered wagon. I'm something of a disguise reader myself and I don't intend to be bamboozled or hoodwinked and flabbergasted by any of you gosh darn rebel spies. I shall break the wagon to pieces Mr make believe general, and as a matter of kindness to my country take you all prisoners and scatter your kind far and fine wide. Having performed this painful duty I shall--"

At this moment there came a cry from the soldiers looking into the wagon. All of the picket men had been looking into the wagon in a moment more and saw no one in there but the vivian girl and their girl companions. At this there were excited words from all of them and after apologizing to the general they scattered moved off from the road and disappeared from view while they heard one of them said any:

"Telegraph to general Hanson at once that two spies are in our lines. Come down road half an hour ago. Go quick for God's sake. We pickets have been doubled crossed."

The general now urged his horse on again and seemed well pleased. Probably by and by some one else will save us the trouble of doing away with those two spies" said he to himself for "for it is not reasonable that such spies can remain at large within the christian lines very long. When the vivian girls try to get some rest some thing happens to disturb them. If this happens again we will not continue our journey till tomorrow. That's a cinch." During the hours before midnight the travelers found themselves in thicker parts of the encampments. Even many big campfires were still smoldering and the camps began to resemble a vast city tent city included with rows upon rows of huge barracks buildings. The Big Girl Knool road running through this part of the camp seemed to have been repaved with fresh yellow bricks and was more easy and even to ride on. Scrubby underbrush grew on either side of the way the camp was well shaded in the day time by countless big and small trees while huge rocks were fencd up on each side of the road with openings in the walls here and there. All this scenery however did not stop the general, the drivers of the covered wagon and the escort from continuing on and the general and the Mexican to keep themselves awake beguiled the journey with jokes and cheerful conversation as well as songs. Toward midnight they reached a large army canteen and near this canteen was a large sprouting crystal spring, and beside it a very large private looking tent. The general halted here and said:

"We may as well fill our canteens here for here is good water to drink. One guard said the road beyond here is more strictly guarded and we will have to answer to many challenges so let's rest up until we fill ours and the canteens of the girls."

The Mexi can agreed to this readily enough, and as the canteens were being filled the Mexican went toward the army refreshment store to buy some tea cream cones and some sandwiches. Mildred Maxwell who had remained when the party stopped was delighted by the magnificent glare of the flickering campfires, and she had a desire to dance before one of them but she did not for fear she might set fire to her clothing and be fatally burned. She therefore remained with the others and tried to get to sleep. The canteen being filled the general, and the Mexican filled their bread baskets with the sandwiches and then ate one or two themselves and also an ice cream cone. They had desired to buy some for the girls but did not like to disturb their sleep. They both sat on their horses as they ate giving a portion to the wounded man who was lying at this time in an empty part of the wagon. Mildred however was so fascinated by the numberless gleaming camp fires that she still was unable to sleep and seeing the Mexican looking in at her she begged him to sit in the wagon with her and tell her a story. At first he shook his head and she asked:

"Why won't you tell me a story? Don't you know any?"

"I'm not good at telling stories in the Angolitan tongue" was his reply. "But I can do some good singing if you don't mind. I'll awaken your friends."

"What kind of songs can you sing?" asked the general.

"A y song that you wish providing I know it. I'll prove it if you like and sing a song that I composed myself. Don't tell the vivian girls. I've got them mentioned in the song for they might want me to write a story about them. Don't tell them I'm a good singer or they will want me to be their chief entertainer which of course I would not object to at all. Haven't time or nerve to wake up the whole camp so I'll sing you this song as softly as possible and make the words as plain as I can for your own amusement."

They were glad to have heard this and they listened with interest while the Mexican chanted the following version of the song in a pleasant tone: |||||

"I've come to Abbieanna land where wonderful cities and people dwell,
And excellent fruits and flowers and shadowy bowers abound in every dell,
Where Christianity is a power and where all receive a surprise,
When amazing things take place before my very eyes."

Abbieanna's ruler has seven bewitching girls whom the nation loves to please,
Through all woes and misfortunes they always kept their sceptres to enforce all decrees;

To keep their people happy, contented and gain their love for all the bees,
Though supreme, their hearts are kind and true,
And to get the needy and distressed all brought by woes of war is what they long to do,
Rather than to all the rebels show.

And still there's Princess Jemima,
Much sweeter than any flower or even the rose,
A Fairy Sprite from Abbieanna where she makes fairies jealous I suppose,
Brave, good, and true, and love to roam,
No one can tell them to propose,
And there's the brainy little Angelina,
With a heart as pure and as true as steel,
Who by bravery and shrewdness escapes from haughty Gladorlinia's maw,
Who in time of peril utters words,
Of wisdom rare, that fills us all with awe.

I'll never forget her sister Catherine the vivian girl who is as brave
as if made of tin,

Whose tender heart abhors all things that is a dreadful sin,
Nor dreads brilliant Joice Vivian whom many think her bravery is highly magnified,
And looks so beautiful to everyone, that the whole nation's filled with pride.

Daisy vivians a dear little princess who might be called a wildcat,
For she wins renown by doing dangerous stunts,
Like upon a magic gump and tit for tat,
Hettie rides a splendid steed and though she's as her other sisters be,
She does as many thrilling stunts,
To her the enemy are like the small fish in the sea.

And now I'll introduce a princess that the whole nation adores,
Violet herself makes the enemy shake with fear every time she hear the cannon
boom roar,
For she does the bravest thing that the hardiest soldier might,
Because she knows that her country cause with gods is considered right.

There's Gertrude Angellier who 'at like a fiery angel and to the enemy a fearful sight,
she often and does her work as if mechanically when her excitement is aroused perfectly right.

And we've Janita Turner who would always love to free,
but never does live the luck for Glandolina is always one more.

It's hard to name all of the horrors of war this holy land acquired;
would make my song no longer the world would soon be fired,
But give attention when I mention one wise general Hanson,
And countless fine christian armies ready to find a home in gods own
Mansion.

Just rose the world over--and the song from coast to coast,
Ready History upon history no other nation in creation having fiercer wars can
beast.

And now my recent expedition has included those I've longed to see,
Emperor Iviana daughters and last but not least,
Children brave and as busy as a bee."

Mildred applauded the singer as loudly as she could with her hands she was so
pleased with the song and the general followed suit by also clapping his hands and
Joice who had been asleep was the only one who awoke and sleepily asked
what all the noise was about.

"I seldom sing before a crowd of soldiers for fear they might want
to go to opera for them" remarked the Mexican who was pleased to see that his effort
of effort was so greatly appreciated. "My voice least of training just now
robably made cultivating."

"Well no please" said the wounded soldier earnestly. "Do all the boy
and girl shouts really do the same stunts as the Indian girls?"
"Every one of them. I even forgot one person. The Indian girls best boy friend
Schofield Marco ended Penrod."

"For goodness sake" exclaimed the Mexican sitting up straight on the saddle
and looking surprised. "See Schofield Penrod. How surprising. Is he in love with
any of them?"

"No he is only a loving friend."
"That" loving friend" sounds if it amounts to much indeed. I have suspicions and
no arguments either. Yet he's worthy of their love alright."

"He's a great favorite of the Emperor" said the general smiling.

The Mexican was more surprised.

"So you think any boy like him could not be a favorite favorite?" he asked.
"Can't say," replied the general yawning again. "But here's a word of good advice.
that may be of service to you. Make friends with the boy and you'll be solid
with Emperor Iviana and his daughters. If you do not and the Indian girls despise
you look out for disaster."

"I'm solid as gold with the boy now" said the Mexican. "I'd give the world if
he was my son. Would Emperor Iviana like me more if it was so?"
"Yes, you never can tell. He's a man as righteous as a saint. And now let's
continue our journey. We must be there by tomorrow."

The Mexican considered the general's advice so carefully that his brains were busy
long since the journey was resumed. All the girls were now fast asleep. By morning
they were still on their way toward general Penrod's headquarters. The general and the
Mexican were beginning to feel tired from riding on their horses all night.
Mildred who had awakened again in the morning now had a very great many things to
think about and to consider besides the events of the journey though so vast a christ-
ian encampment. At general Penrod's headquarters which she would reach by noon were
so many strange generals and military persons that she felt half afraid of meeting
them and wondering exceedingly if they would be just as friendly and as kind as
other christian officers had been to her. Above everything else she could not think
of anything, but the important errand on which Violet and her sisters had come on
and she felt determined to do devote every energy to help them find the thieves who
had stolen the map. He also feared that unless the map was recovered Violet and her
sisters would not feel happy for anything and often she wished that her friend
Penrod could be with the expedition to observe observe observe all the astonishing
and exit exciting things she and those with her were observing. But alas Penrod was no
far away in Conventinian Aronburg's army and therefore she alone must not falter in
her efforts to aid Violet and her sisters. The part of the vast encampment though which
they were now passing was more thickly tented than before, with many stately trees
to make the scenery as imposing as possible.

Mildred noticed from the wagon but far in the distance a line of very tall pine
trees, especially because they were seen in height and had such long fine needles
and each tree, there being none of these were so beautiful in shape. As the wagon stopped
stopped for a moment she saw a cluster of trees apparently towering if their
branches could make Christ Christmas trees for little children. Suddenly after
she had been looking at those trees for a long time for at least five or six minutes
and she had remained sitting in the same position she became aware of strange
objects appearing and disappearing beneath those big pines.

At this moment the movement of the wagon had stopped short, the Indian girls and the
others were beginning to awaken and an Indian tried to awaken or arouse them
them and attract their attention to those gray objects below the trees she look-
ing again discovered that the trees and the whole landscape beyond as well as
the gray objects suddenly became obscured by a rolling wall of white clouds. For
as that was there came a rattling crash or shattering roar that aroused them all and
shook the wagon like an earthquake and made the general's horses rear and plunge with
excitement.

Mildred uttered such a cry of astonishment that Violet and her sisters first were
fully aroused. The others became wide awake too and all jumped out of the wagon and
walked up to general Laderlin.

"What's wrong over there?" asked Violet pointing toward the clouds of smoke.
"What's wrong over there?" asked Violet pointing toward the clouds of smoke.
"Why it's nothing to be excited about a bit now no matter how it looks."
declared the general. "No that we have stopped we might as well look for breakfast.
We received a wounded man to our addition last night and -----and for goodness
sake what's that stream of smoke in the sky. Can't you see it? Just notice how it
curves and stretches!"

All of them looked upward and said together:

"Why it's nothing but a long thin cloud of smoke moving in the sky."

Just at that moment they saw the front of it suddenly bulge out into an immense
billowy cloud there was a thunderous report that almost stunned them, and they
found themselves suddenly on their backs in the air. The road. Violet arose first
and looking at the cloud said:

"The Glandolinians surely are not having long range guns to shell our camp!"
"But I'm sure they are" said the others rising to their feet. "See all
the soldiers are aroused. The camp is awakened."

"True quite true." agreed the general. "I know all about the tricks of those
Glandolinians and their guns. But I have been thinking of something very important
I was going to tell you and did not realize what was going on there."

"One of those shells will hit us before we get started again," predicted
Gertrude beginning to get nervous.

"No" said Violet. "those shells if any more explode won't hit us for I
know a trick to beat those rebel guns. I've traveled under shell fire before and so
have my sisters. Mount horses quick, and we'll all ride forward. Leave the wagon
behind. It's liable to be their main target."

"What good will that do?" asked the Mexican.

"You'll find out if you obey me" answered Violet. "If you don't it's suicide."

So they all quickly mounted the horses and rode forward with all possible
speed taking the horses of the wagon and the wounded man with them. In an instant
they noticed a commotion by the distant trees and as they proceeded on in this way
they had just left the wagon when there was an ear splitting crash and an eruption
appeared where the wagon had been. At this time they had been nearly a hundred
yards from the wagon, but so terrific was the force of the blast that every one was
thrown from their horses by the vibration and every horse killed under them
while at some portions of the camp it rained fragments of trees, showers of earth,
stone and grass and clouded the air with tent fragments and other materials.

Terrific crashes also roared in the sky simultaneously. For a moment they were
all stunned and soldiers came running from every tent to see if they were injured.

"How long will the enemy keep this up?" asked Gertrude as they all
got up being greatly excited over the mishap. "Until we can get out of their range!"
replied Violet as soldiers took care of the wounded man. A few moments later they
were altogether many of the soldiers stepping forward anxious to know if they were
hurt but Violet called to an officer to notify one of the artillery generals to
silence the hidden Glandolinian battery as and as he rode off to obey the order
they learned from the other soldiers that the lost map had been found.

"Our task we started on is well over then," Violet observed. "That map is
a little too risky and the only way to prevent it from getting into the hands of
the enemy is to deliver it to general Hanson at once for safe keeping. One of you
send the finder to me and have another man send the map to Hanson. And if any one
tries to take it from him tell him to destroy it."

The soldier selected ran off to do her bidding. With recovered courage and energy they
now left the crowds of excited soldiers and trudged forward on foot and after a
few minutes tramp to a part of the camp and to a place where the Big girl Knool road
cut through a wall of army barracks leaving high wooden buildings on either side of
it.

As they were travelling through this wide avenue when the general noticed the Mexican with one arm and signalled a caroling to the others to halt and shouted "STOP".

"What's the trouble now?" they now all asked.
"See there, beyond that barracks building!" pointed the general pointing with his fingers. Direct in the center of the road stood a number of motionless soldiers who were heavily armed. They were tall men and strong looking and the guns they shouldered with two foot bayonets attached, looked very imposing indeed.

"Well what of it?" asked Jennie Warner.
"Those are professional road guards or military Police and I'm afraid we will have lots of arguments with them before they'll let us pass" was the reply.

"Military Police? What are Military Police?" asked Mildred Maxwell.
"I say they are guards of a special kind that have duties like a city policeman but here in this army they are considered national army and road sentries. They are different from ordinary guards because they have stricter guards duties to perform than common sentries do. That's what makes them so dangerous to spies. No spies can sneak past them. When we get near enough and they don't know you they'll fire shots into the air to arouse all the soldiers if we don't answer to their challenge correctly and promptly."

"Then we'll be foolish to try to pass them," said Angeline Riches.
"I'm afraid not or I'm not afraid," said Gertrude. "Those guards may know us I'm sure and if we answer the challenge correctly will let us pass."

"There is no use in being afraid of those guards at all," declared Violet.
At this moment far in the distance there came an awful and strange growling sound that was exceedingly frightful and if they were not as brave as their actions showed, they surely would have been scared stiff.

"Oh goodness what was that awful growling sound that we just heard?" asked Mildred.

"That was the most foreboding sound I have ever heard!" asserted the general with evident alarm. Just as he spoke there was an earthshaking crash that could have probably swamped the loudest thunder roll. So loud was the noise and so severe the concussion caused by it that they almost thought the world had cracked into eight pieces and was flying into space or hied upon and against the other planets, and hearing also the rattling sound of falling objects they all scattered and ran as fast and as far as they thought it was safe to go. After it all appeared to be over the Mexican said:

"Since the excitement is over we can now go back."
"In this case," said Violet, "you are now able to do us all a great favor. Please follow us on some different route. We are especially under fire."

"But you forget," returned the Mexican, "those tremendous shells may get us anywhere and if one of those things hit us we might be blown out of existence."
"Then the Abbeonabun nation might expire," said Angeline Riches.

"True, but just now we must take that risk," decided Violet and her sisters bravely. "Being warned and aware of what is to occur we must try to bear the terrific noise of the high explosives but if we still did not expect it it would scare us all into fits."

Yet all the others were seen to hesitate. They knew the enemy was purposely firing at them and not at the camp.

"I'm fond of you all and hate to lead you into an unseen trap and shock you to death," said the Mexican.

"Never mind," said the girl.

"We may all be killed."

"If so God will take us to His Home," said Gertrude.

"Very well then," said the Mexican in a determined voice as they all began to advance a few steps forward with loudly beating hearts toward the group of guards. Pausing to look back the Mexican said:

"All ready to make a swift dash?"

"All ready," they answered.

"Then lay low and brace yourselves firmly as you run. Now then let's go."

As they came forward, the guards rushed toward them excitedly calling to them to halt. Of course they had to halt as long as bayonets were presented in their direct directions. Violet then said:

"Go ahead and challenge us."

"Why we did challenge you," returned one of the men who seemed much surprised at the appearance of the clothing of two of the civilian girls.

"Why we did challenge you," returned one of them men who seemed much surprised at the appearance of the clothing of two of the civilian girls.

"Well we are superior civilian daughters. Let us pass pass quick," they cried.

"What, and you two of you in that disguise?" They demanded. "Well all right since you gave the proper pass word put--"

Again came that awful growling noise in the distance and which was repeated, being the worse noise that was ever heard on land or sea in caverns or sky and then came a stunning ear splitting crash high above them but they did not even wince.

"I wonder you stood the shock so well," said one of the guards. "Didn't you feel the ground tremble even though the crash was overhead. Any one else would have been quite dread with fright."

Violet and her sisters laughed merrily.

"Poor guard," said they. "Those shells wouldn't scare a fly, let alone us." For a moment the guards seemed to feel humiliated and looked surprised at this very remark. One of them hung his head for a moment as if in shame or sorrow but then he said in renewed confidence--

"Anyhow those shells at night when exploding, can flash fire like sheet lightning and just as bright good enough to blind a person."

"It is true at that," declared the Mexican. "I've often observed their flash flashes myself," but their ferocious crashes stunning as they seem are not as loud as the tick of a needle compared to the shattering roar of some of the big explosions I've heard."

"Perhaps," said the guard lamely. "I have been mistaken about the noise of some shells. I've heard some big explosions myself and seen the havoc and horror they wrought and it had sounded and looked very fearful to me but that may be because I had been too close to it and observed too much horror and misery and destruction that was good for mine eyes."

"Never mind," said the girls soothingly. "It is a great talent to be able to stand the noise and shocks of great explosions. Very few can do that."

As they stood hesitating for a few moments there was another crash close by and suddenly a big cloud of earth and earth rocks showered over them almost burying them under it was so heavy. They realized in an instant that one of the shells had exploded too near for their safety but fortunately the walls of the nearest barracks shielded them from the shells fragments though they were struck upon all parts of their bodies by the showers of flying and falling stones. The Mexican was hurled flat upon his face by the concussion, but one stone struck him in the left leg with such force as to inflict a severe flesh wound. As for the others the stones rattled upon and about them without even making a scratch and not even one of the guards were hurt at all. When the shock of the explosion was over they all ran to the Mexican who was moaning and groaning, and Violet promptly pulled the piece of a stone out of his left leg. Then at the same moment one of the guards saw a man running down the road as if in a hurry and two of them ran after him and caught him bringing him back a prisoner. The man had a uniform on as smooth as silk except for the holes where the button buttons should be for he concealed by his motions to be a Glandelinian in disguise.

"Let me go," he shouted angrily. "How dare you make me a prisoner without questioning who I am?"

"We are liable to do worse than that old boy," replied one of the guards. "You had started off mighty fast when you saw us and now as you have acted so suspicious we'll have to investigate you. You spies have annoyed us guards long enough and if you are one we will rapidly put an end to you right away."

"You can't find proofs on my person that will tell you I am a spy," returned the man. "You will not find evidence on me to face me before a firing squad and if you search me you will find that out perfectly well." They however searched him thoroughly and finding nothing on him said in a tone of disappointment:

"I suppose that you have spoken the truth. Seemed to me I've often been told that Glandelinian spies seldom carry evidence about them that would condemn them as spies. But if I am compelled to let you free what will you do?"

"Return to my own place again," said the man in a sulky voice.

"And then go spying about the camp some more. How do I know you ain't a spy. Mine for my part that won't do. You must make a vow to go home and stop roaming about our camp."

"I won't promise any anything of the sort."

"And why not pray?"

"Because I'm a soldier in uniform and when I'm off duty for a few hours it is my natural desire to roam around the camp and I have a right to do anything I intend to do. It is not fair for you christian d--- Angelinians to blame me. If it were wrong for me to roam around the camps then I'd better ask for my discharge from the army. The proper thing for you to do is to let a harmless unoffending soldiers alone."

"Why there's some sense in that argument," admitted the guard thoughtfully. "But how come you almost said we are christian dogs. We stop and investigate all strangers and you are in a strange uniform whether you are a rebel or not and therefore we don't know who you are and we got to investigate all strange persons coming our way. It is the or der."

"Tell you what," said Violet who was trying to comb the gravel from her hair. "Let's summon some soldiers to take him to some tent to guard him. Then if the man can prove he is not of a suspicious character he can go again."

"Ah that's a clever idea. You Max, must signal the soldiers while we hold the man a prisoner for if he let him go now he may be able to cause us a whole lot of trouble. indeed."

So the Mexican went to signal the soldiers and in a few minutes they came and ordered the man to come along with them.

"This is the meanest meanest trick I ever had played on me" muttered the prisoner gloomily as he was led away. "How would you like it if the soldiers would place you under arrest?"

"If we were not suspicious and unreasonably worried about a camp when not trusted you would be welcome to make us or sons prisoners." was the reply.

Then being permitted to pass the special guards they walked on, and the prisoner was led away by the soldiers, silent and very disconsolate. The Mexican limped badly as he walked for his wound caused by the rock fragment still pained him and the rest were quite annoyed because the debris was in their hair and also on their clothing. When they came to a long bench by the roadside they all sat down to rest and then they opened their knapsacks and took out their last provisions, while Violet took out her red cross outfit which she and her sisters always carry with them.

"We don't seem very lucky on this adventure" she said "or we would never have been under fire or met these suspicious men. I will see if I have anything that will cure your wounded knee."

Soon she discovered that one of the medicine jars was labelled "For bad flesh wounds, relieved from rocks, shell fire, cuts and the like."

It was a salve made from some mineral and dried medicine root but she rubbed the salve upon the wound made by the rock fragment and in a few minutes had it bandaged neatly and the Mexican leg felt much better than before.

"Help me Mildred get all the dirt out of my hair" suggested Gertrude Angeline. Mildred tried it with a very fine comb but without much effect.

"But we need now is a good bath" said Violet. "But do not worry my dears a little dirt and gravel does not look badly at all."

"But it makes me feel uncomfortable and I don't want the general to think we tried to bury ourselves in the earth or that we are stuck up with dirt" said Jennie Turner.

"You certainly were stuck up with dirt until we pulled ourselves out of the debris" observed Angeline Pichoo with a laugh.

"We all were" said Jennie Turner. So they went on again and coming presently to an army bath house they all went in at separate places and gave themselves and all their clothing a good cleaning.

After they were all cleaned up they started out again and from here on the encampment improved and the many tents began to give way to barracks entirely.

The camp was soon to extend on and up the small hills with barracks studded valleys between them and on reaching the edge of one of these hills the travelers found before them a high wall of stone breastworks running to the right and left as far as their eyes could see it. Immediately in front of them where the wall of rocks crossed the road way stood a big cannon wheels having beside it a big gun cussion and a large pile of shells before and beside it. They found in coming nearer that this gun was placed to guard the roadway.

"Well" said Angeline Pichoo "I guess we will have to stop here."

A DS DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO POISON THE VIVIAN

GIRLS.

THE SPY STORY.
THE DASTARDLY ASSAULT UPON VIOLET AND HER SISTERS, AND THE RESULTS OF IT, AS WELL AS THE QUESTIONING OF TWO SPIES WHO WILL NOT CONFESS UNDER ANY CONDITIONS..

"I'll say it is a good guess" replied Gertrude Angeline "Our way is barred by this great wall of breastworks and gun. It looks as if a thousand rebel armies could not pass over these works in a thousand years."

"Looks are deceiving" declared general Laderlinia laughing at their disappointed faces "this barrier is just placed here to make the camp appear impassable."

"It prevents the enemy from going any further if they tried to capture the camp anyhow." said Violet "but why is it not fortified as it should be. It should be guarded by a great number of cannons."

"True" replied general going a little nearer to peak over the top by climbing high. "What shall we do general? Shall we climb over it if we go around it we will have to walk clear out of our way and won't be able to reach general Hanson's lines and headquarters on time."

"All very true" answered the general quickly "but I know these works having passed over and even through them many times before."

"How they allagorily inquired."

"I'll show you how" said the general. He stood Gertrude, and Angeline Pichoo in the middle of the roadway and placed Mildred just behind them with her hands on Pichoo's shoulders. After Mildred came the Vivian girls who did like wise.

"No" said the general "you must all shut your eyes tightly and keep them shut until I tell you to open them. There is a chance of the rocks does not want any one to see how they get through."

"It's difficult to keep our eyes shut that long" objected the little girls "or better blind fold us all. That would be better." So they tied their handkerchiefs over their eyes so that they could not see anything.

"But game is this blind man bluff" laughed Mildred Maxwell.

"Keep quiet" com commanded Violet sternly. "All ready! Then follow the general."

General Laderlinia took the Mexicans hand and led him forward over the road toward the breastworks. A holding fast to one another they all followed in a long row expecting very much to climb up the breastworks. The general also had his eyes closed but to their surprise and wonder they were marching straight ahead instead of climbing and after they had taken more than two hundred steps by actual count he stopped and said:

"No you may all remove your handkerchiefs."

They did so and to their astonishment found the wall of breastworks far behind of them while in front the interior portion of the camp had given way to tents with pretty little barracks scattered among them.

"That wall" explained the general "has many secret openings in unknown portions so we passed through it as if it was an optical illusion. Of course the works are quite real but as we went blind folded we did not see the secret opening in the barrier at all which we went through though if you look at it it does not seem to exist at all. It's the same way with the other breastworks, they have secret openings which does not seem to exist and yet it is truly there. You will notice that the wall separates this part of the camp from the main section that divides general Hanson's Vivian army from his brothers and whose headquarters lies exactly in the center of this vast encampment. There are three branches of this Big Girl Knoll road leading through different sections of the Californian country but the one we follow is the main path. Violet and her sisters came traveled on one of the other roads and met with a great many serious perils. But for a time I believe all our troubles are over at least for the present as another hours journey will bring us to general Hanson's headquarters."

Indeed they were all delighted to know this and proceeded on their way with better courage. In a few moments more they stopped at an army drug store or dry goods store where the quarter master sergeant was very hospitable and not only supplied the girls with the uniforms they asked for but invited them to dinner in his big tent. All the soldiers at this part of the camp regarded the crazy quilt disguises of the two Vivian girls with great curiosity.

but no great amazement was experienced for they were greatly accustomed to seeing the vivian girls and in even their followers dressed in the most extraordinary disguises. A red cross nurse who sat with the quarter master sergeant got her needle and thread and sewed up the rips and holes in one of the disguises after which the officer assured the girls that they were as beautiful as ever.

"You two who wear those clever disguises out to have a hat to match the ones of every quilt dressmaker" remarked the quarter master sergeant. "I have some patches and also some cloth put away and if you will remain at general Hanson's headquarters for two or three days I'll make two lovely hats that will match the disguises you wear."

"It's a kind offer but we cannot stop here so long" said Violet but if you wish to make these general Hanson will reward them for us. I can't see that the colors of the disguises have faded very much as yet despite the shower of debris we received, on you sir!"

"Not much" replied the quarter master sergeant. "Yet you little heroines are still very dazzling and gorgeous in spite of all your exciting experiences. Most of the officers in command here want you to remain for a while and be entertained and you will be offered good amusement if you will remain long enough." But Violet and her sisters being too much interested in the desire to save general Hanson of the two spies a refusal politely to stop.

"We are being shadowed by two professional spies who are quite rough playmates for us" Violet remarked to the officers. "And although it will be a great sacrifice to refuse your offer I fear the two professionals would be sneaking the whole christian army and causing cause our cause to be smothered to pieces before our general generals were rescued."

After they had rested themselves and dined with the sergeant they came within Hanson's headquarters and after telling him of their experience discovered that a most astonishing thing had occurred and that indeed this made it evident to them that they had had a very narrow escape.

Probably the most exciting tale of any disaster and most adequately that could have ever been discovered or ever been carried out in any war or crime wave.

Had been known in no time to many christian generals only a few days and during the very time that Violet and her sisters had been heading for general Hanson's lines. Hanson had learned of it two days after the incident had really happened and which was indeed indeed without any parallel in the histories of the world itself, or the worlds histories of alluring and wickedness.

Unfalteringly with not the slightest trace of remorse or feeling this had been done by the accomplices of the two professional spies in an effort to get the vivian girls out of their way. It had been thus in this style the spies knowing where the vivian girls would go during their travels to general Hanson's headquarters had while working in a large mess hall where they were coming to have their meals secretly and most carefully mixed around poison in the food for a whole division of soldiers in the hope that also the vivian girls might eat this and die. It was found out also how they had also tried to kill by means of poison a large number of the boy and girl scouts by secretly and without the slightest detection putting rat paste and other poison into their food and other things they were preparing to eat. And with equal audaciousness and composure they also had secured bottles of sulphuric acid and had endeavored to kill every one of the generals at a military banquet hoping that Violet and her sisters also would be there and receive the same share.

"Yes those spies and their many helpers are exceedingly dangerous for they succeeded in killing many" said one officer who was investigating the case and trying to have the vivian girls located to warn them to eat no where but where they can make up their own rations. "And they poisoned many more just because they want to destroy the vivian girls to get them out of the way."

It seemed very incredible to the main general who listened to all that was said about it.

"It surely cannot be true" they said. "surely it cannot be true. The spies would not be able to do that."

Yet from one division the bodies of many soldiers had already been buried. They indeed suffered greatly before they died, and the army doctors at first thought that maybe the soldiers died of enterogastrosis an intestinal disorder--just the kind of a diagnosis that any doctor would make. The investigators also found that on the records of the base hospital the names of hundreds of boy and girl scouts dead from what was thought of as cancer of the stomach, and other soldiers just in places where Violet and her sisters had been expected to eat when they reached the mess hall were recovering from some strange and peculiar illness. Violet and her sisters who escaped because they did not eat there were fortunate and many soldiers led the investigation over and over again, cross examining every strange person minutely and having the left over food examined, but not once could they find clues left by the ones who did it.

The discovery of all this came by mere chance. On the first time it happened Violet and her sisters had gone to eat their dinner as recorded before with general Kindermann and many others at the place known as the Beldon headquarters. While they were just about to begin one of the girl scouts rushing into the house crying with terror and in her fear forgetting to salute the general or the vivian girls who had just been leaving and went out without hearing of the incident.

"General" she sobbed when the vivian girls were gone "all the soldiers are dying of a funny sickness. It came from the food you also are eating."

The astonished and alarmed general and his officers went to the scene and finding out it was true questioned the child scout.

"Are you really very sure the food caused it all?" she was asked.

"Why yes" the child replied.

"But why?" exclaimed general Kindermann.

"I saw one of them do it with the purpose to try and poison the vivian girls. I saw some of the Kitchen Police putting poison in the coffee and on the food, and when I warned the officers about it they laughed at me and would not believe it. It was the astonishing reply. Then the little girl went right on and told the general what she had seen the very Kitchen police doing and the general remembering a burned rag taste of the coffee and an unpleasantness of the other foods and in fact that every one also was complaining of severe stomach trouble sent soldiers to arrest the offenders but they were gone. The mess hall kitchen was empty. No one could be found and when the roll call of the proper division of soldiers was called no one was found missing."

"It was this forenoon" the girl scout told them "that the men put the poison in the food."

Every attempt was made to capture the murderers but without avail. It was another half day later when another attempt was made elsewhere by either the efforts of the same captives or their helpers. Again said the rescuers who over they were took a large number of glass jars out of the Kitchen of the Mess Hall in general Kindermann's camp and in a place where they were not seen broke the glass into rattling pieces. This they gathered up in cloth bags and brought it back into the kitchen. The glass was then put into the food which the soldiers were to eat and where the vivian girls were expected to eat. What chance saved the vivian girls this time was that they changed their ideas about eating here and ate in the general's tent.

While the rescuers were eating the rescuers cleared up all such as was not to be discovered. The soldiers in that division about ten thousand of them got sick two hours after and all of them on the same day and hour. It was astonishing to the army doctors who thought the soldiers must all have been seized with typhoid fever at the same time. None of them however could be saved. They all died. Simultaneously to this the large number of boy and girl scouts in another column of child scouts were also poisoned. The doctors did not like this. They became terribly suspicious. An investigation was made and in the food for the scouts and rat paste and other poison was found. One of the scouts who escaped said she saw a man acting very suspiciously and she told of the events of how they were poisoned.

"I got up at night in the middle of it to get some water at the time when all the soldiers were sleeping" she said. "I saw a light somewhere in the Kitchen of the Mess Hall and going to a window saw a man with some bottles working on something. He was using a spoon and putting the stuff into a can and some in the coffee tank. I did not drink any of the coffee this morning because I knew the man had put the stuff in it and I warned all of my companions and tried to force them to listen to reason but they would not believe me. They all got so sick I thought they would all die."

"And when they were sick and in terrible pain how did you feel?" she was asked.

"Just like I would have if I had drunk the coffee." "I called for help and soon the doctors came. All the boys and girls were always good to me and I am so sorry and angry that so many of them died. A number of them were so pretty. I'm glad and thank God with all my heart that the vivian girls missed it though. It would be terrible if they died. The boys and girls got very sick all of a sudden, every one who drank the coffee but all of them did not die."

The girl scouts voice was eloquent in her disappointment that the culprits were not apprehended. She had lost some very dear friends when so many died.

One night one of the girl scouts belonging to the companies lead by the vivian girls made a discovery that surprised her. That same night she had gone to bed rather early but she could not sleep as a very loud and noisy thunderstorm was going on. So she lay awake picturing over and over again the thrilling pleasure of seeing the down downfall of the wicked glandelinian armies. At last when the storm was raging at its worst the girl feeling thirsty tiptoed down stairs in her little night gown and was about to take a glass of water when she noticed a light shining

through the cracks of another door. Opening it carefully she saw a uniformed man standing over a table with a bottle of acid and pouring the dope into some pan. With a picture that little clear-eyed beautiful innocent faced child watching, standing there by the table with the flickering light of a candle playing upon him and the ugly finger of death pointing his white, she suspected the truth at once. The man was poisoning the food intended for her and her girl and boy scouts for he was putting the acid on some of her own back-chaps that were in a frying pan in on the table to be ready for frying the next morning for breakfast. Her comrades were all in bed when she saw them do this and the rebels fortunately did not see her or he would have shot her dead and her efforts to save her companions would not have been accomplished. She also saw him put some of the acid in the coffee and some on the oatmeal. It was evident that the rebel wanted to kill her and her many comrades by this act of treachery. She did not like the looks of the man even though he had a prettily decorated Argall bay uniform on. She decided it was much safer for herself and every one else not to disturb him but that she would not eat any of the oatmeal or any of the breakfast at all, and not let the rest eat any either. In the morning her commander asked at the table at first almost refused to believe his truthfulness. Yet they knew that scores of thousands the last three or four days soldiers and child scouts had been ill or died and their sickness had been a puzzle to many doctors. The physicians in attendance had called a consultation but at that time they had been unable to make anything of it. The poor victims who lived through it or died, had been in great agony for several days or hours. Yet even officers and privates knew that soldiers in their own uniforms used to act very suspicious and even officers sought the looking over different kind of bottles.

But at that time that was all. No one then had been poisoned. They thought that the first poisoning of the soldiers came when the Vivian girls arrived in Kindomina army while looking for the trace of their stolen map. This happened a hour after they arrived according to the investigators. The victims this time had been the girl scouts only. Four of them were suddenly seized with violent stomach pains and strong spasms. The doctors noticed they appeared burned about the eyes and believing they might have taken smoked opium by mistake the surgeons gave them the usual antidotes. They were delirious for two days and many of them died. The doctors who treated them were at that time unable to diagnose their ailments. They were all particularly puzzled by why the strange sickness held on and also suspicious. Later when a full investigation was made it was all explained. By examining the organs of the dead girls the doctors discovered acid in their stomachs. About this time a whole division of soldiers were taken ill. Every soldier usually have their private ailments and they thought it was just a coincidence that they were all sick at once.

Between that time and since the discovery different columns of soldiers were ill quite a number of times but no one really became suspicious until a day after when that little girl of Violet's command made her startling discovery. The others desired to know what the fluid was that had been put into their breakfast food.

An investigation proved it was sulphuric acid and so poisonous they would all have died if they had not discovered it on the proper time. The best of doctors who were alienists and psychologists had often examined the childrens and declared that while scouts they have the mentality of people of the age of twenty one and that should usually make them too shrewd to be tricked or misled in any way. Few children also were found who had the peculiar good tendencies of the Vivian girls and a surgeon declared it to be true. In fact ferocity and cruelty is a well known trait of the wicked glandelinians and there was no doubt that the wicked rebel spies made plans to poison the Vivian girls and that the attempted killings by the whole sale were carefully planned.

"The Christian lines should be more strictly guarded and every stranger thoroughly investigated." Said one of the doctors. "Even what security have the Vivian girls at large, or those who give them so much love and respect that the worse cruelty of these foe vandals will not sooner or later break out again and with greater force for being so long oppressed. And all over that confounded map that was stolen from them. And throughout it all Violet and her sisters appear apparently calm and composed, and despite all the supporting evidence I do not believe the murdering spies will be ever captured, not even discovered. But even if they are they won't allow themselves to be captured alive."

After all this excitement had passed and they had given the stories of their own experiences and of who recovered the map they asked Hanson to cause the capture of the poisoners if possible. As Hanson was writing an order to have the whole country scoured for the rascals the man who had the map in his possession came in and being begged by the Vivian girls this is the story he told them:

"General Dargers was the only great spy man I ever knew to be in existence. All points of the Christian lines was his hiding places of activities. Everywhere he had organized gangs of dangerous spies and those whenever the opportunity occurred systematically robbed rebel officers of plans important papers and things of value value and with or everything thus gained helped our armies to many of the successes already gained.

By him I was thought how to spy. Then one day general Dargers scouting for men saved many child slaves from destruction from rebel murders. I was just in the army for five months when I learned and realized what danger it meant to go out spying and scouting. Yet I wanted to go at it straight despite the peril. General Dargers did everything in the world to help me accomplish it. I had a tablet for drawing great maps, making plans and detecting different and very difficult codes and he sent me to a y school in Germanian Aroumburgs Mobilization camp at garth gate. I came back from there two months ago and just in time to hear of the loss of the map owned by the Vivian girls. I came home into Germanian camp later in the morning and learned from general Aron one of Dargers men that general Dargers had also sent many scouts to locate the map. I did not know at first what map it was. Yet I realized when I heard that the loss of it would surely break their hearts. I made up my mind to enter the rebel lines, trace one of the spies who had the map and capture it if possible if I had to shoot up the whole camp to do so. But I tried to interview them to be their companion and learn details but as I have a sort of resemblance to that well-known spy they did not trust me and sent me away. I made up my mind to prove my character under any conditions. In less than an hour after I tried to gain their confidence in me and I had left them in vain I was moving among the troops in general Kornmanns army searching first for that great general.

If I had not been so cleverly diagnosed as that well spy I never would have got past the rebel guards as it was I had a most narrow escape. Before leaving the Christian lines he I had put on my disguise and hoped that fate would be with me. All I could have worn for disguise was any other kind of uniform even a monk. But as an exact impersonation of that spy I could enter the rebel lines as I pleased, and so I did what I believed best.

Taking a boat from the Christian side I rowed cautiously across the river and being admitted into the rebel lines found many officers were drinking back and forth or entering big tents and houses. At general Kornmanns headquarters one of the guards who may have been an old-a-camp was taking the password from those who entered the building. But I had forgotten to obtain the password. Now in the world was I to get in front of me I saw a party of ten officers and one of them was a general dressed almost in identically as general Kornmann was. Luck would have it that he should linger for a moment and therefore I had the chance to slip into his place.

"Come on you slow poke" said some one who had come with him and taking my army arm he pulled me past the guard.

I saw general Kornmann Delight at the arch leading to the great reception room of the generals, greeting all his fellow officers and therefore I managed to slip away from my new found companion and hurried down a hallway. I dropped my cloak behind a pedestal and got into the generals reception room through a side door. The place was fairly filled with officers of all rank. I hoped general Dargers would also be among the officers so I wasted no time watching them but scanned about the outer edge of the great room carelessly as if I quite had belonged there.

I passed out into the alcove where many plans were being looked over in secret, but still there was no sign of the two spies I hoped to see for I knew them by sight.

One of Dargers Genial had said they were wearing the uniforms of officers of Mantley's rank and I had not yet seen any one with such uniforms.

Just as I had begun to wonder if the spies had not come into the rebel lines or had failed to get in I caught sight of a man in a uniform of one of Mantley's officers. But when I got to the soldier I knew he was not that spy for I could tell him by his face. The officers had sat down and I had mingled with them.

If those two spies had probably gained admittance they were no doubt interviewing the general and if possible I wanted to find out where he was and if he would receive the map in person. I knew from the reports that the famous map had many colors in it and its display would be just the thing to bring me on the clue.

But it seemed the crowd of officers was having too much work of their own to do to think about such a map and my eavesdropping gained me nothing. My nerves were already on edge and I was beginning to fear that my dangerous mission would fail. Had some one else stolen the map or had they failed to bring it here? I had they been caught in the attempt to leave the Christian lines. Did failure already stare me in the face already. I had not yet been able to find general Kornmann either.

And then just as hope was waning I caught sight of general Dargers. There was no mistaking his disguise, I would know him anywhere. And besides I would have known his standing posture and the manner of his walk anywhere. He was just turning off into a side room when I came up and touched him on the sleeve. He turned like a flash. One hand was hidden under the gray cloak like uniform he wore and I glimpsed he carried a dangerous weapon. A glance showed me there were no glandelinians at all near us at the moment.

"It's Callen Turner" I whispered.

Under his gray hooded mask I saw general Dargers face fall. At the same moment he replaced his gun. He then caught me by the arm and pulled me into a small room.

"What in the world is wrong Gallant?" and why are you here in general Kornmann's headquarters?" he asked of me his voice full of emotion.

"I came to get the map the givian girls reported stolen from them." I answered respectfully. "One of your men told me everything."

"Frank Austria told you?"

"Don't fear about him," I interrupted. "He's loyal to us all I saw the incident when it happened."

"But you don't understand Gallant," he said quietly. "This is to be a most dangerous job for you. In general Kornmann's headquarters. You had no right to enter here without general Kornmann's permission. It's dangerous to spy here. Better take my advice and get out before you are discovered."

It was the same old story. All his life general Darger had been doing that. I knew he himself never failed in anything he undertook. And he had been more than a father to me. Perhaps I had been wrong in forgetting to ask permission to enter the rebel lines. And yet I never had been asked by any general to join the ranks of spies from that day when I first entered, and yet I did. And now Violet and her sisters had suffered a serious loss, which was probably a serious menace to the nation. So that changed everything. I would go through with this duty under any circumstances, put other people and officers as easily were beginning to come into the room where we stood. If a single chance word had been overheard it would have gone very hard for both of us. I turned along to him.

"General Darger," I whispered. "You can't ask me to do this thing, back out after I go through all this to get here. Violet and her sisters must have their map. If they know it would be gone for good and some disaster to the armies would happen through it. Now it would surely break their hearts."

"This is the last time though Gallant, when you may be careful and only go when you are directed. I've thought of the poor givian girls. They shall have it back if possible."

I could see his mind was made up to help me and therefore I decided to play my last card.

"General Darger, you thought me to spy. When I asked you for a chance to learn everything straight forward you did so and did everything in the world for me. Now we must pretend to be enemies here so that we will avoid all suspicions. I'm going to get that map before general Kornmann gets possession of it."

"B--S--S. Not so loud," he whispered suddenly. I turned to see who was coming and observed a number of handsomely dressed officers. When I turned back again general Darger had gone. He had disappeared as completely as though the walls of the room had swallowed him up. Something else had happened out in the rebel general's main reception room and I hurried there hoping to catch sight of the two men or at least the one who had the map. The only consolation I got however was that that the two spies or the one with it had not yet appeared, and that if they did just now there were so many officers and soldiers about that I had no chance to prevent them from getting into the room with the general and also of preventing him from recovering the map despite my resolve to free frustrate them. And therefore I decided to wait now until after another hour when all was clear before making the bold attempt.

I looked then for general Kornmann. If I had found him I believed I would have at least seen him at the spot. That might have been one way to save the day, but I could not even find him either. Neither did I know as yet what he would look like.

From the conversation in the general's reception room among officers of considerably high rank I learned they were waiting for the coming of one of those professional spies whose approach had just been announced by the general's aide-de-camp, and therefore I was already on the alert.

At last that spy was coming. Instead of being the small man as I had expected it to be he turned out to be a special half funny looking man that put me in mind of a funny fellow known in the jail. News comics called Augustus Mutt. I firmly believed it was he at first. He wore practically no disguise at all and was dressed in the uniform of one of general Manley's special high officers. It was also about what I had expected at a function that general Kornmann had a hand in this. As I looked the two over from my hiding place with the eyes of an artist I could see that not one of the other officers possessed the crafty features of the spy or general Kornmann.

I also noticed that the general had some heavy cloth clothes or hangings drawn over something on the side of the wall and therefore girls I felt sure that the stolen map would be placed there for safe keeping. Probably to hide his own intention from even his own generals for whom he could not be sure whether a christ in a was among them in disguise or not he made an announcement that he had recently purchased an addition to his gallery of engravings. Probably under difficult conditions I might have thrilled at such an announcement, but from his ways and the way he spoke and noted I began already to hate general Kornmann bitterly and I felt desperate resentment at his whole manner and speech. But yet what could I expect of him if he discovered me as a spy?

"One of general Manley's special spies just secured something from the emperor's givian daughters and but I cannot show it to any of you officers now." I overheard the general say. One officer however had the map in his possession and it was shown to all of the general's officers. I was indeed surprised at the chorus of "Oh's and Ah's" and "How strangely made" that went up from the officers as they gazed on what seemed to them to be a peculiar map. But the sight of that map in their possession made my blood hot. But it really was the map itself in the possession of that peculiar looking man with the wicked general looking on plottingly from the front of the assembled generals and other officers.

"How awfully it is made," gulped some officer who was standing beside me. "Oh boy!" said a smaller general officer near me to another. "You never saw much artistic work among our artist and plan drawers."

So the property of the givian girls was being critized before a crowd of wicked devils in gray uniforms. I thought of myself and would have struck the man nearest me but I took care. I had a more even a more serious task ahead of me and therefore wanted to keep my own emotions in check for my own safety at least.

And then after some time had been given for all of the officers and others to see and in their way about and about, I noticed the general give a signal. The man in possession of the map approached me bowed to the nearest officers and handed the map to the general. The general then handed his cloak to three over his shoulders and the general then took his hand and handed his map down beside him with the purpose to lead him to his own room. The possession of the map indeed created a good deal of excitement. Every one around crowded around the general and the spy, and the way some of the officers started at him as if he were a great outcast and a great man annoyed me. I wanted to get possession of that map take it away from him and the general at once and give the general's officers a good piece of my mind. But then all I could do was to keep all my feelings to myself. Finally one of the highest officers went out and then I caught sight of general Darger again. I saw his glance at me with a warning expression but I knew it was useless for me to warn him further. He also must have seen the map and still was going through it with his own plans. He believed me going to try and outwit me as well as all the others just to try my presence and so therefore I could only try to watch him and not lose sight of him. The spy then reappeared in a prettier uniform still. The general and other officers kept hanging around him as if he was a pretty woman. Somehow this distressed and appeared no more than ever. One one else I also noticed from another place kept his eye on both of them what wherever he could and therefore I suspected another man was after the map also. Of course even if he was a friend also I could not just then dare to reveal myself to him for safety sake for I could not tell him why I was there then so many were gazing around. I could not let him know the truth about general Darger who had been as much a father to me as many of his mothers. At last seeing some one move out and others follow I believed I had a good chance. In all that through no one wanted to see that map more keenly than I did. Because the risk of it would tell me general Darger himself had failed so far in getting possession of it and therefore I made up my mind that if he would continue to fail to carry out his plan I would do it myself.

But for a while I had great difficulty in keeping him in sight and so I tried to move rather close to him when the arrival of some important person was announced. I felt sure he seemed to become tense, alert, and perhaps a bit nervous. Suddenly mysteriously all the lights went out. It was so dark so quickly that no one could see a thing but after some exclamations of surprise among the officers everything quieted down.

A few minutes later the lights were again lit. I strained my eyes to find the general and then moved through the crowd until I was close beside him. I knew what was passing in his mind. He was thinking of all the sorrow suffering and disasters he could avert with the possession of that map in his own hands. That may have sounded strange to me just then, but it was true. Again so soon my surprise the lights went out when they were relight again after some considerable confusion had reigned. I looked hurriedly about for general Darger. He had disappeared. Had he made off with the map at last? Suddenly I noticed some officer looking at me in a peculiar way. I felt he was trying to guess my identity. It seemed an age before I could get out of his sight as I could not tear my self rudely away from the crowd without making a scene and therefore he had chatted with me for several minutes asking me many questions while at the same time I was forced to keep my eyes busy searching everywhere. But when I managed to slip away I found I was too late. The general was gone. When I saw general Darger step out of a doorway and speak to a man in a darker gray uniform. He followed him back into the room and the door was closed.

I was now almost franticly skirting the great room trying to find General Dargor. If possible, but I could not find a sign of him anywhere nor of the other man either. Then General Kormann hurried from his room again not at all his usual sailing suave self but white, angry and agitated.

"Fellow officers!" he called sharply, clapping his hands for attention. "We are spied upon! That map has been taken, gone and stolen. There is a spy among us."

"I realize that," I replied. "General Dargor had broken me in to it in spite of all my efforts. I had felt it anyhow, some how when I saw the general and the strangely uniformed man go back into his room."

"The house is thoroughly guarded and of course no will will be permitted to leave until the map is recovered or the spy apprehended," the general went on.

"The map has not been gone more than a mile. That was the reason the lights went out twice. The spy put them out. If necessary we will have to permit our selves to be searched. Meanwhile please remain calm."

I felt sure if the general Dargor had been clever enough to get into possession of that map perhaps he also had been clever enough to get away despite the many guards outside. In that event every one would ultimately have to be searched. If I was detected I too would have to reveal my identity. I had not been invited. I had sneaked in. I was for one would be under suspicion. What could I do? I decided that if any thing was done I would escape if I had to shoot up the place to do so. And yet perhaps General Dargor had not succeeded in escaping. Perhaps if I looked around closely and carefully I would be able to find him. And in that event--I was near the general's room and therefore slipped back of some heavy hangings in the blind hope that I would find him there. Up one step in sight in that room now. I was just turning to go back when the door near me slowly opened with a slight creak. I leaped behind a huge palm and watched to see who would come in. I was up surprised to see it was General Dargor. He peered in a furtively. From the way he held his arm I knew he had the map in possession. When he was half way through the door I drew up to him.

"General Dargor for god's sake give me the map, let me make a get away with it quick. I'll catch. Otherwise you cannot get away."

"On len for god's sake don't interfere. I'm going through with this myself," he said, but cover my retreat will you."

"You are not taking much chance," I gasped. They have the place surrounded by guards. An you love God please give the map up to me. I'm not fooling. I'll reach the christian lines safely."

There was no time to waste and I pressed him but he would not at first give in. "No, no, I can't let you take such a chance yourself. You're good better get better plans. Callen," he whispered. "I have a plan for you now in the christian lines. You don't understand the danger."

"The mineral will have every one searched and you know it," I interrupted him. "You will be caught quicker than I. I won't permit it." I declared and I forced him back into the little room from which he had come a part of cloak room for officers.

He tried desperately to argue, to plead further but I was desperate. The alarm had been given. He himself had no chance to get out without being searched.

While if I was quick enough I did have a chance to get out, reach the lines and give you little girls back your map or at least destroy it so the rebels could not make use of it.

"It is to be my last chance," Callen. I don't want the "ivian girls to know of my desperate deed either. I would not have her know for the world or they would think I'm too reckless for my age. But I know General Kormann. Delight, you don't understand. Let me go with it and I'll explain it all to you later when we are back in the christian lines."

Time however was precious. I would not listen to another word under any conditions.

I wrenched the rolled up paper from him and pushed him out of the room so sudden suddenly he did not have time to counter my attack. Then I looked around for an opportunity to get out myself.

I peered through another door but two other generals were there with two men in black uniforms. I turned back determined to hide the map somehow and get out of the crowd or at least burn it if possible. I looked around quickly hoping to see a good hiding place when I felt a hand like steel grasp my shoulder. As I suddenly wheeled I saw another man in a black uniform with his mask off and his face was not of a glandelinian officer at all. In a flash I knew he was one of the rebel police or military police that detect spies.

"Let's have that roll of paper my christian dog," he snarled reaching for the roll of paper under my arm.

I drew my revolver but for a moment he was too quick for me and his own weapon was shoved into my ribs.

"Hey Hike," he called and another rebel in a black uniform came running in. I had guessed correctly. All those black uniformed men were glandelinian officials of the military police hired or placed in the general's headquarters to safe guard all his plans and other articles and to guard against spies. And now for me I had felt they had done the job too well.

In the scuffle I was shoved through the door just as the "Mutt" look up spy and General Kormann rushed up to us. And then other officers appeared on the word was passed around. "They've caught the spy. They've got him red handed."

Things seemed to go in circles for me just then and all I could think of what would the "ivian girls think if I failed in this? My mission, what they would say if they discovered that I was a failure. And they would have to believe I was a failure.

For I could never explain never. I felt sure for the moment that my face was whiter than the white paint itself and in that moment as both of the officials help hold me and another help hold the map they had taken from me I looked everywhere for a glimpse of General Dargor. Could he or others try to save me. Or would he be foolish enough to come forward and tell the truth in an effort to get me out of it? I hoped and prayed not. I would sooner lose my life as a spy than have the "ivian girls that is you know that I was a failure. And in a moment I knew that spying was the most risky job of war no matter what the cause might be or how holy or wicked. But I did not blame General Dargor. Officers and private soldiers were rushing about and through the bustle I saw him slip through an arch in the hall. I was glad. My mission had not failed regardless of its consequences to me. He was at least going to get away, you little girls I hoped would never know. I was happy--happy in the midst of my agony.

"Pretty clever spy this man," said one of the army police.

"Well taller who are you?" demanded another.

I remained silent. I hoped to get away however so I would not fail to deliver the map.

"He is a well known christian boy of that dreaded Angolintin gemini you can bet on that," the first officer said to General Kormann.

"Let's have a better look at him," said another.

The man stepped into the alcove picked up a napkin and dipping it into a water bucket came over and began wiping off the dirt on my face.

"O-o-o-h."

It was the first sound to break the silence while every one waited to see who I was. Then a cry of surprise came from another officer.

"What is he a spy?" he gasped.

The glandelinian army detectives stared at me and then at each other and then shook their heads.

"So you have to two professions ah?"

General Kormann snarled as he stepped up to me.

"Why why it's a Gemini member of General Dargor's gang," cried another officer.

"Do you know this christian dog. We don't!" one of the army police said.

"Yes indeed," snarled General Kormann. "He is George Callen one of the worse of general Dargor's spies."

"It must be a mistake. It's some silly attempt at a huge joke. Of course he can't be a real spy," said an officer looking surprised.

"It would be a foolhardy way to play a prank then because General Kormann man values that map," said another but his voice was shaking and he looked at me suspiciously. But General Kormann gave a mocking laugh and shook his head.

"Take him away to the court-marshal. Let him tell that to the tribuna officials," he commanded after the detectives looked over the map and saw that none of it was missing. Yet some of the officers not believing I was a spy tried to interfere. But they were ordered away and the general laughed when I tried to break from the military police and go at him. I knew then that he was glad to get me out of the way and I knew I could expect no mercy from him. And so I felt sure I was to face the firing squad immediately. But you may be sure I rested not at all. My mind was in a turmoil. Could General Dargor spoil the thing I had tried to do by telling you little girls the truth. Would it be better if I had let him get off with that map instead? He might have succeeded. I this believed I had been a fool to ruin my life's happiness in trying to get away with the map myself when he could have done it. As I was on my way to the entrance of the room and hall it seemed to me I must have dreamed it all. Many features of the assembly of officers had been like a dream. But the fact that I was a prisoner was real proof it was no dream. And I resolved to be a man and pay the price no matter how great that price might be. I had followed the very desires of my heart. I owed everything I had to you girls and General Dargor. If it had not been for him I would have been only a common private soldier in the army. It was no more than right that I should sacrifice myself for the general. But the time I was out in the hall and going forward with the army police I was calmer. Yet I began to feel if the map was not recovered the whole christian cause would be all broken up. I felt now that he had been right and that I had been wrong. I should have listened to him when he pleaded with me the first time and let him get away with the map. And I felt you little girls would be all for me if I had succeeded. I knew you were little brave white hearted janes and that you were heads over head in your love for your holy cause and those who defended it with you. At that moment I forgot I was a prisoner. The trouble I was in all of it. I too loved my cause and every one was loyal to me. Therefore nothing else

"Keep an eye on that corporal," he whispered to me. "If he gets too quickly out of here jump on him but don't do it - I know you have to. There's a safe in this room I want to lok into. Maybe we can prove also that he plans to do harm to us all."

general could easily win a major battle in the field. The general was going to jail when the spy said, "Just make one sound even the slightest and I'll drill you full of lead general Kornarian." "I'll drill you and take all these papers to general Ivan any how. You yourself are a spying snake general and these papers prove it."

"Put both hands up in the air general-----like that-----and keep them there."

The glandelinian general still it and trembling but recovering his nerve twitched as the spy read him the statement he had written. It would ruin him, his glandelinian army -- he knew that. It would give to the christians a glorious victory in the coming battle, but there seemed no way out.

The S Y forced the Glandelinian general into a chair at the small table. He sat down opposite and one by one they went over the papers, the securities the letters--all the evidence he had found in the safe.

"I'll sign it," said the general as his eyes wavered from the spys. "But I'll read the statements first."

"Hurry" he cried to me "take all those papers and the map--swap guns with me--get away for god's sake---quick---good bye" he gasped he indicated as he pointed to the stack of papers on the table and the map. He then grasped m my still smoking gun and handed me his own which had not been fired. I understood. The poor guy was done for. General Darger came to my help in time.

for our cause--go". The spy's head then fell forward. I leaned over and felt his heart for some beats. There was none, the spy was dead. I took the papers and ran to the window. Outside soldiers were running toward the building and footstaps were heard inside. I leaped back and into the big room and one soldier came hurrying through. I then hid for the moment for I knew the general too was dead. I forced the dying general before he expired to sign the statements which now he willingly did since he knew he was going holding him up, standing him as he tried to guide the pen with fingers that were fast stiffening in death. That inst ant of the general was the best in his life. He signed the statement, and then I left the building by a side secret way and after many frays through the rebel camps and outside in which I was wounded in the leg escaped."

"You were a brave and noble man," they cried.
Now that thrilled the soldiers, they loved him and believed in him now. Even great
general Hanson put his arms around him as if he were a child and between weeping
and laughing they were half an hour talking.

who had slain General Kormoran if he was caught. The urgent prayers of Violet on her sisters, their planula, and entré entreaties had failed to move him and their misery over the danger of fur future losses through these same spies left him utterly untouched by either sympathy or remorse. Appeals of the generals, and of the others and even of Gertrude Angelina and her girl and boy friends had a left him unmoved.

"I will give you only one more chance to tell where those two spies are and wherever they are within the Christian lines or not and I warn you that no man not expect no consideration from Emperor Yizian or his daughters or this court unless you confess."

The manlps were seen to only tighten a little more. His cold wicked eyes stared back at the general impassively. He knew where the two spies were, what that were doing, and every one knew that he did. By a few words he could have relieved the aching hearts of violet and her sisters. By only a few words he could have won the slightest sentence. The spy was over sixty years old, and was of more than considerably more than average intelligence. He knew that the court was in personal control of THE Virgin girls and that it was within their power to give him an easy sentence to a death sentence or a life sentence in the military prisoner as it was their will and that they would do it if he did not speak as they

dramatized. However he would not speak and therefore Viola and her sisters allowed general Hannon to give him the sentence.

"You are utterly bad a criminal instead of a spy," he told him furiously. "A wicked man and not a soldier though you are in uniform. I sentence you to face the firing squad tomorrow at sunrise."

Not a muscle of his face moved not a shade of expression crept into his eyes. He sat like a statue this wicked man who had put a heart break and misery into seven beautiful children, he listened unmoved derisive and defiant and he was marched away still unmoved. The generals were astonished. They wondered exceedingly what was the secret of his strange and unusual silence. Was it his fanatical love for his wicked cause? As we all know from what was read already it was a windy night toward the end of the week that the Vivian girls with their friends were finishing the map in the small headquarters of their own. In another room an Angelina, Italian girl who for her love of them relied upon them like a parent. About nine o'clock in the night a face appeared twice at the window then some heavy object was thrown into the room that caused confusion among them all. They recovered their wits, and they found the object was a small round stone in the form of a ball. Forgetting for a moment the map they arrested the stone. Then looking for the map they found it gone and feared they would never see it again. As the hours wore on and while they were on their way to general Hannon's quarters soldiers were called to aid in the search by Charles Brown and Marcus who happened to be with them when the loss was discovered. After a few days of rigid investigation and search in which also general Hannon and his followers helped in search of Viola and her sisters found through the help of one of Marcus's men after the shooting of German found this rebel spy in Colonel Stunck's headquarters talking looking about the loss the Vivian girls suffered. Suspicion was at first directed to him because he was the one who had sent the morning note to Viola and her sisters and because the seven Princesses learned he was an assistance to the two Professional spies. He also had made himself suspicious because he had once quarreled with some officers about the war some little time before he received the message and had left to reside in Colonel Stunck's headquarters. He however had visited the old place secretly to get as he said his army clothing and supplies. During this visit he had gone into the room of general Gladerlin's headquarters, the latter accusing him of taking with him a letter and some paper that the general had found missing and had had seven boys disguised as the Vivian girls help him in the conspiracy so that if detected the Vivian girls would therefore be mistaken for the spies. He had been arrested but found without anything about his person had been released therefore and the general withdrawing the charge against him. It was also discovered that in secret conversations with himself he had threatened if he found the chance to take the lives of Viola and her sisters and had tried to lure the unknown hooded men to slay them in ambush. One of these men being arrested told the officers that the spy had asked him to do it. The trio had refused the officer offer of one million dollars apiece for the killing so he had said:

"Well I know of many gladerlinians who would be willing to do it for nothing."

During the first day the Vivian girls had set out with their friends some soldiers and officer officers and even boy and girl scouts, had told the general that they had seen two men, one tall and stout with mustaches and other wise smoothly shaven move out of the company street and act very suspiciously though wearing the purple uniform. But the threats and the letters to the Vivian girls mainly caused the spy's arrest. The spy when surprised was indignant. One day of the map a note being sent he said he had been on a scouting tour with general Vivian at noon, had gone with general Hannon at four o'clock in the afternoon, had returned to his room, fallen asleep on his cot, awakened at four o'clock undressed and gone to bed. This was his alibi. When asked the two generals said they were not out on any scouting tours of any kind that day, neither did they leave their headquarters.

Then three officers came forward to draw the net closer about the spy. One of them said that he had been stopped at sundown by three uniformed men, one who had an unusual large package in his possession. The third man had given him some information about the Vivian girls being shot to death, and when he had reached there, the place turned out to be all in confusion and no one hurt though the ceiling had lost considerable plaster. When he retraced the place where the three men had been he saw them darting away into the darkness over mounds of earth, and then into a old clump of woods. He picked out the prisoner as one of the men. A second soldier then came forward and said that a little later on that same night he had been hailed by three men who had forced him into a tent and told him to change uniforms with one of them or die the death. When this was done, they bolted after setting the tent on fire. Others also identified this man. Confronting him with all this evidence as well as the threatening note to Viola and her sisters the court marshal confidently expected a good confession, but none came. The spy stubbornly repeated his denials and monotonously again and again reiterated his alibi. Meantime a most extraordinary search for the other two spies was going on a hunt unequalled in the search for vandals. Two hundred and fifty thousand soldiers, the Gemini and others were

assigned to the case by squads of boy and girl scouts who went everywhere possible looking for them, thousands of the most expert Gemini made canvasses of every tent in the lines, every house, in the towns and villages and cities every place were combed, rivers, towns, camps and all reservoirs were scoured, squads of men equipped with tear bombs searched tunnels and woods. The National papers in all cities offered great rewards for their capture or information which would lead to their discovery and capture. Not the faintest trace of the two spies had been found. Searching back through the lives of the spies the army authorities found some very curious things. The tall man a scoundrel had been always successful as a spy and had never failed in anything yet. Twenty one days ago he had raised general Gladerlin's tent.

Everything of importance belonging to the general had disappeared as completely and as mysteriously as the map stolen from Viola and her sisters. Soon after this he or his smaller accomplice had raised general Bonifano's headquarters and there was a great and dangerous fire following. Everything he had finished just as had the others. He had a wide acquaintance among all professional spies and the rebel generals and had received sixteen thousand to one hundred thousand dollars for one daring and successful exploit. What was it or what is it that lies beyond this strange silence of the spy this wicked man. Was it fear of the Professional spies, or general Mir-Hollander's punishment did he stay the map himself? The general who had sentenced him to die had this suspicion, for he said:

"The map was stolen by some one and I have a suspicion that is profound that you stole it."

He paused and looked at the spy intently. All eyes in the court room were on him for some sign that would betray him. He stared back at the general with inscrutable face and eyes-----and all in that army court room had a swift vision of this spy, as a tight lipped, cold eyed snake coiled in the desert of mystery with the map crushed in his embrace. And yet if the spy had actually confessed that he knew what had become of the two professional spies he would have suffered no sentence at all and would have missed the tragic penalty that he now must meet. It might even have been that the loss of the map before its recovery came about by accident, and although the spy would have been punished on the charge of being responsible for this he could still have taken advantage of the situation and made his bargain with the court marshal before he told where the two spies were and where they kept their hiding place.

In any event so anxious were all the generals to solve the mystery for poor Viola and her sisters that without doubt nothing heavier than a prisoner of war would have been inflicted, but those who watched the spy closely during the long trial the longest ever made by court marshal in the world believed that it was not fear of the rebel spies and general that kept him so silent.

"There is one thing about the work of spies that makes it more cruel than murder," said general Hannon. "It is the uncertainty of what will happen to the army if the spy is successful. There is not one officer who would not rather know that his stolen plans or maps and letters were not destroyed or captured than to feel that in the possession of some shrewd general of the rebels it was or they were perhaps threatening some terrible disaster to any of the big and most powerful of the Christian armies. Night and day the officers of lower rank or higher commissions and of course the lowest--- have visions of what will happen if spies are so successful and who knows of nothing that will happen. He therefore feels worse than a poor mother who has a vision of her lost one, who had known nothing but the tenderest love and care, lying bruised and beaten and calling out helplessly to her to come to it and deliver it from its misery. Or through the long sleepless night the poor officer or general sees his loss of the plan and imagines he already hears the exultant 'DEVIL YELL' of the successful foe, and there comes the thought of what, if the plans are in foes hands, what the after results will be. Disasters brought on by it, and generals ignorant of the true facts perhaps wonders at every tremendous fee charge that bet that widens the abyss between him and success, until soon enough the hour comes when the battle ends in a disaster heard of by the whole world. It is positively all this that makes the certainty of the destruction and immediately change of the plans preferable. Many a poor officer who has lost his plans through spies has prayed hour after hour that the plan is recovered, or lost by the reckless spy, or that the spy meets his own end before he reaches the rebel lines. Then he knows that at least the army is safe from defeats, and disasters and human losses in men and officers and disgraceful murderous losses in prisoners and slain. Undoubtedly this prisoner knew this, every spy no matter what's his mission must and does know it, and so it may be that his wicked hatred against the Vivian girl Princesses and also the Christian cause is so infernally black and bitter, and so fiery and his desires against Abbiannia so strong and his wicked determination so terribly strong and stubborn that he chooses to remain quiet giving up life and hope for life as nothing compared to the evil and perverted thirst which can be satisfied only as the disasters can do and satisfied only by the continued tears of Viola and her sisters and long drawn out heartbreak."

And many of the generals and others believed this too that it might be true.

"You are a wicked spy, you are desperately bad!" The general on said to him angrily. "It is true not that the map is not in the possession of the two professional spies, that general prisoner is dead, but the spies are hidden away somewhere by some friends who know how to conceal them. And yet it is most difficult to believe that this is true, when the reward for their capture dead or alive is so great indeed that it would not be an easy for it to be regarded or taken. Recognition by some one or soldier would be inevitable and a conflict might ensue with each other for possession of the two prisoners in order to gain the very reward offered. Yet again if the spies did escape then how could they get out out of the christian lines, or hide in a closely guarded and watched camp?"

There are of course many ways for spies to be hiding so they would not be found or detected but in fact I see the map now recovered was so large that a fat man could wrap it the paper around his belly four times and still have a portion of it stretched out. The map also could have been burned but this too leaves its traces and would be the satisfaction of the girls as the spy then would have been unable to make further use of it. What ever happened to the two spies or how they ever got out of the closely guarded christian lines is of their mystery a mysterious disappearance. All the stated movements of the three suspiciously acting men that night, from the face at the window until the time the map went, in the confusion caused by the flying stone are accounted for.

Between that and the next morning there was a lapse. From that morning unknown by the vivian girls who then were searching for the map, the very movements of the prisoner had been checked up every minute. What ever he did he did quick did quickly and with the extraordinary completeness and secretness. It may be that in that very monotonous passage of the hours in the guard house to which he will be brought to await the hour of his execution the iron will of the foolish and desperate spy will probably weaken and he will solve the mystery. He will still have a chance to tell and if he should it is possibly likely that immediate recommendations would be made out to me by violet or her sisters and my pardon heard and his death sentence will be withdrawn and that he once more would even be a free man and not a prisoner at all. But the vivian girls think he will never tell a word. They believe he will go to a spy's death with that cruel strange silence of his still unbroken.

No to go still further. One of the most shocking experiences of violet and her sisters within the christian lines at the hand of disguised glandelinians occurred that following night. Like all other good little Abhinnannian girls violet and her sisters to the surprise of all the other soldiers had continually withstood during the very trial the insults and wicked propositions of a certain number of strangely uniformed men whom they did not like and which they at first took to be a bunch of tough young foreign braggards at the trial. Regarding whom violet and her sisters were or what was their rank and profile these seemed suspiciously acting soldiers in purple grew bolder every hour during parts of the weeks trial as they found forth that time that nothing was being done to cause their arrest. Many of the Angelinean soldiers who were also at the trial were afraid they were glandelinian soldiers or spies in disguise because the tough young fellows were always seen around the place where an officer had reported a loss and as nothing could be found to prove any suspicions upon them the officers could not do anything and even every officer had reported even during the trial broken windows and other damage to military property while intending to take the suspicious ones to the court marshal would just then result in nothing as no evidence could be found against them. The serious incident happened the late Wednesday evening after the spy was sentenced when after the trial violet and her sisters dressed in their best riding uniforms like all others of the girls scouts of which they commanded went on their way to general Vivian's headquarters to find out something more concerning the plans of all the generals. They reached the general's headquarters without any unpleasant incident however but unfortunately on their return had unknown to them the disguised rascals (or an escort the very ones they did not trust and whom they had learned to dread). There was much snickering and whispering among the soldiers and presently the ears of the seven vivian girl Princesses began to burn with coarse wicked dirty and immodest remarks about them and their girl and boy scout followers. But they pretended just then not to hear and tried their best to give their attention to where they were going. The wicked rascals refused to be ignored however and after a while one of them rode over to violet and nudged her demanding her and her sisters to ride back alone and release him and his companions from duty.

"You cannot be off duty until your proper time comes and a new squadron relieves you," violet said quietly, "but as soon as we reach our own headquarters we will see that you are relieved."

The disguised rebel, an overgrown youth not quite twenty years of age was not satisfied with these promises. He claimed that he and the others wanted to be off duty and in the arguments and threats that followed between them and the vivian girls violet finally said that the soldiers must obey and he quiet or they will

be placed under arrest. This made the disguised glandelinian soldiers very angry but such to the relief of violet and her sisters they rode back to the rear in a body. When they had traveled further on, violet and her sisters could have appeared frightened and embarrassed for free the way the escort acted and a conversation they expected more trouble and insults but hardly what was really to come. It was very dark but as they reached a clump of heavy trees by the side of the Big Girl Knool Road violet caught a warning look from her sister Joice. Before Joice could speak one of the men rode up at a gallop and suddenly starting an argument again struck violet in the face with a set of brass knuckles which not only cut her face but greatly increased the shock of the blow knocking her from her horse almost dazed. She rose to her feet and attempted to draw her weapon but another man almost rode over down and rode her down knocking the pistol from her hand with his sabre. The third time, bleeding, and only half conscious she staggered for her horse but discovered it had run away in the confusion. She supported by her sisters seeing this man take this vicious spite out of her would immediately draw their guns and cover the whole escort. However confused by the scene they snickered and Jennie and Angeline came to the rescue of violet and started to escort her to Jennie's horse. Then they hurried along in the darkness but suddenly hearing the voice of the rascals behind as if following hard for some evil intent they drew guns and began to urge their horses on faster. Soon they reached a fork in the yellow brick road and turned to the right because they felt sure the ruffianly escort would lose them in the darkness and take the main fork by mistake.

But the pursuers kept right on and caught up with them. The leader whipped out a pistol and shoving it against violet's ribs said;

"Dismount, leave your horse here and do it quick or you'll be a dead fairy sprite in a moment."

Violet looked at him and the other rascals closing in and obeyed. It was her belief that the rascals would surely have killed her and her sisters, and she probably was right. But right or wrong she absolutely refused to leave her sisters not even to walk a little way. Immediately another pistol and the same threat were applied to Joice. She too felt they meant murder but nevertheless refused to obey. Then the leader said in plain deliberate words as they refused to obey, they were going to attack them and their sisters they screamed out;

"You wouldn't dare."

"We will dare anything you dirty little christian dogs," came the vicious answer and a second time the girls cried;

"You would not dare."

"I'll show you," said the rascal in a rage and both of them struggled and screamed as the glandelinians threw them to the ground. Her sisters rode forward to protest the other rascals having still remained on the horses watching the struggle. Two of these rode forward drew their pistols and grabbing the reins of the horses of the little girls urged them down the road a few yards and warned them;

"Beat it and don't you girls hang around here any more or I'll shoot your bodies full of holes."

Realizing the situation fully the two girls rode off however only to bring aid and apparently their two sisters were abandoned to the mercies of the disguised glandelinian rascals. They screamed and fought some more and the rascals drew their guns placed it at their temples and said;

"Look here christian sprites. If you scream again we will blow your pretty heads off."

This threat did not daunt them and seeing a chance they broke from the throng of captors and remounting their horses urged them at a racing speed down the road. But they soon heard the roar of hoofs behind them and Jennie was suddenly grasped by the throat pulled off the horse and was again assaulted this time by another man. At the same time her sister had to again suffer from the others.

Then again it seemed as if they were really going to get away at last for there were no sound of horses behind now. But to their horror the disguised rebels again appeared from all sides and again they were attacked. While this was going on her other two sisters had secured a squadron of Abyssinkilian soldiers on swift horses the first men they could find and hurried back to the scene. The rascals evidently had more plans in mind for they had surrounded and stopped the terrified girls again when they heard the roar of the horses. Horses of the rescue party coming. They fled but could not outdistance their Abyssinkilian pursuers and were captured. And by morning were lodged in the military prison for rebel criminals charged with treasonable assault on the vivian girls.

There was great indignation at this and it was evident that the court marshal would take this brutal offense against the vivian girls very seriously. During the court marshal there however was none to defend the culprits and the jury within an hour after the trial began rendered a verdict of guilty and they were sentenced to face the firing squads immediately.

The spy was marched the spies were marched out, placed before a stone wall in the company street, the firing squad took their formation and with the order fire brought the spies down with one volley. The other spy who still had refused to reveal the other two spies that is the professionals also shared the same fate.

General Melhoff returned to the scene with one million Gladelinians and Condancinians and struck at the Angelinians with all his force but the Gladelinians could not pierce the line though they held it at bay. General Toe Gaden arrived to the scene however and attacked the christians with merciless fury sending the line backwards badly riddled and gashed. General victor now brought his his heaviest artillery and hammered away at the victor

"What a lass she came back to us!" asked all of the boys.

and very wise and clever. you boys who have never seen her will like her I'm sure."

Just then the famous girl heroine came around the bend of the road riding swiftly on a magnificent horse which looked like one belonging to Violet. The girl this time wore the scarlet uniform of the Winkie Abyssinians and on her head was a large peaked hat with a large flat rim trimmed with small tinkling bells. She had a cartridge belt around her waist and a revolver on each side. Her face was interestingly beautiful and somehow or other her very smile bore a cheerful yet winning expression. She wore padded white gloves with the fingers long and rather limp and on her feet she wore riding shoes or red leather with broad turns at the top of them. The horse was almost as magnificent as its fair rider and also curiously decorated. This horse was a great and favorite property of Princess Violet who had caused him to be shod with expensive shoes and he was taken great care of so that he was a healthy animal. Its saddle was made of gold or cloth of gold richly encrusted with precious gems.

It had never worn a bridle. As Gertrude and Angeline came in sight of the party of boy scouts she reigned in the magnificent steed and dismounted and greeted Penrod and his followers with a salute and a smiling nod. Then she dismounted and stood to stare at all the boys in wonder while they in turn stared at her.

"Rattle snake!" Penrod whispered drawing his friend aside;

"Fix my tie into proper shape, there's a good boy."

While his friend obeyed he himself turned fully to Penrod and also whispered;

"Straighten out my coat please, its dreadfully wrinkled from traveling so much and all girls like to see a stately figure."

Both boys finished their hasty toilet at nearly the same time and again they faced Gertrude Angeline.

"Allow me Miss Angelina Aronburg," said Penrod to present my best boy friend the Right Official of Regiment "Radcliffe Radcliffe this Miss Angelina Aronburg. Miss Aronburg this is the boy known as the Rattlesnake. Angelina Aronburg--Angelina Aronburg the Rattlesnake boy."

The boy and the girl bowed with all the dignity they could assume.

"Forgive me for staring so rudely," said the girl.

"I'm at fault too for I stared also," answered the boy. "But you are the most beautiful girl next to Violet and her sisters our eyes have ever beheld."

"That's a high compliment from boys who are themselves so gallant providing my character is beautiful also," murmured the girl looking at the boys searchingly "but tell me boys are you not going on a scouting tour?"

"No we just returned. We almost got bunched up though in spite of all our efforts to keep ourselves hidden from the enemy. Did you just fit end going on one?"

"Oh not with this horse," said Gertrude. "I'm not that stuffed with cotton. It would never do to lose this horse or let the enemy get possession of it."

"But horses are easy to get anywhere in our high grade horse pastures. I may say it is a very stylish of you not to say aristocratic to ride so magnificent a horse you have there," said Penrod politely. "Still it is proper that a girl friend of Emperor Vivian's daughters so entrancingly lovely should have the best horse ever rode by any one. I'm--er-----I'm so glad I've met you again Gertrude."

"Introduce us again Penrod," asked the boys.

"Once is enough," replied Penrod laughing at the enthusiasm of his friends.

"Tell me where you boys were and dear me what a queer disguise you wear Penrod. What is it supposed to be? A Masquerade?"

"Something like that to confuse the enemy," answered Penrod proud that his disguise had attracted the girls' attention. "I've had more excitement to day than usual. I'm glad the enemy did not catch me. For a time I had wished we were transparent. I could see the rebels at work and though I've got a brave heart I at first thought I felt it leaving my mouth when the rebel gunners opened fire upon us."

"Just the same have I," said the girl shaking hands with Penrod as if to congratulate him on the fact. "I've other boy friends, one Walter Starring the boy say who has a very brave heart but the way I feel I could almost get along without one if my other organs would keep me alive. And so--well well here's your companion disguised to shake hands my little man, how are you?"

The Rattlesnake placed his hand in hers rather bashfully and the boy pressed and the girl pressed it so cordially that the boy felt more encouraged. Meantime one of the other boys had approached the horse and began to examine it with great curiosity. This horse resented this familiarity and aimed a sudden kick at the boy but fortunately missed.

"Keep away from that horse," cried Gertrude in a tone of warning. The boy never winked.

"To be sure I'll do anything if I have to. But don't make me angry my horse or I'll give you a shot between the eyes."

Gertrude looked at the boy and said;

"What a sweet disposition you have my lad for a boy scout. That fit of anger is breaking one of the rules. I advise you to try to calm your own calm yourself. If you killed that horse you would answer for it. He is the favorite steed of the leading Vivian Girl Princess who some day may be the ruler of the land of Abhinnani and she keeps him in a special stable behind her headquarters. He is as swift as the wind, untiring, and is kind to his friends. There may be something in you that the horse does not like. And all the Nation respects the Vivian girls highly and when I visit them or bring them a message Violet sometimes allows me to ride him as I am doing going to day. Now you know what an important personage the horse belongs to and if someone--perhaps you will tell me your name, your rank, and your history it will give me great pleasure to relate this incident to Violet or her sisters. This will be very interesting to them I'm sure but will lose for you their mutual respect and friendship, and cause you to lose your boy scout service in the army."

The boy was somewhat abashed by this speech and did not know how to reply. But Penrod said;

"This boy's name is Jacksona Wooley and he is quite a good boy except that he has a habit of getting angry too quick. I request if you will it that you please forgive him this time."

The boy looked the girl looked at the boy and saw by his eyes that it was true.

But she said in a puzzled way;

"What makes that so important? He threatened to kill the horse, called it a beast and no one has known Violet or I to ever put up with that."

Then Penrod related the unusual story of Hanson warning the Vivian girls not to go on a certain scouting tour, and told how they did setting out to find the things which they wanted to know in order to foil the foe's intentions and save Hanson's army from a defeat. This was before the battle. One of the chief incidents related was of the boy who snatched but however without results, not being able to gain satisfaction by it. Gertrude looked grave as she listened and she shook her head in several times as if in disapproval. We must see the Princess Princesses about this matter," she said. "That boy was seriously breaking the law by his snitching like that and if he is found out I'm sure Violet or even Violet or even her sisters will not allow him to remain in the boy scout ranks."

"Already I have spoken about that to the Rattlesnake boy," declared Penrod. At this Radcliffe looked angry.

"I want him found out," he exclaimed in his excited way. "I'm also afraid he may be in my own regiment and if so I'm going to expose him if I find out. What right has he going among us if he snitches on people like that?"

"Don't worry about that just now," advised Gertrude. "Go on to their headquarters and when you reach it have Angeline picket take you to see Jennie Turner. Tell her your story about the snitcher and I'm sure she will help you find out who it is. Jennie Turner beside myself is their best friend and if you can win her more than ever to your side, I'm sure the stool pigeon will go wrong." When turned to the boy who threatened to shoot Violet's horse she said;

"I'm afraid in one way your offense is not serious enough to be reported after all. I'll let you off this time."

"I've got a magnificent horse much better than him even," said Penrod. "I wish to make a present of it to Jennie Vivian but I'm too bashful to face her especially."

"Is that true inquired Gertrude turning to The Rattlesnake boy.

"Yes," said the boy and gave a description of the horse.

"Have you anything else?" asked the girl.

"Not just now," said Penrod as the other boys laughed merrily, and Radcliffe smiled. Bug put the laughing of the boys made Gertrude forget about the questions she had been asking Penrod. He then said to them all;

"Indeed what admirable boys you are and what joy good company you would make for us girls. Some day I hope we will be much better acquainted for never before have I have met a group of boys which such natural artless manners."

"No wonder they call you Gertrude the wise," replied Penrod.

"When you boys arrive at the camp I will hope to see you again," continued the girl graciously. "Just now I'm carrying news to general Robert Vivian have promised Violet and her sisters to deliver it for them."

"When you do you expect to return to general Hanson Vivian's lines?" asked Radcliffe.

"I hope to be there this very afternoon for I am anxious to have a long talk with the Vivian girls about something very important. My horse is equal for a swift run and I ought to be able to make it."

So Gertrude remounted to the saddle, and then waved her big bell trimmed hat and the horse darted away so swiftly that she and its rider were out of sight in a minute.....

"And yet how nice a d good natured she is" added Benrod bobbing his head up and down. "I think about the vivian girls, that in violet and her sisters she is the prettiest girl I've ever seen for a life time if it is that way." "Beauties are as beauties do." quoted one of the other boys. "but we must admit that though no living creature are as the vivian girls in beauty they also have a character and nature that cover their sweetness. The chief merits of Gertrude Angelina is that she is a great thinker for the cause of the nation and if all the generals follow her advice continually there'll be a big crash for Glandelin soon." "I

"You can't seem to understand that she told you it belongs to Violet and not the Emperor," declared Penrod. "When I first heard of Gertrude I had never had much confidence in her especially when I first came over here for it was said by the glandelinian generals that she was a big humbug Abbess. An Abbessnandan girl scout and spy, but through things I've seen I was soon convinced that Gertrude is really a menace to the foe and unless the enemy can get out of her way there will be a fatal crash for glandelinia. Her effort's at her work and all her successes are immeasurably unaccountable...."

"not just nowage was once but she now assists them.Violet and her sisters has taught Angelinia Aronburg a good many clever stunts of their own so she is no longer better.She is a holy terror.....(" They now walked on for a long time in silence and then Penrod said; "If we cannot find out w o the snithe r is what in the world shall we do?"

"Is Jennie Turner the little one who was wounded in the leg?"

Here Radca Radcliffe uttered a long sigh and then he continued; "she is i' a in a way a very queer girl, this Janie urmer, but I like her nevertheless even love her for she reminds me of my dead sister." " " " "

"Her ways," said the Rattlesnake, "the rebel generals have placed a great price on her head."

"If they would come to any part of America they would find their presence cause a most tremendous sensation."

"I now and perhaps she is----- from my point of view," replied Penrod, but why he smiled as he said this Radcliffe could not imagine. As they drew nearer to the Christian lines the boys were filled with untold admiration for the splendid scenery they beheld. Enormous and handsomely decorated tents stood on both sides of the road way and beyond the outskirts of the tents or camp was a large lawn with myriads of pretty flowers.

He was walking ahead with Radcliffe and behind them came the other boys.

He watched the bushes cautiously to make sure he was not mistaken. In an instant his heart leaped with excitement for this was one of the important things he joined the boy scouts for to find out who would be shadowing him or his comrades. He glanced ahead and saw that none of his companions was looking back so he tried to attract their attention by making a noise like a catgut they were too far to hear. His signal. Neither where there any soldiers about at this point they being out on drill and it was a short distance from the sentry line. Seeing the movement in the bushes again his temptation was too strong to resist crying out; "Who's there he ind those bushes?"

They stood a long time on the hilltop feasting their eyes on the splendor of the encampments.

"Why I thought you liked General Givins best" replied Penrod looking at his friend in amazement. "You are a captain or Marshal over your boy and girl scout regiments a regiment a Radocallife so you are their personal leader and they would not like you to leave them behind so so long."

"I thank you," remarked his friend, "we boy scouts remain and go where our superior tells us. It wouldn't do to have every name boy scout to remain too long in one camp you know for some must now and then make a change, and scout and answer flag signals and all the deeds they are requested to perform, while others chop down trees to form barricades to oppose the advance of the enemy, or fish in rivers, or watch the movements of the enemy, and do acts of kindness and mercy. There is a freedom and independence in a boy scout's life that not even the army life conveys to a superior general. I know that most of the soldiers would like to be boys for the purpose to be boy scouts. The Vivian Girl Princesses could live as freely in Emperor Vivian's Palace instead of being with the Princess if they just wanted to, but they are adventurers and other kind of girls. Too much splendor becomes tiresome in time you know. But if we are to reach the headquarters of the Vivian Girls you know we must hurry for it is a yet a long way off."

The entrancing sight of this enormous city of encampments had already put fresh energy into the boys and they hurried faster than before. There was much to interest them along the pathway for the barracks were now set more closely together like houses in a big city and they met large crowds of soldiers who were coming and going from one part of the camp to another. All these soldiers seemed either excited or sullen faced but many of them nodded gracefully and respectfully to the boys as they passed and exchanged words of greeting. At last as they reached their own part of the camp, just as the sun was nearing the western horizon and adding its brilliancy to the few clouds in the sky, somewhere in the camp a band could be heard playing a long sweet sad march. A soft subdued humming sound as of many children singing at a distance also reached their ears from a other direction. They were almost at the boy scout encampments when there was the sound of galloping horses and an officer on horseback dressed like or in a uniform that looked too splendid for a millionaire to buy with all his fortune, rode up followed by soldiers uniformed like him, and they reigned in before the boys and indeed Penrod thought he had never seen such a handsomely uniformed officer in his life before. At first he thought it was Emperor Ivan as he slightly resembled him. General Harrison pointed for it was he he he were indeed a handsome uniform also a purple and gold edged coat with a fancy tall hat in which there was a large waving plume and his revolver belt looked as if it was thickly encrusted with jewels. But the most peculiar thing about him was his heavy long beard like that worn by a missionary Priest.

"Halt for a moment you boys," said the general, general but not in a stern voice but in a very friendly tone. They had however stopped before he spoke and Penrod stood at salute as he said:

"Good evening, general Halsted. What's the good news since we left general Greatharts' lines? Anything very important?"

"We are going to reinforce general Jeknell with thirteen divisions of troops or even more," replied the general. "They say he is one of the ablest generals and fighters on the side of our cause. Abbieanna ever had Emperor Vivian and his daughter are mighty proud of their generals. I can tell you."

"They have a right to be," agreed the boys. "Let me see. Is was seven million prisoners he had captured yesterday. Is it not general?"

"It was more than that," was the reply. "You should visit the great general some day and congratulate him."

"It will give me great pleasure and so for my followers too do that," said Penrod. "But you will observe I have brought some new recruits to my camp with me. I'm going to take them to see general Hanson, Vivian."

"One moment if you please," said the general, raising his hand. "I am on duty here and I have orders to execute. Is there any boy in your party whose name is Marco Schofield Penrod?"

"What? Why general that is me!" cried Penrod, astonished at how hearing his name on the lips of this important chieftain. The general smiled.

"I thought so," said he. "I know how bashful and awesome you are while being in the presence of the Vivian Girl Princesses. Directly therefore I am just the same delighted to do my duty in announcing that it is my surprising duty to bring you to them. You are to see them on something very important."

"They wish to see me," exclaimed the boy, blushing crimson. "What for?"

"They have not told me as yet," answered the general. "I've got the summons here." Then he drew from a breast pocket a roll of paper and opening it glanced over it.

"Oh you are to appear to them on some important council which you alone they can decide in."

"Confide in me only," said Penrod still blushing. "Nonsense, general. I know you are surely joking now. I be called into their presence a common boy scout."

"No I am not joking," returned the general. "My dear boy, what are you thinking? In me you behold the body guard of our Excellency general Hanson, Vivian. I'm in command of Hanson's whole army and also am the Count in charge of the royal army of Emperor Robert, Vivian, and also the Grand Duke of Angelina Agathia."

"And only one man," of course claimed the boy.

"Yes my lad, only one and plenty enough. In my official position I have plenty to do since the war came on. Sometimes so much that I feared I could not accomplish it at all. An hour ago I was called into the Presence of their Great and Royal Highnesses the Vivian Girl Princesses and told to summon a boy to their presence named Marco Schofield Penrod who was entering general Hanson's lines from Greatharts' camp to ours and who would also arrive in a short time. This command so astonished me that I felt embarrassed for it is the first time any boy of any kind has merited his good luck to be summoned into their presence since I can remember. You are rightly in good luck my dear boy, since you have gained their loving friendship."

"But I am afraid you are wrong," said Penrod. "I'm not important enough to see such girls in their own headquarters. For I am nothing more than a plain boy scout. They usually receive their best girl friends and general officers only."

"On that you are greatly mistaken," replied the general. "Any one accusing himself generally is not what he says he is. You have secretly without your knowledge been given a fair trial by Violet herself, her sisters have somehow confirmed their confidence in you for you have every chance to prove your character and ability, and you are more than they even suspected. You are good at making plans, drawing plans, making sketches and the like of earthworks, fortifications and the like, and of shooting at targets but you have them beat a thousand ways. And don't you realize my boy you caused many disasters to the foe. If you really like them as you say you will be only too glad to obey their summons. If you refuse they will surely know you are afraid of them."

With this the general took from his pockets a badge made of gold and set with rubies and diamonds and this he placed on the boy's breast. Indeed, Penrod was so bewildered by this summons that he made or offered no resistance or refusal at all. He knew he was liked very well he was liked more as a brother by them and it surprised him immensely that they confided in only him. And he wondered exceedingly how they had found out so much about him when he tried to keep everything he did a profound secret. He of course knew that no one just now was more greatly feared by the foe generals than he for by his actions he had proved it. He had upset Mic-Ho's, Illesters' plans at the battle just past and by that caused the general to lose a leg. He handed his old hat to Radcliffe and said in a shaky voice:

"Keep--ake up this crazy--looking outfit--until I--I--re--return. If I--I--do not come--back to tomorrow--for certain reasons--throw it--away."

Radcliffe had been gazing earnestly in the boy scout's face uncertain whether to ask permission to go with him or not but something he read in the expression of Penrod's face made him draw back knowing why they would also call for him in another hour too. Radcliffe was greatly surprised and proud instead of jealous as some other boys would have been and he knew that Violet and her sisters never made mistakes and so Penrod was really wanted for something important. He however did not like it that Penrod was so confoundedly bashful and awesome. Penrod mounted the horse led to him and the general now directed or led him through the company streets and to the army dry goods tent. Here in charge was a jolly sergeant richly dressed in a lavender uniform and having around the rim of his large hat the same kind of tinkling bells. He was the quarter master sergeant and at the moment he entered still on horseback was playing the tune of "Abbieanna forever March."

It was indeed a splendid piece the best music Penrod had ever heard and all listened respectfully while he blew the notes from the magnificent mouth harp. When it was all over the general said:

"I have here a special friend of the seven Abbieannian Princesses."

"Good Gracious a special friend!" cried the sergeant jumping up from his bunk and looking at the boy as if flabbergasted. "Which one? Not that nice-looking boy in rebel uniform."

"Yes sergeant, this nice-looking disguised Abbieannian boy scout."

"Ah but he is foreign but anyway I hoped he would surely gain their friendship and my hope has not been in vain," said the sergeant. "But what can he have done that has gained their confidence in him, and what made him accomplish it?"

"Not allowed to tell their orders," replied the general. "All I can tell you now know. All I know is that once he broke up Marley's army, and not caused a main army to be lost the chief general for good."

"But general even they must be fooling or seriously mistaken. No boy has yet been able to do that."

The general laughed.

"That's all you know," the general exclaimed. "They have looked up his records and the records of his deeds, have gone through his room looking over his drawings and letters and sketches and other plans and out of all things they discovered there's a far greater reward offered by the traitor government for his capture or destruction than there is for the seven of the Vivian girls combined. They discovered that in a rebel post p. bill on a tree which they now have in their possession."

"Then he must surely be famous and soon will be on their right side. I hope he falls in love with one of them general," jokingly.

"I am ordered to escort him to their headquarters," answered the general. "His chief, ide-de-camp for the time being. Get me a brand new uniform for him the best you got in stock. I'll reward you for it some day."

The sergeant went to the high stacks of boy scout uniforms and took from it a specially made uniform which the boy quickly put on. A hat also was furnished, a new pair of shoes and some special leggings. As they then left the tent the general said to Penrod:

"I have been first asked to take you directly to Jennie Turner for she is to prepare a special supper for you. An hour later Radcliffe will come to. Before they see you the Vivian girls must summon the Gemini but they won't keep you waiting long at least not at all but they know you have not had your supper. So while you are eating Jennie Turner will entertain you will well and so you need not worry about the little delay."

"What shall I do when ushered into their presence?" asked the boy.

"That I cannot tell," answered the general. "Since I entered the army no boy before was ever summoned or honored by Emperor Vivian's daughters before until they called for you. You must use your own judgment. You may not be ushered at all but requested to walk in just as if you were at home."

"It seems to me the dear Vivian Girl Princesses are making a big fuss over nothing," remarked Penrod growing more awed as their headquarters came in sight. "I don't know what important things I have done but it could not be anything very great. They must like me as if I were their brother."

The general did not reply to this speech and presently some how or other the boy began to forget his awesome feeling in his admiration of the wonderful city of big striped tents he had entered. They soon separated from the fancily uniformed soldier escort of the generals the boy being led by the general down another company street toward the imposing building now very close. Indeed Penrod though enjoying his very good good fortune felt greatly embarrassed, and greatly excited and yet proud of himself but at the same time he was beginning to grow awesome again because he was treated by the Vivian girls in such an honorable way. He even felt it was really a mistake.

Instead of entering the splendid Abilene camp as a respectable boy scout captain who was entitled to a welcome and hospitality he was being brought in to see the Vivian girls as a great guest of honor and a brotherly friend in a new uniform that told all of his met of his unusual reception. Penrod was by nature gentle, brave, cautious, and affectionate and if he had joined Mc-Hollister Army to be crippled at Nine Pines it was only to restore Hanson's army to its lost positions. What was that? Why nothing. Any general could have done that. He believed his own bravery was more reckless than mere courage, no sacrifice through fear but that did not alter the fact that he committed the deed that caused the disaster to Mc-Hollister's army and the loss of their main commander. At first he had felt joyful and exultant but now the more he thought about his being so unusually honored-----too extremely honored to be true, because he considered it was the more he was surprised at his being summoned admiring and feeling awed but was grateful to the Vivian girls for making friends with him-----only a common boy scout, and then honoring him like their brotherly prince because they loved him, and honored his brave deed. What was brave in that he wondered. What was that, only breaking up the rebel army and causing the loss of the main leader. Would not they have done that before? If they did they would not have thought anything of it. What victory for Hanson's army was in causing general Mc-Hollister's downfall? Penrod began to think that Violet and her sisters must have made a big mistake or that they must be very good and unusually friendly seven little Princesses to be out here witnessing such harrowing scenes of this tremendous war. Many said the Abilene general hated them but surely how could they? The boy scout was so busy thinking these things-----which only brave heroes have thought before him that he scarcely at all noticed the splendor of the company streets through which they passed. When over they at any of the jolly smiling soldiers who spoke about him he looked at them in surprise although none of the soldiers knew who he was.

By and by or rather in a few minutes more they reached the big handsome wooden house that stood just beside the road that peculiar round house they need. For their headquarters (in a retired part of the camp) it being a pretty rounded house indeed near neatly painted and with many large windows. Before it was a small meadow once covered thickly with a sea of blooming flowers.

The officer riding up to the gate dismounted, then Penrod did likewise and the general led the boy up the gravel path to the front door the two sentries admitting them past. The general knocked three times very loudly and to Penrod's surprise a beautiful ten year old girl opened the door and seeing Penrod and in his new uniform exclaimed after she had thrown her arms around his neck and kissed him:

"Goodness me if it is not the good dear boy who helped me the day I was wounded. But what is the reason you bring him here general? He is a prisoner of the Vivian girls for one night!" and she laughed as she said this.

"Yes for one night" answered the general laughing also. You know the Vivian girls want his company for important reasons Jennie dear. I guess you know what it is all about. But the fact that he thinks he is a common boy scout does not matter, and this being their headquarters and you their rescuer as they told me it is my duty to place him under your charge until he has eaten his supper which they wished you to prepare for him."

"True your Excellency. Come in then and I'll give you a receipt for him."

They entered the house and passed through the welllighted hallway to a large oblong room where she regarded Penrod with such kindly interest that he could not help being nervous and yet enraptured at the same time. And the boy also was gazing at her in amazement for this was the first time he had seen her without a disguise and he had never dreamed of her beauty so magnificent. Were all the heroines he knew and heard about such beautiful little girls? The room was neatly furnished the furniture being upholstered in satin brocade and it consisted of easy chairs, divans and stools in great variety. Also there were several large big tables with big mirror tops and some cabinets filled with rare and most curious things. In one place there stood against the wall a good sized book case filled with many different different volumes and elsewhere Penrod saw a large cupboard containing all sorts of games.

"How long am I to remain here before I go to see the Vivian girls?" asked the boy pleadingly.

"Why after your supper" replied Jennie smiling at him sweetly "and in me behold your server. Put down the blinds now" to another scout "and see that there are a enough guards to make it impossible for all strangers to enter this house or to get near enough to put their dirt faces into our windows like one did before." And she laughed as she said this remembering before the face at the window before the map was stolen.

"I'll do that very well Miss Turner" replied the boy scout and at once set about to obey his order. The little girl touched a match to a gas mantle and lighted a big chandelier that hung suspended from the ceiling for it was growing dark on the outside. The she then she seated herself at one of the tables and asked:

"What was my dear boy friend?"

"Marco Schoof told Penrod" answered the general himself.

"Penrod! Ah that accounts for it then." said she. "What purpose of his arrival? You know I have to ask that even though I know."

"To attend a perfectly important conference."

"All right! There's your receipt general and now I'm responsible for the safety of my good and handsome little guest. I'm glad of it for this is the second time I've met the brave lad who sacrificed so much for me" remarked the girl in a tone that showed her gratefulness.

"It's the same with me Jennie" laughed the general "but my duty is now finished and I must go to report to the Vivian girls that I have done my work like a faithful friend as I hope I am."

Saying this he nodded farewell to the girl and boy and went out of the room.

"Now then" said Jennie briskly "I must hurry and get you a good hot supper for I know it's a long time since you had eaten and you must be very hungry. What would you prefer me to cook for you. White fish, Omelet with jelly, pie, or mutton chops with gravy." "!!!!"

For a moment Penrod thought about it and then he said:

"I'll take the white fish if you please."

"Very well. Amuse yourself my dear boy while I'm busy cooking. I won't be long" and then she went out by a side door and left the boy alone. Penrod was much astonished for not only was this unlike any army building he had ever heard of or seen but also he was being treated more as a prince than a boy scout. There were many big windows but they were locked to prevent spies entering. There were three doors to the big room but being on the inside of the building they were not locked.

He cautiously opened one of the doors and found it led into the same hallway. But fearing of being lost in the big house he had no intention just then of straying out of the room. Moreover a hot supper was being prepared for him and his room was very pleasant and very comfortable. So he took a book from the once and sat down in one of the chairs to read at least what he had time to glance over. He found it an amazing story and he continued reading until the little heroine came in with a large tray and spread a white cloth on one of the tables. Then she quickly arranged his supper which proved the most varied and delicious meal Penrod had ever eaten in his life.

He felt awed yet delighted as she sat near him while he slowly ate, reading a book to herself. When finally he was through she cleared the table and then told him of her deeds and experiences since she became a girl scout.

"Is this really the headquarters of the great Heroines?" he asked when she had told him everything.

"Indeed you are right" she replied. "but it is not the only headquarters in the camp."

"And am I really summoned here by them?"

"Yes indeed. They are preparing to receive you."

"But why are they treating me so fine and why are you so kind to me?" he earnestly asked.

Jennie saw of very much surprised at this question but she presently answered:

"Why we consider our country very fortunate fortunate to have a good boy scout like you. The nation is fortunate in two ways--because you have done so much for our cause and aided many child slaves who are deprived of their liberty. Therefore for even aiding me you have won more than our friendship which is your good fortune. The Vivian girls know you are strong and brave therefore their confidence is also strong in you. When you accomplished that deed more like a soldier than a boy scout you are considered more than all here by them and also a good and loyal soldier and all the soldiers are glad and all the officers and generals too that they have a boy scout in their army that is strong and brave enough to rally a division of confused troops like you did at the battle of Delight's Junction. You see it was your bravery that made them have such strong confidence in you and so they wish to trust you with something very important that they would trust no one else with."

Penrod thought this over very carefully.

"I had an idea" said he "that what I did was nothing at all."

"Nothing at all!" cried Jennie, "excitedly springing to her feet." "Are you sure Penrod that you know what you are saying. Are you one of the boys who make nothing out of a brave deed? Don't you wish Penrod with all your heart and soul that you

was now a man and had that huge sum of money that the glandelinian government has offered for your capture dead or alive! Don't you realize that millions of trees and fountains and other places have those bill posters offering that reward for you! Don't you realize it now!"

"I'd hate to have the money. I'd have no joy out of its riches. Riches is only a curse unless... I gave it all for the good of the cause," he admitted. "I'd even rather have the coin a company you are now to me than all the money in the whole wide world."

"Yes as I believe I would too," said the girl. "But when you are in their presence you will be obliged to enjoy their company too. I don't know just what they will want you to do for them because this is the first time they have summoned a boy of any kind or rank but you may be sure they will confide in you. Only of boys at least. Here even in the christian lines there are too many disguised spies and yet you who came from some far away country have even outwitted the cleverest of glandelinian generals and spies the Glandelinian government has."

"Yes," said Penrod. "I've lived the life of a soldier despite my young years and I fear none of the glandelinians."

"I thought so," said Jennie Turner. "The rebels know you are a tiger. Neither their swiftest pursuers nor their secret service men and military police who have continually hunted you in vain realize that you are really a tiger. Some believe the foe spies are too careful of your skins to trail the boy tiger to his den. They have felt your sharp claws before. Once you called your boys that is some of them a bunch of chicken hearted fools because they were afraid to go where you went being afraid of the foe would be on their trail or shadow them. You got away with the plans alright. But now we have talked enough so let's get ourselves ready to be admitted into their presence."

Indeed Jennie Turner after her talk with Penrod was getting ready in one of her rooms in the royal headquarters. She was putting on her best Purple frock without any fancy designs or ornaments except a purple hair band for despite her bravery and position in rank she was a simple little girl and had not been in the least spoiled by the magnificence surrounding her or by her own rank and heroism. Once before the great war broke out the brave child had like the vivian girls lived in different parts of the Abbeismian country but she, like them, seemed born for thrilling adventures for she had had quite a number of experiences with the enemy and she too was more greatly dreaded than even Penrod or Gertrude Angelina. Her ways now seemed pretty, graceful and loving but if any one was her enemy look out. She was a tigress that once released from its cage destroys all enemies before it. Her very best girl friends the beautiful vivian girl Princesses of Abbeismia who loved and adored Jennie Turner so well that if duty did not call her or them they kept her with them as much as possible so as to be near her and have her company. As for Angelina Aronburg it would be something unusual to see her separated from Jennie Turner. The little girl's parents and relatives had been wiped out by the early horror of the war and now her sister gone she was alone in the world. Nevertheless though she hated all the glandelinians with a savage hatred she was a calm and did not show her bitter feelings. Jennie Turner knew almost every general in the armies of her foes and it was she who had discovered the two professional spies, her arch enemies at their work within the christian lines, and the one who had shot her in the leg.

Her life was a very busy one now and although she had been made the highest of the girl scout leadership her friends the vivian girls she was a leader also a spy and became so dangerous that the best of the glandelinian generals feared her. A squadron of rebels generally would flee at her approach if she saw them first.

PENROD JOINS THE COUNCIL AND GIVES ADVICE WORTH WHILE. THE RESULT.. ..

JENNIE was just lacing her shoes when one of her girl scouts, her favorite aide-de-camp came in to say that general kindernine had arrived and wanted to see her on something very important immediately...

"All right Minnie," said Jennie. "Tell him to come right in." "But he has some girl scouts with him dressed in queer uniforms---some of the queerest disguises I've ever seen in my life," reported the girl. "Never mind about that, Minnie let them all come in," replied Jennie impatiently. But when the aide-de-camp opened the door to admit not only general kindernine but three good sized boys, Jennie Turner jumped up and looked at the three boy-scouts in overwhelming amazement. The oldest boy had the most curious disguise of a 1 and Jennie was uncertain at first whether the three boys were really alive or only a dream or a night mare.

"You sure are now ones to me, you three boys," Jennie said reflectively addressing the boy scouts. "I can't imagine what part of the camp you came from." "Who me?" asked the oldest boy feeling embarrassed to look at the girl and gazing around the pretty room. "Oh I came from the Glandelinian army I guess. I can't tell you though what the glandelinian soldiers called me though when I escaped them. It's worse than blasphemy. Some Angelinians even say the glandelinians call me a 'Rattlesnake' but my name now is Radcliffe and now I know you know all about me."

"I did not quite know you in that queer disguise," returned Jennie with a queer smile. "But I wish you would tell me how you came to go into the enemy's lines and then escape them so quickly!"

"That's an easy job for me," said the boy. "I longed for some excitement so I went with these three boys. I did not stay as long as I wanted to as I had no time. A very fine refined rebel general named Manley whom I narrowly escaped told me something about myself that didn't fit for any body to hear. I'll kill that traitor general if I get the chance."

"Oh have you met old Manley then?" asked Jennie a little puzzled to understand the brief story related.

"Yes, he is certainly a very jolly fellow, and a champion lacamp hater."

"That general has many dreadful qualities," replied Jennie. "But I'm sorry to hear he called you such names. I'll bet he has made a few savages when he knows you escaped him so easily."

"He only swears for the benefit of his army," exclaimed another boy who was respectful before her.

"Dear me," said Jennie. "were you with Radcliffe?"

"I've swiped some very important letters and plans which are also very important," answered the boy. "also I have Manley's magnificent pistol. You can see it here." And he showed it to her.

"Oh is that Manley's gun? Bring it over here and let me see it please!!!!" For a moment the boy hesitated eyeing the girl bashfully and looking very embarrassed indeed.

"I'm very respectful and it is very undignified for me to approach girls like you in such filthy uncouth uniforms," he said.

"Undignified? Why of what great importance am I?" she demanded. "May that is my way to have even the most common boy scouts approach me and to boys like you I should be, and I am the kindest girl or one of them probably in the whole world so to speak speak to my way of seeing things to you you do as many good deeds most as much as Penrod does."

"Why I was not thinking of that," declared Radcliffe in an awed tone.

"I know you wasn't being brave enough to face beautiful little ladies like me," explained Jennie smiling at the bashful boy. "suppose you were the most common of boy scouts that would not make any difference to us girls, we understand boys a good deal and they would not be afraid of us or embarrassed in our presence if they understood us just as well as they understand themselves. Therefore brace up little

boy friend you surely must not be afraid of me or let my beauty awe or embarrass you any more than if you were my loving brother, come near to me please and show me the gun you captured from general John Manley."

Radi lifa at this tried to overcome his shy ness and he handed her the gun while when he looked into her face and he she returned the look he had the sensation as if he gazed into the beautiful face of a celestial being.

"That's the gun" he gazed and in a way that made her smile, however the boy summoned up enough courage that he ventured close to Jennie Turner in order that the little girl might see that he is brave, this was really interesting but when Jennie just suddenly placed her arms around his neck and imprinted a kiss on his forehead the boy blushed and looked at her as if he had been killed by an angel.

"What do you know about general Manley's intentions since you was within his lines this evening?" asked Jennie.

"I was in his headquarters" replied the boy. "So I know all about his plans and I have told it to general Vivian already. Yet he fears it is too late because since discovering the generals of the rebels will change their plans. I've been in his house for an hour and though I did not know much about him I will say that according to his conversation he had planned many times to lay waste to the whole christian camp by fire but many of the vandals have absolutely to do that work unless they received a huge sum and a commission for it. Manley thinks there is no danger in doing this for the confusion caused by the big fire would cover the retreat of his shattered army. He planned the conflagration for to night deciding to have it done if he has to make the fire by his own hand."

"That's awful, why did you not smite him?" asked Jennie.

"I think you had better let me explain that" interrupted the general and then he told Jennie all of Radcliffe's story and how he had entered the enemy lines with forty hundred disguised soldiers beside the three boys, and how when they had been discovered the soldiers had been all shot down in the death struggle that ensued by rebel sharpshooters and the boys and the general narrowly escaping with their lives, then he related how the three boys had while hard pressed by the glandelinians had made their way out of the camp and how they fortunately came upon a large Abyssinian, Kilian Squadron or scouting party who had shot down all of the pursuers and taken him and his three boys along toward the christian lines and brought them in fifty after a long race with the pursuing body of the fierce zimmanian cavaliers..... Jennie listened to all this with much interest beside

"horror" and thought so far the boys had acted very well, but when the general told her fully of Manley's plans and already of the arrest of many persons accused of trying to set fire to tents in various parts of the camp and of the doubling of guards the little girl was greatly shocked.

"What do you suppose can be done to prevent it?" she asked.

"I fear nothing at all" answered the general sadly. "I did not see any one make any such attempt yet but I warned the guards that to allow a fire of mysterious origin break out on their beat would be seriously breaking the military law and the penalty will be the facing of firing squads, and so perhaps no fires will show up in my camp. But I don't know about the others."

"I'm sorry about that" said Jennie gravely "for if a big conflagration should break out in this camp there will be no number of soldiers able to stop its progress and everything will go before it woods and all."

"Don't mention such bad luck plans" said one of the other boys. "but I believe we are safe for the soldiers question and search every one who are perfect strangers to them and if they have any thing to start fires in their possession such things as matches and the like they are promptly arrested."

"I see" remarked Jennie with a sigh of regret "the generals, many may have forgotten to have the soldiers keep an eye out for those professional spies. They say the main ones to start such a fire if the others are not able to do so."

"Yes we are still in danger of a big fire if they did" retorted the second boy. "and such a big fire would be a great disaster to us. To think of it makes a person feel nervous, sad and excited all of which sensation interfere with one's happiness. But I don't imagine it will let Manley be bothered any about such fires."

"He's a pretty hard hearted general" said Jennie "and Radcliffe of course-----"

"Why as for me" observed the boy who still stood by her "I have never seen those fire bugs yet as I was too much occupied and yet it will be a sorry thing for them to try to make a fire near my camp. It'll be very unfortunate for them. I remember how when Penrod was located in that attic with the Battlesnakes and he longed for some one to help him and bye and bye the Vivian girls traced him through your aid and information and did help him, go as you helped him I'm willing to help you and them. We may all be stupid boys Jennie, but we can prevent the outbreak of the fires near us anyhow and what ever you'll tell us to do we'll gladly do it."

Jennie took his hand and pressed it warmly.

"You are a good boy. I and the Vivian girl Princesses like you as much as we do Penrod. What else will you do for the cause. Anything special?"

"I can put all my boy scouts on guard so they'll prevent the glandelinians from setting the camp on fire as they planned."

"I don't see as how any amount of guards could prevent the vandals from making a fire if they intend to do it" remarked the girl. "Can't you think of an thing else that would have better results?"

"I thought the guards could sound a general alarm even at the outbreak of a small fire, or at least for to night if necessary have the whole army strip down the tents and sleep without them" said the boy hesitatingly "hesitatingly" but perhaps that would not do an' good either.....

"No I believe not" said the general. "You are quite wrong in suggesting that. Then he turned to Jennie Turner and added "what will become of the vandals if they are captured?"

"I don't know" she said shaking her head thoughtfully. "Acrossin" as they call Aron or Arson in this country in time of war or not is considered the most serious of all crimes worse than murder and is felonly and in time of war or even at all times considering if a fire causing many persons to lose their lives vandals suffer the death penalty for every offense they commit. Those who are caught will be brought to trial of course and then they will be punished. But what the penalty for just the attempt I do not know cause no one say nor vandals had a hardly ever yet been captured alive in our armies since I joined. Y' a bad is it not general?"

While they had been speaking the other boys had been roaming around the room looking at all the pretty pictures on the walls and the beautiful furniture there. Radcliffe had all this time been carrying a large wicker basket in his hands until now and he handed it to her for he wished her to see what was inside of it. She found a loaf of bread, a round block of cheese which smelled of no account papers, she was curious however for she knew the boy had something concealed in them. She took them to a small round table and proceeded to examine them. The girl was quick witted and although she had little time to waste she recognized that her friend Radcliffe had accomplished more than he had cared to admit.

She knew at once without the slightest doubt that because the boy had taken a very important papers from Manley's headquarters he had been hard pressed by the pursuers and she understood that Radcliffe had given her the basket so that if there were disguised rebel spies in the lines shadowing him they would not find them in his possession and thus thwart his own plans. So turning to look at all the windows to see that no one was looking in from the outside she took some notes from inside the bread loaf and something else nice and round from the cake of cheese which she had found was cut in two and at his quick suggestion placed them inside her waist. Then she came forward and said to Radcliffe:

"I would not care to see any one shadowed by spies so I'll help you. Manley has I know ordered his cleverest spies to enter the christian lines to show me and the Vivian girls."

"I now it, it is the same with me" said the boy "and of course I was afraid he knew what I was doing and so I entrusted them to your care. If you can reach general Hanson's headquarters to morrow they will be safer in his possession I believe."

"They will have to get there as soon as possible won't they?" asked Jennie. "I suppose so."

"Well general kindermine can take them immediately" declared the girl and she handed the notes to the general as he was departing. As it was nearly time for Jennie to bring Penrod to interview the Vivian girls she rang for her aide-de-camp and ordered the other three boys taken to a nice room and given such a supper as they liked. Radcliffe was put in a room of his own for she was much interested in the boy and wanted to talk with him again and understand his ways much better than she did now. Penrod knowing it would soon be time to be brought before the Vivian girls had gone to a room prepared for him and to this he went to make himself appear more cleaner. His uniform which he had on was of a deep lavender color made of satin and velvet, he boy washed himself as clean as possible and then combed and brushed his hair carefully. This accomplished and arrayed in his splendid lavender uniform he went to Jennie Turner and found the Battlesnake boy and some very shrewd looking officers already assembled there.

The boy Rad Radcliffe had made a quick change of his uniform and was looking much different then when he first came with the general and the three other boys. A moment later while they all stood patiently waiting the girl girl aide-de-camp suddenly opened a door and Violet and her sisters entered. Already throughout the whole story so far for a whole lot has been said told and written concerning the dazzling beauty of person and also saintly character of these seven sweet and brave Vivian girl princesses of Abissania the most war torn country of which any one ever heard of. Yet to say with all their queenly and other

q quillition violet and her sisters were real brave q girls and unusually good in allways though on account of the war they ad not the slightest opportunity to enjoy the things in life that other little girls love to enjoy. he cut out their scouting tours and when they rode their splendid horses and tried to keep all their generals informed of every movement of every one of their chancellors and plotted plans and made conspiracies, and made laws concerning the movements of the christian armies they were as dignified and as demure and as serious as any other queen should and would, but sometimes when they had managed to discard their uniforms and retired to their private apartments in their headquarters or elsewhere the vivian girls joyous and also light hearted and free replaced the sedate Princesses and dignified manners. In their council room to night where gathered only old and out trust worthy of boy and girl friends so here indeed wore t o the vivian girls in themselves more girls. they greeted Jennie Turner and also Angolina Aronburg with a kiss, the pattenmoke with a smile and hearty handshake, also the officers and they pressed Pe rods arm and cried merrily:

"What a lovely new uniform you have on...by its a hundred times better than the one you had before."

"I'm glad you like it" replied the boy well pleased but blushing scarlet. "The general did a neat job when he selected this one for me did he not?" Is it not wonderful what a little care would do when it is properly selected?" "Your uniform is really very wonderful" violet agreed as they all took their seats by a big round table. "Put the horse you rode must have galloped furiously o to have t to have brought you here so quickly. I did not expect you here so early."

"Well" said Penrod feeling more at ease "I met a charming girl friend of mine on the road and so I hurried back to see if she would be here too."

The vivian girls nodded.

"I know" they returned. "It's Gertrude Angeline. she is certainly bewildering in her ways if not at strictly beautiful."

"Have you seen her too then?" the boy asked eagerly.

"Why she told us," she told us all."

"I fear she did not do herself justice then" said Radcliffe meaning to joke.

"It seemed to me that what she wears for disguises could not be more funny or at times gorgeous," declared Joke. "who ever made that patchwork quilt dress of which I even wore for disguise must have selected the gayest and brightest bits of cloth th that were ever woven. It made me the laughing stock of the whole army."

"I'm glad the soldiers like the disguise," said Penrod in a satisfied tone."

"but where did Gertrude Angeline go to now?"

"In my room for a few minutes" replied Jennie Turner. "she has ta on a fancy to something in my room something queer and uncommon."

"She's already got the glandolini n generals half crazy I think," added the pattenmoke boy.

"And yet she is so beautiful," exclaimed Penrod as if that fact disarmed all joking. Every one could not help laughing at this but Penrod was indeed quite serious indeed. Seeing that Radcliffe was quite interested in Gertrude Angeline they forbore to say anything against her. The small bands of friends that violet and her sisters had gathered were o so quietly assorted in their disguises and as they done so much to help violet and her sisters out in times of peril that the greatest care must be taken to avoid hurting their feelings or making any one of them unhappy and discouraged. It was this unusual and most considerable kindness that kept them the closest of friends and enabled them to enjoy one another's society. Another thing they usually avoided when ever possible and that was conversing on the most unpleasant subjects and for that reason the news of the vandal spies and their attempt to not the camp on fire were not mentioned now. The boy Radcliffe however related his adventures with general Manley, and then of the Zimmermannian soldiers who had a pursued him and his followers so vigorously that they would have seized them had it not been for the timely arrival of the Abyssinkilian soldiers and also told how he had robbed Manley of some very important papers. All of the girl heroines were pleased with this daring exploit and thought it served general Manley right. Then they talked of the ferocity of the Zimmermannian soldiery which of course were the most remarkable glandolinian soldiers any of the boys had ever before seen except the still more ferocious glandolinians known as the Scoodlers, the fierce Gargoylians, and the vic-Hollentinians. Violet and her sisters agreed that the vic-Hollentinians were good deal fiercer fighters than the other kind of rebels but they added they did not think they were as savage or as brutal as the others. "Still" said Jennie Turner "the vic-Hollentinians are bad enough, their very generals are terribly conceited and I would not care very much to meet w them."

"Radcliffe looked up and remarked;

"Those papers and plans I stole from Manleys headquarters must really have contained something wonderfully important. But also general vivian will learn of their true value and will take advantage of it in the wisest way."

"We must see ourselves what they can contain" said violet gravely. Then she smiled again and continued in a lighter tone "T It was only yesterday that something happened that enabled me to become in possession of an order written to general Inskell by Manley."

"You don't mean it was written i like a code?" asked Penrod looking at violet questionly.

"Well when I was out scouting alone that morning after the battle I was on the point of surprising a lone re a rebel who was shadowing me" began the vivian girl "I did not know who it was and when I crept upon him unaware I saw him quickly slip an envelope into his coat pocket. I quickly covered him with my pistol and made him hand over to me his weapons and cartridge belt. He refused however to reveal what he had hidden in his pocket. I made a motion as if I was going to shoot him to frighten him. I was bound to get that letter. But he must have known that I would not really shoot him in cold blood and to test his real character I tried by promises and threats, and entreaties to get it from him. It was of no use and he then made a break as if to run away but I covered him and took him into the camp with me making him keep his hands up in the all most of the time. At the end of our short journey when entering the outskirts of the christian lines we came upon a squadron of winkies all mounted on horses of their searched him whol while others held him and brought forth the letter handing it to me. So you see had I not brought the prisoner along with me I might never have succeeded in gaining possession of that envelope nor would I and my sisters prepared to have this council to night..."

The story about the letter interested the boys and all those assembled very much. The conversation now being well nigh concluded they all stood by the big round table getting ready for the council.

Penrod felt proud now that he had been surprised to appear before violet and her sisters. They now all sat over themselves black regalias and white hoods there being holes for the nose and eyes. Penrod felt so proud both of his good luck and the confidence they had in him that he felt it an honor to be covered up in that way so that prying eyes of spies could not see him or know who he was. He followed their directions very willingly, anxious however that the council should start as soon as possible. All the officers who had arrived were polite soldiers and as it was the first time that they had known a boy to be honored by the vivian girls that they cast many curious looks toward Pe rod as they also disguised themselves all being present for the council when Gertrude was admitted into the council room she found thirty officers dressed in their uniforms of the highest rank assembled there.

In the magnificent council room by a large round table sat violet and her sisters in their own disguises. On violet's right were the other heroines and on their center were Penrod and t his friends and also Radcliffe. At another table but much larger and also round sat the officers and on the center of the two tables were piles of large square sheets of yellow, green, pink, and gray papers.

At both doors of the room stood two powerful men heavily armed and they wore on guard. Although these men had wicked looking faces no one present needed to be alarmed by them for these four men were well known and respected by all in the whole christian army were the specially trusted sentries of the vivian girls and they always guarded the council room for them when they held a council in it. Even Penrod and his friends knew these t four guards and often when not on duty camped and played with them for they were very good friends. Seated on other chairs placed all around the room with a large clear space between the two tables were many officers of all rank all in beautiful uniforms and also great officials of the army. Behind all these generals were seated other officers of more or less importance filling the great room to the very doors.

At the same moment that general Hanson vivian arrived with Angolina Aronburg general vivian entered from outside door escorting general "swell" paster "ohnston" and rhine Kindermine and richardson Headwick Holsted. All these came to the vacant space space before the two tables and stood facing the Vivian girls until they were asked to sit down.

"Hello Penrod my boy" said General Jack Evans who had entered with general Hanson. "How are you?"

"All right now" the boy replied, but the scene awed the boy and his voice trembled a little with fear. Nothing could awe the fiery natured Jack Evans and he was delighted with the splendid surroundings and sumptuousness of the council and the magnificent impressiveness of the occasion.

At a sign from Violet the new comers also put on purple robes and white hoods and they then again stood face to face with the vivian girls Princesses who were to direct the council. Violet sat looking at the assembly of generals and the boys a very long time while her sisters distributed the papers to every one and then took their own places once more.

The candles were lighted and placed on the two tables in high candle sticks and all gas lights except the ones nearest the tables and the ones by the two doors were put out at the signal and every one of the window shades locked and the shades drawn and all doors locked. Then being sure there was no strange person hiding in all secret parts of the room like in panels, under the tables, behind draperies or in closets hangings and the like Violet said the very low tone;

"According to this letter our enemy general Manley had written and which I prevented reaching general Cornsack picknell he plans to place his whole army upon our rear, and if failing in this to start fires on our camps that will consume all tents and barracks as well as start big forest fires. One of the laws of the Government of Abhinnin, which is my decree forbids any of our generals to be over cautious in time of such peril and also overconfident and rash. None of however so far who are here at least can be accused of having broken this law. even when we have been warned of this peril and others and also during battles and raids and the like. So we plan to night to crush Manley before he accomplishes his purpose. Just now we believe there are too many guards on duty to allow a fire of any kind to start so that is making us rest easy. But we got to crush Manley before he accomplishes his other purpose. So do so we want the agreement of all you generals on the plan I will make."

All the others were silent for a full five minutes and while they hesitated as to how to reply to this general Jack Evans stepped forward and spoke for them all.

"All this is something very serious" he said feeling them all unabashed. "I was told yesterday that this letter meant nothing at all. They said we can't prove Violet took the letter from a glandolinian soldier and therefore we can't accuse Manley of his planning to fire our camps or drive his whole army upon our rear unexpectedly and crush us. The messenger of Manley's was searched and the soldiers found the letter and gave it to Princess Violet. I've looked at the letter and yet I'm told the truth is not there. That he is not planning the attack upon our flank in overwhelming numbers on an uncertain day and hour and so it is my duty to argue over this matter with all of you present without exception and demand that you all tell me what you think of the true conditions of our situation!"

All those assembled listened to Evans in amazement and wondered at the general who could urge the council like this. However he was appointed as to be the Councils critic. The vivian girls remained silent and motionless and then it was general Darger the "Supreme Person of the Gemini" who arose and answered Evans defiantly.

"So they told you the letter was not captured by the Princess eh?" he said. "Well I cannot argue against you correctly on that matter as I was no witness to the capture but nevertheless I say I and all my members as well as many others can prove the statements of the letter positively true, and also that it was in Manley's absolute and correct handwriting and no one else. What did those letters contain also that Radcliffe said to general Vivian in that basket with the loaf of bread and the round cake or block of cheese? Orders to general picknell and many others to strike our armies in the rear at mid night the night after tomorrow and in the meanwhile to demoralize us to make a big fire that would wipe out all of our tents and make the whole army shelterless. I also think Manley has sent into our lines many secret agents hoping to detect every movement and plan of our own generals to frustrate us so that he can move his armies out of the region of Zoo Callen gun where the battle had ended just not long ago. There may have been strangers here and they don't know that nothing can be hidden from my powerful band nor from the watchful eyes of the Supreme Person or my chief assistant. Here are the letters. Look them over all of you."

With these words he produced a large number of letters which every one glanced over in turn. When it came general Evans turn to look over them he gave them a hasty glance and said;

"Oh so Radcliffe found these in Manley's headquarters? Very well if that be true Manley will surely change his plans. My desire is to strike him a blow at sun rise tomorrow before he leaves the location of Nine Pines where his shattered army is now shattered. General Manley I believe is not so great a general as Mic-Hollester, Johnston whose command he now assumes."

Violet turned to Penrod while voice rose to her feet for a moment and then again resumed her seat.

"Do you think general Evans spoke wisely?" she asked. Penrod rose to his feet and stood up in his straight forward way and looking at her said;

"Yes he is. I know Manley is too confident to change his plans and may even now strike sooner than he intended to by the plans already captured. I know it is very unwise to allow even a short delay and therefore if we wish to save our armies from disaster and ruin so soon after a glorious victory we must act quick. Evans I'm not afraid to admit is wrong about Manley. He is a better able general than Mic-Hollester. Johnston can ever be and therefore he is dangerous. I wanted to suggest that in the first place but yet I was afraid that if I did and asked your consent to it you would have refused me."

"And what caused you to think that?" asked Violet.

"Why at first it seemed to be a very foolish suggestion and probably unjust and unreasonable. But now when I look into the matter clearly I can see no harm in picking the earliest hour to morning morning to make the movements that will frustrate general Manley's plans. And as I had not been in the forest territory for a long time now and had not seen this christian camp then nor you since the last time we met I thought such beautiful little girls like you would not be likely to accept my plans which I would suggest."

The vivian girls for a few minutes regarded him quite amusingly while Violet rested her hand upon her chin but she was not surprised. On the contrary she began to smile as she thought of something and then she grew sober again.

"I suppose a good many suggestions seem very foolish to those who do not understand how to make them," she said. "But you must know, that no plans, no matter what they be a ever is ever, written, drawn or suggested without some purpose, and that purpose is usually to bring on a conflict at a selected spot or to frustrate and outwit the plans of an enemy. As you are a boy scout captain, it is my duty to explain this suggestion of yours which to you seems so very foolish. As I show here I secured yesterday from a prisoner a letter written by general Manley to general Cornsack and Leonia Maldonia picknell. There are many clever generals and officials in the big mic-hollester army of general picknell who are known as picknellians and one of the many things they often do in following out their orders or securing safe keeping of their conspiracies is to go out on scouting expeditions with large forces of swift cavalry known as the "Wheeler's". They come as close as possible even at the risk of certain destruction from our artillery. These scouting forces have caused so much trouble among our armies and brought on so many terrible disasters often using even foul means to gain their desire that I decided long ago to forbid our own generals to go out and scout in small forces which they had been doing before now. I and my sisters also forbade inexperienced generals and other officers to practice scouting or any other expeditions too near the insurgent lines with a strong escort, except general Vivian and his brother both of whom we can trust to do their scouting without a fatal mishap and to make their efforts only to benefit the army and make our camps safer. Since I issued that law the camps and others, and all positions and even firing lines have been far more safer from a surprise attack than usual but I have learned that some of our generals who are now and not experienced still practice scouting on the sly and go out with small bodies of men. Therefore we made another law which was given to all sentries forbidding any officer no matter what rank, even our own selves from leaving the camp to go on a scouting tour or from trying to gather any information about the enemy movements with a powerful and well armed escort or swift reliable steeds. That therefore has almost put an end to tragic disasters to our scouting parties in all armies and so you see any suggestion you may offer will not be a foolish one, but wise, reasonable and perfectly just and in any case it would be wrong and foolish for us to refuse a perfectly good suggestion."

Penrod knew that she was positively right and felt greatly relieved to realize that he himself had spoken and acted so wisely. So he raised his head and looked the beautiful vivian girls in the face saying;

"I am grateful that you have suggested my accepted my suggestion and will have your generals act accordingly, and break Manley's armies all to pieces. I made the suggestion to save the armies of general Manley and his brother from disaster even if Manley did know that his conspiracy was found out. The glandolinian generals may hold me guilty of this act and whatever punishment he may think I deserve and I may as well suffer willingly providing he or his followers succeeds in capturing me alive."

Violet and her sisters smiled brightly at this and nodded graciously.

"You are certainly defiant of general Manley" said Jennie Vivian rising. "But if our following your suggestion brings disaster to Manley's army he won't be able to do anything to you or us. You are much more better than most officers even, and we think you have accomplished much already. Generals we wish to follow his suggestion. Time to remove disguises. Council is over. All to the right as you go out."

"I beg your pardon but are we to go too?" asked Radcliffe hoping in his heart he could stay forever with them.

"No indeed. We will have something more important to talk about between our selves," said an elderly vivian. "Penrod remains too."

All the officers were glad to hear the decree of Violet and her sisters and murmured their approval. As the general council was now over all began to leave the council room and soon there were none remaining except Penrod and his boy friend and the vivian girl Princesses and their girl favorites. Violet herself now asked Penrod to sit down close to her and tell her all about his plans which he did making quite a stirring story of it, beginning first of his plans to get an army arm around Manley's flank instead, and ending with his suggestion of moving the whole christian army upon Manley early in the morning or when the opportunity really presented itself. Violet and her sisters listened very attentively and attentively attentively and they were all thoughtful for some moments after the boy had finished

opening. Then Catherine vivian herself said: " " " "

"General Manley was, and is, wrongfully mistaken to make out those plans to move up his whole army upon general Vivian's rear and also upon Hanson's for such a movement. For such a big army he has would take a long time and it either would be frustrated or would be suspected for the enemy retreating as it would be noticed easily by scouting parties. And if Manley had not foolishly and unwisely sent that straggler spy with the message, the conspiracy would not have been known and we would have been defeated. I can understand however that our armies will not be safe in this old position despite our recent victory unless we strike first as you suggest or make a fake retreat and fool Manley entirely and crush his rear before he suspects it. Alas I feel it is wrong to delay a minute and leave the enemy generals accept their movements when we ourselves ought to try and learn their intentions. So I propose we have our generals start the movements we plan right away and that we ourselves while that is being done make a scouting tour of our own to-morrow or to night which if which you like to do best and that we allow you Penrod to assist us to find out the movements of the enemy which we are seeking. What do you think of that plan Miss Turner?"

"That's perhaps the best thing to do," replied the governa girl, "but it is difficult, anyhow we have slept all day and Penrod is burning or at least till two o'clock. But after we have discovered the enemy's movements we must go back to the christian lines safely. It will be wiser and safer."

"We will surely do that," promised Violet.

"Now tell me please what are the movements of the enemy we must discover," continued Jennie Turner addressing Penrod.

"If Manley prepares to advance to night we want to watch the direction his army movements will take," said the boy. "That is the advance proposed by the letter with so many guards I believe our big camp will be safe from fire. I have a hunch he'll march to the north and picknell will go northward. The other divisions I--I--think--"

"Will remain where they are and keep their position to fall us," said Hettie Vivian. "At least that may be done to make our generals believe Manley is not moving his army from its position at all. That of course will make a serious separation or break in Manley's army and if such a movement is made we can get general Vivian to attack picknell while Manley is out enroute upon his flank. At the same time Hanson can make a movement of his own and then cut Manley off from M. picknell. When we'll have them both at our mercy and if we surround them we can force them both to surrender and probably have the happy luck of bringing the war to a speedy end."

"Thank you it is a good plan," said cried Penrod gratefully. Then he continued: "the next thing we must do if he makes no movements at all is to take the chances of entering his lines and find out when he intends to follow out his plans or if he intends to change them or what. I alone should do that."

All of the brave heroines shook their heads gravely. "That," said Daisy, "will be a hard dangerous task but if you wish to accomplish it we'll let you and day but for our sakes as well as for gods you must not try it alone as that is what we forbid any one to do. But it may be that you won't be permitted to enter the enemy lines. Yet if we start early enough we may discover some of Manley's conspiracy or if he changes his intentions."

"I'm willingly to scout unceasingly for days and nights for years if doing so will save our cause from defeat," declared Penrod earnestly.

"Then we had better begin the scouting at once," advised Angelina Aronburg. Radcliffe had been listening with interest to this conversation about the enemy's movements. Now he turned to the vivian girls and asked:

"If you are willing may I go with you to help?"

"Would you like to risk the same dangers we may run into," returned Joice. "Yes. I know the country pretty well but I'm afraid Penrod does not know it as well as I do. You suggested we separate when we return but I would feel uneasy for him and like to stay by him. May I go?"

"If you wish to," replied Violet, "you use your own judgement."

"If Radcliffe goes then it is my duty to take care of him," said Gertrude Angeline or Angelina Aronburg as her right name is (decidedly). "Manley's movements may also be deceiving to trap scouting parties and we may face danger there."

"All right you too may accompany us as any way we have appointed you our guardian and need your advice," said Joice. "And while we are gone I will have a big escort shadowing us and also another one act as our retainers to defend us should we encounter a large rebel scouting party or main army of cavalry and have trouble."

"I'm sure we can take care of ourselves," announced Gertrude Angeline. "I'm a girl Spartan and I'm going with you as a guardian. I promised you to aid you in watching the movements of the enemy and I'll stick to my promise under any conditions."

"Very well then," replied Violet, "but I see no need of refusing the body guard and so we'll have them or not make the expedition. You know I mentioned that at our orders the sentries are not to even allow us out of the lines without an escort of great strength. Don't you understand?"

"Without a body of retainers following us I'd prefer to remain here alone," said Jennie Turner. "I've nearly been captured or shot a dozen times already and if we are going on a dangerous scouting tour without a powerful escort it is best for us to keep away from Manley's lines."

"It would do us no good to go out alone anyhow for big scouting parties of the enemy are always out and would keep an eagle eye on us. So let's play safe and have an escort until we return. General Evans can be in command," suggested Penrod. "We won't need to take less than two hundred thousand men for they ought to make a column big enough to save us from trouble if we spied on general Home itself because we could select the most ferocious of the Winkies and other Abyssinians."

"Better take the whole of Jack Evans' Winkie Army secretly along," said the boy called the Battlesnake. "They can save us from even the slightest excitement."

"I'm sure your suggestion is a little too risky instead of safer," Violet decided. "We want to scout not start a big covert conflict. And if we did that and we were discovered the enemy may think it is a covert attack and would send all his cavalry against us and give us the full fire of his artillery at the same time. No. We will only take two hundred and twenty thousand men. Each of these will advance and follow us separately and far distant from each other."

After a few minutes more of consultation they finally decided that Penrod and all his boy scouts also should accompany them on the scouting tour very early the next morning to watch the movements of the enemy and so they all separated to make immediate preparations for the dangerous journey toward the movements of the insurgents. Violet at the advice of her sisters gave Penrod and his friend a room in their own headquarters to prepare and put on their disguises and then while Penrod was waiting he passed some hours with Jennie Turner getting more acquainted and both boys received advice from her as to where they must go, what to do, and how to do it, and how to fire at the proper time when pursued, and also what their boy scouts must do to warn of anything important they see.

Jennie Turner really a born Abissinian and not a forger as she looked had worked her way through many parts of the war stricken country on grilling scouting tours and so had Angelina Aronburg for that matter and yet neither of them knew what it was not to have exciting adventures.

"If we do such a thing as scouting," said Jennie Turner, "it is usually more dangerous than spying or fighting in the front line trench. If Manley intends to carry out either of his two plans we must take the chances of spotting on him. If there is such a thing as going through a scouting adventure unscathed I'd probably have heard of it months ago. If we can find a safe way to watch Manley's movements we would not need to feel so uneasy about it. Perhaps there is not any such good luck."

"Oh there surely must be," returned Penrod positively. "We may find that out yet."

"That's true," agreed Jennie Turner, "and if we discover a better way we are bound to take advantage of it."

"Well we are bound just now to make the best of it anyhow," said Radcliffe, "as for finding out and discovering the enemy movements we must trust to God's help."

"We all do that first thing," said Jennie Turner in an earnest voice. "We trust to ONLY his help you know."

A few minutes' journey from their headquarters brought the little band of adventurers to the imposing headquarters of general Jack Ambrose Evans which was a very large tent formed like one of those used by a circus to keep animal wagons in. Jack Evans owned it himself and the general was very proud of it. There was only one door in it and several other openings serving for ventilating purposes and through the top in the center was stuck a large stove pipe that led upward from a good sized stove inside the tent. There was also space enough inside on which was arranged some military furniture that was just suitable for the general. There is not the slightest doubt that general Evans might have secured or received a much finer tent had he so desired it for Violet and her sisters loved the man who had been their earliest hero and closest man friend and their constant companion but Evans preferred a humble tent though it did not match his rank at all. The character of this remarkable general was good. He wore a deep purple uniform but the rest he wore was yellow with green and purple stripes. The tent of this interesting officer stood at the square of Camp Headwick where immense a tree stood in profusion and bore needle like leaves of extraordinary size as well as those which were smaller.

Most of the tents used by the private soldiers and other officers of lower class or rank (rank) were almost as large as Jack Evans's and he had told them that he had intended to change the location of his headquarters soon. Violet and her sisters and those with them were cordially welcomed to this quaint military headquarters and invited to pass the night there which however they declined to do declaring they wished to scout near the enemy's lines and that they intended to start about three thirty or four o'clock in the morning. Angelina Aronburg noticed that Penrod was greatly interested in the general for he watched every movement the great war lord made with admiration. The boy noticed her looking at him and thinking to have a little fun said to the general:

"You are quite a handsome looking man but not really as beautiful as general Conventinian Aronburg."

Jack Evans turned suddenly at this to examine the boy very critically and Angelina Aronburg shyly looked one eye at him while Violet and her sisters and Jennie Turner smiled.

"In many ways there is no accounting for tastes on that matter," remarked the general with a sigh. "Manley also tells me that Angelina Aronburg is very fascinating but of course my child that may be as near as beautiful as any of the Vivian girls is not in existence yet. May's my boy I have noticed that the worse of the Glandolinians usually avoid Angelina Aronburg who though only a girl is a menace to them some way. Though I do not believe they fear me. I am not so dangerous to the enemy as you will observe my body guard is not so important."

"You are either bluffing or trying to flatter me," said Gertrude. "I believe there is no Christian general like you."

"Well as for that I can only depend on the ability of my officers and men," declared Jack Evans. "It's not my army of course for for it takes brains to frustrate the enemy's generals. Just now what I think I regret to say that the rebels may win or lose in the long run what is going to happen soon is that I'm going to get my rank changed."

"Oh do you mean you made a higher general?" asked Penrod.

"To be sure." Some of the generals are going to lose their command and the stay of some are permanent and in time will rise in rank. That is why I'm going to be promoted and I am selected to take the place of one of them who is going to be discharged."

"What division are you going to command?" inquired the boy.

"General James G. Scragan's division, besides my own."

Before they had started on the journey Violet and her sisters had packed their knapsacks with the things they might need, and therefore they carried their knapsack bags strapped to their backs. The little girls alone were disguised neither one alike as they knew they were better fitted for travel or for scouting tours that way than if they were alike. Penrod also had brought along his knapsack to which he had added some fruit. Jack Evans was a good and excellent cook and for them even that early night he cooked for them a fine vegetable soup and gave them all some cheese and the things they liked best and which was good for them. He strongly advised them all to lie down and get some sleep and as they did so he arranged the necessary cuts in their proper places which satisfied them very well. The two boys slept in the same tent as they removed no clothing whatever.

The next morning when breakfasting at three o'clock they talked together while they ate. During the conversation the girls explained again explained their quest for Manley's movements and asked the general's advice as to what to do about it. General Evans considered the matter very gravely.

"That's going to be a difficult and dangerous task," said he "for the enemy will have big bodies of troops out everywhere looking for Christian scouting parties. Therefore if I were you dear girls I'd take a mighty powerful escort so as to make it safer if not safe altogether."

"I fear that wouldn't do as to big a column out scouting would draw the enemy fire," replied Violet. "The scouting parties must be naturally small, not too small about a hundred thousand men say the least and the soldiers must be nothing else but Winkie Abyssinkilians for they are the fiercest fighters and if we do not take them along with us the plan might not work at all."

"Now many Winkie Abyssinkilian soldiers do you need, or want?" asked Jack Evans.

"About 10,000 Winkies," suggested Penrod.

"How about 20,000?" asked Radcliffe.

"Why that would be enough of course," answered Penrod who did not like to lose out in the conversation. "But maybe that's too small at that."

"I know," cried Gertrude. "Let's have just 110,000!"

"No that's wrong," interrupted Jennie Turner. "There are three kinds of fighting Abyssinkilians. I think one kind are Winkies, another are Dandobians and the last is 88!"

"Conventinians," said Evans.

"But I do not think we want the Conventinians," said Jennie.

"How about the Dandobians?" asked Evans.

"No the Winkies," persisted Penrod.

"How big a column, a column?"

"Well let's ask Violet to decide."

So they all asked her and she said:

"I do not know really how many men we do need but I'd like to bring exactly twenty thousand men with me. That's more than I suggested before I'm sure but to keep out of an argument I would rather let my sisters decide the number for themselves. But the thing that is bothering us now Jack is how to watch the movements of the foe and yet keep out of range of their longlines of gun batteries."

The general went outside his tent and gazed around the landscape especially in the direction of Manley's lines.

"Manley has very strong positions which he retains still despite his recent defeat, and also he has many scouting parties out, so you won't find any safe channels scouting on the enemy to day," he said. "You would have to go into the very heart of the enemy's territory when you'd face the rebel batteries of all kinds. Better take some good advice from me."

"And what is that?" they asked.

"Better allow me to accompany you also," replied Evans. "Some parts of Manley's army is in a position hard and difficult to find, and dangerous to approach, hardly scouting parties are able to find them. I've known all along that to scout you would literally have to enter the rebel lines."

"So I suspected," said Violet.

"But goodness gracious the enemy's territory is too full of unseen dangers!" declared General Evans. "I've never been in the insurgent lines yet myself but"

"I have," said Radcliffe. "I've faced the dreadful Shoanunians who certainly can shoot and I've faced the fierce and savage Mic-Hollastinkians who bend all their efforts and risk everything even their very lives to capture a fugitive even if it be a child, girl or boy, and often I've had a serious adventure with them."

"It's a very dangerous place of ground," remarked Jennie Turner soberly. "and if we go there to scout we are sure to have serious troubles. But I guess we will have to go if we want to find out general Manley's movements. But we must avoid the Gargoylian Kurds by all means."

So they now with Evans leading a strong scouting escort and having ordered some others to follow at different intervals resumed their travels heading now directly toward general Manley's lines, where every roadway, rocky glen passes and small woods was covered by hidden and destructive batteries and where rebel pickets, scouting parties, and snipers teamed. This advanced territory of the enemy was also so wild and secluded that to surprise Christian scouting parties, a many of the worse Glandolinians hid themselves. If any scouting parties did not come near these dangerous spots well and good, but if they did no one would come back to tell about it. The party that was about to invade Manley's domains was facing the chances of encountering great dangers indeed. It was a two hours journey from the Christian lines to the edge of the foe's territory, for no one dared ride too fast for fear of encountering a rebel spy column unexpectedly and they often stopped by the way side while soldiers went forward to see if the way side was clear.

After a few minutes they crossed over on some broad green fields strewn thickly with buttercups and daisies and when over a suspicious column moved into sight at a great distance which often happened Evans covered the party of brave children with his column so they would not suffer injury in case there was a squabble.

The column of rebels however who were those known as guttenlips disappeared or made no movement toward them and so far they escaped an engagement. Toward the drawn drawing of half an hour they reached a small sandy plain bordered by woods and where riding was difficult but at this moment there was not far off from them a noise like the very country splitting to pieces and a hundred trees rose into splintered fragments into the air and two big ones falling toward the party almost struck Violet and her sisters as they crashed with loud thunder to their ground. At the same time to their consternation some distance before them they saw under a big group of high popular and spruce trees a huge column of queerly and fantastically uniformed horsemen with peculiarly high hats and formed like those women wear armed with guns, pistols and long sabres, with many curious black dots on their long gray coats. Their horses were garbed much like the KK KKK has theirs and one of the men in front carried a large beautifully colored flag.

The Angelinian scouting party however being disguised rode bravely on but chanced changing the direction of their course to reach a more open space so in case of trouble they would have more room to repel the assault of these immense Snoodler and guttenlip squadrons.

looking carefully behind as a loud thundering crash sent the air aloft then followed by three other terrific bangs they looked carefully behind them and now noticed that the second and guttural tip men were also moving forward not swiftly but cautiously and the column appeared to grow larger and more imposing as they advanced and although there was a haze caused by the explosion of shells violet and her sisters thought they were black holes in the form of big Kettles turned upside down that is there was the reinforcing column having big black plumes adding to the queerness of their appearance. Fearing an overwhelming conflict against such a mass of odds the party headed toward a jumble of huge jagged rocks that lay scattered all about rising to a long slope behind them. Violet and her sisters preferred to attempt to scale this slope rather than meeting that suspicious looking column for they realized that if they fought them out in the open plain it would be the last hour for all that day. They were three sons of the fierce Zimmanians and they did not wish to dispute these sons of Glandelinians who are "HERVE" bent on, at least to fight them at a disadvantage for all the world.

The column was coming on at a roaring thundering gallop by this time or by the time they came to the rocks. Dozens of the fierce Zimmanians who were the nearest scattered with the purpose to surround the rocks, and another of the column moved off to intercept their escape to the slope, but a portion of Evans sawy with him at the lead was there first and held a secure position now mowing the assailants down by the score. The party of royal children, and the rest knelt behind the rocks after compelling their horses to go to the rear none of the rocks being as tall as they were.

As they did so there was a cloud of smoke rising in the far distance and then soldiers began appearing around the adventurers pouring a hotter fire upon the wildly charging rebel column. Another and another rolling smoke puffed along the horizon and round black objects came hurtling across the sky very much like baseballs hurled by a bat and just as a hundred soldiers were grouped around the children the air was shaken by a series of our splitting thunder crashes followed by the sound of something falling down at many places. It was abrupt.

By this time violet and her sisters discovered the Zimmanians were moving in two directions and they did not like the action of these Glandelinians a bit. Every one of them strange to say were that late of the fashions of little girls, either bobbed, long, curled, or pig tailed and had great pendant earrings.

Jennie's number began to matter something like "we're being shelled" but the others were too excited to pay any attention to her now. There was now a tremendous roar of rifles and pistols from the one flank whose column for a moment now became smoke wreathed and bullets hailed in a blizzard against the rocks. Penrod kept close to Radcliffe as the christian was a soldier dropped like flies and Radcliffe kept close to Jennie's number but the little girl turned to one of the Abyssinkilian officers and asked:

"What shall we do now? They are endeavoring to close us in like a cork closes a bottle. Full of water!"

All of the officers answered the question together declaring that it was safer to retreat up the slope than stand it out here and fight these fierce rebel soldiers.

"Glad you suggested that," said the girls solemnly. "But you also must be expected to cover our retreat for we have traveled almost all night and we do not wish to fall in our adventure now."

"Ah we never retreat," added the Abyssinkilian officer with a sneer. "It's against the lay law."

These remarks were greeted with loud shouts of laughter from the nears at of the Abyssinkilian soldiers and just then the rebel column were seen coming on at a charge. A shell exploded among the rocks and hurled the fragments high into the air and tossing the pieces over the heads of the adventurers. Another shell exploded closer and hurled debris all about them in a perfect cloud and thinking the shells were working havoc the Glandelinians with shouts and cries of glee and derision continued their wild gallop forward. Just then a monstrous shell, exploded like an eruption on the hill top and sent down an avalanche of rocks trees earth and everything upon the rear of the rocks making a perfect wall of debris.

As they charged on the Glandelinians however found the Abyssinkilian column a little stronger than they suspected but still believed it light enough to be tossed from their position like a soft cushion and they were enjoying the thought of easily beating the Abyssinkilians when Jack Evans angry and very indignant at of this attack upon his dearest friends ordered his column which was still mounted to charge and all the Abyssinkilians at once rushed with irresistible force upon the surprised insurgents and used their sabres with great energy and drove them back so far and with great loss, and held them back with a fierce withering fire until the children with their dismounted escort were well up side of the side of the hill. Perhaps they would not have accomplished this retreat so easily had not the big squadron of Abyssinkilians fought desperately to cover their retreat and dashed again

and again at the forefront of the rebels to a fierce attack to prevent them retreating. The main body however the Glandelinians were so much surprised that after a fierce resistance and meeting the attack of the Fedaria which was delivered with much desperate energy that they were glad to flee from their counter attack.

As for the other section of the rebel column the Glandelinians had attempted to work their way around to Evans' rear but finding this impossible they then threw themselves forward to a flint attack to prevent them from reaching the main body under Evans. However the Glandelinians were so much surprised at being so suddenly counter attacked by the Abyssinkilians that they began a hasty retreat and disappeared in a moment in some dark recesses of the woods but their rifles roared with a series of crashes that sounded like many big branches of cannon crackers being exploded at a hundred paces or so.

The child adventurers soon found themselves alone, the Abyssinkilians having covered the force and violet asked in an anxious tone:

"Is any one of us hurt by the shells?"

"Not me," said her sisters. "The explosions have given us a good shaking up and shattered the rocks to mere bits. But we are in splendid condition and really are obliged to the Zimmanians for chasing us out of our shell swept positions."

"I feel much the same way," said Gertrude Angeline, "however their awful 'sh-r-a-a-a-a-a-p' like sound is a bit and almost drove out my courage. I felt like a sausage about to be cut by a knife. But the battle was a little rough and I hope the insurgents have had enough of it when Evans so suddenly interfered."

"Six pieces of the flying rocks hit me about the body," said Penrod "but they were so little they did not hurt me at all. But I did not like it nevertheless."

Just then the foremost column of the Abyssinkilians came into view and seeing that they were coming back, violet and her sisters looked at each other.

"Can it be possible that they are retreating?" asked violet reproachfully;

"Have they not got any pride in them at all?"

"If they have any such quality," replied Penrod they must have showed it already for the way things appear they have knocked all the courage out of the rebels. See, they are so close now and not a rebel in following them."

"So we are," declared the girls "that is if they are not going to return with reinforcements and resume the attack."

"It was just a little rough house fight that's all," said general Evans riding up. "but the question is girls, not if we fight the rebels further, but if we make a hasty retreat to so a more secluded spot. The foe will be reinforced and come back to besiege this hill and we can't shut up here for any length of time because our own provisions are small nor do we care to have them come out and force us into another conflict. My loss is slight however and the enemy having suffered heavily will come back to revenge it. So here's my proposition. Let's retreat to the woods by the big river yonder and leave Manley alone for a while until the excitement cools down."

"But you began the fight," declared Angeline.

"Well I ended it so we won't argue the matter. May we do as I suggested or do you wish to suffer the effects of a siege without water and provisions?"

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said violet "It is true we are short of rations and it may not last until to night. If we can only get back to the lines and you get us all into a proper diapir we'll not be as some of the rebel scouting parties and that will help us a good deal. We then can stay as near to Manley's lines as long as we wish and we can learn all we wish to know. What do you think? We also know what to do to avoid an accidental clash with National Cavalry by mistake."

"That's a bargain," cried the general's seniorly and he gave a queer signal that brought his column of soldiers into formation in a few minutes. When they were thus drawn up, violet climbed a high tree to see where the christian lines were situated but as there was a sort of fog probably the effects of the equable with the enemy she could see nothing in the distance.

But if the christian lines were not very far the royal children thought they could sleep in the branches of the trees all night and have the soldiers hidden and also watch out for the enemy, so violet climbed down and found her sisters waiting for her return.

"There's a sort of fog from the smoke caused by the battle and I can't see nothing at all," said she. "Come on up and see for yourself a yourselves."

At her advice her sisters then slipped climbed up the tree themselves. After them came the two boys who did not wish to sleep but preferred to keep on the watch. The branches were broad and strong enough and they found it quite safe providing no storm breaks out. They did not go up too far for if they happened to be attacked by a storm they may suffer a fatal fall. And the children being weary from being awake all the previous night and from their journey were soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER

THE ENGAGEMENTS WITH THE SCOUTING PARTIES, AND THE ENEMY.
THEY MEET A DISGUISED ANGOLINIAN S'Y, AND ENTER THE Foe LINES..

The boys however kept on the watch and talked in whispers all night long. The Abyssinkilian soldiers formed ambushes so if rebels attacked they would get the worse of it. However no rebels appeared in sight to disturb the travelers as had been feared and then toward morning the Abyssinkilians who were still hidden were aroused by shouts and saw a column of Angolinian troopers approaching with a battalion of bombobians.

They were an Angolinian scouting party and having seen the Abyssinkilians wished to make a junction with them. As they were all preparing to leave violet asked of the Angolinian officer;

"Can you tell us the easiest way to approach Manley's lines?"

"Never heard of such a thing," said the colonel looking at her and the others as if he thought they were insane. "I believe the whole force of you are either nutty or intending to commit suicide. We have roamed about for two weeks even sometimes in the night and tried the same thing but on account of the many rebel scouting parties we have never even seen Manley's lines or even a single tent."

"Is any portion of Manley's lines intrenched in those woods yonder?" asked General Evans.

"Yes sir, a part of the main portion sir. But you'd better not try to scout there sir. We went there once yesterday and four hundred of us were killed by shell fire and canister and grape from a hidden battery, and then attacked by a rebel trooper force," was the reply.

"What glandelinians are they?" asked Violet.

"Can't say. We have been told by our general to keep away hereafter even from the roads and all the other places and so we obey. I'm thinking the Christian lines is good enough for us and we would not be disturbed there. But if you mean to make the dare devil scouting tour we will have to make the junction with you in behalf of the Vivian Girl Princesses."

So off the whole column started taking a par path however that led away from the woods. They soon began to find it had hard riding for the path ways were quite rocky and the rocks were uneven and full of sharp points and edges and at times there was no path at all but fields of high grasses. Sometimes they had to dismount and lead their horses while clambering here and there among the grass hidden boulders but they kept steadily on gradually drawing nearer and nearer to the right of the woods near the river until finally they came to a great rift in the field of high grass where the woods seemed to have split into two fields and left high walls of grass on either side.

"Suppose we retrace our steps and go some other way," suggested Hettie. "It's much easier riding than walking and leading our force over this sea of grass and hidden stones and wreckage."

"How about that column over there?" asked Penrod.

"What column?" she inquired looking in the wrong direction.

The boy pointed to something in the distance which none of the others had noticed. Then Evans said;

"Look out for them for god's sake. They are the 'wheelers'.....:))

The girls eyed the old column in a moment and then one of them turned to Evans asking;

"What distance are they, and will they attack us here?"

Evans slowly shook his head. Then the girls looked at Penrod and the boy said;

"Only thing to do is to avoid them. Their fury would drive our force before it like the tornado does the corn."

This being quite true they started off in another direction. As they proceeded the grass became higher and higher. Presently they heard one of the soldiers cry out loudly;

"Beware the Gargoylian Kurdes. I fear they have seen us for they are moving forward. They look to be one million strong."

"Why as for that," remarked violet, "if they do advance there is no need to fear them as long as we can get to some secluded spot before they come. Whatever they happen

to be I'd rather have them come on than remain over there even though they be a thousand million strong. The grass is high and dry and the wind is blowing from us to then you know."

"So I suspected," agreed Evans with a nod of his head. "I've got matches in my pocket."

"Still," said Gertrude reflectively; ";

"The Gargoylian Kurdes are running around the loop;

They think we ought to be a regular goop,

We may beware of them but we do not have the hoop,

And dare go where the devil fears to put his overgrown foot."

"For goodness sake are you not feeling a little strange right now?" violet asked her girl companion.

"Not queer, but this adventure will make it so," said Gertrude. "When I say those things I sure mean it for an insult to the enemy."

"I don't see why we should worry about the wheelers unless we were without matches," observed Radcliffe in a puzzled tone.

"Nor I," said all the girls at once.

"Never mind we'll find time enough to do that when the van guard of the big army of cavarly get near enough," replied Jennie Turner.....

As they continued on they soon came upon a narrow pathway which turned and twisted this way and that through the field of high grass and the path was so narrow that they were able to reach either rift of grass at the same time by strwt stretching out their arms. Jennie Turner had rode on ahead when suddenly violet uttered a sharp cry of surprise and fear for there had been the report of distant rifles and Jennie's horse was seen to sink to the ground throwing his little rider head long into the grass. She and her sisters were up to the spot in a moment and Jennie Turner arising looked at the horse which she saw was dead.

"Ah," said Gertrude who came up just then, "the foremost of the pursuers are firing at us. They are within our range."

Just then as Jennie mounted behind Gertrude the Angolinian column behind stopped so suddenly that almost all the Abyssinkilians behind were demoralized and some were dismounted.

"What's the matter now?" asked violet halting her horse and standing up in the stirrups and looking in the direction of the swiftly approaching enemy. But then she saw what it was that caused the sudden halt of the column and cried "OH" in a tone of great astonishment. Coming over the field at their left was a great column of Zimmermannian cavarly men at racing speed, all carrying long lances with beautiful standards fluttering from them. Violet shouted aloud to her cavarly men to retreat while they would remain behind to fire the grass.

"Very well," said the Angolinian commander with a sigh. "We'll retreat only a short distance though and if you are in trouble we will come back."

"It's too dangerous to make a retreat now," remarked Evans. "We will set fire to the grass at once. That will cover our retreat. If necessary I believe it will be better to run by those rebels as fast as our horses can go. The other column of glandelinians who are the wheelers are still a good distance off just now."

put the Zimmermannians were certainly coming at a furious gallop. Even the foremost column which moved around secretly suddenly appeared at the rear of the Abyssinkilian column and there was instantaneously such a clamor that the ground appeared to tremble and the trees to shiver. The noise was so sudden that the rest of the Angolinians halted in their headlong gallop and the Vivian girls noticed as they looked back that the Abyssinkilians and a portion of the wheeler column were in a dreadful turmoil.

The attack of the Gargoylian Kurdes was almost crushing at the first and the Winkies though fighting most savagely were being worsted though they cut their assailants down by hundreds. One officer among the Abyssinkilians who wore boots of pink leather with tassels on them and his hat decorated with an enormous feather as fully carefully curled was striving with great desperation to maintain his ground.

"Yo, ho," said the Angolinian commander in a deep bass voice. "The Winkies are being overcome."

"I think you are greatly mistaken," replied Evans. "There is no such as thing as they being worsted. They are only staggered by the first blow."

"But why stand here idle when we can do some important thing?" asked the colonel indignantly. "Those wheelers are cutting their way through the Abyssinkilian rear. But this is a good spot, a lonely spot to fight a foe with so I'm two to one of giving those rebels no quarter if we win."

"But do you believe that would do any good?" asked Gertrude.
"Nothing except make the situation worse for us," declared Joice. "I hope you will think different colonel for you appear more sensible than that."
"I'm not going to take any prisoners for my part," said the colonel stubbornly.
"And why not?"

"The rebels better keep out of my way," he answered with an ugly scowl.
"How heartless!" wailed the girls. "think what a disgrace it will bring upon us to permit a massacre of soldiers. See now the Abyssinkilians are pressing on. It looks like the rebels are licked. We may have to order our column into the battle but if we girls catch you permitting a massacre colonel I'm sure we will see to it that you are discharged from your command."

Evans was placing his own Abyssinkilians into formation to meet the other glandelinians whose hats were of black velvet and extended his lines so long that they made a barrier indeed. When he quickly extended the Angelinean column as far as they could be placed and then found the Zimmermannian column had halted to await the outcome of the squabble between the wheelers and the winkies. Evans then begged the children to go to the rear hoping to worse the foe before the main bodies of the wheelers came up.

"We are not afraid of a battle," they answered.

"Not afraid? Well I don't care about that," insisted Evans. "Why not do it any way?"

"Us?" they asked. "We are the Princesses of Abbieundia and its duty to serve our country to give the example to our men and we are staying right here come what may."

"Dear me how stubborn you royal children are," sighed Evans in a disappointed tone. "But if you are killed or hurt that disaster would surely reduce my courage and then there would be a fatal disaster to us all."

Penrod then begged his girl friends to keep a good distance from the rebels. Evans and his officers held a short conference.

"My idea," began the general, "is to make a dash upon the Glandelinian column or past them going on a full gallop."

"They would destroy us," said Joice.

"Well that could not be possible and their whole could not dash upon us at once it is too big. I'll go first with the Abyssinkilians. As soon as the rebels open the attack upon my column the rest of the troops can slip past the attackers with you girls get out of their reach and then we'll retreat and start the grass fire as you planned and we will all escape."

They decided to try this plan and the girls drew their weapons so as to protect themselves if necessary. They placed themselves in the center of the main Abyssinkilian column the two boys following just after the brave little girls with their weapons also ready. Their hearts beat a little faster than usual as they saw the the fiercely yelling squadrons of galloping rebel horsemen approaching the Angelineans under the colonel and moving swiftly forward. The color column protecting the brave children did as ordered. They retreated violet striking and throwing lighted matches everywhere. It turned out about the way just as Evans planned. A series of raging fires broke out, and rolling clouds of smoke swept toward the enemy. The flames sped on at an alarming rate spreading toward the enemy. The wicked glandelinians were quite astonished to see the squadron escorting the children retreating and the river of fire billowing toward them and halting in their mad dash they thrust their long rifles to their shoulders and opened a withering fire.

The crash of so many rifles at once stunned the fugitive children and they were horribly horrified to see a hundred or more of their escorts fall from their saddles and two scores of horses also sink to the ground. The children seized the reins of their own horses in a firm grip and without answering the fire like the Abyssinkilians did urged their horses on at full speed. In the next instant the Zimmermannians realized from the way the children were escaping that they had fired on the escort of the vivian girls but during the instant of further delay caused by the wild progress of the flames the vivian girls with their escort had slipped the main body of the rebels and now hoped they were out of range entirely for the best.

Uttering a tumultuous howl of rage the Zimmermannians let go another tremendous volley with their rifles and then slinging them over their shoulders drew their pistols and fired volley after volley until they were empty. So cleverly were the many shots aimed that the Abyssinkilian soldiers dropped like flies. A bullet struck Penrod's horse on the left side near the abdomen and the horse in plunging to the ground sent the boy tumbling head over heels and his horse tripped. Violets which fell also sent her sprawling upon the ground and turning a summersault summersault at the same time and for several times. All the survivors were so dazed by this disaster that it was a moment or two before they could rally the two children having scrambled to their feet. When they turned to look around the rebels were still firing heavily and they saw a portion had cleared the fire and that now the ferocious Zimmermannians were advancing toward them at a break neck speed and that Evans and his column was racing madly to intercept them. The glandelinian rifles crashed

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crashed with a most deafening roll and down was went the rest of the escort and the horz horses of all the children throwing them all in a heap. The glandelinians roared their yell so terribly that for a time the children were afraid they were upon them but Evans and his own column won the race and the shock of two trains crashing together could not be worse than this collision. Yet in an instant the glorious Angelinean column was broken to pieces by the pressure of the fierce rebel onset.

The whole column of Angelineans cavalry trembled and shook, and wavered the enemy shooting as fast as they could fire and reload, or fighting lance and sabre duels with the Angelineans. The center of Evans' column was hardest hit and they wavered as the main column of Zimmermannians rode up. Volley after volley crashed into the fast thinning line---it broke---a loud roar of cheers and cries and also of derision went up from the rebel squadrons and the wave of rebel horsemen rushed madly toward the hole in general Evans' line. He saw at a glance that his men would be trapped and despite the peril and in the midst of the dreadful and destructive fire that was opened upon him rushed to the head of the handful of horsemen and cried:

"The vivian girls are in peril. Don't give up. My Abyssinkilians will be here shortly so don't give up. They are coming like the wind."

A feeble cheer arose as they rallied around him. It was a terrific shock but they still held the gap in the line. Four horses had been shot under general Evans while the Angelinean troops hurried the insurgents back. The foremost of the Glandelinian column began a retreat having suffered terrible loss. Another horse was shot under Evans and he was thrown to the ground but was not injured. What a battle it was. Evans made for another horse, mounted it and dashed into the thickest of the fray again.

Every one of the rebel horsemen was now in retreat but so fierce was their receding fire that Evans was horseshorn again and a hundred men fell all about him and scores of horses as also. The Abyssinkilian column which had not been engaged yet now dashed up and moved the Zimmermannians down in big droves. All this while the children sat near their fallen horses and looked at the battle and then at one another in a rather bewildered way and then began to feel glad to see the rebels being worsted.

"We did it," exclaimed Penrod with satisfaction. "and now we are free to go on our way. The fire is helping to rout the insurgents and our escort will be back with us pretty soon. I hope however the main column of wheelers come up too strong. They are too strong to cope with successfully."

"Those Zimmermannians are very fierce and pugnacious," declared Gertrude Angeline. "their attack at first jarred Evans' column terribly. It is lucky Evans rallied them and just used such fine example for otherwise such a headlong rebel onset might have ripped his main column all to pieces."

"Allow me to apologize for the Zimmermannians," said Penrod raising Violet to her feet. "The Zimmermannians are strange Glandelinians to me but I fear from the rude manner in which they tried to annihilate us they are the worse of the rebels to my way of thinking."

Violet and her sisters laughed at this statement and Gertrude and Jennie smiled as if they understood the joke after which they all felt better, and seeing the bit

big Federal column returning preparing to either resume the scouting tour or make a retreat for far in the distance doomed miles long lines of fierce wheeler horsemen looking on the scene of battle in abject astonishment and fury.

"Of course," said Jennie "when the survivors came nearer and the other girls rose to their feet."

"Of course what?" asked Catherine.

"Why it was lucky for us that general Evans intervened for if he had been five minutes later, and the rebels would have reached us when we were dismounted by their fire we---we---"

"Perhaps in that case we would not be living now now to talk about it," said Penrod gravely.

They must have had great courage to work their way through the burning grass field, and to ride past and over all the rocks and over the myriads of slain men and horses under fire from rebel lines in the distance to reach the waiting children for after abandoning the pursuit and after getting out of the path of the conflagration and out of reach of the main wheeler column which was slowly pursuing they encountered more difficult traveling Evans believing he could spare some of his men had sent them back to the Christian lines with the wounded that could have been brought back his loss having been much smaller than the enemy being six thousand in killed and four hundred in wounded while the enemy lost four thousand in killed and ten thousand in wounded. He was however compelled to allow the dead to be consumed by the flames as there was no time to bury them with the rebels in hot pursuit. So hard and difficult was the traveling under rifle and now shell fire that many of the soldiers had to dismount and chose the easiest paths and at the risk of being picked off by the score by the rapidly following enemy who was pressing them harder than ever. They also had to lead their horses forward, and

they had to creep climb, and worn their way through the grass fields with utmost care so that after a whole day of such work under heavy fire that picked off scores of men and also being constantly under fire of deadly snipers, and rebel hidden hidden machine gun batteries that many then suffer heavy loss the survivors all found themselves very tired and their horses either wounded or jaded and many soldiers also suffering from wounds which compelled them all to try and make stands occasionally while soldiers had to shoot their wounded horses to put them out of misery. It was awful.

As they gazed in the direction of the woods looming up in the distance and where the grassy plain ended Penrod could not help giving a little groan as he said;

"Those are forbidding looking woods girls and with the enemy following hard behind us and constantly picking off our soldiers were are in grave danger indeed. I wish we could find out what Manley plans to do without so much fighting."

"And so much trouble and slaughter" added Radcliffe.

"Suppose" said Gertrude "all the rest of you, including the soldiers wait here and let me go into the woods and do some short distant spying for it is on account of the vivian girls that we are trying to find out what general Manley intends to do since his plans were discovered. Then if I don't find out anything important I'll come back and join you."

"No indeed" replied violet seriously while her sisters shook their heads with disapproval. "We must take the chances of going into those woods together with some of the escort for in that way we will be able to aid each other in case danger threatens. If you took the chances of going into those woods alone and it would hold a an ambush something might be serious y that would hang on to you Gertrude. You know it yourself that the rebels would give anything to lay their very hands on you."

So while the soldiers kept on the look out for the big bands of wheeler pursuers the rest of the whole column began to move toward the woods but with great caution and found it very difficult to get over so many rocks hidden by the tall grass, creeping over the big crags and so forth and above finding a path that wound in and out among the high sea of grass did not help matters much. Yet some parts of the pathway was quite smooth and easy to ride upon and as it led toward the woods although in almost a round about way they decided to follow it.

This pathway leading into the woods was also narrow.

"This pathway must also bring us to a portion of Manley's positions" said Jennie "murmer."

"How do you know?" asked Gertrude.

"Some of the Gemini Scouts told me about it," she replied.

"I did not hear them," replied Gertrude.

"No you were not with us then," explained Jennie. "But they told me that a portion of Manley's positions were in these woods to which he had been driven by the defeat of Mic-Hollester Johnston's army in the recent battle. That's why we will have to be mighty careful as we approach it."

They said in the midst of these woods "declared Penrod" "put of our so a

portion may be placed as a big ambush also."

"Did they not observe what kind of Glandelinians they are?" Inquired the Vivian girls.

"No they only said there were many different sects divided into two sections, like two separate armies and that the Mic-Hollesterians and the dreadful Zimmermannians were the most important to be looked out for."

"Well if we are brave enough to work our way cautiously into their lines we'll find out all about general Manley's next movement," said Hettie "vivan." "But I have never heard the general mention this position so if it is really there it cannot be very important for us."

"Is those woods safe to enter without disguise?" asked Jennie "murmer."

"Of course it is not," answered Hettie. "Not if Manley's position is there. These woods is near Mic-Hollester's pen. When one comes to the southern edge of these woods there is nothing to be seen but plains, fields, meadows, and distant hills all occupied by his positions and encampment. Once Manley had scouting parties all around these woods, and probably still has by the looks of things but if we are careful none of the rebels will be able to see us while we would have the best chances of seeing them."

"If these woods are in possession of Manley's army why not all of us spy at different points at once and then we would know more about the intents intended movements of the Glandelinian generals?" Penrod asked.

"Why Manley's lines must be a fairy land the way you suggest things," said Violet looking at him in amazement.

"Why it's suicide" explained Angeline. "General Manley is said to be the most shrewd of all Glandelinian generals and has every where in his camp officers and men who are said to be the best disguise readers living, and lots of them are hidden in parts of even christian camps as well as their own so tucked away that not even

the most expert Gemini never have seen them and yet wonder to this very day how they have so often been discovered. In general Picknells camp it is quite different and not quite so dangerous, but when you try to enter general Federals line you are sure to run into strange fascinating and exciting experiences that will surprise you. I know, and so do my sisters for we have traveled among the enemy's lines a good deal."

"Yes and so have I" admitted Gertrude A geline Angeline. "I've been considerable of a spy all this time and dangerous work as it is I like to explore the enemy lines at all costs. I find I learn more about what the enemy plan to do by spying than by scouting."

During this conversation they had been riding and at times walking along this narrow pathway the general and his soldiers following in single file and now found themselves well up near the gloomy looking woods. They could see no signs of foes around them now for the grass beside their path was higher than their heads in some places. At this point they could not see far in front of them for here the path made one of its sharp turns. But suddenly they stopped because the path ended and there was no place to go except through the high grass again. Ahead about fifty yards loomed the forest of poplar and pines and on the left of them was a gigantic squadron of White Abyssinian Cavalry I mean Glandelinian Cavalry that seemed to block their way completely.

"Those Glandelinians would not be there though if we did not want to go somewhere" said general Evans wrinkling his forehead in deep thought. "It's good we are all dismounted or they would see us and fight us also."

"The woods are somewhere are they not?" asked violet laughing at the bewildered looks of the others. They did not know whether they should dare proceed or not. They felt sure how sure however that the rebel horsemen did not see them.

The rebels are on guard, the fields are blocked,

Yet here we've innocently flocked,

And now we are even trapped, trapped,

For to us it's rather bedded,

Yet for us there surely is no opening that can be blocked."

"Please don't recite that piece Gertrude. With the enemy so near and rebel pursuers all around us it makes me nervous," said Penrod.

"Well" said Angeline "I'm glad we got this far anyhow for this is a dreadfully tiresome adventure."

"As she spoke she peered over the top of the grass and to her surprise she saw just where the pathway renewed itself again."

"Why here's where the path begins again," she exclaimed.

"So I see" answered Evans. "but the question is, do we still dare to go where the path leads?"

"It goes a straight ahead right into the woods" said Penrod peering in that direction. "Perhaps there's an easy way to get there and if there is it is sure to be safe in the end...."

"Why that's true enough" cried Jennie vivian with eagerness. "Let's go into the woods cause if it is as safe as it looks it will be pretty safe for us too."

The rest of the path way was smooth and as they started forward they were so startled by such a horrid noise in the distance that brave as they were they had had the greatest difficulty in overcoming their desire to abandon their plan and make a hasty retreat. But they only had halted for a moment and now started forward again. They went cautiously forward for a few minutes and then again they suddenly stopped.

"What was the peculiar pounding sound?" asked violet.

Violet looked over the grass. The whole swarm of rebel Cavalry was moving forward. This sight indeed was very disagreeable but the children kept on until somewhere in the distance a loud tapping sound startled them. They looked toward the direction of the noise feeling a great deal nervous.

"What were those strange white forms beyond?" asked Angeline.

The strange tapping sound continued. The children were really frightened this time at this combination of sights and sounds. They had hardly believed the rebels could see them but now they felt it was so and that they were being surrounded. Yet summoning up all their courage they had continued forward with their pistols drawn while the soldiers had their rifles at the ready. Having gone this far they felt determined not to back out now if they had to go through the infernal regions to accomplish their purpose. Penrod went forward to scout a little but he did not venture to go very far until he was sure everything was clear ahead. Then they went forward again, the line of soldiers slowly following. They had now come to the end of the grassy plain and Penrod who was far in advance looked toward or at a moving object in grayish white and whistled a signal to those behind but he

did not venture out or attempt to expose himself until Redcliffe his aide-de-camp had bravely gone first. Penrod with his pistol drawn followed close on his heels and then the girls cautiously stopped forward, while the following soldiers were strictly on the alert. As soon as all of the brave children were out in the open they called to their horses which came up to them, and now they were no longer far from the woods. And the brightness of the moon day sun enabled them to see around them quite clearly. The pathway that led directly into the woods was wide enough for three of them to ride abreast. They could not see any more signs of scouting rebel parties, there were no enemies of any kind visible and this gave them a pleasant sensation. The pathway ran straight until it reached the woods and then made a bend toward the left and another sharp turn toward the right after which it went straight again. But there seemed to be no other pathway so at first they hesitated about entering the woods for fear of losing their way or entering an ambush. Telling Evans to remain behind with the troopers the children proceeded some distance and Penrod who was still far ahead began to signal frantically. The girls ran forward to see what was the matter and found a man sitting on the ground with his back against a tree and wearing clothing of the rich Mexican style. He had been nursing a badly injured arm before Penrod suddenly appeared and aroused him, for now as the girls arrived he rubbed his eyes and stared at them with all his might. There was something about this strange man that the most timid child would not object to and when he slowly rose to his feet they wondered who he was and what he was doing in the woods. He had a Mexican cartridge belt around his waist and had on his head a broad rimmed handkerchief decorated with a sombrero.

He stood as straight as a stick but as the girls approached he crossed himself several times and looked so frightened that Penrod laughed aloud. Even when they were disguised the girls were unusually beautiful unless changing their aspects by head and face disguises but this time they alone were not disguised at all wearing their usual lavender girl uniforms and they at this time had appeared so more dazzling in their beauty than ever before. Thus their appearance filled the strange man with a kind of superstitious supernatural fear and a overpowering love, and he did not know whether to run away or fall on his knees in adoration. However he was so awed and so fascinated that he did not love and as the children halted before him Violet asked:

"Will you surrender, or are you a friend?"

He asked this first in Mexican and then in English but the stranger to her surprise could not speak either tongue and shrugged his shoulders.

"Can you speak his language?" she asked Penrod and Penrod.

"Who man?" asked the boy.

"Yes you," said the little girl.

"Is he really a Mexican?" he inquired.

"Of course, he is dressed like one....."

"Well I'm not good at speaking Mexican but I'll try him in the Abbeinnian tongue which I believe is the proper thing to do. I like to do everything in a proper way for it saves me a lot of trouble."

"It certainly does," said Violet.

Penrod turned to the stranger and asked in the Abbeinnian tongue:

"Are you a Mexican?"

"Not me," answered the man. "I am I arrested?" he inquired.

"Of course you will be if you cannot prove who you are since you are found here within the enemy's lines," said the boy.

"Well," replied the man. "If I'm captured then I prefer being taken prisoner by your celestial beings than by the rebels. I hate the Glandelinian devils and for me they can go to perdition for all I care and all those who follow their cause. I'd rather go with you than face them unarmed again. The enemy say I cause Manley as much trouble as the famous Vivian girls but I'd be glad if I caused them ten times more trouble than they ever can do."

Violet and her sisters looked at each other and smiled.

"You look like they had it in for you," said Penrod noticing the man's bandaged arm and the condition of his uniform or clothing which was torn as if ribbed by a dozen wild cats. "Please tell us who you are."

"My name is Jettie Wilt. I'm a member of the Gemini and to prove it here's my Gemini Band, and also papers. I've been a fugitive from the enemy for a week and still tried to find out their intentions. A score of Glandelinian scouting parties are scouring the whole region for me. They are also after the Vivian girls whom they blame for my presence. I'm called 'Lightning Bolt.'"

"Lightning bolt?" the boy asked.

"Lightning bolt, the spy champion. I'm very clever and am a professional spy serving the Abbeinnian government and those ferocious rebels who are combing the region for me would give their very lives to effect either my capture or destruction. But it is the first time I ever saw children within the enemy's territory. I ask you for God's sake to get away before the rebels see you."

"Are you an Angolinian, or an Abbeinnian?" asked Violet herself.

"I'm from Abbesinkale. I'm a Conceitinnian and am from Dondobin City. But as I said before for God's sake look out. This is no place for little girls and two good boys like you. Manley's army is not far from here. Or are you girl and boy scouts, or are you fugitive child slaves?"

"I'm not sure of giving information until we are sure we can trust you," said Jennie with some hesitation. "Of course we are not afraid to tell you that we are not lost and neither are we child slaves, and we fear no one. Have you any other proofs as to your identification. We got to be as careful as timid mice you know."

"As I do not know you children I think for my own personal safety I must not as yet give out information either. I've been a fugitive however for more than a week, and had more shots fired at me than could fill a wagon and therefore I cannot take a chance as you wear the green and gray and not the purple. But of course you may threaten to, or say arrest me but I never heard any such thing as children making a man a prisoner except they be child scouts, or the Vivian girls, or even child scouts of the enemy, which you seem to be despite all your dazzling beauty. So you better go back to the shelter of your own lines before the Federal troops see you. If I was in condition I'd myself make you all prisoners and bring you before general Vivian."

"Where does general Jack on Manley live?" Penrod inquired as the girls were still smiling.

The man looked at the boy in great surprise.

"You'll find out if you go further in these woods. But if you are Federal girl and boy scouts really in disguise you can't pass through these woods just now and live because it's swarming with rebel soldiers looking for me and even the Vivian girls. I've heard all about it."

"That's too bad," said Gertrude. "Gertrude Angeline."

"What seems to be the trouble?" asked Hattie Vivian.

"Why should I tell you everything when I do not know you or who your children are?" demanded the man angrily fearing they were rebel child spies in disguise who were shadowing him. "Are you Glandelinian girl scouts deceiving us Angolinians with your beauty. You may deceive us but you cannot deceive God or His Blessed Mother and the Holy Saints in Heaven. Take me prisoner, or shoot me if you will yet I'll tell you nothing. And you also refused to give me information. In fact I've already told you what I am and betrayed it by my very speech when I should have kept my mouth shut."

"If you knew us you would not talk like that to us," said Jennie Turner.

"Does our uniforms show us to be rebel spies?" asked Angeline Vivian.

"And if you say so we'll take it as an insulting remark and not be friendly with you at all," said Jennie. Vivian her eyes flashing fire.

"And you are lacking in proper understanding and refuse to tell us who you are when already our very features and purple uniforms identify us," said Daisy. "We have a right for personal safety to keep a secret as well as you have. And you have been found in the foe's territory in strange foreign garb and it seems to be very suspicious to me."

The others nodded and Violet and Joice pouted.

"No I'm not suspicious, nor am I a rebel spy," declared the man. "I can prove that easily enough as I have proved the others. You may think I'm faking and have stolen those articles from a Gemini spy but I'm not. But if you are not foes then who are you beautiful children? If you tell me I'll tell you the reason I'm here. It's just the right thing for me to play safe too. We I see are both in the same game so why should I back out if you don't?"

"You don't need to find out who we are," argued the girl stubbornly. "You are in as strange a garb as we can think of and it is quite unnecessary for me to ask if you are a Mexican or not for that would spoil the argument with us and you. But how can you prove further that we can trust you? Whether you prove it or not we'll not take you prisoner as you fear but under no conditions will we reveal to you who we are as we are too far into the enemy lines already."

"I have very important papers given to me by the Daughters of His Majesty Emperor Vivian, or at least signed by them and no one else. But how can I prove it even now when they are not present?" exclaimed the man.

exclaimed

"Where is it?" asked Catherine.

"Why the one whose name is Jennie Francis Vivian told me not to let any one get them and so I guard them like I would money. I'll show them to you but to be agreeable to you I'll hold the papers in my hand as you read the contents and won't be the one who tries to take them from me. But probably as you may be rebel spies in disguise as Angolinians you may not believe me and say I stole these also."

"I don't agree with you on that," said Angeline Aronburg. "No one can send papers to you with the original signature but the Vivian girls. But tell me is there any way to get through these woods or through the rebel lines?" she asked as the man was unfolding the slip of papers.

"No Manley's lines occupy the central portions of the woods but all pathways leading in or out are heavily guarded by strong forces of Ickata and no one not even a soldier spy or scout can possibly get through. I tried that, taking a path from another point that leads straight toward Manley's headquarters and I met a disgraceful failure. That pathway is a long way around and so if you want to get home you'd better choose the safer way, and come to the Christian lines with me. Perhaps they'll bring you to Emperor Vivian's daughters and they'll give you the permission to go through the camp or they'll allow you to roam in peace. But I believe they'll be jealous of you because you are pretty, or that you are impersonating them. Terrible is the fate of those who impersonate them to spy on us Christians. I'll tell you," he added.

"Just the same we are going into the woods," said Violet, "I decided. Never mind looking at us that way. Mr. We are not mad. Neither are we intending to commit suicide or or neither are we lost or rebel scouts. Just lead us on to that path. Will you?" "You are on it now," he said, "but why do you wish to go there?"

Manley will think you are spies or mistake you for the Vivian girls. He has a heavy price on their heads."

"We might be spies at that," said Violet, "more decidedly. We trust you since you showed the pass paper. Please lead the way. Here's one of our guns to defend yourself with. We'll trust you with that also."

At first the women were dumfounded and looked at them as if he thought they were really crazy or desiring suicide, but as they looked so terribly determined and as there was something queer about their eyes which thrilled him to the marrow he decided to obey saying to himself, that the children must not be in their right minds or are really rebel scouts in disguise."

He moved so swiftly as he walked that the adventurers had to run to keep up with him so they demanded him to slow down. It was not long before the path suddenly came to an end and here they were now in the woods where trees grew so high that they appeared to reach to the very sky. It was indeed a magnificent forest, illuminated by the strong sunbeams so that thick though the foliage was everything in it could be plainly seen. The trees were of all kinds including great oaks, hundred foot poplars, birches, pines, and the like. (as on a spike) Far beyond was what appeared to be a small camp of large gray tents, about thirty altogether but not artistically shaped, or striped like the Angelinian tents were, and the woods appeared to be teeming with picket men on duty. The woods however had high tangled weeds of all kinds including high grass, and beautiful flowers. Violet climbed to the uppermost part of a high poplar tree and was astonished at what she saw from so high up. What had appeared like a small camp below was from her higher view a vast city of tents, hastily thrown up positions and all the appearance of a glandolinian encampment and battle positions. In the large spaces between the tents were many

glandolinian soldiers all heavily armed and all appearing to move to and fro while others stood in large groups talking and smoking cigarettes or cigars and the like. Even officers were grouped about in places some smoking cigar cigarettes and all being in earnest excited conversation. Just as she descended and hid among the high brush with the rest she heard some one cry out loudly: "All hail Headwick. Whom have you pursued, and who is roaming about the woods spying on us. I saw some girl descend from a tree? Did you capture any one?"

"No one," replied some man in a gloomy voice as he crashed through the under brush. "I was going to take a shot at that girl in the tree but she is gone. That fool man scout or spy almost captured me. If he is one of those crazy Mexicans I don't see what he is doing with the Christian dogs. My men will be back in a few minutes and I'll detail more to scout these high woods and brush and grass turn them out of their hiding place if necessary."

"Then," said another, "he will go to the Abhisannian lines and report his discovery to general Vivian!"

"Maybe some of the Angelinians came to his rescue for they were great in numbers and there has been two desperate encounters with Christian scouting parties and our cavalry," said another.

"Well for my part there were no Christian dogs in sight," answered the man who had spoken before. "But we must at least find that gosh darn gutter-snipe of a girl."

"Well never mind the girl," said another one in a haughty tone. "We must look out for that spy. And Manley had a most important message for you to take to general Shoemannia immediately."

"Really?" asked the speaking speaker in joyous tones.

"Yes," said the one who appeared to be an officer. "He needs you to deliver it to Shoemannia."

At hearing this Violet and her sisters looked enraptured. They hoped the messenger would come into their hiding place. A number of gray-uniformed soldiers had joined the speakers by this time.

"If we fail to grab that messenger it will be a terrible thing," remarked Violet to Penrod who was nearest to her. "But we must see to it that he makes no outcry or some of us are sure to get shot. Those glandolinians are scoundrels and they are very ferocious looking...."

"Why do you intend to capture the messenger?" inquired the man in the Mexican garb.

"Because," answered Violet.

"Why attempt anything so seriously dangerous? Why you little girls will scream with fright when he comes."

"What makes you think that?" asked the little girl with a strange twinkle in her eyes.

"Because I know no children, except the Vivian girls would dare capture a desperate rebel messenger. He'd fight like the dinosaurs and shoot you or put a knife into you or something," he replied.

"Are you positively sure about that?" asked Joice.

"Yes," was the reply. "And yet he might not come our way."

"Oh then we'll have to try something more desperate," declared Gertrude Angeline.

"We'll enter general Manley's headquarters."

"No, no, no, no don't do that please. It's too dangerous for little girls and boys," said the man. "You should never suggest going at all into the enemy's lines if you can help it. The danger in this case is so great that it would be folly for the bravest man. I'd fear to enter here on account of the dangerous scoundrels. Only the Vivian girls would dare to enter general Manley's headquarters for such a risky purpose."

"What makes you believe that?" asked Angelina Aronburg looking at him seriously.

"Because they know how to be on their guard and they carry weapons," explained the man whispering not so loud this time as before. "When ever I plan to spy on Manley I choose night time because it is easier to slip past the guards. For in the dark it is much harder to be seen."

"Then we'll follow your advice and do it to night!" said the girls and Jennie Turner added, "Why not try it now?"

"Yes try it now, and it might cause a terrible experience for you, and unless you girls are mad you'll not even think of such a silly and suicidal thing," returned the soldier with a shudder. "I'll bet you are just boasting and if it comes to the point to do it you'll have heart failure. To enter Manley's headquarters makes an experience that is dangerous, and a dangerous experience is not a pleasant one."

"I see very cleverly," remarked Gertrude, "that you think we are just loving to hear ourselves talk. Of course we are not brave never were. But we are going to secure information nevertheless that will help general Vivian conquer or frustrate Manley, and if you will you can help us."

"Yes," whispered the girls in a chorus. "Will you and can you help us? The messenger does not appear and so he went some other way I suppose. So we must enter general Manley's headquarters and ask you to assist us. Please do. We will be greatly obliged and will love you immensely. It would please us very much." And by those exclamations the soldier knew that his speech had met with some favor.

"How far is it to Manley's headquarters?" Violet asked seeing the messenger really was not appearing.

"Why it's just the other side of the camp," he answered, and Penrod added: "Come with me a little way sir, and I'll show you how the camp looks."

So he followed the boy a short distance and as he went to what appeared to be a high picket fence fence near where the poplar tree up which Violet climbed stood. This camp or fence divided this section of the enemy camp from the boy and the man. The boy however was disappointed for the man could not climb any tree on account of his wounded arm. However the boy could see through a large knot hole in one of the wide boards of the fence and here he had a good close look at the rebel camp. Here the tents were of dull gray canvass shaped like large square houses plainly made of peculiar holding beside. But in extent the tent city was very large and imposing and here the company streets were thronged with numerous glandolinian soldiers who were either on drill or buying the selves in various ways. Looking through the knot hole in the fence Penrod watched the glandolinian soldiers who fortunately for him did not know they were being watched or that scouts were in their positions at all and found the rebels were very unusual and imposing in their uniforms. They wore coats long and broad like overcoats with large brass buttons in front three times bigger than silver dollars and their round black hats were worn in the style of women's hats had a black flume on the top that covered most of the hat. Their features did not appear very terrible for many of those scoundrels were very good looking and joyfully faced but they had a very wicked crafty and treacherous look in their eyes, and no wonder the bravest of children or soldiers feared them. As I said before their hats were as large and round as the big ones worn by young girls or women even like a little girl's straw hat and around the under rim were strange golden tassels. They were strong looking men all smoothly shaven but all wore bobbed hair, and big ear rings dangled from their ears. One who appeared to be an officer looked either like some goof or a mis-"

They carried long heavy looking rifles with bayonets of a foot in length attached, and had two brasses of pistols. Most of the Scoodlers were tanned and wore snowy white trousers, and black shoes and leggings. Penrod thought the most striking thing about the Scoodlers was their long coats which as I mentioned before were like long gray overcoats and banded with red yellow and blue around the edges and along the seams were the button holes were. Every one of them were smoking pipes, cigarettes, cigars and other things. None of the Scoodlers were aware of the presence of the boy and the man who watched the Glandelinians for a short time and then went back to where they had left the others. Penrod told them that to him it looked utterly impossible for any one to softly enter the rebel lines just now, and that it could not be done under any conditions anyhow.

"Can't we find no way to go through the camp camp to Manley's headquarters?" asked Catherine.

"Not just now unless we turn ourselves into little sparrows and fly over and into the window," answered the boy. "We will have to wait until it is dark."

"I think," said Gertrude that if I only had some good disguise and could pretend I'm a rebel scout I could talk with some of the Glandelinian officers and not knowing who I am they would probably tell me some thing important and then there would be no need of all of us entering."

"Can you really dare take such chances?" asked the man dressed like a Mexican.

"Not so well to my desire," replied the girl. "Do you suppose I could climb to the top of that fence without the rebels seeing me? It is high and they may not be looking this way."

"You can try it," said Jennie Turner. "But be careful. They are perhaps the worse Glandelinians in the army. But I would not care to undertake such an advent re adventure unless I'm tired of life. But I won't promise you we'll follow you unless you badly need us."

"No matter about that," returned the girl. "Just watch me make the attempt and you'll be satisfied."

So the girl moved toward the fence, balanced herself for a moment and then with all her strength made a spring for the top. Perhaps if Gertrude had been a trifle heavier she would have been able to reach the top easier but as it was, instead of grabbing the pickets she only landed frontward against the fence with a resounding crash as if she intended to break her way through the boards and she fell to the ground backwards. Had she landed face downward the girl would have seriously injured herself by the shock of the fall but she fell backwards instead and not being stunned hastily rose to her feet and hearing confused sounds on the other side of the fence made a quick dash for her hiding place.

"I hope you aren't injured," the girls whispered in a chorus and with an expression of alarm in their faces.

"Course not," said Jennie Turner "but her banging against the fence has aroused the rebels on the other side. They'll be on this side shortly. How can we avoid contact with them? Penrod if they see us from so high."

The boy shook his head.

"I cannot tell," he confessed. "If we can hold them off long enough to effect our escape to our escort it might be a good deal safer to fight it out with the Scoodlers for a few minutes."

"But they are terrible Glandelinian soldiers," said Jennie Turner nervously. "Any one that even tries to oppose them will meet destruction. I suppose it is because the fence is so high that it's so difficult to climb."

"We are lucky to have such a big fence separate us from the enemy," declared Joice Vivian. "But don't worry. Though the enemy soldiers or some of them looked over the top none of them are coming over so maybe they believe it's only a log rolled against the fence because you see there's a big one lying against it just near where Gertrude made so much banging noise."

"I know what to do," answered Penrod. "Here side-de-camp. Just lift me until I can lift the rouch the pickets with my hands. I'm much lighter than Gertrude or probably heavier and when I'm on top of the fence I'll pull off some fake information about the 'Christian dogs' that'll make the Scoodlers believe I am a boy of somekind on their side and they won't try to harm me. Then if anything goes wrong I'll first do some mad shooting at the rebels and then jump down to you."

"All right," said the Rattlesnake and when they both reached the fence he helped up his comrade and held him up until he grasped the pickets firmly with his hands. The boy must have been unusually strong for he made it easier and his sudden appearance on top of the high fence collected a crowd of Glandelinians at once to that part of the fence who at first leveled leveled guns at him and looked faw ferocious and dangerous. But seeing that he was only a stupid silly looking boy they believed he was an idiot and therefore only regarded him with astonishment and some curiosity. One of the Scoodlers who happened to be an officer so spoke to the boy in a very important manner.

"Who in the world are you boy?" he asked.

"I don't know," said the boy pounding on the fence with his heels just to add to his pretended silly manner.

"Don't know who you are? Well where in the world did you come from?"

"Why I climbed over the fence. Don't be so silly as Mr. Thore's no other place from which I could come," Penrod replied.

The officer climbed up himself and looked cautiously around over the other side but seeing no one climbed back down to the other side. Then the officer looked at the boy for fully five minutes in silence while a big crowd of fierce eyed Scoodlers and even Zimmermanians and Mic-pollestinians and Omarians gathered. The boy did not like the way the Omarians regarded him but he did not wince or even show any sign of fear or suspicion. To his idea of knowing the Omarians were the ones to be dreaded the most.

"You are not a National nor an Abie Abbieonian for your features are strikingly foreign. You are not very well educated either by the way you look. And boy I believe you are a mutt. And why don't you stop kicking the fence with your heels? You'll wear a hole in your heels."

"I like to hear the noise," answered the boy "but you must have visited the wise donkey in the Oz country the way you question me," added Penrod laughing in such a silly manner that the scoodlers and the others except the Omarians smiled with him in sympathy. "But that reminds me---general---captain--- On a One paperer -- or Count that I---"

"I'm Colonel Fullie."

"Of course full of flies I might have known it. But the reason I volpined over the fence to be here on top was that I could find those girls called the Vivian Princesses."

"What about the Vivian girls?" asked the officer with a scowl.

"They have had insulted us Glandelinians and I've heard that they are great spies and therefore you had better lookout for them," said Penrod "if you don't they'll probably come over here and conquer the whole Scoodler army."

The officer smiled as he heard this and though a Glandelinian the smile made his face look quite jolly. But the Omarians only regarded the boy sullenly and in his heart he strongly wished they would for god's sake go away and not look at him like an angle looks at his prey before grasping it. He did not trust the Omarians and did not see why he should.

"That's the joke about that," asked Penrod pretending to ignore the glare of the Omaria s Omarians.

"You said they would come over here and conquer us," said the Scoodler officer. "Why did you have such less understanding than we believed because being so stupid you don't know anything about us. Ha. Ha. Ha. You see the point don't you fellows. The seven Vivian girls come over here single handed and conquer us. Why if they were standing on their legs they would think their heads were under them and their feet in their pockets---Ha. Ha. Ha. Come over here and conquer us! My but that is a great joke. Why those stupid gutteral lips could not find their way to our camp. Why they would not have nerve enough to come to these woods for our some bear will catch them. And they could not sound couldn't see to find their way into these woods. You kid, must surely have less understanding than a boob in a nut house. Ha. ha. ha. Ho. Ho. Ho."

The Glandelinian officer wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes with his handkerchief and many of the other Glandelinian soldiers (except the Omarians) wiped their eyes too for they had laughed just as heartily as their officer at the absurd joke.

"We are not afraid of those Vivian girl Princesses---as long as our camp is well guarded," declared another rebel. "and we do not care at all how often they insult us. The joke will only be on them after all, and none else."

"Then," said Penrod. "do you defy them?"

"Exactly. And there is no need for us to fear them," returned the colonel.

"What are they anyway? Only mere girls."

"You may say and think that perhaps, but you'll apologize to them some day. You don't find them inside your lines to find out the intentions of your great generals do you?"

"They'll not get in even if we can help it," admitted the cock colonel sternly. "The question is, who are you boy that you know so much about those famous girl spies. Could you give us any information as to where they may be at at this very minute?"

"For why do you ask me?"

"Why are you here?" asked the colonel.

"For a good reason," answered the boy. "supposing we wait and talk about the Vivian Girl Princesses. Maybe you can tell me who they are. Maybe then I'll be unable to understand the joke about them better."

"All right," said the officer. "I'll do as you say if you are not too long."

"No I'm short, much shorter than you are, at least I'm very small while you are too big," said Penrod.

The other glandelinians roared with laughter when they heard this, and seemed to like the boy's jokes very much indeed. Penrod thought it very odd that the Scoodlers could be so easily amused when he heard how fierce and dangerous and ugly natured they are and therefore felt somewhat confident that there could be little harm in those soldiers who laughed so merrily, but still he did not like the way the Omarians and even some of the Zimmermannians and Mic-Hollistinians stared and glared at him and so searchingly as if they hated him and wanted to arrest him.

Penrod had intended to engage the glandelinians in this kind of a conversation while Violet and her sisters and their girl friends would have time enough to slip in through the rebel positions and get a chance to go into Manley's headquarters and so into Manley's room to find out his intentions.

"One girl," said Violet, "here is our chance to slip into the rebel lines while Penrod engages those glandelinians in conversation. If Radcliffe likes I'll introduce him to general Manley. We came this far to gain some information and we cannot back out now no matter how great the risk."

So as she cautiously led the way the rest accompanied her from tree to tree, but taking their time about the movements as so many glandelinian guards were around and keeping their searching eyes peeled everywhere. When over the time presented itself they would go to toward the high grass on the left their hands and knees and there fore reaching the high grass and wood squirmed through it and soon were into one of the company streets and appeared to be completely deserted. They knew they had to be careful because they had on their own uniforms and were not disguised at all. However the company streets were full of high grass and weeds for there had been no attempts on the parts of the glandelinian soldiers to remove the weeds or beautify the camp or even its surroundings and having noticed this condition the children were astonished when seeing no one about, and therefore they took the chance of peering into one of the tents. The tent was more handsome inside than outside. The very interior was extremely magnificent and the furniture was of very brilliant style. However no one was in inside. At this point Radcliffe saw the sunbeams striking the hair of his beautiful girl friends and noticed their dazzling brilliancy and beauty to and to him their hair seemed or was strangely exquisite, resembling translucent frosted gold, and from the sun beating upon their heads, there radiated a strange mysterious almost eerie soft light which sometimes almost dazzled his eyes.

Radcliffe being overawed and just to try and kill his peculiar peculiar fear as to what they intended to do now since they were so far in the rebel lines and no disguise on either.

CHAPTER.

THEY ENTER THE GLANDELINIAN GENERALS HEADQUARTERS BUT ARE BAFLED.
THEY PERSEVERE AND ESCAPE DOWN THE RIVER.
UNDER FIRE.

"THAT'S A HARD question to answer just now," declared Violet, "we are in and have to spend lots of time by being very careful and we must use great caution to accomplish our purpose and find out Manley's intentions as to his next move. It's a very precarious position we are in now and no one can tell what will happen next. But the enemy are in a precarious position too if they discover me or my sisters. You see all this high grass here!"

"Yes," answered the boy.

"And I have lots of matches with me!"

"Yes," answered the boy again.

"Well then you know what I mean."

"Yes I understand," said he winking. "If we are pursued or discovered up goes the whole camp and the forest too."

"Have you got plenty of nerve in that case since the fire may chase us too?" asked Gertrude of Radcliffe.

"Yes plenty of it," answered the boy. "More than I need. I've been in more forest fires than one and know how to pull through one without mishap."

"Well then, let's move," she answered advised while Jennie Warner looked at him with one of her bewitching smiles.

They now moved on cautiously forward. They noticed that all the tents in the encampment were all of the same color and very big just as large as the National had but of a blue gray color. They chose their way through the high grass in the center of the company streets hiding between a tent or two every time they saw soldiers, and working their way in and out of brushwood to make it as safe for themselves as possible. Many times they were almost upon pickets and guards and swarms of soldiers but they managed to keep low or hide and therefore they were not seen but so slow was their progress that it took them two hours to cover only the space of five hundred feet. Soon however outside of the high grass they saw to their left they saw a large house. Outside of the house was a swarm of soldiers many of them being Scoodlers and some of them Whimsies, Grolweywoogs and Zimmermannians and also the dreaded Omarians and whose uniforms made quite a show indeed. They thought however that the Scoodlers had uniforms had on much more beautiful or imposing than the others but they could not judge any of the Glandelinians by their appearance though they had handsomely decorated hats and looked more like persons going to a great dance than being soldiers. Yet to meet with these fierce looking Omarian soldiers was or would be quite a most uncomfortable experience as they were more wary and trusted no one within their lines whom they did not know. Violet and her sisters were more cautious now and for a long time remained concealed where they were keeping their eyes on these soldiers. Violet had an idea that she and her sisters had lives too precious for their Country to risk passing these Scoodlers and others while wearing purple uniforms especially in the day time, but still they were bound to enter Manley's headquarters and so decided to try and slip past these groups of glandelinians some how.

"Seems to me," said Radcliffe in a whisper, "it would be better to try to get past them in the dark and make a pretty safe adventure of it. I would rather be seen inside than out."

Radcliffe turned around to see if he they approved of his plan. They looked surprised but did not say anything. They then noticed a large group of fierce looking Zimmermannian officers approaching toward them. There were nineteen of them by actual count and uniformed as if they were nineteen worldly kings on their best dress parade. They were so neatly and handsomely uniformed and wore their hats which looked very much like English Shakoos a little cocked to one side. One of the officers to Violet and her sisters had a great resemblance to general Meldonia picknell but they could not make out for sure.

"These," said Radcliffe, "are those sweet Zimmermannians."

"I'm hoping Penrod is safe for he is of foreign nationality and that would increase his danger if the rebels found out his true intentions," declared Jennie Warner.

The nineteen Zimmermannian officers all approached to or quite close to their hiding place and after making a polite courtesy to each other separated one of them with picknell's face heading for the hiding place of the children. It was picknell and no mistake at that.

however the general suddenly turned and moved another way and a few minutes after came along another officer who had a face on him that would greatly put a person in mind of one of our "beautiful boys" we see on a farm.

"Where do you think you're heading Mr Hogface?" whispered Radcliffe to himself, and drawing his gun.

"Why not let's capture him and not shoot?" asked Jennie Turner seeing his gun in the boys hand.

"I will try but it is a dangerous move" replied Radcliffe and Violet and her sisters agreed with him.

"Aw let him go the poor fool, you't you know if we tried to seize him he'd raise a row and cause us to be captured." said Gertrude Angeline.

"No indeed" said Radcliffe stubbornly "He's running into our ambush and therefore it would be very improper to allow him to see us first and then escape to warn his comrades. These glandelinians are being brought up according to the rules of their high generals, laid down by general Manley who has given his wicked cause much study. Utmost caution is his great hobby and he claims if christians over surprise him one cannot expect his generals to do anything better. Here he comes. Got ready."

The glandelinian soldier walked right into the trap and would have yelled, but he did not when he observed who covered him.

"It is very impolite indeed to treat me like this you dirty christian dog" said the officer.

"Well it sometimes is and it sometimes ain't Mr Pus y Pussy Cat" replied the boy after Gertrude and Jennie Turner relieved the rebel of his pistols and cartridge belt. "but it just depends on who it just is. Sometimes you capture the christian dogs as you call us and sometimes we christian dogs capture you dirty skunks. And by capturing you Mr Pole Cat it puts us on the safe side. You understand. Once we get to a more secluded spot we'll let you loose but just now I'm going to use you as a decoy and make you get us an admission into Manleys headquarters. Refuse to do as I order, or betray us in any way and you'll die like a mad dog."

"You dirty christian dogs ought to be skinned alive for this" declared the glandelinian officer fiercely and would have said more on the subject but the faces of the girls looked so wild and threatening all of a sudden that he dared not say anything more.

"What's up with Manleys intentions?" asked violet.

However the prisoner smartingly told them that they either did not understand or must have forgotten that no glandelinian would give any information under any condition and he acted like a madman than like a prisoner. go to avoid any scene the Angeline soldier disguised like a Mexican first gave him a wallop on the jaw knocking him flat on his back, and then joice tried the prisoners hands behind his back as Radcliffe said in his fierce way.

"All right you insulting scoundrel. I'll leave you tied up to a tree where it will be very difficult for your comrades to find you. And you'll need witnesses to explain how you got tied up that way. I don't want to waste time arguing with you traitors for arguments cause me very hard feelings and I'm liable to shoot and explain matters afterwards."

So as the officer still refused to tell anything Radcliffe tied him to a tree and also gagged him. The rebel knew it was useless to make a struggle. They had just a second looked this job when looking in another direction they saw a group of child slaves both boys and girls facing them, and the rebel glaring angrily at them all.

They had witnessed the whole performance. One of the elder boys went up to Radcliffe and after looking the Vivian girls over very carefully as well as being astonished at their beauty he said:

"My good friends I wish to explain that what you did now was beyond what I or my friends here ever expected to see. You boy, and you his girl friends have on Angeline uniforms and are within Manleys or a portion of Manleys lines where he has his headquarters. As we are child slaves who need to be free more than any thing else we have a right to ask of you an important favor. Our masters are harsh to us and we wish to get away and be safe within the christian lines. We have observed what you did, so on account of your uniforms I know you are of the Nationals, probably a boy scout with either girl companions or those who are your nine pretty sisters. So when I said to my friends you would be able to help us they agreed to ask so to speak. I alone am not a slave but a scout but I cannot dare leave Manleys lines alone with these thirteen girls and fourteen boys. If you agree to do this favor for us we'll repay you sometime. go you understand?"

The adventures thought it over carefully. Then seeing that the girls agreed Radcliffe said:

"That is fair enough, but where does the favor come in, and what is your desire for us to do?"

Violet and her sisters laughed, for they could not help it although the two other girls and the boy were solemn enough

"I'll tell you what you can do" said Gertrude and took the strange boy scout away

to a distance where the scowling rebel prisoner could not have the chance to overhear them.

"You must know" she explained "we are not ordinary scouts. The boy spoke to only us, and he is their chief. You saw Emperor Vivians daughters, and they are anxious to bring this war to an end, for things, and therefore they are in these rebel lines and what they are after is not a slight thing after all. It is true we are acting as spies and want to learn Manleys intentions. you stay with us help us and we'll send your friends to our escort on the rear seat!"

"True but if they are the Vivian Girl Princesses it seems they have no common sense retorted the boy almost angrily. "Don't you know you girls are courting with certain death, terrible destruction attempting this. Why don't you get the General to do this and not act so silly."

"Do you think so?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes and I know. I was foolish to do this also and if I'm discovered we with those slaves only god alone can save me then. Don't you know it is impossible to enter Manleys headquarters just now. If not you are not as wise as you look to me. I'm astonished almost to laughing myself sick to find such girls as you are in so dangerous a territory."

"Ah yes of course" she answered looking very wise. "but we won't need to do that if you can help us out. So I'll tell you what to do. If you yourself know of Manleys plans, which perhaps you do let us in on it, and you'll return with your child slaves you rescued under a powerful escort and will receive a handsome reward for your daring rescue."

The boy looked questioningly at the girl and blinked his eyes when he noticed how beautiful she was. He tried to think what it all meant but he could not figure it all out. He felt however he could be her best loving friend for life. He'd die before he'd desert her.

"What do you think of this proposition?" asked Gertrude with a smile.

"I think it is exceedingly dangerous to even think of this thing any more than we can help" he replied. "But I've heard much about the Vivian girls and therefore I'll do as you ask at any risk. I can realize the danger you are in and facing in doing this and therefore as you know I'm a scout also I am a not going to refuse you anything as you girls are too good for that. There will not be any need of entering Manleys headquarters. But my charges will have to submit to you as their guardian."

The boy went back to the others those he had rescued and when he told them of Gertrudes request and intention they readily agreed although they did not feel like risking it a bit. Yet they were much surprised in helping the Vivian Girls.

"That's a fine proposition and we are much pleased with it" said the boy speaking for them all. But please tell us what I am to do, and what you'll do for them?"

"Only you need do it" said violet. "I request it because you say you are a scout. That is if you can dare the risk to enter Manleys headquarters, you may accomplish it."

"Good" cried the boy scout with excitement in his voice and eyes plainly to be seen. "I'll disguise as one of these slaves who'll change clothes with me and I'll offer to scrub general Manleys room and by that means either find something or gain some way for you to make your way in."

The girls had a very difficult time or effort to keep from screaming with joy while the brave child slaves were directed toward their rear by Gertrude while the boy changed disguises or clothes and prepared to head toward Manleys headquarters to try his luck for the benefit of his friends while violet and her sisters drew the child slaves to a proper hiding place and then rejoined the three others and the Angeline soldier disguised as a Mexican.

"What about Penrod?" Gertrude asked of violet.

"One of us must go back and find him and have him return to us" said the Princess.

"We can somehow fool the rebels he is talking with somehow or other."

"Perhaps I can find a way" suggested Jennie Turner.

so she stealthily crept back toward the rear, while violet asked of one of the child slaves how when the boy rescued them they managed to elude the watchful eyes of their rebel masters. go some of the others did not know how to explain or were too awed by her presence to talk but one girl recovering her composure said:

"I'll tell you when you bring us out of these woods to your escort"

"Are you sure you will be?" asked violet. "we promised you faithfully but sometimes we would fail to get to our escort ourselves. We can be persuaded you know and be forced to take some other route."

while Jennie Turner was away looking for Penrod and the scout was nearing Manleys headquarters the child slaves overcoming their awed feelings gathered around violet and her sisters, for through them it was evident that they would be slaves no longer.

In a little way Jennie, or came back with Penrod explaining that he was creeping through the grass toward them when she found him and almost by mistake had a fight with him thinking he was a prowling rebel coming through the grass. As soon as he was with them the boy said:

"I feel much better since I had a talk with those Scoundlers. But I'm not stuck on those kind of Glandelinians known as the Ouarisians. They talk too much and question you too much. The Ouarisian officer after the Scoundler got through, wanted to know why I was in their lines, how I came to find my way there, why it was if I'm an idiot I can climb such high fences, and whether I was a Christian dog and such things. The Ouarisian wanted to hold me as a prisoner or for investigation but the Scoundler argued with him and finally the Ouarisians allowed me to proceed on my way. It was a narrow escape though. I believe that Ouarisian officer asked me a million questions."

Some of the child slaves began to laugh thinking this was only a joke Penrod said, but Penrod showing no emotion straightened out his coat and said:

"You may laugh but I'm not telling a joke. I was questioned by the Ouarisians. They are dangerous and also know too much." Then turning he said to Violet: "Do you think there is any chance of entering General Manley's headquarters?"

The whole batch of beautiful girls looked at him seriously.

"There's quite a chance of learning something even without going there if we don't want to," Violet said. "We were waiting for your return. I've got a sensation that our messenger will succeed." and she told him of the promise to the child scouts.

"Do so," he begged earnestly. "But maybe I've got a needle and thread in my knapsack and I can help him sew Manley up again. If the general fools the rebel chieftain then he better go out in his rage."

This caused Violet and her sisters to look at Penrod keenly while K Gertrude laughed and Jennie giggled.

While Penrod was explaining the words of his conversation with the Scoundlers the girls went forward a little to see if the way was still clear.

"Who is the rebel officer tied to the tree?" asked Penrod.

"Oh he just ripped his way out to our hiding place," Gertrude said.

"Oho!" cried the boys, "and he would not tell anything. That's bad for his four generals will give the fool an awful lashing. It was a good joke on the rascal. And it is by odds the best joke on a rebel officer yet. To be captured by children. So he walked right into the trap. So I did not have any idea we could have so fine a joke as all that."

"It was just wonderful how Radcliffe captured the rebel," Echoed the girls.

"How did you do it Radcliffe?" asked Penrod.

"I don't know," said the boy blushing. "It was perhaps because the girls helped in the attack the plan but I rather think it's our splendid intellect."

"If the scout does not succeed in his effort," the boy Penrod told the girls. "There will be a worse failure than any we have ever had yet."

Jennie Vivian had been in deep thought and now she asked Gertrude:

"Do you think there is a chance for the boy finding out the rebel generals' intentions?"

"None that I ever heard of," was the answer.

"Oh yes," said one of the child slaves confidentially who overheard Jennie's question. "There's a great chance."

"But he takes so long," said Angeline.

"Are you sure he'll succeed?" Catherine eagerly asked.

"Can't say. I've never suspected the boy of failing for I've known the boy for years. But we can find out."

So after a short conference they decided to take the chances to go forward to the rebel generals' headquarters and find out if it was possible the boy was succeeding.

"Still still," said one of the child slaves. "I prefer not to take the chances of being captured again, so we would like to stay here until you return."

Violet however sent Radcliffe and the disguised Angelinian soldier to bring the child slaves to the protection of their escort while they hurried away to investigate leaving the prisoner tied to the tree. Over being left this way his heart was raging with fury. Foiled in his attempt to get free and raise a hue and cry he vowed a terrible revenge.

"So they refused to cut me loose oh!" Well this war is not ended yet. I'll teach the seven Vixen Princesses and their followers that they are playing with fire. Little do they know our generals have in power and the power they can wield with the help of all their officers. I have their secret about spying in the generals' headquarters and if I only was loose now I'd learn those fools not to play loose and fast with Glandelinia's cause. A word to the general in chief and they will be captives before they think the sun is rising. I ain't the guy to be trifled with. They are however in no position to thwart our chief general's plans."

While the rebel was talking to himself the boy and girls had followed Radcliffe to the rear of the Glandelinian generals' headquarters far beyond the city of tents where there were a dozen round large fortresses or blockhouses. Radcliffe said:

"Here is the way when or where I entered when I first entered the building. Follow I and please step carefully and I'll lead you to his secret council place."

With his pistol drawn he entered by the back way the guard having been overpowered and after the boy Gertrude followed and then Jennie, and the Vivian Girls behind her entering last of all. A few steps beyond the open doorway in the cellar way it was totally dark.

"There is no danger of us losing the way in this cellar though," said the Rattlesnake. "For there is only one stairway to go up into the general's room or place. I've been in here before and I know every step of the way."

The ceiling of the cellar was just high enough to allow only the children to walk upright and if one of the soldiers had gone along with the party he would have been forced to bend his head to prevent his hitting the top.

The floor of the cellar was difficult to walk upon because there were thousands of articles strewn around on the floor and pretty soon Gertrude who had gone ahead and went half way up the steps slipped on a piece of soap and fell backwards. At once she crashed downward, and so quickly that when she came down to Jennie, she accidentally knocked her off her feet and sent her sprawling against Radcliffe who tripped up. Violet and Catherine at the very instant Catherine fell against a pile of large wooden boxes stacked against the wall which proved to be full of cans so that all went falling down in a regular avalanche upon the girls all hurling every one to the floor in a perfect confusion. They were unable to see what it was that fell because of the intense darkness. Fortunately no one was injured but one of the falling boxes in rebounding struck against a row of large tin dispensers hanging on the opposite wall and these came falling down together to the sweet tune of which could cause the worst deafening din and the longest. Ann A purring the crashing and banging there were startling cries above and a door above the steps flew open and several soldiers appeared in the door way.

"WHO'S THERE?" cried a loud voice.

"Now we are in for it," said Radcliffe, when they had all regained their feet.

"I will show you what to do in case we have to shoot it out with the rebels," said Penrod. "This is a trap for us now but if we keep together we will not be taken."

They all took post behind the fallen boxes and watched the soldier who was now descending the steps with a lighted candle in his hand.

"Be careful," said Radcliffe warningly. "He has got a light. No one else is following that Glandelinian soldier so we will capture the rebel."

"All right," replied Gertrude in a whisper. "Where is the pistol I had lost Radcliffe?" and realizing she had lost it in her hasty fall the boy handed her one of his which she grasped in her right hand. They were kneeling behind the boxes watching the cautious approach of the rebel carefully. He looked around when he saw every down everything down in such a pile and gazing around cautiously he approached slowly toward their hiding place.

"All right," said Radcliffe in a whisper. "Now we got the rascal."

They had the soldier covered in an instant, tied the rebel to a post, put a piece of cloth around his face so he would not be able to cry out and taking the candle out of his hand went up the steps cautiously with their own pistols at the ready. At this instant they had no exciting experience and they reached the general's hall way in safety and then felt very happy when they stood at the very doorway leading into the great general's private place and realized that the plans they were after and which they had traveled so far and risked so great a danger to secure would be in their own safe keeping.

"Now," whispered Violet as they with the help of the new scout found that no one had been there and that again they had failed to obtain any news and were again standing on the edge of the woods having left far behind the rebel positions entirely and were with the escort again without having been pursued at all. "I think we will have to find the shortest route or cut to the rear so we'll have the chance to watch the actions of the rebel forces which is said to be just beginning. The rebel forces I heard are not going to attack. They are beginning a general retreat."

"Do you think we have the chances?" asked General Evans.

"I don't know," she replied. "I suppose we can go back the way we had arrived to go up to the top of the highest rise of ground and then head for the great woods but that is like running around a big haystack is it not?"

"Yes indeed," said Gertrude Angeline. "What is the next thing to do to reach that hill?"

"Go by a short cut," answered Jennie Vivian.

"That however gives us the feeling that we are facing great peril all right; for the whole country is scourged by rebel scouting parties," Penrod said. "I think Jack does," said Catherine. "We ought to go by the right for it's safer and we will reach a hill in that direction that will enable us to see what we desire."

"Of course," replied Gertrude brightening at the suggestion. "Evans dear will do anything we ask him pertaining for and will grant greater favors for us even than the dearest friends. I also believe we can take a cross cut into or around the rebel territory and so get back into the Christian lines a day sooner than if we travel back the other way."

"I think so too," said Catherine. "But we will also have to keep to the right to avoid the rebel scouting parties."

They were obliged to go through a thick section of the woods before they could find any roadway that led the girls in the direction they wished to go but finally they observed a faint trail which they decided to follow.

Two or three hours of good and swift riding along this trail brought the brave little girl heroines and their big escorts out of the woods, and a clear level country confronted the whole party where there were a few far houses but they knew from the looks of things that they were still in the territory of the glandelinians because not so far away they could see large rebel positions and long lines of cannon and other works. Not that there were scouting parties close by here but that the rebel positions appeared about half a league away. This part of the rebel territory was less dangerous than that of the other sections if rather quieter and yet very lonely and yet the road was very distinct and easier for the whole escort and their brave beautiful leaders to follow.

But just as they were congratulating themselves upon the excellent progress they had effected there was a terrible thundering roar behind and glancing toward the rear they saw approaching as swiftly as the wind in a cyclone what appeared to be a whole division of glandelinian cavalry. The whole party with the force raced away as if the ardevils were racing forward and after a long run with the rebel cavalry about three hundred yards behind, they saw before their feet heavy what they felt sure was the great big Aronburgs river which at this point swept along between very high banks and here it appeared probable that their retreat was cut off, there being no escape whatever and there was no bridge of any sort to allow a crossing over the big river.

"This is dreadful," cried the girls looking at the river in disgust and violet added, "when we are hard pressed by these darn glandelinian traitors and think we will get away we are always stopped by a river whose current is too strong to cross by wading."

"It's just our luck," said Gertrude gazing earnestly into their faces. "The best thing we can do," declared Evans with his comical funny laugh is to hold the glandelinian cavalry at bay until we can find a way to get across for no one knows any better than I do what those Scoodlers and Gargoylians will do."

Said Gertrude (Angeline);

Every t hour I see this great big river,
and the approach of the rebel gilder,
It gives all us girls an awful cold shiver,
The speed of the rebel squares,
I can never forget,
All this great big river, is very very wet;
so if the rebel soldiers get a good big soak
it will to us girls and boys be a great big joke,
but to wade the river the rebels or even us will never never try,
For the water is never very very dry."

"Try to control all of your poetry," said Penrod already laughing. "I believe your stirring adventures if affecting your brain. Not even us including the glandelinian soldiers intend to wade this river. It also has quick sand and we do not know at what place."

"No indeed," decided violet. "The best rebel or fellow in the water could not wade it at this point if they tried to save their lives. It's too wide a river and the current is so strong that it would pull us under."

The glandelinian cavalry has halted seeing I got ready to face and fight it," said Evans. "If there was only a pontoon bridge we could escape but I don't see any."

"Couldn't we start the appearance of a large raft while you and your cavalry hole the insurgents back?" suggested Radcliffe.

"There is nothing to create one of," answered joice.

"What in the world is that?" said Penrod again and they saw he was pointing along the bank of the river.

"Why there's hundreds of boats over there," cried Angeline. "I wonder why we didn't notice the boats before ourselves. Let's go and get the craft in readiness while Evans holds the rebel cavalry at bay. No we have a chance to cross the river while he covers our retreat."

About five hundred yards distant along the banks was a row of bir rowboats about one hundred and fifty six of the craft and as they were on their side of the river and they rode hurriedly toward the spot the rebels began to open fire which the two boys and girls returned shooting down as great a number of rebels as they ever did before to the consternation of the glandelinians who did not expect this for a party of beautiful girls. However the full force of the rebels fortunately still hesitated to attack the Christian cavalry for they feared the fury of the vindictive Abyssinkilians.

Two soldiers only beside the boy scout and the rescued child slaves followed the brave loyal children and their friends and one of the soldiers was a tall Conscientious man dressed in a well richly designed red uniform. This soldier's eyes were big and staring as he looked at the two beautiful girl friends of the vivian Princess Princesses but the other soldier was shy and peeked with awe at the vivian girls as he rode along with the party. The other one a joking soldier thought to have a little fun and being also a soldier who is very often too serious in his jokes rode up close to Penrod and said;

"Are you a born Angeli Angolinian little boy?"

"I cannot and cannot be allowed to tell what I should be in nationality," replied the boy. "It would cause the rebels to know and then I'd be in for it."

"I think you are foreign," said the soldier but I cannot be positive. If you will kindly tell us as to your intentions of being here I'll be very grateful. It's the duty of us Abyssinkilians to find out about it."

"Well you are doing the wrong thing then," said the boy, "and it is not the duty of boys or scouts to tell any person who he is without full request from the general! 88 general!"

"But I know you are a foreigner," protested the soldier, "and it is our duty to know why you are with us."

"Very great to know that," declared Penrod, "but is that any of your affair?"

"I have got a right to seek proper news have I not?" asked the soldier seriously. "I feel that there is no safety in you being with us because I cannot tell whether you are the right boy to be with us or not."

"You have no right to have any suspicions of any boy," Penrod retorted quietly. "Never you be so inquisitive about all that sir," said violet to the soldier curtly. "You go back to the rear where you belong and leave your crazy jokes to the other party."

They had then reached the boats after their adventure with the rebels who fired at the girls but none of the boats had oars.

"How can we cross the river in these boats without oars?" asked Daisy.

"I don't know," replied Hettie.

"Do you think we can create a pontoon of these boats?" asked Hettie of Radcliffe after a short time of silence.

"Never. The rebels would prevent us creating the raft or pontoon."

"Couldn't a hundred soldiers start a pontoon bridge in a hurry, while Evans holds off the rebel cavalry?"

"Probably but the rebels would not give us a chance to cross it," declared Radcliffe.

"They would bring up their artillery and blow the bridge up with us to boot. We could not succeed that way."

"Don't you think so?"

"Not to you the know ledge of this lad," said the boy shrugging his shoulders. They were all terribly surprised to hear this and the boy added;

"This is a very large river, one of the largest rivers in the world, and the current is terribly strong. I know how to create or construct a large pontoon bridge for I've seen it done since the war began but I don't believe it can be done here because I believe also the current would hinder us. And I feel afraid that we'll never be able to cross over. It would take us too far off the route to the Christian lines any how."

"That is queer," said Gertrude Angeline Angeline. "I see the rebel soldiers are falling back. Don't you suppose we can retrace our steps?"

"The boy only shook his head."

"Nor go back the way we entered the rebel lines?"

"No indeed Gertrude."

"Where shall we go to then?" asked all the girls.

"Yes that is the question," said Penrod. "You know the foe will bring up his artillery and shell us if he has the chance."

"But we have to do it or leave ourselves in the ditch," said all the girls again.

"We have to continue on our way," answered the boy pointing with one hand. "we are anyway still in the rebel's territory which I believe is under general Faddoral who they say is a dangerous general because there is a whole lot said about that rascal and he is said to be a Glandelinian general who cannot be licked." and that way pointing with the other hand "if we go that way we will enter the region where the worst of Glandelinians dwell."

The 4 girls looked at the water before their view. "The current of this river flows toward and past general Faddoral's positions," said Penrod but if we took the chance to cross the raft or a pontoon bridge the whole force of us could get across in not less than an hour than it takes the whole Division and we got to get across quickly and yet by the raft we can go across easier than we could row across."

"That is perfectly true," agreed the girls and then they all looked thoughtful and wondered what could be done.

"Why I can't be at general Evans to direct the construction of the raft," asked Radcliffe.

"Will you go and call his troop over here?" inquiredaisy of Penrod. The boy shook his head.

"I feel terribly afraid to leave you little girls alone," he said. "All the boy scouts say Federal soldiers are terribly dangerous worse of all the wicked Glandelinians and those boys are always truthful. I hate to leave you girls here to face much danger alone, and to leave you here like that would be fully deserting you."

"I can give you the best favor," said Violet. "We then are responsible. And when you return we will each give you a good kiss."

"No," said Penrod stubbornly. "I don't care to leave you here and then be away when a bad accident happens and not share the danger with you. If you girls follow after together which I like you to do best of all I will do what you ask of me."

"Why we are able to care care to take care of ourselves," declared Jennie very interested and surprised of his fear of abandoning her and her sisters. "We will be here safe when you return then we'll give you those kisses we told you about. It's such a dear good boy you are."

"Nothing doing," persisted the boy.

"We will give you better things also if you'll do that for us," begged Nettie eagerly. "They are a good deal of good things which you would be very fond of. I and also the others have never fear being alone you know even though rebel scouting parties are scouring the region everywhere. What do you say to our offer Penrod dear?"

"I'll do it if all of you will follow," decided Penrod. "I'll go and call the general, but I want you to follow after like good girls."

Seeing that his faithfulness was stronger than they thought the girls decided to obey his will and so off they all started. Evans set all the soldiers at work at once chopping fallen trees into great logs of equal length. The soldiers had plenty of rope to be bind these logs together so that they were soon a large

bundle of rafts of good size and others found strips of wood or strong and long branches and nailed all these along the tops of the logs to render the rafts strong and solid. Even the two boys and all the girls helped roll the logs together and carry the strips of wood but it took so long to construct the rafts that evening was fast approaching when as they were finished and with evening the rebel snipers began to pop-pop-pop-pop their rifles at all of the children as well as trying to pick off the soldiers. These snipers proved to be very dangerous, perhaps because the Vivian girls were still within the rebel lines.

When they found the Abyssinkilians had created the rafts and seized all of the boats, and the long logs they wanted for their fires in the positions and that their fusillades of shots were not taking any effects whatever while the Abyssinkilians picked the rebel snipers off by scores they were furious.

The Abyssinkilians wanted to charge and attack the rebels to drive these Glandelinians out of the woods and clear the region of the rebels but the Vivian girls talked to the officers warning the soldiers also of traps. These warnings

appeased the Nationals and soon they were very cautious and opened a heavy fire upon the rebel snipers. This contest lasted for several hours and one Abyssinkilian soldier who was wounded groaned a good deal, saying that a bullet had entered his shoulder, but Violet gave him injury careful tending which relieved the poor fellow.

Violet and her sisters were indeed surprised at the loyalty of Penrod and they told the boyscout that when they returned back to the Christian lines they would repay the boy in all their power. This thrilled the boy and he was therefore a little better in his loving ways to the girls than ever before.

When he had first laid his eyes on Violet and her sisters he had been quite shy of the beautiful girls altogether, and still was when he first observed the girls he had thought they were colonial being and had not known hardly what to say for fear that they would disappear like spirits. Their beautiful beauty dazzled the boy and it was hard for the lad to refrain in his desires to take the beauties in his bosom to his breast when he first knew the girls but he had been so shy that afraid of offending the Vivian Girls Princesses he had decided to win Violet and her sisters to his heart gradually.

Despite all the efforts of the hidden rebel snipers to prevent all their efforts on constructing the rafts they all finished and succeeded to push the series of big rafts into the water close to the shore, and loaded their horses upon the rafts first. The boats that were still not used were attached to the rafts being tied by ropes. While they got onto the rafts three or four of the soldiers had to hold the log rafts fast while the rest took their places and the flow of the strong river current was so swift and powerful that it nearly tore the rafts loose and out of the hands of the soldiers grasping by the ropes. As soon as all the soldiers were on the rafts the purple coats who held the rafts let go and were soon on also and away they floated. And the adventures had begun their voyage toward Picknell's lines. The pursuing and wildly firing rebels were out of sight in a few seconds even before the Abyssinkilians had a chance to fire a volley of shots at the rebels for a parting salute and Gertrude Angeline said in a pleased tone:

"It won't take us long to reach our destination at this rate. All we need to do is steer with our poles."

They had floated for three leagues down the big river and were enjoying the ride when in the direction of the shore there was a flash like sheet lightning, a loud report and whatever struck hit one of the rafts and a instantly wrecked it killing three of the horses and plunging all the rest into the swift waters of the river. The other rafts at this slowly slowed up, stopped stopped short, and the rear one began to return the way it had first headed for out as the soldiers who had the poles began to biddle and a push the raft in the wrong direction in their fierce consternation.

"Why what's wrong now? Where that that where did that shot hit?" asked Violet in her excited terror but they were all just as astounded and astonished and frightened as she was and at first no one could answer the question. In another second however they realized the truth, that the rafts had floated down within range of a hidden or concealed rebel big gun battery on shore. Thirty of the soldiers were for reversing the direction of the rafts but there were now countless lights glimmering on the opposite shore also and there were great searchlights flashing their broad shafts of light over the water.

They all began to recognize the situation they were in, and as they bravely continued on their way they approached within sight of a gigantic rebel position glaring with thousands of little fires and by their glare the adventures could see and drove of rebel soldiers standing on the river banks and firing blindly with their rifles.

"How do you do you Christian dogs. Glad to see you again," cried one of the rebels whose rifle flashed six shots in quick succession. "We forgot to tell you that hundreds of boats are pursuing you and will have you surrounded in half an hour. How do you like to hear that?"

"No one and answered the Glandelinian for those with the poles were causing the rafts to sweep past the fires and they were also floating out of their rifle range anyhow.

First the adventures thought it safer to direct the rafts toward the land on the opposite shore but the shore was lined up with rebels to and to effect a landing there could be as good as suicide just now. The rebel soldiers had no boats just now only long poles to guide the rafts with, and for safety sake they kept the rafts in the center of the river and fortunately they were held fast in that position by the strong current. So they all sat still and waited, and even while they wondered what should be done to outwit the Glandelinians when another of the rafts was struck squarely in the center by a shell whose explosion shattered it to pieces and killed or drowned all the soldiers and horses on it, cutting the whole platoon up horribly.

CHAPTER.

THE STRANGE DISAPPEARANCE OF EVANS'S CAVALRY.....

AGAIN all the other rafts slowed down, and then stooped and sped, and then the poles or soldiers who had the poles began pushing the other way in panic and confusion and directed the rafts in the direction they should not go. The water suddenly arose in perfect eruptions about the rafts and the roar of the cannons on shore was stunning. After a few seconds there roared another horrid bombardment while the rebels on shore shouted:

"Good shots boys. You've struck another raft and tore it asunder. And to see you do it again. I expect you to annihilate all of the Christian dogs and we will capture those to try to make ashore."

The third raft indeed had been torn asunder and all but one soldier on it had been killed.

"This is pretty hard luck indeed," said Penrod in a discouraged voice. "The rebel gunners are good shots it appears and here we're under shell fire without even the slightest chance to fire back. We will have to try another way to get ashore or perish out here in the river. If we have to when we land we'll fight our way to freedom free ourselves."

"We are running into greater danger than we want to said the girl heroines.

"And I guess the best thing to do," added Joyce is to start a hasty retreat before those batteries destroy all of us."

"Can you make Penrod?" asked Violet.

"Yes I believe I can say that a boylike I should be is like a fish in the water but I do not think I can make in such a current as this river has."

"I can, and so can all of us girls if so forced to. Gertrude and Jennie too are good for anything in water but that won't help us with that large force of rebel troops of insurgents on both shores."

"I don't know whether we could wade across with this current going against us or not," said Gertrude "but if we had to wade for it, we could follow the current down the river. You know it is not so awfully deep. It's only the current we do not like."

"It would be dangerous to try it, for the current would surely pull us under the water, or if we succeeded, we would be shot and killed while wading," said the other girl.

Indeed there was no way, a just now out of their awful difficulties and being helped helpless and dreading their threatening fate they just sat still. Penrod who was sitting on the front of the raft the yorel children were on, looked over into the water and thought he saw large fishes or other water creatures swimming through and about the water at an awful rate. It was now growing darker and he noticed one of the boats and using the loose end of the rope to which the boat had been fastened and taking a fish hook out of his pocket he tied it to the end of the line.

Having baited the hook with a piece of bread which he broke off his loaf he dropped the line into the water and instantly it was seized by one of the great fishes. They knew it was a perch but it was a great fish nevertheless because it suddenly pulled so hard on the line that it dragged the raft with the speed of a race boat even a hundred or even a thousand feet faster than the current of the river had carried it. At first the great fish was frightened but nevertheless it proved to be a strong creature and as the other end of the rope was bound around the logs he could not get away even though he tried desperately to do so, and as he gradually swallowed the hook at the first bite he could not get ride of that either.

The rebels on shore opened a fierce and general fire with their rifles when they observed the speedy raft, and even the cannons roared and thundered in perfect salvoes and shells crashed in the sky with ear-splitting thunders and water sprouted all about but soon they had gone down the river beyond their range the fish still pulling the raft full speed in its wild efforts to escape. However the fish was soon slowing down. Yet it did not stop, the fish continuing to pull the raft in the direction it had been going.

Gently, inch, by inch, they floated on the big fish tugging, and tugging, and keeping the raft going. At the point they reached now the current had slowed down the river here being broadened and only a little over two feet deep. The fish however did not give up but held the raft bravely on its course till at last it was even evident they were far beyond the rebel guns. But now the captive fish, having been injured by the one rebel rifle shot found its strength failing.

"I hope he won't give up too soon," said Penrod anxiously. "If the fish can hold out until we get past the rebel lines we'll be all right."

But the fish did not even think of giving up. Seeking a refuge the fish began to drag the raft toward the shore where dark groups were observed to be appearing. As they did not wish to land on the shore for fear of encountering the rebels in hidden places the boy finally cut the rope with his pocket knife and sent the fish free just in the right season to prevent the big raft running aground.

A little later a large force of plantations again appeared on the shore and the children lay flat on the raft and by this effort succeeded in holding the rebels at bay by well directed shots, while Penrod after difficulty seized the pole and this enabled the raft to hold fast and prevent it advancing forward to be carried toward the yelling firing plantations who were now shooting like fury on shore their hundreds of rifle shots looking like fast lightning flashes.

While this shooting was going on without any lull Penrod saw a dark object in the water swiftly creeping toward the raft with swift strokes, so fearing it was one of the rebels a approaching he seized the pole to use it as a club.

Who ever was wading toward the raft however to the boy's surprise was a very dark uniform or coat. Yet as glances plantations would usually wear purple he had his pole ready in case it was a foe. He waited until the wader was close by when just to see what he would do he forced the raft to continue its journey. In spite of those pauses the children were now on good progress and having found a way to outwit those tempestuous plantations their spirits arose considerably though they wondered exceedingly what had gone on with the others on the rafts they had left far behind and where Evans was now. They could see little of the country through which they were passing because of the intense darkness of the night yet they could see lights of great fires, could see great throngs of rebel soldiers on the tops of the high banks trying to shoot at every one on the raft and yet they could see no bolts or other pursuing craft upon the surface of the water. Once again Penrod saw the soldier wading toward the raft but now even the others saw the object also and were all on guard and Penrod directly directed his pole desperately to push the raft toward a big rock which was visible above the water. He believed the big rock pile would prevent the raft being seen by the soldier wading toward the raft in the water but it did not.

They saw the soldier reverse his direction and again wade toward the raft and again they allowed the raft to drift on. If the soldier did not wear what appeared to be a purple coat Penrod would have smitten the soldier with the pole already. They were surprised because he was so persistent in his efforts to reach the raft and they wondered exceedingly who he was. And they were uncertain whether he was a friend or a foe. They allowed the raft now to float down without using the pole and already and instantly they saw a high bank of water rise high into the air about twenty hundred yards ahead of their raft and extend clear across the river like a big volcanic eruption. It was followed by a queer ghostly lurid flash and then there was a noise like heavy bounding underneath the water and the eruption in breaking like a thundering water-spout water-spout drenched the raft and all on it even at that great distance all being drenched with torrents of water and the raft plunged deep into the trough of the powerful wave following the terrible eruption and they were nearly swept off by the rolling surges that succeeded the others.

Again however the raft righted itself and drifted on though the two boys laughed at the ducking they had so suddenly received. Yet the others were terribly dis-frightened and confused for they knew it was a high explosive that had burst in the water. At first they were totally afraid to allow the raft to continue on for fear of striking one but the powerful current of the river continued to sweep the raft steadily onward. At this point the banks of the river appeared lower, for all owing the girls to see all of the glowing fires and presently they saw a group of strange long objects approaching toward the raft in the water while to their rear they saw the water was only a few feet away to the rear of the raft of which evidence they knew know he was really going to get on. Penrod confused and desperate directed a terrific swing with the pole, but he struck too far and did not hit and the soldier grasped it and in the few seconds desperate struggle pulled the boy into the water the pole flying out of his hand and accidentally struck three of the Vivian girls right in the face but not hard enough to injure the girls though they felt the blow nevertheless.

Aroused by this the girls rushed to the end of the raft and threatened to shoot the soldier who let go of Penrod and retreated to a safe distance and the boy securing the pole waded after the soldier a few paces endeavoring to wallop the creature but failing waded again to the raft and then a few seconds later back to the object he went to the water and for a whole half hour they saw the boy or the soldier in the water doing nothing and then seeing the boy approach again and were surprised to hear him say:-

"It's all right Evans. We'll let you on the raft. I thought you was a Rebel trying to get at us. It's all right girls. It is our friend Evans and not a plantation soldier as I thought."

They were both shocked and surprised when they heard this but cooling the dark object now approaching unresisted they hurried helped the general to get on and then without asking any questions just now why he was alone and what had happened to his cavalry force Violet asked Penrod:

"Do you think we ought to effect a landing on the opposite shore. I don't like these long approaching objects."

"We will have to pretty soon," he replied. "It looks to me as if it looks by the scenery that we are passing general goodheads positions and I believe those black objects are long river boats loaded with glandelinian soldiers trying to cut us off before we escape. We are in the southern part of glandelinian territory and so the end of his positions cannot be any too great distance away."

Fearing that the pursuing rebels would intercept the raft before they reached the opposite shore Penrod told the girls to lie down and try to sink the nearest boats, and they decided to try it. The two boys at the risk of being shot stood up to get a good view of the approaching black objects and then seeing an action as if those on the boats were going to shoot fell flat to avoid the bullet blizzard that was sure to follow. The girls returned the fire on the nearest object, for a long space of seconds nothing happened but finally the boy cried excitedly:

"There she goes. There she goes."

"Which one is sinking?" asked the girls.

"The fore boat. I can see its occupants are in confusion and a lot of the rebels are in the water. The also the others are also quite near but the way the survivors are acting we had better direct our raft to the opposite land as quickly as we can."

Just as he spoke there were cries of "TREASON!" from a rising out of the other boats followed by a series of blinding crashes and then there was a rolling crash of rifles that filled the air with a sound without question a roar of echoes. Bullets about and above the raft whined and screamed but fortunately no one of the children were hurt. Penrod began to urge the raft toward the opposite shore using the pole while lying down but now the score of boats approached with a aston astonishing speed, there was a chug-chug-chug-chug--sound as of engines running and a again their occupants opened fire. Penrod however urged the raft to shore with all the speed it could go while the girls fired incessantly and frantically trying to sink all of the boats. Six soldiers toppled over into the water but none of the boats sank. At this point the current was quite sluggish and the river doubly wider but not at all deep. Yet after a short but desperate race and just as the first boat caught up with the raft they finally reached the lowest portion of the opposite banks and landed safely after shouting it out with those in the boat with the loss only to the rebels. The glaring clusters of the countless distant fires caused quite a fantastic if not beautiful scene and on account of a stronger light from caused by a big fire they could see afar across the field a ruddy ruddy sheen of a bigger fire yet. Escaping their pursuers by high grass and the like and with lighter hearts they hurried on, not one of the party of girls questioning Evans why it happened that he was alone and what had happened to his cavalry of Abyssinians. They feared however they had been destroyed on the raft in the face of the terrible gun fire of which the girls alone had escaped by the effort of the great fish. They also wondered if he had been separated or not, thinking they could reach the distant fire before the approach of day and hoping to soon find the christian lines they hurried toward the south now feeling awfully tired and sleepy though they had been fully rested by their long ride on the river. By and by toward eight o'clock they began to cross over a large corn field and so high were the stalks already that the girls stopped to look at the stalks and enjoy the perfection of the great crops.

"How splendid the corn is for so early in the year," cried Violet.

"Yes," said Gertrude reflectively. "But we have got to be carefully in going through here. Rebel scouts are hidden everywhere and even artillery is said to be laid at every piece of this ground on the near by hills and we could be shelled here with horrible effect."

"Why how could it be possible?" asked Penrod.

All the rebel generals have scouting parties everywhere even far outside their lines and also here too," was the reply. "He has long range guns and could let shot and shell scour the whole landscape in effort to destroy us if we are seen by the gunners. Luckily they haven't got their flash lights striking with their glowing shafts upon this part of the ground just now. And even if we are not shelled I'd hate to have to have a fight with a party of hidden rebel pickets in the dark and in all this high corn."

"Is there such danger in every direction we go?" asked Radcliffe in a sudden.

"Yes of course," while outside the christian lines. And if the glandelinian scouting and picket forces consisting of the wickedest of rebels see us we also could be in danger. In order not to have a fatal adventure here we cannot take the chances of having a fight with the rebels or be seen by the rebel gunners on the

hills a mile above. It's a good thing it is night and it is so dark or we could not dare under any conditions pass over this field. If we did and the gunners saw us we would be already playing the harp with the angels and our friends would not find our reboddes either. We would be blown to nothing. nothing.

"Once," said Violet, "I was out alone and suddenly found that I was face to face with a force of rebels we call Scouters and in the pursuit that ensued it was a perfect race for life for this girl. I'll tell you right now. The glandelinians tried everything possible to kill and I feared I would not receive no quarter whatever. Their fury caused a great scare into everything soon I also being very scared for the first hour since I was in being and after I succeeded in escaping after being pursued for a hundred leagues day and night, and with hardly food or water to eat or drink and running and through fields and over bridges and through woods, and hiding in all places and being haunted as if I was pursued by ghosts and evil spirits I fearing no hope whatever set on a log and cried for hours. I was younger then and had not been used to such exciting experiences then so I was scared of encountering the glandelinians and alone for nearly a year."

"What did you do after you stopped crying, and recovered your courage?" asked Radcliffe.

"I went back to the christian lines and did not go out for days until I had recovered again."

"Oh," cried the boy as a very great thing suddenly flashed across his brains. But just now he did not think it proper to tell anybody what he thought of and therefore kept the idea in his own head. It was a long slow walk through the great corn field but nevertheless a pleasant if not a safe one and as no rebels appeared, and as it was evident the gunners on the hills beyond did not see the party and there was no pursuers behind they did not worry about the traveling a bit, though of course all of the girls and even Evans and the boys spoke of being good and sleepy. Yet they constantly dreaded that batteries from would open upon the field any second. About half an hour without anything occurring they drew out of the corn field and approached near to a big hay stack that was burning and a thick cloud of smoke rose from the top. This was the first haystack they had ever seen afire and they were again filled with consternation. How did it get afire, and why? Fields of great crops abounded in this part of the country and who ever owned the property here before the arrival of the foe surely had the greatest and best skilled helpers and owners and ranchers in probably all the world. The whole rebel troops was in possession of this beautiful country which was all of country property.

Not thirty yards away stood a large fashionable looking country house which was of wood and it showed a plan in the glare of the hay stack fire it being painted white.

Around the ground of the building ran a high picket fence with excellent gates but the gates were closed and appeared to be locked. When they with concealing their approach with shrubbery to avoid the fire of rebel batteries approached the spacious grounds, our adventurers found a other beautiful beauty to observe. Brass fountains sent sprays of clear water far into the air and there were large beds of beautiful flowers of different kinds and colors. There were thousands of great trees too and here and there shady bowers with benches and chairs to sit upon. Also on the sides of the pathway leading up to the front entrance of the building were rows of statuary very clean cleverly oriented all standing upon neat pedestals. However there were soldiers wearing the gray near here and also big groups in the grounds and the adventurers suspected at once that it was Inner Myllete's headquarters.

Not far off was another great big position. Six of the soldiers here had however seen the children with the officer appear out of the edge of the cornfield and seeing the children creeping forward on hands and knees at once ran forward shouting so loudly that those occupying the building heard the exciting cries and rushed out in person to see what was up. The child ran gazed upon the approaching soldiers in wonder and surprise and then after bringing six of the rebels down with heavy but goodly directed shots beat a hasty retreat for they had heard a lot of these glandelinians. And this glandelinian general was considered one of the great and also consorted officials of a general. He was very high in rank being a Count and also a general in chief. He owed obedience and allegiance to all his superior generals and lieutenants, and also to the king and he was a great friend and loved one another also. He was also a very dandy duc dude and though not so high in rank as the chief generals wore a coat that the richest king in the world could not afford to put on. He kept his shoes brilliantly polished on all occasions and his decorations were of the expensive gold and silver pieces. He was very good looking, powerful and tall and no cowboy in the world could get near his ability in expert horseback riding.

He was very courteous in all his ways to all his officers whether above or under his rank but nevertheless he was severe in discipline and when things went wrong he was a roaring lion. He was greatly feared by all of the best of christian generals for no one of the christian generals were able to beat this rebel chieftain in any battle yet. Evans therefore therefor warned every one of his friends to keep out of reach of Isner's rebel soldiers and led every one safely through the cornfields on a swift retreat. Evans of course wanted to know first of all how it could be that this rebel general and his glandelinian forces happened to be in this neighborhood how he had found the chance to construct a junction with the chief of all the glandelinian generals, what his plans were and why he occupied that hill building for his headquarters. So while retreating they spoke in whispers of this great fighting general how strong he was in his divisions and troops and cannons as well as what kind of glandelinians he had with his own forces and how big in strength his officers what professional abilities they had and so on.

Then violet told of how Isner always had the biggest of all rebel divisions, consisting of Gundlings and every sect of glandelinians there was known besides the fierce tempestuous Holsteinians and so on. While the little girls were explaining about the nature of the glandelinians known as the Growley Woods and the gargoylans and the dangers of facing those terrible rebels Evans listened with intense interest while the rest kept constantly on the watch for pursuing foes. Penrod however had kept his eyes fixed on a peculiar thing advancing toward his rear and he noticed that the furthest cornstalks were swaying suspiciously in three or four places and at this hour there was not the slightest breeze blowing at all.

He watched the strong swaying of the stalks with a fast beating heart and feeling for his hostler drew out his revolver and looked over it carefully to see if it was loaded.

Presently the corn stalks stopped their swaying and at once to the astonishing surprise of all Penrod dropped to his knees and leveling or pointing his pistol fired three quick shots. There was no response however and the boy with a red face and excited expression rose to confront the others.

"Why in the world were you firing the shots for?" asked Evans. "Don't you know you'd rose the foe by the noise?"

"I saw the corn swaying in the rear suspiciously," confessed the boy. "We are being shadowed by foes."

"The corn swaying," ex cried Evans noticing there was no breeze. "Dear Goodness how can it be possible that these glandelinians could be able to shadow or follow us through all this forest of high corn stalks in the dark. It looks as if we will soon have to start another desperate fight if we wish to escape. I cannot tolerate being followed wherever I go."

"Never fear about that dear Evans," said Gertrude Angeline. "Penrod is glad to have the chance to watch out for the foe for great reasons. As long as it is dark, and the rebel batteries of on the heights above and beyond don't open fire upon our hiding places we are safe."

"Yes indeed," declared Penrod. "I should be glad for one of the things I have to do is to guide all friends through all kinds of perils at any risk. I had no idea at first that it could be possible for the rebels to follow after us through the cornfield in the darkness, but now I fear it is true and we will have to be very watchful."

"You are a very watchful boy indeed and you deserve our very best friendship for life," said the other Jennie not the Vivian girl.

"Are you positively sure rebels are following or shadowing us?" asked Jennie Vivian.

"Not quite so sure," answered Penrod. "But there are strange objects I saw advancing through the cornstalks and that convinces us all that we surely are being shadowed. I thought I saw four objects and they were a strange white like the K.K.K. I hear of in the United States. If I see any other such objects I will have to shoot again."

Penrod indeed said this with great pride and pleasure.

"Good," cried Evans. "I congratulate you fully. But what do you think we should do next in order to go finish our great work?" he added to Jennie Vivian.

"Why not try to enter general Isner's lines and find our out the rebel generals intended plans for out of the scout scoundrel," said the girl. "In this part of the country the chief rebel general has the chance to do a whole lot of things that would ruin the biggest christian forces to crush the christian troops and divisions into scattered bits. With your kind assistance we ought to easily find out whether he intends to construct a junction with that chief or not. And to find that out would be very easy."

General Evans stared at her in the greatest surprise.

"Surely Jennie dear you are joking!" he said.

"No indeed indeed," replied Jennie very greatly surprised herself at Evans' question. "I surely will tell you that I should be terribly earnest."

"But do you think for a single second that I would be allowed to let you or your sisters or any other children, whether they be girl or boy scouts to enter the positions of such dangerous rebels?" asked the general.

"Why not sir?"

"Why not? You ask why not. It would be cruel, wicked of this general and I could be accused of one of the heartless deeds of Satan to allow you to do so. And it is astonishing to hear you ask of all of us to allow yourselves to risk facing that fir fierce tiger," asserted the general. "Every one knows that you are the greatest children in the righteousness ever known and also the prettiest of all ever created and that all you do is for the cause of your country and God. And yet what do the rebels care about you. In their eyes you are worse than the lowest of insects. To allow you to enter general Isner's lines would be like letting you go into certain destruction. You of course are Abbie's Princesses but in this case you will have to obey and stay out of Isner's positions. I would not allow you to enter his glandelinian positions under any conditions even at the risk of losing your friendship and position in rank at the right second now. And to allow you to enter his lines would be wicked indeed."

Penrod and the rest were astonished at hearing this. Radcliffe and Gertrude looked grave and disconcerted but the rest knew in their hearts that general Evans was perfectly right. Even the other girl nodded her head in approval of the general's speech so it was evident that she agreed with Evans' decision. Radcliffe looked to eve at every one in perplexity.

"Who's afraid of Isner or his glandelinians?" he asked scornfully.

"Ain't you?" inquired Jennie Turner.

He gave one of his terrible snarls which showed his teeth.

"I surely fear every rebel general as if I had no heart," said the boy. "And his rebel soldiers the Scoundlers slew all the boy scouts under general Castellio at Delight's junction and where is Jennie who is supposed to be a sister to I. But I want to help violet and her sisters who are the best of friends I have and I'd even kill a dozen wicked glandelinian generals like that scoundrel to handle the Vivian girl Princesses to help their Father destroy the wickedest rebellion ever waged."

"You have brave fiery instincts," said Evans and if you was a full grown soldier you could be a fine dashing christian general. I cannot go against your desire to revenge the loss of your sister as I can understand the feelings of those who suffer such a loss, especially of dear ones. I have been given the order to be chief guardian of the Vivian girl Princesses however, which is indeed a very dignified position, and so in one way I have authority over the Vivian girls and so I shall never, never, allow the girls to enter the positions of the worse rebel divisions, even if ordered to do so by any general far over higher sort authority than I have got."

"But Isner's divisions," said Jennie sadly "is here for no good reason and surely will join the chief of all rebel generals."

"There is no proof of that," said Evans. "But as I got the position to be your guardian I shall have to protect you under all conditions and not allow you to do any thing that is rash. You are driving for suicide I believe."

"Unless we find out--just find out--," said Jennie sadly. "I will not be able to save general Vivian's forces and they will suffer disaster."

"I'll cope with Isner if he wishes to fight," declared Evans decidedly.

Jennie wiped her eyes for she could not hold back the tears.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Radcliffe. "I Penrod and the general will go into Isner's lines and find out his reason for being here."

"No you won't, not one of you," said Jennie emphatically. "I won't have three of any of our best of all friends or even the lowest of friends not even strange girls and boy scouts face such danger that way. Here we won't go or cannot be allowed to go we won't allow no one else to go either, even under penalty of punishing the booby if they do disobey."

"Then what in the world shall we do?" asked Gertrude.

They were all silent and thoughtful. No one spoke for an hour. Then suddenly the general aroused his posture and said:

"The best thing we can do is to a all ride back to general Vivian's lines and ask his advice on the situation. He is a wise christian general Vivian and he will find a way to save his biggest divisions."

So having left the vast cornfield they started on the return journey toward the christian lines which toward the break of day they reached without any further adventures. It was a very sad journey for violet and her sisters for without obtaining what they wished to know and what they had risked all to find about they saw no way to save either general Penrod or his brother and his forces which were facing a serious and disastrous defeat unless the generals withdrew from out of their present positions and retreated without a conflict.

violet and her sisters were utterly discouraged and despondent and as they rode along and as they did so Jennie sighed heavily.

"Is there anything troubling or hurting you?" inquired the general in a kindly tone for the general was still with the party.

"We have been so unluckily these few days," replied violet. "I should have known that we would have failure in anything we tried to do this these days. The glandelinian generals are getting foxier every day."

"And why do you think you are unlucky?" asked the general.

"Because we failed in this adventure. We know just as we did before we started." "But that was not unluckily," declared the general. "It is just good luck that is all. Suppose not one of us were returning."

"Do you suppose all of the world would hear of it?" asked Gertrude.

"Ah that would indeed be the truth," replied the general. "But nothing would be done about it if it were the girls' fault alone for being too rash. Yet all of Abbie's good luck is happening because of the brave vivian girls. I suppose hundreds of thousands of people never saw the girls yet and yet if the least bit of bad luck falls upon violet and her sisters the rebels are in danger of destruction or failing to relieve quarter if surrounded. It not so the rebel soldiers it is not their fault all the hours they do such things it is the rebel generals."

"I've never had good luck yet," said Jennie snarling.

"And neither have I," said Gertrude Angeline. "I have been wounded several places."

"But," continued Penrod, "bad luck always gets one before good luck."

"All of the generals have the opinion of that too," asserted Evans. "but to be overconfident is very disastrous. The cautious and daring are usually always successful. So you can see that it is true."

"And I have never failed in all what I did yet," declared Radcliffe.

"How lucky indeed you are," cried Jennie. "If you were a general now you would be having lots to do and then you would consider yourself very unlucky. But it is still greater luck that you are only a captain of boyscouts."

"For lots of reasons," said the boy bitterly. "The Glandelinians call I and all who follow follow in the boy scouts reg forces Rattlesnakes. So you call in that being lucky?"

"Then we will have to quickly turn over a new leaf and call you hence forth the luckiest boy in the whole nation," declared the general. "Every reason for being called a Rattlesnake is not unusual to us. Even they called general Evans that is I one. But I have noticed that those Glandelinians who had encounters with you dread your appearance and flee for fear all luck will overtake all Glandelinia if they fight with you. Let the rebels call you one and be one for that reason too and it will soon do great credit to our plesed Country."

"How can I stand for such an insult when I know the character of such a serpent?" asked the boy.

"Never worry about that at all," advised violet. "No one not even us know what they are going to be called next. We on our part have been called things that would shock shock God and all the angels and saints in Heaven to boot. We girls also have written down a long list of all the insects and other creatures, besides the very serpents and wild cats that the Glandelinians have always called us. I'll show you it when we return to the lines and you'll laugh. Yet they are very undignified undignified words too."

Radcliffe did not reply but he was so dejected that even their arrival at the christian lines and the cheers he and the girls and the general's relief failed to interest his spirits and satisfy his desires for revenge. In his heart his hate was deadly poison to the Glandelinians. He desired strongly to jab every Glandelinian general in the back with his dagger.

All of the soldiers joyfully cheered the reappearance of the vivian girls and the others who were all favorites and on entering the general's headquarters word arrived to all that the great chieftain would at once grant all an audience. Violet and her sisters told the general how unsuccessful they had been in their quest and of Evans positively refused to allow her and her sisters to sacrifice any efforts on their part to enter the fierce rebel lines under the rebel general Isner. General Vivian frowned when he heard this and then looked sober.

"He is quite right," said he who did or was not the slightest bit surprised. Had violet and her sisters told about it before that they had intended to enter Isner's line I would have informed all that before they even got started out of our own lines that if they do not believe in suicide or self destruction they would not even plan such foolish and devil dare things. At his headquarters no person could successfully gain or secure any news or plans out of his place or of his generals either. They could never have secured plans or anything either. To spy on that Glandelinian general and his staff is like running headlong into the very heart of the hottest forest fire. Then they would have been saved the trouble and annoyance of the dangers they would face."

"We are not afraid of facing aerial at all for the cause of the country. It would be great fun," said Joice.

"An it turned out," declared Penrod. "We fear no one, but just the very thing I believe no one could enter Isner's lines without facing death for certain. And we could never get any results if we did succeed in getting away with plans or news about his intentions for he would change everything instantly. So unless our forces retreat we could save our divisions and we will face a disastrous battle and defeat."

General Vivian and the nine girls laughed.

The Glandelinian generals before us will not be having the chance to strike any of our divisions a fatal blow can assure you," said the general. "I have sent for general Hendre Darger and he will be here shortly he having sent thirty of his Glandelinian soldiers here and they have brought lots of news and lots of things here which they wish to have have burned up after I get through reading their contents and the like. I have also sent for general Kindermine, and Greathart who are waiting for their arrival."

They were all greatly astonished at this announcement of the general.

"Let us see general Greathart. Let's see his generalship at once!"

cried the Rattlesnakes eagerly.

"Wait a second," replied the general for "For I have greater things to say. Nothing that goes on, in the rebel lines escapes the noticed of general Darger's boys and his scouting parties or their officers and generals and spies. Even general Darger knows what the Glandelinian generals intend to do and how strong their divisions are and the strength of their positions and how extensive their batteries of cannons are and how large the cavalry squadrons are and the size also. He knows how Isner is and why he is here and why he has brought up his own troops and and threw it into position and whether he will join the great rebel chieftain against all of us or not. General Darger also knew that you with the girls and your boy friend would fail to obtain what you were looking for and so he sent for his Wizard Troopers to scout around also for you as you advised and instructed his Excellency to do and he faithfully obeyed and succeeded for you though you failed. A terrible thing is going to happen to general Johnstone's force presently, especially if he should attack, an incident that I believe will please you if it does happen if the battle rages," and now continued the general rising to his feet and standing erect. "We are going to finish the council you advised if you will follow into the place."

When Penrod entered the place with the rest he first saluted and then he ran quickly to general Greathart and kissed the general on the face.

"I and all the girls did our best," he said with a sob, "but it was of no use. The foe is so watchful."

Then he drew back and looked around the plat place and the sight of the force of generals quite astonished the lad. Aside of general Kindermine and Greathart, general Vivian was there, looking through a package of papers, and also general Glandelinia was there sitting opposite to general Hanson and looking on the scene with great interest and there was general Roswell Gustaf Johnson in his great fancy purple coat and lavender pants and vest and by the table sat Richardson Hendrick Halsted looked as great as if he were His great Lordship King Vivian also and there was an expression in his face that showed he knew a lot about the foe's intended plans that he cared to tell just now. Last of all general Fredrickson Rickson Parson was there and this dignified chieftain sat straight up in his chair looking very dignified that day indeed and keeping his eagle eyes fixed upon all the other officers whose position he had as his staff. General Robertson Vivian took a chair which his orderly gave or brought forward for the general and back of the general stood Hanson, Richardson Halsted and Parson as well as Roswell Buxton Johnson, and Glandelinia. Darger who had arrived and was also seated now arose and after looking around carefully for a full ten seconds bowed to general Vivian and all the rest of the high generals and also the best of bows to the rest.

"To the whole division of generals here," he said "I beg to announce that his Excellency general Robertson Vivian has asked of all who even followed after to obey the wishes of the vivian girls whose great assistant and adviser I should be. We have discovered that the chief of all the Glandelinian generals has been indulging in a series of great conspiracies and therefore by the Royal Edict of King Robert Angelic Vivian, I hereby advise it is best to withdraw our divisions and all our batteries and artillery and other things to a better and securer position and advance Roswell Gustaf Johnson's force to the right of Isner's line with the purpose to frustrate every intention of his of joining the chief of all general Glandelinia and Evans will back the attack with his troops and all the cannons he has. The greatest of all Glandelinian chieftains just now has no longer any intention to work a force upon our rear as he planned before but intends to surround us entirely and then keep crushing us until we are so forced to surrender. What think you of the advice I give general Halsted?"

As he asked this question Halsted straightened up in his chair, saluted, looked

around like a sunning culture saluted, stood up straight as a stick, and said in a loud clear voice that all heard:

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PART TWO.....
 THE BATTLE ALONG THE JOURNAL, THE, AND THE CHRISTIAN ? STASING
 CHRISTIAN DEPRAT. JULY 30TH.....

WHEN THE CHRISTIANS CAPTURE THE FIRST SCORCE OF
 STOCKADES! WHY SEE LOOSE THEIR DAMNATION!!! MINEB.....

THE FEARFUL RESULTS.....THE
 GANDERIAN DEPRAT'S NAME IS ON
 JIM DANIEL...SSB SS

General Vivian decided to attack himself several of the fortifications of Evangeline Grant which had been under a series of sieges since the war began, and at a time too, and if successful in carrying them, then all of the Christian line was to make a general attack, on the main glandolinian front. He even held a council and all of the officers agreed that it would be the best plan, though it would be they feared cause another fierce and dreadful bloodshed, than the other way by attacking the fortifications in general and all at once.

So the next morning the divisions under Maurice Gostellie Gostellie made the first attempt on the fortifications that brave violent and her sisters had apted upon. Maurice Gostellie got his divisions ready and soon these forces ten million strong advanced toward these fortifications but cautiously.....

Maurice Gostellie knew the easiest approach and the weakest point to assault and so kept a watch that his advance would not be discovered, and cause the weakest point to be strengthened. The whole division moving in a long, extended line and very slowly, making very little noise, and spreading out as he surrounded the fortifications.

Yet however the quick backed eyed sentries saw the Christians coming, and sounded the alarm. At once there was excitement in the fortification and loopholes began to dart their tongues of flame. Yet the swarms of purple coats came on more swiftly now, while the glandolinian gunners worked hard to get their big guns ready. Indeed the excitement was intense. The big gates were closed and nearly every loop hole seemed to dart smoke and flame yet the Angolinians pressed on with a loud whoop and they reached the long line of fortifications. In the swift rush the sentries were overpowered, and made prisoners, while on each the bigger swarms of purple coats determined to capture the fortifications at all costs. Every glandolinian armed with a rifle took his stand at the loop holes and opened fire with frightful effect, hurrying away, and now as other lines of fortifications were being attacked the firing became so more terrible, as Maurice Gostellie could discern from the sound of heavy firing in the distance to his left.

This inspired him to be the first to try and be the first prize winner. The Angolinians seemed to be advancing into the jaws of death and he stated but their general cried:

"On brave men, front forces are attacking the other fortifications on our left and we must be the first to take one of the fortifications in our immediate front. Forward. Show those glandolinians that they are trifling with God when they trifle with the Christians."

The Angolinians continued to advance and for several minutes now the scene was appalling, the noise of battle being tremendous, the uproar of the firing deafening, and the dead and wounded rapidly lay in ranks, yet on toward the fortifications pressed the survivors, combated puffs of smoke hiding away the palisades for a few minutes. Part of the fortifications looked more like salient points.....

Then all the big guns added to the din but by this time the assailants were out of range of the big guns which could not be depressed to reach them, and the Christian troops reached the palisades, walls many armed with battering rams, and ladders.....

The army behind the palisades poured in a general fire upon the Christians but though the tempest of bullets and their down heavy thousands those with the battering rams succeeded in smashing down the gates. Then in poured the mobs of Christians returning the fire with a fierce effect, the defenders fighting like demons in their frantic efforts to drive out the assailants who were breaking their way in at all points. But it was of no use. The Angolinians came in by monstrous masses and carrying all before them like a reaping whirlwind, charged for the fortifications, making a most furious and bloody attack upon the glandolinians, and carrying the fortifications and routing all its defenders.....

As soon as the glandolinians were out, the whistling of shot and even fortifications seemed to rise hoily into the air a perfect storm of wreckage and sheets of flame, the whole region seemed to become sudden and violent volcanic eruptions, there was a terrific avalanche of overwhelming explosions, and the soldiers who as yet did not get inside the stockades, and fortifications and who were about a thousand yards from them were thrown flat on their faces by the concussion and were almost by a hurricane storm of blazing bombs, shattered human beings, demolished bodies, and broken fragments of cannons and wreckage of every description. Thick rolling clouds of smoke extended to the height of thousands of feet reaching perfectly solid for nearly twenty minutes before it weakened and floated away.

This tranquility of the army had indeed caused a terrible disaster to the Christians. The Angolinians under Maurice Gostellie had been the first on ones to carry these fortifications but half of Maurice Gostellie's force had been annihilated, and he and the surviving Angolinians stood appalled at this horrible scene. The glandolinians he realized had then set a deadly trap instead of being taken upon themselves, and now Maurice Gostellie saw the reason why he had succeeded in carrying the fortifications so easily.

Fearing that the same would be repeated and the fortifications the enemy also dreading that now they be carried by sheer force of numbers, had set mines under them all and with the intention of annihilating all of the troops who should take possession. The work had been done so perfectly that no one who had got inside escaped and all the five million men were blown to atoms by the action of blasts. It was learned later that over 7,700,000 pounds of T.N.T. and giant powder had been scientifically placed in deep holes inside the lower sections of the fortifications, and as soon as the Angolinians being victorious had taken possession the miners who operated the electric batteries had exploded every contents of these dangerous holes. The one shot was strong enough to have mined of a part of a mountain 800 feet long, 100 feet thick, and two hundred and ninety feet high, at least one shot had sent that much dirt and other earth material high into the air.

The powder and T.N.T. was placed in thirty three stockades and forty eight of the fortifications to a depth of one hundred and forty feet. More than 1,500,000 tons of rocks which would make over two million of barrels of cement were were demolished by the action of explosions and in some cases thrown a distance of five hundred yards, and three hundred yards into the air. In some of the fortifications five thousand feet of T.N.T. were used and the entire charge set off simultaneously. Strange to say there was no damage done to towns of cities near the place though windows in galvanized and Vivian way was broken by the concussion and showered into the streets like rain injuring a swarm of people and persons who happened to be in the streets at the time. This was the most disastrous explosion in any battle so far in the war and was heard at the distance of two thousand miles. All the soldiers who had witnessed the explosion were rendered deaf for life, and many who were even ten thousand yards from the scene had been killed by the concussion of the blast, rendered no doubt to the effects what a soldier in Europe would call "Shell shock."

Maurice Gostellie had to avoid further disaster and he withdrew his surviving forces to a safer spot, and started bombarding the enemy with his cannons. He was enraged over the affair entirely and since then refused under any conditions to take any more prisoners, and those who were already prisoners in his hands were all shot down.

In the meantime General Cannon led six million six hundred thousand men to attack the twenty other fortifications. At the first assault Cannon's line met frightful destruction and was forced to recoil with his line of six million six hundred thousand reduced to only nine hundred thousand as his division had also been the victims of tremendous mines which had been exploded in front of the fortifications. This had caused a simultaneous storm of destruction also and crushed Cannon's line of assault to pieces. However three of the fortifications were not defended by palisades but by great broad walls armed with cannons which resembled the walls around a giant American Prison like at Sing-sing or Joliet and these were very high but slanting like a railroad bank toward the ground, and every portion of these walls seemed with cannons like a gigantic battleship of white gray color. This was called the Eva Grant Salient, the strongest portions of the enemy's defense at this point of the McWhirther fortifications.

This assault on these well defended fortifications had started at the time when Maurice Costello had heard the distant and hoarse firing, and this on slaughter had started fully an hour before the other lines had been to pieces. Yet Hanson reported his bloody fallers to general position was rapidly reinforced by other divisions, and the survivors recovering from the frightful effects soon returned to the assaults with furious desperation and merciless violence. For over six hours continuous and bloody fighting raged but all this time the Angolians could not make any impression, though making fairly desperate onslaughts and until a regiment of Angolian engineers succeeded in battering down the gates.

Then in rushed the Angolians and for a time a wholesale slaughter seemed to be going on, and then after the fortifications were abandoned by the enemy, and the main tragedy occurred here. The mines set under these fortifications were blown up with a roar like a hundred billion cannon and the Angolians seemed to take place here, and the earth seemed to wither and fly away in the fury of the explosion, and the din sounded as if a million planets were dashed to pieces. Three quarters of General Hanson's force of eleven million men were annihilated and these two infernal blasted regions were only once pined by the Angolians who followed temporarily, for the enemy came back at a furious counter charge and the rest of Hanson's lines were driven back after a fierce slaughter, and the survivors were forced back all the way to their own main line with still more frightful loss. In these two great assaults along this section the Christian losses were considered upward to 17,500,000 in slain while 988,776 were rendered blind by the concussion and over 1,877,666 were wounded and rendered totally deaf and blind, and crippled for life from the shock of the concussion. About 666,666 were wounded mortally. Simultaneously to this general violence General Hanson to send heavier forces to take the other fortifications not knowing the awful results of the other two lines of fortifications, and that of the other terrible fortifications being mined also and of the terrible results that were to take place. The assaults were made in useless succession but the Garrison of the fortifications held them with great stubbornness and opened fire with all the big guns they could bring to bear, one furious assault followed another and quickly the ground was covered with the dead lying and wounded. Every attack of the Christians was repulsed severely, and General Vivian sent seventeen million more to assist in the onslaught.

As the assaults went to the attack again, a merciless shower of bullets and canister was sent sweeping through their columns. Yet inspired by the heavy reinforcements the advancing Christians formed firm and compact lines and went on, and now other Christian divisions were sent on to support the charging columns and these moved forward in thick lengthy lines of battle with long lines of skirmishers well thrown out in front, and slowly followed by reserves in mass. The big guns of the fortifications roared intensely above the thunder of the light artillery and storm of exploding shells and shrapnell, and so fierce was the discharge of musketry that the fortifications appeared to be on fire. All of the palisades of the inner fortifications situated on higher ground appeared on fire also from the withering discharge of musketry and cannon, and now the number of cannon in action was increased.

Those who were exposed to such a terrific cannon fire fell back, but the other Angolian columns refused to recoil and made a desperate and most sanguinary push and soon succeeded in scaling the high walls, capturing the cannons there, and after driving back the gunners still pressed on and succeeded in reaching the palisades, and smashing down the gates by mere weights of numbers, and break also through the other portions and opening a tremendous fire with their musketry and captured cannons point blank. The brave Glandelinians kept on fighting like fierce demons for hours, both sides exchanging at times a fearful tempest of bullets, and fighting hand to hand like two armies of madmen. Despite the frightful carnage however the Angolians being in greater numbers surged upon the defenders, used all of their bayonets with cruel effect, and cutting the masses of Glandelinians down like grass. The Angolians by pressing on continuously despite the fierce resistance they met soon began to have full sway, and breaking through the gaps in the palisades they had made, assisted the other swarms of assailants inside and so the Glandelinians here after almost meeting with annihilation here abandoned the fortifications here but no explosions occurred as the Christian scouting parties had watched out for mines and captured them before they knew they were there, the Angolians being quite successful along this point, until the Glandelinians being reinforced by those at Fort Cedernine promptly counter attacked and raging a storm of battle for four hours forced the Angolians to withdraw.

Simultaneous to this the assault on the main line had been made through a severe inferno of bedlams. The Glandelinian pickets had been driven in but the main line had opened fire with terrific effect hurrying away with their cannon, and all the fortifications at that section had been roaring their thunders like mighty volcanic eruptions. Along the right wing the struggle had been appalling. As the assailants had come on with tremendous fury the enemy first opened a most terrific fire, and then counter charged, and as the enemy were repulsed and again stormed the roar of musketry increased to frightfully that the firing seemed extremely heavy, and a hundred thousand cannon had been opened upon the advancing Christians, but the range was too short and the storm of shells exploded too far to the rear doing no damage. The Christians swept on in their second assault, and as the smaller guns broke into play the Christian lines were ploughed and torn through and through by a perfect stream of shot and shell, and canister was added to the shell fire with mighty good effect, and the Angolians were soon driven into great confusion. General Vivian seeing this result and realizing how many of the enemy's cannons were in action brought his own main batteries to bear upon the remaining fortifications and these opened fire with a fury that was beyond describing and while the battle was so furious that it seemed as if the world was afire thirty million one hundred and sixty thousand Angolians resumed the furious and exceedingly bloody assault on the enemy's left, while another thirty million assaulted the left of the Glandelinians heavily and kept up the assault with furious desperation and murderous ferocity, while the Christian batteries under General Vivian was waiting to go into action also with the intention of blowing the fortifications into ruins.

The fighting was indeed most severe and continuous the Angolians keeping up the assault with bloody fury and great determination. Yet they could not make any impression on the enemy's lines or drive them back for General Desmond's Glandelinians retained their positions, with the greatest stubbornness and repelled every section of the assault. Then as the Christian columns resumed the assaults with redoubled violence after a short lull Desmond ordered two large battalions from the right of his main position and these divisions arrived and poured upon the Christians like a human torrent. Yet though their lines were galled the Angolians did not desert but again formed firm and compact lines and after reforming again made an impetuous advance.

This attack was more determined today, and the Carlin and militant
but commonplace islanders were not the incoordinated army when fifty hundred
thousand of the purple coats were no longer rushing forward to annihilate
Australians they were not disheartened.

They trained their fire and gaze upon the advancing Christians a rattlesnake sloughing great and large galls in their vomitlines.... On the left wing all the ananya line was ablaze and the Christians were confused by the withering fire, but nonchalant general Andronina was bound to carry the ananya positions; he could not allow the Angellians to fall back or give up the attack and halting them and soon having the receding column to cut through a portion of the ananya line by a bold and desperate rush and they scored a tremendous fire upon the receding grunts.

Along the center the enemy poured a fearful storm of shot and shell upon the advancing elements; the courage being dreadful but despite the terrific fire that was raking their lines through and through the Australians continued to advance until Durham determined to check the furious advance hurried immense bodies to the support of the other defense positions and these came in double quick time and helped to the work.....

The front line of the army opened a tremendous fire with seven million cartridges and six hundred cannon of heavy calibre while thousands of others were positioned and lay down upon the positions while their officers rode back and forth, using their utmost to encourage the Chancellorsburg and compel them to stand for fire by their works and hurl back the assaults.

The Angolians were now so near that the mine sufficiently depressed
tore reached that of the nearest people could do in columns. The critical moment
was now arrived. At many different points the works were within reach and almost
simultaneously the Angolians columns rushed clear in front up to the very muzzles of
the guns and though they were met by a terrific withering fire that mowed them down
in scores of columns the surviving columns advanced over drifts back to the crater's
and turning to pass under the fire it frenzied clatter of bullets, coming fire with
all their might and unity to keep the column from taking a respite.

Along the right the Chetniks under General Manton opened the Chetniks attacking there with terrific muskadee violence and here the struggle was more fearful and bloody the dead and wounded in gray lay thickly everywhere but thicker yet were the dead and wounded in purple.

to the assault making a most fierce and bloody attack but after a terrifically
attempts were made to drive back in confusion and with heavy losses. German a Division
and his forces now pushed forward to drive the Canadians from their position
lost. These fresh forces were three from the enemy lines and drove them
only to meet a gallant attack withering fire which caused the loss of many
men.

The fighting was terrific and bloody but the Christian lines were re-established and moved on. The works were packed with the full odds of the day and wounded at the severe and bloody action continued, the attacks of the Christians being most steady and determined but Hanson's reinforcements clung to their works against every effort to dislodge them. The flash of musketry and cannon was frightful and for three hours the silent contest raged until the works were then Hanson came with his reinforcements these swept forward with irresistible fury to dislodge the enemy if possible.....

This attack fell with the greatest force not far from the right wing of the standstillers who made a fierce and stubborn defense and continued the stubborn fighting till the overtaking columns overran it and rif right flank, then they gave way and their whole fighting line rolled up and driven in in disorder and under a storm of shot and shell and musketry burst the city.

Advantage under a most pulling fire, the Angelinians returned a volley in respect of bullets which dealt awful havoc among the slowly retreating gray columns.

still more and they began to retreat in disorder towards the Journal Run, and the Angell Indians in possession of theannon still allowed the column of the retreating force, while hundreds of thousands more went in pursuit of the enemy follow followed by millions of, and indeed as it seemed the Christians although this point seemed to be victorious as the enemy was retreating from Journal Run and their officers could not stop the confusion.

Journal Run and their officers could not get the conviction that according to the above attack upon the line still remaining was given up and thousands were attended to. The first night the enemy evacuated Journal Run under cover of the darkness and retreated toward their second line of main defense at the Vivian mucky mound. The last part of this action for the possession of Rio Gallegos had been very severe, over three million having fallen that terrible day along the battle line altogether. The assaults upon the fortifications had been very severe and the losses equally severe on account of the mines. Even the remnants of Kennedy's under violent and her sisters had captured on a thousand prisoners and two thousand more during the action along other parts of the line.

[illegible]

THE ADVANCE OF PICKNELL TO HAYSONS SUPPORT . THE
FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF ALAMARIA

After the terrible carnage at Journal Run, had so upset itself all the region of
 July until it was aroused by the threatening success of the Christians. The clandelina
 general himself was excited at all their heat to raise lower armies to drive away
 the invading Christian armies under Hanson, and General Alvinia who knew he had pro
 bably assigned the clandelina beyond Andura; and endurance had thrown up
 a steep and unusable hill position on the Journal Run and concentrated
 toward Anna Maria, extra pi kata being sent outant powerful batteries out into
 place.

General Givinnia still had a force of sixty three million million men and sent a messenger during the day of the battle alert to a Journal for reinforcements. During the early evening hunt on the battle was elsewhere learned by the off distant telegraph that General Pickrellian had not remained united with General Warler after the great elimination defeat at Arounner Run but had collected a force of seven million men and was marching with all haste to attack his route.

Victor and her sister were surprised over this new news and felt kind sorry that it was Pickwell, for they respected Pickwell on account of his kindness to them when in trouble. Once he told general opinion of Pickwell's kindness to them and he said kind of stupid.

"Yes I realize that General Leonia Meltonia Wicknell is a far better
a man than some of the other Chinitian chiefs for he has some respect
for the Amegillians though terrible against them as he is. But war is war and not
only that but it is not him that is coming but general Wicknellian for do you
think General Wicknell would come to all those lutechers hold Julia Callio so they may
continue their murders of helpless innocent Christian children? No indeed.

It was true. General Pike McNeill was better than another of the Abolitionist generals in this region and a respectable gentleman though fight ing again a Abolitionist. It had always been thus under when violent and her sisters were suspected in spring on his men for he would allow them to go free on the only if caught. He did not agree with the slaughter of children and whether necessary or not necessary of under any conditions would he allow his men to do it and was a man of great sternness and command.

His men had to obey his commands whether they liked it or not so Bicknell's army seldom humiliated children except on the sly. He had been ordered by Manley to go to the support of the chandeliers at Julo Gallo but he answered;

"You may sent me to fight the christians armies elsewhere but Julio willio. I'm glad to see Pearson lick that blood thirsty dog general Atencio Purgatorio. I'll never never go to the aid of child butchers and I you order me to do again I'll resign my command."

The 30th September 1944 when he had not allowed the plantations to handle the victim girls roughly when a prisoner in his hands had recognized his own and not that he was against the child butchery but also because he was in a sympathy of the Angolan cause, and had openly declared that if the victim girls had not appeared by their clever trick of firing the tents he would have set them free anyway.

The prospects of a title with his terrible general Bicknellian was far off yet but nevertheless the Christian grades were continually

active with the other Mandellian armies but just the same general Viviana realized that these and general Bicknell's armies were too much overextended. If Bicknell's armies were too soon before Cannon could be warned and even decided to form a ambush if Bicknell's did come. However Bicknell's army was within sight that very night and though combined against general Viviana the generals of the new armies saw that the Christian army armies were twice their size and he hesitated about making an immediate attack.

They tried to use all kinds of tricks to get the Christian armies out of their strong positions but could not succeed. But a very next day general Peniculus divisions came into a fierce clash with these Mandellian armies in which thousands fell on both sides in a very few minutes the struggle raged on the Pa Parks of the Amphimaria. Being outnumbered and almost crushed Peniculus division were now defeated and pursued clear within sight of the main lines. General Call was aroused by the sound of heavy firing and saw the pursuers running on the pursuers and went out with fifty hundred thousand men to check them.

A bloodier engagement resulted which brought fresh divisions of the enemy to the rescue of their comrades. Amid the tremendous cannon and small arms fire divisions came up in time to help in the fight against the fierce and continuous fire upon the enemy and managed to check them throwing back a column after column that rushed furiously to the attack and out to pieces with multitudes of their dead and wounded lying on the blood soaked field of battle.

The attack on Bicknell was fierce and interned and was kept up for fully two hours with unabated fury and seeing that Bicknell was being worsted with terrible losses and frightful slaughter general Walter Jennings brought his forces into action and held his ground against twenty fierce attacks all made within an hour until Cannon came to his aid with one thousand pieces of artillery.

The terrific artillery fire checked the advance of the attacking assailants but the other forces were coming to their aid and the new attack became so fierce that general Germaine and his brother had to go to Cannon for aid. The battle had gradually extended to Cannon's main line but it finally recoiled toward the north the enemy having lost two million, one hundred thousand five hundred in killed and wounded while the Christian loss was only nine hundred and sixty five thousand in killed and wounded.

The main body of the enemy remained within sight however their officers deciding to wait until Bicknell's army came and so place the Christians between their fires. But to the next coming evening general Viviana and Cannon received heavy reinforcements which enabled his armies to fall the more and all this while a severe bombardment had been kept upon Julia Callio by the Christian batteries. The next day during general Cannon's action then going on with Parenthesis right wing scouting parties detected Bicknell's army and advance guard and reported the matter to general Cannon.

General Cannon was prepared however and later on his main army was discovered general Cannon extended his lines to head back this new force from Viviana's rear. Cannon was sent out with a strong division to take a look at Bicknell's situation and find out their situation.

He took about forty thousand men and went forward cautiously but did not go to near for fear of drawing the full fire of the batteries which were occasionally shelling Cannon's batteries and which were firing with accuracy on which side of ground from the line of artillery smoke to the left and also to the right.

How many more Bicknell's army had Cannon could not ascertain but he judged it to be seven or eight thousand men. Their line itself was on good ground which seemed to make their position a quite unusable. Cannon went back and reported to Viviana what he saw. Viviana realized that the enemy lines were unassailable but nevertheless he decided to concentrate them from the position as soon as he could get his guns in position to do so. To attack an unassailable force with his infantry if men was foolish and rash as he well knew and would bring ruin or an ill-acted upon but he knew that his own artillery if trained properly, and placed in right positions would do more work than any onslaught could.

He doubted about sending armies for if he did they would be caught and never return. He would not ask Violet or her sisters to go for they always refused to do any thing back without their fathers consent and if he said it was "NO" it was "NO". Signal stations were erected but this only drew the fire of the enemy and so they had to be abandoned. These hundred men lost their lives in this attack and at least Reynolds also had their dangers. For when ever they were planning within the enemy right they would cause a simultaneous cannonade once during the fire of the battle of Amphimaria a large scouting party under Julia Viviana was sent with two thousand men to take a look at the batteries and they had an experience that the survivors never forget. A lone man they found. Though they did not go even as near as Cannon the enemy and on a still closer watch and they were discovered being created by a storm of shot and shell. One quarter of their number was killed and one third of the rest remained for life eternally condemned. Julia Viviana was among the wounded

armies. The survivors of the Christian army were left in a state of confusion out of the danger zone and then not a man, any of the wounded as they could.

General Viviana was of the incident sent many hundreds of troops to the front of the battle and scattered the Mandellian armies. He was severely wounded and he attempted to go to the front and fight again. He saw the details of the incident including the fact that it was impossible to go even a few feet into the open. Violet's first report to her father was to tell him the story. He believed that first but he killed in this incident and that two hundred were wounded. General Viviana did not want to go to the front and cut the line and bloody day and night many thousands were kept busy at safe distances.

Some of the Mandellian themselves were fearful for Mandellian sharpshooters constantly kept a sharp fire upon them. The Mandellians were crafty and general Viviana could never be without the pickets to a safe distance and sent several divisions to keep a look out for the sharpshooters.

That was what Violet had herself led several divisions very urgently to a point far to be a center of the eye. General Viviana promised her with though much was said for and against it. Violet herself to the teeth revolver in her small rifle and the looking.

When Violet went to the center post several of the officers felt that her presence was not prudent. When the light was all alone she investigated the fire throughout and accurately. She saw a small trace of stunted growth at a very slight distance from her side where there leaned with her back against its trunk so that her face was turned toward the direction of the enemy's lines. She conceived herself in this manner to be in a measure secured against attacks from the rear. She resolved to pass her two hours of watch in this

position. She held her rifle with both her hands ready to shoot at the slightest sign of danger. Darkness set in and the time passed and fast it became as dark as pitch.

Violet's eyes were not in the impregnable darkness in front of her but in the rear she still heard some noise that came from the soldiers down in the camp and she looked in that direction she saw the numerous fires at which the soldiers were cooking their supper. But there was a gradual light away one after another and at last even in the dark and silent.

She still sat with her back leaning against the tree though she could see nothing and looked out toward the enemy's lines. At the same time she strained her ears in order to catch even the slightest sound. A light came from the sky nothing. This it was for a time. All of a sudden that her strained attention in this dark like all-around darkness became dulled. She looked but her with all her might against the ever increasing and pinning or lamp. But in this she succumbed only poorly.

"Oh Thou my Beloved God," she exclaimed "If I fall here I am lost. God help me!"

She lit her lips, stretched her arms but despite her efforts she became even more and more sleepy. Then she fought long against drowsiness which like a deadly poison sought to invade all her veins. Here indeed sleep was the time of death. From before the enemy she heard now and then the slop collapse of the towers. It was the brilliant stars of the night every full hour with an iron hammer and the sound of the stars of the night in lines.... It faded and very long ago that she had heard the hour of night strike.

She left the tree and for a while stood to go and find in order to keep awake. She walked faster and faster in the dark the night was so dark and looking toward all sides without however discerning anything suspicious or any way.

All at once she heard the strokes of a clock, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. Then all was silent again. After an interval she went to the tree again and leaned against it as before still holding her small rifle with both hands in order to be able to use it more quickly in case of danger. Presently she was startled. She distinctly heard a peculiar sound far in front of her. It was like a thin falling falling from a tree to the ground and at one strike. Her slipshod and languid was gone. It seemed as if an electric current had run through her.

She stood and stared out in the darkness in the direction from whence the sound had come. In the meantime every thing was again silent and quietly probably for some minutes. Then suddenly she heard the same sound again and this time it appeared to her to be somewhat nearer to her than before.

She left her tree and stepped out into the darkness. She soon discovered from whence the sound came for she saw a very weak column of light. The matter was now fully cleared up now. There were a score or more of Mandellian sharpshooters with dark lanterns, the small lights were in to be absolutely half steady by invisible hands. It was evident that the lights were about a hundred yards distant from her and now she had something definite to which she could fasten her attention. Now she knew where the danger was and of what it consisted. Here it

Hanson was so enraged at this answer from the insolent Glandelinians that he fixed their sentence without even a trial. The sentence was "Deth...". "Death." The men desolately demanded a trial but a trial was denied them and they were shunted off to execution. And they answered him in a civil manner there was probably a good chance of their receiving a trial despite the known evidence against them. It never pays to answer an of the christa christian generals in an insolent manner. The spies were shot at sunrise.... And buried in the deepest pool of mud that was found.

M. In three raids upon the christians, the Glandelinians collected property, provisions and a valuable worth in millions of dollars from general Glandelinians' branches in the dead of night, and drove a part of the christian army in confusion while the whole army was preparing for their advance on Calaverita. General Vahara division was the portion of the christian army killed and assaulted. The christian were at the time hearing strange and suspicious noises like a number of cats and dogs making a concert but it did not sound naturally like those animals but like human beings discussing their cries. However they had kept on the alert but nevertheless the sudden surprise had been made by the Glandelinians a completely that the christian soldiers being overcome had to give in and were taken prisoners, the Glandelinians throwing them to the ground and while several Glandelinians held revolvers to the christian soldiers heads the others tied them up with ropes, took their rifles and other weapons from them and then the path being clear the main force went on and had penetrated very far into the christian lines before they were finally halted and compelled to retreat after some very much booty....

General W. J. Norton's division of infantry was stopped by two large squadrons of Glandelinians cavalry who attacked his force furiously as he had been advancing to reinforce the christian general picknell near Calaverita, and not only routed his forces but relieved the christian troops of two provision trains, a chain of cannons and many muskets besides taking scores of thousands of prisoners. Simultaneously two other Glandelinians cavalry held up general Joseph J. Kopp's divisions at Fortonia Creek and after severe conflicts took thirty two brass field pieces, and 13,000 prisoners. At another time when general Gurbis forces of Abbie andians were moving forward to make a junction with picknell the division was also stopped by three divisions of Glandelinian infantry and one of cavalry and completely annihilated in the dreadful slaughter. At the same time general picknell's Angelinians moving down the Francis turnpike when it was suddenly attacked by a force of young young Gargolians on horseback whom the Angelinians could have easily taken for guides from the hideous appearance of their dress. The conflict was severe but the Angelinians were also worsted with the loss of two guns and a thousand prisoners.

Many incidents indeed occurred during the concentration of christian armies upon the main Glandelinian army at Calaverita. Influenced doubtless by the reduction of profits in the great war Glandelinians Gargolians contented themselves with rather great pickings in one single night their early operations netting them over 277,000 prisoners gathered from three unwilling Angelinian General contributors. The first victim of the enemy was general Grooms' hopes Edwards divisions who was taken in flank by the enemy unexpectedly and driven back for the distance of two miles in the wildest confusion, this division being relieved of 22,000 prisoners in one single hour. Simultaneously a division of Angelinian Concentinians was taken in the rear also by two immense forces of No-Hollistinians who assaulted so desperately that after raging a sanguinary conflict the Angelinians were forced to run before reinforcements could reach them and 30,000 prisoners was the toll besides thirty cannons, three provision trains, and a great quantity of ammunition. General Garuthian proved to the enemy one of the most profitable victims. 222 558 prisoners were captured by the foe who assaulted his division and he was wounded.

During a raid made on another section of the concentrating christian army a special high general officer was shot and probably mortally wounded in a revolver battle with the chief leader of the raiders, another special general was fatally shot by another Glandelinian officer, and a third general was seriously wounded by a stray shell that exploded near his headquarters early during the night. Simultaneously general Erickerson Franklin a christian general who was sixty eight years old and most beloved by those he led, was shot in the left side of the chest by Glandelinian raiders who captured his headquarters, and he was so severely wounded that he died a few hours later.

General Walkerston William a high general of rank on the Abyanabillian side shot during a raid made in the Glandelinians upon his lines and suffering from two bullet wounds in the chest was shot a third time by a Glandelinian sharpshooter as he was trying to flee and was soon reported in a dying condition in the hospital tent of the Angelinians.

General Vahara's division was struck by a stray shell and badly mangled the shell having struck him in the chest and almost crushing every rib in his body. He died a few minutes later. That night indeed for many Angelinians was a time of excitement and even terror. One Angelinian general was shot in the chest while he was visiting his rounds of his camp he discovered the rear window of his headquarters assaulted, and a swarm of grayskins approaching in the glow of campfires and heard a wild confusion of musket and bayonet and wild yells simultaneously.

On closer investigation he saw a tiny host of light and drawing his revolver he called out for the strange person within to come forth.

"Come out you damned Glandelinian devil or I'll fire on you," he shouted..... As he looked inside a revolver was fired four times but no one was hit yet. There being no other sound following the revolver shots the christian general cautiously approached the window. As he looked inside there was a report of the revolver once more, and the aged general staggered backward, and fell with a bullet in the chest. As he fell he fired his own revolver at crouching figures near the window. The Angelinians who were reinforcements heard the firing of the assailants at other portions and rushed upon the Glandelinians driving them back. One of the Angelinians came upon the aged general and he was removed to the hospital tent. The Glandelinian who had mortally wounded him had escaped.....

Toward the approach of morning the Angelinians were still more harassed by another scare. The enemy were certainly busy. The scare was from a report which ran as follows:!!!

Marquette (Calaverita). July 1th. Forest fires believed to be of serious nature and spreading rapidly to many larger woods and jungles have been started here by the enemy, and are gaining swift headway despite the soldiers and citizens and prisoners who are out fighting it. A high wind on moving northward is fanning the sea of flames which is spreading to the farming regions between here and Calaverita. Farmers and citizens of small villages and towns have removed their property which they could carry by team or on their shoulders to a place of safety. Hundreds of thousands are even fleeing before the advance of the Glandelinians.

Mildred Greenburg. Calaverita. July 1th. A dangerous forest fire of over four hundred miles in extent near the city about twenty miles southeast of this city is said to be raging with the fury of a hurricane of fire and gaining such tremendous headway in spite of the efforts of the fire fighters that there is no hope of checking it and when first seen it had been burning a strip of woods about three miles in length and forty yards wide. Forest fires started by the enemy are also reported raging near Jennie Angelina hill a large elevation near the city of Calaverita fifty miles southeast of this great Calaverita city. It is said that this forest fire has been raging for over twenty days and nights making the sky glow so dazzlingly that the light is seen for two hundred miles, and this fire is gaining such headway that only a rainstorm would check it now. It is being fanned by a growing hurricane which is moving northward, and fires of great extent are also reported in a large tract of stump land at Belbellina about thirty miles west of here. Marshfield also reports a forest fire of great fury and also of another fire raging in a marsh near there. Passenger train crews it is said have forced or have been forced to light the lamps in their coaches because of the dense smoke making night darkness when they pass through the fire swept regions.

Sau Claire Calaverita. July 1th. Reports received here early to day from the cities of Angeline Fairchild, and Francis Atlanta Augusta where a deep separate forest fire fanned by a high hurricane like wind threatened to destroy a considerable amount of farm property were that the fire was practically under control. Efforts to reach the town of Logana by telephone or telegraph were unavailing.....all wires leading to that town having been destroyed by the Glandelinians.

Large fire fighting crews, prisoners forced to take part in the work, and christian soldiers and engineers in that neighborhood declared that it was not believed that any of the towns previously mentioned had been wiped out and communication was expected to be established as soon as possible, when the enemy at least could be compelled to recede. Thousands of farmers who telephoned to Angelina Fairchild last night for help signaled to day that they succeeded in protecting their property by backfiring. However it is reported that they are still surrounded by a ring of burning grass, brush, and forests of trees. In morning it was reported that the forest fires were working east of Angelina Fairchild into an uninhabited uninhabited region and with practically no wind it was expected that the flames would be under control in a short time if no more were started by the enemy.

Early in the morning while general picknell was receiving reports of the forest fires from many scouts, and signal stations and other points of vantage three columns of glandelinians who wore mostly Zimmermanian armed with many cannons and the usual black slouch hats with the long black feathers set forth at dawn to make their furrows. They entered general Cannon's christian lines at the right & upon a crossroads taking just about two minutes to drive the christians by a desperate charge from their whole position and relieve the christian general of his headquarters, and the forces of many provision wagons, much booty and many cannons and then retreat before the main line came up. However in this raid the glandelinians did not take any prisoners and one whom they had captured they had set free saying:

"Go home you dirty christian dog, and wash your face. It needs cleaning."

Ten minutes later the glandelinians the same forces halted in front of general Cannon's christian position prepared for an attack while a portion of the glandelinian force moved around to the rear. Their efficiency increased by practice they captured the general himself, set fire to his headquarters, captured thirty thousand prisoners shot down ten thousand Angelinians in the imaginary conflict that ensued and defeated the christians in less than half the time than the first affair took. Twenty five cannons and two wagon trains and a provision train with ammunition very plentiful came into their possession which they took with them as they retreated after finally releasing general Cannon taking some pity on him as he was an old man and those being human glandelinians and not assassins and murderers as other kinds were.

There was a gap of an hour. Then the jolly trio of Glandelinian forces appeared at general picknell's headquarters itself it self near Woodlawn Run. They drove in a good part of the christian line captured seventy two cannons and spiked them as they had been too heavy and ponderous to carry away. Several of them were as bold as to go right up to general picknell and politely requested matches of him with to light their cigars. They were forth with made prisoners and also given what they wished for at the time they reached the guardhouse.

The same bands fifteen minutes later were routed after severe fighting from the northwest section of the christian line and the lively skirmishes were frequent before the glandelinians finally beat it. One of the Glandelinian officers in the encounter was believed to have been wounded. The other bands of Glandelinians engaged with the successful Angelinians abandoned some very good cannons which they had captured at the first outset upon picknell's headquarters position and in neither attempt did the Glandelinians profit at this section of the line.

Violet and her sisters one day when it was reported that the enemy knowing picknell's overwhelming numbers refused to engage him at Cabanurubu and was retreating southward decided to go out scouting and see if it was true. They went down a side road and encountered no one within their view and did not see any signs of an enemy. It was evidently true that the enemy had retreated because picknell's army overwhelmed the enemy ten to one but nevertheless there was enemies lurking around when violet and her sisters did not see and one of whom have would have got them had it not been for a friend. A lone glandelinian was hiding in ambush and he saw the little girls approaching. He was not armed with any pistols but he had a long crooked knife with him which was as sharp as a razor and about two feet and six inches long. He decided to rush upon the little girls before they were aware of his presence and run them through as quick as lightning before they could do anything to save themselves. However god frustrated him. A tall Angelinian soldier happened to see him in the ambush and immediately brought his rifle to his shoulder and just as the man prepared

to spring, from the ambush the soldier shot him through the head. Of course Violet and her sisters were startled by the crash of the rifle, and were more astonished and surprised to see a man leap up into the air and fall right across their path, writhing on the ground for a moment and then lay still the reason lying in his death grasp the long ugly knife still in his hand.

Violet and her sisters were shocked over their narrow escape and did not know who their rescuer was because he did not make any appearance. Of course he immediately kept himself hidden after he had shot the racially glandelinian as he did not wish to allow the little girls to see who had saved them as he was completely awed of their presence and half afraid of them also and so felt too bashful to receive any praise from these little dears.

Nevertheless violet and her sisters felt sure that some Angelinian soldier had saved them and after returning to the christian lines and reporting what they discovered they related their experience to picknell and Evans who felt sure that it was indeed some mysterious Angelinian soldier who had saved them from being massacred.

Nevertheless Violet and her sisters never learned who their rescuer was as he never did reveal himself. He saw them frequently it is true and they saw him but never told them. They knew that it was he who had saved them, and he never told them so. For his good deed he never fell in the war. All those who had shown the utmost fondness and bravery for the behalf of the vivian girls and who had befriended them on all occasions never had had luck in their lives and never fell in the war going through every battle without receiving a single scratch.....

Any times it had been reported that their best friends had fallen in the war but the rumors were only false. It had been reported many times during the war itself before it ended even that their brothers and best known friends had been killed, and especially at big girl school many of their friends had been reported dead, when later they were seen by the Vivian girls with not even a single wound.....

Jack Evans a general best beloved by Violet and her sisters never had a misfortune in his life since he knew and learned to love poor Violet and her sisters. Some declared that Evans had met some bad luck but it was not so. Of course for their defense he had been wounded many times but that was not exactly any bad luck. He never met with misfortune such as loss, sickness, and neither did he have any disasters such as meeting the annihilation of his comrades who he led in person and in battles his whole division had come through some of the worst battles without a single single loss while others came out with only remnants left. Evans never even lost a single battle.

The greatest luck he had of all however was the fortune to be their guardian and have them as his best friends. He was like a subtly loving brother to them and they were lit like sisters to him from the celestial regions. One day general Evans was sent by general vivian with an important message to Gertrude Angelina, Angelina's best of spies. It was believed by many even by poor violet and her sisters that meeting with the dangers that were sweeping all over the region he would never return.

Evans had started out alone without any escort through the territory fully occupied by the enemy. He had disguised himself so that he would not be recognized by the Glandelinians in case he was questioned. And to the Glandelinians he felt full well knew that it would be the most important thing of all to capture a christian general who turned out to be a spy. However he was mistaken by the Glandelinians for one of their superiors and so through the whole region he was not questioned..... He even succeeded in passing through the whole of the enemy's main line without molestation and clean out and then seeing himself beyond the region he had hastened his onward progress until after traveling for three days he had succeeded in reaching general Williamsburger Zimmerman's lines at which Gertrude Angelina was with his generals. Of course he felt kind of peculiar as he had not seen her often enough as yet to be so fully nervous to present himself before this little girl who was now about twelve years and a half old. However after being received kindly by general Zimmerman he told the great christian general of the reason of his coming.

The great christian general summoned the little spy himself and when she appeared he said:

"Gertrude I have a visitor for you. He just came this morning. He says he had a most important message for you."

Gertrude Angelina looked surprised and then said:

"It's strange. General Vivian usually sends a message to me himself by telegraph. Something must be the matter with the telegraphing. Who can the visitor be I wonder!!!"

"He is a good general a great service man of generals Hanson and Robert Vivian." Said general Whillinschurger Zimmermann. "You probably know that he is one of the best guardians of the Vivian girls." At first Gertrude Angeline did not know who the man may be. She tried to guess guess who their many guardians may be and finally after bringing to name every one she had personally known she suddenly remembered her best friend general Jack Evans.

"Oh! it's general Jack Ambrose Evans." She cried. There is he. I'm glad he has come in because I myself have something important to tell him."

"He's here right in my headquarters." Said the great distrust inn general who was now concentrating his biggest forces with the intention of striking the besieged at Virginia Gordon run. "He came to see you on important business."

The little girl was glad before Evans who greeted her cheerfully and then when they were alone Evans seating himself at a table with her on the opposite side handed her the envelope which general Vivian had given him to dispatch to her. She glanced over it carefully, and then nodded.

"I see what he wishes." She said with a twinkle of her eye which looked really mischievous in her always smiling face. "Well Evans I am way ahead of your general. He did not tell you what this was did he?"

"No and I even did not have time to look at it though he had told me I should do so if I needed to in case of great danger." Answered general Evans. "I passed through the enemy's lines without discovery and adventure. He wishes you to do what is written on that letter."

"I have gotten ahead of your general." Said Gertrude Angeline with her continual smile which Evans believed never left her face since he first saw her. "I have a couple of packages that I'm sure he would like very much to get possession of. If you successfully convey these packages in general Vivian's lines, the enemy will never be able to either break the siege of Anna Maria, Francis Atlanta, and Vivian Wickey, which Zimmermann and his high generals are making simultaneously. These are the very things he had wished me to obtain in this letter states, and I have done so before he even thought it best to ask me to do this. Do you think you can successfully reach general Vivian's lines. I wish if possible that you do your best to avoid any enemy army on your return."

"I do not think I can do so." Answered Evans. Brigano is occupied by large Glandelinian forces, Francis Atlanta is also occupied by the Manley Indians, and other near points such as Gordon, and Francis Anna are in the possession of the enemy. My only hope is to pass through their lines successfully as I have done before."

Gertrude Angeline did not like this news because she felt that some thing might go wrong. She however had the brains of a goddess. She pondered upon the situation and then procuring a map looked over it carefully Evans wondering what she was planning.

"I have it." She said. "General Vivian is moving his army forward with the intention of reinforcing Picknell if possible so that Manley would not attack him too soon at Calmarvinda. I believe that you could get through successfully if you follow my plans. From Zimmermann's lines to Calmarvinda there is a long tunnel through which Violet and her sisters succeeded in escaping at the time the city burned when the enemy were disastrously beaten there along the Angeline run which is called the battle of Calmarvinda battle really known as the battle of Lucille Hanley. This is a long railway tunnel and the Angolians are still in possession of it though the enemy have made thousands of fierce attempts to obtain possession or destroy it. You can reach general Picknell's lines through this and then from there race for general Vivian's lines. You can secure a handcar easily. To make sure I'll take you to the tunnel."

Gertrude Angeline hastily withdrew put on her things, and then she and general Evans started off. It was an hours ride until they came to a long railway track, and here twenty Glandelinians suddenly appeared, or what appeared to be Glandelinians but after speaking a few words with them the men halted, and saluting presented the leader who said:

"Yes Gertrude a hand car can easily be procured. General Evans can easily get through that tunnel to Calmarvinda inside of two hours." Evans was led to the tunnel by the brave girl spy and while he examined it, a large automatic handcar was brought up along the track.

"If you choose though." Began the graycoat. "A train is coming within fifteen minutes. If you choose to ride the train you'll get there quicker."

E Gertrude Angeline thought it best to have Evans board the train and as soon as an it came and Evans was on he called to her through the window and said:

"Be sure Gertrude don't come and see the little Vivian girls. They would be glad to see you."

"I'm coming on the train too in a minute." She said. "I just want to get something." And she was sure as her word and soon off they started and were soon going through the train. ... They reached the last car the view car which was crowded the train being full of Angolians soldiers who were no doubt going to Calmarvinda to reinforce general Bicknell. After an hours riding they soon came to the tunnel and it was the darkest tunnel that Evans had ever ridden through in his life, but never theless it took only twenty minutes for the train which was now running at a high rate of speed to run through, and soon the conductor called out the words:

"Calmarvinda. All off as soon as we stop. Enemy as it is rumored is attacking picknell."

As soon as the train passed through the outskirts of Calmarvinda the little girl with Evans got off and started for picknell's lines the sound of heavy firing smothering their ears. It took quite two hours before picknell's lines was reached and Evans learned that the firing was only caused by one of the usual Glandelinian raids that had been made but that the raiders were being driven back. Bicknell was first interviewed and then Evans started off toward general Vivian's lines while Gertrude Angeline remained behind to interview Violet and her sisters. Evans brought his packages right straight to general Vivian who felt proud that Gertrude Angeline had secured these most important packages and he said:

"Gertrude Angeline is certainly a clever one indeed. I can praise her indeed and I feel sure that I'm doing wrong to her for not adopting her as one of my daughters. Did she not come with you?"

"Yes she did your excellency." Answered general Evans but she remained behind in Picknell's lines to visit Violet and her sisters whom she had not seen for a long time. She told me she would come to see you in person tomorrow morning at eight o'clock eight o'clock if possible."

"Good." Said general Vivian. "I wonder what these packages contain. I will look through them and see."

General Vivian proceeded to look through his packages and the look of surprise that Evans saw in his face bewildered him.

This is great." Exclaimed general Vivian. "Old Johnston Jacken Manley plans here that if he can gather a bronze army he will spring it upon Francis Atlanta, and by moving northward, he will thence go eastward through the state of Angolinda Beldon in Calvervinda and capture the important hills and woodlands at Pizaza Run. The woods belong to a person a rich Calvervinda woman known as Marie Francis Osborne and so are called the Marie Osborne woods. If he is successful as it declares he will be here if his plans will be carried out he will drive on glorina capture Angolinda from the rear and drive all the Christian out. I must stop this plan before it is too late."

He handed the sheet to Evans and Evans saw that it was true. The other sheets contained the same thing but in different form and one was an important map which Gertrude Angeline had secured. The letter captured ran as follows:

I

I general Johnston Jacken Manley will seize Marie Osborne woods raise the siege of Francis Atlanta, capture glorina and move down upon the rear of Angolinda Agathia. If I can work quick enough all will be lost and Angolinda will be certainly glad to surrender and show that all in heaven is powerless to help them."

Johnston Jacken Manley."

Gertrude Angeline the next day she appears within my lines will be shot as a spy as she is too often spying on us Glandelinians."

Gertrude Angeline certainly saved us from this threatening disaster." "I wonder is Zimmermann knows this." Asked Evans.

"Yes." Answered general Vivian. "Zimmermann as she told me received the information and with you sending him armies he can do easily all that is needed to thwart Manley's plans. He will be able to crush any attempts of the enemy by forcing the positions at Logan Zoo Re Run, Virginia Run, and the other cities he is besieging. He declared to her that through her capturing the important papers he can prevent the enemy ever coming near to glorina until it is too late and that when they came their

great campaign will end in great disaster. He also declared that he will oppose Johnston Jackson Manley should he move on to attack the besiegers at Anna Marie or Francis Atlanta, and that if general Hanson would move immediately to storm the enemy's position at John Run he could soon bring about the speedy downfall of Julio Callio and Anna which have already been besieged by the Angolians for nearly three years."

General Vivian was very glad that she had accomplished this great spying exploit and captured Manley's most important plans. He was sorry that she had not come immediately with Evans but the fact that she longed to see his daughters was evident to his liking and so he decided to wait until the morning and find out how she accomplished all this. Evans returned to general pickells lines, and he related to Gertrude the great success she had accomplished in capturing Manley's most important papers and that general Vivian would like to see her as soon as she could come in the morning....

When he had returned and let Gertrude Angeline again he found her with Violet and her sisters and they together had been talking over some thing that they did not want anybody else to hear. She was glad to see that Evans had successfully carried the plans to general Vivian and she told him how she had accomplished the work.

While in Zimmermann's lines I decided to see what the intentions of the enemy was under general Germania Vivian who was concentrating his command before a portion of Phillippshurger Zimmermann's lines and so I had started defiantly out at broad daylight. I succeeded in entering the enemy's lines without detection as I was cleverly disguised as a mischievous peasant boy whom Glandelinians hardly ever took notice of and pretending that I was looking for work I was admitted into Germania's headquarters as a port porter. It was the first time in my life that I ever came face to face with the traitor and never believed that such a handsome looking Glandelinian general could be the brother of Violet and her sisters who had become their enemy, enemy of God his parents and was fighting against his own nation.

Of course fortunately I was not discovered or recognized by this Glandelinian villain but nevertheless he pried me with I would say as it seemed a hundred thousand questions in a short hour, and finally gave me the job that I pretended to be looking for. He then asked me if I knew anything about the various Christian armies commanded by Zimmermann who was besieging Virgin Corbin and Virginia Corbin Run, and the other places, and I declared truthfully that I only knew that they were making the siege but did not know any of the intentions of Zimmermann's Lords, Counts, and other Christian generals. He then asked me if I could think myself able to spy on the Christians and I said to him pretending to be afraid;

"No sir I do not want to spy on them. They shoot, crucify, and hang spies, and even burn them at the stake."

"Are you afraid of those Christian dogs?" He demanded.

"Yes if they are mad-dogs," I answered. "How many dogs have the Christians got?" And at this silly question he laughed believing that I was stupid and he said;

"All right you clown. You can get the job you require but if I feel sure I do not need you you had better go to the Christians for a better job. Maybe they will force you to spy on us." And with this he laughed and walked out of the room. I had cleverly tricked him into believing that I was only a foolish idiot who did not know much. As soon as he left I immediately looked over the papers on his table found what I wanted and copied them. He never saw my work done so cleverly but when I did succeed in leaving his lines without detection I unfortunately happened to run into a party of furious Glandelinians wearing long black regalia and gray hoods on their heads. Realizing them to be the fierce Gargolians the only kind of Glandelinians whom I have never yet succeeded in putting terror into I decided to make a dash for liberty which I did and I tell you Evan's dear I was followed hard, and hard pressed for thirty miles before I after shooting down thirty six of them finally managed to escape them and reach Zimmermann's lines. And it was the first time in my life too during my spying exploits that I had ever encountered those fierce Gargolians. I have seen floods in pictures but with their masks on I believe these Gargolians looked more ugly."

How many Gargolians pursued you?" Asked Violet.
I do not know. Answered Gertrude. "But I assure you I had a worse time of it than any of you yet. I had to change horses ten times they became so tired out and jaded, and raced across thirteen bridges, got dumped twice into quicksand and had a difficult time of forcing my way out of the bogs got a bath in the cold waters of the Angeline Run when a bridge gave way under the hooves of my horses, and had three horses shot under me within a few miles dash."

It took me three days to escape them. Three times I was besieged in barns at which I took refuge when almost overtaken and cornered, and many times they even secured bloodhounds and signed them on about I shot them all down before they could do any harm. I was in a hunt in a woods for one whole night these fierce Gargolians never taking a single hour's rest in their efforts to capture me and once out on Kauffmann's road three of them managed to overtake me, but I shot two of them down, seized the sabre of the third and ran him through the eye with it. I succeeded however in escaping them after I reached the Mc-Holleston Run river. I raced across a long narrow pontoon bridge which stretched seventeen miles across the stream and as soon as I was across, and seeing that the Glandelinians were far behind I managed to destroy the bridge by taking the remaining powder I had and blowing up the end part of the bridge which caused the swift current of the river to tear away the rest of it and so the Glandelinians could not get across the river. To swim across with even their horses would have been suicide for the current is so swift that no one could swim before or against it and would be carried to sea without an hope of rescue.

The Glandelinians I could see by their antics were terribly enraged over my escaping them, and with cursing, vile words against me and blasphemies even they fired volleys at me almost incessantly in hope of shooting me down outright, but I was beyond their range fortunately and I was now safe on the Christian side of the stream. After all this trouble I reached Zimmermann's lines after being out once in a severe winter and then a thunderstorm. But I always do hope hereafter that I'll never encounter those Gargolians again. The Zimmermann's and Mc-Hollestonians are dreadful enough but those Gargolians to my idea are far worse. Their garb and heads shocked me. I thought at first I ran into a band of hooded mad bandits until I saw the Gargolian flag. They were worse looking than the boogymen we have read in fairy tales. I think I would sooner have an encounter with fiends than those horrid masked Zimmermannians. I wonder if they are all horsemen I intend to find out some day."

"There are hardly any infantry among them," said Evans. "They do at certain occasions go forward like infantry with the purpose of saving their horses from destruction. They are no force that the Christian generals do not think it safe to send any other Christian cavalry against them except their equal the fiercer Concentinians who are the possessors of fierce Abbiaamia. Only those kind of Christian cavalry have been known to be able to cope with the Gargolians without meeting excruciating losses like other cavalry divisions do. Germania Vivians cavalry force not at all Concentinians once engaged general pursues Mc-Hollestonian Gargolians who wear gray regalia but black hoods, and this Christian cavalry were all annihilated. The Gargolians are all good at dueling, with the lance, sabre and pistol but they have hardly ever used pistols in fights but only lances and sabres. The sabres of the Gargolians shape almost like those used by Hindus and other kinds of savage tribes in India but are longer than any common sabre known and are sometimes so long that the Gargolians have to carry them on their shoulders as they could be tripped while marching on foot when ever they do so."

They are fierce and cruel and are the Kurds of Glandelinda but they are very kind to their horses, and treat them with greater respect than any of us Christians do our own horses though we are good to them as it is.

If a man was seen using a whip on the horse of a Gargolian the Gargolian would shoot him down like a dog. If a child teased one of his horses he would tear her or him to pieces. They are a peculiar set of Glandelinians and hardly unmask themselves unless when together among their own companies, and no other Glandelinians know who they are and what their faces assemble in looks. They have the swiftest horses and can charge across a plain ten miles wide in a minutes time. Sometimes they covered that distance quicker than half a minute. Their yell is horrid and peculiar and the chants of their words seem like the fierce college yell but the words are shouted and chanted in a language that none of us Angelinians can understand. I have heard their yell only once and hope to never again. They yell like lost souls and make the din so loud that it rents the in deafening echoes and their yell can be heard for two miles. For my part I think as Hanson said these Gargolians are Glandelinians that believe in certain kinds of secret religions and acclimates and so hood themselves for disguises even so that they are not known by other sects of Glandelinians."

In the meantime when Gr Gertrude Angeline had had first even violet and her sisters had been overjoyed to see their friend who they have never seen for a very long time, and before Evans had returned to picknell's lines they had several games among themselves and then planned to do something for general Bicknell all as soon as an opportunity presented itself.

Later as the great gloriola campaign was going on now in earnest violet and her sisters desired with Evans to go to general vivian and so once more they returned and then questioned all how the battle along Journal Run had went on. No one could give any good answers but the fact that the enemy was retreating, and that the plans of Manley was being visibly overturned showed that Vivian did not lose much in his accomplishment.

So many other christian victories had occurred at many points that the little girls did not know what had happened and wondered why the enemy continued the war so long. Gertrude Angeline after her interview with general Whilliams larger Zimmerman and general vivian went somewhere else and reports soon came in by the score stating that Gertrude Angeline as many called her had fully overturned the enemy by causing them so much trouble, seizing plans, capturing even generals and causing much damage to their tents and Manley had offered a greater reward for her destruction than he had offered for violet and her sisters dead or alive.

General vivian decided that the best thing of all to upset one of Manley's best plans which general vivian through Gertrude Angeline had captured was to threaten julio Callio himself and if possible to check any attempts of picknellian to overthrow him before he got there and if compelled to do so to crush picknellian at Wickey Lanesia.

So he rel reliving reinforcements from the north and south moved on with his armies and violet and her sisters watched the scenery as they flew past riding in the autos or baggage wagons just to which they were used.

Violet and her sisters several times saw during the march the near approach of forest fires, and day by day he heard at times heavy firing which proved that glandelinian sallies were made with the intention of harassing general vivian's advances as much as possible.

Of course when generals make certain plans there are sometimes even among Angolinian soldiers some knockers and the like who would not even approve of a good plan. One evidence comes through this way:

During the time a halt was made for several hours for the main forces to catch up general Jack Evans, had went once more to see his little friends violet and her sisters, and having found them sat down in a hotel taken possession of by an Angolinian general. As he was sitting down talking to violet and her sisters about the course of the event, and telling them that he thought them to be the best of spies ever known by any one of the Angolinians who was sitting in a chair opposite suddenly got up and said excitedly:

"Talk about spies and the like you are talking through your hat. Another fool you are. This spy nonsense gets my goat. It's true those little girls before you, do a lot but there are men, even officers and generals who do a lot more than they have ever been known to you. And I don't believe they know themselves what they are spying for anyway. But I know that if--"

"SHUT DOWN" answered Evans giving a swift swing with his right with such force as to sent the man flying head first over the chair. "YOU'VE TOLD ALL YOU KNOW."

This caused immediately a sudden commotion, Violet and her sisters almost jumped up in surprise, and all the soldiers and officers in the room jumped from their seats in excitement. Half stunned, and mortified, the man quickly left the room and went outside nursing his jaw having had three teeth knocked out by the blow Evans gave him.

This gives a good proof that no one can knock the christians or the vivian girls in his presence and get away with it.

Seeing the rubbish fully ablaze and burning fast she quickly untied the knots

CHAPTER TWO

BLOODY MANEUVERS AT WICKEY L. LANESIA.

After the recent days fierce fighting on August 11th 1913 general vivian who was advancing with his armies with the purpose to aid Mansion in the siege of vivian is key discovered that the glandelinians under general picknellian were making movements in an endeavor to get ahead of him, get to julio Callio, cut through Mansions besieging lines and reinforce general Purgatorians army there. Just now however he did not have any orders to advance upon picknellian vivian did not make any attempts to stop picknellian's purpose for he knew that with the aid of general Hanson vivian's main armies who was watching general picknellian he would soon be able to frustrate picknellian and all purposes were being made for the capture of vivian Wickey and all her sections and shorten the horrible war itself. There was however a glandelinian army concentrating at a little town called Wickey Lanesia about fifty five miles southeast of vivian is key and vivian was ordered by the Angolinian authorities to move against that town break the enemy's lines in impossible and then open a direct path for a drive against julio Callio and her other sections of vivian Wickey.

The key Lanesia however was defended by one of the main wings of general Purgatorians army and this he speedily learned, though how large Purgatorians army was he could not ascertain as yet. Yet he nevertheless determined to advance against the town and if the circumstances were favorable enough to force the enemy's lines at Wickey Lanesia and capture the town at all risks or lay siege to it and blow the enemy from it. Preparations were made on the very night after the fighting with general picknellian. During the night general Hanson vivian's columns moved forward toward that direction direct for Wickey Lanesia.

Violet and her sisters were glad to see the progress the christians were making and could hardly wait for daylight to come. They had prepared their regiments of boy and girl scouts as best as they could, and helped some of the artillery men repair spiked guns which had been captured from the enemy. The little girls were loved and respected by every boy scout and girl scout in their regiments and by all the men and the nation, because they were Angolinian Princesses and when the order for the advance of the other armies were sounded by bugles and drums and salutes of cannons, and by many bands playing they were the first to be ready. They followed Hanson's columns and toward nine o'clock in the morning the whole advanced portion of the army was in motion and it certainly looked as if a whole army or nation was in motion to move against the enemy. In their beautiful purple clothes and red hats violet and her sisters looked like fairies among a great purple army and appeared to the eyes of all the soldiers seemingly as leaders of a great fairyland army. But violet and her sisters did not pay any attention to any praise offered to them. The sights of all the flags and banners were wonderful having the appearance of brilliantly colored flags among flowers among a moving field of purple columns. The divisions of brave boy and girl scouts far in advance of the moving force of christians discovered a large force of glandelinians on their right rushing forward in two directions and in a moment the whole troop headed for Hanson's moving armies, and violet and her sisters later stated what they observed.

"We had reached the little town of Marshall between Santa Claus and Santa Monica when a big force of glandelinians who appeared to be vivian picknellian's were moving against unless moving an army. General Hanson vivian was compelled to signal orders to his generals to form the army into line of battle, and then the enemy for some reason halted and stopped advancing."

It was no doubt however that to the little girls a battle at Santa Claus was brewing and as general Hanson was forming his army into line of battle as quickly as possible the vivian girls went on a scouting tour and discovered that the enemy were general Beppo Evans army and though a portion of the rebel line was falling back it appeared to suddenly shroud itself in smoke and a roar of musket

uniform say. "They can discover everything because every one of the generals have immense immensescouting parties out."

B Violet and her sisters did not like to be alone for they feared it was some sort of a trick of the enemy. They knew who general Beppo Evans was, what kind of a glandelinian army he had and believing he had thrown his way into Hansons with the purpose to set on his intended advance on Wickey Laminia rode back to the Christian lines and told general Hanson what they saw, and of their suspicions.

It was evident that something surely was up, and being that a portion of his army had been struck by the glandelinians while in motion, and thinking that if something was not done quick enough a disaster would occur, general Hanson himself with a number of other generals went out on a scouting tour themselves. General Hanson himself however could not discover anything and rode back to his lines and reported to Violet and her sisters that he believed it was a sham. Violet and her sisters insisted that their suspicion suspicious was not a sham and general Hanson said:

"Well then they are preparing to make a general action against my force no doubt. I'll take a number of troops and make a general reconnaissance and..." "But it is dangerous, no dear." Said Violet, while her sisters looked on. "I had also discovered that through some reason that the whole glandelinian front for their whole length, as far as my eyes could reach in a terrible mass blaze of smoke, and there was the sound of cannon also, and explosions, and you may run yourself and your division of scouting troops into a trap and if not captured or injured bring me some sort of battle we do not wish to see or fight here. Now about one of us going. I do not need any soldiers, and I could do the work without needing to drag any Angelinian cavalry force into a storm of battle unnecessarily and I could escape. These glandelinians are probably belonging to an army we did not know of, who threw itself in our way before we knew it. I could tell by one of their banners that it is general Beppo Evans Scoodler army. But maybe they are not like the glandelinians under the Manleys and cannot read disguises or discover whether I'm a boy or a girl."

"Seeing that he was in earnest she was in earnest general Hanson decided to let her go but ordered her to take her sisters alone for safety but she said:

"Be careful in dears for all glandelinians are crafty no matter who they are. And I'm sure not one section of my army is engaged. They may have been assaulted by general Vivianias command, or his may have been assaulted by the enemy, and that may be the reason of their terrible firing so you say you see and heard. And you know if you are caught you are gone, for these probably are the worst kind of glandelinians in the whole region."

Violet promised to be careful and then went to her sisters and told them what she intended to do.

"It is a pretty ticklish job, but I guess we can get away with it all right at that," said Joice.

"We got to do something to save Uncle's army from being attacked at an unexpected quarter, or offering a disaster, like general Hanson did at Aronburg and Gandadon." Said Jennie Vivian as they were putting on the disguises. "For the glandelinian forces must be strong in numbers and if they are under Beppo Evans look out. He is a fighter beyond doubt."

Angelina Vivian admitted that too for she knew that the enemy now a days would do anything treacherous to win a victory and drive back the besiegers out of the vicinity of Vivian's key, or to prevent other armies moving to reinforce the general Hanson. When they were all ready and armed to the teeth they set off toward the place where they last saw the enemy's blazing lines. And they wished they had Gertrude Angelina, Jennie Turner and Angelina riches with them on this occasion but there was no sign of them around they were dressed as glandelinian or disloyal Galverinian peasants and hoped in this way they could escape detection. Violet and Joice were the dirtiest. Their clothes were covered with half wet mud, while their hands and faces were as if they had not been washed for weeks. The other Vivian girls were also very dirty but not as bad as Violet or Joice, and many non-combatants of a little town who had seen them pass made the slury remark.

"Those dirty little Galverinian ruffians ought to be dumped into a tub full filled with water and soap and scrubbed for a whole day. Now get out of my sight you dirty children. Why don't you go home and get a clean clothing of on and wash your selves?"

However Violet and her sisters talked right out to them and this caused the people to recognize them and then there were other words such as these:

"Be careful the enemy is here are under general Beppo Evans, and they are clever at disguise reading and you may run into trouble you would be able to get out of. Be careful."

After walking a considerable distance Violet and her sisters secured some horses from a farmer and then riding a considerable distance on horseback they came upon the point where they had last seen the enemy but not a trace of a glandelinian army was to be seen, but here and there far in the distance amid a great curtain of smoke they saw large columns of purple smoke pouring across a body strewn field, while a strange sound was heard from that direction. As the little girl heroines took the bravery to go a little further they suddenly saw a boy scout in gray uniform riding furiously toward them, and as he halted Violet and her sisters drew their pistols and shot down his horse, the boy being thrown and his hat flying from his head.

He had got up and would have fired at Violet who was nearest her him when from the boy came an exclamation of surprise, and instantly revealed before them was Angelina Aronburg. Angelina Aronburg herself or Gertrude Angelina as she called herself and she could recognize Violet and her sisters by the way they disguised themselves.

"You certainly did away with my horse!" she said almost seriously; "Go its one of yours I'm taking. As you mistook me for a rebel boy scout, pray tell me what are you doing out here so far from the lines?"

Violet and her sisters told what their mission was and Gertrude said: "I'll forgive you for the loss of my horse. I'm on the same mission. I believe general Viviania had been moving from another direction and had come into a clash with general Beppo Evans who had been advancing to frustrate Hansons intention of moving against Wickey Laminia for these men are under that dreaded Zimmermanian general. The battle had been fearful a few minutes ago, and had been raging all morning before your Uncle's army arrived here, and my ears are still ringing from the vibration of cannons that thundered all along that line of woods and hilly ground for all morning."

"Maybe the glandelinians were driven back further than supposed." Said Jennie "For we cannot see anything but the Angelinian soldiers advancing across those plains."

"We might as well investigate before we take the chances of going any further." Said Joice. "We must be cautious for if we are caught we will get the rope around our beautiful necks, or something worse." They made a thorough investigation but nothing was seen to arouse any suspicions and so gaining more courage they advanced still further, and as cautious as Indians being careful that not even a twig snapped. They all had their pistols drawn in case of necessity, they had progressed in like manner for half a mile when they came upon a certain high rise of ground. They ascended this and reaching the top were about to descend when Joice ordered them back. Her sisters obeyed but Gertrude Angelina stepped behind a tree. Then Violet and her sisters hid behind a long, log which was branchless, which was lying on the ground and discovered only fifty feet below them standing on the side of the hill a large number of glandelinian officers came from behind a bush and in their midst was a purple coated soldier. Violet and her sisters at first thought he was captured and was about to think of a plan to save him when one of the glandelinians remarked:

"Those Federals must have discovered our trick. As otherwise general Viviania would not have made that crushing attack upon Beppo Evans army and smashed one quarter of it down like grain before the thrashing machine. I wonder how far general Hanson is!"

"Oh they are regular chicken hawks." They heard the one dressed in a purple uniform say. "They can discover everything because every one of the generals have him innumerable scouting parties out."

"Yes that general Hannon! Hannon, yivian is the worst of the Christian pigs and a regular devil of a fellow too," said another officer.

"Don't you know that the two nephews are the most famous of Christian spies, and one of the greatest generals there are?"

"Sure and we hear they are impossible to capture, and impossible to defeat when in battle, as their armies are too strong. They are also dangerous to pursue as they may turn on you like a Persian lion before you expect it."

"That is right," exclaimed a captain.

"If we could catch or cause the morally wounded of that dog of a general Jack Evans we could then secure those yivian girls easily, and with them in our possession we could make general Hannon surrender mighty quick or leave that region," declared another officer.

"But general Evans is a desperate fighter and he is hard and could lack scores put onto him together and are more difficult to capture than the yivian girl friends of his."

The way the Glandelinians were talking of general Evans, and then in general excitement Violet and her sisters saw to cause commotion among the Glandelinians they pushed upon the log together, until it started rolling toward the graycoats. Down it crashed with a thundering roar, crushing bushes and twigs, and raising a cloud of dust and making a great noise as it scattered everything to the right and left. Hearing the noise the Glandelinians looked behind them, and saw the log coming and also the eight little dirty children as they appeared to be, and with a cry dashed pell-mell in several directions to escape the log. Some cursing, some shouting, and some making exclamations. They succeeded in avoiding the log, and just in time for it crashed down upon the path where they had stood carrying it all before it.

"Those boys up on the top of this hill started it," yelled the captain.

"After them," shouted the man in purple.

More Glandelinians suddenly appeared from the bushes having been attracted by the yelling, and the noise of the crashing log and seeing the eight boys up on the hill's summit dashed up yelling for them to stand there and don't dare run."

No indeed don't dare run. Of course they did run, their pistols ran and the Glandelinians were surprised to see eight of their number fall to the ground severely wounded. The twenty others gave a yell of derision however and fired back but Violet and her sisters realized the situation and had dashed on, knowing that the Glandelinians were coming. They went first, and then Gertrude after firing a few shots over the heads of the rebels followed them, dashing down the other side of the hill as fast as they could. For a moment the Glandelinians did not appear in sight, but then they mounted the summit, while to the surprise of the fugitives some others came around another direction and started up the hill to cut them off. Gertrude brought down two graycoats, and reaching the base in time to avoid the others, Violet and her sisters again drew their pistols with the intention to shoot should the Glandelinians gain on them. Seeing in the distance a long brig bridge of wood, the little girls made for it. Gertrude following and firing at the pursuers. The Glandelinians who had started up the hill turned round and followed after the fugitives, while those above now had reached the base and started opening a furious fire, but either their aim was not true or the range was too long for they did not hit the little girls, who were continually protected by a mass of trees. Violet and her sisters did not respond but dashed onto the bridge and across as fast as they could and thinking the Glandelinians were now out of sight halted a few minutes.

When Violet looking behind saw a swarm of Glandelinians approaching across the bridge as fast as they could could run. This bridge happened to be one thousand feet long and crossed the Angeline run river which was not wide at this point but very deep and in furious waves as a gale of wind was blowing.

Seeing that the foremost Glandelinians had gained upon them Violet and her sisters brought them down with well aimed shots, Gertrude picking and wounding two men. Then the little girls dashed on again and soon reached the end and recklessly in their confusion dashed through a hedged hedge of thorns that was growing in their path sustaining torn clothes and scratched, hands legs, and faces. The enemy in their mad haste, thinking they had the fugitives now, did

not see the hedge and dashed into it, far fairly sprawling among the sharp thorns.

The cursing and swearing the Glandelinians set up was something awful. And with difficulty they extracted themselves, their faces badly scratched, their hands bleeding, and their uniforms almost in rags. The remainder of the party now came up and cut their way through the hedge despite the protest of the owner who came up on seeing the commotion. Violet and her sisters and Gertrude Angeline were far ahead by this time, but the graycoats recovering themselves, fired a volley and dashed off or then again. The ground which they now were passing across was quite a swampy and Violet and her sisters kept a strict lookout for quicksands as they continued on. Suddenly as they reached a certain spot

Jennie found herself slowly sinking, and grabbed for a branch of a tree but maintained. Her sisters saw Jennie's peril and despite the near approach of the pursuers, Joice, and Violet set about to rescue Jennie, while Gertrude and the rest of the little girls stepped behind some trees and prepared to hold the enemy at bay. Violet saw that the only means to rescue Jennie was by a means of the branch. So Joice climbed onto the branch, and Violet followed. The weight of the two lowered the branch so that Jennie could clutch at it with ease. Then Violet and Joice grabbed her under the shoulders, and lifted her to the branch, just as the rest of her sisters and Gertrude started firing. The three however had difficulty to get off the branch however and were exposed to the enemy but they managed to do so just as the Glandelinians came dashing up, and then they retreated. Violet and her two sisters poured a hot fire upon the foe, and brought several of the Glandelinians down severely wounded, and then followed Gertrude and the rest, and dashed down a certain road with the enemy close at their heels. Though they now emerged from the small swamp they made they still made for the open road and then seeing a field of high grass with garnations growing there made for that. The Glandelinians who were gaining on them steadily were just about to overtake them when one of the Glandelinians accidentally knocked from a low branch of a tree a large nest of yellow jackets, and another nest filled with insects called the black and blue winged sawing needles, as the Angelinians called them. These kind of insects were poisonous, the falling of their nests, and the presence of running and shouting men, and the sound of shots aroused these latter insects which were as big as dragon flies, and they went for the graycoats in a cloud like a furious charge. The Glandelinians seeing them coming toward them with a loud hum turned the other way, and if they ran precipitately after Violet and her sisters before, they now did their utmost to outdistance each other in their furious desperation to escape, but were unsuccessful.

Some of the graycoats in their utmost haste tripped one another, but they all reached a green creek with thousands of the insects in the winding about them like a rip saw, dived in, but nevertheless all were badly stung. Thousands of the insects even pursued Violet and her sisters but with her coat, and with pieces of cloth the little girls managed to beat them off, though Jennie was stung by a few of the bees. However the little girls soon recovered from their scare and changing their direction strode in the direction of the Christian lines but every now and then they glanced back to see if any of the Glandelinians were still following the way then they reached the Christian lines without their horses they were halted by a sentry, but he recognized them after a few words, and laughing quietly to himself at their queer make up allowed them to pass. Gertrude Angeline went to another point of the lines while Violet and her sisters went straight for general Hannon's tent and finding him alone related to him what they had discovered.

Then general Hannon called his generals together and there was a council.

"The only way we can continue our advance to Wickey Landina is to play a trick ourselves," said general Baldwin. "Maybe if we have a certain portion of our army pretend to retreat in they will advance to pursue that retreating body and then our main army can fall upon Bepoo Evans in full force. And we can sent a force to give those who are pursuing the maller retreating army a hot reception."

As Violet and her sisters agreed to this plan, general Hannon began to realize that this was the only way and decided to carry it out as soon as possible.

He therefore reported his intentions to general Moro Vivianina and then said as the general looked serious; "Don't be alarmed when you see a quarter of my army retreating, for it will only be a makeup to lure the other section of the glandelinian army out of its hiding place."

General Vivianina said that he would not and remarked; "If the division which is to make that show retreat needs aid in case the rebels do worse it, you may send me advice and I'll send general Hindernine to strike the flank of the advancing foe." "I'll do so in case of danger," was his answer. "And don't forget that come what may you are not to desert your attack on general Picknellian, or Beppo Evans until either one of them retires. And the glandelinian army who is in front of me has to be forced at under any conditions."

General Hanson then assembled all his officers and telling them his plans, ordered general Charles Brown to make the trick with his own army. In half a day about seven hundred horse and thousand sharpshooters were ready, and toward evening the whole one quarter of the army of general Hanson, Vivian's division was in full retreat toward Santa Monica, which a part of the glandelinian army discovered through their scouting parties. The glandelinians had an idea it was a trick on the part of the Angelinians alright, and also were suspicious of some plan that general Hanson had in mind, and when morning approached general Hanson Vivian got a surprise as he concentrated his main army at Santa Monica. At ten o'clock August the fifteenth the glandelinians moved forward under general Gander and launched forward in two heavy columns many miles long upon the two main wings of general Hanson's army still remaining yelling like a million demons. General Hanson seeing that his plan was not working as it should, and hearing the sudden terrific roar of battle along his other two wings, sent word to general Charles Brown to come back immediately, while he sent officers to rally the retreating columns driven back by the shock of the attack, and maneuvered another portion of the division supported by a chain of cannon across St. Cecilia's Plains, and manning his biggest guns to repel any attack that might come upon him from this quarter.

The strange nature of the rear of the distant battle was enough to alarm any great general as Hanson Vivian and so he decided to have a furious counter charge made with the other forces he had with him right away, and ordered general Vivian to move against the rear of general Beppo Evans.

He sent two million, three hundred and forty five thousand, five hundred and fifty five men to engage the right of the glandelinian column advancing in long massive lines across the plains, while the rest were to attack the left and centre with all their fury. He led the Angelinians in person who were to attack the enemy's center and here the main sway of the contest began first. By the fierce and bloody assaults the enemy he advanced on the centre was three times smashed down in frightful crushing defeats, and driven back a mile, but the main section had come up at the moment and a terrific counter assault supported by a heavy artillery fire cut the christian line up and threw it into terrific confusion. Dashing upon the enemy's right wing the Angelinians under general Roswell Puster Johnston met the glandelinians full tilt. The fighting for several hours was fierce and extremely bloody but the glandelinian defenses were broken down at all points with terrible loss to both sides. The enemy retired about half a mile and then all that afternoon fought with frightful fury.

General Gannon was sent forward with his Winkie Abissinians and Angelinians and these made a terrific charge upon the enemy's works literally hewing their way through the desperate columns of glandelinians who soon lost all their bravery and fled. The left wing was also driven back crushed and mangled with a loss of hundreds of thousands in killed and wounded, and by the advancing forces of Vivianina which struck the enemy's rear a terrific fire was maintained upon their disordered flanks which soon completed the panic of Picknellian's glandelinians and the flight of the whole glandelinian force here became general. The battle had raged along this point from ten o'clock, until seven in the evening, but along his other two wings all the endeavors of the christians to drive back their desperate assailants was in vain. The enemy along this point had lost nearly

or over eighteen hundred thousand, out of which five hundred thousand were killed, or mortally wounded. General Vivianina was then notified, and so was Vivianina, and general Hindernine was requested to go to the aid of general Hanson's left and right, and he brought up all the available forces that could be spared, but early in the fight general Hindernine fell severely wounded, and his command was soon thrown into confusion during the meanwhile general Roswell Puster Johnston, and Charles Brown's forces of Angelinians having fortunately heard the sound of the terrific battle, were advancing to the aid of the crushed and mangled lines under Hindernine, and these columns of troops as they advanced heard very queer sounds. The officers listened attentively and aroused the others when it increased. The other officers and Vivian and her sisters who were with one of these divisions heard it also, and soon the whole force was in battle formation, and no sooner had they done this, when the suspicious sounds soon swelled to an ominous roar of yells, musket shots, the clash of sabres, the ringing of bayonet against bayonet. Then came streaming toward them a force of confused Angelinian troops, and as they drew nearer enough, a frightfully big column of glandelinians was seen pouring forward against the columns of panic stricken Angelinian columns. The whole christian force pressed by to the right or swarmed with the others and were rallied, the others going to the rear in the wildest confusion, then the whole glandelinian front surged forward like some tidal wave of immense size and came rushing forward in the shape of a serpent and struck against the newly formed line with the greatest violence, and for a time literally carried all before it, divisions and brigades being shattered to fragments, and driven in dire confusion. However behind the line was an immense battery of cannon which let loose a stream of shells upon the victorious glandelinians, trees were uprooted by hundreds by the force of the explosions, big boulders were wrenched from cliffs, and everywhere terrific havoc was wrought. Never before in this region was a battle heard to make so much noise, and the hissing of the steam blast could not outdo the roaring scream of the shells as they soared through the air, shrieking and roaring, and blasting the air with their explosions as they tore through the gray columns, piling trees among them, and tearing everything to pieces. The storm of charge made by these glandelinians lasted fully thirty minutes, then came a downpour of destruction until the glandelinians were forced to recoil. Three hours after when the panic stricken columns of Angelinians were getting into shape again the firing all along the line was still going on and a fierce had been the conflict that it had threatened to rise a flood of blood and mangled flesh, and in some places the ground was covered with blood to a depth of several inches. The storm of conflict had poured among the attacking columns as if rain had come when the flood gates of heaven had been opened and not a brigade of glandelinians could face that terrific annihilating curtain fire and live to tell the tale. For hours the whole christian line had been sheeted in fire and now as the serious christian columns with their own great batteries thundering in the greatest titanic throes ever seen in gunfire of that sort began to press forward against the receding glandelinian columns the glandelinian forces under general Zephane Peck, Leopoldine who strove to cover the retreat was crushed and mangled with a score of their generals down killed or wounded and they fell back in panic before the advancing christian army. Fortunately however it was only general Picknellian's army that had engaged Hanson and whose armies had extended their main wings and stormed for hours with destructive attacks and attacks and masonry and cannon firing and which had shredded the christian lines in too bloody a manner to relate.

The battle of Santa Monica had been a christian army victory for the christian army and the glandelinians knowing Hanson's intention retreated toward Wickey Landina with the purpose to defend it. When the christian armies were sixteen days later nearing Wickey Landina without further opposition, general Paragaterian and Francis Stank at Vivian's fifty miles away became alarmed for it was also rumored that general Francis Concentinian Abouburg was advancing to help in the siege of Wickey Landina.

Not only the whole Glandelinian army at Vivian was at stake with so many christian armies now moving for it, but the entire Glandelinian Empire and Tribulation Congresses in Galvernia also, if the Angelinians should capture Wickey Lansina and open a path for direct advance of advance of Concentinian Aronburgs army. General Purgatorian felt also that he and his whole army was at stake and sent envoys calling upon either of the M Manleys. In the Name of Satan to go against Viviananna, Concentinian Aronburg, or the two Vivian generals, and other christian armies, but the envoys could not pass through the region of Galvernia where so many armies of the Federals were, and were mortally wounded when attempting to flee before a party of pursuing Abbleannans.

Soon general Viviananna was the first to arrive, and closed in upon the city of Wickey Lansina held by the Glandelinians under general Gladonia Cannonia. It held out however, and for three days and nights the city and the enemy lines were under a storm of shell fire which played more havoc with everything in the city and the enemy works worse than the ravages of a tornado.

The Glandelinians then made a desperate assault and drove Vivian from his positions and captured some of his artillery and it looked as if the siege was broken. But general Viviananna in advance of the main army of Hanson, Vivians came up two days later and the siege was resumed with redoubled tightness and with a redoubled artillery fire. Soon general Cannonia Gladonia who held Wickey Lansina so bravely and doggedly with his five million five hundred thousand men he had been shut up in a circle of christian cannon, and with the help of his army destroyed, the city battered into ruins or on fire, his works blown in the air committed suicide rather than surrender. General Leopoldine, then was in

command and resisted most tenacious against the siege, until the arrival of general Hanson's army. General Vivian was then ordered to make an assault upon the badly battered works. This was done in fine style.

But it was repulsed with frightful slaughter and general Vivian killed ten of his generals mortally wounded. General Vivian was horrified at this disaster and the commanding with the aid of general Hanson's guns now being placed in position became annihilating. This continued without results for three days, in which mean while general Leopoldine sent a frantic appeal to general Manley or Beppo Evans to come to his aid. All the Glandelinian general generals still surviving, and who doggedly resisted the bombardment except Leopoldine held their breath in fear of a terrible disastrous defeat. Even all of the christian nations were waiting in eager hope that it soon might be the end of the deadly war and all eyes had been for months been turned to the Court of the city of Glandelinia itself. Should Vivian Wickey fall, the whole of Julio C Galvernia would fall with it. And the only way of this result was the capture of Wickey Lansina to open a direct path for the advance, and this town was more stubbornly defended than general Hanson had supposed. Even while Wickey Lansina was so strongly besieged Glandelinian messengers had succeeded in getting away in disguise and arrived at the main armies of the Manleys sixty miles away imploring one of the great generals to come to the aid of the stricken Galvernia city, but he could not do so for the great christian armies under Concentinian Aronburg and Wic-Hollister by intermingling barred his way and was pushing him steadily in a slow retreat toward Francis Atlanta. One of the Manleys had even before this managed to send a army of seven million men under general Kenneth Estrabrook to aid the besieged, but this army got struck a blow by the suddenly arriving christian army under Jimmie Vivian, and had been crushed to fragments long before now. At the city itself the whole siege and battle line of artillery was a magnificent spectacle as far as eye could reach, and for every time a battle by infantry raged you could see the dense columns in charging formation, the clash of gleaming bayonets, sabres and pikes. Indeed the whole surrounding country seemed covered in clouds of battle smoke the artillery fire of the besieging christians being terrible and incessant. Finally in September general Vivian Viviananna beheld new Glandelinian forces descending the hilly region far to the rear of the besieging army and he could scarcely believe his eyes.

When the army of his own army had spread out in the fields he would not believe that they outnumbered him, but general Leopoldine had received aid from general Estrabrook Johnston this new army being nine million six hundred thousand strong. Yet he was bound to capture Wickey Lansina at all costs and warning general Hanson of the new army by wireless signals sent large forces of Wickey Abledunkilians and some others, and Concentinians, to repel the advance of these Glandelinians, should they attack, but the new army did not as yet attack, though along the siege line the roar of battle and cannonading was still as continuous as the roar of successions of heavy seas breaking against the breaker during the hurricane.

General Vivian Johnston, notified general Viviananna of something wrong, and the latter also discovered suspicious movements among the enemy of the besieged and redoubled the strength of his offensive, and soon again his whole line was in action against the city works and its defenders, and from many messengers general Viviananna learned that a series of forces of men nine hundred thousand strong were pouring forth from the right of the rebel positions to make a fearful assault, and that the enemy's battle line was almost impossible to approach, without danger of annihilation for the scout forces. Even they predicted that large forces of the enemy had been changing their course, and that the new army of the enemy under Estrabrook Johnston was threatening to move against his flank, and engage Hanson at the same time. General Viviananna decided to guard against this, around his whole rear, and placing the soldiers on their guard, and supporting them by the reserved batteries of three thousand thousand cannon, so as to crush down any attack that would come upon his rear.

General Hanson from his own positions had observed the approach of the new army of Glandelinians and to learn what manner the enemy intended attacking him or Viviananna he decided to again send Violet and her sisters in disguise as usual to find out. Of course Violet and her sisters at this critical moment had to be very careful for Glandelinians were everywhere now, and that they would be in danger of drawing a fatal fire from rebel batteries.

They went down a certain road where battle scarred and shattered hemlocks grew on either side, and she shielded by these tall trees, they felt safe indeed though at times a tremendous roll of musketry far in the distance would excite them to alarm at certain intervals. They had ridden for a short distance, when they turned a bend in the road and suddenly came upon a large force of Glandelinians who were all on horse back and galloping like the wind with brandished sabres. They happened to be too near the graycoated soldiers to escape, but as the few who stopped did not recognize them they continued toward the "Scoundrels pretending to be as unconcerned as ever."

"Hello kid!" called one of the officers reining in his horse. "Where in the world are you going and why don't you all get cleaned up. You look like little tramps, and why do you dare go into the midst of such a big battle field over your heads. Don't you know you are in danger of being killed?"

"We are lost in this region and are on our way to a large creek where we can clean ourselves." "Did Violet disguising her voice." "At least we can get a bath. And we did not know a battle was going on in this part as it is all quiet here. We thought it was going on near the city."

"Why don't you take a bath in this little creek running along side the road?" Asked the officer.

"The water is too cold." Said Violet.

"I thought you dirty little boys were afraid of cold water all right." Said the officer with a laugh. "Seen anything of the Vivian Spies?"

"Who the general they called Hanson Vivian?" Asked Violet. "And what is a spy?"

"Why you ignorant stripling." Thundered the officer. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know what a spy is you little fool. A spy is a man who listens to the conversation not intended for their ears, who steals our plans, or who double crosses us. But there are four or five of them known as the Vivian girls, mere children. Sometimes they are accompanied by Annie Aronburg, Jennie Turner and Angelina. Have you seen them. They are known to be very pretty girls!"

"I have never knew the yivian girls were five in number." Said V o v Violet not answering the question. "But maybe they will pass you before long as I know they will spy on you. Go down that road to the right, and maybe you will catch them by and by." "Huh."

The officer looked at her long and then remarked;

"They seldom come by roads and they are too smart for that. We are looking for them and expect them from that field yonder."

"Well I guess we will have to be going." Said violet anxious to get away. "I and my comrades are eager for a nice bath."

The officer paid no attention to their remark but said;

"Maybe for the service of Lancelinia you would be great boy scouts and could help us to capture those yivian girl spies. As mostly girls are afraid of boys. Do you want to help us?"

"AND GET SHOT! No indeed. We don't want to tackle spies of any kind for they can shoot like the dickens. Those yivian girl spies as you call them are not afraid of boys or even any men or even you and prove it."

"I guess those little dirty faced boys are afraid of their own shadows." said the officer to himself as he ordered his men to ride on and rode off. "They are certainly timid."

"WHEN--but that was a narrow escape." Said violet as she and her sisters rode on. "We walked right into those Scoundlers. I'm glad they did not recognize us."

The little girls now rode on toward the ever increasing sound of battle in the new direction and as soon as the trees began to grow less and as they approached the region of the enemy's new encampments they saw a never ending maze of Angelinians and Glandelinians mingled together in a death struggle, and further in the distance a crashing roar of cannons and musketry almost stunned them. However the little girls halted and violet alone went forward cautiously and suddenly saw a large group of graycoats moving forward toward their own hiding place. Violet and her sisters wondered how they could pass them.

"If we had secured a pass from that officer I had the conversation with it would have been easier than this way." Thought violet. "We will have to try another way."

She went back to her sisters and told them what she had observed.

"We will have to make across the meadow in the other direction then." Said violet.

They remounted their horses and gave galloped toward the meadow and then again dismounted, and tied to their horses too trees but out of sight of the enemy.

When they went on and as a swarm of graycoats suddenly arose in front of them and opened a rolling musketry fire toward the charging Christians the little girls dropped out of sight, and waited until the Glandelinians who would pass. The retreating line was quite a slow polk at that for they were fighting stubbornly as they retreated and violet and her sisters wondered if they could be enabled to pass here without doing something desperate. Violet and decided to do so and told her sisters of her plan.

"We will have to be quick and see that their leader does not hold or let his pistols go off when we seize him." Said violet. "This attempt in the midst of a raging battle field is very dangerous, and might lead to our end if we are not careful." Yet however they decided to seize the leader who was a captain and who alone was falling back directly upon the spot where the little girls were hiding. They waited until he came close then the seven like wild cats sprang at him simultaneously and bore him to the ground before his followers observed what was going on. Violet suddenly grabbed his pistols out of his holster and leveling one at his head said;

"If you utter a single sound this gun will respond. Lie down flat please."

The Glandelinian captain did as he was ordered and then one of her sisters gagged him with his handkerchief while which Catherine found, while Jennie and Angelina bound him tight. Then under fire they all dragged him to a lane and placed him in the tall grass. Just as they had done this and started forward again, they came upon a group of Glandelinian officers, who were watching the progress of the battle at a safe location (Maybe they were afraid to die) and who were in conversation.

"Well this is serious indeed." Said one of the generals. "The best time to make the attempt to relieve the besieged is as soon as possible. We can send a large force

upon the rear of General Hanson's army while our main forces are in action with his frontal positions and then rout him and prove prevent him from helping general yiviananna, and capture that besieged general's army, and probably that part of a Hanson yivian too."

"But we will have to be cautious as there are many boy scouts signalling to every Christian commander, and one of these squads may see out flanking parties too soon, and signal the danger." Said another general.

"And we got to look out for a certain number of famous spies known as the yivian girls. They are like all the others in time of escape."

"Yes I know that." Said the chief commander Estrabrook with a frown. "They are dangerous and I would shoot them on sight."

"Anyhow we will have to look out for them as they are sharpshooters and quick at it too." Said another officer. "But as to this plan. We could get our brigades around to Treacins Creek by the east bank and descend upon general Hanson's rear and rout him. Then as for general yiviananna."

"The noise of all the firing despite all going on would arouse him." Interrupted interrupted another general whose name was Scorer. "We ought to attack the whole flank simultaneously and beat them all."

"Yes I forgot that indeed." Said the main general. "As general yiviananna is a most ferocious fighting and more harder to beat than one of the other Christian general's we ought to attack the whole flank."

"But couldn't we somehow get upon the flank of the Christians under those yivian girls and surround and capture them all?" Asked a lieutenant. "It is a very dangerous thing I know and all are mounted and led by ferocious warriors as the yivian girls, besides general Poney Penguin, and other generals."

"Yes I am surprised or so surrounded they may surrender." Said another.

"But the yivian girls do not lead divisions of men, but only regiments of boys and girls only." Said Estrabrook. "And Christians surrender? Why you poor boob they would rather be massacred than lay down their arms. They will never surrender unless their Government are captured and a just now it would be an insult to ask them to do so. They are as reckless and as ferocious as tigers even worse, and if they are cornered or surrounded, they would fight with white fury. I know their nature too well."

"Well what ever their nature is a flank attack will decide the battle." Said General Leopold. "We got to keep general Hanson from pressing too closely upon the key Lancelinia, or for if that town is captured there will be no means what ever to check the advance of the biggest armies of Federals against yivian key."

"Well I think it is the best plan." Said general Estrabrook. "As for those yivian girls they would make an important capture as they are the Little Princesses of Angelinia and if we did get them into our power, power, the whole Christian army would be beaten, and maybe in their desire to get them back again would abandon the siege, and perhaps we could."

"CRASH-----BANG-----N-----N-----N-----"

Instantly a great cloud of smoke arose in front of the little girls, they saw two generals stagger like drunken men and just as the little girls in confusion darted from their hiding place the two men dropped. For a time all was well the generals having not seen them, but a little later the little girls in looking back saw a considerable number of Glandelinians pursuing them.

"Bang went another shell, but the leader of the pursuers cried out;

"Never mind the darn shell. A After those strange dirty looking kids quick!"

The little girls now ran like mad but the Glandelinians were gaining on them swiftly while another shouted;

"They were spying on us. I saw them hiding near our generals. They must not get away. After them quick!"

Down through the lanes the soldiers dashed pell-mell, and some of them jumped upon their horses without taking time to saddle them. They yelled for a large number of the retreating privates to follow and now there was great excitement.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters ran full speed like rabbits across the meadow and seeing the glandelinians not coming at break neck speed fired rapidly as they they could while running, and brought down seven of the rebels. But the survivors did not slacken their speed and would have ridden the little girls down, had they not sprang out of the way. The little girls fired again and again with utmost steadiness bringing down nearly eighteen glandelinians of the seventy seven pursuers, then in the confusion raced to where they had left their own horses, and finding them jumped on before the rebels came up and dashed away. The remainder of the glandelinians came after them dashing in several directions with the purpose to head the little girls off from escape.. but the little girls halted for a moment and fired again bringing down an officer, and then away they dashed once more.

"After them y" yelled a captain. "Head them off they must not escape." The same glandelinians dashed after them at a thunderous gallop yelling and opening a withering fire. A shot struck Jennie in the hand leaving a painful and serious wound, but she kept her seat. The glandelinians were fast riders, and as Violet and her sisters saw them gaining steadily they urged their horses to their fullest speed. Still after them sped the glandelinians at a more furious rate. In the meantime the glandelinians whom Violet and her sisters had first encountered were returning from their scouting tour which they had been accomplishing, and hearing the commotion in the distance ahead of them, galloped on faster to learn the cause.

"Those boys are pursued." Yelled the leader. "And maybe they are the spies I come on and close in on them before they escape."

The glandelinians dashed forward to obey and when they came near enough they closed in on the fugitives surrounding them on all sides. Carbines were leveled at Violet and her sisters, while the rest of the pursuers came up.

"They are spies." Shouted the officers in charge, dashing up. "They must have heard the conversation of our generals and not two of his staff. To the death house with them without without delay."

Violet and her sisters still on their horses were led away under a strong guard of glandelinian cavaliers and soon they were recrossing the meadow.

"You will get it." Hissed one of the captors. "You fool fooled our general by your glib sayings but now you are caught. Spies die by torture especially when they are kids and there is the house over yonder."

Violet and her sisters saw the building which was a two story affair, being of wood, and having a flat roof. It was on the other side of the meadow not far from the firing lines, which was half a mile away. Thither they led Violet and her sisters, and took them inside. They were stripped by force of all their weapons, made to remove their disguises so that they would be recognized in case they did succeed in escaping, and then six chairs were brought up into a small square room.

Then made Violet and her sisters sit down except Joice, and bound them hand and feet to the chairs. Then Joice was more securely bound and placed in a place in a corner. One of the glandelinians said something to her and she only stuck her tongue out at him. One of the glandelinians then left but soon returned with a pail full of yellow and red sulphur and a large tin box. This was set in the middle of the floor and prepared for being burned. The windows were then closed tight, and the door covered with a sheet so that none of the flames would escape. The glandelinian proceeded at this work without saying anything at all to the little girls. Then after setting fire to the sulphur they went out and closed and locked the door. As they were gone Joice desperately made efforts to undo the knots, but the glandelinians had tied them too securely. Her sisters also strove in vain to free themselves but the knots became more tighter. The room was rapidly filling with the poisonous smoke and Violet and her sisters were almost choking. Suddenly Joice hit upon an idea. She rolled herself toward the burning sulphur and rising carefully but slowly held the rope around her wrists over the little tongues of flame shooting up. The rope burned through in a minute and Joice forgetting that the ends of the rope were smouldering flung the remains in a pile of rubbish and choking from the fumes as she got up, coughed so violently that in her excitement she accidentally upset the tin box containing the burning sulphur upon the rubbish. She tried in vain to put out the fire which she accidentally started and seeing she was unsuccessful lost no time in her other plans.

Seeing the rubbish fully ablaze and burning fast she quickly untied the knots of the ropes around her sisters which held them to the chairs, and freed all except one, who themselves strove to stop the flames but in vain. Jennie was more securely fastened to the chair, and as Joice's finger fingers were not strong enough to loosen the knots she picked up a piece of glass lying near the fire and cut through the ropes that bound her sister to the chair. Half choked by the blinding smoke she cut the remainder of the knots around herself, then seized a large piece of wood lying in the room, and strove to bat out the fire but it burned fiercely and fiercely. Realizing they must get out or smother, Joice picked up one of the chairs and hurled it with all her might against the window. The smoke coming in the thick volumes not set them all too quickly and the more they coughed the more they took in and choked. Joice missed the fling of the chair she threw hitting the wall beside the window with a crash, and breaking it all to pieces and smashing down a bushel of plaster.

Her sister Violet picked up her own chair and threw it, but gasping for breath, and a hocking violently from the smoke, she missed her own aim and almost hit Joice in the head. The chair when crashing into the rubbish, scattering the burning stuff around. Joice took up another chair and staggering nearer, aimed a mighty blow at the window. Out went the pane, as the chair and chair together. Violet who was choking the most then sprang for the window coughing and gasping but sank to the floor. Quickly Joice seized her, and lifting her up managed to get her over the sill and let her tow her three feet to the ground, where she sank gasping for air and choking. Jennie was also overcome and almost unconscious, and Joice had to do the same thing for her, which lost much time for her own self. Angelina, Catherine and Hattie were able to jump out. Then Joice sprang out and dashed to Daisy's room for several minutes they lay there fortunately in high grass and weeds for many glandelinians were running up at seeing the clouds of smoke pouring out of the window.

"Fire, fire" Yelled one. "Fire, fire, fire." The glandelinians who first came up, broke down the front door of the house, and then rushed into the house which they found filled with smoke. Several simultaneously made for the room where they saw the gleam of a fire, and burst down that door too with the butt of their rifles. The room was a furnace. From floor to ceiling the flames leaped and roared, and tongues of flame leaped out the open doorway, driving the glandelinians back.

"Go for the hose." Yelled one of the officers. "And search for those little firebugs. They have escaped." The men ordered to do so were some time in bringing in the hose which was fixed to a little water main outside, and then the hose was brought into the building, and the stream turned on the fire, which was spreading along the ceiling of the corridor. The water was poured upon the flames in full force, but it only made steam, and the flames unknown to the Glandelinians had already spread between the walls of the whole hall. The blaze was beyond control for that one hour, and the glandelinians were soon driven out by the smoke which came from the cracks in the walls and floor.

In fifteen minutes the hall was an inferno, and the glandulitians were driven from the house above them. After recovering their breath Violet and her sisters looked up and saw the leaping flames above the outside wall of the house, and crawled from it, for fear of it tottering upon them. Not far away they saw their horses, and they went steadily toward them. Their hearts beat fast and loud as they neared the horses, for they saw traces of glandulitians everywhere in the net of scorching.

"Look out that they don't see us; as they are surely looking for us," said Violet.

They quickly mounted their horses, and galloped swiftly away, but the glandulitians saw them, and started firing, just as the horses came in, a blazing wreck.

There were three good galloping vivian girls, the centipedes of hell, and they are escaping. Houted a Scodder officer. After then they must not get away. Many of the Scodder glandulitians mounted their horses and set off after them at race horse speed. Jennie was suffering from the wound in her hand, and was forced to bandage it in a clean handkerchief. Unhired as they were, they were in quite a fix, but nevertheless they were bound to escape their Scodder pursuers. Whistles whistled about them incessantly, and they were compelled to lay on their horses' necks to keep from being hit. A perfect swarm of Scodder glandulitians on swift horses were now racing after them at a tearing speed, but the little girls seeing these champions dash in the distance in a haze of smoke, did not give up hope, and tried to increase the speed of their horses.

Yet most of the enemy was well mounted, and seeing that the Scodders were fast galloping on them, they cut across a meadow, their horses galloping on at frantic speed. Suddenly far ahead Violet and her sisters saw a large body of vivian Abyssinians, and shouted with all their might to attract their attention.

General Walter Jennings happened to be in command of this body of Abyssinians and he being attracted and seeing the truth shouted to his men:

"To the rear, rebels! Those rebels are gaining on the vivian girls forward."

With a large shout the foremost of the Abyssinians cheerfully foredoomed full tilt toward the enemy or who were overtaking Violet and her sisters. The Angolians followed with great fury, the Abyssinians checking the pursuers by a rebounding and deadly volley with a cry of joy. Violet and her sisters dashed toward the rebels, but with fierce yells the enemy came on, opening a withering fire and every one of the first column of Abyssinians soldiers were felled down, and the seven vivian girls were seriously wounded, their horses being killed under them, the horses and their riders sinking to the ground in heaps. For a time as the Angolians closed with the rebels, there was fierce fighting, but being outnumbered by a much larger force the Angolians were compelled to retreat, and after they dashed the victorious Scodders and some of their dismounted men again led Violet and her sisters prisoners.

"They are the most reckless pursuers I have ever seen," said Walter Jennings, "and they have the vivian girls again in their possession." After then dashed the rest of the glandulitians, pursuing them within clear sight of the Christian lines and almost overtook them, bringing the red purple coats down by the score. Yet a full regiment of Angolians came dashing forward at this point, and charged the enemy, pouring in a hotter fire. A terrific conflict ensued. Walter Jennings was killed, and as the regiment made another onset, and the sound of this conflict brought more and more on the run, but again the enemy were victorious, though Violet and her sisters were fortunate to be taken by the Angolians during the frightful melee. Violet and her sisters were brought into the lines, and wounded as they were, demanded to be taken before General Hanson, which was done, and they reported what they had heard. Hanson noticed that the whole seven of them were severely wounded, bleeding from several gashes in their faces, and all over, and ordered a surgeon to attend to them right away.

"Come here Jennie, and I'll dress your wound," said Hanson to his Jennie personally in his own care. "How did it come you and your sisters are wounded?"

"We had a nice time of it in getting away," she answered. "We were discovered and pursued, and one of their bullets hit me in the hand at the start. We were then caught and placed in a death house, where John worked himself free, set us free, and accidentally fired the house. We got away, but were chased again, Jennings coming to our rescue, and in the fight we received these wounds."

"Well, I guess you are now realizing what war is all," said Walter Jennings. "I bet you are going to back out now, after the two scouting trips."

"Well, we are not going to continue unless it is more sary and no one can command us but father," said Violet in a dignified tone. "And we are not afraid of him or his men either. In fact we were a asked to go out on a scouting tour and not to spy. We could not dare enter the foe lines."

"You are brave little girls all right anyway," he said. "But can you face any danger without flinching?" But a doubt of the enemy attacking at the time was mentioned because they later you learned their plans, and tell us.

"But they may attack earlier or later," said Hanson. "Or maybe on the time of a rebellion in this, to show they were not whether they are discovered or not. But they will probably do so now in every other manner."

From a distant looking woods after coming there quietly, and without any to keep away from the first line, on a slight effect the rebels and some were suffering. She and her sisters decided to take a bit of advice, as they were not feeling and could not get a bit of rest and comfort the boy about it. Regiments.

"Forward then will just like us do," said Violet. "I don't like them with the boys, and follow every direction that General Jack Evans gave us in hand glad. If they worry about our horses tell them it is alright, that we are just waiting, and will be with them in a few days."

The officer agreed to do her bidding. About eight o'clock that morning the flank was full on the ground, but a few minutes later General Toby Jennings was ordered to withdraw the regiments of boys, recently under Violet and her sisters from his right, and take them on the center, to do some signifying for all they were worth. He reported the order to Violet who said:

"With us it is alright, as soon as attack soon, and on the very hour we stated it was coming, and it is best for you to obey and support the flank with all willing so to give information. But this does not mean my boys to withdraw. I want them to stay doing with our girl scouts."

"Night away," answered Toby as she got off from the camp. "Your sisters are lying down and resting themselves I suppose."

"Yes, but I'll away home there," she answered.

After studying and receiving her order, she galloped away. After eleven o'clock they were now almost upon the center and heard suspicious noises like mill a millimeter walking or running in quick time. However she and her sisters would not take a bit of rest now, and their officers ordered the cavalry forces of boys to halt, these obeying, and soon they were signifying with all their might. They had discovered seven million one hundred thousand of the enemy advancing, and by their signals round the flank, and the Angolians prepared to meet the foe, all the cannon being swung round, and the battle was on in this location also.

Despite the thick smoke at other points of the battle field, the Angolians were able to see the enemy well, and observed the glandulitians were advancing swiftly but cautiously as well. It happened that the enemy was deceived, as to the number of the Angolians and being almost like a strength. However after the time had succeeded, Walter Jennings division which kept its position for an hour and a half under heavy fire had now been compelled to withdraw. For a time Hanson's whole flank, held its ground, General Frank W. after it also standing another portion of the Christian flank with the help of General Collins divisions, and on, and he pressed the main columns of the enemy through their front line and turn numbers.

The whole gray line was now within sight of the whole Christian flank and all at once the whole Christian line seemed torn by flashes of fire, and the glandulitians fell appearing in hundreds of thousands. Though hundreds of thousands had been forced down the survivors rushed forward with a yell.

"Forward boys, avenge your losses," were the cries of their leaders as they rushed on through the deadly storm.

"That we will," shouted the men, and on they rushed, and during the fighting another Christian division was forced to yield, and now the whole Christian flank was broken down. For when the force of the glandulitians assault made itself felt, while their advance also by inspired the other combatants, and the a a design progress General opened fire with all his biggest guns pouring shells and double shot shotted counter point blank. The chief leader of the glandulitians was killed but this did not demoralize them, and they only pressed forward, counting the Christians to retreat in confusion. Twenty large glandulitian columns were advancing, with the most steady step, and now straight on for General Kinderhook's front.

They got near enough, the noise was as if the enemy was running into the very jaws of destruction, for glandulitian divisions raised one thousand cannon upon the glandulitian columns, and hammered away, tearing their line with frightful effects. The assaulting fire was indeed appalling, and the glandulitians were dashed down at their horses, and halted under slight covering.

"Forward boys, forward," shouted their leader as the terrific firing of musketry seemed for a moment along Kinderhook's front especially the left. "We must carry these guns."

Recovering from the consternation the gray columns swept forward again, the glandulitians put a of smoke along the Christian line turning into a sheeted pall, and no sixty more cannon were brought into action the unfortunate glandulitians went down in more frightful numbers. The rear of cannon along Kinderhook's front still was over but now they again suddenly opened a most fearful fire, and showers of shot and shell and grape were now coming along the foe, who continued to advance nevertheless. One of the gray columns got very near (shout) and opened a most fearful counter fire, and down the purple coats themselves down in fearful numbers.

The enemy were quite near now, and seeing the seriousness of the situation were a moment more brought up and turned fully upon the nearest columns. When a flank fire was opened up on them but the survivors reached the center and made a more furious and blood onset, attacking the Christians with furious desperation and merciless fury.

The frightful cannon continued on both sides, and the severe fighting continued for an hour until the end of the assaulting column was rushing up and plunged

He fortunately noticed the purpose and realizing the previous disaster, made an unsuccessful attempt to turn Estabrooks left flank, but the heavy and bloody assault of the enemy came too soon, and was so persistent and vehement, that other large bodies of troops had to be brought up, Pickens' brigades receiving the brunt of the fiercest part of the attack, but the enemy held his own formation unbroken, and after a still more persistent and bloody conflict, swarmed over the works, pressing on still more furiously, and overlapping the right and left, drove them in on general lines and made a sudden and most determined rush upon the whole line from three points, but general Barney Blodgett, and William Blodgett his brother of the Glandelinian ninth corps with many other officers were killed in the bloodiest part of the fray, as they leaped the works with their men. The carnage was now redoubled.

The dreadful discharge of musketry that now came unexpectedly from the wile of Russell Hunter Johnston a line surprised and demoralized the assailants, and some of the Glandelinian cohorts abandoned the works they had carried, while thirty thousand Glandelinians all dead, lay piled up in heaps on both sides of these blood covered works. This tremendous slaughter enraged Estabrooks, and while he resumed the assault he sent a hasty appeal for a hundred thousand cavalry men.

In the meantime three million, three hundred thousand Glandelinian were thrown in heavy column formation against Tony Sangaline right wing not far from the Big Girl Knoll road with frightful violence. General Judson Halford line with many divisions of Glandelinians also attacked Pickens' right wing with morbid fury, and a dozen more divisions were ordered up from the right of Hanson, with column and sent to Sangaline aid, the fury of the conflict grew wilder and wilder.

Three more Christian generals were killed there being James Cranberry, Frank Turk, and Thelma Fellows. Estabrooks all this while was making the most vehement efforts to break through the solid purple line, and in this furious onset on the left of the rebel line general Halford fell mortally wounded. Russell Hunter Johnston had revealed the first knowledge of the results of the battle that day, and he concentrated so heavily that now despite the carnage, the enemy could not progress any further, than the first line of works he had captured, as the Angellians were maintaining their positions at all hazards, and repelling the fierce assault with all their might. Maurice Costello who at this time was moving up his division, also saw the enemy advancing to attack his force and extended his own line so as to put a hot fire upon the foe and hurl the rebels back if possible. The assailants moving to attack him now were rushing forward with blood curdling fury, but despite the speed of their onrush their whole line of attack was torn by a ravaging fire, and the ground along this point of the battle field was also fairly strewn with piles and shadows of dead and wounded Glandelinians. In meeting this assault two Christian divisions a hundred thousand strong each were shattered to fragments by the fiercest onslaught but the enemy suffered heavier loss in meeting a sudden and fierce annihilating fire, but the losses of the survivors, were bent on avenging their losses and resumed the attack, rushing furiously to the attack yelling like demons. Again the whole Christian line poured upon them a pitiless storm of bullets and grape and canister which dissolved the nearest column into fragments but nevertheless on pressed the survivors with relentless fury over the piles and mounds of dead and wounded comrades, and division after division surged above the works only to also melt away into pieces.

Yet on pressed the surp survivors but the Angellians despite the odds stood to their works manfully and stubbornly and poured in a fiercer fire, and no force

that the line of assailants was torn anew for an hour this furious kind of fighting raged on both sides of the works and with the greatest ferocity, and with unceasing and murderous violence, but fortunately general Costello with the help of a large division of Winkie Abyssinians cleared his own front after a still more murderous fight, and he managed to turn upon the flank of the main line of rebels with more tremendous fury than the assailants were attacking themselves, and drove the Glandelinians back pell-mell. Finally more of the multitudes of the dead and wounded Glandelinians lay beside the works and outside the works and again the enemy in a most staggering defeat, and recoiled inullen rage and despair.

During the scene of carnage along this point on Hanson's main left, large bodies of other Glandelinians made an assault more furious and determined on the other section of the Christian front under general Baldwin, and made as fierce attempts to carry the works along this point, but here also the line of assailants were broken to fragments and swept back with the most frightful loss. General Walter Jonina a still revealed the Glandelinian assailants. Here the bloody struggle was continued and Hanson's tangled forces which had been withdrawn in the morning were replaced by a new force, and the officers of these divisions hurried up with large batteries of artillery, and soon these guns were pouring a terrific torrent of shot and shell, but the Glandelinians under Costello Estabrooks drew back from the assault only for a moment, then he threw his divisions forward again, and attacked these Christians with hellish fury. Tanks went down by the score, but nevertheless under their own terrific artillery fire the Glandelinians continued on but were soon again forced to withdraw, but five minutes afterwards they again rushed to the attack again on with more tremendous fury.

Pickens' main line of artillery therefore was ordered up to support general

James Gannon and Walter Jennings, but on account of a terrific rain of shot and shell from concealed Glandelinian batteries that was doing horrible havoc and destruction everywhere, and therefore the guns unfortunately could not be brought up into position to fire upon the furiously attacking Glandelinians which offered such a fair mark of artillery. The whole line of Christians here had fought back and desperately against overwhelming odds, but they were deprived of the main use of the necessary amount of artillery, and which had failed to reach them and which in a case like this constitute their main strength, and therefore all their concentration could not check the furious onrush of the various Glandelinian divisions, and soon hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians began to carry the entire line of breastworks capturing three generals, and eight pieces of artillery, and mowing down thirty thousand men in a minute. The extent of this disaster was not realized at once as the terrible incident happened so quickly, and the three million one hundred thousand rebels who had made this bloody assault resumed their advance, pouring a heavy fire upon the fleeing columns before them. The enemy had now pressed the whole Christian left back for a mile. Yet on pressed the enemy when Walter Jennings seven brigades and field corps of infantry who were immediately on the left of the works that were captured drew back to the rear, and went to the aid of the retreating divisions.

As the assailants came on, the new line of Christians poured a galling fire upon the massed line of the enemy, which soon checked his advance, and threw it back once more with severe loss. During the previous days of actions, Hanson had completed elsewhere: perfect breastworks of boards and logs, and here a line of Abyssinians were stationed and mowed the grass down by the hundreds of ranks.

The Glandelinians however charged as furiously as they did before, and again the ranks in gray were mowed down in hundreds in quick succession. Yet the attack was pressed with great determination for over an hour more, and Hanson was compelled to draw out a part of Hindmarsh's brigades and sent it to relieve the terrible pressure on his left, and restore his line where the enemy under Blodgett, Halsey had carried the works. The struggle was now growing more fierce still. The enemy attacked the works the whole length with more frightful fury, but most of the rebels were exposed to the same terrific fire once more. Also a hundred other pieces of artillery swept down the enemy's front line, and soon once more the attacking force was badly broken and driven back before it came well within range of the Christian musketry. One million one hundred thousand rebels under general Shawmann also pressed forward to support the assailants who had been repulsed, and a portion of this new attack swung upon Kindersnes front, and this time the Glandelinians seem to face the Christian fire as if it was only a shower of gold, but two divisions on the right gave way and were forced to recoil. The fire along the whole Christian line was more galling and deadly than before, but on rushed the other rebel divisions yelling again like demons. Again the Christian artillery fire played upon the still attacking enemy forces with the most cruel and still more destructive effect mowing down thousands of ranks this time, but still division followed division, until a regular gray wall of human beings surged toward the works.

The Christian fire now became so terrific and incessant that for several minutes the assailants hesitated. But their leaders were bound to carry the works, and regulated the tremendous Christian fire through their glasses, but all was a perfect sheet of smoke before their eyes. A most terrific storm of bullets and shells swept all approaches to the works, but the officers inspired their men by threatening to go alone. In fifteen minutes had been a hundred thousand had been killed or wounded and thousands more remained along the wounded unable to move hand or foot. As quickly as they had been carried away during slightfalls more had dropped, and many others too badly wounded to crawl away were killed by the bursting shells. The Angellians during this battle handled their artillery like mad. Tony Sangaline worked with great energy in strengthening the long lines of troops of his own and directed his own destructive fire from all the guns he could bring up with the greatest skill, again and again sweeping down the front line of the rebels, and tearing up the whole main line. For three hours already the fierce attack had been kept up along this line, and now the action was still just as bloody. Along Hanson's new line of battle the enemy attacked with unabated ferocity. The furious attack was still kept up, the whole Christian line extending along the banks of the Wickey Lansen run, and at the center during a furious onslaught firing one thousand one hundred and fifty cannon broke a part of the enemy's line moving down two hundred thousand rebels, but it was at once restored by reinforcements, though the new force also suffered heavy loss. The bloody action extended along the whole Christian line with the same violence as, actually under Hanson personally, and the grand and furious onset was made at all the time by millions of Glandelinians, who were now fighting with the fury of desperation.

The struggle all along the line was desperate, bloody, and even merciless, and even upon Hanson right one million two hundred thousand Glandelinian under general

Claiborne and many other generals pressed forward with the same terrific fury, and during the fiercest charge which ensued to land leaped over in scores of thousands at once, but were driven back by a furious counter charge. Yet the advance of the main line was more irresistible and simply frightful and the storm and furious resistance the glandelinians met. The heavy columns were thrown upon Hanson's line with such a fury and desperation as to astonish the christian general himself. Bigger gaps were torn in the enemy's line, but the glandelinians had been reinforced by Manley and continued the most desperate efforts to carry the works, the christian artillery all this while causing the greatest destruction.

Yet the fury of the glandelinians was aroused, and soon two more christian divisions crushed and smashed to mere bits were hastily retiring on Hanson left before the concentrated attack of the furious glandelinians. Fifty thousand more wounded rebels were already carried away, and the glandelinian soldiers who carried them away risked their own lives under a most deadly fire of the christian cannoners. The main rebel force however was pressing on all along the line, and five million five hundred and seventy thousand of them had reached a large plain where beyond the strongest portion of the christian line was posted, and here they were met by a withering fire that tore their columns to fragments, and the death of one of their many generals by the many of Francis Oyster Clin resulted. The fire that swept through this dense column of glandelinians was more sharp and murderous than any other glandelinian column had met and hundreds of glandelinians went down at every step. The fire indeed was the most keen and ravaging of the whole battle line just now, and the most fierce these gray coats had ever met, and as they went forward more massive gaps were ripped in their line. Hundreds of shells shrieked and exploded among them, and the moaning of the mines and canister was weird and appalling to hear. Thousands of victims were picked out by the shrapnell, canister and mines, and yet across this deadly plain this whole wave of glandelinians rushed, many more never to return. Five thousand were mowed down every minute during the charge and seven hundred regiments were cut to fragments, but it would have been worse to stop now, and so on dashed the survivors Baldwin sent more aid to Hanson also with more of his artillery, and therefore the Angolinian forces on the edge of the plain held to their positions like demons, for they knew if their whole line would be swept back a total rout would follow even if the assaulting columns should ever take the position.

It was already one o'clock now and along this portion the battle had assumed an awful fury. The Angolinians in possession of the edge of the plain kept up the fire incessantly, and the desperate and pertinacious struggle increased with redoubled fury. Along the whole of Aronburg's line on the plain a severe artillery fire was also kept up but despite it all the large force of glandelinians had pressed or passed over half of the fields of the plain, their leaders being determined at all risks to capture the works here also and drive back the Angolinians. They did not in the least cease to regard the heavy withering fire which was so ravaging, and which thinned their line, but continued to advance, and as they came nearer, the whole line began to redouble their exertions, and still more fearful was the din. Each discharge of artillery and musketry still more intensified the dense smoke, and increased the pall to a great extent, but nevertheless the aim of the christian soldiers was still quite certain, for the gray coats soon rushing forward were picked off in masses, and as fast as they came within view. It was awful indeed. The glandelinians came in the most perfect swarms, and made a most gallant rush up to the very muzzle of the Angolinian guns on the edge of the plain giving forth blood curdling yells as they did so. On both sides of the main line of works at this portion now a fearful and most bloodiest struggle of the battle seemed to rage. But both sides made the most horrible use of their fire arms yet in the conflict, men on both sides along the whole line of the battle went down by the hundred thousand, and also all the artillery horses within sight, ammunition wagons were blown down by explosions, and others had to be dragged to safety. The gallant christian general Hanson, Lyman was the only mounted officer in sight. He flourished his hat in the air with one hand, and his sabre was in his right, and bravely he cheered his men in the face of the wildest assailants who strove with almost preternatural fury to swarm or push their way over the works.

"Hod the work at all hazards for the Sake of God and His Blessed Mother." He yelled. "Know then that we are the ones who are able to relieve them on their own selected ground."

The men were inspired to the highest pitch at that, and though thousands of their officers had been either killed wounded or dismounted they stuck to the works and other positions, many thousands firing from behind trees, rocks and the dead horses. The moment however for the christians was critical. Maurice Costello was wounded, Griswell Buxton Johnston had a wounded hand, and general Hanson himself was wounded. Big columns of the glandelinians had arrived on the left of the work, many of the rebels having rushed forward during the attack parks of pathling guns, and they brought these into action pouring at short range a tempest of double shot shotted canister, and the whole onslaught was crushing; Hanson's whole line completely. Long before this unknown to him his whole flank had been crushed to mere bits, and though the braver glandelinians were staggered by their own frightful losses, they nevertheless kept up the frightful storming assault with unbroken fury, more fresh guns being rushed forward,

and were placed close to the christian works, and fired again and again and still again in frightful broadsides, which tore the most massive christian columns frightfully. In the top of the return fire many of the glandelinian cannoners fell wounded or dead by tons, but the guns were not abandoned, and the firing remained just as terrible. Along kindermine's front itself the battle was already at white heat, but his own line was plowed through and through by the terrible fire of the glandelinian batteries, and there had been so much smoke that the aim of kindermine's men became very uncertain. On and on in the face of the same withering fire the rebels rushed. Already one hundred and twenty pieces of Angolinian artillery were silenced, and lay unworked, while hundreds of thousands of trees all along the battle line were cut and hacked almost down by the great storm of bullets and canister and shells of the opposing forces. Even the wheels of many of the christian cannon were half sunk in the bloody ground, while scores of hundreds of horses belonging to the silenced guns lay strewn in their rear, riddled by bullets, and many of the countless thousands of dead soldiers of the christian side were slashed by the fragments of shells. Piles of dead and wounded in purple or red and in gray besides the works or on top were either torn to pieces or sliced by shot shell, and canister, and when the wounded were taken away after the fighting the stretches were covered with gore.

From the victorious glandelinians the same merciless withering fire was still continued all along the whole gray line, which again shattered all the purple divisions as quickly as they rallied or tried to rally. Hundreds of thousands of bleeding men on the christian side even resisted the assaults with preternatural fury, though the glandelinian fire continued to mow them down again in the most frightful numbers. All along the whole of Hanson's christian line the glandelinian fire had even increased steadily, and twenty brigades and ten divisions of other generals and lower commanders which had also went to repel the foe in this fierce action had met the same rebel fire at all points and especially from enemy sharpshooters hidden in bushes and among tree tops and elsewhere and having been almost annihilated with the loss of all their commanders withdrew. Even to make it worse more advancing artillery of light pieces were brought up by the glandelinians which also committed the same havoc the bloody struggle increasing still more and the massacre also. General Majorsonia also went deep into the bloodiest part of the struggle, and some times the roar of musketry and yells swelled above the thunder of artillery. Yet the whole christian line was still swept by the tempest of bullets and torrents of canister and the losses of the christians was becoming more and more frightful. Other divisions also came on and going to other parts of the line opened fire with the greatest vigor, and now Hanson's whole line was almost crushed to fragments, but still it held. Even seven brigades of Abbeonians on Hanson's center were riddled and their leaders were killed, and again and again the Angolinians had counter charged to retake the works but the same deadly fire of canister from the rebel guns mowed their lines to pieces anew, and the storm of bullets of both sides had literally torn every

battle flag or banner of both sides exposed to shreds, and even many battle flag bearers were carrying more flag poles and did not seem to know it. The thousands of tattered Angolinian colors were shot to pieces, and many times in the desperate confusion of the frightful melee the flags of both sides were almost side by side, and yet torn to shreds by the same killing fire. Not once now did the thick smoke clear away and so heavy and continuous had been the same firing that all the wooden breastworks and all the trees that grew on the edge of the plain and nearest the works and even far beyond were so terribly cut and torn that they fell with loud crashes. Thousands of trees were so completely hewn off by the terrific firing that they fell across or into the trenches, and other breastworks along the whole line, and the work during the battle was soaked in blood and three times per hour had been cleared of the dead and wounded. The fighting along this point also was now at white heat, and Hanson's whole line crushed and mangled and with their main commander down, and severely wounded was being severely worsted. The christians had suffered horrible losses from the glandelinian onslaughts, but the Glandelinian artillery firing and musketry, caused more havoc, the glandelinians firing six hundred rounds per man. All the glandelinians had their lips encrusted with the powder from biting cartridges, all had their shoulders and hands and the butts of their muskets covered with dirt and mud and also blood, and even the glandelinian columns which had been torn tottered, and bleeding had rearranged their lines, and swarmed over Hanson's works the whole length.

Hundreds of thousands of dead and wounded of both sides lay in windrows piled over one another and in some places the fallen lay six or seven high, hundreds riddled by bullets or dismembered. Seventy thousands of accoutrements were destroyed a thousand score of ammunition boxes were scattered or blown up, and countless ammunition wagons broken and smashed were lying here and there by scores in groups.

Countless numbers of musket balls and shell lay scattered about everywhere, and everywhere could be seen shattered trees and broken foliage. The dust and light and fire of the enemy had told fearfully in the Christians and the whole line of Hansons' army had given way, the enemy following but drawing a galling fire from new concealed Christian batteries and setting whole lines ablaze. Hanson's right wing, smashed to pieces was the first to give way, and yet the enemy still suffered from a rattling fire of shrapnell and chain shot from some of Baldwin's concealed batteries, but yet the survivors rushed on in long long lines. And Hansons' surviving men though threatened with annihilation continued their storm of firing as even as they retreated. Storms of bullets swept the Glandelinian columns to pieces but nevertheless the enemy was fully victorious as any one could realize, and that this battle which raged twenty miles south of Julio Gallo was to be a remembrance to all that witnessed this struggle and which gave a proof that Vivian Wickey cannot be taken as yet.

The struggle along Hansons' line had been something terrible and had continued steadily since the beginning without pausing the losses having been one thousand five hundred per minute or more than ten thousand per minute at some minutes on the Christian side alone. Kindermine having been wounded four times had also been forced to withdraw his columns his whole right wing having been rolled up and displaced, and the divisions under general Maurice Costello still in ignorance of the fall of their leader, still held the works stubbornly and suffered annihilation because they had received no orders to retreat. The Glandelinian columns had come on as fast as men could run confident that their superior numbers would give them success. The only line still holding its ground was under general Costello's command and this division seemed to be enveloped in smoke and their works seemed as if swept by sheets of flame the firing also rising to white fury here, and the hellish roar was deafening. The dead and wounded Glandelinians lay piled up before the works but the hundreds of thousands of survivors surged over the trenches keeping up a murderous fire point blank. One of the Christian generals as his thousands of demoralized survivors were retiring heard the defiant yell of the enemy who were swarming over the works and he grasped a flag from the color bearer and swung it to the breeze hoping to rally them. This did rally them for a moment but then he himself fell and the Angelinians again retreated.

It happened at this time during the losing part of the battle that Hanson wound as he was had wrote a note to general Vivian, and as there was no one else to go there and as Violet and her sisters were intending to go to Vivian's army where it was safer, he begged them to take it to him. They went of Violet having the note in her possession and she delivered to him in person. General Vivian read the note and he said to Violet: "Go and tell my superior general Hanson Vivian that late this afternoon my armies have been smashed down, and that the whole battle is lost. I cannot do anything but cover the retreat." Violet and her sisters saluted him and soon reached general Hansons' retreating columns, and told him that the whole battle was lost. Indeed the struggle along general Vivian's front had been more severe than along general Hansons'. Ten times in their frightful onslaughts millions of Glandelinians had come upon an extensive lunette holding thousands of cannon, and ten times these very same waves of Glandelinians had succeeded in driving back seven brigades their own same number but they had met a continual and most deadly fire of musketry and cannon from all parts of the lunette which shattered their whole line and ten times the Glandelinians were repulsed with the lost frightful loss. For a time the Glandelinians were demoralized but being reinforced rallied, and made titanic efforts to capture those guns whose fire was so murderous. Again the Glandelinians charged from time to time but nevertheless the very annihilating Christian fire caused them to recoil. Many of the Christian commanders defending the line of battle at other portions had erected a sort of lunette of their own and general Hanson's columns of Mangaboos and Scoedlers as they charged toward it immediately drew upon them a withering fire many hundreds of cannons and the shells exploding in streams fell among the divisions in gray with indescribable fury. With still more tremendous fury Costa Lio Johnston's divisions on the right of the assaulting column assaulted the Christian front directly opposed to them the Glandelinians rushing forward only to dash upon log barricades by barricades which the Christians defended and so thoroughly mowed that it was impossible for the Glandelinians to take them without flanking the purple coats. The withering fire along this Christian front had become unspeakably terrific and raked down the enemy's columns frightfully, the losses being heavy and incapable and terrible was the loss in officers. Yet other columns of Glandelinians under general Nelby Pail advanced to attack these positions themselves but again the fire was hot and heavy and the Glandelinians as they gained the edge of the felled trees and barricades and penetrated were mowed down in all their numbers. General Barklin moving with them saw spurts of smoke from behind logs and rocks and cheered on his men but fell wounded. The heavy fire of the Christian forced the Glandelinians to stop but general Nelby and Henry Toothache rallied them and made a more vigorous effort to carry the barricade, but a hundred thousand of his men were mowed down close to the works and he himself with Toothache were mortally wounded.

General Harvey Jenkins another rebel chief made the same effort with many hundreds of thousands but meeting with the same withering fire his ranks were mowed down by the scores of thousands, and he himself was internally injured. The Glandelinians were increased and again advanced despite the deaths of their commanders under the same destructive withering fire. Yet again they were repulsed with redoubled loss. Along the extreme center of Vivian's Christian line the Glandelinians under general Kindermine Caldwell came surging forward with the greatest noise and fury ever heard. But the whole of this portion of the Christian line was protected by high piles of rail, long barricades and a sand bags and terrible was the Glandelinian losses. Kindermine's surviving columns that halted, returned the Christian fire with utmost steadiness and now amazing was the carnage. The first great attack was badly repulsed, but the enemy kept up an incessant fire until whole battalions arrived to their assistance, and again they charged. The Angelinian commanders saw their coming, and as twenty hundred regiments had been sent to him he ordered his men in line of cannon into action, and one hundred and fifty shells per minute was fired upon the advancing columns producing the most horrible carnage and destruction, but the hostilities went on, the oncoming waves being received with dreadful fury, and though their lines were shaken badly in a number of places, the Christians made a strong resistance, and rolled the assaults back broken and shattered.

Kindermine's men had been mowed down terribly and ten of his best officers had fallen, and he was enraged over his succession of repulses, as he was bound to carry this Christian position or die in the attempt. The whole of the Christian position at this a quarter was on a high rise of ground, and as the Glandelinians again swarmed up the Angelinians repelled the assault with titan fury, and the roar of cannon and musketry was redoubled. This bold Glandelinian assault was also swept away, but general Estabrook Darcy came with three million men who charged in double line and with terrifying yell. Yet also they met the same steady ravaging fire, and suffered bloody losses. But during the stupendous carnage a part of this Glandelinian column passed beyond the extreme left of this Christian position and for a time this exposed wing was attacked on two sides by hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians, armed with repeating rifles.

Yet the main line of Christian batteries swept their lines through and through, and during the tremendous cannonading fourteen regiments under general Bowen Boswer came up and drove back the child butchers with frightful losses, but in the frightful losses he and another general whose name was James Powell were disabled by the explosion of a gun carriage. Revenged over this repulse, general Estabrook sent for another three million, and when they arrived moved forward to storm powder train batteries to which they really belonged, and who though disabled was able to retain command.

As they rushed on the sides of the long hill a feeble discharge of the cannon came, then the cannon suddenly opened in full fury, and down upon the Glandelinians crashed the thousands of shells. All of these Christian guns were trained upon the Scoedler assembly especially under general Cohenta Cohen, and Bellina Handon, and so the very earth was shaken by the tremendous cannonade which aroused general Vivian.... The enemy charged desperately but the fierce volleys of shells at three hundred and seventy five shots per minute mowed them down in columns. Never before near Julio Gallo outside of her anyhow was there such an uproar, and the very sides of the hills became gray with the prostrated Glandelinians, and the air was dotted with the screaming shells, and therefore the survivors hastily drew back leaving two hundred and ninety nine thousand in that one assault which lasted less than thirty minutes. Though the enemy was retiring the Angelinian batteries kept on thundering and the column columns still making the attack on the center of the line were also fully exposed to the fire of the same Christian batteries, and their losses were equally as fearful.

For a time the enemy here also withdrew, and waited for reinforcements, to come up. Along the right of the Christian line under Vivian where general Kindermine's left was also making a fierce assault the batteries also reached them and the Christian soldiers firing more than a hundred rounds of shots per minute, held the enemy at bay. Yet they were reinforced, and again they pressed forward with such fury, that the batteries had to go to their full fire on them. Three thousand Glandelinians fell every minute, but on came the survivors, while one million three hundred and fifty five thousand other Glandelinians mostly Growlows were sent by generals Brooks, Dickchopsticks and others to carry the line of artillery.

"As long as these guns are there, we cannot carry the Christian positions at all," he said. "These batteries must be carried at all costs, and despite their numbers fire."

Estabrook in the meantime rallied his shattered forces which had made the attempt to storm the batteries, and also rallied his brother's center and right, general Frank Darcys also which had been driven back. As the awful firing increased in redoubled fury, general Estabrook Darcy pressed again upon the Christian line, then while general plan, Baskin under general Estabrook's command, moved forward to help in the storming of the batteries.

Three other divisions of Glandelinians under General Bunker had been ordered to Senguela, and Glandelinians fell mortally wounded. For a time the numbers of these Glandelinians fell back, and cowering and swaying away from the Christian line. Brooks took the command himself, and led them under a murderous fire that swept the side of the hill. General Majestic Johnston trying to out stride his superior with his brigade fell, and Brooks did all he could do to stem the confusion. Estrabrook stormed the Christian batteries along his own front with merciless fury, and the carnage was more terrible than ever, and now another Glandelinian general by the name of Hanson Runkonib fell severely wounded.

A large brigade of Christians which drew from a part of their line of works or withdrew rather, and as a million of the Glandelinians swarmed over the barricade, several other Christian commanders issued all their fresh pieces of artillery upon them and opened a withering storm of canister and grape. The whole gray line withered before this sudden terrible artillery fire, and the survivors recoiled, being mowed down in hundreds of ranks. The center of Estrabrook's line was driven in with more terrific loss and he had all he could do to check the dreadful confusion. Hundreds of thousands had fallen as and as the Christian guns still kept up the heavy fire, the rebels retired to cover.

Large herds of Glandelinians under Major General Bracken made every effort to carry the Christian batteries, and in the frightful carnage General George Pao Ruster's horse was killed under him and he himself severely wounded, his Glandelinians being thrown into confusion. On pressed the other great Glandelinian columns with indomitable fury but were simultaneously met by a murderous fire and mowed down in hundreds of thousands all along along the line. One hundred thousand of Powell's Christian Glandelinian force of men were literally slain, but the rest of the divisions came up to his aid, and now the Glandelinians were almost upon the line of guns.

The slaughter was more dreadful still. The dead and wounded were fairly strewn before the work like masses of hay, but hundreds of thousands of the survivors swept up to the very muzzles of the guns with horrid bursts of yells. They met a terrible fire however that reduced their column or two million to only a few hundred thousand, and the slain survivors falling back to avoid this up a living fire. Yet Estrabrook could confidently that General Brooks could carry the Christian batteries brought on the rest of his forces. Yet again the Christian artillery mowed down the front ranks as fast as they came and the Glandelinians hesitated.

"Forward," yelled Estrabrook. "Forward. The man who falls back or hesitates and gives up will regret it. Forward."

Terrible now was the artillery fire along the whole Christian line but though the effects were terrible on the Glandelinian forces they again rushed forward, but were soon enveloped in the smoke of the bursting shells. The dead and wounded Glandelinians again lay in hundreds where they had fallen but the leaders would not allow the men to fall back now and ordered them forward under pain of death. In the meantime the Glandelinians under Brooks utterly reckless in their desire to carry the left of the batteries, rushed on up the hill with more terrible fury but awful gaps were again moved in his lines and again the long gray lines covered before the destructive fire, and retired only to reform for a desperate attempt. All of the Christian artillery broke in general action once more and now pouring a regular stream of shells into the gray lines, the contest being a genuine and again the enemy was repulsed with frightful slaughter. General Pao Johnston's met all the furious onsets of the enemy turning all the artillery upon the charging columns and mowing down their line with awful gaps.

Yet the survivors closed up their ranks and kept up the attack with preternatural ferocity and did not stop until many columns were mowed down. Then again they withdrew for a moment, only to reform more than one million one hundred thousand more tried their best to carry the batteries under so small but were repulsed with tremendous loss and with the deaths of five of their best generals being Sterling Hemmings.

Howard Poad, Howo Clintonia, and Gantonib, formerly who were killed instantly and General James Senixy was mortally wounded dying a few minutes later. But when the rest reformed they again made another charge sweeping forward with apparently irresistible fury.

Yet all the guns again opened fire with all their cannons and thousands of regiments were reduced to a few ranks, but now the Glandelinians being in greater numbers made furious attempts to get in among the guns, sweeping forward like tidal waves, the Glandelinians under Brooks also rushing forward to storm the batteries again, and now the gun fire became so deadly and fierce that the gray columns melted away in fearful numbers. Seas of dead and wounded lay in the hillsides

but the Glandelinians who survived advanced more cautiously, and Brooks was bound to carry the batteries even at the risk of his own life. Heononia Baldwin relieved fresh men now, and these reinforcing other, others rushed on in grand array, yet their front lines also melted away before the same deadly fire.

Every gun of the Christian batteries were trained anew upon the gray columns, which plowed their line through and through, but despite the annihilation of many scores of thousands at a volley, the Glandelinians at last reached the summit, and swarmed before the works with fixed bayonets, but there was an undulating sheet of flame all along the line of infantry behind the guns, and with the going down of a whole line of gray coats, five more generals were killed, and Brooks among them. The other four were Generals George Distinction, Majestic Glorinia, Gallo Tanet and Henry Poorhouseington.

The shattered columns were appalled by this tremendous slaughter, and as their main line was again honeycombed with gaps the survivors withdrew, Baldwin on the rebel side himself having fallen wounded, but his wounds soon proved to be slight, and he was soon able to retain command. Estrabrook with greater numbers than before being again reinforced by Manley tried again with all his energy to carry the Christian batteries but as the foremost of the Glandelinian columns crashed upon the Christian line they were again met by the murderous fire that mangled them to pieces. Yet during the frightful carnage the shattered divisions were again rallied, and as more fresh troops arrived again made another furious effort to carry the works. Three hours of bloodier fighting followed, when at last the Glandelinian troops were again driven back. Estrabrook was astonished at the succession of repulses, and the Christian commanders were dumbfounded by the stubbornness of the Glandelinian assaults. The Glandelinians were terrible in their assaults upon Powell's Johnston's artillery, massing together in great numbers and sweeping upon the Angolinians with greater fury, but again they were met by a most galling fire that made the gray coats fall in most frightful numbers, the infantry supporting the artillery pouring a still more murderous fire, but nevertheless scores of thousands got among the guns at once, but they found the works fairly packed with the wedge of purple coats who drove in at their assaults with a tumult of bayonets and sabres killing them all. Estrabrook under a rain of shot and shell attacked his part of the Christian line hurling his forces forward in full fury now. Yet the same awful Christian fire tore more awful gaps in the rebel line, the front wave of the assaults being destroyed, but General Estrabrook filled with desperation at the over the approach of the main column under Vivian was bound to carry the Christian position, and so pressed his survivors on, but more and more Angolinians arrived and opened fire. Thousands more rebels fell riddled by bullets but the survivors were filled with a greater reckless fury, and continued the fierce attack, but again was driven back with still fiercer loss of officers and men.

Yet despite it all they again pressed to the attack but again received volleys of five hundred shots per minute of shells which again tore their biggest columns to pieces as fast as they came on. Maybe the Glandelinians desired suicide.

Five hundred were mowed down quicker than a minutes time but along a certain part of the Christian line the Glandelinians managed to push the Angolinian columns under General Senguela back for a certain distance, but now General Vivian arrived, and the fury of the battle increased. Along the whole line the fighting was savage and very bloody, and as more and more of General Vivian's men arrived, the losses the enemy suffered was more fearful than ever. Yet the Glandelinians kept on their attack, and yet the Angolinians stood to their works, hundreds of thousands after hundreds of thousands of the Glandelinians rushed on, the attack being repelled with more titan fury, yet the Glandelinians hurled themselves upon the Christian line. Again six or five hundred shells per minute had been sent crashing through the Glandelinian columns, all of the Christian guns having poured fearful volleys causing still more frightful havoc, but the hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians swarmed swarmed up to the very muzzles of the guns and among them, though their foremost score of regiments fairly went down everywhere the Glandelinians met the same stern resistance, but the assaults being now massed together could not be checked.

The enemy's line however was shattered by the withering fire along Vivian's line, and most of the rebels were forced to withdraw from the works they had captured, but still the other section of the rebel line kept up the assault with solid unbroken masses. All the while the havoc among the gray line had increased but again they swept up to the very muzzles of the guns and tried every means to carry them, but the murderous fire was too great, and now almost of General Vivian's whole line began to drive the assaults fell back to the main line, but their own batteries still continued their fearful fire. Yet most of the Glandelinians had fallen back, though two great columns assaulted a section of the great line of batteries. Also the assault was kept up against General Powell's Johnston's position, yet the Angolinians not only held their ground but hammered away with eight hundred pieces. Again and again the enemy stormed these two sections of batteries, rushing forward with awful impetuosity and in heavy column formation, yet more tremendous were their intolerable losses. The whole rise of ground was still wreathed in the thick clouds of smoke, the cannon fire coming almost intolerable, but still the foe returned to the attack yelling with the fury of can canibals and demons together. It was becoming awful.

On came the assailants, and now all the artillery men gathered up their strength for a fiercer effort, but after several repulses the enemy came so near in the next assault that most of the guns could not reach them. Another Christian general by the name of Baldwin gave strict orders to his men this time to hold their fire, and therefore the infantry did not fire any shots, the enemy now thinking the Christians had exhausted their ammunition.

"Wait until they are within our musket shot range," said Baldwin. "Then fire."

The Angelinian infantry therefore allowed the Glandelinians to come up within a few paces of the works, then they poured upon the Glandelinians a fiercer fire than ever bringing down scores of thousands of men simultaneously. The galling guns also then blazed away but the Glandelinians could not be checked, and they soon swarmed over the works, and the appalled Angelinian survivors drew back, but they had held their position with such stubbornness as to cause the selves to be threatened with annihilation. The side of the hill was still more thickly covered with gore, and the bodies of the dead and wounded of both sides. Common mounds of purple coats lay on the summit and among the guns, while the trenches were covered with many more scores of thousands of their fellows who almost bled to death, and writhed in mortal agony. Trees by the hundred thousand growing on the sides of the hill were badly torn and shattered and even rent by the fierce storm of bullets and canister, and as in other battles beaked again into the appearance of his korymbos. For two hours before this there had been the heaviest of cannonading exposed exactly during to the onslaughts of the enemy along Vivian's center, the whole Christian line here receiving the full burst of the rebel attack in the face of fierce volleys poured upon them by seventy thousand Glandelinian cannon which poured perfect streams of destruction. Many thousands of the solid shot crashed along the Christians killing masses, chain shot bore down their ranks, shells and canister killed and wounded whole divisions, and the rain of shrapnell and grape mowed down in business gaps, felled many thousands of others and committed the most deadly effects.

General Vivian was dismounted by a solid shot, and at every broadside thousands of his men and many more men were dreadfully cut up. The whole of the line of the foe artillery was ablaze, and the uproar was frightful the thunder of twenty thousand Christian guns making a great noise. As there was a lull in the infantry fighting for half an hour, preparations were made to renew the contest with all the might that could be mustered and soon general Vivian ordered a counter charge.

"You are certainly rushing your troops into total destruction," screamed Violet to general Vivian as the Glandelinian fire was redoubled in violence and fury. "Please order them back. I won't have this."

"Can't help it now, Princess," said general Vivian. "Their only escape is to carry the works." The Angelinians in a wave ten miles long advanced with a firm and steady step but every movement was continually effected by the rebel curtain of artillery fire, whole ranks going down at every broadside, but nevertheless they pressed on yelling, "On to Calverine. On to Vivian Wickey. On to Child Salvery."

The Angelinians pressed on, the divisions under general Miller Marillier yelling also like demons and definitely waving their torn and tattered battle flags. Whole columns went down by the tens before the fearful fire, but the Christians came on the seventy five divisions under Marillier and which were far in advance being rapidly reduced. The full severity of the gun fire from the twenty thousand Glandelinian artillery was turned upon these seventy divisions, yet despite the frightful havoc and carnage they did not halt, these divisions being supported by Herndon and James Sanguine, and soon they were all within range of the enemy's musketry.

All at once along the entire line of rebel work there sheeted flame and smoke, the millions of Glandelinians poured one most destructive broadside. The Christian wave was frightfully torn hundreds of thousands of their number dropping at once but on pressed the survivors and soon reached the works there being now only forty of these divisions left out of the seventy. Yet on pressed the main column with indescribable fury. Every Glandelinian division now opened upon the armies of advancing Christians a simultaneous fire of great intensity followed as swift as possible by a abrupt series of terrible volleys. The Angelinians however responded simultaneously and the battle became general all along the line. The rest of the purple column under Vivian and Hanson's received the full fury of the same galling fire, first hundreds of thousands of Glandelinian sharpshooters, and which was followed by withering tempests of grape and bullets and canister shot. The whole charge had extended for ten miles and upon this whole line with dreadful effect this fire had swept but the advance was so terrific that as the many galling guns came to lay upon them the whole line was annihilated, and terribly stricken the survivors of the other Christian columns behind, broke into utter rout and confusion, and abandoned the assault, though their commanders strove desperately to rally them.

On the Glandelinian side general Entrabrock Darcy was wounded while his brother Frank Darcy was also severely injured. The right of the Christian assault however still continued on not having received the shock as yet. Then after keeping up a most galling fire for twenty minutes the

Angelinians receiving these assaults

the Glandelinians receiving these assaults were forced to yield and fell back and general Marillier was the first to mount the works, but he fell riddled by bullets. In the distance the retreating columns rallied, reformed, and then held their line together despite the fierce volley firing of the assailants. Sixty hundred and so only shot and shell were not sent crashing into the Christian line by the main Glandelinian batteries in the rear, while along the whole first line of works, which had remained of the Angelinians pushed themselves of the trenches and planted their battle flags on the parapets. The battle following this tremendous counter charge was now at white hot fury and the works were covered three deep with the bodies of the slain. At some part of the line the struggle was almost preternaturally fierce and most terrific, but along the main section the enemy still held his works and could not be driven back. Hundreds of thousands of purple coats and Angelinians faced each other fighting hand to hand in the wildest ferocity of warfare, and mingling to together in frightful death struggles.

Exploding carti cartridges actually set fire to the wooden barricades of the breast-works and thousands of Glandelinian cannons stubbornly refusing to retire were

killed or captured. Also large divisions of the enemy managed to cut up many of the Christian divisions who assaulted them forcing the survivors to retire, and others already thrown into confusion, abandoned the works they had captured, and now the Glandelinians themselves were pressing forward again. The counter charge of the Glandelinians had been fearful, but they had recaptured the works, and won a victory as well, for Vivian's army was crushed to fragments. Both sides had lost in this struggle including Hanson Vivian and the other commanders in killed wounded, missing and prisoners 3,365,998 while the Christian losses singly in killed and wounded alone was 4,466,666, of which 999,999 were of the slain.

It was during the height of the contest along his own lines that general Hanson Vivian had found that his superior Prince Jibbie Vivian was missing. However after throughout investigation he had learned that Jibbie Vivian had been wounded during the battle and therefore was reported to be captured by the enemy. General Vivian and all his generals and other officers learned of this, and this compelled him to repel the counter charging Glandelinians with such appalling fury that his losses was still more horrible. The loss of Jibbie Vivian however was too great for the Angelinians and they were bound to recover him at all costs. General Vivian did not believe that the Vivian girls could rescue their brother but he immediately went up to where they were standing watching the terrible crushing down of his armies.

"Jibbie Vivian your brother is among the enemy's prisoner," he said. "He was wounded early this morning and was reported captured. I thought I would tell you and maybe you will go to his aid."

"Sure we will and will have to," declared Violet determinedly and with out lips. "We cannot afford to lose him. We will set off now and bring him back at any risk. We won't do without him any more under any conditions, not at last set for the old traitors." General Vivian had some conversation with them then he left after saluting, while they went off to their own places to put on their disguises. When they were ready they set off toward a portion of the rebel line not active now leaving the retreating Christian armies far behind.

"We will have to be careful," said Violet as they reached a clump of trees. "We might be discovered by the enemy if we expose ourselves too much."

They were soon near the enemy's line and suddenly were challenged by several sentinels they had not observed. Yet they showed these Glandelinians a fake pass which they hoped permitted them to enter. Yet at the moment an officer came up and ordered them away a saying in a surly tone;

"We do not allow children around these premises during a battle of this sort, especially not round the vicinity of an important prisoner. Get a move on and hurry up about it."

They seemed about to obey, but when the officer moved away they managed to sneak about into a small structure not observed, and discovered among the wounded there that one of them was their brother.

"What do you Glandelinian boy scouts want?" asked Jibbie Vivian in a surly manner failing to recognize them. "Did you not hear that officer tell you to keep away?"

"But we came to set you free if you will go," said Violet. "We are your sisters in disguise."

"Oh good gracious," exclaimed Jibbie Vivian in perfect alarm. "You here? How in the name of Heaven did you work your way in?"

"With fake passes," said Violet.

"Put the next question in how can you get me free?" asked Jibbie Vivian. "I've watched like a honey in a Treasury and if the rebels saw you going away with me there would be a hundred dead and wounded persons in a moment."

"I'm puzzled," answered Jennie. "If I was your size I could exchange clothes."
 "Let's fire the enemy tents," suggested Violet. "It will be a great surprise to them."
 "I have some matches with me."
 "I had an idea but we have no straw or other material," declared Angeline. "And it would take too long to place the match against the tent cloth."
 "I have a small bottle of bottle of benzine that I secured from a doctor," said Jennie Vivian. "But be careful as it will be exploding at the touch of a match."
 He handed Violet the bottle, and she crawled under the opening at the rear of the tent, and to another several tents away, and tossed one portion near the bottom with the liquid. She did not know there was a munition inside that tent or she would have thought twice before setting the oil soaked cloths on fire. She struck the match, layed it against the tent and it at once blazed up. Quickly she made for the stockade and crawled inside. Suddenly there came a deafening roar followed by an eruption. With a crash of confused and tangled sheets of cloth their own tent fell on top of them, rasping smoke filling their nostrils, and the flames caught their own tent. After some difficulty they managed to hurl the blazing cloth from them, and seeing that the explosion had aroused the enemy, they with Jennie Vivian made a wild dash for liberty as scores of tents now started blazing furiously, the fire spreading beyond control.

"Damn that Christian general, he done that," said an officer.
 "There he goes with seven boy scouts," yelled another. "Catch them, they must not escape!"

After the fall of a sudden dashed hundreds of grays, because a most important prisoner was escaping. Yet Jennie and the Vivian girls jumped the first horses they came to whether they had saddles or not, and off they raced. The Glandelinian cavalry had appeared at this moment, and about a hundred of them left the column and rushed after the fugitives.

"They are gaining," exclaimed Jennie Vivian. "To get away we will have to separate. I'm afraid."

"Violet and Jennie, you separate and dash for the woods yonder. I'll dash for the hill," said Catherine. "Joyce dear you for for the Christian lines. I'll follow my sisters."

They followed Catherine's advice, and the Glandelinians had to go into separate squads to follow the fugitives, and this lost to them some little time. Three scores followed, Violet and Jennie, fifty followed Joyce, and the rest sped after Jennie and the other little girls.

"Golly but they certainly use an army in pursuit," cried Jennie. "I never saw the like."

After them came the Glandelinians at a thunderous gallop, and as he saw them coming closer he began to start firing and dropped a Glandelinian dead in his tracks with nearly every shot. As Joyce dashed on she came several times in close quarters to

Glandelinian squads but succeeded in eluding them for a moment, but they soon joined to the other pursuers, and seeing that her chances were desperate she drew her pistols and firing rapidly wounded eight. On came the pursuers like infuriated demons howling and yelling. At this moment a shell from some unseen cannon suddenly exploded near by, hurling showers of stone, fragments of iron, and other missiles killing four Glandelinians and wounding six. On dashed Joyce but in turning a bend in the road she found herself suddenly confronted by five Scouters on horseback who ordered her to halt and surrender. Joyce her saw her dilemma but she presented her pistol and answered:

"Halt yourselves or I'll fire."

At her word one of the men fired, but she was quicker and brought him down with a serious wound in the shoulder. She fired at the others before they recovered from their consternation, and then she galloped on through the barrier of horses, followed by those behind. A Glandelinian officer was now gaining on her, but she leveled her pistol at him. Both discharged their pieces simultaneously, but only the gray coat fell and he was mortally wounded. Yet on he after her with the rest.

In the meantime Violet and Jennie were pursued by seventy Glandelinian horsemen. The two girls first fired their pieces at the foremost and continued their wild dash. The way before the little girls to the woods was an open field about sixty rods across the other side, being hemmed in by an old rotten log fence, and still beyond on the outskirts of the woods a sort of chaparral of briar brush and underbrush. To this retreat Violet and Jennie started in quadruple quick with all the seventy horsemen after them. Fortunately for Jennie and Violet recent heavy rains had made the fields quite muddy, and the rebels horses slipped through the turf so badly that the Glandelinians could not lessen the distance between themselves and the two fugitives. All this time the Glandelinians were so keeping a clattering roar of pistols and rifles, several of the shells passing through the tops of both girls.

So cruel others went clear through their coats and lodged in their cartridges boxes. Still on dashed the heroines, and still on swarmed splashed the horsemen firing and cursing and swearing. Violet and Jennie at last reached the fence and with one bound from their horses landed on top intending to give a long spring over the top, but the fence was frail and crumpled beneath their weight with a great crackling, and as luck would have it both girls fell into a deep hole on top of a frightened hog, which scampered away with a squeal and a grunt, the fence rattling down on top of them. This was more than fairly down when up came the horsemen, and seeing no sign of the fugitives halted. They dismounted and sought the present cover of the shrubbery followed, but as a snare set with only the hog as a prisoner. As Jennie and an olive dashed on a volley was fired at them by the pursuers but both were not hit, though a bullet grazed the flank of Angeline's horse, and made him prance. Jennie replied with a pistol shot which killed the officers horse, and then she urged her horse across a creek and started up the slope, but the Glandelinians sent a shower of bullets water to the two two, two bullets of which wounded Jennie's right hand, injuring four of his fingers. One grazed his right leg, cutting two holes through his pants and another cut through one side of his sword scabbard. Seven bullets struck the horse Angeline was riding which reared under her but had strength and speed to bear her on long enough till Jennie lifted her to his own horse. Then the horse fell and died. The fugitives all of them, managed to elude their pursuers and reached the Christian lines, which had abandoned the battle and were retreating, General Vivian's army having been smashed down completely.

During the time General Vivian's was engaged great columns of Glandelinians had made frightful onslaughts on General Hindernine's front. General Hindernine's strongest batteries had opened upon them the Christian fire being excellent, and the shells scattered in all directions but on came the assailants, perfect hailstorms of balls, canister, grape shot and shells was now as poured upon them, and the ground became strewn with their bodies. The Glandelinians made desperate attempts to carry Hindernine's positions by assault but the Angelinians disregarding the defenses erected for them, leaped on the embankment and fired at the Glandelinians out by them down as fast as they came up. At half past eleven when the first day of the battle was in full swing General Finn Estrabrook was sorely pressed, though he strove with might and main to hold his position against tremendous odds. Several of his Angelinian divisions were almost annihilated, but General Jennings' division rushed over to Estrabrook's support and in swimming over the works the rebels met an annihilating fire but the assault was ferocious and again the Angelinians under Estrabrook gave way but in good order, and were driven not less than a mile. Hindernine's Glandelinian columns advanced in stronger force combined with Estrabrook's line and those under Bellhuff and Bellhopper, beside the Glandelinian columns under General Henry St. John but were received with a most destructive fire, yet they would not think of falling back and the Christians along this front were also driven into confusion and fled over two lines of breastworks and into the open fields.

Two lines of batteries on an eminence commanded the open space and the destruction from their fire was terrific. The whole of the Glandelinian force was inflamed, the batteries sweeping it from left to right, from front to flank. Goodness how they did pitch it into his columns. The fearful battle raged for hours, and hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians advanced to the attack. Never before were the rebels so much advanced or to fight with such diabolical fury. The most murderous fire, canister, grape shot, shrapnell, and musketry were poured into their very faces as it were, but nothing stopped them. As the morning wore on the pressure became greater and greater until all along those defending the batteries were hurled down the slope broken and discomfited, the Glandelinians following in hot pursuit. Yet the rebel losses were frightful. In two hours many hundreds of thousands had fallen in killed and wounded. Never before was there heard such a tremendous artillery firing, the very earth shaking beneath the soldiers during the most terrific and prolonged cannonade, and the hillsides and rocks seemed to reel like a drunken man. For all that day this terrific firing was continued during which time the fierce onsets, the shrieking of shells, the crash of falling timber, the fragments of rocks flying through the air, shattering from the cliffs by solid shot, the heavy mutterings from the valley between the opposing armies, the crash of bursting shrapnell and the neighing of wounded artillery horses, made the scene horribly grand and sublime.

Every minute eleven thousand one hundred men fell, every charge made by the rebels being terrific, and as the Christian guns volleyed and thundered, and the infantry joined in chorus, so terrific was the fire that tore through the Glandelinian columns at each onset that the Glandelinian armies presented an extraordinary spectacle of hundreds of thousands of men playing at leap frog, and in spite of every effort the Glandelinians for a time failed to carry the positions, although at several points they charged up and over it. The effect of the furious fire was terrible. Hardly a tree, or a rock in the field of terrible carnage escaped.

hundreds of thousands of the towns were covered and scorched with bullets as high as seventy feet from the ground. The firing had been wild and deadly all day, and both sides within an hour at intervals alone lost singly, 363,363. In killed and wounded. It was awful. However after the very repulse the enemy withdrew, and Hindernine managed to push his whole force forward. Artillery was still busy, but soon the guns reopened with spirit, and continued with more vigor. General Jemima found his division suddenly under a heavy fire which inflicted it, and the survivors had to fall back. The left of Hannon's division was also beaten fiercely engaged with the Christians also coming to the aid of Jemima's division, several more divisions also arrived, even with artillery, others with infantry. For over three hours the battle had grown to its full strength, and the line of Christian fire became murderous but availed.

Then the Angelinians began to give way a little, only a little, but at the first indication of a receding fire the line in gray made a tremendous charge, and started the whole of the Christian front from end to end. All the rest of the day the little ragged and the Christians met the attacks of the enemy bravely. Every attack was repulsed, but soon general Hindernine was flanked, and repulsed or defeated, and for twenty days the pursuit of the three separated Christian armies was continued but before the retro retreat started in general Vivian had asked the Vivian girls to find their way back to their fathers army before anything serious happened. In the whole battle so near Julio Gallo the Christian loss was 11,299,296 in killed wounded and prisoners and missing, while those of the enemy was 10,299,296 in killed wounded and missing and ninety nine thousand in killed and wounded.

As Violet and her sisters three days after the beginning of the retreat of the three Christian armies were on their way to King Vivian's command, which was moving forward to help Hannon in his siege of Vivian Wickey, startling news had filled the whole world despite the great Christian victory at Aronburg's Run. The three Hanleys, Shoenwicks, and all the great Glandelinian chiefs were hurrying their most immense armies forward to prevent the Christians from recapturing the sections of Vivian Wickey, known as Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo, and one of those armies was also moving for Beppo and another army was also making efforts to lay siege to the city of Dorothy Gale hundreds of miles south with the evident purpose of crushing the Christian armies and bring the great rebellion to a speedy close as a Glandelinian victory.

Of cities in the southern Calvernia near the boundary line, Beppo Lamsin, Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agatha were the only ones which were apparently safe for these were the only ones protected by the most vast Christian armies ever mustered and the one in the nobleship camps at Omar and Betsey Eobbin were under general Mic-Ho-lester Hindernine and Francis Vivian's and Concentin Aronburg who had fought and won the battle of Aronburg's Run which had lasted three weeks day in and night out. But could these generals successfully defend these places? That was the question.

But nevertheless the Angelinians still had hopes. Angelina Agatha and Dorothy Gale had been the scene of hundreds of frightful battles, and they had never been captured yet or the enemy had never got within their reach. Just the same the enemy had made many more attempts to capture these places and had been so disastrously beaten that all hope was lost. Battles had been lost it is true, for the Christian side when they raged around Julio Gallo and other portions of Vivian Wickey, but they had only been severe repulses and thus nothing else, and the siege only continued the more.

Vivian had only attempted with the help of Hannon, Vivian to stop the advance of reinforcements to the aid of the besieged and this he accomplished by forcing the enemy to fight him, and then by being repulsed allow himself to be purposely followed followed so as to draw away from the direction of Vivian Wickey the reinforcing Glandelinian army, and thus by this trick prevent the original besiegers from being attacked by the Glandelinians in the flank. Of course the defeat nevertheless for Vivian and the others had been real, as a picknollian is a fierce fighter, but nevertheless Vivian did not long for victory. To save the Christians at Vivian Wickey from being struck in the flank was his purpose, so now in retreating he was drawing the enemy away from that direction by a ruse, which he was working completely without a blunder.

The enemy were also making elsewhere a bloody Angelina Agatha Campaign in an effort to crush the Christians there, and now was apparent that Hanley was attempting to reinforce the Glandelinians at Norma Catherine to strike the besiegers there on the flank, and to make another attempt to capture Jennie Riches which was fifty miles southwest of Julio Gallo. King Vivian and his brother Hannon Vivian heard of this and warned all Christian generals to look out for the movements of the foe and not to allow Hanley to carry out any of his rebellious plans. The order was to oppose him fiercely at every step.

It was now the twenty first of September and the Show-nia Shoornick were advancing great forces upon the region of Norma Catherine Run and also concentrating other armies toward Jennie Riches, and threatening King Vivian's flank near Norma and compelling him to withdraw or be peacefully from that location. These two great Glandelinian forces had intended to attack the Christian armies before they could go to Norma Catherine of Julio Gallo to reinforce Hannon's army of besiegers, and if possible to carry all before them. Show-nia with more than eleven million men eleven million men was headed for Robert Vivian, while Hanley with seventeen million was advancing to capture Jennie Riches and if he did so to hold it against the Federal army moving toward it from the east. King Vivian who had been compelled to abandon his own part of the siege of Norma Catherine on account of this new turn of events, sent general Cornsack Picknell with forty one million to defend any point of Hannon's rear near Norma Catherine, and concentrated the rest of his forces at Jennie Riches, while he had cabled to general Hindernine to hold his own positions near Salientonia at all hazards. Violet and her sisters were excited over this great advance of the two armies though they heard that general John Hanley was moving with two hundred million men on for Dorothy Gale.

Half of this immense force was advancing upon Beppo Lamsin and Pig Girl Knoll in two columns. That evening Abraham Hanley's army was in sight of Jennie Riches first, but a strong Christian army was there, and then therefore instead of attacking right away went into camp. King Vivian massed all his batteries for action. At quarter to five the next morning Violet and her sisters having traveled with the army for days since they left general Vivian's army reached the vicinity of Norma Catherine, and as they unexpectedly neared an enemy encampment of another Glandelinian army under general Johnston, John Hanley and Mic-Ho-lester Johnston, they had to approach with more caution, though occasionally they heard considerable cannonading and the desultory roar of musketry. As they drew nearer they were confused by the enemy sharpshooters who opened a clattering roar of musketry, for they had discovered the little girls. Violet and her sisters therefore hid behind a clump of bushes yet unseen several Glandelinians were creeping upon them from the rear, and before they knew it the Vivian girls once again found themselves prisoners.

"So you Angelinian beauty roses are spies eh?" growled a graycoat who happened to be a Scoundrel as he searched them for weapons. "Well we got you now and you will not get away from us either."

They were now led away by the men and taken toward the enemy's lines, though the men showed evidence of alarm as the far distant sound of firing increased with terrible violence. As they entered the outskirts the leader of the captors said:

"Let's take them over to the abandoned camp vent powder. It is surrounded by hundreds of traps and they cannot escape. They can shoot them selves there."

"But they will have to be taken before general Shoornick." Said another. "He will be glad to see them."

The captors strove with fury to induce the little girls to tell of their purpose in heading for their fathers army when caught. As Violet and her sisters refused to say a word they brought them into the heart of the brasserie where the news of their arrest soon spread and soon general Thomas Federal and Show-nia Shoornick appeared on the scene. Violet grew pale at Federal's deadly scowl and her eyes were dimmed with tears for she knew what was in store for herself and her sisters unless she told them everything they knew. At that moment the ground shook as if there was an earthquake, every tent fell to the ground, while in the distance the houses in the country tumbled to and fro. On all sides were heard cries of alarm, and hun hundreds of soldiers fled for safety into the open high ways. A part of Federal's heavy cannons fell into ruins and from the debris were heard the cries of many of his guards and officers. The evening earthquake continued at inter intervals while all the time there was heard far in the distance a terrible loud reverberating roar, a thick murky whiteness began to hide the distant landscape and horizon, followed by an intense glow from the direction of the Christian lines. The shaking of the ground caused by the explosion of thousands of great mines which had wiped out a large force of reinforcing rebel army ceased. After the shocks ceased and the confusion was over, general Federal ordered that seven stalwart soldiers should lead the Vivian girls to a pass they call where they were heading and what they were doing so near the lines.

"Strike and tear them unless they confess. Strike them good or death shall be your punishment." was Federal's stern order.

The soldiers dragged Violet and her sisters to seven pillars and soon as they refused to tell anything the cruel blows fell ruthlessly upon their faces, necks and shoulders, and even some of Federal's soldiers and officers turned away in horror. Then the soldiers took pieces of broken earthenware and began to smash their faces and necks without mercy, when before the whole multitude of soldiers they were struck by a shrapnell shell, which came flying through the air, and every one were killed.

They were indeed buried in a windrow of wreckage with a redoubled roar the sound of battle outside increased, and clouds of dust from the debris almost strangled the Vivian girls, and flew into their eyes and mouths by the hand full. For an hour and twenty minutes the battle raged with unabated fury outside, the explosions piling up wreckage and furniture-like old junk. At last the battle was gathering in full force the concussion of a high explosive which burst with a stupendous ear-splitting crash caused Violet and her sisters with windrows of wreckage to rise into the air as if blown by an eruption and they fell to the ground five hundred yards from the building where pinioned by the wreckage they were incessantly and cruelly bombarded by flying sticks and stones every time a shell struck the building. A few minutes a bursting air smell though it exploded right where they lay swept the wreckage from them without injuring them in the least, and they managed to cling to an old stump for dear life. For a long time Violet and her sisters lay there clinging desperately yearning that the fury of the old battle would spend itself in this location, and no matter how it turned out, so long as they could escape those horrid bursting shells. Never before had they heard such an uproar. Everywhere there was a chaos of crumbling trees, big tangled lines of men charging back and forth and never before did the shells seem to explode in so constant a manner, and Violet and her sisters expected at every burst of some mighty explosion that they would be blown to atoms. At every time a tree crashed to the ground near them, they feared it would come down on top of them.

Then at a o'clock came and still there was no sign of an abatement of the frightful carnage among them and now poor Violet and her sisters save themselves for lost. Every minute they lay there they were in danger of being killed despite their vehement efforts to shelter themselves, and as the roar of the conflict continued in the same fury they became more alarmed believing that some shell would soon hurl them to some frightful death. For another hour the battle raged in such a frightful manner, and whole lines of men within their sight to their horrified gaze seemed to be annihilated on both sides, and all the time the little girls expected to be killed themselves. The battle seemed to be at white hot fury having increased to its limit, and a tree uprooted by the explosion of a shell almost fell on top of Jennie.

At one o'clock it showed signs of abating but Violet and her sisters did not move from the stump until the roar of the night battle had subsided and the opposing lines had receded out of sight, but a terrible scene of bloody horror was exposed to view. Indeed the battle of Jemie Pichee which raged in this narrative, and in which the Vivian girls had narrow escapes from being killed weapons of the bloodiest that ever raged in this region up to this time of the war at least. To say the roar of the hundreds of thousands of cannon on both sides reduced many buildings to ruin not far from the scene hundreds of thousands of others were damaged and windrows of wreckage filled the streets of Jemie Pichee. Those nine hours of mortal conflict which was a horrifying demoniacal destruction before heaven and earth had been worse than what Violet and her sisters had seen. Not a tree or a single thing was left to her above the ground on that battle field of horror, and nature herself seemed to have not been able to withstand it and even grass or corn were cut by bullets or uprooted by shells, and the frightful storm of bullets, and the fields were strewn with the wreckage of farm houses, houses, convents of the country, and asylums, twigs, branches and trunks of shattered trees, and thickly intermingled with the dead and wounded of both sides. Great and mighty explosions hurling columns of clouds sometimes three or four hundred feet into the air like volcanic eruptions had seemed to split the earth with the din.

In all its strongest fury the battle had raged and many small towns and villages in the vicinity of this battle field was destroyed by shell fire and conflagrations. The Christian line had been assaulted with the most pugnacious ferocity by the Glendelinian columns under general Gordon pullway, Henderson, Pichee, and Angelina, the Christian fire committing frightful damage among those rebel columns crushing them to pieces as swiftly as they rushed forward, whole waves of Glendelinians were wiped out, whole forests were uprooted and shattered by the terrific Christian shell fire. Lone and the ground was strewn for ten miles with the slain of both sides were they lay at manjoints in great windrows of dead bodies.

The twenty ninth of September had come to an end indeed and it ended with one of the most furious battles ever raging near Vivian wicker, and which had caused the loss of many millions of both sides. The third violent outburst of the great battle, a series that was progressive in deadliness and destructiveness and its greatest violence upon the whole Christian army causing the main columns again to attack and causing frightful loss in general. The attack of the enemy had been so sudden and fierce that few of the divisions after being killed

had time to reform and the whole long line of Christian trenches was sent fairly buried under the windrows of dead, and nothing stood before the fury of the great Glendelinian assault. The Christian batteries however had not been carried despite the terrific blow of the assailants and the lines which swept all and threw all before them capturing a long line of fortifications and shattering all the houses inhabited by officers as their headquarters by their own terrific shell fire and the Glendelinians who had assaulted the batteries had fallen by millions.

All the high iron flag poles or wooden staffs were twisted or uprooted, and not a single forest in the vicinity escaped the sweeping fury of the battle, and there was not a single regiment who could present an armor flag, every banner and standard having been torn to shreds by the storm of bullets.

On the morning while Violet and her sisters were still prisoners Shoocumbe and Shoonan brought forward his whole ten million and at then into action against the entire Christian line. The struggle raged with the most titanic fury and soon the battle became general along the left and center, and after four hours of the most deadly and murderous fighting the large column of ten million assailants had been shattered and thrown back with their deaths of their generals Vivian Fleming and Johnna Pichee, while Shoocumbe and Cullen Anderson both brothers were mortally wounded. The great picket on the Christian side had during the meanwhile while the storming attack was in progress brought his own full force into the fierce action, and this had accomplished the purpose of driving the assailants back to their own positions.

The losses were frightfully heavy on both sides but during the rebel onslaught upon the Christian batteries, the rebel columns probably more than ten million strong, faced an annihilating cannon fire for every charge and were frightfully decimated, and hurled back with the loss of over four million. Then immense columns of the Angelinians followed up their advantage, and though repulsed twice with withering losses made a third onslaught covered by a terrible fire of Christian cannon, and this was the part where the Vivian girls were caught in. The Angelinian forces had swarmed to the assault after a fierce and bloody concentration for three hours until fresh for as the enemy had swarmed to the rescue of their comrades, and the Christian line of assault five miles long withered by the murderous fire of the new comers fell back slowly, followed by the enemy, and it was at this time that the Vivian girls after the first passage of the gray waves, were enabled to reach some place of safety before the great battle surge would roll in that direction again. After five hours of further and more murderous fighting, the Angelinians had been driven to their own works and from it Johnella's left wing was hard pressed despite the tremendous fire of cannon and musketry from all of the Christian batteries, and though the enemy lost many hundreds of thousands per hour, they came on. Johnella's line had been forced to give way.

General Antonio Sengulne had come to his aid with five million men out of his twenty million, and though sickle was driven from the works with the loss of millions, Sengulne rallied the survivors, and during the redoubled carnage the enemy again started to give way a little. The struggle then had been fearful along the whole line, and toward one o'clock both sides were in full action. Charges made by the Christians were kept up in endless succession, and hundreds of thousands fell at each of the onsets but the Angelinians did not give up. The battle had increased in fury at two o'clock and despite his furious efforts

Shoocumbe for a time could not make any impression on the Christian lines, and his whole center had been fairly cut to pieces by a fierce charge on Adele-De-Sches massive divisions just then came up to take part.

Adele-De-Sches divisions had therefore been crushed to fragments, and a brigade of one hundred and fifty thousand men had been annihilated. The column after column or the Christians had been steadily moved down as they held their positions, but as whole divisions and columns more were annihilated hour by hour, the Christians finally were forced to give way on once more and they retreated toward Jennie Pichee, their main body moved down in masses even during the retreat. The slaughter was appalling, and scores of generals and hundreds of other officers fell. After retreating for forty miles Johnella's army came upon the one stationed near Jennie Pichee, and here he managed to rally the greater portion of his men and prepared to oppose the enemy once more, and in a single where in an hour one million three hundred and forty thousand Christians fell dead, and over two million three hundred and forty six thousand were wounded.

The Angelinians had on these grounds during the latter portion of the battle, after their long and continuous retreat managed to concentrate three hundred and sixty thousand guns upon the region of Jennie Pichee Run, which the next morning had opened fire upon the Glendelinians and these made the most terrific slaughter, almost as fierce as the battle the first two days before, and whole lines in gray more than twenty miles long went down in fragments by scores, before they desisted in their attacks in this quarter, and an indescribable panic ensued among the surviving Glendelinians. By this tremendous cannonade, the houses in Jennie Pichee were shaken to their foundation, and time and again the rebels had swept like stormy waves upon the newly formed Christian lines only to be hurled back to fragments.

Another shell threw another cloud of dust over the little girls and showered them with stones, twigs, and sticks all the while the little girls could hear the tremendous roar of the christian batteries. But it had not been very seconds when violent and her sisters saw that General Hannon's christian column of White Abnegant-ism forces began to waver, and through the rifting smoke of battle, the little girls could see a long line of soldiers probably thousands in extent to their view was first to and fro, and then break like a foam in a great river.

Several other men immediately attacked the legionnaires and tried to prevent any of their comrades from endeavoring to join the combat elements in that direction, and which had struck the legionnaires, and tried to run three hundred yards over open ground and squandered for most horrendous fire from the right and to the left, and on the center. General John Pershalls was hit at the commencement of the retreat, and was near being captured as he could not run. When more than half way to the line of shattered Christian Union, an American color bearer fell, and one of the African girls Jennie who it was, who was near by it at the time recklessly seized the colors. The pursuing rebel column shouted:

hundreds of thousands of glandelinians continued in the glandelinian continued to advance they proceeded to take every advantage of protection, but not without the same protection the destruction along the whole advancing glandelinian column was most fierce and terrific. Terrible to posts of shot shell and canister, over hundreds of immense gaps and burning whole lines to pieces. As general Shoorman's division continued to press onward despite so many hundreds of thousands of them being dreadfully cut up, picknell on the christian side ordered all his extremities of batteries into action. Instantly the whole of picknell's line from end to end was redoubled above, and the thunder of so many more christian cannon became frightfully deafening it being the heaviest artillery fire ever opened upon an advancing line of men, but on pressed the main glandelinian columns, the carnage becoming more fearful as the christian fire increased still more. Advancing short columns were indeed rushing into the very jaws of death but the steady artillery now now being in general did not affect them and though whole columns were swept down in scores, the survivors pressed on and their yell went up far above the whole roar of battle. On the right of the surging wave of attack was the Hic-Ho lestinians under general Break-In-The-Neck, and the Jumaramban Scallars and Zbrormannians and Omarians under Ambrose Edwin Fuller.

Of these troops also line after line had withered. Yet on rushed the glandelinians yelling like demons and definitely waving their torn battle flags, a left and center of the glandelinian column came on under general janson being about eleven million and eight hundred and eighty eight thousand, seven hundred and seventy seven and it seemed evident now that victory was won though Shoorman's glandelinian division and his whole left flank had been dreadfully torn having now into a most terrific artillery bombardment of nineteen batteries which mowed them down in a way to threaten them with annihilation, and so they alone broke into terrible confusion. General Handon's vivian's divisions of glandelinians pressed on toward the center of the christian line with the same terrific fury, supported by the divisions of Manley, and Manley and also Break-In-The-Neck; now again the battle became general along the line, the whole of the other christian divisions now received from the enemy a most galling fire which tore their own line to fragments, and enabled the glandelinians to carry this position. All the other christian batteries still in position however tore and mangled the left of the glandelinian wave of attack especially those under general Hinterdine Richardson who was killed. His men at his death became terror stricken and broke into utter confusion and panic. He with columns however rushed on more desperately and came close to a stronger position of the position of which appeared to be about ten miles in length, and the massive columns of Angelinians defending it would not yield an inch of ground, and general Galatin quickly rallied other christian columns and reformed

them, and while he kept his lines together vivian and many of the generals with their commands reinforced them, and despite the murderous fire of the glandelinians ordered them to hold the position at all hazards. The battle inflamed Angelinians despite the fury of the attack had themselves now rushed over the position and planted their own tattered battle flags on the barricades in the face of their enemies, and then poured in a roaring storming fire of their own. On both sides of the position now lay monstrous windrows of dead and wounded, and the scene was worse than the death delivering stone walls at the battle of Calverine Hills. Yet the Angelinians held to it, and now the struggle became more terrific and fierce. Even general Shoorman's banner had raised his own force on the seemingly victorious Angelinians and both sides met in a titanic hand to hand fight hundreds of thousands of men fighting each other in mortal combat and fighting long and hard and with the fury of desperation, shouting, yelling and cursing at each other.

Even scores of thousands mingled together in frightful death struggle and the clothes of many thousands of the men on both sides were actually torn to shreds by the very flangers of the fighters, and hundreds upon hundreds of Angelinian generals fought to the last by their guns but were killed and captured. The left wing of the christian line had already been defeated and driven back with tremendous loss, general Shoorman's christian side also failing to hold his works, he himself was killed, and S. C. Shoorman's fierce attack upon general Madgalinin's works caused the right of his force to be cut up and the left and center of it destroyed. But the main strong position was the main problem which the glandelinians were striving to carry. Shoorman pressed six million five hundred thousand more men against the christian lines and helped the other assaults to carry it but time and again he met a terrible fire and his men were driven into confusion. The battle finally ended this way the whole christian army having fallen back at every point except the main works, and the failure to carry it made the enemy suffer the consequences later on. This battle had been the worse that had ever raged within this location the combined losses on both sides in slain being about 2,000,000.

In this place also had been situated the battle front with the flag had not even been reached, and one of the christian generals found her before picknell who was looking for her dead. A fall had when her sisters told her how the battle had been fought, and what a day!

When vivian's sister general Hambytonia were the first to be driven back under a shower of fire of Shoorman's cannon. You know Jennie dear, that during the battle, I and my sisters met Shoorman face to face and think what he did!

"What did he do?" asked Jennie.

"I scare of him," glandelinians were shouting at us, and trying to kill us, when he shot several of them down and ordered the rest to stop firing at us, and then told us to go where it was safer, and that he would see that no harm could come to us."

"He is a better glandelinian general than many of them despite his horrible looks," declared picknell. "Keep on the good side of him little girl Princess's of Abbinemia and then probably he will become a friend of your for life."

In the meantime fierce and sanguinary battles had raged between other christian armies under general Johnston, and the glandelinians under Hic-Ho-Forran, at Cecilina Run, Vivian's Plains, St. Michael's Run, at Melby Costellion's castle Caldwell, General, Jason Corinth, Eva St. Clare, St. Albion, Meldenia, and Galatin all being glandelinian victories. There was a christian victory at white Rose town, one at the battle of Rivers Mouth, planket purg purg, Eternal Creek, Angelina's river another at Rivers Mouth and Galatin and the losses of all these battles combined a cost both sides four hundred million men in killed wounded and prisoners. Each army had been over a billion strong. In deed the shadow of the terrible way war hung now like a great thunder cloud over the city of Jennie's riches herself. At any moment the storm threatened to break and involve the frightened inhabitants in the red ruins of massacre and out outrage. Should King Vivian's army retreat all would be lost. In spite of all the attempts to hide the truth the inhabitants of the city were beginning to understand the real position every day during the two frightful battles of Hambytonia. Just written the glandelinian armies under Manley concentrating upon King Vivian had been firing shot into the city and their ceaseless relentless attacks continued along general vivian's lines. If the christian army was surrounded and crushed altogether into such a seething mass of panic stricken humanity and driven from the defenses of the city the result would be a deluge of blood for Manley had issued decrees to all his officers to massacre every man woman or child they came across to give no quarter to no one whatever. General Jennie and Jennie Johnson who opposed this and being in picknell's army was also concentrating against the christian army at Jennie's riches but he refused to do so.

There had been a foretaste of what was to come in the news of the threatening victory of the glandelinians at K. Jennie's riches and of their frustrating vivian's plans to place new armies to besiege vivian's wicket. Thither on the next day during the battle of Jennie's riches was raging general Calamania Shoorman's army had withdrawn from the assault for the rest of the time leaving vivian and the others to the selves and marched with thirteen million fresh rebels under generals go onto and potent and Ren and Binning. In this fierce battle which lasted two hours the foremost of the glandelinian scallants met a crushing defeat but as they were retreating toward Calverine Run the main army came to their aid and after a fearful struggle which raged for two hours in a series of advantages, the glandelinians overwhelmed a goodly portion of the christian army, dealt them a crushing defeat, and as the christianians under Palmer retreating in panic, the leader sent to picknell who was still stationed at Jennie's riches Run the news describing the condition of the defeated army as desperate. In their terror stricken flight the christian columns abandoned everything. The losses of the christian army in this three hours battle of Trot Creek was two million two hundred and fifty five thousand six hundred and sixty six in slain, and four million seven hundred thousand in wounded, and twice as many taken prisoners. It was the total defeat of the largest christian army yet in battle. The enemy lost only three million, four hundred and forty five thousand, six hundred and sixty five in killed and wounded, and three three hundred and forty five thousand, six hundred and sixty six in prisoners, while one thousand eight hundred nine officers of all rank fell. As the glandelinians had dashed on in their frightful pursuit of this half destroyed christian army under general Flandon the veneer of civilization vanished like mist in the morning sunlight. Scenes of indescribable horror followed, as general vivian came up and threw his arms upon the victorious glandelinians.

The battle was redoubled, and the whole battle field seemed given up to rage, massacre and outrage and the hundreds of thousands of the most terrific explosions ever seen in battle before. The battle line at its worse had extended to forty miles, and raged a further without ceasing. The shattered forests were set on fire in many places, and countless thousands of the wounded of both sides perished in the raging flames. In agony of fear many thousands took to retreat and tried to get away from these horrible explosions, it being a regular bombardment of fire and blood. The total glandelinian loss was 10,000,000 in killed and wounded. Total christian loss 100,000,000.

While all this horror was going on Abbeismen sent from Concepcion to the
 to force a given order to enter a fleet of small gunboats. The
 had commenced by noon and the fortifications of Lucille, Abbeismen,
 Concepcion and others by river and bay, but the fire from the fortifications was too
 hot and in a two or three hours the attacking fleets were
 completely destroyed. This damage had also been terrible and the loss of ships and men
 was great but the Abbeismen fortifications had not been discouraged and sent fleets of
 their own ships to the attack. In second fleet of ships about one thousand in
 number steamed toward the Thunderbolt fortifications the main center of the
 Lucille picket fort. Each ship held about twelve hundred men, and twelve
 thousand marines they being the big gun ships the Abbeismen had ever pushed to
 an attack and armed with the heaviest cannon. Each ship had one thousand long range
 guns and looked very serious for those in the fortifications. But the shore near
 Thunderbolt and fortress Hays, was also armed with strong batteries, and these
 fortifications were considered impregnable. The ships began firing as they advanced in
 line, and as these fortifications did not reply they believed the silence, and
 therefore increased their speed and redoubled their cannon fire. A hundred of
 the leading ships, including the flagship steamed well within range the marines
 though thought a volcano broke into eruption from fortress Hays, for the batteries
 on the shore and the guns of the fortress opened fire with a dreadful thundering
 roar causing a million echoes all through the bay and along the shore, and the
 thousand ships received a frightful volley of projectiles that blew
 many of them in the air, destroyed and sunk the rest, and raked the decks of the
 others fore and aft. Their masts and cabins were shot away, some had their main
 cabins riddled and thousands were killed and scores of thousands were wounded.

The survivors of the ships recoiled a little way at this horrid destruction,
 but turned away at the batteries with their long range guns, and as more ships
 came on the disabled ones were withdrawn the attack and cannon fire increased.
 Three hundred fresh ships advanced toward the fortifications in the terrific roar of
 the biggest guns ever heard in a attack on sea, but fortress Thunderbolt and
 and Concepcion were still silent.

As no reply was sent in by these fortifications the admiral
 of the Angelinian or Abbeismen fleet began to think the fortifications had been
 abandoned, and increased the speed of the battle ships but when the foremost of them
 were well within range the guns of fortress Thunderbolt let fly a series of thunder-
 ous broadsides sound like the crash of a thousand volcanic explosions, and where
 as they ships had been there were only eruptions in the water, the explosions carry-
 ing all before it, and when the noise cleared away these ships were gone literally
 blown out of the water. The surviving ships staggered down at this surprise of the
 second horror and seeing forty sailing with all on board the others were
 horrified. Some however steamed round so that their broadsides faced that deadly
 fortification and rained away like titans but could do nothing. All the while the
 uproar of the artillery discharge had been inconceivably terrific and could probably
 have been heard for hundreds of miles, and receiving a regular stream of fire for
 to minutes the disabled surviving ships, without helm, and with their rigging in
 tatters and badly riddled, and with one hundred more of them already sinking or
 blown out of the water were compelled to turn about and steam out of range.

The last of every surviving ship but went by the board, and
 scores more were already burning in several parts, the crews fighting the fires
 desperately. From a safer distance they poured broadside after broadside upon the
 fortifications in quick succession causing an unceasing roar, and the air was
 full of screaming projectiles and shook with the terrible explosions that clouded
 the sky with smoke as thick as an approaching storm. The rest of the ships now
 steamed to the attack, to try their luck and opened fire upon the other fortifications
 which quickly responded with as many guns as they could bring to bear and the din
 became something terrible. The sea all upon the fortifications had been very persistent
 and now three million men were being loaded with the purpose to try and take the
 fortifications known as Silverbell and St. John by storm. The first assault one
 million men were sent forward, but after an hours fighting one quarter of that
 million were killed, and under a tremendous gun fire the survivors badly torn
 were scattered like chaff and then general Kellogg Heller was killed, hurled over
 this all the guns of the whole line of ship ships was massed away upon the
 fortifications, and while ships were being blown up by tons by the enemy's fire

General Hiramshin came on with two million men to try and take the two
 forts himself and after merciless fighting the assaults succeeded but not without
 fearful slaughter to break a part of the rebel line. The breach being made the
 Abbeismen rushed through and captured the main fort and fifty six cannon and ordered
 within fire on the rebel gunboats. But in overwhelming numbers the
 gunboats rushed upon them and drove them back with more frightful loss and with
 the death of their general. But Major General Gregory and Tarbell next made a furious
 attack on the opposite sides of the fortifications, and during the first assault
 a of general and a war carrying his point. General Gregory's best force was in
 when he fell dead pierced by twenty bullets and thus he killed the captain of his
 regiment. The rebels placed a hundred batteries and a hundred guns.

After the same the general Tarbell was severely wounded and carried from the field.
 Then Tarbell's place general Gregory fought his way up to the very top of the
 main point and the fortified works which surely would have fallen but had not the attack
 for the opposite parties been stopped by the death of Gregory. Volcanoes himself
 fell wounded wounded. General Hiramshin was still engaged with the gunboats
 who were opening Calcutta and having failed to drive the enemy back along his
 front now began brought all his captured gun into action, and the gunboats acted
 with much precision against him however that the Angelinian were repulsed with
 a heavy loss and fell back to the other side of the column. The general Tarbell
 made a general attack which was more determined but the gunboats fought with
 such accuracy against the Nationals who however advanced with irresistible fury, and the
 enemy alone lost in this savage engagement over eight hundred thousand men. The
 Christian losses was more terrible. General Tarbell had his shoe shot under him
 while leading a bayonet charge, and though he pressed forward up to the very
 gunboat cannon he could not get any further and again the Abbeismen were
 repulsed with the deaths of General Gregory and the wounding of Tarbell. Wounded
 of dead and dying lay all along this rear line of battle. Six assaults more had been
 attempted but each time the assault met with frightful decimation though for
 their successes the gunboats lost their generals Morrissey, Lawrence
 Hanson Munby, Collins, George Hamble, Kennedy M. Cunningham, Mansel Gatskin, and
 Comstock who were killed, while Allen McJelen, and McJewel MacDonald
 were wounded with Thomas Barnette, John Burgess, O'Connor young, Conroy, Catlin,
 T. H. Sweeney, Michael Zingonia, Roy Duggan, Acker Johnston, Thomas Callahan,
 Peter his brother and Charles Galligan, who were all mortally wounded, while Thomas
 Darryl, M. Michael Fleming, John and his brother John Stevens
 Thomas Stevens, Charles Morio, James Grady, and Charles A. Warner were all
 wounded.

The attack on the water and land was finally abandoned the admiral having lost
 thirty nine thousand eight hundred and seventy six men killed and wounded
 on board ship, and two hundred and thirty nine ships which were blown out of the
 water, and three hundred and eighty disabled. The Christian losses from the transports
 was one million killed and three hundred thousand wounded. The fortifications by land and during the final land action lost two million more. Thirty nine
 big guns had been disabled and none of the fortifications was slightly battered.
 Picknell's gunboats which were still holding its positions near Jennie
 picknell heard of this bombardment of picknell by sea
 and the general himself said with a look of surprise:

"They thought they could win it by sea but have not done it yet and will never
 do so in twenty years if they had the angels to help them."
 Despite the threatening Christian defeat Picknell was loath never to abandon Jennie
 picknell but with his reserves threw forward new armies behind the same old works and high
 achievements which already had made his positions unassailable and right good as an
 impregnable for an enemy to run himself into. General Shoemack knew of this, and while
 he prepared to make a general heavy bombardment of this strong position he sent three
 days later forces to flank picknell out of his position without the risk of running any
 more forces into too great a slaughter as before, as by now his army was almost
 crippled by its fearful losses. In the meantime Violet and her sisters wanted very
 much to find their way back to general Hanson, Angelina and asked picknell a
 way to get out of the region without any danger from the fearful perils. When they came
 before general picknell and told him what they were going to do he said:

"I do not like to let you go for now since the King has offered
 money and his side over fifty five million dollars for the delivery of all
 child on captured near Jennie picknell, and therefore they are more dangerous than
 usual since we threaten giving picknell. But of course as it is your immediately
 safety from the threatening ravages of this battle, and as you are the Princesses of
 Abbeismen I cannot refuse. But in going away from here you must be careful, for the
 shelling of any of the sections of the country is very heavy now, and look out for
 the rebel picknell generals for there are two more in the enemy lines, and
 every one of them is as wild as hutchers. You can go, but watch out for any of
 them, especially general Henry Gossard picknell."
 They promised to do so and departed later set off on their journey to escape
 the terrible this fearful battle horror.

"But these two battles were terrible ones," said Angelina as they came in
 sight of one of the rounder military lines. "But I can tell you are facing the rebels
 under General Shoemack. It must be his center."

"I wonder in what direction his center is," said Violet.
 "He is in picknell's center of the left wing or right wing of the center."
 said Violet.
 "It is a hard matter to say," said Violet. "Said Catherine with a gleeful look. "But
 I can tell you, I can tell you the right wing of the center of the battle that are
 now, and instead of looking for Hanson or just now how best to find out the
 direction of the foe, and then picknell from behind."

So slowly she lifted her arm and leveled her fist at his chest. Before he could
an instant it there was a flash, followed by an explosion, and reeling he fell on
the smoking little girl he let her down, staggered backward, and then fell to the
ground with a thud, and lay motionless in death agony. Though poor Jennie did not at once
recover from her shocking she managed to haul a dagger to poor Violet but she was
almost overcome by the strangulation she herself sustained, and her tongue was pre-
truding all the length. Being almost unconscious she was too weak to hold the dagger, and
she let it fall and being thrust first one of the gladiators managed to shock poor
Jennie but was strangled to the heart, by but a yet there were seven more left beside
general Pickens in battle with. As these rushed at her and her sisters they managed
to bring a number down with well aimed shots and rescued Angelina before she was
strangled to death. Jennie having secured a severe wound kept the rebels
at bay by well aimed shots, while Angelina, Jennie and her other sisters attacked the
Gladiators who were trying to shock Violet to death. Violet was so purple
and presented all the symptoms of suffocation, pain and strangulation. Angelina and
Jennie made dash at her and plunging their daggers into the abdomen of the man
shocking Violet she he dropped to the ground mortally wounded, they rose. Violet
from his grasp and slapped her on the back to make her recover for she
was about to die.

Several more gladiators rushed forward to overpower them when all at once
without the slightest warning there was an uproar as if the whole world was coming to
an abrupt end. Before you could count one Violet and her sisters were pinched

under a big tree which stretched down upon them with the roar of an explosion. At
the same time the earth beyond seemed to rise high into the air and simultaneously
an unearthly blackness obscured everything from view, and the uproar of the crash
and the noise of falling trees was so fierce that it seemed to be some infernal
blow. The gladiators seemed to have been swept from the ground as if they were
feathers, there was an insupportable and of terror, pain, terror, confusion, confusion,
confusion, confusion and confusion of men dashed together and thrown 4 or up into
the air without the power of resistance.

Violet and her sisters had been stupored by the falling trees and lay still even after
the sudden tremendous uproar had subsided. The very flash of the gladiators' explosion
seemed to have scattered or shot along the ground and the crash or thunder of the blast
had been loud enough to have the thrown down the steepest hillside from the
conclusion. Everything made by nature seemed to have been torn to pieces by the great
mine explosion, and the masses of spreading everywhere about in every place with an
agonizing blackness.

When poor Violet recovered she found herself covered with spots of the
bleeding bodies of the dead children, and also some wreckage and lots of earth,
tossed upon her by the fury of the explosion. Struggling furiously to free herself from
the tree she found it pretty hard, but she managed to shake the bodies from her and
then free herself. Her throat felt sore from the awful choking and her head badly
wounded caused by the explosion excepted greatly. It was still dark the smoke still
lay over about it being early morning but the moon still shining could be seen through
the haze and by the light she managed to drag her sisters free from the trees and to
a clearer section of the ground after climbing over branches of trees a score of
feet. The smother of blood and water was mixed together by the rain, and the odor of
the powder was horribly strong and Violet was indeed terrified when she saw that
her clothes were almost covered with blood. Lying down and fear was also tearing
at her heart. She stepped over her sisters to see if they had recovered, and observing
them to be lying as still as the corpses over yonder she believed they were dead, and
only herself left alive to die when again discovered by the gladiators of the main
army. Her heart beat wildly with fright and every time she saw a moving shape
similar she believed it was a gladiator. Violet laid on top of her sisters and
wept bitterly.

"Oh dear God! oh dear God!" I could almost wish I had died with them when the trees
fell on top of me and not to have it. This horror all over again. What will papa
do if he finds they are gone? I am dear God but I think they are not dead. They
may have been saved from the army by the explosion but when the trees had not
killed them. My dear friends are now in heaven!

"What's the matter, where were you?" spoke several voices. "We were asleep
and not dead."

Her sisters were sitting up but now they arose.

"It threw us down so violently." Violet spoke as she looked at her clothes
and as saw how ragged and blood stained they were.

"I don't know." answered Violet. "It happened so suddenly."

Fifteen minutes later still horror stricken they started on their way toward the
Christian lines they observed in the distance, and as it grew lighter they saw the
further away the explosion had wrought, and then realized the queerness of their
being so suddenly knocked down and so violently. Near by was a gigantic crater
in the ground and on its edge where there had stood before a whole forest
only a tree here and there were left standing. They made slow progress over the
fallen trees, but as it was lighter they could now see their way. They ascended the

ridge where they had been seized but could not see any Christian camp anywhere.

However were a camp, but the gladiators' flag flying.

"I wonder if any of the gladiators in our father's army ever seen me?" asked
Angelina. "I have been gone for over a week and were captured during the three or
four battles of years before."

Suddenly the sound of rattling horses reached their ears and fearing they were a
squad of the army, Violet and her sisters hid behind a pile of tall rocks. Soon the
horses came into sight, and seeing they were American ordered with gladiators.
Violet and her sisters did not dare leave their hiding place, until the column
had passed by as soon as Violet and her sisters left their hiding place after the
passing of the gladiators, they were suddenly seized from behind, blindfolded,
and carried off, to no one knows where.

In the meantime fierce action was being prepared for at Jennie Pickens. Hanley had
concentrated large forces upon that no town but found Robert Vivian's army immediately
opposed to him. During the time the action advanced was seen around general Callahan came
riding up to general Hanley. Vivian saying:

"Your main division are also coming for his Majesty King Robert Vivian is
going to make a brilliant and determined attack on Hanley's lines."

"We had a horrible experience during the time the army made his
concentrating, a scene too horrible to explain, but you will observe it when you
reach those grounds, where one of our fighting parties passed over early this
morning."

Jennie Vivian at the head of one of his divisions now standing on his horse and
addressing said to Hanley:

"You know Uncle the Vivian girls my sisters have not shown up since they left
general Pickens' lines near Morris. I am worried about them. I also
observed something that occurred yesterday about a mile from here. I expect you Uncle
to take no prisoners in this battle."

"All right your Excellency." said Hanley. "But your sisters may have been
captured by the gladiators and their intentions are probably known."

"Hanley's army is lined with millions of sharpshooters and artillery." declared
another general riding up. "and you will only run your divisions into total
destruction if you advance against the insurgent position just now, and if you
are not more cautious."

"Well there are your own divisions." and you may lead them." said Jennie
addressing. "I am in command here and I'll do the thing for or in my own idea. Hanley
you to your command forward and give the enemy hell. You general! No go forward too
but be cautious. We'll storm the enemy at all points simultaneously."

General Powell pondered Johnston prepared his divisions for the cautious attack. on
general Federal divisions but he soon observed movements that made him fear

that Johnston's divisions would flank Jennie's divisions and defend his superior of
the danger and therefore was ordered to attack Johnston's artillery of masonry
main system and been parted with care and covered in close order out on an open
plain. While his divisions were executing their ghastly attack wherein the silence
of their ranks a cautious approach was to be succeeded by the din and fury of a
desperate onslaught and determined defense, the guns were to be guarded by Jennie's
divisions closely. These guns had done much splendid execution in the previous
battle, and were loaded to a vast shell the other columns went forward with just
the plain old snail-like cartridges were to be loaded in the rifles, but the mute but
so terrible bayonet was to do all the work necessary. This was the command given
by General Jennie. Amen.

Suddenly in the grim and noiseless hour of a bloody morning the Christian divisions
led by this time were in reach of the enemy's cannon. The storm of balls, and shells,
fell before and behind them, but on pressed the Angelians to the point at which
the fire seemed the most severe. Advancing in front of the cannon they got to
within gunshot shot range of the enemy and scarcely was death of the front line was
inflicted the cannon both there and at their rear began pouring a murderous hail
whistled by the hundred within few inches of his head, but he fell not. The surviving
lines fired with deadly effect upon their foes, and rushing forward received a perfect
stream of fire that raked them frightfully, killing hundreds of officers includ-
ing one of the generals. The horror of the fight now became awful.

Noise and confusion of many kinds prevailed, the incessant firing of thousands of
cannon, the murderous whistling discharges of masonry extending for miles,
the whistling of balls, the bursting of thousands of bombs, the roar of artillery, the
noise advance of long lines of infantry, the shouts of the conquering, the groans of
the dying, the shrieks of the wounded, large multitudes of the dead lying upon the
ground, the carrying off, of the wounded by scores of thousands, and all enveloped
in a cloud of smoke all to make one vast spectacle of horror such as never before
Johnston had never dashed into before. He passed over many of the wounded Angelians,
and oh how he wanted to aid them but could not.

Many men were found with bayonets in them, some side by side, each with his bayonet in the other. Over the dead and wounded the Christian column charged, and a most terrible fight raged for an hour, and the charging column suffered terribly many being shot and mangled without mercy. But now a large portion of the sea on Powell's right began to retire at a trot and in great disorder. At their approach, the enemy having lost two divisions of men which were annihilated, so left an excellent rifle battery of four hundred guns in the possession of Powell's right. Johnston's men, after all the cannonading had fought until all their horses were killed and they also everywhere the ground was strewn with scores of thousands of dead and fell wounded falling every minute. One of the Angelinians was set upon by a strapping fellow who gave him a pretty severe cut on the head with his sabre and knocked him from his horse. In another moment a second graysont seized him by the neck and strangled.

"We have got one damn or dh Christian dog anyhow."

The Christian soldier did not see it in the light however, and quickly drawing his pistol shot his captor dead, but now the greater part of Johnston's army was coming to the rescue of the defeated soldiers, Powell's right Johnston's army was attacked by a vastly superior force, and seeing his danger the Christian soldier, who had been in danger of capture brought down two majors, and a general and in the few minutes of confusion caused in the gray line rallied his regiment and began to retire. Jimmie saw that Johnston was checked by a barricade of trees, and that the rest of his divisions could not go to his aid, so he opened with a rain of shot and shell raining up to the ground and bringing down multitudes of graysonts.

The Christians fought like fatal devils to cover Powell's right Johnston's retreat, and soon Jimmie's whole line attacked furiously by general Nemo Green's unarmoured opened a heavier fire, but the enemy's infantry attacked with unceasing fury, and succeeded in driving several divisions on the right of Benjamin's line away in great confusion, and advanced upon Benjamin's whololins full tilt, and that was met by a counter charge on the part of the divisions under general Walter Jennings and now a fiercer struggle a rabid hundreds of thousands of terrific discharges of spherical case or other shot resounded upon Jennings' divisions which staggered them back, but they held their position despite the horrid carnage, and as full mile tudes and divisions came within range of the Christian fire they melted away almost instantly. But a part of the main line dashed furiously upon Jennings' front and during the fierce onset which was met by a sheet of flame from the Christian guns Jennings received a wound in the fleshy part of the left arm. Yet he retained his command but during the sanguinary conflict received a second wound in the thigh, but fell only upon his knee. He planted the flag upon the parapet and kept the colors flying. Despite their losses the enemy kept up the fire as fierce onset and though a monstrous multitude of the Angelinians hit the dust, it stayed them not. On they came yelling like demons scores of thousands of them crowding Jennings' position, but were mowed down, and broken and repulsed, the thinned line of the enemy suddenly retreating. The sharpshooters along Benjamin's line kept up an unceasing fire upon their assailants, while the valley from his main line was also continually four times in thirty thirty minutes whole columns millions strong rushed to the assault, until the whole ground where the sanguinary conflict was raging was covered with hundreds of thousands of slain and wounded. So, Colonel Thompson's plucky whose regiment attacked with the rest of the Glandelinians was shot through the head, and before he fell to the ground a shell struck him in the abdomen and in exploding blew him to pieces, swirling his intestines all over the man nearest him. His spinal column was found several feet from his mangled body. A few minutes later when the attack on Jennings' line was again in full swing he received a wound in the shoulder but he still refused to leave the field, as his leaving would discourage the men, where his own men were falling in thousands. Jennings was about to try to stand, when mid white a bullet past his face, about three inches from it, and made him draw back in a hurry. Jennings leveled his pistol in the direction of the advancing onset, and fired, and loaded and fired again. He got his revolver in readiness again, when another bullet whizzed pretty close. Then came another whose hiss could be heard for fully a hundred yards, and it went through another general's shoulder riding up near him. As he fell from his horse, several of his comrades picked him up.

Now a horseman came past in a hurry and when he was right opposite Jennings a ball struck his horse in the fore shoulder. Off tumbled the man, and down fell the horse, stiffened out and died. If the ball had gone through the animal it would doubtless have struck Jennings. A dozen now a hinned past Jennings' head almost a running man and a moment later he saw twelve men dead about him, and six more wounded picked up by the comrades. Oh the horrors of war. Jennings' line was now ordered to charge the advancing enemy, and in doing so they passed through such a heavy fire of minnie balls and traps and snipers that in that one charge hundreds of thousands were mowed down killed and wounded. The color bearer of the division being mortally wounded planted the colors in the ground amid the dreadful carnage and seeing the line in purple waving another man wounded as he was or crawled forward, seized the colors from amid a pile of slain and waving them in the face of the foe called upon the line to rally to it, which they did, but the enemy was advancing in overwhelming numbers and after more sanguinary fighting Jennings' line again was re-

been Jennings' men retreated in a stampede and after some time spent in trying to calm them and directing the most of the men to form across the road using their muskets horizontally as a guard to press them back, the impact became so great that the men were swept aside and a great rout appeared inevitable. Just then a army quartermaster's wagon came down the road in the other direction, and a score of Jennings' men seized the wheels and ran the wagon perpendicularly across the road, which enabled the Angelinians to make a kind of barricade. But still some of the more active being terrified swarmed over the very canvas top of it with the agility of great acrobats. Finally a check was maintained, something like order was restored, and the stampede went back quietly, their apprehensions having been overcome by the steady departments of Jennings' men who laughed them out of their fears. If they had not arrested this panic as it had been a more serious danger if not a catastrophe perhaps the whole army would have stampeded then and there.

By general Jimmie's orders a large section of the Christian batteries was placed again in position and a destructive and effective fire was now opened upon the enemy's advancing army. The thousands of hurtling shells came in quick succession like soap bubbles blown from an eager child's pipe. They came in a fixed direction and left a scene of slaughter not to be gined from more destructive description. Everywhere was fresh numbers of slain and dying. Yet still uncomplaining warriors meeting each officer as they traversed back and forth over the same fighting ground melted away. Guns and sabres were scattered here and there, amid haversacks clothing and canteens, and also arms strewn broadcast to lighten the burdens or given up with life itself, as men quickly obeyed order to rally on the colors or face the enemy's fire with unflinching celerity. All this horrid debris, with abandoned accoutrements, and cartridge boxes, told of the repeated conflicts, and desperate charges that had taken place along the lines.

AN OCEAN STORY, casting all the wreckage of its fitful and pugna violence upon the shores, violently tossing the fragments hither and thither in a rain relentless sowing of destruction, crashing and breaking the victims of its wrath, with faces marbled and frozen from the grimaces of pain would alone be comparable to the pitiless clash of men in deadly grapple for the mastery of that fated field near Jennie's Ridge. Three thousand cannon now helped to check the enemy's advance or almost mortal advance, and plowed frightful avenues by the hundred through the lines of men in which gray was the color of most of the Glandelinian uniforms. Jimmie's divisions were able simultaneously in delivering a most destructive fire upon the Angelinian Confederate troops advancing upon the divisions under Jennings, and many times strategic points in the fields were occupied alternately by the gray and purple coats but finally in the full fury of the bloody contest, Ben's men returned to the ground to become again furiously engaged there in the flanking movements that were taking place with an enemy as badly crippled and confused as Jennings' line was in the now raging inferno of the storm of battle.

The storm of artillery fire on both sides was very destructive and an enormous concentration of the enemy's guns were made on an angular formation of the very Christian lines, and whole divisions by the score were swept with terrible effect, sometimes in flank and rear, but often from inflicting points. Other Christian batteries of quick firing guns had every officer in it killed or wounded and general Henry Garner taking command of it was slain in the field a few minutes after severely wounded. Every gun along the whole Christian line was belching flame and smoke and vapor: were batteries kept more occupied. General Bacon, with Corcoran's five thousand guns of the heavy type opened an appalling fire of grape and canister at close range an unusual and hazardous thing in handling artillery. The fierce onslaught of general Furgatorius' flanking Glandelinian columns had already driven in Benjamin's divisions and hurried them back upon the main line of hindering a force, and the crash of steel, and the flame of musketry was fierce and sanguinary.

On pressed the Glandelinians yelling like demons, and in less time than it takes to tell it the Christian ranks opened fire all along their line and the uproar was more deafening. Standing in a state of relief against the background of the soot thick musketry and a monotonous discharge now at close range took on an outline for nearly ten miles of a lurid quivering undulating sheet of flame from flames. It was answered in steel by fixed harrows of the graysonts but now countless numbers went down. Soon the frightful conflict reached up and into the stronger portions of the Christian lines and to that of general Hindernine. In one of the hottest and deadliest centers the color regiments of Colonel Goughmanns command moved with one impulse of pent impatience through the tangled inferno like waves and soon brought up into the Angelinian rifle pits on their front and it seemed for a moment if an ill the doom of a blast furnace had opened upon the gray line. But though scores of thousands went down per minute everywhere, the bayonet was silently and effectually at work. It made no noise but in the deadly lunges scored a deadly reckoning. But the deadlier Christian line, reinforced, now moved forward upon the enemy in unswerving lines, and the enemy not able to stand that fiery undulating wall and wave of sulphurous ignition and scorching blast of thousands of Angelinian cannon, fell back and landing in a snarl position of defense, if not attack, on the other side of the fighting ditch opened themselves, a most fierce musketry fire whole new formations were made by general Furgatorius, to take up another position.

Sengulino was struck by a musket ball on the left shin forehead, and staggering fell against a tree stump, but was picked up by some Angelinians. The glandelinians had pressed over J Kinderline's works now in appalling numbers, and the Angelinians fell back, their steady firing ceasing, while Purgatorians army opened a heavy fire of artillery and a heavier storm of musketry which crashed among the christian lines with more telling effect. But now general Hanson given was throwing forward forces to general Kinderline's aid, and general S. a Sidney James Riessen bary whose guns had made such havoc from well chosen points of the tangled battle field was swept away in death, behind his belching guns, while Purgatorians had towed his foremost divisions for fear of their annihilation. The constant fire of artillery with the bursting shells, and the deafening crash of musketry was awful. A few minutes later general Purgatorian was also borne from the field wounded. Quickly the woods in front of general Purgatorians receding lines became alive with Hansons Angelinians and Abyssinkilians in close column by divisions, and brigades, who delivered at once a most galling fire. The trees tops had been populous with sharpshooters in struts to pick off glandelinians officers wherever they could discern them. Shoemans massive Scodler glandelinian columns charged with fixed bayonets to drive the cheering confident christian force back as they surged toward them. This was repeated subsequently several times when the attacking line on their front became so heavy and aggressive that Shoemans forces were forced to fall back.

But general Lucian Baldwin, who had been massing his forces upon Hanson to drive him, or his Angelinians and Abyssinkilians before them, it with sheer force of numbers and the firing of both sides was again most terrific, and well directed.

Hansons forces in double lines made a terrific charge, and in the space of fifteen minutes his lines and officers became so frightfully decimated that it seemed useless to cope with the so replenished lines of Scodlers and Mangaboos hurled against his columns, though his forces had cut them up frightfully. One thousand three hundred gathering guns were brought forward and opened on Picknells troops in oblique directions, and especially upon his right and left flank, but reaching the right of the line after the rally, Shoemans directed the rear columns of his rallied divisions to close up and maintain the line (go out and die) and soon general Hanson given was hard pressed by the enemy, who swarmed upon his thinned line in an alling numbers.....

The deadly fire kept up by the marksmen in the trees, added to the discomfiture and loss and it seemed to Hanson if nothing human could withstand it, the officers were being picked off unerringly, and among them general Groaty Joy received a ball through the right lung, staggering back from the right of the colors, he sank on one knee to investigate how much of a wound he had received. Pressing his left hand to his breast, his right hand having become paralyzed from the shock of the ball passing entirely through his body he found that he was bleeding profusely and growing weak. He rested his hip on the ground, and steadied himself in a half sitting position, with the good arm, and eluded that his best chance was to remain perfectly quiet, and as quiet as possible. Lieutenant Calvin Shoeman another of his general rushed to his aid and tenderly asked him what the matter was, and the extent of his injury.

General Joyce told him, that he had been shot through the right lung and if there was any discretion on his part so as to pull through, it would be in keeping still.

"But the whole of our line is being driven back," said Calvin. "the christian dogs are pouring upon us everywhere in great numbers, and if you remain where you are you surely will be captured." He added, "You must make an effort and let us get you to the rear, where the surgeons and the field hospital is located."

Finally yielding to his entreaty Joyce got on his feet, his right arm hanging limply and powerless, and powerless, he tottered along with him. They had gone but a short distance when the shelling and musketry fire having made the air murky and sulphurous, he saw what appeared to be several divisions of men lying on the ground probably three hundred thousand strong, seemingly lying on the ground on their arms, and as he supposed, held in reserve, but who were really all dead.

Along the whole christian line now the battle raged, and the whole scene became more like an inferno. General Hanley led one million five hundred thousand, against general Jimmie Vivians columns, and his batteries poured streams of shot, shell, canister and grape shots upon the massive gray lines, but swarming in, overwhelming numbers the glandelinians threw themselves upon the whole of Jimmie Vivians force with the most dreadful fury if fury can be termed.

General Jimmie Vivians center in the midst of the most dreadful carnage was driven in (where) with dreadful loss, and would have been obliged to retreat, but Gannons general line of cannon under general Quintus Kormann opened a hell storm of fire upon Manleys shelling columns and for fifteen minutes the almost decimated glandelinian columns were held at bay. It was a fire that nothing human could stand before, and hundreds of thousands who had rushed up to the muzzles of Kormanns and Levine Meldons batteries and swarmed over general Vivians works were either moved down short, or blown to pieces with intestines scattered all around like a blizzard. In meeting this fire Manleys line was of assault was reduced to fifty thousand and he was appalled.

Manley took and her howdahs however hurled another massive column against the christian works, the tremendous fire of Gannons cannon neither aimed to the right or left, but Manley was bound to carry general Jimmie Vivians, and after some superhuman effort managed to push the entire advanced line of Gannons christian divisions and Jimmie Vivians Abyssinkilian Winkies back from their works and behind their cannon barrage, but Gannons gathering guns were run up to the point and the fire from these guns, added by the others placed ragged avenues in Manleys whole column, and he could get no further now having lost three million at this point alone! Just on account of Gannons guns. The fire alone of general Jimmie Vivians right under general Maurice Ben, Benigan, was more tremendous than Gannons infantry or artillery, and in the terrific and most bloody fight that raged for four hours along the whole line, officers of all ranks on both sides went down like by the score, the glandelinian columns of Shoemans Scodlers rushing madly to the charge were torn in pieces, with scores of generals down, and general Jimmie Vivians columns of Winkies Abyssinkilians strove with the fury of hundreds of thousands of demons to retake their works, but wave after wave of counter charging troops met with frightful destruction. Jimmie Vivians was seriously wounded but retained his command, Kormann the battery commanders killed, and Gannon wounded in the left leg, and still the Angelinians held on like leeches.

General Jacob Baldwin seeing that Manleys columns held the works against all the horrible assaults and cannon cannon fire of Jimmie Vivians divisions and fought with the same stubbornness as the Angelinians themselves, drew up his own guns and opened upon the gray columns with showers of grape and canister, which tore Manleys whole line to flying fragments, and pushed forward with three million of his Abyssinkilians and Winkies, and amid the dreadful carnage in which scores of divisions were decimated by the terrible return artillery fire along the rebel front, reached the works, but just as hundreds of thousands of Winkies swarmed over they were all cut down by a searching withering fire, and he himself fell seriously and dangerously wounded. Thousands upon thousands of his Abyssinkilians fell everywhere along the line and the struggle was more fearful.

Under a rain of millions of minies the surviving purple columns now began to retire, and the glandelinians receiving reinforcements advanced on the Angelinians with greater fury driving Baldwin half decimated army back to and from their main works with more dreadful loss and with the wounding of general Henry Baldwin, Jacob Baldwin's brother, and a mortal fighting raged along portions of Gannons retiring divisions for four hours, but he was hard pressed by the enemy who kept on advancing despite the terrific fire from a line along the christian line, and outnumbered, Hanson was forced to fall back, and the enemy capturing his line of works held them firmly, and placed Hansons line with a rain of shot and shell.

In the meantime Shoemans having reformed his shattered and broken lines pushed forward to retake Kinderline from his position which he still held. Kinderline was poured in a veritable tempest of shot and shell. More and more of the enemy came down upon the fields and it was too much for poor Kinderline, and he was overwhelmed and forced back his lines battly out of it. It was already four o'clock in the afternoon, the furious battle showing no signs of abatement, the whole christian line was now falling back and the battle seemed lost. After three hours of bloodier fighting Jimmie Vivians forces were also driven back with most dreadful loss, and general Purgatorians men now under the command of general Joseph Jennis massed together and swept upon the recoiling christian lines with the most tremendous fury, using the bayonet once more with good effect. The carnage during the rout was more fearful than we can even think, but the christian forces were in slow retreat. The receding fire along the christian line was still effective but the countless numbers of glandelinians continued to press on.

During that afternoon it had been a simultaneous attack all along their line but now it was a series of separate engagements, and this enabled general Jimmie Vivian at the same occasion of the fighting at one part, to move his unengaged forces to the main point of attack, and now the assailants met with more resistance than before. But Adels-De-Car has great forces advanced to the assistance of the glandelinians. Shoemans right grand divisions being almost annihilated was succeeded, while Picknell and Manley maintained portions of the Angeline pieces and Jennie Riches plains and succeeded in capturing a strong christian battery. Manley now directed Picknell to cross his forces over these great plains, to sweep another gap across the great Jennie's Bridge and carry the left of the christian line at all hazards, the Angelinians having made another stand on new ground. The crossing was affected under a murderous fire by Right P.M., surging round to the west with his three divisions Picknell went into fierce action against the Angelinian left, his attack being assisted by a number of batteries which inflamed a part of general Jimmie Vivians line and caused frightful carnage. The result was the gradual and general withdrawal of the Angelinians to the woods of Jennie Riches, where a terrible struggle raged until 10 P.M. Picknells forces having been reinforced again caused a swift withdrawal of the christian line whose firing all that time had been simply dreadful. Smash-In-The-Head was severely wounded in this

four hours sanguinary fighting in the darkness of that bloody but moonlight night. Adela-De-Garbo left, entering the woods ran into a terrible ambush of twenty Angolitan brigades on his front, and thirty on his flank, with the result of the annihilation of that division. Adela-De-Garbo was severely wounded, his main divisions falling back badly crippled and shattered, with the loss of ten brigade commanders but nevertheless they were rallied and reinforced. Calhoun Shoemann made a most spirited and determined assault upon the Christian line along his own front, and fortunately the right of the Christian center, where Shoemann's main columns were also attacking, and where they had seemed to mass an overwhelming force had been shattered by an infiltrating fire of three thousand masked guns as they with their whole line gave way before Shoemann's assault, and it was quickly discovered, that by wheeling to the left they could flank and infiltrate the troops who held so tenaciously held the edge of the plains near the woods near Schlossers big barn. But amid the horrible firing the attempt failed, and the whole plain was literally covered as thick as straw straw with dead and wounded Angolitans and Kindernines together. Despite their being exposed to the sharp artillery fire from batteries on both sides of it the plains, assault after assault of the most pugnaeous character was made, and only abandoned when Johnnie Johnston was severely wounded.

At about one-o'clock in the night, there was a lull in the firing and hostilities were practically suspended by the left and center of the armies for the remainder of the night, but along the right it so still raged with unabated fury. Bicknell's batteries infiltrated the Angolitans in his immediate front, and then he stormed the purple lines but met with frightful decimation and was unsuccessful, but this attack was followed by another, and meeting with the same result, general Richard Plantersby was sent to flank Kindernine, which was done amid the most horrible carnage at 5 P.M.

After five hours of the most sanguinary fighting general Bicknell's entire command as it moved forward was subjected to a cover of fire from the Christian batteries, and meeting with the most frightful decimation, Bicknell's columns on the left and center being shattered and mangled, recoiled but the right stood its ground and began firing in an alarming way. Kindernine's series of stands was marked by horrible windrows of dead, dying, and wounded, but general Walter Jennings managed to drag forward one thousand six hundred machine guns and opened another fire of double shotted canister, mowing down the gray columns completely. Hundreds upon hundreds of thousands of rebels were lying afresh on the ground, but Bicknell's main line obscured in the thick smoke of the smoke except on, but now Jimmie Vivian arrived once more with three thousand guns which of course had to close just in time to be captured. The increasing and steady roar of Jennings' cannon was frightful.

But the Gladiolians who captured Jimmie Vivian's guns among them around and threw a perfect tempest of shot and shell upon the Christian artillery line causing more frightful carnage, and damaging many acres of Christian musketry. Now Jennings men turned their attention to the captured guns, and soon all of Bicknell's men found themselves in the midst of one of the worst roaring infernos of battle they had ever seen before. Whole columns of his men were mowed down, and to add to the terrible carnage

Jimmie Vivian by the help of his father managed to bring forward fresh guns and poured an extra tempest of shot and shell upon Bicknell's lines and now his men began to fall in larger multitudes, his whole line being shattered, maimed and mangled, with their survivors torn and bleeding, and columns by the score torn and rent to pieces.

But supported by Hanson, Bicknell made a series of the most furious and determined assaults, but in these attacks which were repulsed with slaughter of horrible cruelty, Hanson and Hanson were mortally wounded, and Bicknell though wounded himself, strove to rally his men. Kindernine had now received heavy reinforcements sent by Robert Vivian and now advanced upon Bicknell, meeting his divisions with the fury of desperation. Shoemann seeing that the gallant Bicknell was severely wounded in that roaring inferno, went to the aid of his men with all his command and fiercer fighting continued with bloody and merciless savagery for two hours more, then Shoemann seeing that his divisions were making impression on the purple lines, ordered a charge.

As Shoemann's army came on in big masses, Kindernine's men strove with demoniac fury to drive them back, and retained their ground with great stubbornness, and as the gray columns still came on, Jimmie Vivian ordered all his infantry divisions to be thrown forward, and these struck against Shoemann's line of advance like a thunder bolt. The Angolitan infantry during their impetuous onset strove in Shoemann's center, but met a merciless storm of minies and canister and were forced to recoil. The losses of the infantry and the suddenness of their decimation so disconcerted them, and leaving hundreds of thousands of more dead and wounded where they lay, they fell back, Jennings batteries covering their retreat.

All of Jennings' guns were in a titanic uproar, and every 15 seconds a column was torn in Shoemann's line and the whole of Kindernine's main front was hidden in smoke and flashing flames. Jimmie Vivian had now been wounded a second time, and all of Jennings' gunners were either killed, wounded or captured, and he himself wounded again. Despite the withering discharges of minie and canister Shoemann's whole line had continued on like an avalanche and carried the guns. Kindernine himself was wounded now, but his men did not falter or fall back until the bold and desperate advance of the enemy overwhelmed them horribly. Then as the gladiolians who were now rolling like millions of demons broke through the long line of barricades, General Vivian again opened a tremendous fire with his heavy and cannon cannon, while his infantry kept up a murderous fire with minie and gathering guns, and even used bayonets in a cruel manner.

The battle was indeed now terrific in the extreme. Maurice Gottlieb now arrived with nine parks of Gatling guns and opened a more fearful storm of bullets and canister and also grape and increased the carnage in a frightful manner, threatening the new plants with annihilation. Under this terrific and almost annihilating fire that was raking his men in line with indescribable fury, Shoemann saw his left grand division give way gradually, and he dreading that this would cause a general retreat, sent general Johnston with his divisions from his center to his left, but when he got there, he found that the left wing was in retreat, and trying to rally the men fell mortally wounded. The loss of officers then became frightful. General Pontiffie Glendenn, Hilary Jiggs, Dye Doyle, Filadelfian and fields and Chetelton were severely wounded, Buster Johnston was killed, William Patrick was mortally wounded, and also was general Heaney, while Edward J. Carr, Patrick J. McKay, Frank J. Scott, Col. Angelo, Logan, Patrick Howard, Kiscoo Turner, Gallagher Hager, General Feller, Sullivan Handouts, and Revere Revillie were also all mortally wounded. These very Gladiolitan generals had shown remarkable service at the Bristol too Station battle, where they had received their first wounds.

One of Kindernine's left grand divisions was being withdrawn from Shoemann's front, but over seventy thousand still stood fast, and in doing his utmost in encouraging his men Maurice Gottlieb fell severely wounded, and was reported also mortally wounded. His men were confused over his fall, and Cannon did his best to rally them, and urged them to stand firm by their work and hurl back the advancing columns in gray. In the meantime general Hanson, Vivian and his nephew Jimmie had under fierce stand near the Maroon. Illusion Plains and the artillery fire along their two whole lines was terrific, and many thousands of regiments of Gladiolians went down before this rain of shot and shell and high explosives, which seemed to tear the very battle field up into the air. Hundreds of massive columns of all kinds advanced with the ferocity of demons. Despite the fact of the fury of the Christian fire general Manley continued on and Jimmie Vivian managed to change front and throw forward great forces of Abyssinians and Concentinians every day to oppose Manley's advancing columns who were also crossing Jimmie's river, and amid the frightful carnage which made the scene a bloodier inferno than ever, or like a regular inferno of blood, fire and mangled flesh and intestines, he received a third wound and had to go to the rear. Five thousand of Robert Vivian's guns were now pushed forward and turned upon the furiously advancing Gladiolitan columns but they came on, the whole Christian army under Jennings was now crushed to fragments and driven back across Jimmie's bridge, which the enemy at once occupied after a regular tug of war with ten other Christian divisions which maintained the flooring of the gigantic bridge with the slain of both sides. The whole battle line was indeed a regular morn morgue.

All along general Hanson's line lay long fresh dead and wounded thickly strewn on the ground but the dead and wounded graycoats lay in long windrows. Manley's whole columns though they met such frightful losses continued the same, and most furious and still more determined attack, and with redoubled fury on general Vivian's entire line and four four hours a most terrific death struggle raged, but at last the greater part of general Vivian's line was driven back again into confusion, and as Manley's columns so pushed forward in regular blazing fiery waves, Roswell Buster Johnston again rallied the retreating columns, and as general Henry Buster arrived with one million three hundred thousand red coated Winkie Abyssinians, the Angolitans again made a most furious and stubborn stand, and Roswell Buster Johnston's Angolitans on receiving heavy reinforcements was thrown upon the left grand division of general Manley's army, and during the further hours of terrific fighting in which both sides seemed to try their best to annihilate each other, general Vivian reestablished his broken and shattered lines and began to withdraw slowly, but his covering artillery rent and tore the whole gray line in their front to a thousand men and melting away the rear wave like a great thaw in a river during the summer heat. The left grand division of Kindernine's army now under general Roswell Buster Johnston was rolled up in confusion a thousand fold, but Roswell Buster Johnston came to his aid and after general Vivian rallied again, and in the severe and mortal fighting that followed both Buster Busters fell, Roswellian mortally wounded.

The dead and wounded lay for many scores of miles and even several portions of the woods were on fire, but the steady and constant attack of Manley's divisions was kept up and soon the whole of a general retreat was withdrawing.

In the meantime the retreat of the Christian line under General Hanson, which stood fast despite every effort to dislodge him, began along his front both sides contented stubbornly, then Hanson's whole force also gave way, as the charge of the glandelinians was irresistible. General Anderson attacked the left or right of Hanson's army, and a portion of the attack fell with the greatest force upon Hanson's center, and German Gander on the enemy's side was killed, but the Angolians continued the murderous fighting until the attacking forces though badly defeated overpowered them and then the whole center rolled up, General O-Kel Gander in the rebel side being killed.

The whole of general Hanson's line retired, but not in disorder. General Hankerton's Baldwin's main line of artillery were placed in action and as the forward columns of glandelinians pressed their advantage this line of artillery opened up the moving down down scores of thousands of glandelinians per minute and hundreds of officers, Anderson being among the slain. At the same time the torn and bleeding lines in gray met a veritable tempest of bullets and being moved down like leaves in a terrific hurricane, the rebels moved, and began to retire in confusion and then disorder.

The left grand division of the retreating line was in a serious handicapped condition for the dreadful fire from the entire line of Christian cannon plowed great avenues and lanes in their whole line. It was a fire that they could not stand, simultaneously directing a murderous fire of eleven thousand upon Manley rallied the disordered troops and then moved obliquely to the left to meet the right of the retreating glandelinians, which had fallen back in a panic.

"The whole Christian line is giving way so we must carry the Christian artillery at all hazards," he shouted, "come on and I'll lead." Yet despite his efforts the glandelinian troops along his front was temporarily checked in their sweeping advance, and it was three hours before they would move forward again. It was already night, and Hanson's divisions supported by Baldwin's flashing guns rallied once again and made a stubborn stand, and now the carnage was more frightful still. General Manley having at last rallied the disordered rebel troops to left led them forward to storm Baldwin's batteries in front, while he sent general forces under General Phila to storm its flank. At about nine o'clock about two million, three hundred thousand of Manley's men charged furiously and with irresistible force toward and upon Baldwin's batteries, then on came three million more, and as they came on they met a fire that reduced their lines as fast as they came within range.

A large division of two hundred and twenty five thousand men were reduced to ten thousand, but the batteries were carried, and Baldwin's army was severely wounded, and borne from the field in a critical condition. The flanking party had not accomplished its purpose, but was also struck on the flank, but nevertheless Manley had carried the battery, only to lose it again the next two hours. Along general Germaine's division now there was a general battle in the great battle, but along Hanson's line it still raged with redoubled fury. Fifteen minutes later a large division of Meldonia's infantry regardless of the overwhelming numbers of the enemy's soldiers and cannons, advanced to counter charge with relentless force and dashed directly up to the very muzzles of the cannons.

There was a deafening and murderous roar, followed by a shot which undisturbed flash simultaneously mingled with the wild uproar of millions of glandelinian musketry. In less than that fifteen minutes two hundred and twenty thousand Angolians were lying dead on the ground in piles before the horrible guns, yet the dead and wounded gray coats lay thicker. Generals Meldonia and Maltona Jennings on the glandelinian side were mortally wounded, but just the same the shattered Christian columns were compelled to withdraw, but general Germaine's division promptly came to their support with some of his own force, and the whole swept forward again with the same fury. But again the enemy poured upon the advancing columns a withering tempest of shot and shell and cannon.

The whole line of assault had been reloaded with merciless fury once again, and the whole line had been riddled and was forced to withdraw leaving the ground paved anew with their dead and dying. Despite the tremendous slaughter general Vivian moved forward with his Abyssinians and determined to try his share. This time he ordered his men to move more cautiously and use only the bayonet. In the meantime the line of artillery was attacked furiously on the left by a large portion of Hanson's men, and as Vivian's men also moved forward the carnage became more ghastly. Seven major generals fell in this part of the appalling contest these being Alfred Lotze, Immodest Carl, Chilloh Fillon, Break-In-The-Neck, Break Mine, Gaudise and Walter Berry of rebels who were killed, except Break-In-The-Neck, who was severely wounded about the face and the hands.

As the fearful firing increased with redoubled fury fourteen other rebel generals fell mortally wounded and as fast as the columns got within range they melted away.

But the latter must be carried and a new series of determined attacks were made in which the rebel general Hankerton was shot from his horse as he dashed up in front of a cannon-embankment of the advance was untenable by reason of the strength of the line by Vivian's men and on the left and center of the attack in full force, and they had to floundered and abandon the cannon, but at the height of the attack Vivian's men fell mortally wounded. The Angolians recaptured the guns and during the fiercest fight which raged from nine until two thirty o'clock that night, the left grand division of Manley's center under general Walter Hendon Harrison was rolled up in the greatest confusion and mortal loss, toward Jamieson bridge, and then across the bridge with shattered lines and Hendon and Goo Sen, Gullabanda wounded mortally. After this the firing along this part of the line ceased but it again opened up along the center at three thirty as Manley made a vigorous attack upon his center, and forcing it back with tremendous force. At this moment Love's friends forced came to its assistance and assumed the offensive holding the enemy at bay for a time but sustaining frightful loss.

Manley seeing that his attack on Hanson's center was checked, brought on portions of his whole line hour after hour and made heavier and bloodier assaults on Hanson's whole line, and simultaneously unsuccessful attempts were made to burn general Love's friends left flank. Soon these attacks upon Hanson's line became so persistent, that other large forces of troops were brought up from the rear to its support.

General Love's friend was killed, and Gullabanda Meldonia who succeeded him was wounded, and these two divisions were held back after staggering blows from the enemy charges, the carnage was now more stupendous.

All the rest of the night the struggle raged along Hanson's line and battery after battery was brought into action until the fierce cannon volleys became more murderous and annihilating than sweeping tornadoes. When morning dawned however Manley's line overlapped the right and left of the line under general Bernard and William Janine and made a sudden and sweeping attack and both generals fell mortally wounded but the line still held. The carnage was growing more now. Gander on the side of the glandelinians fell next, but the survivors still pressed on furiously, in human bodies, and threw themselves in heavier columns against Hanson's left grand division, and soon three hundred officers of both sides had fallen riddled by bullets. Yet Manley's line advanced with irrepressible bravery, Hanson's right and central grand divisions receiving the full force of the attack, the rebels striving valiantly to break through the Christian line, but the glandelinians were again moved down by the hundred thousand.

Yet the enemy during this in human assault managed to force the withdrawal of the left grand division, but the rest of the men held their line at all hazards for two hours despite the fierce assaults, and general Phila came on with one million three hundred thousand Winkie Abyssinians, the glandelinians along the left of Hanson's line could make no further progress and had faced a bloody and complete disasterous repulse.

But the army of Manley's was again sent forward and again renewed the fierce attack along the other two wings, and in the terrible fury of battle John Manley received a wound in the foot but retained his command, the front line of his army now ceased in its advance, as their whole line was now battered and bleeding, but they laid down and commenced firing, and this was kept up all along the line until the ground was fairly piled up three feet high with their own dead and wounded.

Manley was bound to carry Hanson's line of works at all hazards but it seemed like suicide to advance his men any further as the heavy purple lines reached of their own losses stood fast to their blood soaked trenches, and a furious and swift dash would only mean annihilation to scores of whole divisions. Fourteen named Glandelinian generals had fallen in the meantime. They were general Francis Donald Hanson, Frank Smoney, Canning Manning, Lawrence Lambert, Brogie Reynolds, Koromun on Scanlon, Edward James, Haughty, Kurter Mahoney, Ben glan Evans, Frank Purgatory, Ab Ambrose Fuller, Andrew Avellio and Andrew Avellio. Hankerton, besides Goo Constellation Montrose. Hundreds of his men per second were being killed despite their lying down, and he decided upon a wild dash, but resolved to bring up more divisions first, about eight thirty they arrived and the assault was made, columns after columns dissolving before the pitiless hurrying hurricanes of bullets and cannon that plowed through their human waves but the survivors pressed on with merciless and tremendous fury, and though time and again they rushed over their sons of dead and wounded comrades they never reached the positions held by the Angolians as they went down in whole lines by the score. Manley's lines were rolled backwards by the impact of the counter charging Christians, and as they met the wildfire of the Angolians' cannon, but despite the dreadful carnage general Manley and his other divisions stood fast and opened an insidious fire. Manley kept up the furious attack with the fresh divisions but the continued Christian fire now only moved down his columns but hundreds of officers as well. General Manley therefore decided to make a general flank attack, and gathered one million, three hundred thousand for the attempt.

These divisions were set on the march under cover while the other attack was continued with redoubled fury on Hanson's front. In the tremendous fury of the firing along his lines General Hanson standing on a high rise of ground happened to see the flankers approaching and therefore started to retreat with a portion of his line but saved his whole line of retreat with wideness upon wideness of dead and dying, while the greater part of his line was retreating for better cover, Hanson took a great force of white Abyssinians and held in ambush for the flankers, he sawy therefore ran into it and the scene was like a general massacre, nine hundred and sixty nine thousand glandelinians lay propped down and literally slain, and various hundred thousand taken prisoner out of that devoted militia three hundred thousand, and the rest fled like sheep.

While this great glandelinian attack was in progress on the other portions of Manley's line of formation made an assault more determined upon general Garrison's divisions, and three million and hundred thousand glandelinians made furious attempts to drive him back but whole divisions by the score met with frightful destruction, whole thousands of regiments were cut to pieces or annihilated, and the panic-stricken divisions were driven back in a panic. The struggle was bloody bloody along the northern and southern portions of the glandelinian column was broken and swept back with dreadful loss. But the main divisions poured in overwhelming numbers and General Joseph's whole brigade was annihilated, and himself riddled by bullets. Yet a large portion of general Garrison's division Angolians under general Waldman's banner and many colonels were forced to draw back from the line of works at which general George Faye and General Johnston's brigades were under general Jennings were hurried up to carry all before them, but met a most terrific tempest of shot and shell which tore every one of their lines to fragments. George Faye was mortally wounded, his column was cut down by the three score by a murderous infanterie, and then Jennings was killed, the whole surviving column being forced to retreat, while general Armstrong's division who had come up with ten brigades to support them met a terrific fire of eighty nine hundred quick firing guns and his line broke in disorderly confusion and retreated in a panic. Armstrong was killed, as by a gang-gangball which also killed two regiments of his own men. General Nicholson's Stone rushed to their assistance and killed the men, but also fell riddled by bullets. But nevertheless the rest of Manley's column came on with the same ferocity and General Sherman's batteries of ninety hundred guns could not be brought up in time to strengthen general Hamilton's troops which offered such a fair mark for artillery, and though these guns did come up in time they could not withstand the answering fire, and General Sherman was mortally wounded. But this did not weaken the forces under general Wilson and they strove with the fury and energy of despair, to check the further and onward rush of the glandelinians, but all along the left the glandelinians began to overrun the whole line, capturing a thousand pieces of artillery, but general Wilson extending strong and massive lines before these glandelinians who had rained their blows, opened a heavier fire which moved down their massive columns by the hundred, and six thousand glandelinian officers of all rank were killed and wounded. But general Indora's divisions of white Abyssinians, through some blunder drew back every one of his lines, and then something happened which threw all the front line of christians into melting fragments like the thaw of some great ice flow in a boiling stream of war.

General Nemo Desmond whose ten divisions were held in reserve, hastened to throw them in front of the heavy masses of glandelinians who were attacking as furiously as they knew how and the struggle again became most fierce and sanguinary and some horrid and nearly vengeance seemed to be thrown upon the glandelinians. Indora was killed and Nemo Desmond was put in his place. The pugnacious attack, was still pressed with greater determination by Manley's whole entire line, and the carriage now increased with still more redoubled fury. General Francis Moplin, and Henryson's Gorgonian were mortally wounded on the side of the glandelinians, and as general Frank Bud also fell mortally wounded these three divisions became demoralized.

Yet they were reinforced, and rallied the struggle again increased in higher fury becoming more fearful, the glandelinians keeping up the attack, tenaciously, and now general Floyd's Dugars whole divisions move moving forward to join become exposed too much. His divisions swept a whole line of trenches nevertheless but his men did not fill the gap and encountered an annihilating fire which cut down one whole division and drove the rest back. General Paul Maroon's arrived to Floyd's assistance and moved forward his divisions under a heavy withering fire from a thousand pieces of artillery which swept all their approaches, and killed Floyd and Stone. These two attacking forces were badly broken, and cut up and driven back in disorder with heavier loss before they came within full range of the Angolian infantry fire.

But all these bloody disasters did not daunt general Manley. His whole line was exposed to a still deadlier fire but all his summer divisions kept up their heavy and bloody attack with till the persistence of great storm waves against a rocky shore or breakwater, and in the dreadful carriage general Hopper Hope, and Calvin Shoenann, and Shu Shawhill Jensen's fell mortally wounded. General Olingu's Angolians and white Abyssinians after pouring in a destructive fire at point blank for two hours were compelled to draw back, then general Willie Woodruff on the

christian side fell mortally wounded, when demoralized, Woodruff left and center was turned during the bloody engagement and also gave way, having suffered heavier losses. In fact the christians seemed to gain no advantage whatever as the enemy were continually pressing on with incredible violence. But Manley's divisions along this portion form fortunately however did not advance very far, the stronger line of battle, poured in a deadlier and more galling fire as the enemy columns in great numbers on more furiously, and now they met with more serious resistance than ever on Aronburg Jensen's front brought his red coated Abyssinians and opposed them, and now the whole christian line again appeared in a blaze of fire inconceivable to soldiers, while the storm of masonry was like a thrilling raindrops on a tin covered roof. General Aronburg also brought up one thousand, ninety six guns which played with the most cruel and destructive effect upon the gray lines, some twenty hundreds of enemies and losses in their own ranks of men and animals.

Also the fire along the christian line became so tremendous, and fierce, that their very words seem about to blow to pieces, and it was incessant for hours. General George Wilson repulsed the most tremendous firing of his own line ever seen in the war, from a hill which was exposed at intervals the glandelinian explosive shells, and to a storm of shot and shell, grape and canister, and saw plainly that even all the terrible havoc among the gray line was not going to stop the charge, such dreadful carnage he did not wish his father the Virgin and Princess to see, or even hear of, and would have had them taken from the scene of battle had they been there.

It seemed like another Jemima Wilson, or gunboat Greek shore than three million and hundred thousand glandelinians lay in front of even their own works, and all along the christian line of works only a mile in extent, while the countless numbers of fallen all along the whole battle line seemed like a slaughter of the whole nation, hundreds of thousands being killed and wounded even out on the plains, and hundreds of their general officers. The fire was merciless and general Wilson fearing his men would exhaust their ammunition sent for a supply for the rest of the army.

Five thousand Angolian artillery was hand loaded incessantly and many times general Wilson had almost exhausted himself in the attempt to strengthen his own lines, and sent officers and gunners out the like to direct the most destructive fire of his own guns, and to sweep not only the front of Manley's column but its flank as well, and also those of the supporting troops, but still the attack was kept up.

Major general Ben Ros Sanghina Gola was severely wounded, but his divisions had crossed the christian trenches and remained in the action nation, and no numbers whatever could drive him back. On general Wilson's right where the strongest firing line extended toward Jemima's bridge it was broken at a point by the steady glandelinian attack but it was at once restored by reinforcements and with heavy loss to general Meldonia Damer Dale whose forces of Munghabon was attacking there, and who was wounded in and his horse killed. But yet the grand and furious attack of the glandelinians was kept up and as soon as other divisions joined the bloody action which had been raging along the first two main wings, now again extended along the entire christian line and now the desperate and bloody struggle became a merciless mass of the most horrible description. Damer's divisions soon met with a repulse but the rest of the main line continued the struggle along the center. Hanson had rallied his own forces but now the advance of General Shoenann's divisions and Phantasm glandelinians were more relentless and simply tremendous and millions after making one assault after another leaped the breastworks the whole length after a most fierce hand to hand fight, but as they possessed themselves of the trenches, they met a galling fire from the red coating line, and this was added by a withering tempest of grape shot and shells from the works which still held and which mowed the Boondlers down as fast as letters are seen in a book on one hundred pages at once. General glandelin of the Boondlers was wounded, and his assistant Damer Hunter killed, his two divisions being cut up, and glandelinians annihilated. Now the fury of the struggle was becoming something terrible. In the meantime general Hemis Curran having rallied his own Angolians and some others placed them behind a long rail fence and behind a stone wall beyond, and now Shoenann's whole army of Munghabon met with such serious resistance that his advance was again checked.

Kidding, Jensen, Tension, and Gorgon Henryton all brothers were severely wounded on the glandelinian side as their gray columns in charging upon Hanson's line had been shattered, but Shoenann's columns had been springing upon him with greater impetuosity. Fury but gaps were again torn. But Shoenann had been reinforced and he continued to make his most desperate and titanic efforts and even his own lighter artillery were pushed forward, and getting these into position he opened a murderous fire upon the christian lines. General Curran's forces before the concentrated attack of the gray Boondler columns soon recoiled, and as the enemy poured in their return fire with their masonry and cannon their retirement was hastened, and Curran was borne from the field mortally wounded. Five thousand of his largest regiments had been slain, two hundred others crushed, ten divisions annihilated, but his few survivors were not in panic, and as the glandelinians pressed on and cleared another line of breastworks with the bayonet, they reached an open wood, where they suddenly and unexpectedly met a murderous fire so sharp, that as it swept through their most massive line it shattered it completely, and mingled hundreds of columns.

As they strove to continue on this curtain of rifle fire became so keen, that their whistling was shattered more and more, and soon the entire line, with the shells roaring and shrieking about them, and with the mines booming in the furious concert like the hurricane through the rigging of a ship, and the sharp and sinister-looking out victims by the thousands seemingly every second, began to recoil before the front of that deadly wood, leaving the ground paved with their dead and wounded, and the horrible sights of the "o man's land" in this war of the Al lies have nothing on this terrible scene, of the wild and bloody massacre of troops of both sides at the battle of Jennie's Bridge.

One million one hundred thousand had fallen before that fat open woods, and now a large force of Abyssinians, and Angolians under general Con Cornson Hubbard picknell appeared through the thick wreaths of smoke but suddenly met on all sides a fire from the recoiling Glandelinians that mowed down five hundred thousand of the Abyssinians in half an hour, but the fire of the Angolians being returned to cover the Abyssinians brought down six hundred ranks of one thousand men each, with the summary of an execution, and general Cornson's division of Crowleywood was crushed to fragments and he himself killed in trying to rally his men and have them dare face that seething inferno of the open woods.

"We must hold our works here at all costs," said Hanson as the fury of the battle slackened somewhat. "If for if Hanley sends heavier reinforcements to Shosvum aid, he will be able to sweep the works and our back our entire line, and a total defeat will follow. We have already been forced back thirty miles from our first line of works. Hold your ground against Shosvum's general attack at all costs. I'll shoot the first man or general who turns his back on me in this crisis."

It was now again one o'clock and the battle was still in full swing along the center. It now became a struggle beyond anything known in fury, and was something most inconceivably terrific and violent. Shosvum was advancing all his troops to make the final attack of the day, and now the struggle became part of a thousand.

My thousands of the christian regiments and the divisions recoiled against the works, made up of bodies only, while the rest of the line slightly recoiled itself and recoiled in front. In the meantime general Shosvum aided by general grand-In-The-Hands terrible artillery fire of the most intense intensity, and while which was a drum drum fire, began to push forward all his largest divisions and now he was determined at all hazards to carry the Angolians over and drive back the christians still further.

The Glandelinians continued to press on and they seemed to rush on in a sea of blood and fire. Angolians stood to their positions and the fiercest yell ever heard from a battlefield, and large numbers of brigades came to their support, and then ran over the Angolians retreating all their efforts. The weather was stormy and windy and though the smoke had been intensely thickened by the fierce driving it was now not so intensified and the line of the Angolians was too horrible to describe to explain. Not a soldier missed his mark and the Glandelinians were less and lessening in number.

The Glandelinians hoping to be able to move forward under cover of the smoke were foiled on account of the wind, but one section of the Turnerian surge supported by the Shosvumians and Gargovians raised such bloody curdling yells as to probably drive the very devils to fear and confusion and so in no more voices, that the fiendish yells of the rebels seemed to split the earth. Again it was the old time "Devil Yell" over again. Keeping up that frightful tumult of yells they swept most gallantly and most furiously up to the christian works in perfect wave and up to the muzzles of the christian guns which now roared above the din of a volcanic eruptive eruption, and occupied in no time the whole line of works, and now the struggle was most fearful and bloody all along the line at close quarters. Along the christian line near Marocco's and Jennie's Bridge the Glandelinian wave of assault of the most tremendous length reached the breastworks and swarmed over. For several hours now the whole gray line had the advantage of all the christian positions, but as both sides seemed to open fire at once they looked like a long writhing snake spitting fire and smoke from its body. For a minute or so the men of both sides all along the line went down by the hundred thousand before pistol shots, bayonet thrusts and other blazes of gun fire. Nearly all of the christian artillery here a mile to the rear were shot down by the random shots of the terrible Glandelinian storm of fire, and the gallant generals Corneille, Ivan and his Uncle Hanson were not even in sight, and all their staff seemed to have been destroyed, killed or wounded and all their horses torn to pieces by bullets.

The open ground in the rear of the christian works was completely choked by the victorious troops and at this most critical moment a large section of batteries under general Wallace pickens was quickly run up by hand close to the captured works and increased the frightful infernal storm of slaughter at a short range by opening upon the enemy with murderous broadsides of double charges of canister and a perfect hail of minutes and shrapnel. The enemy was completely staggered by this search in searching fire and as more galling guns were brought up and fired again and again, hordes of fierce Winkies, and Concothians and Calverinians and also Dondolians and Tripl Tripolings came up to the scene and pushed upon the enemy and at once there was a conglomeration of men in a fierce mixup and the Glandelinians were pressed back off from the works by this terrible tide of men.

Thousands of the Angolians drivers and cannoniers fallen in this writhing ball of battling legions, but others quickly took their places and the firing and confusion was now at white heat. Hanley's whole line was almost devastated by this deadly affray, but the survivors stuck to the other portions of the captured works like millions of locusts being determined to keep the Angolians from retaking their position. In ten minutes four hundred pieces of artillery under general Illinois were placed with their muzzles projecting over the works and they pitted like the mouths of dragons at the enemy. Thousands of the poor christians began far to the rear of the battle line had been reached by exploding grape shot, and hundreds were cut wide open with all their intentions exposed. Many others, including countless numbers of men on both sides were frightfully torn to pieces and made a similar scene to that of the child butchery only a few days ago which violet and her sisters had seen through and witnessed against their will, and which cornson's whole had committed. The scuttler as it had swept among the crowded Glandelinian troops at the works, had fairly scattered flesh and blood like butter all about. So a seventy twelve pounder and four hundred more machine guns were brought up and these also opened with the rest of the guns, which fairly shattered grand-In-The-Hands whole line to mere nothing, and brought him down severely wounded. A whole brigade under general Cornson went into the fierce action and soon more divisions came up bringing still more artillery, and hurrying away with all their might. Then divisions divisions and two infantry brigades under general Nicholas Janoff had arrived, and went deep into the bloody action, which increased along all portions of the battlefield with the most terrible fury. The deafening roar of fire arms and cannon was now more terrible, but along general Lyons central division the roar of artillery seemed to read the language.

Shosvum's largest column was riddled, and the rebel losses became more and more frightful every minute. Many of the first, and second divisions now took part, and evidently Shosvum's whole line was now crowded in many parts. Thirty men deep by reinforcements, and soon on account of the rapid fire that was maintained on their whole line general Mahorton's Korvum's Glandelinians began to recoil. Several more Glandelinian brigades were badly riddled, Major general Henry Follen was killed, and general Charles Johnston and James Litchman who succeeded him were shot dead amid the dreadful carnage and a moment later general Mahorton who continued a continually excited the admiration of his column fell riddled by bullets in his attempts to rally one of his demoralized divisions.

What remained of the many divisions who had made the fierce onset under the hot galling fire and concentrated, at this point despite the deadliest fire of general Wallace's batteries had been all shot down or fled, and Shosvum's whole center was sent entirely out to pieces, and the countless numbers of regimental flags were shredded rags than anything else. General Corneille and Wallace on the christian side, being wounded, generals Homer and Clarke took their places, and rallied Desmonds divisions.

The firing along general Claude McNaire's line was too horrible to witness, and he himself fell mortally wounded, Wallace's division taking his place only to be shot dead a minute later. So heavy and continuous was the almost preternatural firing, along both the opposing lines that whole fences and all the trees of the whole battlefield were so badly cut and torn that they literally crumbled to the ground by the thousands. A thousand big oak trees which grew in the rear of general Lyons' line, was so completely knocked off by the heavy converging fire of both sides that they fell among the christians with a deafening crash, killing hundreds and wounding thousands.

The trenches for full their length fairly ran with rivers of blood, and though already cleared of the dead and wounded bodies of both sides twenty it times were to be only again covered with them. Hanson's whole line suffered terribly from the misery fire along the whole gray line, but more terrible and destructive was the destruction among the enemy's line.

Shosvum's left grand division, torn, tottered, and bleeding (feeding) gradually gave way, and fell back to rear an arrangement its shattered lines. Hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians, dead and wounded, lay piled over one another in long windrows, and hundreds of thousands of the dead of both sides lay ten or seven deep, and they looked as if they had passed through a number of butcher shops. Many of the dead officers were shot in or about the head, riddled by it the bullets or dismembered by the explosions of the shells. A hundred thousand broken firearms lay scattered everywhere, seven hundred accountants lay strewn about for miles, and thousands of boxes of ammunition were blown up by the concussion of the bullets as they struck them. Countless numbers of the cannon shot, shell fragments of leaves lay everywhere, and broken foliage and thousands of shattered trees made a sight too horrible to describe.

More christian batteries were now dragged up and opened upon the enemy and the whole christian line was again ablaze, the whole battle field becoming like the forest in a conflagration. Shosvum's line under a rattling fire of thousands of shrapnell was already reformed and he himself managed to drag up another battery of galling guns, and opened fire with these but made no attempt for further advance, as it was like suicide in doing so.

General Hanna was mortally wounded, his divisions were shattered to fragments by a rattling fire of shrapnell and storms of canister shot. Manley's main column moved further up in longlines while general Vivian arranged ten of his active batteries near Jennie's bridge to keep the columns of glandelinians from overtopping his right, grand division and attacking his unprotected flank. Stanley swung his own division around to flank general Vivian's right or left grand division but he fell mortally wounded, and his men encountered an annihilating fire, and drew back. Vivian's upon it is one of Abbe's divisions and Angelinians adjusted themselves for the deadliest portion of the conflict and soon general Vivian's line was having the most frightful struggle of the battle, which continued steadily, the fighting of the third day now being at its highest fury.

Other divisions now came to the help of general Manley, the attacking forces striking the christians more furiously and with the utmost steadiness, repulsing columns that came for ward to meet them and captured and secured a portion of the works. Every christian battery, and column did the work well, and did even great and most stupendous wonders but it had not been for the prompt arrival of some more of General Hubbard's picked men, general Vivian's whole line would have been rolled rolled up and destroyed.

But general Picknell brought up his whole division of five million men as quickly as he could march or run, and general Vivian's line was succeeded before he was forced to yield his ground, and general Manley saw the arrival of reinforcements as his men advanced to within three hundred yards of the christian line, and before he could order a withdrawal there was a blinding sheet of flame, along the whole line of reinforcements followed by a deafening ear splitting uproar, and again in the countless dead and wounded glandelinians lay piled up before the christian works. This tremendous volley was poured at point blank, and Manley's shattered lines, becoming panic stricken and demoralized and retired from the work they had captured in disorder, and Manley being charged at the defiant yell of the Angelinians cursed and swore like a demon.

At that moment Manley received two balls, but as the wounds were not serious he continued to swear at the christians like a mad dog howl. His divisions were soon heavily reinforced, and picknell's big brigades were forced therefore to recoil, and the glandelinians again seized some works, and after a bloody and continued hand to hand fight general Vivian's right grand division was driven from the trenches, but Manley's line met with such a steady and continuous fire of musketry and cannon from the stronger portions of the christian line, that many of his columns were again badly shattered, but seeing that the left grand division had at least last been driven back, after a long titanic struggle in which both sides charged back and forth from time to time, the gray line retained the position and repulsed the first charge of the Angelinians, and driving them back to the works they had just left but could progress no further.

General Frankie Mc-Cabe's Angelinians making interposition now opened a new and more terrible fire with their own heavier cannons on general Manley's whole line, pouring a stream of shell into all of his showy columns and wiping one of general

Jenton Davine's regiments. General Peevish's George's glandelinians division was almost annihilated, and he and Davine were killed as they strove to get their men to carry general Patrick's cannons line. Along the center of the christian line general Shoeman's men were still standing fast, especially where they had withdrawn, and Hanson's men were now rushing forward to follow up their advance but they met a continuous and galling fire along the whole gray line the glandelinians being behind log barricades, and to take this position under such an awful fire was surely utterly impossible, and so again the whole of general Hanson's line was crushed to fragments and met a most bloody repulse, and he himself was stunned by the wind of a cannon ball and was borne to it the rear.

Shoeman's losses from the christian batteries in his own front, and from the withering fire of musketry that raked his whole line like a fine comb does hair, was most frightful. And the fire along the rest of Hanson's line which yet did not counter charge was still more terrific, but Shoeman's men seeing that the fire along the christian line was receding began to advance, but slowly. Thousands of the foolish glandelinians were continued to fall by the minute, and as Shoeman's men halted before the heavy fire he rallied them saying:

"Forward boys. They are falling back and we must keep them going."

As Shoeman's men pressed on vigorously, Bernard P. lay with the assistant of lieutenant general Peter, Edwin Brady tried to rally the christian columns, but both generals fell severely wounded.

Along the christian left the struggle was at its whitest fury. The glandelinians along this point over a million four hundred thousand five hundred strong, advanced in the face of a most deadly destructive fire from two sides, and reinforced they surged on with great noise and fury and George P. O'Leary's glandelinians advanced successfully, and with frightful fury, and so the left grand division of the main center was the first assailed and still more terrible was the carnage. The three million two hundred thousand Angelinians along this point under general Bengia in Julian fired with most

the utmost steadiness and with all their fire arms and artillery, tearing the enemy line with an ing fury, and soon stopped and badly repulsed the attack along this part of the line with their incessant fire, but whole divisions of the glandelinians went far south of them despite the destructive fire of general Vivian's batteries. General Thomas J. P. M. Davine saw them coming, and he sent four divisions which had been held in reserve upon these advancing glandelinian columns and dragging up three hundred and forty galling guns poured in a hurricane of grape and canister, producing the most horrible a range and destruction, and the hostile columns under the most frightful artillery fire broke back in confusion.

In quick succession general Hanson's columns, Cannon's go's, and Bernard Cannon of kindred's center and right received the oncoming tidal wave of rebel troops and these columns of glandelinians also being torn to fragments the rebels gradually gave way, and the christians charged down upon the retreating army so furiously that the gray lines exposed fully to all of the christian batteries were still more demoralized and suffering fearful losses, with many of their officers killed and wounded, the gray columns withdrew and fell back to their own strongest positions.

Manley also began again to withdraw his men, and now again the infernal scene of horror was exposed to view, and it seemed as if general Manley had taken place. Dead horses by the score of hundreds lay strewn everywhere, and baggage and provisions were wrecked and half burned, lay scattered. Even all forest fires were burning, probably set on fire by the storm of infernal shrapnell shells and red hot canister.

Every lane was choked with the mangled dead and the banks of the Jennie's creek, for miles was paved with the dead and wounded of both sides. During the night when the sudden darkness had come to stop the christian counter advance the enemy opened fire with many of their interior of big guns and cannons and now the very heavens were shaken by the most tremendous cannon fire ever heard and all the flashes on both sides looked like countless drops of blood. The air was opening and closing with each booming roar.

For an hour this tremendous cannonading raged both sides bringing nearly thirty thousand cannon into the action and pouring fearful volleys of shot and shell at each other, while again and again the surging forces of both sides rushed upon each other with uproar was like thousands of volcanoes in eruption, and the very sky was dotted with the stars of bursting shells which made flashes like lightning as they burst in rapid succession.

By midnight the tremendous cannon fire began to slacken and finally ceased, and the next morning while many assaults had been going on Manley was filled with the utmost desperation to make another determined attack on general Vivian's center.

But when he did so he again met a strong resistance and his first advanced columns were shaken badly in places, and shattered and broken at many points. But around he brought his whole division on to the attack, and in the frightful carnage ten more of his staff fell being generals Goeman, Picknell, Concernia, Hoemannia, H. H. H. H. Harry, Frank Stanley, August Brake, Gust Johnson, Hardraffe and Miller. All except Hardraffe were killed. Heavy losses were sustained on both sides and the loud angry rattle and roar of musketry and cannon was impossible to describe. General Vivian's whole line repulsed the assault with titan fury and violence, while the glandelinians tried with all their courage to carry the line, and even brought up more of their own artillery. Manley however charged to organize a severely the attacking cavalry force that swept away the left grand division of general Vivian's line by a furious charge in double line, but were not standing by the strong interior of the christian line and repulsed with bloodshed.

But in the impulse five hundred thousand Mangaboo glandelinians passed beyond gladders extreme right and a center and his exposed flank was swept by a terrible rain of bullets. Four hundred thousand repeating rifles cut down whole lines and also a large division of glandelinians under general Piney attacked a gladder's whole flank, and carried his line but with terrible losses. General Vivian's center was driven back next but the enemy ran into a perfect inflame of christian artillery, but the gray columns despite the terrific slaughter pressed upon the recoiling christian lines and with such fury that generals Marten and Thomas Jennings had to come to their aid, and with these combined forces against them, and facing another inflame of one thousand cannon the glandelinian center recoiled with the loss of fourteen regiment regiments and five divisions.

CHAPTER FOUR.
THE LAST DAY OF THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE! AND THE RESULT.
THE ADVENTURE OF GENERAL JACK EVANS!
E. EVANS.

AMID the dreadful carnage the left grand division rallied, and soon during the heavy firing their own assailants recoiled. The center and right grand division of Manley's columns were pressed back for a mile but the Christian line met a terrible fire from Manley's batteries and were pressed back the themselves for the same distance, with the loss of a score of regiments. The Angelinians along the center repelled the foe with murderous fury and Shoemans left grand division numbering five hundred thousand were reduced to eighty thousand.

But it managed to drive back the right grand division with more terrific loss. The carnage indeed was terrible and meeting his whole left against the Christian right grand division he was unable in this charge to control his reckless men who being refreshed steadily overthrew the right, and carried all before him. Shoemans managed to rally the left or right grand division of his own troops and again pressed on with merciless fury, when the Christian center received more reinforcements and increased the terrible carnage by making every effort to check the advancing gray columns and Shoemans horse was killed under him, as ten regiments of his men fell simultaneously, he also receiving a ball in the left hand. Serious as his wound was Shoemans did not let on, but kept his command and attended to his wound himself. Therefore Shoemans columns continued to press on, and again and again the Glandelinian dead were laid out in windrows and Shoemans columns knowing that the Christian right was overwhelmed and carried, were utterly reckless in their desire to carry the whole line, and kept on with terrible fury despite the awful gaps torn in their lines and surged over and above the works though again and again the Christian lines blazed with fire, the surviving riddled columns wavered before that galling fire and ten fell back, the tops of the works and the interior fairly shocked with multitudes of their dead and wounded comrades, the slaughter being more dreadful than ever, the Angelinians repouring over the works and toward the Glandelinians with a horrid burst of yell. Three whole lines of Shoemans men had been cut down, two main divisions had been decimated, and recoiled swiftly despite Shoemans desperate attempt to rally them. Along the Christian

left the assailant's met the same fire worse than they had faced the day before as they rushed on and the effects was terrible on the gray columns. Thousands of ranks were mowed down as they moved in millions against the Christian line, but they did not falter and tried their best to drive back the red and purplines, but three hundred and twenty thousand fell seemingly every minute again, and the survivors were forced to recoil on account of such losses, and the Angelinians recovering from the shock of the onset made a tremendous charge themselves, sweeping forward with irresistible fury but after a bloody collision, the Angelinians and Abyssinians drew back, but captured many thousands of prisoners. All of the Christian cannon were now in constant action being turned anew on Shoemans columns and the horrible cannon fire tore gaps in their gray waves, but no further counter charges were attempted on Shoemans divisions, as Shoemans army had been fully reinforced by Manley, and were advancing again upon the Christian lines.

Manley's whole line having been repulsed with the almost complete annihilation of one thousand regiments withdrew his columns under a shower of grape and canister, which rained an thick and fast among his lines, but he drew up fresh men from his reserves and brought up more and the last of his artillery, but then despite the fearful cannonade the Angelinians maintained their efforts and general Vivian led three million three hundred thousand men to storm the battery.

On rushed the Angelinians and though whole divisions melted away like snow before the terrific fire of grape and canister the survivors charged up to the very muzzle of the guns and drove the foe back at the point of the bayonet, and swinging the guns round opened fire upon the columns of rebel infantry tearing their shattered lines into flying fragments, and spewing Manley's whole line through and through. The carnage was now more terrible than ever and two million two hundred thousand Glandelinians made the most desperate efforts to recapture the cannon, but all of them that came within range were mowed down in such a way that many whole divisions were reduced to a few ranks. But Manley's whole column was in full force and many more divisions swept forward to retake the cannons but the fire of the artillery became so terrific that each division as they came within range were soon reduced to a few men. And again the assailants had to withdraw leaving piles upon piles of dead and wounded in front and among the artillery.

Manley was bound to retake the guns at all costs, but as he led three million three hundred thousand more men to the charge he moved them forward more cautiously but they were again repulsed, Manley having a narrow escape from being shot down, under the galling fire, which made very large gaps in his lines.

Manley was puzzled. He did not know what to do. A number of times he had tried with the greatest energy to retake the cannon but on each time his men badly withered columns met fearful annihilating fire and were only driven back in a demoralized and frightfully confused condition. Yet were larger columns of troops arrived, during this section of the frightful carnage, and their officers rallied the divisions that were shattered and confused, and despite the increasing carnage general Manley now made a most furious effort to recapture the batteries, and down went scores of columns, and five hundred thousand men were simultaneously killed. Yet despite this tremendous slaughter and the deaths of so many generals the Glandelinians continued to press on, but again the Angelinians poured in that awful fire, mowing down hundreds of thousands in a few minutes, and Manley like Shoemans was unhorsed, and received a minie ball in the left shoulder. He was seriously wounded, but he retained his command, and seeing that his men were in danger of being repulsed he reformed his columns and continued to lead the furious charge, and in the most stupendous carnage general Gelya fell mortally wounded, and his smothering Glandelinians were driven back. But the rest of Manley's whole column, continued to surge on, and the whole field, before the battery was alive with gray coats who charged clear up to the front of the works, but were again driven back a considerable distance, with a terrible decimation of their columns. Three hours more of the bloody fighting for the possession of the battery followed, and again Manley made another charge, despite the his crowded losses, and despite the fury of the Christian masonry fire, Manley massed all his men together and swept upon general Vivian's line again, but was met by a most galling searching fire that mowed the gray coats down so fast that they appeared like grass cut by a scythe.

But amidst this dreadful carnage they pressed on. In the meantime general Calmann Shoemans brought up his whole force and also he and his officers reformed the shattered and broken lines of the other divisions, and again rushed forward. On pressed Shoemans lines in full force. One immense column was badly shattered by the terrific fire along the Christian line but Shoemans main line came on at a furious charge, but the Angelinians having reloaded all their firearms opened a thousand volleys at once and more fearful still was the losses in Shoemans lines.

At million shots per minute had been opened upon his troops, and hundreds after hundreds of thousands fell mangled torn and bleeding or riddled by bullets. The Christian line held its ground, and this stubborn conflict lasted for four hours, and yet the whole Christian line was hard pressed, and the enemy managed to take a double line of trenches. But the other Christian batteries which had been withdrawn during the recoil had now been put into new positions and also the advancing rebel columns came upon an abatis of logs manned by six thousand small galling guns which were trained upon them. Along the left the Christian cannon were in action again and the very ground was shaken by the tremendous artillery fire. Defending was the uproar again and by noon the fury of the battle had increased tremendously. The battle was now raging along the whole line and Shoemans columns made a simultaneous attack, on the whole Christian center where a heavier struggle ensued. Meeting the fearful artillery fire the gray columns advanced cautiously but still the Angelinians held their ground more stubbornly. On pressed the Glandelinians advancing in heavy masses.

And with awful and impetuosity they rushed against the Christian lines. Shoemans losses became more tremendous and never before had he observed such slaughter of his men. The air was clouded with the smoke of the powder, and the fire along the Christian center seemed to become intolerable but still on pressed Shoemans men and with terrific yells. In the meantime Manley's men having recovered from the shock they received during their own onsets gathered up their strength for a fiercer effort, than ever made before, to recapture the battery they had lost, and now again they came rushing forward with the most tremendous fury. The cannons allowed the advancing Glandelinian columns to come within easy range and when they were within three rods of the seemingly silent cannon, the artillery men suddenly opened fire while every infantry man poured upon the shattered gray columns a murderous volley and the surviving Glandelinian columns with their dead and wounded piled in windrows where they had fallen became panic-stricken, but as the others drew back they fought their pursuers with such stubborn fury and with such courage that they bore down everything that rushed upon them. The whole line of battle was red with gore and thickly covered with the bodies of the wounded or dead of both sides, but near the cannon in the hands of the Angelinians the gray coats lay in one ridge of fallen, while the trenches of the infantry were filled to overflowing with their own dead and dying.

The woods in which Manley's charging columns had passed through in the assault upon the battery looked as if a typhoon had struck it, for all the trees were badly torn and shattered, or splintered by hundreds of broadsides of grape and shells, and every tree near the infantry line was almost cut up to the appearance of history books. Shoemans and Manley were not daunted at though the whole Christian line seemed swept by wavering sheets of flame and rolling clouds, the Glandelinian columns quickly reformed and arranged in a line of battle ten miles long and this time

twenty deep. Shoeman's front was about five miles in extent, and they swiftly emerged from the hazy smitten woods and rushed steadily and swiftly toward the Christian lines stationed behind the captured cannon. As the gray lines pressed on, not only the captured guns but all the Christian artillery opened as well and down went the gray columns seemingly at every moment. The destruction among Shoeman's line was something beyond beyond even conceiving, for scores of thousands of solid shot, hundreds of thousands of shells, and showers of chain shot, grape and canister tore clear through Manley's line and also fell with frightful effect among Manley's body guard. Every volley cut up scores of thousands of poor men, and hundreds of thousands of soldiers of the every sort of Glandelinians, and committed havoc beyond description. Along the center all the Christian batteries that could be brought to bear went into action, and the center of the Christian line was again ablaze, and the din became frightful. But as all the Christian batteries incurred the fire of the guns still in possession of the rebels the roar of artillery increased with redoubled din, and the very lines of both sides were riven by the hundreds of thousands of ear-splitting explosions.

On pressed the Glandelinian columns amid the frightful carnage, and as all the Angolinian artillery hushed away it seemed as if the rebel waves would be blown into the air. The Angolinian artillery fire even increased as more guns were brought into action, but though whole columns more of the Glandelinians melted away, the Glandelinian advance was not checked. The survivors came on, on and on pressed all of Manley's divisions and fierce grew the cannon fire. Hendon, Jenson, and Buster Keether were killed but the Glandelinians still advancing in thickly massed columns struck the telling blow a few minutes later. Despite the severe severity of this horrible Glandelinian Christian artillery fire, the Glandelinians still moved on, and as the whole host of attack came upon the left and center first all the Angolinians opened with every kind of firearm, the Glandelinian columns wavered and recoiled and started retreating but encountered the artillery fire of general George Davines battery.

The main body however pressed on with terrific fury and struck the other wing but the Abyssinkilians and Angolinians opened a general fire also. Yet these Glandelinians continued to advance and the battle became general all along the line. All the Christian batteries were pushed up and all at once a most more galling fire fell upon the decimated columns of Shoeman's army, and his men became terror stricken and broke into utter confusion. Shoeman was badly wounded three times, but he strove to retain his command, and made an effort to rally his men. Shoeman however was supported, and his divisions rallying rushed on and came in front of the captured battery, and to the defenders after keeping up a galling fire for fifteen minutes which tore hundreds of avenues

in the gray lines, yielded and fell back to the rear, and the battery was retaken, the battle in inflamed Glandelinians pushing themselves over the works. Shoeman and his surviving officers had quickly rallied the columns who had been retreating, and reforming them, pushed on to follow the others, and as his men also swarmed over it seemed as if victory was already assured. The Glandelinians among the guns they had recaptured, and seemed to open seventy volleys per minute upon the retreating Christian lines but soon on one side of the works the dead and wounded Glandelinians lay three deep. Yet they held to the works despite the awful fire along the whole Christian line, and soon the struggle was at its most extreme fury. All long the line the Christians began to give way. Before it had been a most desperate hand to hand fight each man of the opposite sides being face to face and fighting like as many mad dragons. General Gervin's uniform was actually burned by a exploding grape shot. General Gervin was now left entirely alone with his forces for the divisions under the other officers which had been ordered to cover his flank had been driven from the field with the loss of six million men and sixty thousand prisoners. General Johnston Brown, whose duty it was to advance to Hanson's assistance had failed as it was said on account of general Logannias attack upon his forces whose right and left had been badly cut up. Yet it was believed he had double crossed Hanson the whole Christian line as the rebels pressed on was retiring in disorder, having suffered stupendous losses as well as the enemy. The total losses of the Glandelinians was not given, though in this story 12,493,223 had been known to be slain. The Christian loss in dead was probable 10,423,288. The losses of both sides in captured combined was fourteen millions. Still at some parts it was raging with unmitigated fury.

At the time when this battle was at its highest fury and when the whole Christian line was one whole undulating sheet of flame and ghastly slaughter, and while all their cannons were pouring shot, shell, and grape and canister like a storming hurricane of destruction, the divisions under general Hollington was singled out by the enemy for a fierce struggle as they charged, and as they had charged the national colors, the captain commanded the ninety ninth regiment of volunteers, to rush forward at the head of his men and make a jump for general Jack Evans and his division division who was also on the lookout for general Gervin's signal corps, and the man did so surrounding Evans army and calling out to him to surrender, or be massacred with his whole command to which Evans replied by note!!!

"Gorry but the Christians especially like I am do not know what surrender means." A rebel captain then rushed him during the heat of the conflict, but Evans seizing the rebel officer by the coat with his left hand, he flung him violently to the ground by tripping him up, and wrenched his sword from his grasp. Then Evans was seized from behind by an ambulance surgeon sergeant of the Glandelinian tree. Goodbye but Evans by a simple violent toss of his arm sent the rebel flying over the very branch of a tree, and as another rebel grabbed him he managed to put his knee into the middle of his back and flung him on the ground, but Evans quickly sprang to his feet and putting both sabres, his own and the rebel captain's into his left hand, he knocked the other rebel officer a blow that sent him flying into a small creek twenty yards away. Jack Evans then sprang forward, some six feet, and grasped with his right hand the flag staff of the Glandelinian regimental battle flag, which the color bear sergeant was holding and said to the color bearer:

"Give me that flag you skunk!" at the same time pulling the flag away from the sergeant, he then tore the flag from the flag staff, and flung the staff over the parapet putting the flag inside the breast of his waist. He then went to four Glandelinian privates who were advancing a few feet off, and commanded them to give up their muskets. Fearing him strong arms they obeyed. Taking the muskets he gave them to some of the Angolinians to carry off, and taking the equipments of the four privates he flung them into a puddle forty yards away, then going to the stunned Glandelinian captain he pulled him off the ground as if he was a piece of paper, and putting him together with the ambulance sergeant, and the four privates under a charge of several Abyssinkilian soldiers, sent them to a distant hill to be placed in custody under the provost guard.

Thus in the short space of five minutes during the height of the battle, general Jack Evans disarmed one captain, one ambulance sergeant, and four privates of the enemy, besides taking their color sergeant with his colors, and sending the whole of the whole of them seven in number under guard to the rear. For several hours during the meanwhile both sides had been still fighting, and Jack Evans subjected to a heavy fire from a battery captured by the Glandelinians went to join his regiments but as the enemy had attacked them, they were in confusion. General Jack Evans saw the Christians giving way at all points, as regular broadsides of the captured guns rang out and roared, pouring as it seemed a regular fire of hell, and he became alarmed. The tempest of shot and shell crumpled up the line like snow while on with increasing speed the enemy pressed. The enemy did not seem to heed the fire they met but straight on the rebels bore, riving columns and wavering lines they rose tore. Jack Evans knew it was impossible to rally the great retreat, as the enemy was pressing upon the Angolinians everywhere, their advancing cannons sending through them broadsides with who's shout and mere a scream, but he decided to learn where general Gervin was heading for, so that he could alarm general Williamberger Zimmerman or Constantin Aronburg as his right name was, who was at this time concentrating upon general Cannon as Cannon's great host of Glandelinians not far from Vivian's key near Virginia gun.

The deafening uproar of so many scattering shots seemed to come from everywhere, as the enemy pressed on driving all the Christian soldiers from their breastworks, and capturing many or nearly all the artillery abandoned in the hasty flight, but Jack Evans was not afraid of the distant inflame fire from the right and left.

CHAPTER FIVE..

THE EXPERIENCE OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS,
DURING THE ROUT OF THE CHRISTIAN ARMY, AND HOW THEY WERE
RETAKEN BY THE PERSUASION, CONTINUATION OF THE FRIGHTFUL STRUGGLE
AT JENNIE RICHES, BICKNELL TO THE RESCUE, WHAT OTHER THRILLING THINGS
VIOLET AND HER SISTERS WENT THROUGH, THE BATTLES OF CONCLUSION,
AND MORE THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS.
CONTINUATION FOR A BRIEF PERIOD OF THE REMAINDER OF THE BATTLE
ALONG HANSON'S FRONT, AND HOW HE WAS FINALLY BEATEN, AND HIS HORSE
SEVERELY WOUNDED, VIOLET AND HER SISTERS ARE FIRED ON IN AMBUSH.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS! who had unfortunately been seized from behind, found that it was only some playful boys, who not knowing who they were had wanted to play some jokes on them, but at this moment all had been startled by a rolling distant roar, and Violet and her sisters and the playful boy scouts noticing the enemy had recently set fire to a line of woods, and that the wounded soldiers lying in the fields yonder were in danger of being burned to death wished to rescue them, but relieving a full view from a high rise of ground saw something that at once told them considerably.

Whole swarms of purple up coats were retiring in the greatest disorder, and they saw more and more of the Christians appear, retreating in such disorder, that it seemed as if all the people living in the entire world was trying to flee from the angry Eye of God. Violet and her sisters never observed such a frightful panic before, or heard such a volume of sounds, and now occasionally they were stunned by great explosions far in the distance. One immense column was fleeing here, another there, and soon the whole scene became a sea of undulating panic stricken men. Thousands of panic stricken Angolians came rolling forward like a mighty river, and Violet and her sisters tried to single out amid the advancing throngs, the central portion of the army who was cutting his way through with frightful fury, and around whose undulating the seas of heads, and whose progress gave occasion to so mighty a commotion. But all was so wildly confused, with the waving of sabres and rifles, and the smoke and flash of advancing guns, and the shooting clouds of great explosions, that the little girl Frances could distinguish nothing. Violet herself turned her gaze in an opposite direction, and saw general Vivian advancing at the head of three hundred thousand horsemen at full spur in order to meet and turn back the advancing column of retreating Angolians and rally them, and in the apparent sea of explosions they believed he would be killed, and about screamed in horror and fear. From over where there arose loud, irregular, and strange outcries, of millions of voices pitched to high excitement, mingled with babbling confusion, of denouncing explosions, and firing of guns, and clatter of bayonets, sabres, and pistol hits. All the other columns were responding with a universal shout, then Violet and her sisters beheld other large divisions retreating in their own direction in mere terrified confusion under a mortal fire of the rebels advancing cannons, while to increase the indescribable tumult a large force of gray coated horsemen probably the Wheeler geygeons in the far distance were charging on seeking to penetrate through the masses to reach the lanes out of which it seemed the whole Christian center poured like a living and tempest tossed river, and such a scene of confusion and flight was never witnessed before in the war.

Some whole masses heaved bewildered and confused as to their whereabouts were literally in retrograde motion, and not wishing to be borne along with the human current, Violet and her sisters emerged on their horses and dashed away followed by the three boys. Ammunition and provision and other wagons were overthrown on all sides in the haste, and not a soul had then one avaricious thought at that moment of stopping to gather any of the provisions which the rushing hundreds of thousands trampled beneath their feet. The Angolian columns were flooding like chaff before the pursuing enemy. Along the right the scene was appalling as the Angolians had been pressed back from their works and overlapped on both sides. What with the rebel bayonets on two sides, and the advancing glandelinian artillery behind, the multitudes of Christians in the front of the retiring line facing the enemy, fearing destruction, or annihilation and not wishing to surrender themselves under any conditions whatever, trod upon one another, trampled each other underfoot and filled the air with profane curses, oaths, shrieks, and horrible outcries of mingled pain, rage and terror. Violet and her sisters seeing that they were in danger of being caught in the fearful current of human beings made the shortest cut for the Angoline river but here in a glen, as they started to cross the shells from a concealed rebel battery started to explode so frequently that they were demoralized. But to cross the river they must, and therefore they headed for Jennie's bridge, but as they got to within twenty rods of it, they found it also swept by shells and badly damaged and that portions of it was wrecked long ago.

"We cannot cross that broken bridge," said Angeline. "It's certain death."

"I know it is, but we got to avoid the human stream," answered Violet. "It's dangerous both ways, but that broken bridge is still more dangerous to cross." Violet was standing by the river for a moment watching the retreating Christian columns and drawing the curtains and looking at the broken bridge said to Jennie: "I believe despite this rout of the Christian columns, the enemy will be beaten in the end, but anyhow these retreating columns cannot be rallied and if those officers who command them had any sense they would withdraw them immediately to the rear. But I would like to go to Bicknell and tell them that that recently our Uncle Hanson had ordered him to abandon Jennie's place which he had intended to do anyhow before we were captured."

Violet and her sisters observed that the retreating Angolians were headed for the river, and were about to make a dash across it no matter how deep it was, when they observed by the disturbance in the water, that it was also swept by grape and canister, from some concealed rebel gun battery of some kind.

"But how are we going to do so?" asked Jennie. "It is awfully risky just now, the country of galvanina, near Vivian's place are overrun by battles everywhere and even now there are battles raging at Aurandicallio and Aurandishondia just directly in our path, and besides Bicknell is not concentrating at Jennie's place as Hanson our Uncle supposed for he has retreated."

"We will have to go just the same," said Violet most determinedly. "And right away too. We got to leave this field of horror at Jennie's place for the very same glandelinians at this battle line were some of those who committed the slaughter last year at Julio Callio section of Vivian's place, and a part of his battle line was stationed there."

"If we take the safest path and avoid those two carnage stricken cities and a battle at Calverine which is roaring worse than Mt. Calverine did when she was trying to dismember herself."

After a debate they set on down another road where everything seemed clear, and then turning off started off down another road leading toward Jennie's place. The shells were exploding along this road but they knew how to dodge the shells many of whom had poisonous vapors in them. As they were riding on listening to the heavy firing a small object fell through the air and glittered in the dusky atmosphere of the evening with a loud crash. It was like that of an exploded bomb the object fell in front of Violet's horse and a thin whisp of white whistling vapor rose from the spot where the object fell and ascended with lightning swift swiftness to a height of about eight feet above her horse. It assumed the shape of some ball about ten inches in diameter and changed to a greenish grayish hue giving off a how like some kind of phosphorus. Then with incredible rapidity it commenced to whirl as it lung suspended in the air for a brief second and from it there emanated a low unearthly moan which was unlike any sound that Violet and her sisters had ever heard. Suddenly it shot forward still whirling and moaning in a manner which made the blood of the little girls run cold. Straight for Jennie's head it sped. In a breath it was upon her face and spread out in a larger ball that completely covered her head, whirled about her face with a hellish whirling as of some demon in torment, and through the unearthly light of the greenish vapor Jennie's face showed as if she were being tortured by a score of fiends. Her eyes bulged, she clutched at her throat, gasping for breath. Her sisters never forgot the look of horror and torture upon Jennie's face as that unending death whirled about her. With never a sound she fell from her horse, the greenish light died out of the vapor, and before Jennie touched the ground the whirling ball scattered and vanished as quickly as it came. It was all over in less than twenty seconds. Jennie was not dead, but maimed and her brain was in a daze. Yet her sisters brought her to her senses, and when she was fully recovered, and they recovered from their scare they kept on their way but kept a closer lookout for those strange kind of a gas bomb.

"We are about to have some thrilling times," thought Violet to herself as she and her sisters rode on. "Amidst of Christians and glandelinians in bloody combats everywhere, and battles raging more than in ten places at once."

Suddenly Violet was startled by the sound of wildly galloping horses, and not knowing who the riders were, the little girl arched her sisters, and the seven went back or drew back and went to a dark spot of the battle torn woods and reached it before the approaching horsemen came into view.

"They are glandelinian Germanians," said Jennie as the horsemen appeared and quite a large division of them hove into view.

"I wonder what they are up to?" asked Angeline. "I also wonder if it is a flanking party that is coming?"

"Maybe," added Hattie. "And they seem to be coming, and coming."

"If they are we ought to give the warning," declared Jennie. "Violet you can climb a tree as good as the rest of us. Take this flag, and if they are flankers wave it frantically."

Violet took the flag and quickly climbed to the top of the highest tree, and from a branch surveyed the surroundings. Before her view was a seemingly endless stream of mounted graycoats all on horseback, and dressed in gray hoods and robes with the designs of wheels on the breast of their gold trobeis, it being the strangest column they had ever seen, and at their head was general Calvin Showmann.

"It is a flanking force of Gargoylian Wheelers and of Zimnammundans," said Violet to herself. "I must give the warning at any risk."

Quickly she unfurled the flag and waving it to the breeze, she found that the bullets from the distant battle lines were flying past in a furious concert, and by the time she had waved it twenty times and received a response a bullet had clipped off four locks of her curls, another had grazed her ear, and a third had glanced off her hand, leaving a bleeding wound while she could count forty bullet holes in the flag. In the meantime her sisters had climbed up other trees to be out of range of the heavy firing, that surely would ensue. For a moment the enemy continued on when all of a sudden there was a horrible roar, the distant woods seemed to become an undulating inferno and now backwards sent the flankers their line honeycombed with gaps, but the vivian girls could not remain upon the trees as they seemed to be the targets of thousands of bullets and down they went and reached the ground where storms of bullets were fairly cutting the grass, why they were not hit seemed or was mysterious, but just as they had mounted their horses they were discovered by hundreds of the retreating glandolinians who began firing at them with might and main.

"Quick," gasped Violet. "We are discovered, and will have the whole line after us if we don't hurry."

As swiftly as they could urge their horses on the little girls dashed away despite the shells still exploding near or about them, and the bullet whistling close to them, they could see thousand upon thousands of glandolinians retreating hastily but also could see their pursuers who a were after them at a breakneck speed.

"As they are the wheelers they will catch us I'm afraid," declared Jennie. "They are coming nearer. I wonder if we could escape them by climbing other trees!" "I doubt that," said Joice. "or by the time we had dismounted they would be upon us, and as it is certain death to be captured by these hooded Gargoylians we got to think of some other way."

As the uproar of the firing was increasing and Violet glancing back noticed that the glandolinians themselves were being pursued by Angolinians. But all their own pursuers were coming nearer as a swift as an approaching windstorm and Violet and her sisters did their best to increase the pace of their horses still more the glandolinian leader yelling himself horses for them to stop and fired wildly and cursed and swore worse than the devil himself could do. They already saw the woods to their left was alive with graycoats who fell by hundreds every second and fearing that they would be overtaken by their pursuers the little girls started firing as rapidly and incessantly bringing down the pursuers at every shot, and not missing one at that. The pursuing glandolinians though astonished, were not daunted, and the foremost of them returned a withering fire, and two bullets grazed Violet and Jennie and brought down their horses, but they were unhurt, and leaped onto the horses of their sisters, but seeing that the little girls were not outdistancing them the glandolinians continued their withering fire, but the hundreds of bullets flew wide, and Violet and her sisters dashed on again firing once more, and now only bringing down now and then with every shot and several leaders of the rebels themselves. Instant confusion reigned among the pursuers for never had they faced any fugitive who could or ever fired with such accuracy, and yet these were little girls, and never did Violet and her sisters hear such imprecations and swearing and also blasphemies and they were shocked.

"Blasphemers they certainly are," said Joice as she fired three shots in rapid succession and bringing down six men with the three shots. "They are worse than the Omurian Curdes in cursing and swearing or blaspheming and ought to be hanged as such as any one could mortify them. And as they made us witnesses to that horrible slaughter five or six days ago and almost made us share it, we would be in the right if we shot down every pursuer and killed him." And she and her sisters fired again, bringing down a score of men.

"Gurses on them children beautiful heads as they are," shouted the leader who was also wounded. "I will lead the foot men who locate them escape it us. Never mind O'm, after them recalcitrants, who ever they are, get them with your shots, and shoot straight and not like wild men."

The other Glandolinians came rushing after Violet and her sisters on the swiftest horses and seeing they were in danger of being immediately overtaken they started firing as quickly as they could bringing down a graycoat at every shot.

"It is probable a portion of general Mash-In-The-Head's men," said Violet. "but if he was here I know he would stop them right away. I see general Shoemann coming and as he may be one of our worst enemies he may make it hot for us now."

"Well I'm not afraid of him and he will not take us alive," declared Joice as she glanced back with a pugacious expression on her face. "He is a brute, and you could tell it to his face."

Violet and her sisters as they rode on were firing so constantly at the rebels, and bringing them down in such woeful numbers, that it attracted the attention of general Mash-In-The-Head, but he could do nothing to restrain the wicked men, and Shoemann himself shouted at the top of his voice (if he has any);

"Head them off with a body of your swiftest horsemen, surround them."

"I guess not," thought Violet and her sisters. "They will not surround us if we can help it."

As they dashed off again so quickly that the Glandolinians failed to head them off, and suffered heavy losses instead.

"What then?," howled Shoemann, while Mash-In-The-Head laughed until tears ran down his cheeks at the rebels' rage. "I never saw such slippery skeddaddles in all my life."

"But they have got to be captured or they will arouse Conventinian Armory who is stationed near Angolinia," declared another officer. "We must take them!" "Shut up you, please of Lamerger Chemo or I'll shoot you," roared Mash-In-The-Head, furiously. "You don't need to butt in on this affair."

"Chase those kids, and capture them and if they escape you will be discharged in disgrace," said Shoemann.

Despite their cleverness Violet and her sisters saw their increasing danger, for they were being headed in, and so therefore took to a side road. As they dashed on they observed two sisters approaching and the enemy rushing on behind, and Violet recognized, the tallest as their old friend sister Mary Angolinia. The two sisters saw the vivian girl Princess's approaching, and the enemy rushing on behind.

"Quick jump on the horse behind me or in front of me," said Violet to sister Mary Angolinia. "These are Wheeler Gargoylians and they will kill or disgrace you as you are of the religious kind."

For a moment fearing for the safety of such beautiful children the sisters hesitated, but as Jennie and her other sisters fired away at the enemy, Joice said:

"You are Holy sisters, and servant of God our Father and good people and though in rank we are your superiors, we must show respect to you, but you will have to obey Violet's command, or we'll let the enemy take us one or the other. We would rather see you safe than ourselves."

The two sisters knew that Joice meant what she said, and so each got on Violet's and Joice's horses, and away they dashed while a howl of rage came from the rebels.

"No, did you ever see such daring fools," shouted Shoemann as several of the glandolinians cheered the vivian girls. "Cheering enemies of Glandolinia. Stop that now and get after them. We have got to take them."

As Violet dashed on ahead of her sisters she saw a sort of cave on the side of the road, and instantly mentioned her discovery to her sisters. Before Shoemann or Mash-In-The-Head could realize what had happened, the two sisters and the little girls disappeared out of sight.

"Where have they gone to I wonder," cried the Glandolinian general as he and Mash-In-The-Head dashed up with the men. "They seem to have disappeared through the earth."

"They must have turned behind a bank," said another as hundreds of Glandolinians came rushing up under fire. Mash-In-The-Head, roared on passing the entrance of the cavern, and followed by his own men but Shoemann tried to see if anything was in the cave, but in vain his eyes could not penetrate the darkness, and he did not wish to venture inside for fear of being fired on in the dark recess of the cavern but he shouted from a place of shelter:

"Who is ever in there, come forth!"

but there was no answer and so he also went off. A few minutes later the woods was alive with Glandolinians who were running up from the pursuing Angolinians. About sixty of the hooded men made for the cave, to take refuge entering horses and all but in the darkness did not see the vivian girls or either the two sisters.

"We must scare them out somehow or they will discover us when their eyes get accustomed to the darkness," declared Violet.

"I can scream like a catamount," said Jennie. "shall I do it?"

"They might fire if they hear one," answered Joice. "We all can imitate demons, as we know how to make the sound well."

"We might as well do it," declared Violet. "And as I have some sulphur we can make our hands and faces glow so we look like small fiends."

Violet produced the sulphur wetting it on the damp floor of the cavern, and as the little girls also rubbed it on their clothes they shone with a very dull lurid light very uncanny in that crepuscular darkness and they were almost frightened at themselves.

"What in world is that light," gasped one of the refugees in apprehension. "It appeared suddenly."

All the Glandolinians noticed it and observing the strangely glowing forms became terrified. Then all of a sudden Violet and her sisters set up a universal screaming that filled the cavern with uncanny sound more like the scream of lost souls, mingling it with weird cries as of in intense agony and fear at the same time.

"Run boys quick," yelled a graycoat. "There be devils or lost souls in here after us."

Such a hasty scramble for any exit violet and her sisters had never seen before. They tripped each other in their haste, fought each other fiercely to be out first, cursed and swore and hollered and acted like crazed men, and some others screamed the rest of them outside by their warning. In a moment not a glandelinian was in or about the cavern although the words were still alive with them.

"I see some Angolinians coming," said violet. "My how they are firing!" The glandelinians were soon displaced by purple coats, and now violet and her sisters came out of their hiding place with the two sisters and waited until the purple lines had passed, but it seemed as if they would never stop coming.

"I wonder if this battle will ever be over!" asked violet. "And I wonder how many were killed or wounded. We could hear the terrible roar all the while during the four days we were trying to find papers christian army."

"I don't know but we may find out in the bulletin when we reach Jennie town or so on other places," answered Joice.

"We will have to reach that town here before tomorrow, and from there we may be able to telegraph to general concentinian Aronburg if the enemy had not destroyed the wires."

At last the line of christians had passed, and violet and her sisters went on their way slowly, the sisters following, and taking a path leading directly from the scene of battle, but it nevertheless seemed as if they would never leave the contending forces far behind, and over and over they would hear terrible gusts of firing that shook the ground. They even wondered sometimes if they were really within hearing of the other two battles, but they even feared they had passed between without seeing anything of them. They now came suddenly upon Jennie town it being nearer to them than they had expected, but all the wires were down, the city was in smoldering ruins, and they realized they had to either reach Gicknell or Concentinian Aronburg in person to tell them of general Hannon's victory command.

The question was, how they were going to reach either one with all this battle of confusion and horror going on round about.

"It is too bad," said violet. "We are in danger for Federals scouting parties may be lurking everywhere, and would ambush even their own relation not let alone a child who was on the opposing side."

"But we got to make it at any cost," declared Jennie. "And I believe this battle field of Jennie Joice has no end in its extent."

"Let's ride along the railroad," said Joice. "It is more longer but we will arrive there, as our father is still fifty miles away from Givian Wickey."

They all agreed, and reaching the railroad, violet thought she saw something suspicious behind a bush, and suddenly halting drew her revolver, and fired to the surprise and alarm of her sisters. There was a curse and a graycoat went sprawling into view to the amazement and fear of all the little girls. Then from behind the bushes there appeared scores of graycoats, who surged toward the little girls and sternly ordered them to dismount.

"I dare you to try and force us," declared Joice. "We are sharpshooters and can bring you men down in short order. Advance a step nearer and we will fire."

The graycoats did not seem to heed her words, and the spokesman said: "You may shoot us all down if you want to, but there are others coming up behind you, and you cannot escape."

"Oh is that so?" exclaimed violet with a smile. Then she whispered something to her sisters, and quickly the little girls dashed toward the foot men at break-neck speed, and fearing that they would be trodden down, the rebels scattered, cursing and swearing. Violet and her sisters then dashed on, violet taunting the glandelinians with a handkerchief. A member of the glandelinians started in pursuit, but they could not gain on these little girls as they were footmen or infantry.

"I thought they said we could not escape!" said Angeline. "We did though and more quickly than they thought we would."

They now rode on quite a distance and soon came to a portion of country side which looked very familiar to violet and her sisters despite the sea of havoc caused by the battle of Jennie Joice.

"I believe I know that old ruined house yonder," said Joice. "It must be where some of you of my sisters were taken away by Sister Angeline after a certain miracle, and others of us too."

"Let's go and take a look at it," said violet.

"It is too dangerous," exclaimed Angeline. "With all those shells exploding out there, and if I am not mistaken I think I see somebody moving toward us in gray uniforms, and I hear something like thunder to or in our rear."

"Go do it," declared Jennie excitedly. "It must be Federals line of advance, you know his line of battle extends for four miles and"—

"I wonder what makes a ll that thundering sound in the rear of us," exclaimed violet. Joice and the others noticed or heard it too and glanced to it the rear, and saw far away where a line of low ridges stood a wall of cloud as if every emulmination there were volcanoes starting into action, and realized that christian batteries were firing upon these advancing rebellions. It literally sounded like a far away drum drum fire of many thousands of heavy cannons, and the ground literally shook under their very feet. As they looked to their front again they beheld an appalling wave of glandelinian troops which undulated with the storm of exploding shells.

"It is a battle line approaching toward us," said Joice in alarm. "These glandelinian columns under general Raymond Johardson Federal are the most dangerous of all the glandelinians, and it is a funny thing we did not notice this advance before."

"It looks like the convulsed whitest old clouds of Mount Calverine but that is probably the christian cannon for fire," said Jennie. "And my how swiftly those long lines in gray are coming."

The glandelinian columns with green and gray uniforms and with hats as black as ink, and expanding their lines had not passed the hiding places of the little girls, fifteen minutes passed of horrible thundering of cannons, and then the low moaning of the yelling of the approaching Angolinians, who were coming on at a counter charge could be distinctly heard.

"Go and get out in the open," said Jennie in fright. "We will be killed sure."

"Make for the highest trees," said Joice, as the funny meaning changed to a screaming, roaring tumult of voices, and mingled with crashes of musketry. "Go backwards surge is coming awfully fast, and it's our only chance."

They quickly made for the trees, and reached them just in time as there was a shrieking roar as of millions of demons, the long streams of men seemed tossed like the waves of the sea, and in a few minutes later all was in total whiteness with smoke while there came a roar as of many drums rolling, and violet and her sisters thought themselves lost for sure this time. Instead of coming from the rear, as the givian girls had expected, the surge of purple coats came from their left, and fierce explosions began anew which tore away thousands of trees, and in many times the trees violet and her sisters were hiding in, were narrowly missed by the explosives. The opposing lines surged back and forth, and seemingly in all directions in mighty throes, and the defending crash of firearms, the ring of steel on steel, and the yelling of the combatants. For about fifteen minutes this slaughter at close quarters continued, and so fearful was the storm of bullets exchanged that it plowed the opposing lines and even the grass of the meadows like a thrashing machine, and then all of a sudden there was a mighty crash under them, and violet and her sisters found themselves with the tree and all crashing to the ground, where they were almost stunned.

Yet violet and her sisters had sense enough left, to hide under the foliage of the trees now crashing down everywhere and the ear splitting crash of mighty explosions, which was increasing with redoubled fury. The smoke of powder had settled into such thickness, that objects a hundred feet could not be seen but still it continued to increase, and sometimes such a thick whiff of smoke would pass them that the little girls could not see each other, and they felt almost suffocated. The combatants shrieked and howled, and so cursed, like millions of demons, in misery, rage, and ferocity and it indeed seemed as if the world itself had turned into a regular hell, as it could not be formed by the thickness of the smoke and deafening tumult roaring and crashing.

With all their might violet and her sisters prayed, for indeed how they did wish that this great surge of battle would be passed beyond. They were even terrified out of their wits by the horrible unearthly shrieking of the wounded and dying, and of the almost supernatural fury and violence of the battle which continued steadily without change, while from the strange sounds, violet and her sisters knew that the glandelinian soldiers were winning. And violet and her sisters feared that every shell that exploded near the tree would reach them, and someone did land squarely on the mark, and violet and her sisters found themselves precipitated tree and all into a ravine with some violence, and though badly bruised and slightly mangled, they were not seriously hurt after all. Another tree was hurled into the air like a spin wheel by the force of another shell explosion and then came down with every branch and leaf gone, for an hour this surge of battle continued with unabated fury the smoke not getting thinner in the least. Thousands of sticks and stones at many intervals were precipitated into the swirling air on top of violet and her sisters by other shell bursts but they had hoped it would soon be over as it was now at its height. But it did not.

It continued with unabated fury but finally it for them receded to another quarter the glandelinians pressing on entirely victorious and crushing the christian line to atoms. This battle surge did not seem so fierce as they thought it was but it had raged with unceasing fury at this very location for two hours and had killed the little girls beyond numbering and it was an hour before they discovered that their horses had been killed.

All around as far as eye could see were multitudes of dead dying, and wounded.

"It is a god thing that we did not bring our own horses," said Joise as she looked the dead ones over, "for it would be a sad thing if it had happened to them."
"Well now are we going to get to general picknells or Conventini n Aronburgs lines?" asked Catherine. "The enemys worst firing lines are between us and then it seems as if we will have to risk death by passing through their lines, or back out as so wards."
"I will pass through at any cost," declared Joise while her sisters decided the same thing. "I am not afraid of Federal Grouch or ra scals though he is. If he does us any insult he will die for it."
They now advanced toward the house they had seen but they did not see it now or anything else either but windrows upon windrows or of wreckage, mangled human forms and broken fragments of guns and other wreckage of battle which were scattered all about.

"The house must have been blown away by the shells," said Violet. "There is nothing that could stand such a shell storm."
They thought they were further away from the enemys lines than it had seemed but before

they were aware of it a great surge of glandelinians suddenly appeared, it being nother column going to the aid of those pressing down upon the christian far in the distance, and before violet and her sisters knew it they were surrounded. They did not resist the glandelinians who searched them, and took away their pistols and other weapons that they had carried with them.

"Well general Federal will be glad to see you," said the leader of the captors. "He knows what great spies you girls are, and so he will make it hot for you."

The little girls were not led away by the glandelinians who abused them greatly, the rest of the glandelinians continuing on.
Picknell having concentrated his entire force at Angeline Riches in the early morning had posted his headquarters in one of general Hannons mansions and from there through his eye glasses at half past two that afternoon of the fourth day of the battle of Jennie Riches he could see great signs of activity along general Federals entire line and as he heard the horrible roar of battle from that distance he realized that general Double Day Federal was being worsted, and in danger of being driven from the hills. Picknell summoned all of his officers, and they took in the situation at glance.

"The Vivian Girls have been captured," said one of the officers riding up. "And the glandelinians are storming with fury upon Double Day Federal lines, and he is severely wounded."

Picknell strained his glasses toward the commotion or toward the point where it was at its worse, and saw that the very Vivian Girls were right in the heart of the battle field and before general Federal who was this abusing them terribly and enraged general Federal said to his officers:
"See that all the batteries are in position and arouse the men to get them to advance and sweep upon general Federal center. I'll make him understand whos friends he is abusing."

While the batteries were being put into position and the christian forces broke camp and formed for the advance to Jennie Riches, picknell gave orders for the troops to advance against Federal glandelinian center. This advancing wave of men was seventeen miles long and fourteen deep and the glandelinians who were assaulting Double Day Federal line so furiously gave way before the arrival of so many christian reinforcements. Forward was Picknells word which were carried out all along the line, and now not only Picknells but Double Day Federal went forward, the christian batteries advancing and opening fire with renewed vigor, and the front line of Federal center which had been assaulting the christian center of Double Day Federal line was forced to withdraw. The struggle along the right grand division of the center was appalling and the columns of glandelinians under general Accountants not able to stand the onset of picknell fell back across the tracks, but Accountants as he retired across the region of such appalling slaughter which appalled him, received twomillion five hundred thousand more men and therefore rallied his panic stricken lines, and now Accountants recrossed the tracks with the whole force, consisting of one quarter of Federal center, while the greater part of picknell line were retiring. And the firing ceased altogether. Picknell was angered when he observed that Federal center had rallied to repel his attacking columns, and seeing that they outnumbered his assaulting forces six to one, he ordered forward two million seven hundred thousand more, and moved on in advance to storm the enemys line.

In grand array he advanced against Federal center and for some cause during the death struggle Accountants divisions once more retired, across Haddon line much against his will. Yet the whole center held its ground and encouraged by this Accountants advanced one therefore, to help repel the christians, but again they fell back under heavy firing. Haddon line had heavy masses of christian christian seemed to be fairly torn to pieces by the rebel fire and as they now withdrew, Accountants advanced again with his own columns and assailed Vivianias disordered troops with such great vehemence that the whole christian force was driven back in confusion.

But as they poured in fearful broadsides of shells, Picknell checked the stampede and the rebel advance was met by the most frightful cannonading and the most severe resistance and the most severe musketry fire he had ever met in his life.

A most fearful struggle now ensued but the glandelinians under general Accountants gave way and retreated very slowly, every man fighting with the obstinacy of demons. Yet the more purple coated soldiers they moved down the more pressed on after them, and soon general Federal had to send heavy columns to check the headlong advance of the christians. Several large divisions were rallied against general laderses columns and as the long christian line pressed on, they held fast and began delivering a most destructive withering fire, along their own whole line point blank, but nevertheless the christian onslaught was doubly terrific, the hundreds of thousands of Angelinians in the rear having suddenly halted, then lay down and started firing themselves, and the others still continuing on the ground being covered with regular windrows of so many of the dead and dying soldiers of both sides who were piled on top of one another on little hills and ridges.

The christian forces were now pressing forward with great vigor, and the glandelinians were being driven back in confusion. The christian forces were now pressing forward with great vigor, and the glandelinians were being driven back in confusion. The christian forces were now pressing forward with great vigor, and the glandelinians were being driven back in confusion.

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It was awful but still the struggle continued to rage with unabated fury, and soon the whole center was hurled upon the repelling christian line which again closely gave way. The glandelinians yelling like demons swept onward toward the retreating christian lines while general Federal prepared three million five hundred thousand of his fifteen million men to storm the rest of the christian lines. The Angolinian forces who had stormed the glandelinian center were also being driven back with frightfulness by the long line in gray which was pressing on with the greatest energy. The glandelinians came on like enraged mobs and though several of the mangled glandelinian columns began to retreat, recall the greater part stood despite the destructive christian fire and began firing themselves until general Federal sent forward reinforcements. Several divisions of glandelinians were pressed back by general Vivian's Angolinians who made a furious counter charge, but federal's whole center was advancing in full array, and vivian encountering an annihilating fire was forced to withdraw once more.

The fire along Federal's center was something terrific and the storm continued down the grass even like the lava moner. Vivian's whole line of one million three hundred and sixty five thousand men torn and tangled into scores of fragments and which were being rapidly reduced still more were becoming demoralized and in panic stricken, while in picknell's whole line gaps appeared as fast as they were closed and the whole column became confused, as their dead and wounded lay all along the line.

Explosions hurling clouds of wreckage thousands of feet into the air stunned thousands of the survivors for life, and some it seemed to be a mile in size of their flashes. Federal seeing the gathering confusion along the whole of Bicknell's line, pressed forward his whole force which soon crashed upon the shattered lines in a more vehement attack, but picknell had received the rest of his divisions, and falling back toward his own work poured in a ravaging fire.

Bicknell in the meantime rallied the other divisions, and prepared his whole line to meet the charge of the enemy, and when it came the Angolinians received it with the fury of demons decimating the enemy columns at every step, but this charge was so vehement that despite the serious resistance general Vivian's shattered divisions were driven back a mile in the worse confusion. The sanguinary struggle now extended into the stronger portions of picknell's line and seeing that he was failing in carrying the center, Federal threw his right against the christian left, and more more frightful still was the carnage. The glandelinians attacked the christians in the most frightful numbers and the struggle continued to rage in a fury beyond anything known, the glandelinian losses being tremendous during this onset, but a portion of the christian line along the left was pressed back, and clear out of their position, but they filled the abandoned works with dead and dying rebel soldiers.

The glandelinians had been moved down by hundreds of thousands all along the line and now the firing grew so heavy that thousands of trees were cut down by shells, bullets and canister. Seeing that the divisions under general Henryson's Chamerons were giving way general Callien Cannon brought up his artillery and rained upon the advancing glandelinians terrible torrents of canister which tore whole columns to mere bits of fragments. Blood was everywhere and the explosions or shells were more constant and still more appalling most of the survivors hailing and falling back,

but the rest still advanced with irresistible fury upon the retreating christians and general Chamerons fell mortally wounded. But soon general Chamerons' divisions were heavily reinforced by picknell, and as the enemy still pressed forward with the most frightful fury they poured in a murderous murderous fire that again and again decimated the glandelinian columns by the hundreds.

It certainly was becoming frightful but despite the horrible carnage many divisions of the glandelinians still pressed on, and the firing grew still fiercer. Two thousand two hundred cannon were now in action along picknell's line and as the frightful roar of musketry continued to increase the din became more deafening, again hundreds of thousands more of the poor glandelinians being moved down as well as the Angolinians, but though they in the christian lines were filled up by reinforcements, and soon the enemy lines began to flow back, it being a gradual withdrawal of the whole glandelinian center, as well as the withdrawal of the left.

General Francis Bernakintona advanced with all his men against the retreating glandelinians, but Federal's batteries soon met them with a withering fire. Division after division of the Angolinians advanced upon the retreating glandelinians but the Angolinians were losing one quarter of each division, and were compelled to fall back. Bicknell was obstinate however and led hundreds of thousands after hundreds of thousands against the gray lines, and the struggle became more bloodier.

Bicknell's first frightful charges were repelled with greater slaughter but Bicknell though forced to withdraw with every division who charged, shattered into a few fragments, he only sent others forward, and so the struggle kept on without intermission. A column after column swept on toward Federal's lines but met a murderous fire of cannon that decimated every column that came within range. Even several divisions of the glandelinians made frightful counter charges, that swept back

the assaulting christians with great loss, but each time the rebels met a fire from Bicknell's cannon that cut their own divisions to pieces and forced them to withdraw to their own line of defense. The losses on both sides were becoming more stupendous than you could even imagine. Bicknell realized that he could not carry the position though it was already near three o'clock so he withdrew his men to his own works, and from here the Angolinians kept up a most incessant scathing fire upon the yelling glandelinians who were pressing forward again. The carnage now became frightfully awful.

The glandelinian officers went down by the score, the ground was almost obscured by the bodies of the dead and wounded, and many hundreds of thousands of trees along the line began to in other battles to resemble brush or hickory brooms. Federal pushed on his columns despite the fire that the christians was pouring upon his men which thinned his whole assaulting line in so frightful a manner.

As the gray columns came on the firing grew more and more fiercer still heaping up the masses of dead and wounded, but on came the survivors, and rushed clear up to the christian works. Back drew the christians leaving the works covered with their own dead and wounded. The works consisting of wooden barricade barricades was so badly backed and riddled that they gave way at some places. Hundreds of thousands of the fresh dead and wounded were strewn everywhere on top of the old, and the advancing columns were more so badly cut up and mangled by the storm of canister and mines that they were shivered into small fragments. Thousands more were badly riddled by bullets and canister and torn to pieces intestines and all, and their very aspect was frightful, as many had their necks, arms, or legs so badly riddled that they were almost off. The firing of cannons and muskets had grown frightfully intense and now general Henry Techmay seeing that the Angolinians were giving way sent forward with all his command, and joined in the terrific firing against the glandelinians. General Techmay brought up all his guns and opened fire with double charges of grape and canister increasing the frightful massacre in such a manner that the glandelinians were staggered, but they recovered and despite the raking fire rushed on, but again their front dissolved almost to the last man. Hundreds of the best Angolinians served at these machine guns until they were all shot down, but other gunners took their places as quick as they fell, and as more Angolinians and batteries under Techmay's brother arrived and were put into action, the artillery and musketry fire became so deadly, that the glandelinians with hundreds of divisions frightfully decimated were again forced to withdraw slowly but kept up their own firing without intermission.

Federal seeing this occurrence decided he must check it or retreat, and therefore put three million more men into the action. Yet ever every onset was repelled or driven back with the most heaviest losses ever believed, and meeting such bloody repulses as this, general Federal became enraged, and redoubled his energy, and led charge after charge himself, but again and again met with frightful decimations. Federal had also thrown his left against the christian right again, and here also as fast as his columns dissolved before the christian fire the more came on, and soon a veritable sea of dead and wounded lay on this portion of the field of battle a sea. But with a yell of fury the large surviving columns of glandelinians swept forward with the violence of an avalanche, and again came well within range of the very christian musketry.

Already the Angolinian cavalry was in the rear of the glandelinian army, and cavalry of other Angolinians which had been sent to burn a bridge at Herascan, could not arrive in time to hold the glandelinian column in check, and the Angolinians had to abandon their works in front of the main line, while a portion of the glandelinian cavalry pressed in the rear, and on the right, but were cut off and captured. Among the killed of the christian generals were Frank Rarkersons, now Rarkson Rickson, and Franklin Mic-Cann. Seventeen times Federal's divisions charged against the christian center and also moved against other portions of the line held by generals M-a Mic-Cantler, Ganton Splanner, and Callien Toon, and though the christians counter charged again they met with annihilating losses, and Callien and Mic-Cantler Jensen were killed.

The enemy had broken against this new christian line at all points, and the glandelinian losses were over four million one hundred thousand in the thirty hours assault. General Vivian had toward late evening relieved a good portion of his crushed and mangled commands, and learning that the reports about Hanson Vivian his uncle being captured was only a false rumor decimated once more upon the enemy in a fierce attack, but general Mic-Holleston Bicknell's army was overlapped by a glandelinian counter charge and annihilated with their general killed, and this for the christians made a loss of three million in two quarters of an hour. Bicknell's son Manley or Manlet had also abounded a goodly portion of his army to save himself from annihilation, while general Manley threw his whole force upon general Vivian's flank and defeated the whole line with the loss of six million more in slain and wounded and two million in prisoners, and general Vivian himself was dangerously wounded. During the fierce concentration that afternoon at four o'clock on picknell's line at Jennie's place, the vivian girls had once again

escaped the enemy by a clever ruse and from a safe hiding place Joice was surveying the enemy off activities and said to Violet with a shudder as she pointed to the central wings of Sherman's army:

"Federal is killing Sherman, and is placing all kinds of batteries to sweep all approaches from him to the Christian line, and though I dread no one else I loathe him. I can't help shivering when I see him. I'm thankful with all my heart to God that we escaped him as easily as we did after being captured."

Violet stood gazing fascinated by the bright gray clouds of smoke from the long lines of concentrating cannon, and many a thrilling tale she or her sisters had heard of famous spies, and their encounters with Butcher Federal, but never before had she felt so much fear of him as before. Joice, who was looking intently from Violet to Federal's surging lines.

"I believe Jennie," he said with a shudder turning to her small sister. "That in saying to me the enemy I would rather favor the other side than Aronburg Raymond Richardson Federal, and what is more I find no fault of our dread in him because we to them who fall into his hands are enemies."

Violet's eyes shone only for a moment. Joice did not know what a brave one she was, or she would never have talked like that. How could she herself ever be afraid of Federal, when she was so heavily armed. Some children most of them were even afraid of the dark, but she feared no one, more than the spider does the fly.

"I would prove that if I was in his lines that I'm not afraid of Federal if he knew me as well as Sherman does," said Catherine. "I for one fear no one but God." From Joice's heart went up a prayer, that her sisters should be true. A minute later an orderly came galloping up and said:

"General Vivian sent me to ask you if you would for his sake mind seizing a certain plan which General Federal had provided for General Manley that is General Johnston Jackson Manley who is moving on toward Big Beppo. It is a very dangerous mission and it is also known that every approach to his lines is watched,

but General Vivian could only depend upon you little girls to do it. I wanted to go myself but he shook his head and sternly refused. It's altogether a very dangerous journey for you little girls, for the battle is still raging, and if the plans are not captured the forces of Vivian will be annihilated for the battle is already a complete glandolinian victory. I am fearing it will be all of with you little girls this time, but this time your brother will take no measures, and if you refuse, he wounded as he is, will go himself, and you do not want him to do that do you?"

"On no, indeed we would not even let him whether we refused or not," cried Jennie. "And I would rather go than let him run into the preternatural dangers. I'll go and so will my sisters."

"All right," declared the orderly as he wheeled his horse. "But before I go off I have some directions to give you. Remember for safety when you are to avoid all open grounds and roads, which are shell and snorter except if possible. If anything happens that you don't get back before this battle ends, General Vivian will send a large force to look for you, and if he finds any one of you killed we be to General Federal, and one thing more. Watch for their native batteries and the columns moving forward during the horrible onslaughts, for the glandolinians are swarming everywhere in their raging fury for their lust of blood. If any of the glandolinians should come upon you before they notice you, you be sure to hide behind trees or in dark places." He concluded as he threw them a salute.

"All right, we won't forget," said Joice as he galloped away. The poor man gave this message at the risk of his life. He and the horse suddenly dropped being killed by four shots. "Bessie!" A loud cannon shot sounded in the distance and a shell just missed a tree near Violet, and exploded in a hole throwing a cloud of dirt all over Violet and her sisters.

"Run!" cried Joice as the bullets whistled close. "The enemy may have a better range in their firing now and some of their ruder shells are reaching us."

Her sisters turned their horses quickly, and headed for a stone wall just as a score of distant cannon blazed forth, going that the sharpshooters were getting to the range dangerously accurate, the little girl Princess went over to the other side, dismounted, sent the horses off to a safer distance, and set to work with their pistols, and hearing the shots several Angelinians came to their rescue and drove the glandolinians into the adjacent works in all directions, shooting a number down. The same canons still sounded faintly in the distance, and as Violet and her sisters went toward their horses a shell exploded just where they had taken their post of defense a few minutes before, tearing a breach in the wall.

"Queer," mused Violet after a while. "It's queer we were discovered by such a distance. I guess we had better wear a disguise, and spy on Butcher Federal, and have it done with."

"Yes that is right," said Joice solemnly. "But we must be cautious."

And turning about she mounted her horse and was off for a creek, her sisters following immediately. Jennie was the first to be made dirty and she stared around helplessly.

She felt that this mighty battle was to be fought still longer and she feared for some reason that it was certainly going to be a lost fight, though her brother's army was two to one of Manleys.

When her sisters kept out of the muddy creek Jennie asked:

"Why whatever shall we do to avoid the scouting parties? I don't worry about others, but it's the Gargantuan Kards that I wish to avoid."

Her sisters began to think it over.

"I know," cried Violet at length. "We can pretend we are stupid country boys except sister Joice who is dressed like a girl who always rumps in dirt with us and who is a roughneck and a scold. She can pretend to be our sister, and as she can imitate a voice good she is to be our spokes girl. It's our only chance."

Joice agreed, and so did her sister Angelina but the other little girls including Jennie were different in their opinions.

"No I fear it would none like telling a lie," said Jennie, "and what's more we cannot fool any kind of Gargantuan. They are too foxy and clever and can read disguises like so can a first reader. We must avoid them at all costs, for they can recognize us anywhere."

"Aren't scared are you?" asked Joice.

"No indeed," answered Jennie bravely, "but I'm not reckless. But there is no getting away from General Raymond Jackson Richardson Federal if once discovered or caught, and you remember what occurred to us five days ago with the slaughter of all two those children don't you, don't you, don't you?"

Joice remembered this, and had a hard fight to keep back the tears as Jennie made this unvarying remark. But Joice knew of her brother's threat to go himself if they did not do so, so they started on their way toward the enemy's blazing lines, and stood into a woods where the firing was not so heavy. Jennie looked base curiously at it her sisters, whose guns were drawn in signs of any glandolinians were observed, a so violet and her sisters went on ahead, while yet they also kept on a look out while Jennie thought to herself:

"Oh dear sisters I'm awfully afraid of Federal's butchers as they may come upon us all of a sudden. I would rather die in a battle than be murdered, but I'm trying to be brave like you."

gradually the sun began to disappear behind clouds and a few minutes gloomy black masses began to overspread the sky.

"Oh!" shuddered Joice. "It's getting dreadfully dark, and we will not be able to see anything if it becomes so. I wonder why they don't come to be around. Maybe the battle is over and they have moved then away."

But she tried to keep up her spirits by going all over a all her prayer prayers and the other things she knew. Darker and darker it grew. Then a thunder clap or wind sounded like one rent the air while suddenly a big rain drip spashed on Jennie's face now, then another. "Bang!" Joice started as she saw it a rifle flash.

"Oh goodness!" cried Jennie. "I'm hit sisters. Hide in the bushes or behind some trees. It's some of those glandolinian bushmackers or snipers."

"Lie down," whispered Violet. "Or you will get hit again."

"But I can't lie down. I can't lie down. The ground in front of me is covered with thorns," said Jennie. "I just can't," she wailed.

Violet and her other sisters straining their ears for sounds of approaching footsteps but it was in vain. The rain drops were coming in earnest now. Jennie rose resolutely to her feet, when Joice tripped her down, and just in time for a hundred flashes broke the darkness and mingled with the flashes came as many reports of rifles and the sweet music of bullets.

"Jennie Vivian," said Joice in a whisper but warningly. "You're too rash. You'll get up or those bushmackers or snipers will hit you. If you are killed we will become rash too."

"To-o-o-o," said Jennie. "But I did not think they were there yet. We can't see in this darkness. We must move forward cautiously on our hands and knees and investigate the conditions of this a thing."

"But we must be careful not to make any noise," said Joice. "It is true, we cannot see in this darkness and they may not upon us without warning."

With a prayer for strength, Violet and her sisters crawled slowly to toward where they had seen the flashes, and fumbled round in the darkness. After crawling a dozen feet, they faltered, but again the flashes came which frightened them more than the bullets. But the little girls persisted, and by the time they were w, or crawled seventy five feet the flashes came again with a rattle and crash that almost stunned them.

Again the little girls paused and as they hid behind a thick row of trees a flash of lightning revealed the glandolinians who were crouching among the twinkling and creaking trunks. As soon as the lightning died out the little girls grouped their way toward the men. It was a moment's work to draw their own guns, and as the flashes came again their own pistols sputtered with a din that sounded like seven cannon through the still woods, and seven glandolinians started to drop while the others started to run but another lightning flash revealed them and the little girls fired with renewed vigor bringing them down also. Then as it grew lighter Violet noticed a slip of paper on the ground and picked it up her sisters then noticing it also.

"Oh it's the plans," cried Joice who had picked up.
 "Let me see it," cried Violet.
 Joice handed the piece of paper to her sister, who looked it over. But she was sadly disappointed.
 "It's only an order but we will keep it just the same," Ned declared Violet.
 By the help of the gathering brightness Joice saw the orange lines in the far distance, and noticed it was Federal's address right grand division.
 "Oh that house yonder must be his headquarters," said Jennie pointing to a mansion a daily seen in the past caused by the heavily falling rain. They soon reached it and got in by the cellar. Then reaching a flight of stairs they clambered up and entered a grand hall. A score of general officers were standing in a group and they saw Federal and Shogren in the center. What an ugly brute Federal made resemble King Frodo in some ways, but had nothing handsome about him. About his whiskered face and mouth was a sinister expression and his dark gray eyes glared wickedly and furiously while all the time a fierce pugmugmugmug glared at all of his faces. And he was speaking about the victim girls and this is what they heard:
 "I was surprised to find these holes empty. Their escape was mysterious for there was no one about to rescue them, and they could not have gotten away. I thought I had found a funny deception or deception near one of the holes making it look like two orators close together. My opinion is that probably shells did it."
 "I believe you are right," said Manley. "But when I saw my room, I'm going to look over my plans before sending them to general Shogren or Jochen Manley near Big Beppo. He is to see if they are all right, and if so to transport it back to me at Bepco's Courthouse next week."
 The officers followed him into a room, and when they saw their chance, Violet and her sisters slipped in and hid in a closet.
 "Well the plans is this," they heard general Federal say. "We are to during the rest of this big battle going on to overlap the Christian Union skill mapping their ground and carry all before us. I'll show you what I mean. Look at this map of the town of Jennie. (Joice and the Christian Union for instance).....
 He was interrupted by a private who came in all excited.
 "The trap door was found again," he exclaimed after shouting. "Some spies have entered for I have found some papers that was captured from one of our wounded men not far away from the woods."
 In an instant Federal and Manley were on their feet.
 "Show me the papers," he commanded sternly.
 The private handed him the papers, and Federal glanced over them carefully.
 "It's an order I had issued to Colonel True," he explained turning to general Manley. "One about I discover has blood stains on it. There is a spy somewhere, and who ever he or she is, is in this very house. Some of you boys," he added turning to the other officers, "search the house and round the alarm. Damn the spies anyway."
 The officers went out with drawn sabres, and Federal followed swearing like a madman and forgetting to take the plans which Manley left on the table. As soon as he and the others had disappeared, Violet slipped from her hiding place, grabbed the plans, and went back, closing the door, and looking it with a key she had, which fitted the lock. Fifteen minutes later, Federal came back, and the officers were with him. They were all excited.
 "It's funny," said Federal as he strode toward the table. "No one in sight. I--"
 As he looked he saw the table was swept clear. He almost fainted.
 "It must be those victim girls," Manley shouted stamping his foot in a rage. "They are hiding somewhere." And he said words that I would blush with shame to even think.
 He searched everywhere, and then noticed the key of the closet was missing.
 "Break down that door," he ordered.
 In the meantime Violet and her sisters had escaped through a skylight in the closet, and Federal suddenly spied them running across a meadow.
 "There they are," he cried frantically. "After them."
 At once he and the officers leaped out of the window which was not far from the ground, but to the amusement of his officers Federal turned a somersault. He sprang to his feet, glared at the men and said angrily:
 "What in tarnation are ye laughing at you laughing jackasses. Go after those victim girls. Hell hounds, and laugh after you get them, or I'll make you wish you never was born. Don't laugh at me now because my officers do. They are escaping, and you are wasting time. Are you men fools?"
 The men then realized the peril of the missing plans and immediately leaped on their horses and set off. Federal decided to lead the pursuit, and leaped on his own, and outriding them came upon the victim girls in the woods. But suddenly there came a mighty roar, and Federal's horse and he himself were precipitated into a hole by a mighty shellburst. The glandulins thinking now only of safety, scampered away, and Violet and her sisters were left entirely alone at the mercy of the dropping shells. They were not harmed however and had ridden only a short distance, when several more glandulins appeared round a bend in the road, and seeing the little girls at once gave chase yelling like demons. They were only two rebels but they were Zimmermanians and dangerous enough to overthrow sixty men against them.

Violet and her sisters saw them coming, and wheeling their horses urging them on at a full gallop, the two glandulins galloping up a hill about, and pursuing swiftly, firing two shots.
 "The hit," cried Violet and was about to reel, when Joice pulled alongside of her and steadied her. Her wound was only a slight laceration but painful, the bullet having missed the other little girls, but the two glandulins were drawing nearer every moment. When all of a sudden out of the bushes in the rear of Violet and her sisters sprang a hundred rebels looking glandulins led by Federal, who opened a withering fire, but the bullets flew wild. The little girls realizing they had been betrayed their former pursuers at first were bewildered, but they changed the direction of their flight and on after them dashed the glandulins, but Violet saw the Christian Union not far distant and rode headlong for it followed by her sisters.
 "If you speak to me stop it, I'll riddle you with bullets and by the way of it I'll give you a lesson in marksmanship," he roared. "We are bound to capture you and by the way of it I'll give you a lesson in marksmanship." Violet and her sisters paid no heed, and urged on their horses all the faster.
 "But these fool Angolins girl heretics," cried Federal, and he whipped out his pistol. "What you little rebels or I'll fire."
 Seeing that they continued to dash on Federal fired, cursing and swearing at the same time, but the bullets missed. The glandulins following along side of Federal were too closely cramped to fire and as the little girls returned Federal's fire, they emptied seven shells. The glandulins all with rage and fury leaped their horses unmercifully to make them go faster, but the little girls reached an old house and dimmed it dimming, quickly went in, bolting the doors, and using their pistols with terrific effect, the glandulins, three hundred in number dimming and charging recklessly toward the house. Seven of them were shot down and then fourteen more, but the rest rammed it surrounded it, and some tried to batter down the door, with the butts of their muskets, but in three seconds the door was also shot down and the survivors appealed to run.
 "Get down a wall there," he roared. "We will show you these pretty boys something."
 This was done and a large branch was cut off. Then a score lifted it and rushed toward the door and banged away at it, but a scathing fire scoured upon the glandulins, and the survivors were compelled to drop the heavy log, and run for their lives. But this did not serve the glandulins, and a fresh score of rebels took up the heavy battering ram, and made a desperate assault at the door. The last knelt down a considerable distance from the house and began firing heavy volleys. In the meantime the three battering away at the door were again forced to drop the log and run under the constant shots poured upon them from the crack and loopholes. The log rolled over three of the glandulins who tripped and fell and crumpled them under its weight. Violet and her sisters fired as rapidly as they could fire and so reloaded every time an assault was made at the door, and the floor was littered with the used up cartridges and cartridges that had already been exploded. Federal was frantic with rage.
 "Run I reward a number of you men and grant your guns into as many of the loop holes as you can," he ordered.
 The glandulins rushed forward but every loop hole darted its tongue of flame, and one glandulin after another hit the dust. The other glandulins keeping at a safe distance poured volley after volley at the house, and again the battering ram was put into play and at last the door gave way with a resounding crash, and in bounded a number of fierce pirates and glandulins. But the victim girls had again escaped through the cellar.
 "They are gone and general Federal will be mad," he cried. "You surround the house and we'll get them."
 But Violet and her sisters had already found their way to their horses, and mounting them they wheeled round like lin lightning and went scurrying up a single road the glandulins again in hot pursuit. Federal whipped out his pistol and fired, the shot carrying away Joice's hair band. As they galloped on the little girls suddenly observed a number of mounted glandulins riding frantically from an opposite direction to intercept them but the little girls were past before the rebels could reach them. Crack, crack, crack. Three shots were discharged simultaneously, and the bullets went flying about the heads of three of the girls, Violet, Jennie, and Joice. Suddenly a score of glandulins came galloping up in front of them to cut off their retreat, but the little girls turned swiftly to one side, and made for Jennie's clothes. Run urging their horses straight for the water, and leaping in with tremendous splashes came suddenly upon a large body of mounted Angolins, who put Federal's men to rout, and secured the victim girls to themselves. An hour afterwards they were standing before general Federal. He was not at all amazed, but he never had believed they would have come back so soon. Violet invited him the plans and after he glanced over it he said:
 "You little girls are a wonder. It's still evening, and you are back here again. I had a feeling you would never be caught and that is the reason I send you but not expecting you so soon do not know what to make of it. You have had an exciting time in getting away."

"We did," said John, "a Federal led the party," but she gave him a graphic description of her appearance and that of her sisters.
"I am too of you are mounted," said general "John," "down over to my headquarters and I will fix them up for you."

"We don't worry about them," said Violet, "the wounds are nothing."
But as he persisted Violet and Jennie allowed him to have their wounds dressed, and when the men learned of their daring they were killed as heretics, and passed through the camp on the shoulders of men.

In the meantime the battle was raging with interminable fury and it was because the Christian forces under general G. J. Davidson had come up to help against them. General Davidson's whole army however had been compelled to retire in confusion, the whole being crushed into one great mass of fragments. General Davidson had also made his final attack upon Johnston, and though hundreds more of his soldiers had been frightfully killed, or even mangled, or died out in the long run, and the whole of his line reduced to fragments, with countless numbers of men slain he finally won his ground completely forcing back the right of Johnston's army with the loss of general Allen's corps a Christian commander, who was killed. Davidson did not also charge the disordered line of Christians with such fury that for a time the struggle was redoubled, but all the glandulins batteries again threw the Christians into confusion, opening an annihilating fire, and the whole Christian line under Johnston was now in a disordered retreat, the glandulins capturing 2,700 pieces of artillery, besides one hundred and seventy eight big heavy guns, 4,450,700 rounds, three hundred provision wagons, and thirty gun carriages, while the whole Christian losses amounted now to 12,345,243 killed and wounded. The glandulins lost in extra of the four days battle was 22,567,777 in killed and wounded and 2,000,000 in prisoners.

It was not long again that evening when through some blunder Violet and her sisters were again captured by the enemy under general Federal and were led outside by some of the men themselves and the great confusion that some of the Christian generals had observed when Johnston had failed in his attack was now accumulating upon Violet and her sisters were in the center of a frenzied multitude of glandulins.

"Take them to the fight," cried and they were up to their necks in earth, "gripped one of the officers," they in dangerous places and must get rid of them."

Several of the glandulins immediately at the little girls and ordered them to go and follow the rest, and led them away to a small field, and just when the firing of general Johnston's army recommenced had burst them up to their necks in earth. The glandulins seemed to catch them to see them in their coming again, while as the sound of heavy firing increased, there came a swift clatter of horses hoofs and the glandulins turned instantly to face the new comers, and a few minutes a dusky horseman came galloping up too exhausted for a moment to speak. One of the glandulins he, helped him to dismount, and grasping him by the hand leaned forward to catch his words. The next minute he turned slightly pale turned a slightly pale face to the glandulins standing about Violet and her sisters.

"The Angelins!" his voice was hoarse and loud to hear. "John Angelins have attacked our center which is in danger of being carried. We will have to return." The glandulins then left, and allowed the victim girls freedom to battle with the dazzling heat of the sun and ground alone, and soon the wounding thirs tore through their veins like boiling liquid. Then came the long wall for water that kept up for an hour and the horrid protruding tongues, he attack in the meantime made mad men of the glandulins and during the struggle which was described thousands were killed. By the explosion of a shell close to her, Jennie was dug free, and she raced round for a charred water hole and found it dry. But at last she secured some water from some provision wagons, and not a drop of the precious water would she drink until her sisters had tasted of it first. And her sisters being freed actually struggled to make each other drink it first. The last thing Jennie did was to clasp the lock of her hair and press it to her swollen lips. An hour later they had left the burning sands of this field and they saw the fighting and saw the glandulins columns fighting the Angelins hand to hand. And fighting hard also to hold the purple coats at bay. As they were watching they observed a glandulin leader who was a captain and his regiment of men forced back step by step, and ambulances began to struggle by the hundred bearing the living toll of a horrible war.

A few minutes later new evidences of the horrors of war came within sight, and at last a large woodland in front of them was swarming with a retreating mass of graycoats pushing frantically southward toward Federal's main lines, then they saw more dense columns advancing to hold back the large force of Angelins, and make the Christians fight desperately for every line of works and pay a premium of blood for every advantage, and three divisions of Angelins within the sight of the little girls, had been decimated.

After wandering around for an hour they managed to reach an Angelin courier and they told him of general Johnston's orders and asked him to convey it to general Johnston before it was too late. He realized it was the best thing to do, and so back he went. It was not long after when the little girls reached the vicinity of the strong position where general Johnston had infiltrated his assistants and here they observed a great battle scene indeed. General Johnston had sent a large force to the right of the position with the help of general John Quincy Wilson's divisions of ninth corps,

and Wilson had been supported by six dozen of field guns and sixty antitank guns. Here the victim girls had seen the enemy press into the breach and by the heavy fire from the numerous ascending one of the battalions of glandulins commander on the victim girls had seen had learned the tactics adopted by the glandulins and of the Angelins and as had before mentioned with the appearance, and their caution had seen them fight. The Angelins had not been able to hold their line of works and beyond Johnston and had caught the mouth of a small hill called a koppe by the Boers, and held it until the glandulins drove them down from it at the point of the bayonet. Then Angelins had fled to another point of vantage and for a time held the summit of a higher hill against hundreds of thousands of besiegers. The glandulins had then tried out the strength of a large party of Angelins occupying the hill by drawing the fire of the Christians through a constant firing ceased, but instead of charging however, the glandulins dropped at the critical moment, revealing the firing line of the Christians. If the fire would have been slight, the enemy would have fired bayonets and charged without delay, but the volley firing was heavy, and they advanced cautiously. This manner of maneuver had not been successful for the glandulins had not carried the hill at the very first on onset and this tactic was watched by the Angelins who moved themselves on a single promontory, while the infantry scattered in a great circle, while the cavalry was on a retreating slope out of sight, and ten hundred pieces of small artillery had been pushed, so as to take the enemy the instant they were forced into full retreat.

Though their glasses Violet and her sisters saw the glandulins forming in a long solid line that would take three sides of the hill and become denser as it ascended. They were at least aware of one of the Angelins. A large detachment was sent forward as usual to draw the fire and gauge the strength of the Angelins. There was but a scattered and weak response to this invitation, then the angle still came to fix bayonets, and the line began to advance in a determined double quick. Violet and her sisters saw this advance was going to turn into a terrible slaughter. The enemy seemed the hillside each man having for to escape the deadly fire that seemed sure to come and gripping firmly his gun which he had been accustomed to fire on as in the face of the Christian force, before plunging with the bayonets. There was not a sound however save the crushing of feet, and the jingle of scabbards. The glandulins were plainly nervous over the ghost lines of the Christian reception, and began to lose their confidence. But still they advanced until their leaders nearly crunched upon or trod upon the ground up Angelins. Then the Christian leaders gave the command to fire and retreat to the gully on the right. At the very instant of the deadly fire, the enemy was obliged to pause for a moment. All was confusion among the very line, which wavered, stunned.

In the propitious moment the entire force of Angelins placed on the hill as occurred as last as they could into a gully and then bore up a steep path that gave them a position of firing vantage on the enemy's unengaged flank. In the meantime general Joseph John and his Angelins saw the advancing column of glandulins the contents of their ugly carbines, and then drew their sabres and rode into the glandulins. There was little doubt that they would have killed had not the infantry began to pump a steady fire into the ranks of the supporting flank which was obliged to fall back, when they were most needed to push forward. Soon the entire force was fleeing down the hill side suffering great loss as they went. Half the way down the incline the cavalry turned back just as the glandulins cavalry was sent forward. The troopers came abreast of their ill-fated comrades just as the artillery boomed forth. The very guns had been trained on the exact spot where they were most needed. The lieutenant colonel in command of the glandulins had been severely wounded, and his place was now taken by a young major.

The enemy had been too sure and were intent on capturing the Angelins in this very onslaught that had been their undoing. As a stroke of fate the glandulins were reinforced by several divisions who began to advance with exasperating fury but slowly until unexpectedly they began to run forward up the hill again and discharge their rifles as they did so.

The Angelins cast all their desperation to the wind and began to fire blindly, and the besiegers would have won a complete victory then and there, had not the Angelins played their "Trump Card" well. Sixty miles had been planted in a line scarcely five hundred yards from the firing line, and in the moment of their exultation, it seemed as if the glandulins ranks were blown high into the air in a consuming cloud of smoke and earth. When the din of the terrific explosions had reverberated away among the hills, the Angelins were again pumping lead into a retreating foe. The young major was frantic. He beat the men with the back of his sabre, and dashed his sabre into their blind retreat. Finally after desperate efforts they were turned from their panic, and the glandulins stood their ground and stended their positions and firing in squads, while their own cannons began singing their songs of death. The Angelins then, were driven from one trench to another and at the very catastrophe one of their own big guns burst killing and wounding fourteen men within range, while the earthworks themselves were partly built up of bodies.

The sides of the hills were strewn with the bodies of the gray and purple together. General John Joseph Talbot had been wounded all right and left, his body blackened face being streaked crimson with blood. One of his whole lines was left in the trenches. The Angellians retreated up the precipitous sides of the hill and began pouring a terrific fire down upon the glandelinians who saw it was impossible for them to proceed any further or to endure the losses they were suffering, and gave up the attack along this point, when they were on the point to retreat at other points of the line. A major general glandelinian the enemy had been successful as written before and violet and her sisters arrived to that point in time to see the frightful carnage, and just at the time when the glandelinians began to move from every direction, in a general crash. General Bicknell had at this time thrown his entire right into an action against glandelinian left. Now the problem of Federal was how to cut off a portion of the Angellians but also to exterminate his left along from the main precarious position, this occurring at the time the assaulting line in gray ran into that do deadly infiltration. In other words the superior numbers of the Angellians were aiming to execute the same maneuver against the army of Federal, that the glandelinian army had been ordered to execute against the Angellians. The enemy continued to advance steadily but more cautiously. They now feared by the sudden disappearance of the Christians that these stone walls and wooden or boarded fences and rock piles, or lodges of rocks and tree barricades held the unseen Christian army. When once the shock, as all these Christian defenses became ablaze with the flame of a great inferno, columns after columns of glandelinians went down smothered and bleeding, but the survivors executed the Christians with the fury of avengers of damnation for several minutes these glandelinians carried everything before them from wall to fence, rocky lodges and tree barricades, but the main Christian divisions did not give way and having forced assaults opened a fearful inflicting fire with all their ranks, and the whole assaulting line all torn to pieces and mingled, with their dead wounded and dying lying in the long a longest wilderness at every trench, they started again started to retreat, but the others behind forced them on and on as they came yelling with a fury that would beat the shrieks and yells of the army of demons themselves. On once the glandelinians, laughing, yelling and shouting and even singing songs as they returned the fire, and Federal thinking by the blackening fire along the Christian line that they were giving way once ordered a retreat but all at once the remaining lines seemed undisturbed by clouds of flame there was a roar as if the whole world was blowing up and the whole gray line almost withered before this most in immediate fire. Then this really forced Christian position was a regular hornet hornet nest, but carry it they would at all costs. Hundreds of thousands had been moved down all along the whole gray line but the survivors did not give way but continued to press on yelling fire fiercely. Federal's horse had been ridden by bullets and hereafter two bullet wounds in the right shoulder and one in the foot. Yelling like a thrillion demons suddenly let loose and in cascade, the surviving glandelinians continued to press on more furiously and Federal noticing that he was wounded was in for winning now for keeps, and therefore retained his command despite it all and sent other officers to order his whole army forward. Some shattered Christian divisions retired to safer places among the barricades of trees and reformed while the whole purple line made preparations to meet the attack with redoubled fury which had now lasted fully fifteen minutes. The glandelinians who were continually pressing forward continued to receive the same merciless fire from all along the whole Christian line but the survivors continued on gallantly, and it was pitiful to see how many of the gray coats fell. Yet they continued on in seemingly endless numbers and the Christians in the first positions were compelled to fall back to those behind. General Bicknell however still retained many of his works and fought off all the attempts of the glandelinians to force them, and the conflict raged here with frightful fury. As fast as they surged forward long lines of glandelinians were mowed down by the awful Christian fire but countless numbers of the survivors rushed on over the works and though their line was again withered the rebels managed to drive glandelinians from all of his first line of stone walls and fences and kept up a continuous withering fire to beat the Christians back but Bicknell made some deadly destructive assaults in quick succession but failed to regain possession of the works. However glandelinians from a small hole in one of the walls saw indeed that the glandelinians were advancing with irresistible force but with great caution and observed that the nearest columns came within easy musket shot range of the second line of barricades and stone walls and fences, and therefore he leaped upon to the top of the stone wall and just as he cried "Fire boys" he pitched down into the works frightfully wounded and badly mangled. But his fall failed to confuse the Angellians. The second line of works were enveloped in the smoke as the Angellians poured in heavy and most destructive volleys, but as fast as the surges of rebels went to pieces more appeared, and the Christians finally gave way, the glandelinians finally surging over the wall.

"Don't retreat!" yelled glandelinian, but in vain.

Several regiments of the Christians tried to rally but met annihilation, and General Bicknell was forced to hurry off from the field, fearing that the enemy was continually rushing forward. The Angellians behind the remaining trenches kept the north stretching from the left flank of their murderous column, and yet no more numbers of the glandelinians fell, the more appeared, and the persistent and avenging Christian fire could not check these hundreds of thousands of the Christians who were already fleeing but the men in line still held out the whole column of the different positions flashed fire and smoke but the surviving divisions of glandelinians stormed these positions with dare devil recklessness and yet again went down like an execution, the tops of the works being covered with fallen purple coats. Every rank, and even columns and even divisions that had pressed over the works had been mowed down completely, officers and all and even fearful gaps were made in the whole of the whole line, which showed that there was no one who could be trifled with any of the glandelinians either under torn do Federal's command consisting of Quarles, Quarles Guards, Gargoylian Kurds, Ebermanns, Min-Hallentins and Gargoylian and Gargoylian and Gargoylian besides the other sections. Every column charging forward to retake the captured works only met with annihilation which proved that the gallant general Federal though in some ways no child butcher was in reality a human tornado, and that he of the glandelinians if he killed it was never without officers on both sides were falling by the score, and Bicknell strove with all his might to make the Angellians withstand the furious onslaught. Accompanied with himself assisted by the Christians and general glandelinian, and here the struggle was again very fearful. Yet everywhere general Federal was sweeping on completely victorious the Christian columns dissolved into dead and wounded and at times the glandelinians made such appalling counter charges that the Christians were compelled to give way. In the meantime Manley had tried once more to force back Hanson's railroad line which was pressing upon his Angellians having recaptured all the abandoned Christian cannon. Manley however saw a way out of the whole trouble, and this he accomplished by making a turning movement then ending the conflict along this line with a complete glandelinian victory. Bicknell with his frontal efforts managed to rally his foremost divisions and led them through a gap and though countless numbers fell in this battle the survivors rushed up to the works but the rebel over overwhelmed with excitement were so eager to meet the Christians as to meet some loved one, and cut down all the Angellians who survived over the battle. In influenced works. The center rallied also despite the awful loss and with frightful fury swept forward to regain the works the opposing forces again meeting with a roar of yells and again glandelinians with his forces rushed and crashed was compelled to fall back, and though severely wounded twice had a narrow escape from being killed by bullets from the first fire of the yelling horde as they poured over the captured works once more to make a counter charge. But the center did not even reach the glandelinian works. For three hours they had stormed the Christian positions, or what was once the Christian works but we saw only masonry, and now glandelinians were badly demoralized by the heavy fire of artillery and musketry the enemy turned upon them, but accountants though he made the demonstration did not charge then after all as glandelinians columns formed into a triangle and fallback slowly but pouring a perfect hurricane of bullets upon the glandelinians who were following slowly and with fierce pandemonium of yells and wailed blasphemies. From the main Christian batteries which had retreated to a new position a perfect rain of missiles was poured upon the glandelinians following glandelinians, but his lines crashed twice was worse off than the artillery men, and again had taken post behind a line of stone and wooden fences unscathed by the enemy through the thick curtain of smoke, but he was to be forced from this position also for Federal showed himself to be a man not to be beaten. He pressed the rebels. Then all of a sudden a mighty sheet of flame quivering back and forth seemed to sweep the whole Christian line, and again the whole rebel front withered before that merciless fire which made a crashing roar that seemed to shake the earth, and the survivors drew back in a panic, the main divisions behind hesitating at the sight of this horrible slaughter. But their leaders ordered them forward and confident that they could carry the new line of works, they rushed on, and reached them but again the whole gray line withered before the same terrific Christian fire and recoiled dismayed, and forelorn over it all. Federal now thought that if he threw his whole center on the Christian center he could inspire his right wing, and this was accomplished forward. The frontal divisions were confused however by a severe fire that raked their lines like a comb would a man hair and broke and fell back their leader general Bicknell being killed by a bursting shell as he vainly strove to check their retreat. Bicknell now seeing that the glandelinian divisions were in a demoralized condition made a fierce counter charge with six million men driving the shattered and tangled gray lines back with frightful force but encountered an annihilating fire from Federal's main cannon the glandelinian general himself striving with all his might to rally his panic stricken soldiers.

But as the Angolins pressed on and yolk-like legions of angels, Federal main divisions also recoiled but unfortunately also million hooded in a gray uniform all gladderlinas G. Gorgolins Scoollers charged in one tremendous line and over-lapped Bicknell's whole flank, the Angolins being driven into a demoralized condition with the deaths of generals Illinois Quay, Clara Bicknell, Johnson, Thomas Colan, and Frank Association, while general Bawrie Hamilton, Henryson John was wounded with general Bawrie Hamilton, Benedict Aro-alina, Langlafoto and Caline Glesamington. This gave Federal a good opportunity to rally his center and at the same time he sent for reserves. As he saw the christian lines again give way he strove desperately to rally his divisions which had been first driven into a panic and who were mixed up in a pandemonium of conglomerate confusion. Bicknell's artillery was pouring volleys upon the flankers who were shrieking like fiends, but the fresh divisions of gladderlinas now arrived to Federal's assistance, and Bicknell's army was again driven back to its own last position. Federal's divisions were now rallied and the fresh divisions under general Physician moved on against the christians, while Federal's rallied divisions forward upon his left wing again engaged in annihilating the christian right, the battle again resuming. Also another of Federal's divisions had been rallied and they were marching against gladderlinas' red line and pushed against the works bare, and now the slaughter became more terrific than the whole battle before. Thicker than grass cut down from a whole field lay the gladderlinas dead wounded and dying, while on the other side heaps of dead, wounded and dying christians lay. General James Bonilligan

Counterattacked and several divisions were moved down and they themselves killed and all their staff officers were either killed wounded or without horses. General Bicknell and gladderlinas had thirteen horses shot under them, and nine of Bicknell's staff had been killed being generals Pe Fred Marshall, Frederick Garsonia, Randonia Marshall, Rodney Sebenia, L. O. Konlish Haxton, Klondike Francis, Chinia Hinda, Laonia gladderlinas, and standard Steanna. Thirty were wounded being as follows: General Colonel was mortally wounded, Orleans Jack, another and Cathadreullie was the last, the others plainly wounded were Henry Guelio, George Gabriel, James Abraham, Belsa se Turner, Ephraim, C. A. Charles Flanders, Perperus, Felicity, Henryson, Patrick Archangolins, Benedict Dunn, Sweden-ginder, Isturina, Ladger, Bawwacene, John Captistram, Little Hittlin, Valerius, Francis Paulia, Richard Chel vester, Isidore Bawwacene, Herman Joseph, Benedict his brother, Good Example, Vigilance, Innocence, and Anicetus.

Federal was dismayed when he saw how the Angolins repelled every assault. In vain he ordered his officers to move forward to the attack again but the generals thought it useless as Bicknell's Angolins were swarming forward to follow up the retreating columns. On pressed the furious Angolins, and as Federal sent his reserves to repel them they found an open plain fairly alive with the purple coats who were yelling like infuriated cannibals as they advanced, and acted very much like human men. On through the shell-wrecked plain swept the Angolins despite the mud

fire that galled their whole front. Ad fortune would have it Federal managed to have four thousand cannon trained upon the advancing columns these opening a fearful drum drum fire upon the christians but a number became so hot from frequent use that they blew to pieces. Simultaneously the whole gray line opened a withering fire mowing the Angolins down by scores of columns, and a part of the main line drew back in confusion but the rest continued on the survivors swarming over the works, but before this Federal had ordered up three million battalions and these arrived just at the right moment and poured in a fire that nothing human could withstand, and back went what was left of the purple columns few pieces indeed, but some of the Angolins brigades though receiving the full force of the gladderlinas' fire stood fast, but they met annihilation just like the big fools they were. Horrified at the terrific havoc in their lines the main column withdrew but in order. Again the gray line swept on this time with irresistible force, the Angolins fools retiring to their own works and the brave and gallant gladderlinas charged up after them in fearful numbers and successfully poured over the works over every everywhere and mingled like furious demons among the Angolins destroying and being destroyed, the whole christian line being crushed to fragments and bended into various shapes by the pressure of the impact, the rebels struggling fiercely, using bayonets, sabres and even throwing rocks and stones.

General gladderlinas sent more men to Bicknell's aid however but it was of no avail, and he was severely wounded the christian line being doubled backwards once more despite the reinforcements and driven back over the works. With the fury of demons gladderlinas men made furious attempts to retake their works and press the enemy back against the gladderlinas' pressure increased and increased, and after both opposing forces surged back and forth nine times amid terrific slaughter a goodly part of gladderlinas men was overlapped and forced to give way in confusion, while at the same time the captured christian guns were swarmed swung round, and moved down the battle along this point was at white heat though hearing its final conclusion.

Millions of the Angolins made the fiercest attack now of the battle but the gladderlinas stuck to their positions like titans and fought off all the attempts of the christians to carry the works as the foolish Angolins seemed bound to retake what they would never get back again, the assault being kept up with merciless fury but every time their columns met annihilation. The attack was the fiercest along the center, as the chief object of the Angolins was to recapture the line of artillery which raked their biggest columns to pieces, so toward the cannon they swarmed in fearful numbers, but they could not get any nearer than before. Bicknell then opened a fierce onset with his main center but his whole line encountered a fire which crushed it to atoms. But on toward the rebel lines rushed the survivors. It was a massacre not a battle now. All the gathering guns were trained upon the Angolins and sent columns of christians millions strong to flying fragments and again forced the rest to recoil in horror. Yet on continued the surviving columns the guns were also trained upon them and a tr tempest of grape and canister added to the shellfire of five thousand cannon, several other columns millions strong were broken into fragments, and melted away, and the survivors of the other columns began to fall back but dropped like stacks of corn, and the surviving lines that followed met the same dazzling sheet of flame and horror which again melted away two whole columns equally as strong, and the survivors swarmed over the works but were crushed. It was madness.

The whole rebel line seemed to be on fire their whole length as Bicknell and Vivian massed six million six hundred thousand of the remainder of the forces and threw the threatening phalanx forward toward the rebellines, and again down went thousands of ranks, squadron after squadron of the most immense cavalry forces swinging upon Federal's flank were annihilated, but still the christian kept up the attack and swarmed up to the works, when again and again the whole rebel line was split by sheets of flame and time and again the long christian line withered before the tempest of bullets which shrieked like a thousand furies, the survivors finally not able to stand it any more gave way, the gladderlinas counter charged, and crushed and tore all before them. The battle of four days duration ended. The christians had been each succeeding day of the battle been driven ten miles back from their works, had rallied each day behind new positions and fought doggedly until they finally had lost over four hundred miles of ground and suffered over twenty thirty seven million men in killed and forty in wounded during the whole battle out of one hundred million men. The rebel loss was in total fifty three million two hundred thousand. It was one of the most glorious gladderlinas victories ever known yet, gladderlinas having been totally beaten because he had received no supports whatever and therefore could hold no ground at any point. Outside of Jennie Vivian or Sunbeam creek it was the second bloodiest battle of the war. The rebel loss in killed and wounded outside of those being made prisoners was 44,555,636.

At other sections of the war stricken country of Calverinia other vast armies of glandelinians and angelinians and so on were confronting each other. Near the large town of Jennings the glandelinians had been hard at work in making and placing an immense mine with the intention of blowing up the whole village and havoc the christianian line that was close to it. It was the intention of the glandelinian commander general picknell to stop the christianian tide of advance at this section of the theatre of war at all costs, and not to stop at anything no matter what it be. Not to stop even for any number of plengiglamenean creatures that happened to be in the location. When the work had been well under way for several weeks, and the two immense opposing armies under picknell, (glandelinian and the christians under general jimmie vivian, a number of christianian scouts had discovered the work and seeing that the actions of the foe was very suspicious had went a little nearer and discovered at once the very intention of the work. They saw that the enemy were digging a large tunnel under the village of Jennings, and that carloads were pulled up to the region by steam engines filled with all kinds of explosives, many of which had already been placed in the further end of the tunnel. To stop the enemy from doing this work was utterly too late, for it would precipitate a gigantic battle out of place in this location, and probably involve more loss of lives than was wished for. So they decided to warn general vivian of the work and intentions of general picknell. Melodonia Dion picknell and have the endangered christianian forces withdrawn before it was too late. They scoured in every direction to see who could be the first ones to reach the christianian lines and so give the warning. The first comers were hardly there when the others came and jimmie vivian got the news about a score of miles before he had time enough to think of action.

The town had been deserted at the approach of the enemy and so jimmie vivian decided to play the game himself. It was his purpose to not stop the enemy but to withdraw his army from the region, pretend to start a battle which would draw a considerable part of picknell's army forward, and then he would open fire on the town with his batteries and so cause the explosion himself and hurl all those glandelinians to eternity.

So the next day undercover a of a forest fire which he himself made the angelinians who had been in the town and close to it quickly withdrew, and the next day after they had all withdrawn, jimmie vivian made diversions toward general picknell's center which made the glandelinian general suspicious, and so the trick immediately worked as jimmie vivian expected only more. Picknell had operations on the mine stopped, and a large force of glandelinians was sent to stop the christianian concentration toward his very seriously handicapped center.

The movement however was greater than jimmie vivian expected, and resulted in a frightful onslaught which lasted four hours, but nevertheless the foe was repulsed and driven back toward the town while jimmie vivian opened with all his batteries a dreadful artillery fire and the crashing din of shell explosions tore the region to pieces, shattered the woods, like a series of tornadoes, and destroyed all nature as it seemed. The ammunition coaches of the enemy was blown up, and then the fires started by the bombardment effected the materials made for the mine, and within another moment it seemed as if a gigantic volcanic eruption had broken out in the town, and the wreckage of houses was scattered for miles. The explosion was so terrific that the heavens had seemed seared with a sheet of flames for miles, and the cloud of smoke extended to a height of over fifteen thousand feet. The whole town had been blown to atoms and all the glandelinians retreating through it, or around had been completely annihilated. It was a terrible disaster to the enemy, and not a all but all their artillery had been silenced by the drum-drum fire of christianian artillery which rolled like a million drums for three days with an unceasing roar heard for one thousand miles, and finally the enemy horrified at the horrible explosion, and of their own losses in this terrific battle, and of the slaughter of twenty eight generals finally retreated in confusion, leaving jimmie vivian to do as he pleased with the whole country in his possession.

Indeed the whole Abyscandian country, nay the whole world was startled, and shocked over the news of this frightful disaster to the enemy and saw that general jimmie vivian General Robert vivian's son was a fierce Angelinian commander, and that it was dangerous for any other kind of glandelinian general to step in his way or to dare any trick in opposition to him. jimmie vivian followed the enemy closely and did all in his power to overtake picknell, burning down every bridge in his advance, sacking villages formerly in possession of the enemy and laying waste to everything but picknell picknell by maneuvers and threatening more serious engagements managed to elude his wild pursuer and for a time jimmie vivian was forced to remain inactive.....

In the Eastern part part of Calverinia a dreadful destructive storm of war and devastation occurred the havoc about thirteen great Calverinian cities within a space of less than two weeks, a destruction and storm of death and slaughter that was unparalleled in the history of any eastern theatre of the great war and nearly next to that of the Glorinda disaster that soon followed, and a property loss even exceeding that of the great Catherine Decie, and Madge Evans-Jennie Turner disaster, which traveled with a terrific tornado of devastation caused by invading glandelinians who carried all before them, mowing a wide and most grievous path through the whole region despite daily opposition. The storm of war at this location had threatened with these disasters but nevertheless came without warning for after the series of battles in the west in which the enemy had been so constantly victorious, their victories had in the twinkling of an eye developed into a driving hurricane storm of fires set by the enemy, batteries storming retreating christianian armies, and abandoned towns and cities, and followed by a devastating monster of annihilation. Hundreds of thousands of dead were carried to morgues by the retreating hosts, wounded moaned and screamed from blazing wreckage and the yellow skies glowed with the scarmin reflection of hundreds of burning towns, and it was recalled that glandelinia glandelinia was a monster in the most shocking form, worse than the worse dragons of destruction ever written. The extensive battles and disasters which had raged before at this location unknown to all at first had prevailed as told before over the whole of eastern Calverinia during the whole season with glandelinian victories, and after several giant battles had raged during the Kintergarden massacres a more gigantic battle had occurred as previously written in long detail, as a manifestation of the fury of the glandelinian soldiery. The series of armies of glandelinian demons came careering over all the regions from place to place driving all before them finally crossing the Mc-Sterner river in this location and wrecking their increased fury on the town of Council Bluffs and tearing down twenty eight long bridges on the Calverinian Central rail railroad lines. In their wake the glandelinians left a death list of their own losses during the past battles too high to be retold, having killed over 115,000 men belonging to christianian farmers and cowboys, and wrecked nearly two hundred towns, devastated two thousand ranches, with a total loss of \$8,997,655 in the whole region within a weeks time.

Before and after blazing their horrid trails through eastern Calverinia the roaring armies of human fiends reaped series of harvests of lives and property in the outlying states of Eastern Calverinia, but it was in the northern part of Eastern Calverinia that their awful power was felt more keenly before large Abyscandian and Abyscandian armies finally poured like a torrent from the north and checked them. The huge fashionable cities and larger towns of West parnas State suffered alike with the simple villages and towns of St Annus States, and the substantial towns of Bendis Park State, and the northern state of Omburrian. Great industries saw their buildings collapse before explosions like cardboard creations of children, all traffic companies, railroads and so on saw their systems tied up completely for the whole time of the enemies invasion with the ruin of tracks and lines and bridges, all fire and police departments were made to complete humiliating helplessness, and all the Abyscandian troops and the Danobian National guard called into service in this most incomprehensible disaster found themselves all too few.

Large armies of Abyscandians followed the path of the storm of devastation to the state of Leavenworth, and had tried to strike upon the rear of the ravaging glandelinian armies but no sooner had they done so when the struggles that ensued developed into a dreadful series of massacres. The first idea of the damage that had been done came with the dull carbon spots of fire which broke out in the wreckage of towns one after another all over the horis horizon along the wake.

During the bloody battle of Poppleston a general of the christians his face streaming with blood, his horse having been annihilated came galloping down the pike astride a badly winded horse which was unsaddled. He stopped at the ungaged christianian forces at Concordia and ordered them to advance and stop the enemy at all cost. Over the turmoil of the rain of exploding shells, musketry, and cannon firing came the echoes of the half crazed demon yell of the glandelinians. Another christianian general giving hysterical commands was wounded in the dreadful carnage in which thousands of men fell every second and was compelled to drag himself into his headquarters a few minutes later and merely point through the driving hell storm of battle to a glow which was spelling ruin and defeat for the christianian army. He was the only main commander not seriously wounded and had lost everything of his troops all having been annihilated by the enemies fire.

He could not say how he escaped the enemy's fire himself. During the battle general Krieders headquarters were shelled and the general and his staff were veritably blown out of it and all fatally wounded by the fragments of the dreadful shell hurricane. A long path of devastation telegraph and telephone poles along the railroad lines were down, and the complete network of wires and burning debris made retreat for defeated christian armies almost impossible in these local locations. Town after town had burst into flames, and twenty minutes after the first wave of disaster had passed any one could have counted easily seventeen different towns afire beside the complete conflagration of forests and grassy plains, and of great floods let loose with the bursting of great dams by the glandelinians.

Shrieks and cries and moans came from every direction from the wounded soldiers belonging to the Angoli in Angolinian army under Sanders who lay strewn in every direction along the Calverinian Abbeisania, and Angolinian railroad lines, to the devastated town of Leavenworth the result of the battle of Poppleton, but rescue work was almost impossible. Hysterical men were responsible for much of this awful clamor, and seemed to be unable to tell what they wished done or to express the slightest desire for aid. All stations and towns not ruined by the foe had been turned into emergency relief stations, and were crowded with hundreds of thousands of wounded. The army doctors applied such first aid as they could supply and efforts were made to secure relief trains from the railroads but the fact that all lines had been paralyzed made this impossible.

All the army ambulances even could not reach this badly smitten districts because of the fallen poles and network of wires, and many of the wounded had to be abandoned when the enemy drew too near.

Between the town of Poppleton and Leavenworth there was long streams of the big chest trees in eastern Calverinia, and here during that terrific conflict had been crushed a half a dozen breastworks pounded to earth by shell fire, and the wreck of these two towns was so complete that it looked as if a gigantic tornado had razed them repeatedly for several several days, and the fires of many towns which burned night and day after the battle seemed from a distance like a sort of magnificent decorative scene made by the glandelinians themselves. The flames of these towns had ate rapidly into the forests themselves which burned for several weeks. In the wreckage of these towns every article of every house was exposed to view. Thousands of splinters torn from sides of houses had been driven into trees and the ground, and into the sides of freight cars standing on sidings by the force of explosions and so compactly that the strongest man could not remove them. All this section of the country where the battle had raged was almost completely ruined and wrecked by the seething storm of war.

What few towns and large villages had not been smashed by the human twister of war were burned by the long series of fires which ensued. Many hundreds of thousands were killed in this small battle. General L. F. Stovorton commander of a large army of Abyssinikilians had been at general's conference at Western Calverinia during this long wintergarden horror, and he returned to the region to find that his army had completely disappeared, and all the army provisions and ammunition in the hands of the foe. The army was later found north of Hayden almost scattered, dejected, discouraged, and disconcerted, although it had been forced to retreat without fighting a single engagement having been utterly demoralized without their head commander and so had refused to stand before the advance of the foe. A similar occurrence happened elsewhere. General C. E. Walsh was advancing his army north of Hayden when struck on the flank by a large force of the glandelinians under general Reiter. His three wings were rolled and driven back, and forced to retreat for nearly three score of miles without hardly offering a single slight engagement the flank having been panic stricken at the first appearance of the enemy and having fled before they fired a single shot. The general found his army twenty eight miles north of the town of Lander thirty nine miles west of Ward Hayden. He managed to rally it and then resumed a more orderly retreat. At a small battle occurring at Habberry general John Hanson of the glandelinian was killed in the wreck of his headquarters and the body of his aiding chief George Handon was found in the burned ruins. In this conflict the foe were overthrown and scattered by an overwhelming force of christians with untold losses in men and provisions.

At the same battle general John Fredrickson on the foe's side with his own chief aiding general and three others were buried in their own headquarters on the glandelinian right wing when the shell fire blew up creating around it. General Irwin a three ser year service general was badly hurt, but the main commander was taken from the mass of splinters unhurt.

At Forty Eight Junction and McHollister Sendonin the battle was still more particularly violent and the damage very severe. Twelve divisions of glandelinians were totally destroyed, with all the houses and barns barracks in which they used as fortresses, first wrecked by the christian shell and gun fire, and then consumed with most of their contents by fires started by the explosives. Eight regiments in general flood headquarters yards were killed annihilated outright, and a score of other regiments injured and disabled more or less seriously. The christian storming attacked missed the other section of the glandelinian position but the artillery of the christians blew the headquarters of the two glandelinian generals to kingdom. Kingdon came, and annihilated all the defenders in this location. Eight horses in one of the blast blasted barns near the destroyed headquarters were rescued from the debris by the victorious christians with much difficulty. Two large chimneys on the third headquarters were toppled over by the concussion of a shell exploding in the air three hundred feet above the house and crashed through the roof of the structure. At another portion a train of coaches with the engine which a glandelinian engineer tried to run out of the shell swept region was turned over by the concussion. When the engineer saw the air full of bursting shells, and saw the tornado of advancing christians coming a tearing to assault the glandelinian position just directly in his own way he tried to run it into a cut across another railroad line but a number of shells struck the train however before he could do so, and he was painfully wounded by the flying fragments, and debris. Thousands of soldiers were killed or wounded on this train when they fought furiously and refused to surrender when the train was surrounded by the christians. General Charles Clavier was directing a portion of his lines when a perfect wave of christian soldiers struck his lines, and his army was as badly as a house blown down about his ears when the christians poured over the works with fixed bayonets, and though he escaped with bad bruises, all his under officers were killed, and his army scattered to the four winds. The other glandelinian divisions which were not hardly touched by the christians did all in their power to relieve those attacked but the work of advance was so slow because of the absence of all telephonic communication, and on account of wreckage they themselves had caused in their destructive advance.

As far as can be ascertained the Wintergarden massacre as this is called started its career of horror and damnation somewhere in the state of Casey in the city of Catherine Decle, after the glandelinians under Federal and Turnerline had been sniped upon by citizens and slaughtered by the withering fire for three days when pursued by enraged citizens and soldiers. The glandelinians massacred hundreds of towns of people after this wiping out the large town of Gertrude Nathan and then striking through the state of Waterloo, and Halston. At first the six-six course of the glandelinian advance was so baffling that the people were terrorized beyond beyond describing, and many towns in a few weeks since the Catherine Decle trouble reported losses which indicated that the main glandelinian army had constantly divided smaller smaller but strong armies which acted and added as flankers with the deadly intention of making a clean sweep over all the outlying tort torrit ories in their path. The great city of Protna was captured and sacked by the enemy after the christian forces there had fallen back without without offering resistance, and also the city of Union McHollister and Gerlin pondia felt the effects of the enemy's invasion, but the chief disaster lay in the path of the bigger glandelinian armies under the chief commanders which razed every town and forest and every village they could in their headlong advance.

The eastern boundary of this great death strown course at this state seemed to be the section where the town of Podge stood where there were many poor farms and orphan asylums. Although this section with the town and all its inmates was happily spared on account of the resistance of christian armies for three months, all of the other smaller towns and outvillages of various sorts in the near location was swept clean by the glandelinian ravagers who applied the torch to everything, and massacred all the women and children they found. General Melfort who had his large Angolinian army stationed near the Turner Run river saw this work of devastation in progress and tried to stop it but could not though he engaged the enemy in scores of desperate battles and skirmishes of small size and duration. The western boundary of devastation lay along the Angolinian and Abyssinikilian central railroad lines: until the State of St Peters was reached when the glandelinian armies seemed to stop in their advance to the northeast, stopping the christian army back from Farmer Run after a three days battle and scattering scattering it. This battle extended for five miles and in the towns in this vicinity nothing but ruin was left within their confines. The river called Forty First Hundred, and another called Thirty Eight Hundred seemed the point of demarkation.

But another army of glandelinians was detached from the main one in going over this region and swept the farms for several miles with destruction down the drive along the Evangeline St. Clare line toward the town of Walnut. Luckily there were few towns along this path but but comparatively small damage was done, the little army reuniting with the main one before the densely populated town of Walnut was reached. The train of the devastation struck the town of Farmington about fourteenth miles and ran northeast through the Benda State districts just east of the Peop Farm and town there which on account of the resistance of the christians there was untouched.

The big railway yards was the first total wreck with debris of turned and broken coaches and freight cars, all derailed and tracks torn up and buildings and freight stations in ruins and still smoking. West of this region few towns were touched and as far as the neighborhood of St. Cecilia which was practically untouched by the enemy fine towns were wrecked by the enemy further around including Samers, Barnes, and LaLaughe. Along the thirty ninth branch of the Mc-Holleston river there was stream trees which had been cut down, the region was full of wrecked houses and towns, from the city of Farmington to the city of Joslyns, all the buildings which had stones knocked out, all the windows wrecked, roofs off and other buildings badly wrecked. The town of Saunders had a grand lot of houses and buildings which were annihilated and the wreck was terrible. The wooden town of Baxter, though the village of yards close by escaped unscathed, were piles of kindling. Houses were even cut in two as if struck by a tornado with beds exposed in the upper stories and debris dumped high in the streets.

The trail of the glandelinian storm of devastation crossed Cumming river, and while the town of Gertrude was not touched the town two miles east of it called Ashton was razed to the ground. Line 1, Lincolnia was struck by the foe, Presher was devastated and in this region there was a total wreck of towns clear out of the whole state district. On Hawthorne

Run the glandelinians sacked the town of Case, knocking out all the windows of the main public buildings, and devastating the main expensive capitol and the headquarters of the committee, but the fury of the glandelinian devastation leveled the towns north of this region especially the city of Irgyle where much damage was done. Lafayette Run was untouched the glandelinian hordes following the valley. Then the hordes moved to the straight north. Advancing almost directly northward along the Mc-Whirther Run river where towns stood which had as known galvanine best property the glandelinians despoiled the christians there without much fighting and left that beautiful section an awe-inspiring conglomeration of wreckage and dead bodies. At this point the path of destruction was two hundred miles wide, and proceeded directly northward to the town of Burdette, where many lives were lost in a battle there.

In crossing Sherman the path of destruction extended from the state of Binney on the west of Eastern Calvernia, to Emmet on the northeast a long stretch indeed and so scarce scarcely anything was left intact. Striking over the whole region like serious storm of tornadoes the glandelinians in seeking the town of Carter devastated a large roundhouse, and wrecked their fury on all the rolling stock, destroyed towns and cottages along the shores of Lake Fannie obliterated all the railroad lines and tree trestles and scores of railway stations and trains of cars on sidings of all these towns and villages. At this point the width of devastation was said to have been nearly half a thousand miles long. Crossing the river the glandelinians struck the town of Pluffs and set it afire and then one army seemed to turn southward, and that this being the case was evident from the damage done in the city of Violette which reports that the glandelinians came from the north. At the same time another glandelinian army was crossing the river in St. John's State hitting up the Mosquito Run through the region of Lake Saunders and scattering small christian armies and armies thereabouts. Another glandelinian army was noted advancing on toward Manawarner but was checked before it had any chance to commit any destruction.....

When the belated news of the disaster in eastern Calvernia reached general Hanson and Vivian larger christian armies drawn from those inactive in Angolinia were immediately rushed to the stricken region but for many months they could not do much and were almost annihilated before the battle of Randall and others finally turned the tide and drove the foe back the way they came. Fighting for the ending of child slavery the Angolinians had received a terrific blow in the devastation of Calvernia but it made it harder for glandelinia in the end.

During this great winter garden, massacre there were some marvelous explosions that would make greater history than the great war in Europe. General Charles Gomer occupied his headquarters near the town of a power which all the efforts of the enemy to take only met disaster upon disaster. Horror upon horror a thousand fold. On the Sunday afternoon of a severe threat of fighting upon returning

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from a scouting tour with his staff officers and men also their horses were left standing on the north side of the landscape house and mansion. The general hearing that spies had been in his house while he was away had went down into the cellar to look for them with some of his men with guns drawn when the whole house was blown away by an ear-splitting explosion of some mysterious cause and a heavy grating wagon belonging to the christian lines from an army construction camp nearly a block away was hurled with many others through the air by another explosion and one of them landed in the cellar within a few feet of the corner in which general Gomer had crouched in expectation of something new to happen. His horse, and those of the others had been blown to atoms, and several cannons which had been placed in position near by were comfortably lodged in the cellar of another headquarters of the general and with the exception of one wheel apparently none the worse for the freakish move. The army grading camp of general W.G. Gonderia had been blown entirely away by the force of the other explosion, and grading machinery and wagons had been shattered to fragments and scattered about adjacent to territory. One officer was killed, one fatally injured, and two more were seriously injured. There were about twenty generals inspecting the camp at the time. Fifty five miles and twenty six horses were killed, but seventy other horses in the camp were unhurt. The explosion hung general Gomer's horse and carriage in a high tree whose branches had been shattered by the concussion, and it was some time before both could be freed.

Immediately after the enemy in this location had been quickly checked and before half of the invaded country was even aware of the fact that a tornado of ruin had visited the eastern part, three armies of the Angolinian army signal corps from port stern under the command of general Harbarn Johnson were called to help keep the enemy back and hold them at bay until further reinforcements could be brought to drive them off altogether. Even local forest fire fighters, police and firemen of all kinds and other armies with reserves of all branches was also called to the scene of the overwhelming disaster besides Red Cross nurses and physicians and doctors. Telegraph and telephone services being prostrated for scores of hundreds of miles, and train service also being paralyzed, the first news of the disaster and catastrophes to the outside country of Angolinia and Abbeinnia was rushed by H.J. Porter a newspaper correspondent reporter at Abbeinnia from the wireless station at Fort Stanley to Port Palmer, where the news was telegraphed all over the world besides Angolinia, Abyssinika, and Abbeinnia. When shortly after midnight on a Sunday night after some communication was established with the city of Randall, governor general Morehead Hanson called out more militia in protecting other persons and property of the unfortunate in the bolt of the war storm, and came to Randall in person on a Special train which took the only railroad still open and not destroyed by the enemy. Military aid and force was established over the entire wide eastern section of Calvernia. Under the direction of major general Daniels the war storm a zone of eastern Calvernia was divided into seventy relief districts, the work of directly supervising the work of aiding the millions of sufferers being placed under the responsible commanders of various christian armies who were not then needed to watch the movements of the foe armies. All kinds of headquarters of relief committees in charge of active work were established where contributions of immense sums of money, clothing, provisions, groceries, furniture, medicines, bandages, and offers to house the victims of the war bitter thrall were received. Millions of coats and blankets were sent to all sections by a auto, where general in Chief F.G. Stritz of the Abyssinika armies who aided at Jennie Turner after the disaster there, was in charge, and immense throngs of people sleep in the open nightly. Cooking stoves were erected at many places, and immense supplies of all necessities were provided, so that the gigantic multitudes of the war victims might be fed and sheltered in the days and nights of the severe weather which followed the war storm. Thousands of women taken there in hardly enough clothing to look or be respectable went to provided homes with arms laden with underwear and bedding, not only for themselves, but for unfortunate neighbors who were not even able to make the trip to the supply stations which were established in each one of the relief stations or districts.

The Abbeinnian authorities gave out a statement regarding loss of life and damage to property in the war tornado in the Eastern section of Calvernia.

This was done in order to ally the apprehension among relatives and friends of the remaining citizens of Eastern Calverinia and to put before the world the actual facts, to take the place of the first meager reports that went out through various chum channels. The statement by the Abbeismian committee was as follows:

"The enemy in raging their tornado of devastation in eastern Calverinia passed their arms through nearly all sections of that region of the country traversing the wealthier section as well as those occupied by those in comfortable circumstances, and the poorer classes. The path of the devastation caused by the enemy before they were checked by final efforts of the reinforcements was of a width averaging a quarter of a thousand miles wide, and five or six thousand miles long. Fire broke out in the wreckage of scores of towns and in spite of the difficulties confronting the christian armies who opposed the furious invaders especially in striking from one blow to scores, all of the glandelinian invaders were ousted from the northern section within a few months. All injured and homeless persons were taken from the ruins and attended to immediately. The number of injured citizens is considered as 1,332,456. Those killed number 139,899. Those have all been taken from the ruins with the possible exception of nine others who are missing and have been attended to. This includes the western part of Eastern Calverinia as well as Calverinia proper. Immediately following the disaster under the direction of Major general Hanson yivian the chief commander of all the christian armies operating against the warring glandelinian nation and operating through the police and fire departments of various cities and towns assistance was given wherever needed, and larger armies sent to stop the ravaging advance of the glandelinian mobs of hell. Before any disorder or any looting could be attempted by any other glandelinian arm the federal troops from Angolinia Agat in under general We Wianston were in charge of the situation which was completely under control before daybreak on the last day of the scene of horror. Adjutant general Phili Jorder arrived with his army and took charge of the local militia who patrolled the southern portions of the devastated country, while regular armies covered the northern northern half. General Moorhead Hansonia also had arrived in the region with his armies and reported back to the state legislature of Angolinia in session that the situation was admirably handled and that generals yivian and others besides Nero and Hansonia and so on had clashed with the enemy in a succession of terrible battles in which the foe were slaughtered frightfully and driven back in endless numbers of disastrous defeats. One was the bloody battle of McWhirther run. The whole situation is now under perfect control. The census shows a total of 1663 towns and villages damaged of which 645 were totally destroyed, besides the wrecking of many cities making scores of millions of people homeless. Those have been either quartered in the fortified sections of Abyssinkile or Angolinia and are being taken care of. It is stated that the property loss would exceed over eighty million of dollars."

Thus in this section of the war the long storm of wars devastation called the great Kintergarden massacre was the worse situation at the present time that ever effected the whole of Calverinia. This was caused by the sniping of the inhabitants in the small city of Catherine peeds, which could have been easily prevented if those foolish act had not been committed as so many of the better glandelinian commanders were so strongly opposed to it that they could have won their say by media meditations with the other commanders. But when the sniping was committed then nothing could restrain not only the wicked commanders but their men themselves.

The main thing that broke up the great horror was the christian victory at the frightful battle of Randall. During the time that general yivian had been checking the enemy in the east that great christian general as reported had the most trying time of his life while out scouting with several of his officers. He and his soldiers were attacked by a squadron of glandelinian cavalry. Five of the glandelinian horsemen were brought down during the swift chase and sixteen were wounded. One of the wounded glandelinians who was a huge fellow and after he had been shot through the back yet seemed to retain all his vigor and flew onto the general who happily finished him with a good aimed pistol shot.

THE TOLL OF THE KINTERGARDEN MASSACRE IN EASTERN CALVERINIA.
THE TERRIBLE TALE OF CALVERINIA'S FIRST WORSE DISASTER.
EASTERN PART OF NATION AND EUROPE.

	INJURED?	PROPERTY LOSS
PANDORA.....?	48,000,000.
BLUFFS COUNCILTON.....	!! DEAD AND INJURED TWO,000	PROPERTY LOSS EC
RALSTONIA.		

Other cities were not given for the reason that the Calverinian nation did not wish the world to know as yet the full extent of the frightful disaster.

One of the most tremendous disasters that have probably ever happened in the war happened at the town of Spencer. Here was engaged a large christian army under general J.B. Hillins Jennings. The glandelinian army was under general germania yivian. The christian army was ten to one of the enemy, and yet despite all efforts Bryan could not get this wily and clever glandelinian general to meet in an actual battle though skirmishes and duels with artillery were occasionally severe between hammers and retreats. The glandelinian army were all mostly made up of the fierce hooded Omarians and Gargolians Germanians fiercest fighters in the national guards of glandelinia.

After having tried to force general germania yivian into an engagement without avail general William Bryan decided to outwile him by a trick. If he had only known the true nature of germania yivian he would have been utterly careful. This great glandelinian general knew all the tricks that would be attempted upon his glandelinian army, and so when his spies learned of the christian intention they reported it to their generals who conveyed the news to general germania yivian. Germania had fallen back south of Spencer after destroying all the depots and railroad line, and devastating the woods and farms in the immediate vicinity. He decided to bag the christian general in his own game and so placed all his artillery in the region of the shattered wood making a long line of guns extending for nearly thirty miles. This he knew would make a formidable appearance but nevertheless he also knew that this or all the display of all his infantry could not daunt the christian generals and so he decided to lure the Angelinians into making an attack and blow their divisions to kingdom come before they even reached the infantry. Within three quarters of a mile in front of the batteries of artillery, and long lines of breastworks held by his infantry there was placed a long line of frightful mines, one of which could destroy a whole section of houses at one blast. Upon these mines he had planned to lure the christian forces which would dare to try and capture his batteries. This plan was so well made that the christian commanders did not have any idea of it at all and so ran their armies into the most disastrous jaws of destruction that any one could conceive. Germania planned to make a fierce attack with the covering fire of the long line of artillery and this was done. After all the work had been finished and the ten thousand mines had been set and carefully placed, general germania started his demonstrations, and general yivian seeing this movement was suspicious and had his own heavy batteries placed into position for action. It took two days more to start things real, but on the morning of the third the region in front of the christian position was torn to pieces by the hell storm of artillery fire which continued without abatement for four hours, and then ceased to the astonishment of the christians, who had wisely held their own artillery fire, and had not replied a single shot but drew their own artillery out of range of the glandelinian artillery storm. Nevertheless general yivian feared an attack and so placing his field pieces into position, and also the machine guns he awaited developments.

A long line of glandelinians three hours afterwards was seen moving forward slowly. The men were far apart, and as the line drew nearer it became disordered in appearance lost its shape and became like the movement of a long surging mob. This unwarmed the Angollian commander and so he did what Germania vivilian had not expected. He let loose a fearful withering fire of cannons and rifles that tore that surge to pieces, and forced the remainder to seek safety in flight. This surprised Germania vivilian and he realized that any movement of this kind would be really only opposed, and not man over the Christians in advancing and so he pretended to be retreating but left the men who behind to perform their duty at the many lines of mines in case the Christian forces should surgo. The Christian forces did advance after the fleeing armies under Germania vivilian, and the day following it was shocking for general vivilian to receive the roll call of only 100,000 of his remaining men the fragment of the 10,000,000 which had been left after the explosions of the mines which had been set off at the right moment. The explosions had fairly tore the earth up but the air all around and those who not killed outright by the blast were buried in tons of falling earth and died of suffocation. The enemy had captured all of the munitions and artillery belonging to the almost destroyed Christian army, besides all the provisions trains and baggage wagons of the Christians and also cut off their retreat toward the north and south, so that the small force had to seek to the mountains for refuge until they could find means to escape so persistent a pursuer. Germania was happy over his dastard deed being so successful and when he learned that a new army was advancing to help the smaller force he made all efforts to bar their way, but was finally compelled to fall back as it happened to be the part of Germania's great army and to oppose him with such an inferior force was complete suicide. But never did the Angollians ever forget this great disaster. It was at that time one of the worst disasters that had ever happened to any of the Christian armies, and only was second to the great disaster to vivilian's army at Aronburg's run.

The explosions of these mines made horrible vents in the ground and made a scene that too the surviving witnesses, and to the enemy also as if ten thousand volcanoes had broken into secondary eruption right from the ground.

A report of the disaster had run as follows;

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"I had seen a large part of the main Christian army under vivilian pursuing what seemed to me the retreating forces of glandelinian marians and Gargolians under that villi vivilian Germania vivilian when they had reached a certain section of ground their lines then deployed for about the length of thirty miles. It had expected to see some resistance of the enemy when all of a sudden the ground shook so violently that I was fairly thrown on my head and back with great force as to almost strike me, and simultaneously the air was riven what seemed to be a storm of thunder crashes that seemed like the roar of a hundred trillion cannon exploding the very insides of hell and creation into the atmosphere all at once, and I also saw great clouds of smoke and earth rise to a stupendous height. I remembered nothing after wards until I found myself on recovering my senses lying in a bed in a hospital at Glorinda and told by my doctor suffering from the effects of shell shock. It can be imagined then the force of the explosions when I was on a high hill three miles away from the scene. The doctors told me when I was picked up by a party of glandelinians I had been covered with dirt almost buried to my ears. It is heartrending to realize the dreadful annihilation of that vast Christian army, and it is apparent that it will only arouse the nation further against that butcher who not only butchers children but also soldiers in the most frightful manner. I'm only a citizen, and have been too old to be accepted in the army but nevertheless I had seen the explosions when returning to my home. When I had recovered enough to receive leave, I had went to the scene of the blast and every vent made by the explosions are about seven hundred feet deep and as wide as great craters of Mt. Calverline. It was a sight that made my blood almost run cold, and I do indeed wonder how in so short a time Germania's army engineers had been able to place such quantities of explosives as to tear up the ground worse than the explosions of a volcanic eruption could have done to the most mountain crater floors. I had learned that out of that army of ten million men only one hundred thousand men had survived and they had been so shaken by the experience that it will be doubtful if they will regain courage to find fight in another battle. I'm certainly shocked at the scene.

All the main Christian generals who have heard of this greatest of disasters to the Christian armies will I hope see to it that all the wicked glandelinian armies are crushed, and whipped out of Calverline as soon as possible. I'm surprised indeed that general Jennings allowed this disaster to happen to vivilian's army. And that Jennings was cut off from aiding his remnant when the glandelinians committed the deed. But I'm hoping before God that never again will happen such a disaster."

Indeed all of the highest Christian commanders had heard of the great disaster and also poor Violet and her sisters who were so frequently with Jack Evans. As soon as they had heard of the disaster to the Christian armies under vivilian they felt sure that now nothing could be done and many times they feared that the same would happen yet to the other Christian armies also and probably to their own also and that probably general vivilian or Hanson and others like those of their two other brothers would meet a similar disaster. Though the clashes with vivilian's armies had been successful against the enemy nevertheless general vivilian was not trustful and kept his scouts on the constant watch for there was no telling what the fierce glandelinians would yet do. General vivilian was advancing with fresh armies and it was reported that the enemy was committing serious devastation south of their own locations ruining towns and farms and villages almost as severely as the enemy were reported to be doing in the west and south of the great country of Calverline. Violet and her sisters Violet and her sisters had never experienced such times before and they indeed wondered when the war would have its speedy terminations.

As the enemy had for a time halted in the retreat Violet and her sisters with their boy friends decided to go out and see what the enemy was doing and also to view if possible the full extent of the damage done during the enemy's retreat. It was as usual a very hazardous undertaking for to be seen by the enemy now would result very fatally. But nevertheless Violet and her sisters were not daunted and went off under cover of the darkness of the night and also were glad to see that a good lively thunderstorm was approaching which would undoubtedly put out the fires which they could see burning in every direction and along the far distance. However as far as could be ascertained there was nothing like a forest fire as yet burning in this region though big ones were reported moving northward from the south from the direction of Cedornia and other sections of the country....

As they neared the scenes of devastations they could see whole hay stacks aflame and smoking like a volcano, houses and farm buildings were smoldering ruins, corn and wheat was ruined, and all kinds of farm growing products ruined and damaged. Many cows they saw lying dead in the pastures, and places where horses had been held but which was no; also smoldering and the horses gone besides all other material which the enemy had carried off. All the time during their working toward the enemy's lines they could see all this ruin and devastation, and also saw the burning towns far in the distance, the ruins of fruit trees which had been ruthlessly cut down and the derailing of freight cars, and the destruction of telegraphing and so on as far as anything could be damaged. Violet and her sisters finally entered the enemy's lines unseen and then seeing some generals approaching decided to take them by surprise and making them tell the strength of the army tie them up and place them where they could not be found quick enough to raise a hue and cry and cause them to be pursued too soon. So Violet and her sisters spoke of their plans to Starring, and as soon as the officers came within reach of their hiding place all of the children sprang upon them like wild catamounts and bore them to the ground binding and gagging them before they could utter a sound. Then Violet removed the gag of the chief officer and pointing a gun to his head said;

"If you make another of any kind I'll shoot you as you lie there. Tell us quickly if you value your lives how many men is in this army and how much of this work of devastation has been going on and how much more there will be."

At first the glandelinian general was silent but then he knew what Violet and her sisters were and decided that it was the wisest thing to do what the little girl commanded.

The general spoke hastily when he told Violet and her sisters all he knew and also about the work of devastation.

"Well done," said Violet. "I suppose you had no idea that us little Centopodas as you call us would be within your lines did you general. Well, sir Centopodas are pretty quick in their movements, and also you know general there are certain kind of Centopodas that are dangerous when tackled, and you know really who they are. So if you value your life, you'll keep still until we finish our job. There shall we hide these men starring!" She said turning to him.

"Oh dump them in the river and be done with them," said starring. "You are taking chances with leaving them afloat."

"I know but then we don't believe in killing the poor boobies in cold blood," said Violet. "We will hide them somewhere we where they will not be discovered too soon and cause us to be pursued before we think of our being discovered."

A good suitable place was found readily enough, and here the children dragged the three officers, and placed large bankets and tarpaulin pieces over them so that no one would observe them. Then Violet wrote down on a sheet of paper:

"Said officer declares that glandelinian army is very strong stronger than general Evans army though he will not give the exact number of men the Hanley's have. Nevertheless I presume the glandelinian armies are still up to the number of one hundred million men and are able to give us much more trouble if armies are not kept on guard and in good train. And also he states that if possible Hanley would devastate the whole country side and ruin everything possible in his path."

Realizing that they were in the heart of the enemy's lines they then decided to raid general Hanley's headquarters and see what they could obtain for the good of the Christian cause there. They entered the building by a side door and saw all of the highest glandelinian generals sitting around a table holding a conference. The boys at once rushed the glandelinian generals with pistols drawn, tumbled a number over the chairs, set the table over on its side with a resounding crash, and while Violet and her sisters grasped the important plans, held the glandelinian generals at bay with a good lively volley of pistol shots, though fort unluckily there was no one hurt on both sides. Then when Violet and her sisters were safely through the rear door the boys followed by all windows possible and were gone before the surprised glandelinian generals could recover to raise the alarm.

"Well if they are not the most pesky spies that was ever known," cried Hanley. "And they not spied on us, but attacked us also."

All attempts were made by these surprised glandelinian generals to have the desperate spies captured, but the little girls could not be found in the darkness though the whole camp in that section was searched thoroughly and not a tent or any point was left without a perfect investigation. While this search was on general Tamarline and Federal were having the time of their lives. The children had entered their headquarters, and not only overturned everything and surprised the generals, but also set the building on fire, drove off all the horses belonging to the generals and shot down sixteen glandelinian soldiers who started in pursuit, and then as successfully eluded the other pursuers by dashing in into the most darkest points of the ground that could be possibly be found and when in danger of being discovered showed such resistance that none of the glandelinians who had discovered their hiding place dared so much as go near it. They tried to surround it but of no use, and so the children successfully escaped to the Christian lines after making two of the most liveliest raids they had ever succeeded on the enemy generals. The next day they entered the enemy's lines once again in disguise, and seized three flags right in the very face of general Hanley and made off with them without injury though shots flew about the little girls like hail and shells tore the air above them, and soared and tore the ground around about them making for the daring child spies a perfect inferno to run through. Nevertheless the children were not daunted and succeeded in committing other depredation on the enemy in one day, such as running off with six of their supply trains, blowing up their ammunition dumps, and even capturing three of Hanley's best generals. They also set thousands of tents on fire, blew up a number of batteries, before they could be seized, and shot down three of their general pursuers before anything could be done to cover them from the gun fire of the children.

The vivian girls were alone responsible for the loss of sixteen great locomotives of the enemy when they succeeded in running off with, and also by their trickery prevented the enemy from blowing up a bridge by surprising them with their vigorous gun fire, and also succeeded in running a captured ammunition train full of explosive explosives across a burning bridge, and with a trail load of glandelinians in full pursuit, and fire firing volleys at them wildly. Six times that one they they raided general Hanley's headquarters, and once made off with his most expensive army coat with all its costly decorations, his gold scabbard, and gold handled sabre, and a brace of gold butted pistols, besides his Nino slaped hat, and his pocket book of money which he had left on the table. General Tamarline was raided three times that day and when he almost had them on the last time one of the little girls shot him in the shoulder and severely wounded him besides shooting down three of his under officers, and causing the wildest confusion among his men and guards, and again setting his headquarters on fire, which burned to the ground this time. Violet and her sisters even made off with over 10,000 horses, and when pursued led the enemy through a farmland and seeing a line of bee hives waited until the enemy were almost upon them and then fired at the hives thus arousing the bees which in the quickest time that it takes to tell routed the glandelinians to the four winds while the children laughed until the tears ran down their eyes. Finally the children had to cease their exciting raids as the enemy guards became so watchful that there was no hopes of entering the lines any more without meeting a fatal volley. Nevertheless they astonished Evans with all their successful raids, and proved to him that they could make out of themselves little "Devils" as the glandelinians called them when they wished to do so and probably worse.

It was not long after this that Violet and her sisters had a trying experience with the glandelinians. They had decided to go with one of their general friends to another portion of the great Christian army when they saw what appeared to be a large force of mounted girls approaching down the road. At first they did not know what to do for they realized immediately that they were the Finckle-Hollands! He-Hollands! but nevertheless to allow themselves to be captured by these blood thirsty glandelinians was certain destruction, and so off they went the general taking to their rear. The glandelinians at first did not see the fugitives but their leader happened to spy them and suddenly there was a loud hue and cry behind them, and a fierce volley was fired with a resounding crash and every one of their horses fell throwing their riders while one of the shots hit Violet clear in the breast as she attempted to arise. Immediately as five of her sisters opened fire with fury to prevent the enemy from coming too near the others at once opened her own outside waist which the bullet had penetrated expecting that she was mortally wounded and saw to their astonishment that she was not even injured or scratched. The shot had entered a portfolio, pierced several letters, her gaudulars, papers and cards, then halted at a picture of the sacred Heart of Jesus and also at another picture which looked very much like the Holy Christ of Lempina, both of which were only slightly scratched on the face. Violet indeed was astonished at her escape and as soon as she recovered from the shock they all took to the woods, and dived down into a deep ravine and waited for the Blue coated Zimmermannians to come on. They decided as they had been unhorsed not to run but to resist the enemy all they could and not to give up at all. The glandelinians seeing where the little girls with their fugitive general had gone hesitated to press on because they knew that the little girls were dangerous dangerous adversaries when aroused. But their leader was furious over their escaping him despite the good aim of the volley and ordered the men forward.

"Charge then boys!" he roared. "Why are you hesitating for. They must be captured!"

A party of men rushed forward on foot, but a withering fire was poured upon them from the edge of the ravine and all of these thirteen glandelinians went down dead or wounded. The glandelinian leader was surprised at this indeed, and did not know what to do. The fugitives were more dangerous to him and his men than he had expected them to be. To rush the ravine would be like committing suicide, and so he decided to not upon a ruse and compel them to come from their shelter. He produced a white flag or something on a long stick and then started forward with some of his under officers.

Violet and her sisters saw them coming but were too wise to be fool ed this way and immediately opened fire, not hes however with the intention of shooting down the officers, but nevertheless the flag was shot out of his hand, and feared that something worse would happen they hurried back to their respective command.

This officer had not experienced the ways of the vivian girls as yet and was indeed surprised at their behavior. And also seeing a large party of Angelinians who had heard the firing a preaching he decided it best to leave the fugitives be, and ordered his men to retreat which they did. As Violet and her sisters were watching the men retreating, and saw the Angelinians coming, they were about to give a rousing cheer, and taunt the Angelinians when they saw a pretty little girl suddenly appear as if from the bushes, or what appeared to be the head of a pretty child, and were about to advance toward it when all of a sudden there was a flourish of wings, and confronting the little girl was a young Robboman.

Violet and her sisters who had very rarely seen any of these freakish, goblin-like creatures did not know what to make of its appearance, and were at first a little apprehensive, but the creature appeared so friendly they finally overcame their fears, and when the Angelinians came up Violet and her sisters discovered that the woods were full of these kind of goblin-like creatures. They like the Angelinians had heard the firing and had appeared from their abodes to see what was wrong. Violet and her sisters had done most of the firing, and this had astonished the creatures as well as the Angelinians.

Violet Violet and her sisters told of what had happened and how they had encountered the Glandelinians, and how they had realized them successfully and shot the thirteen down who had first strove to get them while they were sheltered in the ravine. The wounded Glandelinians were taken into the camp by the Angelinians and the dead ones buried. Some of the small, long-limbed ones on sorcerers followed some distance, and then retraced their way back to the woods. Thus at this time at least Violet and her sisters had had some thrilling adventures and also had once more seen a large number of goblin-like creatures which they can be proud of. By these series of experiences the Angelinians declared that Violet and her sisters were the bravest children that they had ever seen in their lives, and many of them indeed wished that the vivian girls were their own.....

Indeed it was a terrible war. The enemy were still working their storm of devastation as much as possible and it was only with difficulties that any of the Christian armies which were victorious could advance at all. The whole world was a surprise at the fury of the war, and also over the terrible destruction committed by the enemy in every part of Galverinia. Instead of the east alone. Most of the war itself had raged in Galverinia. As far as now at least only a small portion of the war had been staged in the country of Angelinia, and hardly any just now in any other parts of Angelinia and many Christian armies which had been mobilized by draft and in onslaughts were inactive and impatiently waiting for their turn or time to go in and fight some of the mighty thrilling battles. Angelinia felt entirely secure, while all the people in Galverinia were terrified and feared that the end of the very world was coming. Most of the Glandelinian armies that were in Galverinia had not come up through Angelinia for after the growing Crowley massacre and battles this was impossible as the southern boundary line of Angelinia was too strongly guarded, and chains of batteries with millions of cannon to guard the border besides all the armies that were not needed in the broadside actions. The Glandelinians came into Galverinia through the coasts of western Galverinia especially the wharf her and Vivian wharf, which were in the possession of the Glandelinian forces were throughout the whole country of Galverinia, and also elsewhere. Just at this time there were no Glandelinians in Angelinia for they had directed most of their intentions at this critical time in the Galverinian revolution alone. This was their most important point. Many conflicts which child slaves had fought in their rebellion were also torn by greater battles in this mighty war and also other points had been so severely devastated by the enemy that the scene indeed was a great wide spread storm of desolation complete. When, oh when would the wicked Glandelinian invaders be driven out of Galverinia!!!!

Well we will see. There is many days more to come yet before the main issue can be decided.....

During this time general Jack Evans was elsewhere sitting in the lower room of his headquarters and a stranger was sitting beside him on a chair. Evans did not like the looks of the man and was going to ask him something about his business there when the man who was reading an Angelinian news paper said:

"You have that seven beautiful children known as the Vivian girls were terribly injured not long ago in an explosion last evening. They must have felt dreadfully cut up about it-----tee--tee."

"No that's no joke either." Said A Evans bringing his fist so furiously down upon the man's head as to force him down flat with legs flying high into the air and breaking the chair under him knocking him senseless and then out he went leaving him lie there.

IN THE MIC) MIC-HOLLESTER DOLERINE FORTIFICATIONS.....

On the northwest side of Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale which were so frequently threatened by the Glandelinians during the great war of Angelinia, as we all know at stands the noty northern section of the Mic-Holleston or Dolerine fortifications. On one side of the fortifications there was a long line of outer works which extended for seven miles and which were thirteen feet high and which just touched the boundary line that separates Galverinia from Angelinia, but on the outer portions south of it the fortifications touched the state line of Ozma. The garrison of these fortifications however were strong in numbers and any one who ever came within view of these fortifications rarely could stand off and look at them and know very little about them, for about a third distance off from the outerworks, the places are so strongly guarded for so strong a force dare pass was near, and if any Glandelinians were within the walls of the fortifications as prisoners the main Glandelinians were not aware of the facts. Yet within the interior of this region where stands also the defense mobilization camps of Ozma town were many Glandelinians held as prisoners. Within full view appeared to be also large low hills scattered here and there. In command of the defense garrison defending all approaches to the Angelinian National capital was a wise old soldier general Andonia Ozma who was one of the best fighters ever known.

However at this time it was seen that Angelinia Agathia had been threatened by the enemy so frequently that it was feared if something wise was not done the city would some day be captured. So Robert Angell vivian, who rules everyone in the Angelinian countries had made a degressive decree that no one no matter how or she she was should be allowed to go within the dominions of Angelinia Agathia or her outlying towns except the main authorities of the Angelinian and Abilemian governments, or the vivian girls, and his brother and other generals, and when general Robert vivian sent this royal war command to the commanders of the garrisons of the Mic-Holleston Dolerine fortifications by means of a strongly guarded messenger and swift train also guarded the main commander fearing something also would happen if the plans and everything was captured by enemy spies at once withdrew all his maps and everything was captured by enemy spies and at once stopped drawing pictures, and beyond plans of the fortresses. He destroyed many of his most important letters, and everything else he was afraid spies may get hold of, and obeyed every order he was commanded to do. He had never seen the Vivian girls or the main generals of the National Armies, but he knew they were even his rulers though children, and must also be obeyed.

There however was only one thing that grieved and made him scared. He had discovered a new and secret method of how to transform the strength of the Mic-Holleston Fortifications aroundy around Angelinia Agathia, that was unknown to any Angelinian general, or the Angelinian governments, and unknown to the secret service agents of the rebels. General Manley or his aides did not know it, nor did the Tamerlins, the other Manleys, nor any one else, or the secret enemies of Angelinia who dealt in the wicked cause of the rebellion. It was the generals very own secret. By its means should he follow it out, with workers and engineers it would be the simplest thing in the world to transform the outer works of Angelinia Agathia's defense into the strongest works in the world. The general had at this time in secret many things. He of course himself would not dare to write down the plans of this very great general if I thought my readers might study them too carefully as as to be able to warn Manley in case they were favoring his cause and his nations, but it is a fact that no one else in the world except the general (up to the time of this story) been able to form such an important plan, and so I do not even think it would be ever safe to give it to my own mother.

It may also be well for me however in writing this story to be careful not to think of the plans the general had in mind in the proper way because I, also may make a mistake and reveal it to the enemy, and so I must do anything possible to avoid all danger of his secret plans being known to the insurgent generals who therefore would be able to work all kinds of mischief. This great general who commanded all the places around Angolinia again in and her outlying places and fortifications and the internal internment camps having made and discovered the secret of the way of transformation for the outer works of the defenses of Polorine Mis-Hollister, was reluctant to have such a wonderful disc every, entirely in danger of being known by the rebels. As the enemy had been too near Angolinia Agathia and as it had been attacked and besieged several times the general fearing something would come sooner or later, decided not to use it too quick, but he reflected that general Manley was not alto gether too close for his cause and may some time change his mind and with draw his armies from the region of Zoe Callen run, and then when no rebel armies were near he would proceed to do as he planned. After giving the matter some very careful thought, he decided to write down the plans he had, and how it should be accomplished in a secret place, so that he could find it after many days, but where no one else could ever find it. That seemed to be a very clever idea, but what bothered the old general, was to find an most secret place. He had wandered all over the interior of his fortifications for many days, but found no place in which to secretly write down his plans and place it where others might not likely to stumble upon it. So finally he decided it must be written somewhere in his own headquarters. General Andons had with his command at this time a man whom he did not like. A man who had enlisted into the Angolinian service there, was noted as being very cross and extremely disagreeable to every one, he was not happy with his surroundings, because it appeared he wanted to go to Dorothy Gale to see things there but that as it was not safe the general would not let him. He one however paid any attention to the stranger for from his ways he did not seem to amount to anything anyhow. Where ever he was the man seemed sullen. The man really was a Zimorranian spy and no one seemed to know it or did not. One day after he had been left alone to guard the general's room, seeing all was clear the rebel spy decided to enter the general's private room, where he or any one else was forbidden to go, and see if he could find any plans, or maps of Angolinia Agathia and her fortifications, or some means to learn the strength of the fortified works around Betsy Bobbin, Trot, and Dorothy Gale, and of the big mobilization camps. As he went into the room the spy stubbed his toe on a rotten floor board and while he was sprawling. He cursed and swore to himself as he got to his feet and then proceeded to search everywhere, but found no trace of anything he wished to secure. He saw through some means that all had either been sent away to the government or into the custody of the main generals, or had been destroyed. It was most likely so that the important documents had been given to the Vivian girls. If so it would be impossible to gain them, as to raid the place of Violet and her sisters no matter where they had been was like raiding a den of a number of tigers without weapons to defend yourself. Much disappointed, and believing his mission unsuccessful he started to go out again when he suddenly stubbed his toe on the same floor board and fell flat on his face striking his nose with such force as to draw blood. He finally recovered himself, and after stopping the blood started thinking. When he examined the board as closely as possibly possible possible possible and found that it had been recently pried up, and nailed down again in such a manner that it was much higher than the other boards. But who had taken up that board? And why was the board taken up? Had the general or some one hidden some of the most important plans, papers or maps, underneath the floor? The spy whose name for good reasons I will not mention got his dragger out, and after some difficulty pried up the board, but found nothing under it. He was just about to replace the board as he had found it, when he slipped on some grass and fell accidentally flying the board down to the floor with a bang, and as it fell the board turned over on the other side, and as the spy arose to his feet, he saw a slip of paper. Examining it close he saw something written on the paper. The light was rather dim as it was drawing on to night time, so he took the board to the

window, and examined it with great care, and found that the writing described exactly exactly about the new form of works the general was planning, their strength, and everything else I did not like to speak out. Not at first the spy did not realize what a most wonderful secret of the Angolinians he had discovered, but he thought the discovery might be of some use to him or to Manley at least, and so that he would not be discovered he took another piece of paper and made on it an exact copy of the plans. When looking carefully to see that no one was watching him he folded the paper carefully and put it in his pocket, and replaced the board into the floor the way he had found it, so that no one would suspect it had been removed. After this the spy went into the outer sections of the Polorine Mis-Hollister fortifications, and watching that no one was around sat under a redan and made a careful study of the paper. He had been here for three weeks and all that time had always wanted to get away from Polorine, and visit Dorothy Gale-----not especially the big mobilization camps of those places previously mentioned, and the idea now came to him that if he could get out of the region of Angolinia Agathia without being discovered he could assume the appearance of a privileged Angolinian war correspondent and go to any place he wished to go, and come back any time he pleased to. It was necessary for safe keeping however, to learn by heart what he had written down because it would not be safe for him to carry any papers with him, and if the papers were once discovered on his person he might as well say his last prayers. He knew what happens to spies so he studied it a long time, repeating it many hundreds of times in his mind, until he was sure he would not forget it. By this time it was getting late in the day and the spy wished to get out of the region of Angolinia Agathia before the general returned or before he could be prevented from getting out. So going up to a commissioner officer he said:

"I wish to go out to the outer works to see a personal friend of mine who wishes to give me information about Manley's intentions. I'll be back again before dark." Not suspecting anything the officer allowed him to go out and within another half an hour he was within sight of the outer works. Then he laughed half aloud, and said to himself:

"I suppose they all think I'm a National as themselves. But I wonder if I could secure a horse strong enough to carry me a couple of miles toward Mambi without becoming jaded." For he had decided to make his first trip to the country region outside of Angolinia Agathia and her fortresses and find general Manley or some other Glandolinian general. He had stolen the secret of the great Christian general, and he had disobeyed the laws of Angolinia by deserting the camps after instilling by pretending to be an Angolinian soldier and was therefore guilty of treason as well as being a spy. Perhaps if he was not careful general Robert Vivian whose armies now were near Mambi would discover him, or even Hanson, Vivian, and cause his capture, so it would be a good policy to keep away from the region of Mambi all together. And he must not be seen by the Vivian, Iris, or their scouts either. And the main thing he must do is to avoid Jennie Urner, or Gertrude Angelina, who could discover a spy as easily as a puma discovers his prey..... Slowly the spy strode out of the lines at dark by a secret way where no one would see him go. Finally he secured a horse he saw near a tree tied to a stake and rode off until just before the moon started to rise and flood the landscape with light reached a high hilly region. From this height he could see far across the many fortresses of Angolinia Agathia and the big mobilization camps and so on, another region that seemed to be pleasant to explore, so and so he headed that way and urging his horse began his flight.

Even a spy has to come in order to put his distance between himself and the Christian camp as far as possible. So swiftly did he urge the horse to go that from the fierce riding he himself felt sick and faint, by the time he had covered several miles. But as he halted the fresh air restored him and he stopped at a broad table a table land called Hilland junction. Just beyond it was a small valley known as the Leland and these two countries he discovered were in possession of two vast Abilominian armies. He stood beside his horse near Gingorb road man creek, near Chick The Chorus river. The spy merely stopped his horse long enough to rest his jaded horse, and then he rode north, and passed over a fine territory called the Vryland State. Then following the curve of the Chorus river he turned northwestward, and halted under a tree top near the region of the well famed "No man's land."

Both the spy and his horse were really tired by this time, and the moon was now high in the sky, and so he decided to remain here until morning. From here he could see a solid solitary house near by, which looked to be very comfortable. He saw a man milking a cow in the yard, and a woman who looked very pleasant faced him to the door and called to the man to come in and to bed. That made the spy wonder what sort of food these Calvinian Calvinian peasants eat. He felt hungry, but did not know what to eat here or how to get it. As also he thought a bed would be more careful than sleeping on the ground underneath a tree so he led his horse and strode toward the house. He therefore paused and knocked on the door, and as the man appeared asked for something to eat and a lodging for the night.

"Who are you?" asked the man who seemed to own the house.
"I'm a messenger from general Conventinian Atonburg's army sent to general Vivian with an important message." Replied the spy.
"Then you are surely welcome indeed." Said the man. "The good man." The spy was therefore given a good supper, and also a good bed, and though he was a Calvinian Calvinian he behaved very well, although he refused to answer all the questions the people of this region asked him. Having escaped from the army at Angelina Agathia, the young spy was no longer scared or unhappy, and so he was no longer nervous or disagreeable. The people indeed did not know who he really was, and thought him a very respectable person, and gave him a good breakfast in the morning and took good care of his horse, after which he started on his way, feeling quite contented.

Having rode on for an hour or two through the pretty Angelinian country, he saw not far away a Christian army under general King Bud, and not wishing to take any chances in going far further than that way decided to could travel better if he got into Calvinia itself itself. He soon came upon a great fortress called Fort Nole and saw the long lines of earthworks teeming with gunnery, and many other army places of interest. Then he rode westward till he came to the region of the creek near the state of Ev. Every place he visited he thought was more pleasant and he decided that when finally the Calvinian authorities have caused the downfall of Angelina and her states he would settle somewhere in Angelina, and enjoy his future life to the utmost. In the state of Ev he went on more slowly and was very careful for the cities and villages of strange Christian mobilization camps were a loser together and he felt sure he was drawing near to a Dorothy lake or the town of Bee Betsy bobbin. Toward evening he came to a good inn in charge of some winkle soldiers, and asked one of the officers if he could have food and lodgings.

"You can have if you can furnish proof that you are an Angelinian soldier." Said the officer. "Otherwise as we do not know you you must go elsewhere." This surprised the spy, for he suspected that his escape had been forwarded through out the country by means of signal stations and that all strangers were being looked upon with suspicion. He had no money to buy anything, so he turned away to seek hospitable elsewhere. Looking through an open window into one of the rooms of the inn, as he passed along on his horse, he saw an officer looking

over an important letter. It must be something important he reflex reflected so he rode quickly up to the window, pointed a gun at the officers head, caught up the letter, folded it with one hand and put it into his pocket, and rode away again before the officer could interfere or yell for help. Indeed the poor officer who was robbed was quite helpless, for he dared not leave his room just then for important reasons to chase the spy, and before he could raise the alarm and get a bunch of soldiers to pursue the robber spy was out of sight, and to seek him at night would be folly. The spy rode to a thick group of trees, and dropping to the ground leaped to the ground, and then looked over the paper he had stolen.

"Hold you are my prisoner." A small voice just near him.
"And you will be sorry for this when you are brought into the lines." The spy looked around and saw a little girl sitting on a horse dressed as a boy scout, and she had leveled a small pistol at him.

"Sorry for what?" He demanded.
"Oh I and my friend saw the whole thing." Asserted the little girl. "I saw you from here look in the window, at the officer and his note, and then an hour afterwards ride up to him and rob the poor officer, and then I saw you hold for here and rode hereto intercept you. That's stealing, and though you're in a wicked and unlawful on this occasion, you stole a general's letter, and that is a still greater crime. You are to come with me."

"Oh yes indeed I will not." Replied the spy calling and before she knew what he was up to he had suddenly drew his own gun, and firing at her leaped upon his horse and dashed away. Her horse was killed under her and before she could get up on her feet the spy was out of sight.

"Gosh I did not know I was being watched by one of the darn Calvinians." Said the spy to himself. "But if I wish I'm glad of it, he I showed her her place that time. So she thought she had me a prisoner. Ha. Ha. I hate the one Vivian girl. I've always wanted to shoot one of them, but I didn't know I would have the chance until now. I bet there is one gone now at least." "Haw, haw, haw," laughed some one riding up behind him in a big voice. "That's the proper spirit spirit my lad. I'm glad I have met you, shake hands." The spy turned around and saw a queerly dressed Calvinian on a horse near. He was formidable looking, had a big round face, with bushy white whiskers, and thin hair that looked as if it never had been combed in a lifetime. He wore dull gray clothes, (not a uniform) the clothing seeming to be tight fitting, and his pockets of his coat seemed all bulged out as if stuffed full of something.

"I did not know you were anywhere here." Said the spy looking at the stranger curiously.
"I did not know until after you got here." Said the queer old Calvinian.

"Who are you?" Asked the spy.
"My name is James Hupfede. I used to be in the Angelinian army, but I left the army for some good reasons, and now now I'm looking for the Calvinian army."

"But why you leave the Christian army?" Inquired the Calvinian.
"Well it is the fashion to leave the Christian armies suddenly now a days. I was a pretty good soldier---to myself, but the one dreadful Vivian girl would not let me alone whatever. So I had to leave. But let us talk about something more pleasant. Who are you and where did you come from?"

"I do not care to reveal my name just now. I used to be in the fortifications near the Angelinian Capital, but now I am for a while just wandering around."

The stranger gave the spy a very shrewd look.
"I heard that girl say when you tried to shoot down that you stole something from an officer in an open window. Is that true?" The spy hesitated, but saw no reason now to deny it. He felt that it would make him appear more important, and he felt also that the man may also be another spy in disguise.

"Well---yes." He said.
"He you are a fugitive spy?"
"No I did not suffer from pursuit yet." He admitted.

"Well that was a pretty good trick anyhow," declared the old man. "I used to be a vovary and buy myself, but my enemies are scouring the whole world for me. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to some other place to get some supper and a bed," said the young spy.

"I have you money to pay for, I'd lodgings?" asked the old Calverinian.

"I have two good places which will secure for me what I want."

"And the letter you stole. Very good. And you are glad that you are so wicked. Better for me yet. I like you young man, and I'll go to the place you head for with you if you promise not to say anything suspicious to any one."

"Do you think the people around here are as dangerous as the soldiers?" asked the young spy.

"I'm afraid of every one around here who may be christian dogs, they are all dangerous and may not you," said the old Calverinian with a sulk.

"All right," agreed the young spy. "I won't say anything that people may hear!"

"I'll come along," said the old Calverinian.

After a short ride they came to a very small camp, and when they came within reach of the first sentinal the guard scowled at them both and said:

"I'm not old not to follow any one in unless he knows me a pass."

The young spy who had a pass showed it to him.

"And how about you?" asked the sentinal, turning to the old Calverinian. "Have you a pass?"

"I've something better," answered the old man, and taking a package of paper from his pocket he handed it to the sentry.

The sentinal was very polite to the strangers after that and allowed them into the small encampment. He served them an excellent supper, and while they ate it in a tent all by themselves, the spy asked his companion:

"Where did you get that large package?"

"I'll tell you," answered the old man. "When the vivian girls caused me a much trouble that I had to flee from the christian camps I managed to secure the papers from general vivian's headquarters."

They are papers which allow any one to go where he likes as long as he carries them and he will never be suspected."

"Are they better than the passports I have?" asked the younger spy.

"The package is worth my life."

"Don't talk so loud," begged the young spy, uneasily. "Some one else might hear what you are saying."

After supper they took a short walk together, and the old Calverinian said:

"Do you know the great vivian generals, and some sentinal Gronburg, and the vivian girls, and Gertrude Ange line, and Jennie Maer, and Angelina Rio bee, and all the other dangerous persons of our enemies?"

"No," replied the spy. "I have never been further away from Angelina Agathia than this."

"Then you have never been in the many christian armies where the vivian girls are known to be?"

"Never!"

"Well," said the old Calverinian. "I know all of these people, and you can guess I and the whole of the glandelinian nation and the soldiers do not love them. All during my own efforts to learn situations of the cause I have brooded on how I can be revenged on those little vivian girls. Now that I have met you I can see a way to get within the christian lines, spy on them, notify Maer and with his help conquer Angelina and secure the vivian girls as my own prisoners to do with them as I please."

"How can you do that?" inquired the young spy wonderingly, knowing how almost impossible it was to capture the vivian girls.

"Never mind how. In the first place I'll make a bargain with you with you. Tell me the secret of how to get into the dominions of Dorothy Gale and I will give you a pocket full of money, the biggest amount that I possess."

"No," said the younger spy who realized that to share his secrets with another would be dangerous to both.

"I'll give you two pocket fulls of money all glandelinian silver dollars," said the old Calverinian.

"No," answered the young spy.

"I'll give you every cent I possess."

"No, no, no," said the young spy, who was beginning to be frightened.

"Then," said the old spy with a wicked look at his younger conspirator. "I'll tell these Angelinians in this small camp that you stole that letter from the officer at the army inn and he will have to hang as a spy."

The young spy laughed at the threat.

"Before he can do that," said he. "I will shoot down all who try to capture me, and if I then fail to escape as I wish, I'll shoot even myself."

"Would you really do such a desperate thing?" asked the older spy, looking at his young companion seriously.

"Of course," declared the spy. "I could even shoot you with out mercy, even if you did draw a gun on me, for then we would both die together."

The wicked old man shivered a little when he heard that, but it made him long more than ever to possess a secret to get into formidable Dorothy Gale. After a while he said:

"I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will help me to get into Dorothy Gale and to find out the plans of the generals there or the strength of the mobilization camps, by telling me your secret, I'll agree to have Maer make you a general, and I will be your assistant and see that your orders are obeyed."

"I'll help do that," said the younger spy, "but for the safety of unbold I won't tell you the secret."

The old Calverinian was so furious at this refusal that he fairly jumped up and down with rage, and spluttered and choked for a long time, before he could control his passion. But his younger spy companion was not at all frightened. He laughed at the wicked old Calverinian, which made him more furious than ever.

"Let's give up the idea," he proposed, when the old man had quite quieted down somewhat. "I don't know the vivian girls or their companions you mention, and so though they are Angelinians, and even the princesses of Angelina they are not my enemies. If they or their friends have kicked you out of the army, that is your affair not mine."

"Would you not like to discover who the vivian girls are and frustrate the magnificent in their plans?" asked the old man.

"Yes I would," replied the younger spy, "but you want to capture the vivian girls yourself yourself, and we surely would quarrel over them."

"No," said the old man trying to deceive the young man. "I don't care to have the vivian girls in my possession, I only want to think it over. I don't even care to have them in my presence, even near me. What I want first is revenge. If we can capture by our spying work to be successful, the city of Angelina Agathia and outskirts to be conquered, I'll get enough means to conquer the other places, and then I'll go back to a general Maer's lines, which are more home like than being in the christian lines. So here is my proposition. Help me in my spying work so Maer can easily use the work of Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agathia, and help me to get revenge on the vivian girls, and help me to get the two vivian generals out of the way, and I'll get you a commission as a general in Maer's army."

"I'll think it over," answered the young spy, and that was all he would say that evening. In the night when all in the camps were asleep except the guards, and himself the old Calverinian, rose softly from his bunk and went through the clothes of his younger spy and scoured everywhere for what he wished to find, the secret papers concerning the entrance way to Dorothy Gale. Of course the boy had no such papers, and although the old Calverinian searched in all the boys' pockets, he found not even the secret papers of general Aldous plans whatever. So he went back to his own bunk and began to doubt that the young spy knew of any means to get into Dorothy Gale without being discovered.

"Next morning he said:

"Which way do you travel to day boy?"

"The only way will be to visit Ozma in the Rose Hill Kingdom of Angolinia," answered the boy.
"That is a long and most dangerous journey," declared the old Calverinian.
"We can use our horses," said the younger spy, "and so ride to the point in an hour or so."

"Then wait until I get my horse and I'll go with you," suggested the old man.
"In that case let us ride together to the city of Dorothy Gale, and see at least what it looks like."
The younger spy thought it over. Strange and interesting and important as were the territories he had visited, he heard everywhere that the city of Dorothy Gale was the main source of the supplies of the Angolinians, and if there were any possibilities of his ever being captured he must know something about its strongholds.

While the young spy thought, the old Calverinian was also thinking. This boy, a spy of Glandelinian possession, a certain important secret, and although very simple in many ways, he carefully determined not to part with it. However if the old man could get him to transport him to Dorothy Gale, which he could reach in no other way, he might then utilize the boy to follow any advice that he may give him and into the plot for revenge on the pretty Vivian girls, which he had already planned in his wicked heart.

"There are numerous scouts and the key persons in the camps and army barracks and the like on the outskirts of Dorothy Gale," remarked the boy after a time. "They might find out us, in spite of our disguises."
"Not if we are absolutely careful," the old Calverinian assured him. "The main general there had big cavalry forces but on a continual scouting tour every minute of the day and night, in which he could learn everything unusual going on, but these cavalry scouting parties will know nothing of our going to Dorothy Gale, and if we are careful we will not meet any of those and have them not usually demand of us where we are going, or what we are doing. General Hanson once lost a great book of records through some spy but he recovered it. He has everything strictly guarded at all costs at Angolinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale."

"Then," said the young spy, "there is no use in our attempting to get into Dorothy Gale for the scouts would see all our approaches, and as they are much cleverer than we and we would be sure they would capture us and soon put a stop to our plans."

"We would not need to both bother about Dorothy Gale," retorted the old Calverinian. "The scouts all around Dorothy Gale does not make records of what Glandelinian scouting parties do. They are on the look out that no suspicious characters succeed in getting into Dorothy Gale, or Angolinia Agathia, or if we go toward the center part Ozma town for instance, the Angolinian scouting parties won't know anything about our plans."

"But is two fellows could not get into any of those places without proper proper disguises," asserted the boy scornfully.

"No, that's true," admitted the Glandelinian or Calverinian spy, and then he rubbed his forehead, and stroke his beard and thought some more.

"All now I have the idea," he suddenly declared. "I suppose you know all the roadways toward Ozma town?"

"Of course," answered the boy.
"Anybody can make your way there without being surprised by Angolinian scouting parties," said the boy.

"Of course," said the boy.
"I see, I see," said the old man nodding his head. "That fits in with my idea, exactly. Now listen and I'll explain to you my plan. We'll ride to Ozma as two refugees and settle ourselves in one of the big mobilization camps in the Glikin Abyssinilian armies. Here you can tell their officers that we were refugees from the enemy and as the Nationals don't hardly keep track of the doings of the refugees but just shelter them, we can get on with out being discovered."
"But how can two men fool such a wily army as the Abyssinilians?" inquired the boy.

"That's easy if you know how. But if we are not trusted we need not go in among the armies of Abyssinilians. We would probably be discovered. And while we are in the town of Ozma you and I could never appear as our former kind until we have found means to capture or kill the Vivian girls, or made up plots to help Manley capture Angolinian capital and win the rebellion, and also to destroy the two main armies under Hanson and Robert Vivian and so have nothing more to fear from them."

"It is impossible to destroy the Angolinian armies, they are too large," declared the young Glandelinian spy.

"It is not necessary to destroy the big Angolinian armies," rejoined the old Calverinian.

"I'm afraid I don't understand you at all," objected the Glandelinian boy spy. "What will happen to the main Angolinian armies, and what sort of an army of secret spies could we get together, except strangers?"

"I'll tell you. Manley's lines are full of all kinds of spies. Most of them are savage and cruel, and would gladly follow any leader as savage as themselves. They have always troubled the many various Angolinian armies by their work of spying and vandalism. Because they have so many great leaders upon them, but we can go to Manley's lines near Zoo Callen where he defeated the Christian armies, find many of the spies and tell them to help us find out the strength of the position around Angolinia Agathia and elsewhere, and as a reward we will see to it that they all shall have high commissions. What is a splendid idea you must admit, and it is so easy we won't have no trouble at all to carry it through to success."

"Will the spies consent to such a desperate plan, do you think?" asked the boy spy.

"To be sure they will. We can get every spy to do it, except those boys Gerald Barrigan, Fredrick Burger and his companion, and they won't count."

The young Glandelinian spy however did not know much about the Angolinian spies of Ozma or Dorothy Gale, and did not know much about the Angolinian mobilization camps and the main Angolinian armies who were near that location by Zoo Callen Run, but the old Calverinian plan seemed to him to be quite reasonable indeed. He however had a faint suspicion that the old man wanted all the honor himself, and that he meant to get the best of him in some way, and therefore he decided or resolved to keep a very close watch upon his fellow conspirator. As long as he kept hidden the secret plans he had secured from the fortress at Angolinia Agathia, and as he also was a well known Glandelinian spy of the highest rank, the old Calverinian traitor would not dare to harm him, and he promised himself that as soon as they had secured the strength of the knowledge of the strength of the many camps and positions, and had caused Manley to overcome and capture Angolinia Agathia and her surrounding towns, he would desert his old companion and go elsewhere.

The old man on his own part decided that he also could by careful watching and listening, surprise the boy into giving out his secret, and when he had got the better of the Glandelinian boy spy he would desert and reveal everything to Manley himself. This is I suppose always the way with wicked people. They never can be trusted even by one another. Haggado thought he was following the young Glandelinian spy, and the young spy thought he was fooling the old Calverinian, so both were pleased.

"It's a long way to Dorothy Gale or even Ozma," remarked the boy spy, "and the Angolinians have millions of scouts out, and have batteries which dominate all approaches to both places. Let us wait until evening, and then right across the open plains, when it will be much safer."

The old Calverinian agreed to this, and so the two Glandelinians spent the rest of the day in talking over their plans. When evening came they left the camp they were in in a secret manner and walked out to a little grove of trees, where they stood their horses.

"Remain here for a few moments and I'll soon be back," said the younger spy, and walking wittily away, he left the old Calverinian standing in the small grove. The old man wondered where he had gone, but stood quite quietly in his place until all of a sudden, there came a cry like that from an eagle. At once the eagle cry was answered from beyond the grove, and two hooded men on horse back suddenly

came riding up, and the old Calverinian knowing the signals well realized they were two of the Angolinian scouts and hid until they rode out of sight. Then came the lad and he declared that all was clear and that they were ready for the start. The old man felt that somehow or other the Angolinian scouts may outwit them, but the boy was too shrewd for that and had made a reconnaissance to show the coast lay. As the two spies rode forward across an open plain the old man said:

"Why first became a spy I had many ways of making changes so as to fool Angolinian scouting parties that I thought was good, but I could not compare with your own ways. I had to have certain kind of papers to copy and study study upon before I could accomplish anything."

"What became of your important papers?" Inquired the boy spy.

"I was one day chased and captured by Gertrude Angeline and her girl spies, and though I finally escaped from them they had nevertheless secured the papers from me-- especially that horrid girl Jennie Warner, and those Terrible Vivian girls, the Princesses of Angolinia--at the time they and some of their boy and girl scouts chased me for hundreds of miles."

"Why did you let them do that?" Asked the Glandelinian boy spy.

"Well," said the old Calverinian spy, "I could not help it. They were too many for me and I was alone and they shot down my horse from under me, and all threatened to shoot me also."

"Are those Vivian girls as dangerous as all that?"

"Yes, but not only them but their whole regiment of boy and girl scouts. The one girl spies are the only persons among the Angolinians that I am afraid of."

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS
SEARCH FOR THE SPIES!

In this country there is really no other country region so beautiful and yet so strongly defended as the dominions of Angolinia Agathia, which have outposts and cities with almost exactly the same names as certain famous persons known in the books of Oz. There are no stronger fortifications in even that world out side of those of Vivian, so massive and prolonged and as well garrisoned as the Polorino, Mic-Hollero, Mic-Hollero and Mic-Hollero Polorinia Fortifications. They have all the ammunition they desire, Angolinia Agathia, Dorothy Gale, Trot, and Betty goblins are great centres of the manufacture of ammunitions and so on, and the whole nation admires the beautiful and powerfully guarded and well defended mobilization camps, especially the one of Ozma town, and here the hundreds of millions of soldiers, and marines and troopers mix military work as well as play so justly that both are very delightful and satisfying, and no one in the army not even the officers have any reason to complain.

Very often however many things happened to disturb the happiness and safety of the people of all these places, either for a brief time or for months, for Angolinia Agathia is considered the main goal of the rebels, and therefore not only did many Glandelinian spies, generals and Glandelinian government authorities treacherously plot to conquer Angolinia Agathia and her outposts and cities, but many fierce sieges had been directed, and Angolinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale were subjected to the attacks of the biggest Glandelinian armies in the war so far. Up to this time when this cruel and crafty old Calverinian spy, who conspired with the young Glandelinian spy, all such attempts have disastrously failed and twice John Mailey had been seriously wounded for his attempts. For all the war up to now the people of these cities feared the approach of such dangers.

In the centre of the city of Dorothy Gale, the capital of the state of Angolinia was a vast and lengthy munitions works, well built with many works of its own, and in the centre of Angolinia Agathia stood the Governor General Concontinian Aronburg's own home, and the homes of the Angolinian rulers the most splendid buildings ever constructed.

From the scores of hundreds of strongly fortified towers of Fortresses Polorino, Mic-Hollero floated the banners of Angolinia, and the garrisons of that line of fortifications were of Angolinians Abbieannians, royal Calverinians, and which included the Ozmaes, Munchkin, Gilikin, Winkie, and Quadling Abyssinians and Abbieannians, the fiercest fighting soldiers the Angolinians have. The millions of banners decorating the tops of the fortress were of many colors, but the colors of the main general had a white centre, and divided into four quarters, colored purple, green, red and yellow, indicating that Angolinia Agathia had the National Governments protecting the whole world against Glandelinia in general. Angolinia Agathia was more strongly defended than any place else in the world, and was the main support of the carrying on the war for she and her sister cities had the largest munition factories and other war places for making material in the world, and had scores of hundreds of them.

These fortifications were so big however, that all of them is yet not known to the main Christian generals, and it was said that in some parts of the region in forests, and slight Angolinian jungles, and mountain fastnesses, in hidden valleys unknown to the enemy were many armies stationed there to head off all

hostile approaches to Angelina Agatha from the east. Still these hidden armies unknown to the Mainlys or his other rebel ministers are not nearly so strong or numerous as the main garrisons of Angelina Agatha, who occupy not only all the fortresses of Dorothy Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agatha, but also the outer works near the Betsey Gobbin and Ozma. Indeed I'm sure that if the many christian cavalry forces are not more careful than they usually are it would not be long until all parts of the well guarded cities would be explored by rebels and their spies, and their places made known to the rebel generals, for in Mainlys armies there are greater and more daring spies than the Angelinians ever have even better ones than the vivid girls themselves who are so daring, curious and reckless that they are constantly discovering new and extraordinary points to be assaulted. It was not of very frequent occurrence however that Violet and her sisters had ever been near or in Angelina Agatha in or Dorothy Gale, who is Angelina's dearest friends, and when not in their work for the armies, or when in shelter during great campaigns lives in luxurious rooms of the main generals well selected headquarters. Violet and her sisters indeed are Princesses of Angelina the whole of Angelina and all her states, but because of their sufferings and discouragements and other trials during the war, and for their being the greatest of the Angelinian spies they don't like to be called a Prince or Princess, and because they are simple, and sweet, and brave and do not pretend to be anything but ordinary little girls they are just called the "vivid girls" by everybody and are the most popular persons next to general Hannon and his brother in all the lands of Angelina.

One morning after the spy had escaped and escaped from one of the fortifications at Angelina Agatha, Violet and her sisters had been at the time in the town of Betsey Gobbin and being in one of the buildings had learned of the spy's escape and of the important plan he had stolen at once. That morning after they had heard of the news Violet crossed the hall of the building and her sisters had occupied and knocked on the door where her friend Jennie Turner was in another room. When Violet entered Violet found that Jennie Turner had company it being Gertrude Angelina. She and Jennie Turner had on some occasions accompanied Violet and her sisters on some of their most daring expeditions and was their oldest and most faithful comrade and friend. Violet and her sisters even liked Gertrude Angelina and Jennie Turner, and Angelina had too, and after Violet had greeted Jennie Turner, she said to Gertrude:

"You know that the spy had secured the plan belonging to the general in command of the fortifications at Angelina Agatha, and I've been wondering, what I and my sisters could do in an effort to regain the secret plan, or cause the capture of the spy. The Angelinian government have been so good to us that we certainly ought to do what we can."

"That's true," agreed Jennie Turner who also knew of the theft. "I've been wondering too, what we could do to catch him or recover the plans. It's pretty hard to decide, and you see it has been a long time before he was missed, and the general discovered that the board had been tampered with. Also he has a good start in his flight, and probably has got all the help he wants, and as he is a spy and knows a lot about the country here, he could satisfy any wish to elude any pursuers or pursuers whatever."

"I know," retorted Violet, "but that surely is not the point." It is not exactly that we want to get the plan for the general still in his own possession, but the spy knows about it too, and can tell it to general Mainly, and frustrate our cause. It will please us greatly to see that he is stopped before he reaches any of the Angelinian armies."

"But what shall we do to catch him?" demanded Gertrude Angelina. Jennie Turner shook her head in despair.

"I've tried to think and I can't," she declared.

"It's the same with me," said Violet.

"I know one thing that we could do to intercept him," remarked Gertrude Angelina suddenly, turning her pretty head toward the other two girls and staring at them with her big wide blue eyes wide open.

"What is it Gertrude dear?"

"It is a way to telegraph to every town or village in the possession of the Angelinians the description of the spy, and then to have him followed," said she. "It's a pretty good way to get him. But I have heard it is a strange kind of a spy. He could in a day if he knew he was followed change his disguises to all sorts of ways and colors, one after another. One minute he would resemble a Galverinian peasant, and then disguise himself as a pretty woman, and next an Abyssinian soldier or a-a-a"

"Akklebbianant!" said Violet helping her.

"That's it, and next like an Angelinian soldier, and through all the range of disguises any one may know how to perform. Just as soon as he assumes one aspect and is recognized in that, he would gain some distance on those shadowing him, and appear in a different sort of a disguise."

"He's a wonderful spy then," exclaimed Violet. "I think the authorities of the government of Angelina Agatha should know that."

"But where is the nearest signal station, and how quick can we get to it?" asked Jennie Turner.

"I don't know exactly," slowly replied Gertrude. "Angelina had told me about the location of one only yesterday, and said one signal station was in some lonely place up at the northeast of here. But it would not do us any good. We ought to go to a telegraph station. Angelina goes traveling around the country, you know at any risk, and she sees and finds out a lot of things that no one else does, not even ourselves."

"That's true," said Violet, thoughtfully. "The signal station if it is northeast of here must be near Dorothy Gale and perhaps a good way off, so let's ask Angelina to tell us how to get to a telegraph station."

So the three girl heroines went out into the street of the town of Betsey Gobbin and after some time spent in searching, found Angelina Pichee lying on a bed in a small house all alone by herself, fast asleep.

Angelina Pichee was one of the most curious girl heroines in all the story. She was jolly, always danced like a sunbeam, and yet did things that made many Angelinians totally afraid of her. She did a lot of traveling, secretly, and publicly and discovered many many things that no one would ever think of.

She is an astonishing little girl had the bravery of a lioness, and her speech was so clear that you could understand a single word, but she was prompt and would never under any conditions recede a sentence twice. She had a heart as soft, and yet as brave as the vivid girls nevertheless, was nearly as pretty as Violet and a little taller than Jennie Turner. She was very bright and clever, quick and graceful in her motions, could beat any one, even the vivid girls at horseback riding, was quick at the gun shot and had a fiery temper when aroused though appearing jolly at many occasions. But aside from all this, the little girl was good mannered, very righteous as possible and had a honest way about her that was really beautiful. For to be met by the enemy however she was the most dangerous of the lot.

"Oh Pichee dear, wake up," said Gertrude and Angelina. "We want to talk to you."

Slowly the child arose from the bed, got upon her feet, gave a fierce yawn, and then looked at the three who stood before her.

"Why do you wish to disturb me?" she asked pretending to be peevish. "You three girls ought to be ashamed of yourselves." And then she laughed and taking Violet by the hand drew her to the bed.

"Never mind joking now," begged Violet. "Do you remember telling me yesterday of the whereabouts of the telegraph station in this town?"

"Do you think you could find it if I told you. And of course I remember," said the girls.

"Well where can we find it?"

"You can't find it. It's gone," said Angelina piteously.

"How can that be?" said Violet. "We must have caught the capture of the spy who stole the secret plans of the general at Angolita's death (the poor old man). You would be glad to please him wouldn't you?"

"I'm not sure that you can find it," replied Angelina. "No. Do you think I am a fool? We cannot work unless you know and this is not the land of Oz where porosity and her old friends reside. We dare not have secret stations for fear that the enemy would soon learn everything."

"You have got the best nerve of all and maybe we could find the signal station north of here then?" said Jennie.

"Yes it's a pretty big signal station, and I'm fond of it," said Angelina. "Jennie getting up and putting on her bonnet. "But it is so badly exposed just now and we would not like to risk trying it."

"Can't we do anything to stop him before he gets to the enemy's lines?" asked Jennie.

"Yes I'm sure we simply got to do something at all no matter what it costs, and that's more than he will do anything else," returned Angelina defiantly.

Jennie turned and looked at the girl pretty well, said:

"Yes we got to do something, and if you will first tell us where the signal station is and then help us on an expedition to find or detain the spy, all the people in Angolita will praise your cleverness. The spy will be brought to the Angolitan authorities and placed on conviction, but every one will know that an Angolita helped us."

"Well," said Angelina. "I found the abandoned signal station way up north of porosity Gale where there is near by a vast Glandolinian army. There is also a river that flows through a portion of the Hic-Hollant or woods, and in the middle of the river there is a small island on which stands a strong fortress. We could get there ahead of the spy for I learned he was heading that way. If we got there first time us girls could capture him ourselves."

"How did you get to the island so quick?" asked Violet. "You ain't got wings and can't fly."

"No, but I happened to be in that location at the time and spying on the enemy. I just saw him all the while he came that way. I just saw across the river, sometimes under the water."

"Under the water?" exclaimed Jennie.

Angelina gave her a surprised look.

"Why I had to even if I had to die or drown," she said. "The enemy could have seen me and made a grave for me under the stream, but I'm sure you could never find the place alone. It has always been cleverly hidden from the Angolitians by the I Ozia Glandolinians."

"But you Angelina could find it again I suppose," remarked Violet.

"Yes; and if you want to capture the spy, I'll go with you and show you the way. But we must be careful of our disguises. Your sisters must now follow us immediately but two days later."

"That's lovely of you," declared Violet. "Jennie and Gertrude will go with you also for this is to be their best adventure yet. As for my sisters I'll give them my plans, for I must also remain behind for a day or so but I'll follow after and you must leave a trail so we cannot be lost. While you are gone I'll have to find out some easy plan to get him. But take a strong escort with you and be careful as this is going to be a very dangerous adventure."

"All right come on Gertrude and Jennie," said Angelina. "Starting to move away."

"Wait a minute," begged Jennie. "How long will he be gone?"

"Oh about two weeks."

"Then I'll put up some things in a basket to take with us," said the little girl, and ran into the palace building to make her preparations for the journey. When Gertrude, Angelina, and her two companions had started for the secret, and hidden Glandolinian signal station in the far off river to make an attempt to get there first and intercept the escaping spy, Violet wondered again, what she and her sisters could do to cause the capture of the Glandolinian spy.

she met her boy friend whose name was paired and said:

"What are you going to do to cause the capture of the escaped spy?"

"I've been thinking over it for a long time," answered the daring Angolitan boy scout. "But I cannot make it out. The spy I'm sure is gone for good and all."

Violet left him and walked slowly toward her own place where she met Gerald strolling, just going up to the front steps.

"What are you going to do to cause the capture of the spy?" she asked.

"It's a secret but I'll tell you," replied the general, who was the commander of a brigade of pink Abyssinians. "I'm having my secret army agents out on a scouting tour in every direction possible. Every region which it is supposed the spy has gone to will be secured and surrounded by the best of the Angolitan Glandolinian soldiers. That will soon bring the spy to bay and he will be frustrated. Won't that be fine?"

"I'm not sure that even in that way he will be captured," said Violet. "Do you know what I and my sisters could do to bring him back?"

"I have not the slightest idea," said Violet. "It took me three days to think of a plan to frustrate the spy, but it is too late already."

The beautiful little girl walked thoughtfully around to the back of her own home, and presently came upon the Glandolinian general, who was the moment in conversation with two of his generals.

"What are you going to do to bring the escaped spy back and frustrate him with his intentions?" asked Violet.

"I want to keep it a secret," answered the general almost sternly.

"I won't say a word," promised Violet.

"Well I'm having some of my fleetest cavalry men—all Glandolinians mind you, out to scour the whole country for him aided with bloodhounds. My friends have always admired the cleverness of my bloodhounds, so I'm sure the spy will soon be headed down and recaptured."

"I heard you could accomplish anything with those ferocious dogs of yours," said the girl. "What I'm worried about, your Excellency is what to do myself to help bring back the spy."

"That was what worried me until I thought of the cavalry and the bloodhounds," said the general in chief of the Mobilization camp. "You will have to think Princeess Violet, that is the only way to get a good idea. If I had not been cleverer to day I would never have thought of the fleetest cavalry men and the dogs."

Violet left him and went to her room where she sat down and tried hard to think. Jennie's plan just came in at the moment and Violet asked her:

"What can we girls do to bring back the spy with the secret plans in his possession?"

"Oh let him go at that, the men will catch him," replied Jennie almost impatiently at that. "It is not our work to hunt spies. We are spies ourselves."

Then at that moment Angelina's plan opened the door and strode gracefully in. Seeing her two sisters she looked at them with intelligent eyes.

"Tell me please Angelina dear," said Violet. "What way should we like best to get the spy back to our fortress?"

Angelina gave her a look at her.

"Do nothing but let him alone," said she. "Spies are more dangerous than the worst men who pursue us, than anything else."

"But it is our duty to catch him for the love of our country, Angelina."

"Then let the men do their own duty for they can travel twice as fast as we can on horseback, and we have already gone through as much experience as we ever did before. Why seek another dangerous adventure so soon?"

"That would not be truly brave to back out of the adventure," objected Violet. "Or I and even you have loved our country and God ever so much, as much as we could, and really Angelina we should want to do something to catch him, cause everyone says he knows the secret of our main general at Angolita Agathia, a once earning a new transformation of her outer works near Betsy Robin."

"Let me see," said Angelina. "How would it be to ask Penrod to go out with a regiment of his boy scouts and to find him?"

"No," Angelina said. "We would not do so. Gertrude, Angelina, and Angelina picked with Jennie, for we are on duty to find themselves pleasure."

"Then sixteen disguised Abbotinian granddaughters."

"No that is no way to plan it."

"Well then Violet dear I guess you will have to figure it out yourself," said her sister. "To my notion you are more particular than any of the generals will ever be."

Violet therefore decided that if any one could help her it would be her sister, who was her eldest and most faithful sister. But at that moment Joice was away in the quelling country not far from Dorot by Gale, a two hours ride on the swiftest horse, it being quite a journey from Ozma town.

So the little girl told her two sisters where she was going and telling them to watch out for anything suspicious anywhere want to get her own horse. Her own horse which she never used when out and away, but only on certain trips was one of the most remarkable horses she had ever rode. It was of a pure white color with a little black on its head but white hair. Violet herself had received this magnificent horse as a present from her father and Uncle's combined and so she was much attached to the steed. Her horse was a swift and most willful traveler. Her father's horse was prepared for her by her scout whom she mounted it and rode for the country with all possible speed and got there in two hours and a half maybe longer please.

"Joice dear," said Violet when she had been greeted most affectionately by her dear sister, who was a stately little girl and almost as tall as Gertrude Angelina, with extremely beautiful but dignified features and dressed in a splendid and becoming lavender gown, "what are you planning to do to day?"

Her sister smiled gracefully and answered:

"Come into my tent and I will show you."

So they entered a tent that was surrounded by the fangs of another section of the great Dolerine fortification, and which fields beyond were teeming with strong works mounted by cannons. Here in the tent were gathered the rest of the beautiful Vivian girls, whose wit and beauty and sweet dispositions exceeded all descriptions. For any boy or man it would have been and was a great honor to be made the friend of the Vivian girls. When Violet followed her sister into this delightful patio of the tent either her other sisters were busy at studying a large map.

"What map is it Joice dear?" she asked.

"I and my sisters have made a recent discovery through looking over that map," explained Joice. "I have found a way to earn general Concentration Aronburg not to come this direction at all as Penrod lays in his way with the purpose to trap him. With this big map we are studying over we have found a good location for his advancing Abbotinian armies. You will not see that the proximity of the territory of Angelina's Apathia and her extensive fortresses prevents her from capturing on all occasions and we never need to be afraid no matter what happens."

Violet's eyes were wide open as she looked at the map.

"I've never seen any so beautifully made," she said with a sigh. "But tell me Joice dear, what can I and my other two sisters do to help capture the spy who got away with the general's secret intentions?"

Joice considered this question for a long time before she replied. Finally she said:

"Of course it would be a most dangerous thing to pursue him, and all friends of ours who wish to undertake such a journey would have to be careful. So I suggest that you and we all go and make out of ourselves a fine clever searching party, and get to the location where he is heading for first."

"Oh but Gertrude Angelina and her two friends are doing that already," exclaimed Violet in disappointment.

"That may be so at that," said Joice, "but they may need our aid."

"How many boys should accompany us?" asked the girl.

"Just twenty of them," replied Joice, "for no one knows what the spy is or what he may do, although he appeared to the one who saw him duck away to be merely a young boy only fifteen or sixteen years old--as fresh and as fair as a mere child."

"A few boys does not seem to lighten the peril much," Violet asserted.

"Make it a hundred boy scouts then," suggested Joice. "Don't you remember how we just used to enter the enemy's lines to rescue some one we loved. Well we need not exactly enter the enemy's lines to secure him unless he gets there first, but you could have so of the boys surprise him."

"Surprise him in what way?" questioned Violet eagerly.

"If I told you now it would not be wise," answered her sister, with a smile.

"Think it over my dear, and I'm sure you can originate a way that will greatly ease our peril when we start on the even adventure. You can go back to Jennie and Angelina and we will be back by night fall and then we'll start."

Violet thanked her elder sister and then going out mounted her horse and rode back to her own place. On the way she thought the matter over seriously of catching the spy and the peril it would be to pursue him, and finally decided what to do better.

My dear. As she rode she reached her own headquarters headquarters in the city of Dorothy Gale proper, she went to Penrod who had a small room temporarily fitted up in one of the high towers of the fort, where he added his Boy scout lessons so as to be able to perform such duties as were required to do by the Vivian girls. Penrod and Violet and her sisters were friends, and had enjoyed some strange and thrilling adventures together.

"Oh Penrod," said Violet, "I want you to help me capture the spy who got away two days ago with the general's intentions."

"I'll be glad to do anything for you and your sisters and for my country's sake," he answered. "What is on your mind Violet?"

"I and my sisters are going to follow Gertrude and her girl friends to who are looking for the escaped spy, and all that you know."

"Very good," said the boy. "In that all?"

"We are to use for ourselves some horses captured from the wheeler glandelinians not long ago who are the swiftest horses in the world," continued the girl.

"Very good," repeated the boy nodding his head.

"And I want you to take along with you about a hundred of your best and wisest boy scouts, and twenty girl scouts, and after the horses come up to us we will all go in combat quest."

"Merely," cried the boy, with laughter. "Is that all you want Violet?"

"Almost," said she. "Can you think of anything more the boys and the girl scouts can do, Penrod?"

"Not just now," he replied. "But who will you want me to gather the boys and girls scouts?"

"As quickly as you can for you are to help us," said Violet. "In going after that dangerous spy we will need lots of guardians fully armed as a spy is dangerous in the extreme."

"I should say he is," said Penrod.

"Well you, and I and my sisters, and they will go after him, and capture him."

The boy looked at Violet with admiring approval and then he nodded again.

"That's really clever, my dear," he said. "And I see no reason why we can't do it, just the way you say, if only we can get the boys to agree to it."

"Do you think they will object?" asked the girl.

"Yes because it is such a dangerous expedition, but perhaps we can argue them into it. Anyhow it is worth trying, and I'll help you if you'll agree to allow me to also accompany you on the mission. As you wished to share in this danger I think you ought to make me your partner."

"Of course," said Violet. "I'll be glad to do so."

"Then it is a bargain," declared Penrod. "We must go to our lines at the north of the fallen run at once twenty miles from here to seek our boys at once however for it will take time to get there, and we'll have to travel a good way to the Christian lines where we left them."

"I'm ready to go and so are my sisters at any time," agreed Violet. "I'll ask general Robert Vivian to let us take the wheeler horses." "!"

Penrod didn't answer at once. He took time to think of the suggestion.

"Go on," he answered at length. "Our last horses could not get through the region and there's some extreme danger to us in going through the enemy infested country to search for our own lines. So I propose we take any old set of horses that we can secure. We can ride them as well and as there may be danger to us from skulking Glandolinians we must be fully armed."

"That's a most splendid idea," exclaimed Violet. "Let's go now and ask the cavalry leader for the horses needed. Shall we ask Evangelina to please to accompany us?"

"I think we need not ask her to share such a dangerous thing," said Penrod, getting his hat and buckling on his cartridge belt. "We'll just leave word to our friends in case they inquire for us that we will be back in a few days. And here comes your other sisters so let's get ready."

In the whole part of the region known as Zoe Gallen Run, was a section of the extensive woods all called the Mic-Hollander Forest or Woods. It is probably the biggest forests in all of Angelina or Calaveras, and stretches hundred hundreds of miles in every direction, north, south, east and west. Adjacent to it being separated from it was another big wood known as the Marie Osborne Woods and on the west side was a range of high foot hills called the Vivian range covered with underbrush, flowers of all sorts, and wooded trees on the top. One of the biggest flowery hills were known as White Pass, and Garnett ridges. The biggest hill was called Mt. Mic-Hollander and could be seen from the city of Dorothy Gale plainly.

Since the defeat of the mountain christian armies at pine Pines or Zoe Gallen Run, the latter being a little stream, this beautiful forest was the temporary abode of one of the biggest Glandolinian armies in existence at this time.

Since the defeat of the christian army at the battle of pine Pines this Glandolinian army had seldom been disturbed in their leafy leafy haunts, because there was no christian army moving that way, and as it was believed that hardly any part of the forest had ever been seen by any eyes but that of the Glandolinians it was believed no christian army would come that way to reinforce the army beaten in the terrible battle in these woods.

The biggest sections of the Glandolinian army were in positions in the forests, while the smaller sections of the army, and especially the cavalry were confined as circumstances permitted of sentries and scouting guards in the mountain underbrush at the west. So you now you must know that in this Glandolinian army there were strict orders as well as in any other of the Glandolinian armies, and the same laws were made by the generals themselves, and were necessary to keep them on the outlook for the approach of christian armies, should they appear. In consequence of this Glandolinian army was no one else but the traitor general Vivian, General Robert Vivians wicked rebellious son. And the general had three other great generals to advise and do the work for him, and to maintain order in the vast Glandolinian army,--generals his hard hammerline, Francis Acknowledgment, and Thomas Federal, who were known as the generals Counselors. All these Glandolinians were the fierce and ferocious Gazarians, and their generals were very intelligent than most Glandolinian generals are.

In spite of the strict laws of the guards there are often incidents when some Angelinian spy would get into the rebel lines and one general lost a leg on account of having been shot there by an escaping spy. The general and even all his Counselors always punished those who may be suspected of being responsible of the spy's entrance into the lines, but so clever are the nature of christian spies that nothing can be done to prevent them from getting in or out.

ward this wild forest one morning advanced two strange persons, and when near to the centre of the woods, they aligned from their horses and paused to look around.

"Here is the place for us to begin our work," said one who was Francis Jiggodoe, the old Calaveras spy.

"Do you think there is a Glandolinian army here and not a Federal army?" asked the young Calaveras spy.

"The forest here is full of Glandolinians but not Manleys," said the old Calaveras spy. "There are enough Glandolinians in the rebel army here,--right here, that if they join Sunday they would be able to capture Angelina Angitia, if we can get them to believe what we tell them. To do that we must discard our disguises so we won't be taken for Nationals, and then go among them, and tell them what we know, of our plans, and so we must decide on what way and what uniforms we had better assume while going to the Glandolinian army."

"I suppose we must have to wear our own uniforms?" said the young Glandolinian spy.

"Of course, but that requires some thought. All of the Glandolinians here are Omarians, and General Germania Vivian is their general. If we enter the lines without showing our passports we will be shot down on sight. If we go in with our own disguises we have no now, we may not be detained but shall not command proper respect."

"I wonder if the Glandolinians will mistake us for Angelinian and attack us?" asked the young Glandolinian.

"I'm a Calaveras, but one of the most famous spies, and I've have papers to identify me so the Glandolinians would not hurt me," replied Budd Jiggodoe.

"I was born in Glandolinia city, so not one can hurt me with my pass," said the Glandolinian spy.

"But in order to carry out our plans, we must win the favor of all the Glandolinian generals in a command of the army in the forest."

"When what shall we do?" asked the young spy.

"Let us remove our disguises, so we will look as we should," proposed the old Calaveras spy.

"All right," said the young Glandolinian. "You stay here and guard the horses, and I'll stroll away a certain distance and see how the land lays. As soon as I discover that everything is all right I'll come back."

"No," said the old man. "We must not separate. We must change uniforms while we are together."

"We can do that, but I must scout," asserted the younger spy firmly. "You I presume are still planning to get secret, and I won't let you."

"The eyes of the old Calaveras flashed angrily, but he did not dare to insist. If he offended the Glandolinian boy spy, he might be deserted by him, and he would not like that. Some day he hoped to be able to learn the secret words of the plan he had secured from the christian general, but just now he surely must let the boy have his own way.

"All right," he said gruffly. "Go away please."

So after they both had changed uniforms and wore their own proper ones the boy spy walked to a certain distance going completely out of sight and seeing that everything was all right he strolled back to where he had left the old man. He then quickly joined his comrades and it did not take them long to recollect the situation.

In the mean time meantime there had been a considerable trouble among the Glandolinian army in the section of the Mic-Hollander Woods that morning. Colonel Chipco had been out scouting near the outskirts of the Glandolinian army while the latter had been outside with a party of men, and they had heard a shower of bullets hit among the trees, and saw them cut down the leaves of the trees. Simultaneously Lieutenant Arx was also wounded by the same bullets and General St. Pirrip who had been in the advance of the party had been killed. The officer who survived the party knew that it was caused by some Angelinian pickets or snipers hidden somewhere in the woods, or a party of hidden nationals out to look for Glandolinian scouting parties and shoot them down, and so he urged the men on, while some others proceeded to go and picky pick up the one who had been wounded. As the first man reached for the general's body, a bullet knocked him over. Then a party of Angelinians appeared and in the chase that followed the Angelinians who were about a hundred Continentals in the row fifty sharp quills at the fugitives, and the Angelinian officer fired a shot

with out Manley's orders. "The spying work however is easy for us, because we are so accustomed to it, but we cannot dare enter the National lines again unless we got a writ on a command from Manley. But untill you see if he will stay with you and advise and help you, and we will have Manley come down here from Zoo Gallon run and join you and then when the time comes we both can move on Angolinia Agathia, Manley on Dorothy Galt, and you on the latter place, and bring for Gladolinia a most brilliant victory....."

General Germania turned to his group of counselors.

"How shall we answer to this friendly stranger please?" He inquired.

"General Germania was dancing around, and cutting capers like a clown.

"On my word your excellency," he said "This man is really a spy as the paper says."

"You act like a fool," said General Rambo.

"Well over the discovery that we have so great a spy in our midst we feel fine," declared the general.

"I think I'd prefer to leave Angolinia Agathia alone," said General Bru. "I never was born to be a reckless man no matter how brave I am, and I know the ways of the Authorities of Angolinia Agathia too well."

"What said the old Calverinian?" Is because you know nothing better." But when we have finally conquered Angolinia Agathia, you will be glad of it."

"General Germania yivian rested his chin on his hand, and seemed thoughtful.

"The whole command of generals in my command must decide this matter for themselves," he said. "Go you general Rambo, and tell all your generals and their staff officers to order all the highest generals and lower commanders to assemble in the great clearing at sunrise tomorrow. When all are gathered together, this great spy of Manley's shall talk to them and tell them what he has to tell us. Then if they decide to advance on Angolinia Agathia, I will lead my whole army for the siege."

General Rambo turned at once, and rode swiftly down the road toward his own camp. General Bru gave a disgusted grunt and rode away. General Germania remounted his steed. Then he said to Juggles:

"Meet us at sunrise tomorrow," and with a swift rush he and his horse vanished down the road.

The old Calverinian was much pleased with his apparent success.

"To-morrow," he said to his young spy companion "We'll have all these armies of Germanies moving against Angolinia Agathia, and we'll win on the Christian dogs. Then I will have my revenge on Gertrude Angeline, her friends and the old yivian girl kids, and all the rest of my enemies."

"But I'm doing all the work," said the young spy.

"Never mind you are going to get the commission I promised you," said the old Calverinian.

"Will general Germania yivian really decide?" asked the boy spy anxiously.

The Calverinian came close to him and whispered:

"Surely he will and if any of the Christian dogs opposes us we can show them how we can fight too, and we will soon render the Christian armies helpless."

"Of course," agreed the young spy, and he said to himself:

"I shall also as soon as possible desert this deceitful old Calverinian, for he lies and I cannot trust him."

THE STRANGE SIGNAL STATION, AND WHAT IT LEAD TO.

Angeline Ritchie was a very good guide, and led Gertrude Angeline and her friend by the most straight and easy paths, through all the parts of the Angolinian country near Angolinia Agathia encompassed by immense Christian armies, and then into the north section, where there were few encampments of any kind, and the finally through a wild and strange country, where there were no encampments, or even paths or ways. But the riding was not at all difficult, and at last the three girls came to the edge of a small or large forest, and stopped there to make camp and sleep until morning. From the branches of the trees, the three little girls made a tiny house that was just big enough for the three little girls to crawl into and lie down. But first they ate some of the food that Jennie Warner had carried in the basket.

"Don't you want some too?" she asked of Angeline Ritchie.

"No," answered the child heroine.

"I'll suppose you will hunt around and make a raid for something to eat," remarked Gertrude Angeline.

"We make a raid without any soldiers or boy scouts to help me. Why should I do such a rash thing as that?" inquired the guide.

"Why then you could be a still greater heroine," said Gertrude.

"I beg to inform your graciousness," returned Angeline, "that I have no desire to make a raid, and furthermore I'm not a bit hungry. Being without hunger, and being alone without any boy scouts or soldiers, I'd look no nice wouldn't I with wounds of bullets all over me, and ready for a grave because I was so reckless. But the fact is that I have no appetite that would permit me to eat things to-night, --in fact for some unknown reason or other I don't feel well."

"You are not sick are you?" asked Jennie Warner feeling alarmed.

"Not exactly sick, but don't feel like I should. Of course you know I don't want to complain, at the way I feel, for I have never been ill before. I have been one of the healthiest girls in the world so far if I'm not wrong.

I believe I am taken with a fever or something, as I feel achy all over and have a dry sore throat and a headache."

"I wonder," said Gertrude thoughtfully, "as she ate her bread and jam; "If you haven't got the Grippe or the flu or something."

"No and I hope not surely, not while on this important trip at least," returned the little guide. "For if I were to become so sick that I would not be able to proceed on the mission, and the whole three of us would have to go back."

Angeline Ritchie however was not so ill as that, but all night long she was disturbed by the sounds of distant firing but he was confident that she had her guns ready and it would protect her and her friends from harm. And in fact no rebels ventured from any section of the forest to attack them. At daybreak they were up again, and after a simple breakfast, Gertrude Angeline said to Angeline Ritchie who claimed she felt a little better:

"Let's forge ahead. I don't suppose we are far from the signal station you mentioned."

"Not far," answered the little girl, as she led the way into the forest. "But it may take us some time to get to it, and we will have to be careful when we go on that we don't be surprised by rebel scouting parties."

Before long they reached the bank of what they supposed to be a great river, and probably the Mid-Hollander Run. It was not so very wide at this place, but as they followed the banks it gradually broadened until it was very difficult to see the land on the other side of it. After traveling some distance the river made a sudden turn, and after the travelers had traveled around the long bend, they saw that the stream had become so narrow as to be as a sea itself, for they could not see across it at all, and further down on a high hilltop they beheld something like a small skeleton like structure narrow and tall. Something glittered on top of this structure which seemed to be not more than a mile away and Angelina picked her pause on the bank and said:

"There is the signal station, which is very curious and very beautiful. If we can get to the hill without being seen by any one, our task will soon be ended and by hanging in hiding up there we could watch and see if the spy and his companion would approach this way. Then we could surprise and catch him."

Gert rode Angelina and her companion looked at the broad expanse of water first, and then at the hill with the signal station on top of it, and began to whistle a low, quivering tone. Jennie Turner and Angelina picked knew that Gert and Gertrude Angelina was thinking, and the little girl did not look at the signal station as much as she looked at the trees upon the banks where they stood. Presently she took from her bigger pocket of her - coat a small axe blade of some sort, placed in a small scabbard to keep the sharp edge from cutting through her pockets. Then with a large steel axe she cut several small limbs from a tree, and started whittling them.

"Sit down girls," she advised her companions, as she started working. "I've got quite a job ahead of me now, for I have got to make three staffs for a number of signal flags which I have in my other pocket."

"What do we need three signal flags for, Gertrude?"

"Why so we can warn each other if there is any sign of danger. We can't all go up on the top of the small scaffold of the signal station, so two of us must remain below. I'll go on top."

"Can you make the three staffs very quickly, Gertrude dear?"

"Of course Angelina if you give me time."

The two little girls sat down on a log, and he gazed at the distant signal station far in the distance. There was no tree, no shrub, no grass near the signal station even, as far as they could make out from that distance. But whatever was on the top of it glimmered in the rays of the strong sunlight, and the two girls could catch the glimpse of two glowing colors above it.

"When I was here before," remarked Angelina, "I saw two glandelinians belonging to the Whimsies on the very bank inspecting something, and they had other rebels with them known as Kalidaha, S Growlows, and Panfalus and also Zimmermannians with them."

"What kind of glandelinians are the Kalidaha?" asked the girls. "I thought creatures with that name were fierce animals living somewhere in Oz."

"They are the most powerful and ferocious kinds of glandelinians in all of the glandelinian armies. This forest had hidden two of these miles to our rear a strange vast glandelinian army in its camp. All Christian scouting parties are spy enough to keep out of the way of the fierce Kalidaha glandelinians, which attack women and children as well as men and priests."

"Did they try to capture you when you saw them?" asked Jennie Turner looking carefully over her pistols, and getting very much excited.

"Yes, they sprang forward toward me in an instant, but as I could not escape I threw myself flat on the ground, so I would not be taken by them and when they lunged at me from that position, I shot them down as fast as possible and I laughed and jeered at the survivors until they were frantic with rage, for I nearly shot ten of them down out of thirty six in a few minutes. Go after a time not being armed with guns at the moment as I was, and realizing I was such a good shot, and discovering that they could not catch me or injure me with their lances which they hurled at me, they went away cursing and swearing to themselves and telling me they would get revenge on me yet. It was great fun."

"I hope any of those glandelinians don't come here again--not while we are here anyhow," returned Angelina picked. "or then it may cause our plans to be frustrated and there is no telling we may get hurt too."

Gert Gertrude Angelina was cutting the last limb from a tree, and making it sharp at one end and leaving a crook at the other end. She had finished the third one when Angelina picked cried:

"Look out! There's a whole group of glandelinians coming toward us and they are Omarians."

Jennie Turner jumped up, greatly frightened but held her wits, and looked at the group of terrible Omarians, as if fascinated by their fierce presence, for the glandelinians were looking at her too, and their looks were not at all friendly. But Gertrude Angelina called to her:

"Wade into the river Jennie, up to your knees--and stay there but shoot if necessary." And she obeyed her adviser at once. Gertrude Angelina stood still with her pistol drawn, and then got between the girl and a tree and awaited the glandelinians who sprang forward with a cry of defiance. Gertrude Angelina was as quick as she could be. Out of the seven glandelinians approaching she brought down four seriously wounded with good shots, and Angelina picked brought down two others afterwards so that the seventh was the last left to be opposed. As he sprang toward Gertrude with a blasphemy, she struck him between the eyes with the butt of her pistol with all her strength, and sent him rolling upon the ground. Then before it could get to his feet again, Jennie Turner came from the water and assisted them to bind the man. By this means they captured the seventh glandelinian, and made him helpless, for try as he would, he could not undo the knots the little girls fastened, and he howled, threatened them and cursed and swore something horrible.

The little girls did not wish to kill the glandelinian, and after seeing that the six others were not able to do anything and having relieved them of their weapons, they stood back and watched the glandelinian wriggle and struggle to get free, and growl and blasphemy, and satisfied that the others were in too bad a condition to get away from where they lay, and that the other one could not escape either, Jennie Turner proceeded to dry her wet stockings and shoes in the sun.

"Are you sure he or his comrades cannot get away and spread the alarm of our presence?" she asked.

"I'll bet a dollar on it," said Gertrude Angelina, and now Jennie had taken off her shoes and stockings, and laid them on the log to dry, while Gertrude resumed her work on the last staff. The glandelinian realizing after many struggles that it could not escape, now became quiet, but he said in a harsh snarling voice:

"I suppose to these girls think you are clever to tie me up and leave me lie on the ground in this manner. But when my comrades from the camp come here, they'll cut you to pieces for treating me and my comrades this way."

"Perhaps," remarked Gertrude and Angelina, "only as she worked at the stick." And perhaps not when are your other comrades coming here?

"I don't know and I would not tell if I did," admitted the Glandelinian. "But when they do come, you cannot escape them, good shots as you are."

"If they hold off long enough, I'll have my staff ready," said Gertrude.

"What are you going to do with that staff?" inquired the rebel.

"We don't reveal any of our intentions."

The glandelinian looked at her in surprise for a moment or so, and then it began and then he began to laugh. The laugh was followed a good deal like a cuss, and it had a cruel and derisive sound, but it was a new laugh neverthless.

"You three are going over to that signal station and I suspected it. Good."

said the Glandelinian. "Good, very Good. I'm glad you are going to the signal station. But what will you do when you get there?"

"We are not going to tell any one our intentions and I told you before."

The glandelinian laughed again, and then he became sober.

"If you got to that abandoned signal station before my fellows and comrades come and catch you," he said, "You will not even then be safe from us. We can swim and go through water like fishes, so the little girl who went into the water could not have escaped so or my comrades you shot down by getting into the water, but we glandelinians don't use that signal station over there."

"Why not?" asked Jennie Turner.

The glandelinian was silent.

"To us the reason," urged Gertrude.

"Well it is only a common signal station, but we don't care to tell our secrets either," said the rebel. "If you had not seen us so soon as you did, you could not have shot down any of my men that way and captured me."

"I've been to that signal station," said Angeline, "and I have looked at it from a closer distance than this is, and I'm sure it's too good a snare to be not laced in such a lonely place. So we are going to be on it for some certain reasons for which we will not reveal."

"I don't care," said the glandelinian in a sulky tone. "We glandelinians would be just as well off without it."

"Good are the things any how, and you three girls are also handsome," said the rebel.

"No, not when they are Christian dogs!"

"You ought to admire and fall in love with us girls any how," declared Angeline, "because we are beautiful and some day you can marry the three of us."

The glandelinian only growled in reply, and Gertrude Angeline having not cut the three staffs to their proper size, began to fashion the three differently colored flags to them, after having controlled out of sight of the glandelinian.

The day was nearly gone when they came within full view of the station. "It ain't too very big at that after all," said Gertrude Angeline. "I don't think I weigh so much, and you Angeline, don't weigh as much as I do I'm sure, and Jennie's weight don't count."

"But it is safe in it," said the latter girl. "I looks rickety..."

"Yes if it is good enough to hold a couple of soldiers it is good enough to hold us, and that is all we can expect of it."

Saying this Gertrude Angeline continued on, and as they approached the signal station, the glittering substance above became more plainly visible, and both Gertrude and Angeline decided that it was safer than supposed but Jennie was suspicious, but she felt the glandelinian had known something about the signal station that he could not tell. The colors of the flag cloth that Gertrude Angeline had placed on the whittled staffs were strikingly bright and beautiful and the shapes of the devices were varied and curious. Indeed they did not resemble any while ordinary flags at all. So intently did Angeline, Jennie and Jennie gaze up at upon the three flags that they scarcely noticed the signal station itself, until they at once almost right in front of its lower section.

But then Jennie Turner exclaimed:

"How funny it is Gertrude, that nothing else is within sight here but just the station, and not even anything hardly is growing around it, it..."

Gertrude Angeline placed a hand around the hill top and saw that it indeed was all bare ground, without a weed, or a blade of grass, and there was evident signs all around that the signal station must have been continually under fire. Jennie Turner eager to see what was on the top of the signal station that shined so brightly in the sun, sprang up the ladder sections of the stations and continued up like a monkey until she reached the top. When she stood beside the strange thing and was filled with wonder. Gertrude Angeline and her companion joined her, coming more leisurely, and they also stood in silent admiration for a time.

"I guess we will like this," remarked Angeline, "because, sitting down to watch the movements of the three colored flags. I'm sure we could see the approach of the spy a better from here than anywhere else."

"Do you suppose we have under undertaken a most dangerous risk, Gertrude? And can we get back down later on without being under fire?" asked Jennie Turner anxiously...

"Well I have been in bigger experiences than this," she replied, "but let's see what we can do."

She started to take a step forward when something from the platform came down of all of a sudden and falling on the air feet held them so fast that they could not lift their feet from the platform. Gertrude left leg seemed free enough but the other held down by the weight it would not budge.

"Now two soon held down, Jennie," she said, with a perplexed look at the narrow beam. "It's only a beam, and it ain't long, but it is heavy and holds our feet down."

Jennie attempted to remove the board, or lift her feet, but the board held them fast as it held Gertrude's feet and neither the one of them were strong enough to lift it off. The two little girls tried to slip aside them loose, or to twist them loose, but it was no use, they could not give the feet a lateral breadth.

"This is funny," she exclaimed, "but do you suppose has happened to us, Gertrude?"

"I'm trying to make out," she answered. "Take off your shoes Jennie. Perhaps you can get your feet free then."

She and Gertrude leaned down and unlaced their shoes, but they found that from the weight of the board on their feet they could not even get their feet free of the shoes. And the shoes who had been placed on the board, and which had however been given a force a shock on the shoulder, was standing around as naturally as ever, and now said:

"Your feet is held down by the beam, Gertrude, and I can see that it is too heavy for the three of us to lift. It's the same with Jennie. What's why you can't move. The thick board holds your feet."

Gertrude Angeline could not see her own feet very well so much they were held by the board, but she squatted down and examined Jennie's feet, and decided that Angeline's shoes was right.

"This is real hard luck," she declared, in a note that showed she was uneasy at the discovery. "We are prisoners Jennie on this signal station, and I like you to know how we are ever going to get loose from the board, so we can get down again."

"How Jennie why then a glandelinian we once made a prisoner laughed at us," said Jennie Turner. "And why he said none of his soldiers ever came near this station."

The horrible man knew he would be caught by this trap, and wouldn't warn us. In the meantime the glandelinian although tied fast, was facing the signal station and now the uplift expressed which had passed over his face, when he defied and answered at the three little girls, had changed to one of almost amusement and curiosity. When he saw the three adventures had actually reached the signal station, and were standing on its top beside the glittering object, he heaved a breath of satisfaction—a long deep breath that swelled his deep chest until the rebel could feel one of the cords that held his arms move loose a little, as if becoming untangled.

"Ah, he he," murmured the glandelinian. "A little more of this and I will be free, and I'll escape and bring as many glandelinians as possible to the signal station and have the one three National girl scouts captured."

So he began breathing and struggling very hard, puffing out his chest as much as he possibly could with each indrawing breath, and by doing this he managed to make the knots become more loose for every powerful breath, until at last the glandelinian—using the muscles of his arms and legs as well as his very deep breath—found himself free of the ropes at last. There was one rope around his hands or wrists how however which he had not succeeded in getting loose but finding a sharp edged rock deeply set in the bank he drew the rope back and forth over the edge until he had cut it in twain. Then by removing all of the rope from him he managed to get free entirely.

"Here," he exclaimed. "Except for the one bruise between my eyes, I'm as good as over, but I must admit that at the one the little girl she devils saved themselves by making me a prisoner and wounding my six comrades." Not the glandelinians, although the most disagreeable and fierce people in all the story, were nevertheless humans as well as any one of us, and in their natures a certain amount of good was mingled with the evil.

Of a course the glandelinian was not very well or very thoughtful I mean, and now that his late christian love was trapped and in danger of being fired on by a concealed barbarian, or in danger of capture, his sugar against him on faded away. So without paying any more attention to the three girl barbers, then they were paid a paying to him, he cut and the forest, and examining his wounded comrades for a moment promised to have add sent to them, and trotted along a secret path, that led to the hidden lair of the Glandelinians. While the glandelinian was making good his escape, Gertrude replaced the flag in her pocket and then tried to think what could be done.

"Angeline is too young all right," he said, "and my left leg did not get caught by the beam either. So it's only us two that are caught by the beam."

"It's the weight that does it Gertrude."

"I know Jennie, and that is what sticks me. We were now in a very dangerous territory, and neither of us three are able to lift off the beam, and so we can't help ourselves."

"Couldn't the yivian girls help us--or the old boy or girl scouts, or some Angol Angolinian soldiers?" asked the little girl.

"Ah, now we are beginning to reason," Gertrude answered. "I would have probably soon thought of that myself, in a minute more. By good luck / luck indeed Angeline Angeline picked up a still free, and so she can run back to the christian lines, and tell violet and her sisters about our fix, and ask them to come and help us or send us aid."

"All you go!" Jennie asked her friend, speaking very earnestly.

"It's not that, kind to go and desert friends when they are in trouble so I'll remain here too," asserted pichos in a kind of sulky tone of voice.

"Well," said Gertrude Angeline, "We have got to get back home or secure the spy one or the other, and I know you don't want us to stay here & take a hit. So if you realize the importance of the mission you will take the chance and go and tell the yivian girls what has happened to us."

"That's true," said Angeline pichos. "I don't mind telling violet and her sisters what happened when we got home."

"Won't you go now?" pleaded Jennie. "We don't want to stay here on the signal station any longer than we can help, and everyboy in the Angelinian army will be interested in you, and call you a heroine, and say nice things about you because you helped your friends out of trouble."

"I know it," said Angeline pichos. "But the christian lines are a good distance from here and suppose you are captured when I'm gone. Then I would be the one at fault for deserting you."

"But you are not deserting us," insisted Gertrude. "We have the free use of our arms and no glandelinian could reach us as long as our ammunition lasts. The only way they can get us is blow down the station and they don't know we are here yet."

"I'll right then I'll go right away," said the girl reluctantly. "And I'll tell the yivian girls to come and help you. But I feel like deserting you while in trouble."

saying this she climbed down the onehundred foot length ladder to the ground and then disappeared in the woods beyond. Not being able to manage three horses alone she selected her own and rode down the way she had come as fast as her horse would go and her two friends saw her disappear on the farther side of the bank, and then ride into the forest, where she was quickly lost sight of among the trees.

Then Jennie heaved a deep sigh.

"Gertrude," said she dimly. "We are in a bad fix. There is nothing here to eat, and we can even lie down to sleep or shield ourselves in case we are fired upon by shell or grape. Unless Angeline pichos is not detained and is able to hurry and the yivian girls hurry, I don't know what is going to become of us."

There was indeed a most tremendous and wonderful gathering of many glandelinian generals in the Mic-Hollester woods next sunrise. General rango Tamerline, had however placed more sentinels on guard duty, and every officer of low or high

rank were in the great clearing, where most men of great importance was to be held. In the centre of the clearing stood a great tent, and in front of it stood the state ly glandelinian general in a high, germania yivian. Beside him on his left stood general pur, generala Comda, and a generala, the generala three advisers, and in front of them at the "Attention" stood the two strange glandelinians who were the spies. Then came the officers and generals, rows, and rows of them. The officers of the highest rank were nearest to the main general, then there were the colonels, and captains and majors, and the like, and behind them gathered the non-commissioned officers. Many officers were nervous to be sent down, were there, and some were unlike any of the glandelinians I wrote about in the former volumes. Some were from the camps west of the forest, and some from all the plains at the east, and some from opposite the river, but all present acknowledged the main leadership of Germania yivian, who had lead them wisely and forced all to obey the military laws. Most of the officers belonged to the germania, the germania, the germania, and grow laywong, and the other kind, next the germania, after them the zimmermannians, the hollesterians, the germania, and the germania, farth on the fierce scolders and Confessionians, and at the far edge of the forest was a long solid line of privates, still at attention, but with eyes bright and alert. When all the officers had taken their places in the clearing, and the rising sun of the morning day was showing its first bright rays over the treetops, general germania took several steps forward and saluted them all, and they returned the salute abruptly. The generala's giant form, and his fierce stern features caused a sudden hush to fall on the whole assemblage.

"Germania and brothers," he said in his deep fierce voice. "A strange spy has come among us from Germania lines, dressed in a curious uniform, and who has papers which show by Manley's hand that he is the most famous of spies that Manley has or ever will have, and is able to do anyt thing at his will. This strange or has come to us, with another of his kind after escaping from the christian fortifications at Angolinia Agathia, to warn us of a danger which threatens us all, and to offer us and our whole army a way to escape from that danger. He says he's our best friend, and he had proved to me and my counselors by showing the papers that he is the spy. Will you listen to what he has to say to you--to the message he has brought from polarine Mic-Hollester fortress?"

"Let him speak please," came in a great roar of voices from the great company of assembled generals and other officers.

So suggested the Old Galverinian spy stood upon a high platform not far from general germania yivian, and another uppour of voices, gentle this time showed how astonished the whole assembly of officers were at the sight of his curious uniform. His face and chin was covered by a snow white beard, his uniform was decorated in red and yellow stripes in front, and he had powerful arms and legs. Never had any of germania yivians officers, and generals beheld such a curious man, or a most curiously dressed man before, and so the very sight of the Galverinian stranger, who was said to be a great spy, filled all present with awe and wonder. His young companion stayed down below, and half hidden by a group of trees, was scarcely noticed. The boy realized the old Galverinian was helpless without his own help, but he also realized that the old man was the best talker, so he was willing he should take the lead.

"Generals and all other officers in command of germania yivians army," began francis suggested, the old Galverinian spy. "My comrade and I are your friends. We are two great spies, and from where we come from we could look down into the whole region of fortified Angolinia Agathia and Gerrothy Gale, and see every thing that is going on. Also from our many places of concealment I alone could hear what the authorities of Angolinia Agathia, and the generals of the immense armies and garrisons were saying. What is how we heard general Ben Osmannia in the main command of all at Angolinia Agathia work, say to his many christian dog generals."

"There is a vast glandelinian army hidden in a portion of the Mic-Hollester woods, and are of a great menace to us. Let us send four armies, surround the forest and capture the glandelinian army or drive it off one or the other. Let us put

our armies so tightly around them, as if they were tied by ropes, and surround them with all our strength, until they surrender to us, and so on." and when the general generals and his other staff and his soldiers heard this, they were glad and raised a great shout and said: "We will do it. We will surely do it. We will go against the Glandelinian army and either drive it from the woods or capture it." The wicked old Calverinian spy could say no more, but then, for such a fierce roar and yell of anger rose from the multitude of generals and other officers that his voice was drowned by the clamor. Finally the roar of voices died away like distant thunder, and afterwards the old Calverinian spy went on with his speech.

"Having heard that a general at Angelina Agathia is plotting to capture your army, we watched to see what they would do, and saw them all begin making preparation to advance. You are angry, but we also were angry, for when the Angelinians are the enemies of Glandelinia, they also are our enemies, for we too are loyal to Glandelinia, although I am a born Calverinian. And my comrade and I said:

"We will save our friends and comrades, and have our revenge on the Angelinian people! and so we came here to tell you of your danger and the danger your army is in, and of our plans to save you."

"We can save our army ourselves." cried an old Glandelinian general. "We can fight like fury."

"The Angelinian crisis at Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale are overwhelming, a hundred go to your aid, and you can't fight against them without disaster unless you have help to help you." answered the old Calverinian.

"Tell us your plan." "Shouted a colonel, and the other officers echoed his words, saying: "Tell us your plan."

"My plan is simple," replied old Huggodoo. "By our quickest methods we can telegraph to General Ithia, tell him of your danger and he will come here from Zee Gellon to defend you, then when reinforced he will lead you on to Angelina Agathia. you can seize and ruin or live in all the fine houses in the city of Angelina Agathia, and then surround her, and eat the fine foods of the Angelinian people. and you can seize all their little kids (children) and drag them here to the forest, and make them serve as slaves in the army, make them go and forage on their own friends and hunt food, and fight for food, and often go hungry as all other slaves still do, and have no place to sleep but a bed of leaves or a hole in the ground, on without shelter of any kind. Having captured Angelina Agathia all us Glandelinians will then win the rebellion, and will soon have all the comforts we seem to desire, and having defeated them, the Angelinians will become very miserable. That is our plan, and if you agree to it, we will await the arrival of Haulley's army, and when he has arrived we will all march at once into the region of Angelina Agathia, and quickly conquer our enemies."

Then the strange man ceased speaking, a great silence fell on the huge hall, for all the generals were thinking of what he had said. Finally one of the Whites said:

"Can you really telegraph to General Haulley in fifteen minutes?"

"He can—he can," cried general Ionia, prancing up and down in an excited manner.

"He has papers also to prove it."

General Germania Iyian himself now stepped forward.

"You have heard the stranger speak," he said, "and now you must answer him. It is for you to decide. Shall we agree to this plan or not?"

"Yes," shouted some of the generals.

"No," shouted others.

And many were yet silent. General Germania looked around the great circle.

"Take more time to think," he suggested. "Your answer is very important. Up to this time we have never tried to capture Angelina Agathia ourselves, but we are proud enough to make the attempt. Think carefully, and when you are ready to answer, I will hear you."

Then arose a great confusion of sounds as all of the officers began talking wildly to their comrades. The non-combatants or non-commissioned chattered like monkeys, the generals growled in anger and the sound was like a babel of confusion indeed in mood, in head, such a hubbub had never been heard in this part of the forest before and each officer argued with his companion until it seemed as if the noise would never cease. Huggodoo the old Calverinian waved his arms to try to make them listen to him again, but no one paid any attention, some generals wanted to fight the armies defending Angelina Agathia, some wanted to knock out if, and some wanted to do nothing at all, while the rest decided to wait for the arrival of Haulley.

The growling of the voices and the confusion of sounds had grown greater than ever, when in a flash sudden silence fell on all the officers present, the arguments were hushed, and all stood in astonishment at a most strange sight. For in the center of the clearing rode a Glandelinian boy, more powerful than any other Glandelinian they had ever seen, and on the back of the horse rode a most handsome but dirty looking boy never known before who appeared to be smiling fearlessly at the multitude of officers and generals there. And behind the little boy came another horse of a black color, who bore upon his back a funny looking little girl carrying a small black flag. Right past the rows of wondering generals and other Glandelinian officers the stranger rode, advancing until they halted just before the tent of Germania Iyian. Then the first little boy and the funny looking one dismounted, and the boy demanded in a loud voice:

"Who is the general in command of the army in this forest?"

"I am," answered general Germania Iyian looking steadily and closely at the boy. "The general Germania Iyian, and I'm the commander of the army in this forest."

"Then I and my companions greet your Excellency with great respect," said the funny looking boy. "Perhaps you have heard of us and my companions, your Excellency. Well these papers prove to you who we are," and he handed a paper envelope and as Germania took out its contents and glanced over it carefully his eyes flashed angrily.

"You," said he. "I have heard of you. You have long claimed to be the most famous boy scout of the Glandelinian army, but no boy who I do not know or never seen before can stay in my lines whether he had papers and names or not."

"He has been sent to you by general Haulley, your Excellency," answered the other little boy. "And he is Gerald Starring."

General Iyian looked at him. All the other generals and officers were looking at him and his companions too.

"Who are you, you clown?" asked the general addressing the funny looking boy.

"Met Oh I'm just a boy scout," he answered.

"How dare you come here with out being invited," demanded the general.

"Why I'm not afraid to go anywhere, if my boy friends are with me," he said.

"I know them all pretty well, and so I can trust them. Not one of us is ever afraid of anything, not even when we get into a trouble, and all of us are terrible good shots though boys, and when we once get into a scrape there is no one even here who can conquer us with guns."

"General Germania Iyian looked at the seven or eight little boys, and realized he spoke the truth. Also the other officers in the seats came forward forward, and bowed, low before the boys.

"We welcome you, Your Graceful Excellency as boy scouts of Glandelinia," said one.

"We have known you several years ago, before you came to join the Glandelinian army, and we have seen you several months ago fight the terrible Iyian army and conquer and capture them, so we know you are the best boy scouts of Glandelinia."

"It is true," replied the handsome little king boy, "but we did not come here to remain in your army. General Germania Iyian is your Graceful Excellency here, and I believe he is a good general and a wise one. I come with my friends, to be the guests of General Germania Iyian, and I hope we are welcome." "If"

This pleased the great Glandelinian general, who said very quickly:

"Yes you at last, are alone to my forest camp. But who are these six boys with you?"

"Gerold Starbuck has introduced himself," replied the funny looking boy, and you are sure to know him when you realize him longer. This boy with the black flag is Frederick Dargor Dargor, a friend of mine, who can do wonderful tricks of spying. . . and the others are my tried and true friends."

"Are everyone of you boys scouts?" asked general Glandelin.

"We are certainly indeed," replied the funny boy, answering the question himself.

"We were following the trail of three girls known as Gertrude Angelina, Jennie Turner, and Angelina Pichea when we came here."

"Can't you find the one dandily spies without coming here to disturb us?"

ing uired general Glandelin.

"There are plenty of chances to do so," said the boy. "But unfortunately we were pursued by enemies and lost our guns and ammunition in doing so. So we need ammunition to go on and need a little to eat also for we are hungry on hearth."

Now all the surprised generals in that clearing, were abashed indeed, but none were more surprised at the sudden appearance of the eight strange boys as the old Calverinian was. He was frightened too for he recognized them as his most powerful enemies, but he also realized that they could not know he was the former escaped Calverinian spy, because of the strange disguise he wore, which disguised him so effectively. So he took a courage and resolved that the strange boys should not defeat his plans, for they were none other than the Vivian girls in disguise and posing as Gerold Starbuck and his companions.

It was hard to tell just yet, what the vast assemblage of officers and generals thought of the new arrivals. Some glared angrily and suspiciously at them, but more of them seemed to be curious and wondering. They were interested, however, and they kept very quiet and listened carefully to all that was said. The younger Glandelinian spy who had remained unnoticed in the shadows of the trees, was at first alarmed by the coming of the seven or eight strangers than even Haggadee was, and the boy told himself that unless he acted quick, and without waiting to ask the advice of the old Calverinian, their conspiracy was likely to be discovered, and all their plans to cause the capture of Angelina Agatha would be defeated. The younger spy also did not like the way Haggadee acted either, for the old Calverinian spy wanted to do everything in his own way, and made the boy who alone possessed the secret plans he stole, obey his orders as if he were a slave.

Another thing that disturbed the young general was the fact that the Vivian girls and their boy scout Penrod had suddenly appeared or arrived which ever the sense may be, who were said to be able to detect any patrol parties, and so if they discovered him or his comrades could cause his capture right away. All these things passed through the mind of the Glandelinian boy spy, while the Vivian girls and the Glandelinian general were talking together, and that was why he now began to do several things. He found a place near to the point where to where he stood, where the road was a deep hollow tree, so hiding in the hollow tree, he drew his rifle or his pistol from its holster and fired at the boy who was Violet in disguise. The shot fortunately missed Violet, and Violet who had been standing with a smile on her face beside her horse, suddenly saw his form stagger, and then he fell to the ground and struggled. Violet cried out as loudly as she could:

"Frenson. There is a traitor here firing upon us from ambush."

Very one even the Glandelinian officers were startled at the sky, and Jennie Vivian seeing her sisters horses killed before her eyes, screamed and exclaimed:

"Mercy me."

But the next instant there was again the sound of a mysterious shot, and Jennie felt a bullet go past her cheek dangerously close, and at first the little girls were too bewildered to do anything, but look around them in wonder. Penrod's eyes seemed to flash fire, but he stepped behind a tree, warning the Vivian girls to do the same and they all gazed around to discover who the treacherous sniper might be. But the young Glandelinian spy who had kept himself hidden in the hollow of the tree, again fired a shot, and Penrod was struck in the arm and wounded. The boy was now wild with anger but seeing no one he was helpless to do anything as he could not see any smoke following the shots.

the old Calverinian however saw what was happening, and was afraid that by his reckless attempts to shoot the Vivian girls that he would spoil his plans, so he went toward the hollow tree and shouted:

"Stop shooting you fool, stop."

he boy would not stop firing however. Penrod seeing the man stepping over toward the hollow tree fired his own gun, but missed. Violet and her sisters had now witnessed the scene, and was watching to see who was to blame for the shooting.

When the old man spoke to the boy in the hollow tree, Violet knew that he was the one hunting at them and her and her sisters, so she made a sudden spring, and darting from tree to tree as carefully as possible made a race charge for the hollow tree. The old man did not see the apparently boy scout coming because he had his face turned toward the hollow tree, and Violet brought the pistol butt down on his head with such force that he staggered and fell on the ground utterly sent sense an unconscious. The younger boy seeing he was outwitted and several more girls moving for him with drawn guns and finding his pistol was empty and having no time to reload, he sprang out of the hollow, and tri trying to strike Violet down with his fist, reached for a tree and climbed up like a monkey, where he was sure no one could apparently reach him. He was not an instant too quick in doing this, for the rest of the boyscouts had come up and two of them proceeded to climb the tree after him. From his tree the boy spy hurled down a hard apple and laughed aloud to see how she fell from the blow. The officers and general thinking more enemies were hiding in ambush became frightened and instead of going to the aid of the supposed boyscouts, and fearing that they would be fired on began a stampede every one going off as fast as they could. The generals backed into the forest, and all the other high or low rank, rushed after them, sattering through the jungles until the clearing was far behind. The Vivian girls had scrambled up two or three trees near the one the boy had gone up into and swung themselves carefully from limb to limb, to avoid being seen by the boy, and to prevent him from shooting, and they were so quick that they almost surprised him. A panic of fear however seemed to have taken the Glandelinian boy spy, and after desperate efforts he managed to get away and as far away from the "Terrible Vivian girls" as he possibly could.

Violet and her sisters however were unable to get him and were therefore compelled to go back to the clearing being so astonished and bewildered by their experience that they could not look at one another in only a dazed and helpless fashion, although each one of them was greatly annoyed at the trick that had been played on them.

"Who was that young sniper anyway?" asked Violet. "And why did he attempt to shoot us, and who is his companion?"

"I'm not sure," said Violet.

"Maybe he was an Angelinian mistaking us for boy scouts of the enemy," said Angelina Vivian.

The young Glandelinian boy spy, dressed like a Glandelinian dandy, who had indeed scrambled into the high trees or thick branches in order to escape the daring Vivian girls who had been after him, and where he felt sure no one could see him, and having secured the black flag lost by Penrod, and which he had found and carried away in his flight he proceeded to examine it and see if it was anything very important. He was curious to see why the boy had used the flag, and what it looked like, and hoped he could use it for the same purpose in case he would again attempt to enter the Christianavines on another spy spying exploit, and secure more power to do his work more successfully in the future, but after he had looked over it carefully, and each design or form on it once by one he had to admit that the flag was a puzzle to him. For unless he understood its use, the flag was of no value whatever. The young Glandelinian spy, was no wizard or magician at all and so he could not do anything unusual, except to make use of the strange plans he had stolen from the Angelinian general in command of the fortress at Angelina Agatha. So he hung the flag to a limb of a tree and then climbed down to the lower limbs that he might see whether the Vivian girls were still looking for him or not, and if not what they were doing.

They were on top of a large flat rock, talking in tones so low that the wily young glandelinian boy spy could not hear what they said. He believed Violet and her sisters had given up the search for him. . . .

"It is certainly a most strange circumstance," remarked Penrod who had made Jim himself look like a funny lad. "But the spy or person who fired at us in such a manner is some who crept in the trees, and in such a situation which is easy to see his cause of his capture if we were sure he is a rebel--when you know he fired at us, and caused the glandelinian officers to run to the lines for their lives. And the most important thing we had about us was the black flag, but where is the black flag?"

No one knew that, for none had seen the glandelinian boy spy get away with it.

"Let's look and see if we can find it," suggested Angelina Vivian. So they left the high ledge of rocks, and all of them first searched the clearing high and low without finding the flag or the flag of strange color known only to the soldiers and which they had used to deceive the enemy with. Penrod searched earnestly at the same time, for he hoped he could discover it, he meant to hide it with the glandelinians and never find it.

Because if the glandelinian generals awoke, and probably with a large force of soldiers, the Vivian girls would be in danger, danger and if they were recognized by the glandelinians, the girls would be going for Germans.

Germania glandelinian never missed a shot when they fired. The old glandelinian himself had recovered from the blow and having risen to his feet he had staggered out of the clearing and hid himself. He was not really sorry now that he thought about it, that violet that the young glandelinian spy had fired at the Vivian girls. The glandelinian officers it was true had been so frightened, that they would never consent to be moved against Angelina Agathia now for fear he and his young companion and the others were secret enemies, but the old glandelinian decided to notify Manley who could make Germania do it against his will, and once Manley came and advanced toward Angelina Agathia, it would not be impossible to induce Germania and his army to advance against Angelina Agathia also. So all was not yet lost, thought the old glandelinian, and the best thing for him to do was to rejoin the young spy, who even unknown to him had the secret plans in his possession. So having made sure the black flag once in the possession of the Vivian girls was not in the clearing, the old male or human goose wandered away through the trees and when out of the hearing of the child heroines, he began calling the boy spy.

Violet and her sisters and Penno Penrod not being able to find the black flag, went back to the ledge of rocks, all feeling exceedingly strange and blue.

"Here the old fellow Joice knocked down with her pistol!" asked Penrod.

"He must have recovered and ran away," replied Jennie Vivian. "I wonder who he was?"

"I think," said Catherine, "that the old man was the stranger who who proposed to be the greatest spy on earth for these papers. Joice found on him proves it to be so. If so the boy who fired at us was merely doing it for a trick to deceive us, or to intercept our own plans, and it is therefore probable he has gone to rejoin his young companion, that wicked glandelinian boy scout, who obeyed all his commands."

"What shall we do now?" asked Hattie. "Shall we go back to the Christian lines, as we are, and then visit the main generals of the camps of Angelina Agathia, and ask him to have the country combed for the rascals?"

"I think so," replied Daisy. "And we can take Penrod who is injured with us, and have him taken care of. But I hate to leave that code flag behind us, for without it we shall not be able to get through the territory back to the Christian lines without danger. Also if we go back to the Christian lines, in the shape we are in, the Angelinian soldiers at Angelina Agathia and elsewhere will think we are poor investigators, or poor spy trailers, and will lose their respect for us."

"Let us make still another search for the flag," suggested Jennie, "and then if we fail to find the black flag anywhere here in this forest, we must go back to Angelina Agathia as we are."

"Why did we come here like fools any way?" inquired Penrod.

"Why the generals of the rebels happened to be in our path before we could avoid them," explained violet. "We did not know there was a glandelinian army near, and he having come so suddenly into the air what we had to do something quick to prevent ourselves being discovered. We faced our own wicked brother too, and we had to pretend something, even at the cost of lives, otherwise God help us. You know lies in case of great necessity, when not willful are not sins."

"We," said Daisy, "would have to get the consent of any one now to do that. And how are we going to get out of here at that?"

"I'm afraid it is too late now, and that in some way or other we are trapped," said Angelina regretfully. "It was a splendid plan to follow Gertrude and her three companions after the escaping spy, but we did not know it would come to this, and we have got troubles of our own, and I don't like being fired at in ambush at all."

"We had a nice scare and excitement anyhow," said Penrod.

"That's nothing," declared Jennie. "I have never been especially proud of being under fire at that, but I would rather be under fire while being chased, or while near a battle line, than being ambushed or anything else like that in the whole world."

Angelina Agathia had realized that Gertrude Angelina and Jennie Turner were her best of friends, and so was quite disturbed at the fix which she believed she had gotten them into by leading them to the strange but treacherous signal station. Her heart was almost the same like the heart of the Vivian girls, and she had also a consideration for others. At first when she started from the station she had moved very slowly as not to attract any rebels, and her horse had only gone on at a slow careful trot until it had reached the bend in the river, and was out of sight among the trees of the forest. Then she headed straight toward the Christian lines, and urged her horse on so fast that it seemed like a long line of cloud of dust trailing along the road or crossing the small valleys and plains. Having a good horse that was not easily tired, and with no reason of delay in her journey, Angelina Agathia had reached the other encampments near Dorothy Gale in wonderfully quick time. -- get your dime. . . .

"Where is violet and her sisters?" she asked one of the soldiers. "Soldiers, who was a sentry, and pausing up and down in front of a camp."

"I don't know where they are," answered the sentry.

"I must find the Vivian girls or get some soldiers at once," said Angelina Agathia.

When she found him, advised the sentry in a lazy manner.

Agathia gave him an angry look and retorted:

"I'll report you for your conduct, and then darted down the camp company street as fast as she could go, and came upon General Toto, the friend of violet and her sisters who had come to Angelina Agathia with them during his first expedition with the little girls."

"Where are the Vivian girls?" asked Angelina Agathia halted in front of him.

"The Vivian girls?" he exclaimed. "Why they have gone on a strange journey with their boy scout friend Penrod." replied General Toto.

"When did they go, and where have they gone please?" demanded the girl.

"They went this morning, and heard them say they would go through the Hollister forest for a short cut, in the Munchkin State of Angelina."

"Dear me," said Angelina Agathia, "what a long journey."

"But the y rode on the swiftest horses," explained the general. "And the boy with them carried a black flag. They are disguised as boys."

Angeline knew the whole stretch of the "go-blesser" woods well--for she had traveled through this forest many times in her journeys through the land of Angeline, and with armies. And she reflected that the "go-blesser" woods was nearer to the river or the signal station, than Porothy Gale was, and so if she could manage to find Violet and her sisters in time, she could lead her across or through the woods, to where Gertrude Angeline and her companion were imprisoned on top of the signal station. It was a wild rebel-infested country, and little traveled, but Angeline knew every path. A very little time need be lost after all, and she was worried for fear enemies may come and attack her two friends while pointed up on the station. Without stopping to ask any more questions, Angeline urged her horse onward for the Christian lines and soon darted out of the lines and away from Porothy Gale, taking the noisy direct route to the "go-blesser" woods. Again she and her horse flashed through the country like a streaky cloud of dust, and it would surprise you to know how quickly she reached the edge of the great forest. There were no glandelinian guards along the trees to cry out a warning, and this was so unusual that it astonished Angeline. Going further into the forest she presently came upon a lone soldier, which at first bounded away in terror thinking she was an Angeline boy scout. But then seeing it was she was only a girl, and he not being a cruel glandelinian as others were stopped, and the girl could see the graycoat was trembling, as if from a terrible fright.

"That's the matter Mr. glandelinian soldier!" asked Angeline, "Ichee with her hand on her pistol in case he would attempt to attack her."

"A dreadful number of snipers have come into our woods and are shooting down our officers or tried to do so," exclaimed the lone glandelinian, "and he they are firing on every one within sight boy or man--quick as a wink--and making us all fear a big ambush."

Angeline Ichee smiled and said:

"Why that is only some good little boy friends of mine. They may be trying the bravery of you glandelinians and having some fun with you at your own expense, but the boy scouts would hurry any one for anything unless attacked."

"I don't mean those eight boys," explained the man, "and if one of the boys is that funny little kid who rode a skinny horse into our clearing, he has been wounded himself by the snipers."

"The boy shot by the sniper. Why that's impossible," declared Angeline Ichee.

"No it isn't impossible. I saw him with my own eyes get shot in the arm, and the boys who were with him narrowly escaped with their lives, and one of them lost his horse, which was killed by the snipers."

Angeline Ichee was indeed very much surprised.

"When did that happen?" she asked.

"Just a little while ago in the clearing. All the officers met there for a council, but fearing of being caught in a big ambush and shot down in cold blood they all ran away to their lines. When the snipers began their storm of firing, and I'm thankful, escaped without getting a sniper's bullet into me. But Kim still afraid, even though not a coward, and I'm going back to the lines to prepare for the attack which is sure to come."

With this the glandelinian not recognizing her as Angeline Ichee ran on, and the little girl heroine, who knew where the big clearing was, went cautiously toward it, with her gun drawn. She walked very slowly, for a short distance, and then dismounting for better care walked slowly along side her horse, and she was thinking carefully over the amazing news the excited glandelinian had told her. When the girl reached the clearing, she saw seven girls and a boy wandering around in an aimless sort of way, for they were again searching for the lost black flag code. Angeline Ichee watched them for a moment, to make sure they were in the "vivan" girls and not rebel boy scouts, and finally recognizing them, walked slowly into the open space leading her horse on by the bit. At once Violet ran toward her crying:

"Oh sisters, here Angeline Ichee!"

"Here Violet!" asked her sisters in a chorus.

"Here."

Her sisters and Penrod now came running up to join Violet, and they all stood before Little Pledge Ichee, and opening again to her almost like a chorus, asked:

"Have you seen the black flag Angeline?"

"Often," replied she, "but not lately."

"It's lost," said Violet, "and we must find it or we cannot get out of the woods."

"Are you Penrod?" Angeline Ichee asked of the funny boy.

"Yes, miss."

"And who are these others? Really the 'vivan' girls?"

"I'm Violet," said Violet herself.

"I'm Joice," said her sister.

And her other sisters had immediately identified themselves.

Angeline Ichee stood beside her horse and looked over them seriously, and almost laughed for she was humorous.

"My, what a funny lot you are in your disguises," she exclaimed, "but who are the ones who played the joke on you?"

"It's no joke at all," declared Violet. "It was a cruel wicked nature of sniping us girls from ambush, and the one who did it was a young glandelinian boy spy or fool dressed like a glandelinian dandy."

Angeline Ichee laughed again.

"That glandelinian must look funnier than you do," she said, "where is he now?"

"Somewhere in the forest," answered Joice. "He just jumped into that tall

oak tree over there, for he could climb like a monkey, and then while we tried to catch him by climbing after him, he disappeared into the forest."

"And there was another one who was an old man," added Angeline Ichee.

"What became of the old man?" asked Angeline Ichee looking carefully around.

"He must have gone away to find his friend," answered Jennie Ichee, "but the old man could not travel very fast, so we could easily find him if we wanted to. But we don't want him. We want the young spy."

"The worse thing of all," said Hettie Ichee, "is that the black code flag is lost. If I could find it we could easily get through any section of the rebel lines without being detained, and we could get back to the lines again. Will you help us search for the black flag, Ichee dear?"

"Of course," replied Angeline Ichee, "for it was my own signal code flag. But I expect the strange boy spy you mentioned carried it away with him. If he is a crack shot, he knows you need that flag and perhaps he is afraid of you girls. So he has probably taken the flag with him, and we won't see it again, unless we find the boy."

"That sounds reasonable," said Hettie Ichee. "I'm glad you came to our assistance."

"If Angeline Ichee is right," said Joice in a solemn voice, "there is more trouble ahead of us. That glandelinian dandy, though only a fourteen-year-old boy is dangerous, and if we go near him he will surprise us before we know of his presence. He may shoot us down like dogs."

"I don't see how we can be worse off," growled Peter Penrod, who was indignant because he had lost the black flag.

"Anyway," said Catherine Ichee, "our best plan is to find the boy spy at any risk, and try to get the black flag from him. We may manage to steal it, or perhaps we can argue him into giving it to us."

"Why not find the old Calvinian first?" asked Daisy. "The old man may be angry at the boy, and he may be able to help us."

"That isn't a bad idea," retorted Peter Penrod. "Come on girls, let's find the old human goose. We will separate and search in separate or different directions, and the first who finds the old man must bring him here, where we will all meet again in an hour or so."

Now the old Galverinian was even more angry at the young Glandelinian spy than were the Vivian girls who had been fired on by him. Being one of the wickedest kind of men indeed, the old Galverinian detested anything in the way of children, especially the Vivian girls, and he had also heard that the Vivian girls, in that is violet and her sisters and their four girl friends were feared by all the Glandelinians more than anything else in the world, and also the old Galverinian was ashamed of the manner he had been outwitted by the girls, and his young Glandelinian friend also, and it would make him shudder to reflect that some of the Vivian girls may see him and lay him low.

So the old Galverinian was afraid of an ambush, and afraid of every one around him at that. If any of the girls ever fired one shot at him, he then could be destroyed or killed as they never missed unless they intended to do so purposely, and almost almost any one of the girls he might meet in the forest alone might conquer him, and if he was captured and brought to the Christian lines it was surely the end of him. Added to these fears however, he was filled with anger against the young Glandelinian spy, whom he had always meant to trap, by stealing from him the secret plans he had in his possession. He also believed the boy must have been absolutely crazy to spoil everything the way he did, but the old Galverinian knew the sudden arrival of the Vivian girls and their boy companion, and feared the spy, and he was not sorry the boy had fired on the Vivian girls. It was his own defeat or outwitting, that annoyed him, and made him indignant, so he ran about the forest, hunting for him, so he might get a better place, and coax the boy spy to follow his own plans to help the Glandelinian generals conquer and capture Angelina Agathia.

The young Glandelinian spy, had not gone very far away, for he had surprised himself as well as the others by his quick shots, and was puzzled as to what to do next. Hugh suggested the old Galverinian was overbearing and tricky, and the young spy knew he was not to be depended upon, but the old Galverinian could plan and plot, which the younger boy was not wise enough to do, and so when he happened to finally look down through the or from the branches of a tree, and saw an old man walking about and heard him dry our. "Where are you boy spy?"

The boy answered in a low voiced voice. "Here I am," and saw him hanging himself down to the lowest limb of the tree.

The old man looked up and saw him.

"You have bungled things in a most dreadful way," exclaimed the old Galverinian. "Why did you do it?"

"Because I had wanted to," answered the spy. "You acted as if I were your lowest slave, and I wanted to show these dangerous Vivian girl scouts that I'm more powerful than even you or them put together."

The old man hissed softly, but the young spy did not hear that. The old man quickly recovered himself, and muttered to himself.

"This boy is a go go and it would be better for him if he wore a sharp shape of the goose. I will be gentle with him now, and fierce with him when I have him in my power." Then he said aloud to him.

"Well hereafter I will be content to acknowledge you my master. You have bungled things as I said, but we at all can tell our generals how to conquer the city of Angelina Agathia."

"How do you make it out?" asked the young spy.

"First let us go to a secret hiding place, and then we can surely talk together more conveniently," suggested the old Galverinian.

"Wait a minute then," said the young spy. "I want to see how near those girls are first." And he climbed higher up the tree.

The boy soon came down predicting everything was clear.

"Good," said the old Galverinian, well pleased, as the young spy joined him by dropping down from the tree. "Now let us find a quiet place where we can talk without being overheard by the Angelinian girl scouts."

So the two started away and crossed the forest until they came to a place where the trees were not quite so tall and large, nor so close together and among these scattered trees was another clearing, much larger than the first one. Standing on the edge of this clearing and looking across it, they saw the trees on the other side or the woods below at least full of tents and swarming about with Glandelinian soldiers, who were talking together at a great rate of the night they had witnessed at the most ing.

The old Galverinian whispered to the young spy not to enter the clearing, or allow the Glandelinians not to see them.

"Why not?" asked the boy drawing back.

"Because the Glandelinians are the fiercest warriors, part of general Germania Vivian's army—which we wish to see come conquer or capture Angelina Agathia," said the old Galverinian. "Sit down here with me please, and keep quiet, and I will explain to you my plan."

Now with the young Glandelinian spy nor the old Galverinian had noticed that a shy and pretty looking boy had followed them all the way from the tree where the two had been seen in conversation. Indeed this boy was none other than Grace, who had poured himself, and who now had decided that he would watch the two Glandelinian conspirators, and see what they would do next.

With a brave face he moved through the woods very softly, without making any noise, and so his Glandelinian enemies did not suspect his close presence. But when they saw down by the edge of the clearing to talk, with their backs toward him, he did not know whether to risk being seen and shoot them both down, or creep closer to hear what they said, or whether it would be better for him to hide himself until they moved again.

While he considered this serious question, he discovered near him, (which was certainly fortunate) a great tree, so on a spruce, which was thick and had a hollow trunk, and seeing that there was a hole in this wide tree about four feet above the ground the boy decided it would be safer for him to hide inside the hollow tree, so he sprang into the hole, and crouched down in the hollow so that his eyes just came to the edge of the big hole by which he had entered, and from here he watched the forms of the two rebel spies.

"This is my plan now," said the old Galverinian to the spy—speaking so low indeed that he could only hear the growl of his voice;

"Since you are such a good crackshot, and do any kind of shooting you wish without a moment's delay, we will hunt up the Vivian girl spies, and when we have found them, or see them, we will shoot them down before they suspect it. Then we will not be hindered further."

"The Vivian girls are not easy to find, and they won't make much of a loss to the Glandelinians either," objected the young spy.

"We need to do this or we will not be able to carry on our plans. We need a great army and a numerous one but we will have to put the Vivian girls out of the way first," responded the old man. "You will shoot them out of the way of the Vivian girls. There are seven of them, and once we have them out of the way we need not fear anything further."

"What shall we do with their bodies?" asked the boy. "Isn't it extremely dangerous for any one to try and kill the Vivian girls?"

"But we can do it easily in this woods," said the old man. "It is true that the Vivian girls are important Princesses of Angelina, and that it would be a dangerous thing to kill them, but here no one would know who did it but the Glandelinians themselves and when we have done it we can hide their bodies somewhere or at least they may be cut into thousands of small pieces, and while every piece is taken we can wrap it up into something and throw it into the river so that their remains will never be found. When they are gone and it is proved the Manleys and their armies will gain courage, and swoop upon the Christian armies in such a manner as to scatter the Angelinian armies in all directions, and place them into such a condition that they will be quite helpless. Therefore with the loss of their Princesses and the defeat of the main armies, and with Angelina Agathia captured the remainder of the Angelinian army will be afraid of the fury of the Glandelinian armies, and we will conquer them with ease and bring the war to a happy end with victory on our side."

"That seems like a good idea," replied the boy, "and in such a case we need not bother any more with the generals of Germania's army until the deed is done!"

"No you have frightened them, making them think that a force of Angelinians were swarming them into ambush, and they I'm afraid would no longer consent to assist us in conquering Angelina Agathia until we have got the Manleys to come and force them to do so. But the Vivian girls are foolish creatures beautiful as they are, and once we have put them out of the way, we can tell Germania Vivian

of it and they will have courage enough to consent to do it. Could you shoot them down all at once?"

"No I will not take one at a time," said the young spy. "I will go alone and find them, and I will shoot the first villain I see."

"Where are you going?" asked the old Calvinian.

"I must be alone when I attempt this desperate deed, and would be nervous when doing it in the presence of another person," declared the young Glandelinian spy, who was determined not to allow his treacherous companion to learn his secret ways. "So I'll go where no one will see me."

Haggard the old Calvinian was disappointed, but he hoped at all to catch the boy unawares, and surprise the secret plans he had in his possession, as he wanted all the credit for their capture from the Christians himself. So he merely nodded his head, and the young spy got up and started back into the forest a short distance. He passed the hollow tree without being seen by the boy in it, and continued on. The young Glandelinian spy ran past the tree the boy perceived himself ducked his head so that he was out of sight in the dark hollow beneath the hole, and then he got out and started to follow. He nodded and whispered to himself;

"I hope I can capture that little rebel before he starts his infernal work." Then he ran after the rebel, but the boy felt sure he had been followed, and went faster. When he instantly stepped behind a tree that was so big and tall that it stood higher than all the other trees.

"Good," said the boy spy. "One of the villain girls is following me."

Penrod had observed the spy as he slipped behind a tree himself, and putting himself carefully out of range of his adversary he drew his gun and waited. The rebel however did not budge from his place but remained still behind the tree, and it was impressed on Penrod's mind that the rebel spy was showing that he kept edging from tree to tree as carefully as possible until he had gotten as near as possible with out being observed. When the boy decided he would try an experiment. While the boy spy was not observing him, Penrod worked himself nearer and nearer until he was two trees around to the rear and instantly he rushed upon the spy, and in a moment had him prisoner and had taken his guns from him. Penrod was delighted he had captured the boy so easily, and started forward with him just as he observed the old Calvinian following. The old man saw the two boys, one a prisoner of the other so he hastily rushed forward. Penrod did not know how poor powerful the old Calvinian spy might be so he resolved to take no chances and forcing his prisoner in front of him against a tree, stood behind and waited for the rebel to come on. He then fired a shot but the bullet only took away the old man's hat. Being forced to keep his prisoner as close to him as possible he had missed his first shot, for he did not handle his gun in the right way, and the rebel spy was not hit. But the old Calvinian knew at once he had the Anglinian boy scout leader to face, so he rushed to a tree, and cried;

"Release that boy you have a prisoner there you goons and I'll leave you alone."

But Penrod did not answer the Calvinian rebel, and he fired but the bullet only struck the tree and Penrod was not harmed. The old spy now began firing, as fast as he could, hoping to bring the Anglinian down, and Penrod, hanging to the tree and the prisoner at the same time was somewhat troubled by the fear that he might succeed. However the brave Anglinian boy scout, who was used to his gun, remained calm, and soon fired a shot that struck the old man right in the knee and brought him down. Then the boy seeing the man trying to fire while laying down fired another shot that struck the pistol from him and then before the rebel could drag himself forward to get it, went from the tree with his prisoner and running up pointed his own at the Calvinian and demanded to him to surrender. He helped the old man to his feet, and carefully bandaged his wounded knee, both he and the boy spy helped him to the big clearing. Violet and her sisters uttered cries of delight when they saw their old friend Penrod come with the two prisoners. They crowded around the prisoners, and asked Penrod what had happened. Before he explained anything he told of his own adventures and how he had by chance surprised the two spies, and been able to after a short pistol duel to capture both though he wounded the old man.

"But see here," exclaimed Violet, "what has become of the rebels who

were firing upon us."

"I have one of them right here and it is the boy," admitted Penrod. "But I suppose he will regret it now since he and his companion are prisoners."

Jennie, Nurmer and Gertrude Angelina stood on the top of the signal station, actually held to the spot by the weight of the heavy beam which through the object it not when it fell, prevented it from falling down further and crushing their feet under it. They were in dire peril for should the enemy batteries be trained upon the signal station they would say good bye to the world right there.

"Aren't you afraid?" asked Jennie Nurmer, with a long sigh, for she had been standing there now for hours and hours and no relief was in sight.

"We'll pop!" replied Gertrude Angelina. "I'm not saying that I am not afraid, Jennie---if any kind of unseen danger is near---but I guess other people have had worse experience than we do and came out off whole."

"I'm not so sure about that, Gertrude," she said thoughtfully. "Age and bravery might make a difference, but it seems to me size would make a bigger difference. Seeing that we are children and not soldiers, you know the Glandelinians may be far worse and exert all their efforts to slay us if they see us."

"I hope they won't see us then," Gertrude rejoined. "For other wise I cannot stand it any longer. I do hope Angelina's sissors will hurry, and I hope that God will make it that Violet and her sisters, or soldiers which ever they are won't waste any time coming to us."

Jennie Nurmer sighed again, and watched the distant enemy encampments over a mile away, because there was nothing else to do. Just now she saw a lovely group of pink colored flags rise from the nearest point of the enemy's lines, but soon they descended and seemed to fade away in smoke, and as the mass of deep gray smoke poured forth there was a noise like thunder in the distance. Then something burst in the sky that spread out in a form like a large yellow chrysanthemum. It was right overhead of the station but nothing else happened.

"It's something wrong," said Jennie Depatiently. "I actually do believe the enemy has seen us and are firing."

"They are mighty slick to be able to see us at such a great distance," observed Gertrude Angelina.

"I know and if some of the Glandelinians would come and even take us prisoners it would be a finer thing than to be left up here under fire, but to have to stand and watch the shells bursting over or about us without a chance of getting away is not so much fun. I wish Gertrude dear they would fire at our beam and cause us to get loose."

Scarcely had she spoken when right near the beam of the station which held down their feet was a sudden big puff of smoke like a white ball, ball, and the two girls were shocked by the noise with a cry of mingled fear and anger. Jennie reached out and tried to pull the beam off her feet, but finding it impossible. Gertrude Angelina was too dazed by the shock and noise of the shell at the sudden wish of the girl being seemingly granted so fr quickly, so before she could believe whether the shell had done any thing to free her feet or not, the smoke faded away, and small tongues of flame took their place. The bomb had started a fire.

"Gosh now we are in for it," exclaimed Jennie Nurmer and even while she struggled to get her feet loose, she seized the beam with both hands and exerted all her strength with the intention of tearing the board loose but of no avail. Gertrude was still bewildered. He indeed did try to struggle loose, but in vain, for the beam was too heavy for her and nil no efforts of hers or her friends would move it out of its place.

"Behave," cried Jennie Nurmer. "We can't get loose from the old thing; but watch out, Gertrude that none of the shells hit us."

A great explosive now burst high in the sky above them and rained down fragments and deadly missiles but none however hit the signal station. Then another shell exploded where the first one had and fortunately though it done more damage, put out the fire.

"Can't my monkey with these Glandelinians," Gertrude remarked. "Cause they are starting to get our range."

"Well it catch a shell and ow." Advised Jennie Turner who instinctively inclined to a joke despite her peril, but the shelling was increasing now, and a deep purple cloud of smoke arose in front of them being blown in their faces by an explosion. Again the little girls felt a pan panic seize them, and Jennie said to Gertrude: "We ought not to have got up here in the first place. If we were more careful, we would have missed this sharp experience. Here let's try our efforts to get loose again! Even as she spoke six shells exploded in the sky above them almost simultaneously so covering the sky with smoke which was stabbed by the red flashes, and Gertrude Angeline hesitated no longer. She grabbed with both hands and worked in her efforts to remove the beam like one possessed, and Jennie did the same, but almost gave in exhausted.

"It's curious," gasped Gertrude. "How the beam gave way when we got up here in the first place." "The whole thing is curious," declared Jennie, "and yet no such beam could have been on here or any signal station existing in the country. It is a trap. Those are grapeshots Gertrude, look out for them. Don't let the fragments hit us for they mangle you so, and--Ooo, here comes high explosives." And she made a movement as if to dodge the explosions that followed. The little girls felt their end was now up but both were too plucky to give in without a struggle, so they again began working like mad to draw the beam off their feet but in vain. But after they had stopped to rest, they were surprised to notice that the explosions of shells had ceased.

"I wonder why they stopped firing," mused Jennie Turner, who was not worried because she had enough of the experience already and inwardly thanked God the rebels had failed their marksmanship.

"Well maybe they ceased only to draw their cannons within better range." Said Gertrude. "And maybe that is the reason. And perhaps if they get the range, we'll go to head heaven."

"But why should we remain here and die like rats in the trap?" asked Jennie Turner who was a girl who would die hard rather than give up. "I'm not a coward and don't intend to be one under any odd conditions."

"I guess," replied Gertrude, "that this signal station is a trap, and any folk folks caught caught on it would be killed or snipped or left here to die of hunger."

"Do you think if I asked God earnestly to cause the beam to remove from us it would do it Gertrude?" Jennie inquired anxiously.

"What are you thinking of, Jennie? Don't you know things from God now--adnys only comes from natural means."

"Well I think if I try we may be free. We could at least try it."

"Alright then, try it Jennie!"

she tried it praying as hard as she could, but it had no effect whatsoever. "Try it yourself if Gertrude," she suggested. "Maybe your dead sister would come and help us."

Then Gertrude Angeline prayed, with no better result.

"No," said she. "It's no use, the prayers only affect for natural means and this here would be a miracle. But I'm glad to know that they have ceased firing any way and probably in the meantime hap will arrive and surely we won't starve before the vivian girls or soldiers get to us."

"But I'm getting tired standing here so long," complained Jennie. "If I could only lift one foot a moment, and rest it, I'd feel much better."

"Same with me Jennie. I have always noticed that when you have got to do a thing, and cannot help yourself at all, it gets to be mighty hard pretty quick."

"Folks that can raise their feet, and also who are not in your position just how don't appreciate what a blessing it is," said Jennie Turner thoughtfully.

"I never knew what fun it was to be able to raise my feet any time you feel like it until I'm trapped here..."

"There are lots of things that people do not appreciate," replied Gertrude.

"You know if some one probably the glandelinians would sit on our breath, we would think breathing was the finest thing in life. And when people are well, they never realize how jolly and good it is, but when they get sick, they surely remember their time when they felt well and happy, and wished that the time would surely come back. Most folks even forget to thank God for given them a sister or a brother, till they lose their sister like I and you did, and then it is too late, except to look for a chance to avenge our loss, and to praise God for leaving at least our only friends..."

"Your left leg ain't so bad Gertrude," Jennie remarked, looking at it critically.

"Any how it is not rooted tight under the beam like your other foot."

"I'm not complaining," said Gertrude. "What is that coming toward us, Jennie?" She added, looking toward the river.

Jennie looked too, and then she replied.

"It's a long rowboat of some sort. It looks like a dugout, or a canoe, only I never saw a boat have so many colors. It looks like a dog and crazy quilt."

The boat approached swiftly and gracefully toward the shore near the signal station, and as it drew nearer its gorgeously colored sides astonished them. The sides and inside of the boat were of many colors of glistening green, blue, and purple, and it had a yellow bow, with a red mast, and a pink, white, and violet sail.

When it reached the shore, it was rowed ashore, and then a single man got out and approached the signal station, and then mounted up to the side and stood up on the platform eyeing them critically.

"You folks are cottonily strangers here," said the man standing there and viewing them critically, and "and youse cottonily have been caught by the beam and made prisoners."

"Yes," returned Jennie Turner, with a sigh. "We are held fast. But I hope we won't be fired on again."

"Youse cottonily will," said the man who was dressed in a Calverinian uniform. "Youse will keep on being fired on for day after day until bye and bye a shell will hit you and blow you to nothing unless add ranches you. That is the usual way on this island signal station."

"How do you know about it, and who are you anyhow?" asked Gertrude Angeline sizing him up.

"It's my own business little girl," replied the man. "I suppose youse have hold of me?"

"No said Jennie Turner. "I can't say I have, but makes you refuse to tell me what or who you are."

"Why because I don't know youse," returned the man.

"I'm Gertrude Angeline and this is Jennie Turner," said Gertrude herself.

"Oh so youse are the famous christian spies do I take ye to be so?" exclaimed the man.

"Please to meet youse. I'm a Calverinian spy in the service of general vivians army. But I have no families or any relations at all."

"Haven't you any friends?"

"Yes I have but I cannot count them. And just now as I have nothing to do I'll do what I can to help youse loose. I've been a long time in the christian army and I've got to get youse loose so youse can help me in my work, because I'm looking for two glandelinian spies who stole general puggedocannas plans, secret plans. Think of the nerve of those spies. Can you wonder the whole country is scourged for them. I'll bet they caused this to happen to youse."

"Why didn't you bring a number of boy scouts with you and have them do some thing?" inquired Gertrude as the man started to tug at the beam.

"I have sent every boy scout and girl scout and many men that I know can do the work--man child, or soldier--for the occurrence of the spies deed is certainly disagreeable to me. In a few minutes I hope I'll be able to free youse, for I cannot bear to see youse in this position any longer, and I'll not go away and leave youse either come what may."

Said the man as he struggled vehemently but in vain. "But yet as for doing anything, it seems no use in it. All I do is tug and pull and it won't budge an inch."

"Don't you think you could pull us loose?" asked Jennie Turner.

"Yes I can but you will be without feet then. Wait a minute. I'll go down and be a back. I've left some tools in my boat and maybe I can pry it loose." He went down, and in a few minutes came up again with a great crowbar and a couple of blocks and other things.

"You must be a military engineer." remarked Gertrude Angelina.

"Why so?"

"All the tools you have there shows it."

"Try but that is not the reason. I took them from the boat itself which had the tools when I stole the boat from the rebels and got away in it. You must remember that when I'm in a hurry I don't care what I take as long as I can get away with it. You must also remember that I'm the only Calvinian Christian spy in this neighborhood just now, and I would not like any glandelinian to come and find me unarmed for all the world."

"Seems to me you like to fight them with tools." observed Gertrude Angelina.

"I can't say I like it exactly." replied the man as he started to work with his long crowbar. "but once it seems to be by my fate of having found them, I'm rather proud that I have something to help you go girls get loose with. As for fighting with the enemy, I got two good guns besides, an ammonia grenade and a sack."

"How do you suppose a single spy happened to come our way and see us like you did?" asked Jennie, wondering thinking of her prayer.

"I think it was a God send, but I'm not too sure of it either." declared the spy. "The reason for things are never so important as the things itself, so there is no use remembering anything but the fact that I just came here. But I hang it this beam is certainly stubborn. I've broken the crowbar."

"I guess you had better give it up." asserted Jennie. "If you can't do anything for us, you can at least get help for us, and then you could get us free."

"Now you are getting foolish." said the man. "I'll not go and leave you."

"I'll get you out of here or stay here until you are free. See the point?"

"But then can't you help us some other way?" pleaded the girl. "If there is some other thing you could use, you might succeed in getting us out of this scrape."

"I haven't anything stronger than the crowbar was." replied the Calvinian.

"What ever else I have is just the blocks I intended to use to place under the beam when I raised it, but I find the crowbar is busted and I don't think I can do anything with the short end but I'll try again."

"At least if we could sit down for a little while, while you work we could stand it a little better." said Jennie. "But we have nothing to sit on. It's tiresome."

"Then you will have to stand it I'm afraid because there is nothing here."

said the man.

"Perhaps you can secure something down below which could be used as two seats."

suggested Gertrude Angelina.

The man seemed to reflect for a moment, looking down at the ground sharply. Then he said:

"Down below there are some small logs. Perhaps I can bring them up here but they are mighty heavy."

"Well if you can bring them up they will do." answered Gertrude Angelina.

"Then I'll go down and get you a couple." said the soldier, and began descending.

He went down to the bottom and searched around for several minutes, and after ten minutes had passed, they saw him appearing with something solid under one arm. While they were waiting for him they saw something strange in the sky.

Something like a light, for it was growing dark now, seemed to wobble about in a small circle. It went around the circle to the right three times, and then it went around to the left three times. When it hopped back towards the right three times, and forward three times. Then there was the sound of an explosion and it disappeared.

"What was that?" asked Jennie.

"I cannot tell, it was strange, putting me in mind of a wizard incantation."

replied Gertrude Angelina. However now they heard a succession of soft queer noises, in the sky that sounded like strange quacks of a duck, and yet seemed to mean nothing at all. These sounds kept up so long that Jennie finally exclaimed:

"Gertrude can't you make out what that is. If you cannot do so you are not much of a girl scout leader."

"It is some kind of signaling about the enemy, and it puts us in peril, as they are massing guns upon us at a better range." said Gertrude. "If the man does not get us free soon things will become too disagreeable for us." At this Jennie kept quiet, and yet the strange quaky mattering continued. When the man appeared on top with something in his hands and these appeared to be two wooden boxes he had found in the woods.

With a cry of pleasure the two little girls ran back upon the boxes and found them to be very comfortable to sit upon. When both were seated, they found the man working desperately at the beam.

"Thank you ever so much." cried Jennie and Gertrude cried or called out; "you are obliged," but the man was too busy now to pay any attention, and finally after a minutes desperate work he got Gertrude free. Without even looking to see whether he had accomplished anything or not, the man went to Jennie. "Jennie," and Gertrude after easing her aching foot helped him but she was held more firmly and the two of them were absolutely working in vain.

When the girls first came within view of the signal station they had observed that on that hill a top it stood about one hundred and fifty feet, and although the trees that did grow on the hill were somewhat scattered, the signal station was a big and high that it quite filled the spaces in which it stood, and branches of trees pressed it on every side. Of course the little girls had been foolish to climb up to the top of the trick signal station, for now they could not get down alone as their feet had been injured slightly by the pressure of the beam. Indeed Gertrude Angelina's right foot hurt her so she could not hardly move it at times and when she put her foot down it felt as if an electric shock ran through it.

And still poor Jennie was imprisoned by the beam, for now had they been free of the beam they could not have climbed down, or made their way half way across the platform alone. At first the two little girls had been half suspicious and afraid of the Calvinian who had appeared to them so suddenly, but soon finding that the stranger was really all right, and was doing his utmost to help them out of their trouble, they felt better and only looked at him curiously. The little girls standing in the middle of the platform could not see what could have gone on down below, they could not even raise themselves, so tightly was their feet held by the beam. But Gertrude was now free, but could not hardly stand upon her right foot. So the Calvinian finding the two girls helpless and one still caught, was at first perplexed, and was disturbed his most was that not far from the signal station as he could see there was a great gathering of glandelinians, and presently all the hands were moving forward and it was apparent that by the looks of things there was serious trouble brewing.

He leaned over and peered down almost into their faces.

"Gosh it is some of the glandelinians under general Ebu Pecker." he said to himself. "but somehow or other they will not scale this signal station as long as I have any ammunition left."

Very soon all of the glandelinians who seemed to know the truth about the top of the signal station started a great commotion, and the noise attracted the little girls but they could not see anything because they were not able to and Gertrude was almost afraid to get up. Having heard the uproar the Calvinian had come to the edge to look over to see what was wrong. And the Calvinian being wiser and more experienced, at once knew that the glandelinians were going to surround the signal station and sent men up to take care of the top prisoners. He realized that the two girls were helpless on top of the beam, Jennie was being still imprisoned by the beam, and knowing he was powerless to release her from it decided nevertheless that as long as his ammunition held out no glandelinian would successfully scale the station. It was true they may blow it down, but nevertheless he defied them to do so. So although he feared the dreaded consequence, he laid down close to the edge and watched the proceedings.

"He told the little girls what he feared and he said;

"And now in case I have exhausted my ammunition, and the rebel continues to try to scale it, I may ask you to loan me yours, for if they are allowed to once get a foothold on the top of the scaffold we are goners."

The little girls did not reply at once, for they were thinking of what good would be resistance when it was likely the enemy when they realized they could not scale the station, would blow it down.

"It's almost a useless thing to ask of us," said Gertrude, "or if the rebels see they cannot scale the scaffold they will blow it down or set it on fire, and then we would be in still greater danger. And maybe they won't be foolish enough to attempt the scaling of it at all at that. They may intend to set it on fire right now. However in case of necessity we can do what is possible."

At this time one of the glandolinian officers who was a thin man and who had been greatly interested in the signal station was curious to see what the prisoners on top were and what they looked like. Hearing through his messengers that they were two little girls, the thin man decided that if he climbed a tall avocado tree that stood at the side of the clearing near the station, he might be able to see the girls at a close distance without their seeing him. So after giving some orders to his panfashas the rebel officer went to the tree, and being a good climber since boyhood easily scaled the tree to its very top, and looked in the direction of the signal station, saw the two girls and a single man on top of the scaffold, although the station was a long way off from here. It was indeed to him a remarkable and strange sight, and he realized it the man was a Calverinian for he had on immense round rounded slo slouched hat with red yellow and purple plumes, and though honest he looked very fierce, and terrible.

Being satisfied his curiosity, he then began to climb down the tree more slowly. Suddenly he discerned that in the possession of him, glandolinian was a small black c odo flag and therefore knew what was up.

In the meantime elsewhere Violet and her sisters who with Penrod was guarding their prisoners heard a good story from Angeline. Violet.

"I forgot to tell you so she said. That Gertrude Angeline and Jennie Turner, are in trouble, and I came here to hunt you girl up, and get you to ground rescue them."

"Good gracious Angeline. Why didn't you tell us before," exclaimed Penrod. "For the reason that I found so much excitement here that I almost forgot at Angeline Aronburg and Jennie Turner."

"What's wrong with them?" asked Violet.

Then Angeline explained how they had gone to take a view on top of the signal station and how they had been tapped by a falling beam. Violet and her sisters were greatly alarmed, but she shook her head and said sadly;

"I'm afraid we cannot help our dear friends in time, because we cannot or do not know the way."

"Will you go to them if I lead the way?" asked Angeline. Violet.

"Of course," replied Jennie. "But I do not think us girls can rescue them even at that, and how can we succeed without men to help us."

"Don't you trust yourselves any longer?" demanded the girl heroine.

"Well we are very pretty at many things," admitted Violet, "but we are not regular experts at climbing signal stations you know, and so we don't expect to be able to do much."

"But if I lead the way--and find the signal station inside of five minutes--will you try to do something for them?"

"Well we will admit that we'll die rather than fail," said Violet reluctantly. "But I'm afraid we cannot do it. We never have worked on a tall signal station made in the fashion the rebels have them, and there is no way to climb up them at we know of."

"That shows how much you know," retorted Angeline almost scornfully.

"Now come with me dears and we'll see what is to be done."

Just as soon as they had started on they heard the sound of firing, and Angeline became excited.

He to go back to the imperiled ones at the signal station. The Calverinian was getting impatient. The glandolinians were remaining quiet and only hesitating the signal stations and he did not get up and approached the little girls and said;

"Well girls what shall he do about the situation?"

"Let us remain here and seek your own safety please," replied Gertrude. "If you will reach out for the near-nearest tree there you can grab hold of a branch, and escape to the christian lines."

But the old Calverinian shook his head.

"I cannot and will not do it," he declared. "The glandolinians down below are the fierce yh imies and Panfashas and if they captured you, and knowing you would shoot you as spies."

"The glandolinians would capture us alive," promised Jennie Turner. "I'll make every one who climbs up have a good swift descent to the ground. We two will feed them the nicest kind of lead, and train them to do clever falling tricks on a hundred and fifty feet to the ground. Then the survivors before they get us will have some exciting stories to tell their comrades. What do you say Mr Calverinian my friend?"

"I say now," answered the man. "I won't be responsible for any descent on my part, and what's more I'll not do it."

"Very well," said Gertrude calmly, "then you can remain. But you will be sorry."

However at this time a large party of the glandolinians had moved forward a little nearer and proceeded toward the signal station many of them carrying arms full of dry grass, straw and wood in their arms which they started to plant under and around the frame structure of the signal station. Further on hundreds of panfashas, Erbs, Growlwoogs and Wainsias, and ginsammians and marians had gathered, and their wild defiant yells, curses, threats, and laughter could be heard a mile away. But the Calverinian soon hushed the babble of sounds. He threw first one and then another of his ammonia bombs down upon the glandolinians below, and the fumes routed the glandolinians from the signal station and drove them from the clearing. This action made the man very popular with the two girls, but the trouble was not over yet.

The Wainsias officer now wished to select twelve glandolinians to cover their faces with damp cloths and rush forward toward the signal station with flaming torches and when he asked for volunteers nearly a hundred offered to go, so great was their confidence in the work they had undertaken. The colonel selected a dozen that seemed intelligent and collected in mind, and they rushed forward the flaming torches making a great glare of light. Again an ammonia bomb was dropped, and then a deadly grenade followed which exploded among the glandolinians with a terrible crash. The explosion made a thick smoke that quite enveloped the retreating glandolinians who cursed and swore as well as the form of the signal station, but when the smoke cleared away, it was seen below that thirteen glandolinians lay motionless on the ground and a number more were limping or staggering away. Some glandolinians now started to climb trees, and when high enough started a clattering fire of rifles at the signal station but the Calverinian was not hit. He had only one grenade left, an ammonia bomb and he hurled it at the tree where he saw the thickest number of glandolinians and the explosion brought a big branch down and forced the glandolinians to dismount or be stifled by the fumes. The glandolinians in the clearing below started a furious rifle fire and the woods seemed to blaze but though bullets struck the structure by hundreds the Calverinian lying down behind an iron shield on the edge of the platform was uninjured. Thousands of glandolinians were within view, and those who had witnessed the brave defense of the single man above were much astonished, and Gertrude said;

"That was a fine trick to do sir, but how long can you hold out against them. I'm afraid they will surely succeed in the end."

And then Jennie Turner remarked;

"You are certainly the most wonderful man we ever met in all the land of Calverinia."

"On no indeed," modestly replied the Calverinian. And I'm only Hans Rango but I must not let them get you girls if I can help it."

"Oh we have heard of you. Hans and we now know you are one of the best friends of children and that any child may trust you. I heard of your rescue of the child, who you battled across the river for under fire, and when ever general Vivian learns of it you will be receiving a commission. Some day we hope you will meet the Vivian girls and I'll hope it will be soon."

"It's all right, there are greater heroes than us," he answered, as he crouched near the ledge and peered down to see what the landallians will do next.

"You see explained Angeline Pichee, that old signal station where Gertrude Angeline and the nurse were held by the beam is also in this same location but a little further off--over at the east, and it is no further to go across the lots from here than it is from here to Angeline Agatha. So we will save time by cutting through the woods to the east until we reach the river."

"Are you sure you know the way?" asked Violet.

"I know all of the land of Angeline and Calvernia, better than most living creatures know it," asserted Angeline Pichee.

"Go ahead then and guide us please," said Penrod. "We have left our poor friends helpless already and it maybe the enemy may attack them so the sooner we rescue them the more happier they will be."

"Are you sure you can get them out of their fix," Angeline Pichee inquired.

"I have no doubt of it," Violet assured her, "but I cannot tell what sort of a signal station it is or what means we may have to use until we get to the place and discover just how they are held."

"I have heard of that signal station through a girl scout friend of mine," remarked Violet Vivian. "Not long ago, when I made a secret trip toward the rebel lines under penalty through this same forest, I met some disguised Angeline girl scouts who warned me not to go on top of the station, and told me stories about it, and how a certain shining object is placed on top to entrap christian piers, or scouts--men or children."

"Is the signal station really wonderful?" questioned Angeline Vivian.

"I have heard that it is it is to the landallians one of the most trustworthy signal stations in the world," answered Violet. "I have never seen it myself, but many of my boy and girl scouts have told me that when out on their scouting tours they have halted their horses on the shore of the river and looked across or down the so shore of the river and looked at the signal station, and had seen men on top of it with colored flags and landallians. It is said however if a strange person who does not know anything about the signal station and goes on its top they are trapped by something or other. That in my opinion makes the signal station for the enemy at least the most wonderful in existence."

"But surely these are only old stories," said Jennie Vivian. "Has any of your other friends ever gone up to the top of the signal station?"

"I admitted Violet," or they feared that if any certain person who are Angeline Angeline whether men or children ventures up to the top of the station, whether the glistening flagpole stands, that man or child, may be caught by something and held captive, or they may suddenly be under fire and be killed."

"That happened to Gertrude and Jennie then?" asked Jennie.

"They were caught by the feet when a beam or a long heavy piece of wood fell upon them, and from the sounds of explosion they must be under fire already," said Angeline Pichee.

"Then said Jennie Vivian anxiously, "we must hurry up or Gertrude and Jennie will be hit by a grape shot or something and be dead before we get there."

They were proceeding at a rapid pace during this conversation for they were all obliged to move swiftly to keep pace with Angeline Pichee. After leaving the clearing, they crossed a small hill, and then a broad plain, after which they reached another branch of the forest, much smaller than that where the Norman Vivian's army lay in.

"The signal station is on a small hill in this forest," said Angeline Pichee.

"But the river is probably at the other side of the forest. There is however no pathway through the trees, but nevertheless if we keep going east, we will soon find the river, and then it will be easy to find the signal station."

"Have you ever traveled this way before Angeline?" inquired Penrod.

"Not exactly," admitted the girl heroine, "but I know we shall reach the big river

if we go east through the forest. And I smell a ammonia fumes. I wonder where it comes from."

"I do so but it is a mystery," said Penrod. "But lead us on. We are in a hurry." Angeline Pichee started away, and it was for the first hour of traveling very easy to pass through the trees, but before long the underbrush and vines became very thick and tangled, and after pushing their way through these obstacles for over an hour, the girl travelers came to a place where not one of them could push through.

"We had better go back and find a path," suggested Nettie Vivian.

"I'm surprised at you, Angeline," said Jennie Vivian, eyeing Angeline Pichee severely.

"I'm surprised myself," replied Angeline Pichee. "But this has never been here before and yet it is a long way around the forest to where the river enters it, and I thought we could save time by going straight through."

"No one can blame you," said Violet, "and I think of instead of turning back, we can find a way to get through this if we go one by one."

Penrod appeared doubtful, and Angeline Pichee knowing that each of the little girls called small glittering axes in on for use in case of necessity suggested that all get to work and cut their way through. So they unsheathed their little axes made of some strong metal so highly polished that they glittered brightly even in the dark forest, and began to flit like the blades right and left, finally starting to clear a way through vine and brush, and scattering the tangled barrier

gradually that they were able to get through at last almost a walk. The brushwood seemed to melt away before the little girls they using their little axes with all their strength and chopping so fast, that Angeline Pichee who helped pull away smaller vines only saw a twinkling of the blades. Then suddenly to their surprise the forest was open again, and they replaced their little axes as in their sheaths. After carefully wiping it with their handkerchiefs. When they went on and in a short time reached the ocean like expanse of the waters of the river.

"Let me see," said Angeline Pichee looking up and down the stream. "I think we are on the hill with the signal station at last so we must go up the stream until we come to it. And I hear explosions, and the sound of firing. They must be attacked."

So up the stream they traveled more swiftly, walking comfortably on the river bank, and after a while they saw a sharp bend in the shore of the river, hill hiding all below from their view. They rode briskly along however, and had nearly reached the bend, when Angeline Pichee cried out in a sharp warning sound of voice; "Look out!"

The travelers halted their horses abruptly and Penrod himself said;

"Look out for what?"

"Here is a strangely colored man coming toward us," he replied and a man dressed in a strange gray uniform and rowing a gorgeously colored boat appeared before them. He however did not see them and passed out of their sight.

"I wonder who he was what business he had on this side of the river, and what he was doing here anyway?" asked Angeline Vivian.

The man then swerved the boat and halted on the shore of the river and seeing the apparently looking mounted boy scouts came up to them with a gun drawn and demanded who they were and what they wanted.

"We have come to rescue some friends of ours who are held or trapped on a signal station near this river," explained Violet who saw the man was honest looking.

"I know them," said the man. "I've been to see them and they are stuck or held fast by a heavy beam. I am looking for some thing for them to sit on while I work to set them free. You may as well go back home however for all the effort I have already tried shows that no power can save them."

"We are the Vivian girls and this is Penrod," said Angeline Pichee pointing to her girl friends and Penrod.

"Well my name is Hans," was the reply. "I'm a great christian spy as any Angeline can probably tell you, but even I have no power to remove the beam which held hold their feet."

"I'm the man who rescued the little girl near the river so long ago!" inquired Violet.

"Yes, I am, and I rescued the pretty little girl because I have no one for myself to love, and at that time had hardly any friends except the soldiers. The soldiers defied me to take the chance and I did. But I admire my own pluck alright so I'm glad I did it."

"Where is the signal station?" asked Violet.

"About a mile from here."

Violet had already dismounted from her horse and ran around a group of trees to see if she could view the station from there. There was no such thing in sight but as it was growing very dark, night having approached the she did see far in the distance a glimmering row of lights a mile long flickering and going out and reappearing again and looked like flashes from gunshots.

"I wonder what is going on over there!" asked Violet to herself. "I know a place in that direction where a horde of strange glandelinians are in position and I escaped from them once, and only got away after shooting down my pursuers one by one."

She returned to her sisters with the statement that she could not yet see the signal station as it was too dark but that she saw a group or row of flashes. Hearing something was up they started to resume their journey Hans having gone off toward the signal station without telling them.

"Do you think that Penrod dear, that the man who called himself Hans was right in saying that no power or effort could rescue Gertrude and Jennie?" asked Daisy Vivian in a worried tone of voice.

"No, I don't think the man was right in saying that," answered Penrod gravely "but it is possible that they are in a situation will be harder to overcome than I expected. I'll do my best and so will you girls, of course, and no one can do more than their best."

That did not entirely relieve the anxiety of the Vivian girls, but none of them said anything more, and soon on turning the bend of the horse line, they came in sight of the signal station.

"Where they are!" exclaimed Catherine eagerly.

"Yes, I see them," replied Penrod, nodding and her sisters looked. "They appear to be sitting down and there is a man with them."

"Is that queer?" replied Angeline. "There was no man up there when I left them to find you."

"That a tall signal station it is," cried Violet in wonder as her gaze fell full on it.

"Never mind the signal station and its wonders now," advised Penrod. "The most important thing to do now is to try and rescue our friends. I see they are surrounded by glandelinians who are attacking them."

By this time they had arrived at a place just opposite the signal station, and now both Gertrude Angeline and Jennie turned from the great distance saw the arrival of their friends, and signalled to them for help.

"How are you?" Violet signalled back.

"We are in hard luck and attacked by the glandelinians," signalled Gertrude Angeline in reply. "We are held here by a beam, at least Jennie is, and my right foot is almost crushed and I cannot get down."

"What does she mean by that?" asked Violet.

"I can't move my feet a inch," signalled Jennie.

"Why not?" Violet signalled back.

"They are held down by a heavy beam," explained Gertrude. "It was hard work to signal with flashlights from that distance, so Penrod said to Angeline, please."

"Go as near to the signal station as it is safe to do and signal to our friends to be patient, for we have one to save them. It may take a little time to release them, for that kind of a signal station is new to us, and we shall have to experiment with the glandelinians first and drive them away by some trick. But tell them we'll hurry as fast as we can."

So Angeline piches rode as near as she dared under cover of the trees and bushes to signal to the two on top of the station not to worry, and Violet and her sisters and Penrod began to make their own preparations. The first thing to do was to make a sort of flash to throw confusion among the glandelinians surrounding the signal station.

At first neither the boy or the seven Vivian girls could not think of a thing. But Penrod first came upon an idea. He first placed upon the ground a good distance from the Vivian girls a small rounded tripod which he had carried with him in his pocket, and placed something like a small lamp on top of it. Into this basin he poured a large quantity of gunpowder. Then on the pile of wood he placed along side of it, he also poured some powder. Then he fumbled for some matches and finally found some and lit the powders which began to sizzle and flash, a pink glare, and a sky blue one simultaneously, and also send out clouds of clouds of violet and red smoke that floated up into the air and also toward Violet and her sisters and completely enveloped them, as well as their horses on which they still sat but hidden in the darkness. Then after the smoke had disappeared into air, Penrod called out to Violet:

"Are the glandelinians abandoning the siege to come and see what the lights were for?"

"No," shouted the Vivian girls in answer. "Therebels did not see the lights, or did not pay any attention."

Penrod rubbed his head thoughtfully and then looked toward the glandelinians whom he saw were over a hundred feet away. He then whispered to the little girls to go further away ordismount from their horses and take refuge behind trees and bushes and when they had done so, he took from a little black bag on the side of his saddle a little black ball, and exerting all his strength after lighting it, threw it toward the glandelinians. He had whatever it was exploded just over the heads of the glandelinians in the rear of the besiegers with a terrific force and seemed to scatter a million sparks over the glandelinians and Penrod and the little girls saw a good number drop, and other scatter in different direction. A confusion of sounds followed, and a large number of glandelinians began approaching their way.

"Oh," said Penrod. "I guess that will give some of us a chance to get to the signal station and set Jennie Turner free, and help the three down from it." But though a score of glandelinians came toward the woods the remainder stayed by the signal station, and the disappointed boy realized that he would have to try something else. After some of the glandelinians had went into different parts of the woods to investigate where the strange grenade came from, Penrod worked hard, using every effort, he had, and every thing he had in his black bag, and at all he could not cause any of the other glandelinians to draw away from the signal station.

"Dear me," exclaimed Violet. "I'm afraid one of us will have to go back to the Christian lines and get a force of soldiers to help us after all." That made little Penrod blush, for it showed him to think that his wisdom was not equal to that of any one else.

"I won't give up yet girls," said Penrod. "For I know a lot of tricks that I have not tried yet. I don't know how many glandelinians are around the signal station, or what their intentions are, but I do not that I can cause them to withdraw from it if I use the right right means. It's like unlocking a door you know, all a person has to do is to find the key that fits the lock."

"But you have no right key with you," suggested Angeline. "Is hee?" and suppose you do not succeed, what then?"

"Then we will have to get help," he answered.

Angeline piches had come back to their side already and had told the girls that the glandelinians were trying all kinds of desperate means to get at the two girls and the man on top of the signal station, and that the two girls were getting frightened over there, because the glandelinians were threatening to blow down the signal station by dynamiting it. Just now when I left my hiding place the glandelinians were making a hole in the ground near the signal station to place the charge of explosives."

"I think," said Penrod reflectively, "that we had better go as near to the signal station as possible at no matter what the risk, where one of us can signal better to them, and work to better advantage. How did Gertrude and Jennie get to the signal station in the first place?"

"They rode up to it," answered Angeline. "Their two horses are over there near the river bank but hidden from the enemy."

"I suppose you have not the courage to go and bring the horses to us have you?"

"No I would not dare go as near as that to the enemy," said the girl. "It would be like cutting my head off."

"I'll try and get it for you girls," volunteered Penrod. "Of course I feel dreadfully scared for fear the glandelinians will see me and shoot me down, but I'll try and get the two horses and bring it to you."

"Thank you my friend but be careful," said violet.

So Penrod plunged into the thicket and soon managed to reach the point where the horses of the two besieged girls were hidden. Getting upon one horse and holding the reins of the other he started off at terrific speed, and so quick was he that he managed to bring them up to the place where the ivian girls and Angeline rode before they were concealed without having been seen or heard by the enemy.

"Good," exclaimed the little girls well pleased.

"When we go forward as near as possible we will have to take care not to let the enemy see us or hear us, then we'll be quite safe," violet decided. So the little girls told Angeline to guard the two horses until they and Penrod returned, and then they started slowly forward toward the bushes.

There was a small pathway through the woods at this point, so the little girls and Penrod pushed their way carefully and went as close to the signal station and its besieging enemies as possible. Violet and her sisters were shocked to see what peril the two girls and the man on top of it were in, and Jennie ivian said to her sisters:

"If we cannot save them soon, the glandelinians will succeed in mining it and then there will be nothing left of our friends."

"Be patient sister dear," counselled her sisters, while Penrod, took another little black object from his black sack.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked violet.

"It's a powerful gas grenade," replied Penrod, "and when I throw it among the glandelinians, it will cause great confusion among them, and then while the rebels have scattered for safety one of us can run to the signal station and climb up to the top before the Whimies gather again."

"Don't," warned violet in alarm. "Don't do it. If that shall explode among the glandelinians the survivors will realize where it came from and we will be fired upon from all sides and shot down. Those glandelinians are all Whimies and they never fail when they once get aroused."

"To hurl a grenade at this short distance," said Angeline ivian, "would be like exploding it among ourselves."

The boy put the grenade back into the black sack, and took out a long skyrocket from it from the back of his horse.

He was preparing to light it when violet again asked:

"What are you going to do now?" And she eyed the skyrocket fearfully.

"It's going to send it flying among the glandelinians," declared Penrod.

"Don't do it," pleaded violet with a shudder. "It will cause the same results."

"It would just bring a mob of glandelinians down upon us," explained violet.

Penrod then placed the rocket back.

Suddenly violet saw that Gertrude Angeline was signalling and watching carefully she made it out as this:

"I guess friends it is all up with us this time. Please tell general ivian that we got into trouble trying to capture a escaped spy. When he will forgive us. This signal station is lovely and wonderful, but it is just a lure to catch christians and children on this dread dreadful hill, and then allow the glandelinians to destroy them. You will have to get along without us now

Dear Princesses of Angeline and I hope that none of you will ever forget me or dear Jennie, Angeline, violet and her sisters were greatly distressed and all of the poor little girls had hard work to keep the tears from their eyes.

"That all we can do just come up nearer and see them in danger and perishing!" violet asked Penrod.

"It is all I can think of just now to be sure," replied violet. "But I intend to keep on thinking -- as long -- as long -- as long as the thinking will do any good."

They were all very silent for a long time, violet and her sisters and Penrod standing behind trees, and Gertrude Angeline and Jennie were soon to be sitting on their own seats.

"Suddenly violet said:

"Penrod I have thought of something."

"What have you thought of?" asked, looking at the little girl with interest.

"Can you remember any of the big nals the glandelinians use or their sentries use when danger lurks near for the glandelinian camp?" she asked.

"Of course, I can remember any of them," said he.

"Then you can with the help of four or five small grenades far to the rear of the enemy and allow them to explode in the fashion of a glandelinian signal like the five strokes of a drum. It is a hard task and only the know how to do it but we can try if we are attentive. When the glandelinians become alarmed and draw away, we can rush or fire on the others who remain and get to the station and rescue the girls before the glandelinians come back."

"Can it really be done, Penrod?" asked Jennie ivian, eagerly.

"I think so."

"And explode them like five strokes?" inquired Angeline.

"If we do it right. Why we can place the grenades in a line and if the glandelinians fall for the false signal we can then go to the station and rescue them before they come back."

"All right, do it," cried Jennie.

So Penrod took five grenades from his pocket, his sack and then four of the girls accompanied him to a certain distance and then they lighted one after another as quickly as possible, and accidentally they done the right thing and each exploded correctly as they wanted it. Instantly most of the glandelinians with drew from the signal station in a confusion of sounds, and violet and her sisters seeing a clear space moved forward to the signal station just as the man up above was descending and helping one of the girls down.

"Hooray," shouted violet in delight. "They are saved."

"I guess they are," cried the man, equally delighted. "Our desperate situation made me work so frantically that I saved or freed Jennie too. As the man came down also, and had them both back to their hiding places and on the horses and yet the glandelinians not return. After all were mounted on their horses, they hovered around for a while to see if the glandelinians were returning, and then someone appeared started started riding away as fast as they could. When they reached the bend of the shore, Penrod asked excitedly:

"Where did the glandelinians go after the signal we made I wonder?"

"The glandelinians," inquired one of the ivian girls.

"Yes, there were hundreds of them."

"Hundreds of them," said Jennie ivian. "Why a large number of them are following us on horseback and gaining steadily."

"Goodness gracious," cried violet horrified.

"It was a little enough for all our experience to have them come after us now," remarked Angeline. "But we can use our weapons to good advantage if they get too near."

"How dreadful," wailed Catherine ivian wringing her hands in despair.

"Those Whimies never miss a shot and if they see us we are surely gone. They can hit moving objects five hundred yards away in the dark they are so expert at the rifle."

Just then she heard a buzzing overhead, and a bullet from somewhere took away her hat.

"Here they come." Said Penrod looking back in alarm, but he quickly drew from his bag two of his six remaining grenades and hurled them toward the nearest horse men, and Violet and her sisters almost fabitated with relief, when the grenades exploded and checked the advance of the horsemen long enough to enable them to get so far that they could not be followed any further in the darkness. Then Penrod gave a laugh and said:

"Those may not be the only Glandelinians in the forest, but I advise you all to keep away from these woods as much as possible during our retreat toward the Christian lines, until we regain our proper points."

"Let's hurry and get them now." Advised Violet. "The Glandelinians are a fierce lot at you never can tell what might happen next."

So they all started off as fast as possible. Angeline noticed that Jennie Urner was suffering from the pain in her injured foot, but nevertheless she was so happy over her escape that she was softly crying, while Gertrude Angeline congratulated them all for coming to their aid in time. The soldier who was sitting behind Violet was hugging her tight to keep himself steady, and he was so pleased that he had saved a share on their hands before he realized it and had taken off his hat and bowed politely to the little Vivian girls. Then after they had halted a moment Hans did a very curious thing. He dismounted from his horse, went to a big tree, and drawing his gun looked over the chambers carefully. Then he sat down on the ground for a moment and after taking a roll of stout cord from his pocket tied the hands of the two Glandelinian spy prisoners who had been at all with them and then proceeded to bind their arms to their sides. Then after that he got up and said:

"I hate to be stumped, so I'm going back a little way and see if we are still followed. You girls keep hidden with the prisoners."

"Put if they see you you will get shot." Exclaimed pained Vivian, with evident disapproval.

"No this time I'll dodge them so they will never see me. I noticed that they did not see me while I was on top of the signal station, and while they were trying to do their mean work I freed Jennie Urner. Those Glandelinians were whimsies, worse in character than a wild beast, and they come from the seats of Glandelinian purmeramians. They also had with them the fierce Growleywogs, and the phantoms, and those kind comes from the Gaurian seats. So when we were pursued after we got the two girls from the signal station I noticed our pursuers were Gaurianians and not Glandelinians as Penrod supposed. So now I'll scout a little and see if the rebels are following our trail."

"But why do you wish to scout all this time?" Asked Violet.

"Don't you know that at we have to be on cautious and be prepared or they will surprise us!" He demanded.

"Of course it is a wise plan." said Angeline Riches but "But I don't approve of it."

"Well I know my business and I'm going to do it, and I mean to see if we are followed or not, and if we are we can be warned in time and make a race for the Christian lines."

"That would be fine." cried Jennie Urner eagerly "If you think you can do it, and it would be safe to try."

"I'm pretty sure it is safe, the way I can detect things, and the way I'm armed." said the man "and if I should happen to get pursued, I suppose you can hear a good number of shots."

"I suppose we could." agreed Penrod. "Anyhow if you wish to try it sir go ahead, and we will stand by here and wait and watch and see what happens."

So the Gaurianian got upon his horse again, and rode down the road to the rear for a certain distance as far as he dared. They watched him ride down the road, until he was out of sight. Then after waiting five minutes or more they saw him reappear and riding toward them with greater speed. During the time he was he was rapidly approaching to where his girl and girl and boy friends awaited him, seven different varieties of colored lights suddenly flickered in the distance and then went out.

"I guess the by the sound I hear a large force of cavarly is following our trail, and also are moving in separate companies so as to prevent our escaping." He said as he rode up. "they figure that we only go or want to escape down by one road, and that if we went straight ahead we would be caught without warning. But we will fool them easily."

"Nevertheless despite their shrewdness we will fool them." remarked Angeline Riches, who knew the country more than the Glandelinians did. "No one will care to go the way I will go and lead you, so we won't be caught napping."

"Well let's go on then." Exclaimed Penrod. "If the Glandelinians think of getting us, I would like to know how that can be."

"It will surprise them." Glandelinians all right when they find we have tricked them." declared Violet as she urged her horse on to follow the rest, and yet gazing in awed wonder at the distant lights and watching them change color, die out and reappear.

"Our escape and daring rescue to boot will surprise everybody in the whole Glandelinian army." Angeline Riches asserted in glee. "And it will be a lesson the Glandelinians will never forget."

"I think the Glandelinians ought to have a little redist at that." Objected Jennie Urner. "They are brave nevertheless though wicked."

"That's true." admitted Angeline Riches but "if they will ever recieve any credit from me it will be from my pistols and nothing else."

"Now add Penrod." "we must start for the Christian lines." "But how are we going to get Jennie Urner and Gertrude Angeline to their own places. Neither one of the poor girls cannot walk a step, that's certain their feet are so injured."

"So it is true." acknowledged the man Hans. "Jennie herself has a pretty badly injured foot. Her horse is injured by some stray shot and cannot carry her much longer. I could carry her myself for a while, but I would have to stop to rest every few minutes, and three cannot get on the horses now you know."

"Couldn't Jennie ride on the back of my horse, and hold on to me." Violet asked, with a good natured yawn.

"I don't object to trying it, if I can hold tight enough and not fall off." answered Jennie Urner.

"If she falls off she might get injured badly or killed." said Gertrude.

"I'll fix it so she will be safe." Promised Hans. "Violet you sit on my horse, and little Urner and I will sit on yours."

They set work to make the exchange as quick as possible to do this. When this was accomplished he held on to Jennie and at once the little calvacade proceeded on their journey and their horses moved so fast that their riders were astonished.

"That beats riding on ordinary occasions." Exclaimed Gertrude Angeline, and admiringly. "You don't happen to have three guns have you?" she asked of Hans.

"No" he replied. "I have only two guns but if you need one badly I can lend you one of mine."

They continued on as swiftly as possible Hans, and Jennie both riding on the back of one horse, and between them rode the other little girls, and Penrod. Their two Glandelinian prisoners were sour and grumpy, at first at being taken so easily, but before they had journeyed far, the wicked old Gaurianian himself had discovered what he thought to be a fine amusement. He was riding on a single horse alongside of Violet and one of his hands had become free. He saw that one of her curls was constantly hanging down from underneath her purple cap and when she was not looking he would slyly seize the curl and pull it. The first time he did it the pain made Violet almost scream and she not knowing who did it, thought it was Penrod and looked at him reproachfully. Finally again when Jennie herself was not looking he pulled her hair, and he was so quick and sly that the little victims could scarcely detect he done it. Finally when he reached for Violet hair again she happened to see him right on time and scolded him angrily and told him if he did it again he would be sorry, and she moved away out of his reach. After the party had left the house the forest it began to rain heavily, and they were obliged therefore to make camp for the night, choosing a pretty place beside a stream. By means of some canvas covers they had on their horses backs they made three tents, pitched in a row on the deep grass, and nicely fitted with all that was needful

for the comfort of every one. The middle tent was for the two prisoners, and they had to sleep on the floor as well as the rest. Another tent was for the yivian girls, while the third was for the man and boy, Gertrude and Jennie Turner occupying the tent, where the two prisoners were. The old man Hans was to remain on guard so the prisoners could not escape. Outside the tents seeing it had stopped raining, Penrod made a fire and placed over it a kettle for a while, by good luck, which from which he presently drew all sorts of nice things, for their supper, smoking hot after they had eaten and talked together for a while, under the twinkling stars, they all went into the tents except Hans to get some sleep. Jennie Turner and Gertrude Angelina were also asleep too, when they were aroused by the scream of one of the yivian girls for the old Galverinian had crawled out of the tent and was pulling her hair. Annoyed by the uproar, Jennie Turner cried out:

"Stop that racket please girls!" and getting sight of the old Galverinian coming back into the tent struck him a blow in the face with her little hand. It was not hard enough to hurt him but it stung his pride and he would have struck back but that moment the man Hans came in to see what the commotion was about and had hurled the prisoner into a corner to hug him if he started again anything again he would injure him for good. Then Jennie Turner lay down to sleep again, but the yivian girls who were now awake again knew who had pulled Catherine's hair. After whispering together, Violet and Jennie let their curls hang loosely about their heads and all remained quiet pretending to be asleep. Presently when he was sure everyone was asleep and as the guard appeared to be so too, the old Galverinian stole near one of the yivian girls again and seeing violet's hair hanging loose gave a yank to one of her curls. Instantly to his utter surprise every one of the little girls leaped to their feet, almost simultaneously, and although they were little girls, the entire even made a horde stronger than two men together against him and they surrounded the half bound prisoner and though he tried to strike them with his fist, the two of them clung to his free arm, while the others clinging to his coat and legs made him a prisoner. Then they forced him out of their tent without ceremony and bore him down to the bank of the stream. Violet and her sisters had noticed that the banks of the stream was covered with thick slimy black mud, and when they had forced him to the stream they threw him right into the mud bog. When he got out he was so covered with mud, clothes, face hands and all that he could hardly see and so thick was the mud upon him that he looked as if he had been made of mud. In this condition he was forced to slowly get himself alone back to his tent. By morning as he was unable to remove it the mud had dried hard on his face and clothes and it was a black color throughout. Gertrude Angelina, Angelina Jones, and Jennie Turner were horrified, but Penrod and Hans only shook their heads and said it served the rascal right for teasing his own captors. Penrod asked if Hans should wash off the mud from the prisoner in the brook.

"Not yet," answered Gertrude Angelina. "The prisoner deserves to be punished--so I think we will leave that black mud-----which is as bad as paint--upon his body until we get nearer to the Christian lines. That silly old Galverinian is so wise and so vain that he will be greatly ashamed when the Angelinian officers see him in this condition, and perhaps he will take the lesson to heart, and leave the yivian girls alone hereafter."

However so thick was the mud on his head and face that the Galverinian could not see or hear and to be at least a little considerate, two of the yivian girls cleaned the mud from his eyes, ears and lips, washing them clean. As soon as he could speak the Galverinian asked indignantly:

"Are not any of you going to punish those girls for playing such a trick on me?" "No we cannot punish them," laughed Hans, "or they are our superiors." "You played a trick on them by pulling their hair, so this is only tit-for-tat, and I'm glad the yivian girls had their revenge."

He would not allow the rebel to even go near the stream, or no one of to clean the mud off his clothes, but placed him on his own horse retied his free arm and then they resumed their journey toward the Christian lines at Dorothy Gale.

"This is only a part of your punishment," said Violet severely. "Every one of the Angelinian will laugh at you, when we get to the Christian lines, and so will all the generals and officers and the people too, and even your own comrades and prisoners there."

The latter suggestion hurt the old wicked Galverinian more than anything else. The old Galverinian always argued that he could make many people come to his own terms and now if any of his comrades should see him in this condition, it would be dreadfully humiliating. However soon a most unfortunate thing happened. While they were going on, they were suddenly pounced upon by a squadron of Galverinians and though the girls and Hans and Penrod managed to escape and wounded seven of their number they rescued their two comrades the old Galverinian and the young spy, and Hans was seriously wounded. The little girls however never missed their two prisoners until they had gained considerable distance between their wild pursuers and then it was too late to get them back.

"I expect he still has the general's secret plans in his possession," said Violet.

"Never mind," replied Hans who had been bandaged his arm in a big handkerchief. "Perhaps the Galverinian spy and his old companion have been punished enough and we must not forget what their fate would be if they were brought into the Christian lines."

"Yes to some and I think of it it fills me with horror," said Violet and her sisters shuddered. "But I do think as you do that the old man has been punished enough and perhaps he won't dare pull the curls of any little girl again." Finally when they arrived at Dorothy Gale's late that evening Gertrude, Jennie Turner and Hans who suffered from their hurts were quickly attended to, while Violet and her sisters went to give the alarm that the prisoners had escaped.

ROSWELL, BUSTON JOHNSTON,
AND THE REBELLIOUS BOY AND GIRL SCOUTS.
A CELEBRATION OVER THE SAFTY OF ANGELINA AGATHIA.

VIOLET and her sisters arrived at Porothy Gale to which general Vivians and other christian armies had retreated to after the defeat at Zoe Gullen gun and arrived within or at the christian lines at an opportune time, for general Jack Evans was holding a slight court parashall in his headquarters, where general Roswell puster Johnston was appealing to him to punish some of the boy and girl scouts who were belonging to one of Gertrude Angelina's small girl scout regiments. These boy and girl scouts were constantly with general Robert Vivians commands, and had seldom gone very far from his army. It so happened that general Roswell puster Johnston was one of the generals to whom the Vivian girls for some unknown reason were not friend very friendly had acquired the habit to try and rule the child scouts to his own liking but the boy and girl scouts objected because they wanted to do their work as Gertrude Angelina or the Vivian girls would have them. So they refused to do as he demanded. And when the general insisted, the result soon was that if it had not been for some of his soldiers the boys and girls would have dragged him from his headquarters and thrown him into the water of the river near by. The learned and yet haughty and dignified general was naturally indignant at such attempted treatment, and so he had brought the rebellious girls and boys to general Jack Evans headquarters and appealed to the latter general to punish them for their rebellion.

Do not suppose that general Jack Evans was very severe with the rebellious boys and girls, because the Vivian girls were the Princesses of Angelina, and while he was listening to the interesting case in his room, Violet and her sisters came in and seeing what had been going on, abruptly sent the boys and girls home and Violet going up to general Roswell puster Johnston said:

"General, you have proved during the war that you are a great general, and a great fighter, and have saved the army on many occasions, but I warn you if you ever interfere with my boy and girl scouts without my permission again I'll report you to the Angelina Angelinian authorities and demand them to relieve you from your command. And remember I don't fool. I mean it. You have never acted as a friend of me or of my sisters and so you better not arouse our wrath."

General Roswell said nothing but left the room.

Violet and her sisters were even at this moment feeling pretty blue over the escape of the two prisoners and so wishing not to let any one know of their failure they refused to say where they had went. Gertrude Angelina on the following day was able to walk again but Jennie Urner still could not stand on her feet. However Violet and her sisters knowing the unsuccessful adventure they had experienced had went to their own headquarters and kept the secret of the escaped spies even refusing to tell their own father, general Evans, and their other friends and relatives where they had even been. For a week the army was remaining at Porothy Gale and every day the Vivian girls went to see Jennie Urner. The brave little girl had received bad injuries of her feet and for a week had to go around on a wheelchair but she did not seem to lose her usually bright and brave ways on account of her trying experience, and Violet and her sisters were sure that Gertrude Angelina who still limped would prize Jennie Urner as one of the most daring girl scouts of the whole Angelinian army. During these same days Violet and her sisters went to their boy and girl scout regiments training them and the boys and girls were so intelligent that they had already learned everything that the Vivian girls or their officers had taught them. Violet and her sisters though being strict to the military rule treated the boys and girls who served them with great kindness and gentle gentleness and secured for them food and provisions that they loved best, and at on all occasions they had promised to do their best for Violet and her sisters.....

It soon odd that Angelina Agathia and Porothy Gale went threatened so often by the rebels and assaulted so fiercely many times, and yet though not so strongly fortified or defended as all Vivian's they should hold out without even ever being touched. So we need not wonder that over such glorious victories as at Angelina Agathia that the people, and the very armed defending them should have great celebrations when ever they can just as other folks do and consider such things an occasion for feasting and rejoicing, and for praying, and for having as many as possible a good and prayers of thanksgiving to God as possible.

Get Gertrude Angelina, the beautiful girl companion of the Vivian girls, was a real heroine, and one of their best friends, and though like a wildcat to the rebels who molested her or who perused her during her work, was so sweet and loving in caring and training her boy and girl scouts that she was greatly beloved by them all. When ever he had the opportunity she resided in some of the very tents the Vivian girls would or in the same headquarters the generals would, but that did not prevent her from being the friend of the most humble soldier, or child so out in her dominions. She would mount her horse, and would ride out to the camps of even the soldiers, or go into a mess hall during mess time and sit and eat with the soldiers and talk with them, or she would play with the child scouts or with the soldiers and give them each ride on her famous horse, or she would stop among the boy and girl scouts not under her own command to speak to them and ask if they were happy or desired anything else to make them content, or she would teach you young girls and boys who did not know how to use signals to be able to understand all kinds of signals, or enter the camps of the wounded soldiers and be like an angel to them giving to each and all a hearty word or sunny smile. And then Gertrude Angelina would also sit in her tent, with her chosen courtiers all about her, and listen most patiently to all complaints and complaints brought to her by her boy or girl scouts or even by any of the soldiers, and strove to accord equal justice to all. Nowing that Gertrude Angelina was always fair and just in her decisions, no one ever murmured at her judgments, but agreed. If Gertrude Angelina decided against them, she was always right and they were wrong.

When Violet and her sisters, and Gertrude Angelina, and also Jennie Urner and Angelina Agathia were together, one would think they were of all the same age and height except Gertrude Angelina, for Gertrude Angelina was only a few more years older than the Vivian girls were. Violet and her sisters were entirely different than they however. They would when not on their duties laugh, and play with them all in regular girlish or childish fashion indeed, even in her their merriest moods, yet always there was a strange quiet dignity about the Vivian girls, that in any manner, distinguished them from the other girls. They were of a sweeter nature, never lost their temper, nor ever got angry, and bore all their trials and difficulties and sufferings without a murmur. The other three or four girls were different. Angelina Agathia was unusually a hot head and on many occasions so was Gertrude and Jennie Urner, and so the enemy always dreaded these three more than the Vivian girls or the greatest christian generals. When angered by rebel persuages the three girls were merciless and furious like tigresses and go one of the Angelinian had ever captured them yet as far as was known. Jennie Urner and her friends loved the Vivian girls devotedly as if they were their sisters, but they never were able to forget that the Vivian girls were the royal little rulers of Angelina, as their father and mother were the king and queen of Angelina and by birth also belonged to the most powerful race in the world. The place which the Vivian girls had selected in the city of Porothy Gale was a beautiful building, and situated in a most wonderful, delightful and extensive garden garden in the world, where all kind kinds of splendid trees, and flowery shrubs, statues, fountains and everything else abounded. One could easily walk for many hours in this fascinating park of Porothy Gale, owned by the Vivian girls themselves and could see something at every step. In two places were two great aquariums, where many strange and beautiful fishes swam, and at spots all the birds of the air gathered daily to a great feast which the people provided for them, and most of the birds were so fearless of man that they would alight on a persons shoulder and eat from your hand. There were many fountains were many fountains cool and delicious, where all were welcome to refresh themselves.

around the place where the Vivian girls had their temporary abode in Dorothy Gale was a great fortified wall, thickly encrusted with sharp glittering poe points. On days before the war broke out the people of the whole city when ever they had the time and chance often took their children to see the wonders of these beautiful gardens, and even were allowed to enter the royal palace of general or vint, Robert Vivian if they felt so inclined, for they knew that they and their rulers were friends, and that Robert Vivian and even his daughter or wife delighted in giving them pleasure. Now since Angelina Agathia was still safe, and with all this considered, you will not be surprised, that the people throughout the whole nation of Angelina and her states, as well as the most intimate friends of the Vivian girls, and even their royal courtiers were eager to celebrate the events, and made preparations for many the festival in every parts of the country not in the possession of the foe. Throughout the nation all the thousands of brass bands practiced or played their nicest tunes, for they were to march in the numerous processions to be made throughout all the states of Angelina or Abbeinnia, as well as in all the big east cities. Not all of the people how however could go to Angelina Agathia to congratulate their ruler and friends, or praise the armies but all could celebrate in one way or the other, however far distance from Angelina Agathia they might be. Every home and building throughout the land of Angelina and Abbeinnia was to be decorated with banners and bunting, and here were to be games, and plays, and a grand display of fire works, and a general good time for everyone. It was the custom of the Angelinian authorities of Angelina Agathia to give a grand feast for a celebration, to which all the closest friends and the rulers invited as many as possible.

On the special day for the celebration a long table was set in general Robert Vivians headquarters at which were place cards for the invited guests, and at one end of the room was a smaller table, not so high, for the friends of the Vivian girls, whom the Vivian girls never forgot, and at the other end still further on was a big table where all the gifts for the Vivian girls were to be arranged.

When the thousands of guests arrived being mostly soldiers and civilians alike they placed their gifts on this table and then found their places at the big long banquet table. And after all the guests, were all placed, the men generals entered in a solemn procession and were placed at their own tables by the chief general of all. Then while a large orchestra outside played a march composed for the occasion called "All Angelina forever," the Vivian girls themselves entered the banquet hall, attended by their girl scouts and some maids of honor and took their seats at the head of the main table. The little Vivian girls looking like angels when in their best dresses were greeted by a loud and deafening cheer from all of the assembled company, the generals and other children and soldiers adding their cheers and applause to swell the glad tumult, and then all seated themselves at the table. At the right of the Vivian girls sat the famous Jack Ryan Evans, whose face had an bulldog expression, but whose happy jolly nature and shrewd wit, and his bravery, had made him a general favorite of the best and highest of generals and a guardian of the Vivian girls. On the left of the Vivian girls was placed general Jacob Baldwin. General Baldwin commanded all the cavalry and artillery of general Robert and Hanson Vivian's army and was one of the most important generals of all. Next to the others the three girl friends of the Vivian girls were seated, and then the soldiers and so on.

Finally when the banquet was over and everything had been served the time came for the Vivian girls to see their presents, so general Hanson Vivian arose and beckoning the little girls led them to the table, where all their gifts were placed in magnificent array. A beautiful flower pot full of roses of course attracted their attention first, and Gertrude Angeline and her two companions had to tell them the whole story of how they got it. When the Vivian girls thanked them all and said that they could use the flowers for a good charitable purpose. When they discovered marvelous new uniforms sent by the Angelinian governments and being little girls who loved pretty clothing, the set ecstasy of the Vivian girls at being presented with a number of most exquisite gowns may well be imagined. They could hardly wait to put them on but the table was loaded with

other pretty gifts, and the little heroine rulers spent a good part of the night before they had examined all their presents and thanked those who had love lovingly donated them.

The morning after the celebration of the saving of Angelina Agathia as Penrod and the Vivian girls were walking in the grounds of the park, Gertrude Angeline came out and joined them saying:

"I got some surprising news for you little girl friends of mine." "Go they all sat down on a large wooden bench near to one of the fountains, and between them Gertrude related the news. It happened to be that the Landelinians who had rescued the two spies had been later on set upon by a force of Christian Cavalry and the prisoners recaptured with the bold band. Gertrude related that the two prisoners were being brought into the lines and that if Violet and her sisters wanted to see them before the army should make an a march it would be best to go right away. So they quickly left the city, and within another hour were within the lines once more.

"I was dreadfully fussy when those Landelinians secured the two spies from us," said Violet. "For it did not feel good a bit to be outwitted like that. And I was not quite sure, you know that the two spies would ever be taken again."

"They might have been still at large yet, if the Angelinian Cavalry had not surprised the Landelinians who rescued them," declared Penrod.

"But where are the two prisoners which have been captured?" Inquired Violet. "Why I have almost forgotten where they have been taken," was Gertrude's reply, "but I believe we can have them located."

Then they started a search and inquiry for the internment camp where the two prisoners were likely to have been taken and soon learned where they were. As they proceeded to that location, Violet and her sisters were regarding their situation thoughtfully.

"It would not be right to allow them to be shot without mercy especially when the spies have not accomplished their mission," said Violet. "I think it would be our better duty to not allow it to happen."

"But we don't know what their natural characters are, and whether they have been successful or not," objected Gertrude Angeline. "For of course the disguises they wore when we girls captured them were not natural to them, and you must not forget Violet, and also your sisters, that their natures were cruel and mischievous, so if they are spared from their well deserved execution, they might escape later on, and cause our nation a great deal of trouble."

"Nevertheless," said Violet, "If we can we must free them from such an awful fate. When we come near enough to see them we can discover who they really are, as we could not make them out in the darkness, and surely we need not fear any two people, even though they prove to be Landelinian spies, and our enemies."

"I am not so sure of that," protested Gertrude Angeline with a shake of her head. "The one who captured the general of--is no simple yet so powerful to us, that no one could equal it, so if it was lost to us it would be a most serious blow. It was not all in the plans you know, it was the way it was planned. So if the two spies have any treacherous means in their heads, they might prove to be very dangerous to us, if we do not allow their execution."

"I have an idea," exclaimed Jennie Vivian. "We girls are so sweet and good and have such pretty ways, but maybe if we try to use our own influence on the men we can bring a confession from them that may save their lives, so if they are thus brought to their senses we need not fear these Landelinians at all."

"That is your plans my dear friends," asked Gertrude Angeline.

"Well," replied Violet or Jennie rather. "I know that one of them appeared to be a young lad and the other was an old man, and that is what put the notion into my head. When we come to them, we can grill them ourselves and bring from one or the other a truthful confession. It is the law of our nation that no spy meets his death unless he was successful, and if they were really unsuccessful they are safe--and everything else too."

"That is not a bad idea," said Penrod, looking at Jennie approvingly. "But we must wait a little closely nevertheless." While they continued on, Gertrude said: "I don't know whether the two spies are two glandelinians or not. If they belong to the sects known as the Whimsies, Crowleywogs, or Zimmermannians, including the Murrermannians, and the like, outside of the Omarians no amount of grilling would do any good, in fact a grilling would only infuriate them and they might attack us even though they are prisoners and under guard. So it might be safer for us to see to it that all our pistols are goodly loaded so to protect us if necessary. All acts of glandelinians outside of the Omarians are sullen, and fierce. If they are Omarians we need not fear but if not we must be on our wate h."

Violet and her sisters drew out their revolvers and seen to it that every chamber was loaded. As soon as they reached a small internment camp, Violet drew out a small silver silver whistle which was attached to a slender gold chain, and blew upon it two shrill blasts. The sound though not harsh, was very penetrating and as soon as it reached the ears of some of the guards, two Angelinians who were armed to the teeth quickly came toward them. Gertrude Angelina explained to them what the vivian girls wanted, and were about to do, and told the guards to keep around and watch so as to be handy if danger threatened. So the two powerful guards stood near the camp and waited. The two prisoners were brought forth one at a time. First was brought a boy about fifteen years old as he appeared. He seemed bewildered at first as if trying to remember what had happened to him and why he was confronted by the pretty vivian girls. At first he did not notice Violet and her sisters, or Gertrude and Penrod, but at the guards, then his gaze turned to them and beheld the girls regarding him curiously, and the two Angelinians standing as their guardians. The young spy did not know who they were, but he seemed to look at them as if he thought them very pretty. So he smiled at them--the same innocent happy smile that a baby might have indulged in, and that pleased Violet who gently seized his hand, and led him to a seat beside the barbed-wire fence.

"Why I thought you were a dreadful glandelinian spy," she exclaimed, "and yet you are only a boy."

"Yes I am a spy," he said, "and what is worse my mission was an unsuccessful."

"Don't you know the fate of successful spies?" Inquired the girl.

"The boy spy shook his head. Then he laughed.

"I don't care a heck what happens as long as I die for my country," he replied seriously. "But I'm not to be shot. But my companion is."

"It is very curious," remarked Penrod. "He wears the dress of the Zimmermannians, so he must be a Zimmermannian though he has not their nature. Of course the boy does not need to tell us anything of his history or his family, but he will be retained until the end of the war nevertheless."

"He seems a nice young lad, despite all the wickedness he may have in him," said Gertrude Angelina. "If we could only keep him with us and teach him our ways--to be true and considerate of others everything would be alright. But he does look dangerous nevertheless as he really is a Zimmermannian."

"Why in that case it is lucky he was caught," said Violet. "But I'm glad he won't be shot."

"It is indeed a good thing," agreed Penrod. "But the remarkable thing to me is how such a young boy ever learned to become a spy. Perhaps his companion who was the real spy, who was the old man, was the real one, although I seem to remember it was this boy Zimmermannian who shot at you girls in ambush."

"Well we will soon know who the other is," suggested Gertrude. "He may prove to be another Calverinian."

Violet had the boy dismissed, and the old Calverinian was soon brought before them. Violet and her sisters looked at him in surprise and Violet exclaimed:

"Why it is old Mc-Hollister whom we saw in one of the child slave factories over two years ago."

The old man swung around and faced them.

"Yes indeed it is true," he said in a loud angry voice. "It is the old man Mc-Hollister, suggested, and I'm going to see to it that the whole glandelinian army of

Manley's and others will be able to capture Angelina Anathia, and conquer the whole of Angelina, and be revenged on you vivian girls for spying on us when I was in charge there." He looked around a moment, and then continued more furiously. "There isn't any large number of Angelinians in sight, and I'm stronger than all of you girl friends put together. I don't know how I came to be captured and brought here, but I'm going to fight the fight of my life,--and I'll win or die."

His white hair and beard, waved in the breeze, his eyes flashed hate and vengeance and so astonished and shocked were they by the sudden appearance of this old enemy, that they could only stare at him in silence, and shrink away from his wild and defiant glare. Suggested laughed scornfully as he was forcibly led away by his guards and said firmly:

"And now--and now--and now you think I'm going to be shot as a spy but I'm not. I defy the whole world to do it."

He was then led away, and Violet then said:

"Once before this old Calverinian spy came here to spy on us, and once before he was caught, but escaped."

"For that reason," said Gertrude. "We must see to it that a place is found for him, so that he will not be able to escape this time. For if he escapes this time he will make trouble for you girls beyond doubt."

And so the wicked old old Calverinian was placed under stronger guard, so that he would not have much chance of escaping.

After having retreated to Dorothy Gale after his defeat at Zoe Callen, and at Pine the Christian armies having been heavily reinforced again, moved forward again to meet general Manley but he refused to stand his ground and retreated toward Jennie. General Vivian was sent by Hanson Vivian to try and cut off Manley's escape. Vivian moved forward as fast as he possibly could the Vivian girls and Jack Evans being in his command. By a forced march Vivian got around Manley's rear and he had to halt at Jennie. General which was fourteen miles northwest of Dorothy Gale. Manley seeing that the Christian armies under the two Vivians were making a swing around to the north, and with Vivian moving from the south, he became afraid, and realized if he did not strike one of them a blow, he would be caught in a trap. So after retreating for two days, slowly, he sent a part of his army, and some cavalry to the town of Florinanna. Francis Schmidt, and left the rest of it at Jennie. General to try and check the advance of Vivian. This movement caused two simultaneous battles to be fought. General Vivian engaged Manley furiously at Jennie. Turner and after a full day of fierce fighting drove the glandelinians before him with frightful losses. Men officers and artillery, and captured a lot of prisoners. The other battle raged for nine days with Manley's other a section of the army at Francis Schmidt. It also ended as a Christian victory, but general Vivian's army was shattered with its losses.

THE FULL ACCOUNT OF THE SIEGE OF JULIO CALLIO.....
AND THE BRUTAL GREAT FATHER THAT RAISED FOR HER POSS
SESSION. THE BATTLE OF LATER. AND THE BRUTAL TORTURE
AT BRIGAND.....

In the meantime the battle of Jennie Turner was still raging it being close to nightfall but nevertheless to the joy of all of those who heard of it the enemy was giving way at all sections of the line but only gradually and the whole outcome was already a great Christian victory. Violent and her sisters though they had not seen much of the horrible and usual slaughter of the battle itself though they had seen the devastating devastation caused by the terrible battle had nevertheless heard the awful roar of the conflict, had been amazed at the din and had wondered when it would ever end. They were overjoyed however when late that evening one of the sergeants appeared and told them that the Christians were winning a complete victory. And that the enemy was retreating. Violet asked him where their guardian colonel Jack Evans was, but the sergeant did not exactly know though he declared that Colonel Jack Evans passed through the whole battle safely, that he was not injured and that they may see him some time in the morning.

"They say the battle was terrible," said Violet. "A fearful slaughter of men. Do you know how many have been killed sergeant?" "I couldn't say just now," Evans may be able to know though. "He added. "He was always with general Vivian, who can find out losses easily."

"I know as we experienced the concussion of the battle damaged towns and cities for miles but one of the men had told me that there was more noise to the battle than regular slaughter," said Violet.

"The real fury of the battle," Violet said to tell you. "Said the sergeant. "But the battle is worse than that man said. Far worse than it's racket. The whole Christian army has been thinned out terribly and we have suffered a awful loss in generals. Our greatest leaders even fell."

"I know how many leaders and generals fell," said Violet. "And that did convince me that the battle was more terrible than those men cared to tell us. I had some experience this morning during the battle and as did my sisters. We had been captured and brought within the enemy's lines and close to the battle where we could hear and see it all. But terrible as it was we can stand the strain as long as our side won."

It was three days after a great and cruel battle had raged for nine days at Gloriana Francis Schmidt when the main armies of general Vivian arrived and encamped in the region of the recent hellish conflict at Francis Schmidt where thirty million on both sides fell and general Vivian after reforming his shattered but victorious army which he had brought to general Zimmermann's rescue decided to wedge in on Norma and Julio Callio and raise the siege which the other Christian armies had laid to the city for nearly two years, and fighting fierce battles to no decided advantage three or four times every month during those two harrowing and bloody years. The war in Europe in all its fury and horror could never rival the ferocity of these many battles raging at Julio Callio. Even Verdun and the others were only small battles compared to them and over four million had fallen on the Christian side alone during those terrible series of battles, and which were still continuing. In fact the cause of the siege of Julio Callio and Norma was the slaughter of children in the two cities, the child slave horrors prevailing elsewhere, and the seizure of ships laden with child slave refugees early in the war. In this way the Glandelinians had forced as many as 1700,000 children to be given up and finally at the same time the attacks on Julio Callio occurred, in which the Vivian girls with their mother and aunt experienced, by the Abbeisannian frigates the Glandelinians and St Joseph's was fired on by the Glandelinian warship the Christian when it was not prepared for an attack, and the Glandelinians carried off sixteen hundred thousand children out on refugee ships who were claimed as occupying child slaves. Every one of these proved to be Abbeisannian children and under the pains of this terrible war already raging Angelina demanded these children to be given up or all the soldiers

under the Glandelinian service at Julio Callio would be massacred when the city would fall. But the Glandelinians refused to give up these children and not only that but insults were made, in fact instead of becoming better her actions grew worse.

A GREAT DISASTROUS DISASTER.....

In December 8 1912. And Abbeisannian excursion ship including the beautiful little saintly daughter of the Holy Abbeisannian King Cannon was sunk by a Glandelinian submarine flying the Angelinian flag and like the tragedy of righteously forty one, this ship sunk with all on board were lost. This action tended to increase Abbeisannian fury and hence now she never rested in her attacks on the fortifications of Vivian wickie a called the Mc-Whirther fortifications. This occurred near Julio Callio on the Mc-Holleston Run. The Angelinian government demanded justification for the tragedy threatening destruction to the besieged at Julio Callio and Norma and Brigand if the Glandelinians did not give the reason why they torpedoed the ship and the death of King Cannon's daughter. The Glandelinian government answered by throwing the frightful war into full swing in Galvernia raging many of the battles already mentioned as far as even the battle of Gloriana which is approaching, and Abbeisannian herself had become fully aroused by the disaster and collected large arms which were to be immediately thrown upon the cities of Julio Callio and Norma as soon as the Mc-Whirther fortification should fall. These places however did not fall until a little after the frightful carnage at Francis-Atlanta.

THE SURRENDER OF HOLIE.

The terrible siege opened, with a disgraceful defeat for the brave Glandelinians holding the fortifications of Holie on December 8 1912. General Waire the Glandelinian commander moved fiercely against the Angelinians under Mc-Holleston to raise the siege making a desperate attack on the Christian line. It was one of the bloodiest battles of the war along that part of the line. After a number of bloody disasters in which general Morie's left flank was annihilated his shattered armies fell back on Holie. There he was assaulted furiously by the Christians in overwhelming numbers. Morie was mortally wounded, his remaining army reduced to fragments and then forced to surrender to avert annihilation. It had been a terrible battle and out of eight million Glandelinians one hundred thousand survived the great battle. No loss of the Abbeisannians and Angelinians was severe but not credited, though 24,422 were found slain in a space of twenty yards across a shell swept plain. During the same month and into fierce attempts were made by the Christians to capture the southern fortifications of Norma already stated being the series of bloody battles of Norma's bridge but though the Glandelinians showed the greatest bravery that could ever be imagined they were successful in holding their positions in this quarter and suffered mutual losses.

Not long after a large division of general Waire's army under general Gandon was sent against the fortifications of Norma but they were attacked without warning by a force of Abbeisannians and Dombians and compelled to surrender. Many of the prisoners and also the wounded were slain by the infuriated Glandelinians who had lost many sweet hearts mothers, and children who had been slain by the Glandelinians in the Norma sign reign of terror. Simultaneously at Julio Callio an overwhelming force of Abbeisannians advanced upon the eastern fortifications, the Glandelinians stormed with their attack but were defeated in that seething inferno after a most terrible battle on the banks of the Angeline River. Simultaneously the Abbeisannians severely blowed the north and south ends of Julio Callio. Forts Holie and Norma were taken by the Abbeisannians and retaken by the Glandelinians fifteen times in six hours, only to be recaptured again after two long desperate battles.

but the dearly bought victories were of no benefit to the christians and when general Nolan Francis tried to take the main Glandelinian fortifications by storm the next day he was completely defeated with the most frightful loss in men and officers and baggage and cannon also and the Glandelinians counter charging like an army of maddened demons & retook the two forts and he held them successfully against the most pugnacious and desperate attacks which kept up for two weeks and made that region for twenty miles a raging inferno. In these engagements the atmosphere had been shaken into titanic convulsions by hundred of thousands of terrific shell explosions per day and the cannonading was heard for hundreds of miles. The christian onslaughts during this terrible battle of the Angelina river was inconceivably heavy but the number in killed and wounded though given at first as five million was finally withheld and such losses denied to be so small.

BONDINIA RUN: BEAUTIES LAKE, AND OTHER GREAT BATTLES. RAGING JANUARY 1 TO THE 2TH.

The Abbieannian and Anglinian troops were still more successful near the northeast of Julio Callo. They captured Fort Ponsin and defeated the Glandelinians in fighting of the most savage character at Bondinia Run. This fighting had been merciless and extremely bloody and both sides were crippled by the collision. Stubborn battles at Beauties Lanes and Zanagusta, polous and Wotruba in which both sides lost heavily raged simultaneously and in these battles neither side could claim the victory.

THE BATTLE NEAR THE CITY OF BADULA.

The siege and battles starting in the early summer were now becoming terrific. In September 1912 and Abbieannian and Anglinian forces five million strong were hurled back in an abyss of slaughter by the Glandelinian forces under Makon who lost forty thousand horses in a cavalry engagement raging simultaneously along the right. But in the highest fury of this bloody battle the Glandelinian assailants were met by the main Abbieannian line and in a welter of carnage defeated with a loss of nineteen thousand cannon millions of men in slain and wounded and with the loss of great portions of their strongest position. Besides many rations of ammunition provisions and the taking of one hundred thousand child slaves who rejoiced in their freedom. The Abbieannians burned a long line of stockades, child slave houses and thousands of public fortifications.

THE AT ATTACK ON AD ANDREW.

While this bloody battle was occurring large forces of Abbieannians and an Abbieannian fleet of warships under Boonia advanced for the fortifications of Anden and while their army prepared to attack that place the fleet attempted the capture of the fortifications which commanded the entrance to the city of Norma. For twenty four hours shot shell and high explosives was rained in torrents of ruin and destruction upon the fortifications, but while Fellenon kept the Abbieannians away fiercely enraged Markdumh with his Glandelinian warships suddenly attacked the christian fleets on all sides with such success that toward evening all the Abbieannian warships had either hauled down their flags or were running away as fast as steam would carry them. The Abbieannians

simultaneously struck a blow at Chrillie. An Abbieannian fleet carrying three hundred thousand men entering Norma and capturing a small Glandelinian naval force steamed on to attack Julio Callo by water. While the thunderous cannonading was in progress a reinforcing army of Abbieannians was landed about six miles from Chrillie and attacked the place being led by Shrone. But general Gansoni was there with nearly a superior force and he was not the man to waver without a desperate fight. As rapidly as possible he threw up defenses and posted his army behind them. Quickly as possible the Abbieannians began the attack. Gansoni did not waste his ammunition or powder, he waited until the Abbieannians were close and then his forces kept pouring a deadly fire upon the christians steadily. Hundreds of generals and other officers were shot down by the whole line of christians, and though the Abbieannians tried hard to carry the Glandelinian works again and again they were driven back with their divisions mangled and torn to pieces at every onslaught. The Abbieannian losses were frightful but nevertheless they did not give up. The main wings were thrown against the Glandelinian positions in fearful numbers in which general Darge was killed and his army of Glandelinians driven from the works.

Chrillie was finally taken by the christians the Glandelinians were forced from the works and now Julio Callo seemed seriously handicapped. But another general Darge on the Glandelinian side had won on September 12th two bloody battles, one at Lanes, the other at Gandelina. And which were quickly followed by the battle of Moltteburg September 30th and of Gogis September 30th two fearful battles in which Darge again won the victory all raging through the same month. In the meantime general Lullie who had been appointed commander in chief of the Abbieannians advanced his besieging army aided by twelve thousand Cavalry men near the fortifications of Varah Kroothellie on July the tenth beyond the main line of the Abbieannian railroads, and during a furious bombardment lasting four weeks in which millions of shells seemed to rend the earth with their explosions captured the fortifications. His left wing during four weeks of severe infantry action pressed forward in their victorious advance toward the town of Poverty Row twenty miles east of Julio Callo. The advancing drive being successful the left wing under Dannerwater captured the Moolle fortifications after pounding it to pieces with an artillery drum fire and three other fortifications reduced to ruins surrendered to general Lullie. General Lullie's Abbieannians while an Abbieannian fleet under Commodore Girlinat Evangeline Scollieo was shelled by batteries at Anna Migi but the batteries were silenced and the Glandelinian fleet put to flight with a loss of about two thousand men and a score of ships.

THE TOWN OF POVERTY ROW TAKEN.

Scollieo, also defeated other forces of Glandelinians with the loss of their artillery beating them at Satas lanes and Bel Beelzebubs creek and pushed forward attacking attacking Chapooltepek the strongest defense of Varah Kroothellie, captured the town of Poverty Row and carried the other positions after making many fierce assaults. Seeing that all hopes of holding Varah Kroothellie were gone the Glandelinians under general Anna Migi recoiled toward the main line, with what remains of his army.

General Scollieo and Lullie entered the town of Poverty Row with his forces and raised his flag over the public buildings.

THE BATTLE OF CALVERINE.

While this was going on with Lullie's forces the Abbieannian army under the command of Evansville moved toward the city of Calverine to corner the christian forces upon northern Norma and Julio Callo in full force. There at that time general Ignorance Wickey and Phelan Cannon were stationed with about ten thousand million Glandelinians. The two armies met at Calverine October 1th 1912 in a withering storm of battle. At first after a fierce fighting the Glandelinian army was successful but just when it seemed that it must be victorious a fresh body of

Abbieannians arrived, the Alandelinians were defeated and fled frightened and in disorder toward Norma. No on a counter came however or encouragement came from this great Alandelinian defeat for the Christians underated stood that a long fight for Julio Callio and Normahad been started by themselves and to carry it on a hundred million volunteers were called for and fifty million dollars were raised.

THE FIGHTING CONTINUED ALONG THE JULIO CALLIO AND NORMA BATTLE LINE. THE FIERCE FIGHTING IN THE WEST.

The Alandelinians were on the same date also defeated at Finger Mountain and again at Jellie Creek. General James Viviani with twenty million Alandelinians was compelled to surrender after a gallant fight at Viviani, and general Calso was attacked and beaten by the Abbieannians at Mendon on October the tenth.

But Commodore Hennie who afterwards became an admiral determined to capture the fortifications at all hazards and as he sailed on April the first with the strong fleet and an army commanded by general Consoand so perilous was this expedition that his best friends thought that he was going to commit suicide. For several weeks after April the second Hennie hammered away at the fortifications which continued to hammer back. The discharge of artillery on this occasion was frightful, two hundred thousand guns thundering in fearful salvos and so deafening was the din that thousands went insane from it while the shock was as severe as 4 kil birds in the air and windows broken in scores of towns in the region though hundreds of miles away. Hennie found that bombarding the fortifications was of no avail and so he endeavored to boldly steam pass them and in spite of their heavy firing put through the chimneys, out fought the Alandelinian force destroyed the opposing Alandelinian fleet but failed to pass the Alandelinian fortifications. This expedition was a failure and this important step to open the Angeline river, and made another scene almost like McWhirther.

GENERAL TRANSIT'S DRIVE.

In July, Transit with his Abbieannian army moved forward toward the Tripontia fortifications, the Alandelinians opposing him fiercely at every step. A month was spent in besieging and attacking these fortified fortifications fearful sanguinary battles occurring simultaneously at Palm woods but with no decided advantage for either side just now. These occurred on August the 6th. Pressing on Transit attacked Mc-Gullich and the desperate battles of Angeline will be followed on August the third to the tenth. The Alandelinian losses were terribly heavy and Mc-Gullich moved his main wings across a branch of the Angeline river other terrible fighting occurring of which the most notable was the frightful carnage at Meldon on August 19th. The loss on both sides was heavy the Alandelinians withdrawing to Calverine Landing and Transit relieving red fl forces determined to press on and so continued to move on advancing now toward Julio Callio. He met and defeated on September 15th general Hendon Satens Alandelinians at Calverine Landing and later on the same day beat other Alandelinian forces which endeavored to retake Poverty Row, the Alandelinians being beaten and retreating in all haste while general Transit pushed onward as soon as the Abbieannians could be gotten into proper order they started again after Mc-Gullich. A desperate fight took place at Musplains Hill and the Alandelinians were driven back. Simultaneously Mc-Gullich had sent general Melaine to Melshury where he made twelve thousand prisoners and captured a large quantity of arms. These two last battles occurred on September 10th.

THE BATTLE OF DECLINIA...

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Mc-Gullich Johnston and St. Eaton were fiercely attacked at the fortification works of Declinia on September 24th which proved to be a very terrible fight and lasted three days on both sides suffering frightful losses. The Alandelinians however held their ground despite their loss of 2433 2,433,999 and at night the Christians resumed the bombardment.

THE BATTLE OF GATHERLINGBURG.....

Mc-Gullich Johnston and St. Eaton strove to retake the Tripontia fortifications but was stopped at Gatherlingburg by the Abbieannian army and in the meantime fighting that followed, the Alandelinians were severely defeated, the Alandelinians losing 3,900,000 men in killed and wounded while 99,000 99,800 men were taken as prisoners. The Alandelinian front in the west of Julio Callio and some battle lines reached from Portentia to Angeline river gap. The whole region for almost the entire length was in the possession of the Alandelinians and the whole region was packed with series of strong batteries. This gave the Alandelinians a double advantage for it prevented Abbieannian ships from passing up and down the Mc-Hollester river and also the Mc-Whirther River and it made it very easy for the Alandelinians to procure a plentiful supply of beef from Alandelinia. Part of the plan of the terrible siege laid out by the Abbieannian generals was to try to drive the Alandelinians from their rivers. One step toward this was the capture of three fortifications on the Angeline river fronting Julio Callio by a fleet of Abbieannian battle ships under Commodore Nelsies on November 4th. The commander on the side was Major general Bernard Dunn Anderson.

THE CAPTURE OF THE NELKINSBURG FORTIFICATIONS.

Then simultaneously general Farlow with the help of Nelsies fleet attacked the Nelkinsburg fortifications under John Nunn a strong support on the Mc-Whirther river or Mc-Hollester river and after three weeks hard fighting which resembled almost a Mc-Whirther bombardment captured it with about 600,000 men. The rest of the Alandelinian force then withdrew from the Angeline river toward Norma and Julio Callio.

THE BATTLE OF LANDING ISLAND.

On October 20th 1912 the opposing armies met at Landing Island. After a cruel struggle the Alandelinians were at first driven back, and it seemed as if the Abbieannians must be successful. But their leading general ghapool was killed and general Nelsies likewise arrived with fresh troops from Julio Callio to help the Alandelinians. The following day after more cruel fighting the Abbieannians retreated north to Colton. But on the same day Snowline Alandelinian stronghold on the Mc-Whirther river surrendered after a month's obstinate fighting. General Simon Francis continued in which fort Ignorance was taken by the Abbieannians while simultaneously the fortifications of Chillows captured by the Alandelinian troops. Thus at least the Mc-Hollester River was opened to the Abbieannians as far south as Clamburg. South of Clamburg was Julio Callio. In the meantime but simultaneously, the Alandelinians were driven from Colton and one of their generals Pugnosia with an army of 600,000 men were captured at the fall of fort Henryson. Callion was sent to force back the Alandelinian drives north of Julio Callio and Callio in a desperate battle lasting a month stopped the Alandelinian drive.

The "landelinians losing Pugnoses who was killed with the mortally wound wounding of general Mc-goodill-fell back across Selrion gun. Thus ended the three months series of battles.

THE BATTLE OF BONSULU

Gallion pressed his advantage following the enemy and a battle raged at Selrion on April 10th the conflict raging four days in general duisultry and frightful violence that startled the world. The losses on both sides was very great but as the army of "landelinia held the field at the end it had a sort of victory. Bonsulu was the strongest fortifications guarding Julo Gallio, many fortifications being below the city at this point thousands of heavy chains being stretched from bank to bank of the Noma, Mc-Hollister and Mc-Wharther rivers, and there numerous iron clad men and submarine sum submarines so that it was impossible for an enemy's fleet to go near the fortifications. In a series of conflicts around these fortifications millions of "landelinians fell and hundreds of thousands were taken prisoners. But the next week after severe artillery duels Mc-Gullich Johnston with larger forces again made furious drives for the Tripononcia fortifications. But was met at Hamselburg and there another terrific battle took place which lasted a four days raging especially at Pafu Padula. A week after Mc-Gullich's army was twice the size of the Abbieannians under Transit but having defeated with a loss of about 11,664,000 men of which 444,777,500 men were made prisoners. And again the "landelinians were forced to fall back on Julo Gallio.

THE BATTLE OF HALPSCOW, OR CLAMDONBURG.

Nevertheless the three "landelinian generals were bound to retake the fortifications of Tripononcia and redoubling the strength of their forces marched to attack the troops of Abbieannians at Clamdonburg creek and if successful they were to push on to the fortifications. But they did not get so far. General Francis Handlin with a force of tens of millions of Abbieannians hurried forward and drove in at the "landelinians at Clamdonburg on October 20th. The bloody battle lasted six days, and was one of the bloodiest for the possession of Julo Gallio. The first five days the struggle was fierce on both sides with some advantage gained on the side of the foe. On the sixth day there was nineteen hours of the most savage fighting and toward the evening about three million three hundred thousand "landelinians the pick of the "landelinian army made desperate and fearful charge against the Abbieannian line. Fearful was the struggle and fearful the loss. But it was like a charge against a mighty mountain. Handlin did not give way, and the "landelinians with their columns torn and scattered were driven back to where at night found the Christian troops victorious. The Abbieannians lost in killed and wounded five million three hundred and thirty five thousand men in killed alone while the "landelinian loss was considered as about ten million nine hundred thousand.

THE SURRENDER OF CLAMBURG.

In the meantime the "landelinians still held Clamburg and Violet Dane on the Angelina river. General Camilio Camillia Darge however succeeded in crossing the river by means of pontoon bridges and got his army in the rear of Clamburg. A siege then began on July which lasted more than ten weeks. The shelling of the fortifications was kept up without intermission. At last when the food was so far gone, that there was only one cracker and a small piece of meat a day for each man in the "landelinian army itself he

general Clansoni the "landelinian commander surrendered with three million men. A month later Violet Dane also surrendered and the whole length of the Angelina River from fronting Julo Calliows open to the Abbieannians....

THE BATTLE OF AURANDIGO.....

Mc-Gullich though unsuccessful several times in his attempts to retake the Tripononcia fortifications had with the help of fresh troops, attacked the army of Abbieannia at Aurandigo on October 1th and drove it back with heavy loss to Calmoco. But general Darnot who commanded the right wing of the Abbieannian line bravely held his ground and saved the army from complete defeat. For two months Mc-Gullich kept the Abbieannians shut up in Calmoco, with continual heavy fighting going on. Then Darge Johnston was given command of the armies in the drive against Julo Gallio went to Calmoco with notes. Hannie also remained there with some troops from Clamburg, and Hel Mendila brought 25,000,000 men from the east. In a series of blood battles which kept on for three days Pears mountain and Apperidge were attacked and taken and Mc-Gullich was forced to retire upon Julo Gallio again.

HENNIES DRIVE.....

Up to this time each Abbieannian army had been operating independently but now Hannie was made commander in chief of all the armies, and he once prepared to make a general drive on Julo Gallio. On June 4th 1913 Hannie drove his way forward being forced to fight his way step by step. On the 7th of June he was suddenly attacked in general fury by the "landelinians and a furious battle raged at Violet Lainsin Run, which lasted three days. Then followed immediately on June 24th a ten days battle at Gallio and another at Violet Lainsin Run which starting on July 4th lasted fully a month raging in a most savage manner. Cannon fire of the Abbieannians was driven back but was rallied before disaster occurred. In these desperate battles there was terrible slaughter on both sides. The "landelinian losses in killed and wounded was over 16,000,000 in the three battles and the Abbieannians lost about 9,000,000. Hannie however confident over his three victories would not turn back now, for he felt sure of success and declared he would fight it out if it took him ten years. Nevertheless the "landelinians on the 19th of July laid siege to Tripononcia and Calverine, this siege lasting only three days however. General Homer an Abbieannian officer of great experience and daring advanced to attack the besiegers, but his left moving on Padul was attacked and driven back with terrific loss. In the meantime general Darge Mc-Hollister was moving his forces forward and at Gallio lanes the "landelinians were defeated, the left was rallied, and the whole line went forward after battling furiously for two days. More fighting lasting a full month occurred at Colongen, and at the worse of the battle Hannie the main leads was twenty six miles away at the time his army was taken by surprise and driven back in confusion. After a most terrific conflict of seven hours. When Hannie heard the terrific booming of the thousands of cannon he knew that one of the most bloodiest battles of the siege of Julo Calliows was going on. He quickly sprang into his saddle and snurring on his fast reached the scene of the terrible fight just in time. Though surprised and driven into confusion the Abbieannians had made a stand, but now his men were fleeing before a fearful charge of the enemy.

"Turn boys and fight for your Saviour. Turn. He cried. "We are going back the other way." And back they went. Encouraged by his words, and presence the Christians made a gallant counter charge driving the "landelinians from the field, capturing sixty hundred big guns and took many prisoners.

Before this bloody battle in which nearly ten million or five hundred thousand fell on both sides, the Glandelinians had butchered some more women and children.

HENNIE CAPTURES VIOLET PAUL.

To carry out the plan agreed upon, Hennie continued his drive with his force of seventy million men and after three other savage battles at Bulla Collen, and Plappen, in which Darge Mc-Hollesst was wounded the Abbieannians were for a time checked in their advance, the Glandelinians falling back on Violet Paul. These battles occurred the first in July 19. The others occurred simultaneously. On August 19, Hennie immediately attacked on August 20th and after a two days battle the Glandelinians were so badly defeated, and their army so badly broken that the survivors retreated in a panic. General Surren also with an Abbieannian force tried to aid Hennie's advance but in two other battles Surren's Abbieannians were defeated on Sunday August 19 and on the 20th. In the meantime Saten was hemmed in on all sides the Christians held on besieging him and now he began to look about for some way to retreat. He could get neither food or arms, and his men were half starved. But there was no means of escape for the railroad which he depended upon had been destroyed. It had not been so lately when Hennie and Darge Mc-Hollesst had defeated Saten at one hundred forks river and the next day the Abbieannian works in front of Triponencia had been attacked by Saten's men but Saten receiving no reinforcements could not win and began to retreat slowly northward.

THE SURRENDER OF SATEN AT MELPORT.

Saten tried several times to reach Julio Callio where he could get aid but his worn out men came face to face with another large Abbieannian force in under Mc-Hollesst's Darge and resistance was of no use. Though a battle did rage in vain. Seeing this Saten with his whole army surrendered to Hennie on July 31st 1912. Hennie treated the Glandelinians in the most generous manner, asking only that they should lay down their arms, and surrender and return to their country as they were nearly starved. He ordered thirty five thousand rations of food to be given them.

GANNON SURRENDERS.....:)

The only Glandelinian army still besieged was Gannon Dunn at Hollie town. But as he could do nothing alone, and as there was no one to help him and being cut off from Julio Callio he too surrendered and his men laid down their arms. In a short time all the smaller bodies of the Glandelinians still at large in this region surrendered, and now Julio Callio seemed fully open to Hennie's army.

BATTLE OF TURNER HILL.

BATTLE OF TURNER'S HILL. JUNE 12TH 1913.

In the meantime fresh troops had been sent out from Angelina to help General Abbieannians besieging Julio Callio. Thus strengthened he determined to capture Turner Hill. But before he could do so the Glandelinians took possession of the hill and fortified it. General Cancer then sent a large force of Abbieannians to drive the Glandelinians from the hill and position. A long and bloody fight followed. The Glandelinian army under Bone fought well and desperately and though obliged to retreat last before overwhelming numbers it was a dearbought victory for the Abbieannians. Their losses in killed and wounded were over 10,000,000, while the whole loss of the Glandelinians was five million two hundred and fifty thousand in killed and wounded beside those found missing.

THE BATTLES ALONG THE JULIO CALLIO LINE CONTINUE WITH TERRIBLE ERNEST..

THE Abbieannians at the same time captured the Port of Hurricane blow and Mc-Fern, and a chain of one hundred forts, and newly built forts behind these were taken in a series of fierce battles, a drive being made simultaneously on the Protestia fortifications. General Cancer advanced his armies furiously to attack these fortifications. Gabbie who was second in command took the advance learning that large forces of Glandelinians were concentrating on Haddonson gun. He marched there and suddenly attacked and defeated the Glandelinians. The victory was short lived however, for the Glandelinians sent over a large force a week later against Gabbie who was obliged to surrender after a furious conflict.

SECOND BATTLE OF FORT PROTESTIA.

After the surrender of Gabbie Hennie threw forward his forces to attack Fort Protestia with the intention to capture it all hazards. General Proclib marched against Fort Protestia and the result was that the Glandelinians opened one of the deadliest battles and the Abbieannians were forced to retire in the greatest confusion having suffered fearful and inconceivable losses. Proclib was wounded. And his army was saved from annihilation only by the coolness and courage of General Cancer who had five horses shot under him and many bullets passed through his coat. This disastrous battle occurred on June 24th.

THE SURRENDER OF THE FORTS.

General Cancer a brave Abbieannian officer, indeed relieving 10,000,000 men again moved forward to attack the forts. General Que the Glandelinian commander saw his danger, but he was a brave man and marched out as soon as possible to repel the Abbieannian attack. In the long and long death struggle that followed, the Abbieannians were victorious, but General Cancer was mortally wounded, and died after the surrender of the fortifications. Shortly after the capture of the great line of fortifications the rear line also fell into the hands of the Abbieannians. This occurred on June 30, --- 31st.....

GAG-GAGSEIDS TROOPS TO DESTROY THE MILITARY STORES AT BOONIA. BATTLE OF BOONIA. JUNE 2th 1913.....

Learning that a lot of powder and other military stores were at the lands, landelinian fortifications of Boonia General Gag-gag sent general Alie with twenty five hundred thousand men to destroy them. But there also was a large force of landelinians, and when the alarm reached them the soldiers quickly got ready to relieve them. A small advanced force of the Abbieannians fired on the landelinians stationed near a bridge leading to the city of Ju'o Julio Gallio, killing twenty five thousand and wounding a hundred thousand, and then hurried on to Boonia where they destroyed some cornfields and captured many cannon. By this time the main force of Abbieannians were aroused and they made a vehement assault on the Abbieannians. A furious death struggle followed and the Abbieannians were under such a heavy cannonading during the height of the battle that they began to run and were chased like a flock of frightened sheep..... These landelinians were led by Mc-arn.

ANOTHER DRIVE AGAINST JULIO GALLIO.....?

The news of this great defeat of the Abbieannians spread through the country of Galverinia, and every man able or unable asked to enlist and help capture Julio Gallio. Men dropped their work, and enlisted by millions boys asked to serve with the drums and the smiles soon grew larger and in a short time Gag-gag had a large force of landelinians under Phelan Gummilia shut up in Boonia. Having learned that new forces of landelinians intended to attack the northern part of Boonia, general Protestant, sent two large Abbieannian armies to reinforce Gag-gag. One of these was commanded by Gadlin Homer, a gallant Abbieannian who was fighting for the Christian cause, the other by general Neldion....

Gadlin Homer captured Scandia after a desperate fight of twenty days, starting July 1th, forty thousand being killed, and two hundred thousand wounded every day and then pushed forward hoping to take the landelinian fortifications on Nellie Galverine gun. He was joined by Neldion and the drive was resumed with the result of sad and crushing defeat for the landelinians who were driven back with a loss of 15,000,000 in killed and wounded and two hundred thousand in prisoners. This was on July 28th.

But on the Abbieannian side during this terrific battle of Nellie Galverine Run the brave Gadlin Homer the main commander was killed, Neldion and Neldion were badly wounded, and the Abbieannian forces were in a pitiful plight on account of their frightful losses.....

But in the meantime general Josue G. Cannon was drilling his men about Boonia while one hundred thousand cannon was placed in position on surrounding hills from which they could easily shell the landelinian positions at Boonia, and Nellie Galverine gun. Starting August 1th the city was cannonaded by so many guns for two weeks, the landelinians finally withdrawing, Cannon entering the Boonia fortifications in triumph. But simultaneously the Abbieannians were defeated at Clocklin with the loss of 20,000,000, and again at Nellie Galverine hill and Francis Lawdale and Labie, with untold losses these battles being extremely cruel merciless and savagely in their inconceivable fury, and by the beginning of August 28th at this section the landelinians had recovered most of all their lost positions.....

THE SURRENDER OF A-HICKADEE - POWAD..

After several bloody battles, at winning and losing some of which he was victorious and in the others in which he was defeated, A-Hickadee-powad pushed his way against the Abbieannian line, but two other battles at the

same places put him out of business and he had to surrender to the Abbieannians and the news of this victory caused great rejoicing throughout the world. The first two battles occurred in July 22nd and 30th. The third one on August 4th. The fourth August 4th.

THE ABBIEANNIANS ATTACK POWAD. COMMANDED BY FRANCIS SCHM IDT IDT PHILIP.

Simultaneously large forces and fleets were pushed forward to attack fort Morbon but at that fortification was too strongly fortified, the Abbieannian ships sailed south hoping to capture Powada great line of landelinian fortifications. These were attacked on August 5th. These fortifications were built of stone and iron and they made such a gallant defense that after a desperate fight of two weeks the ships were forced to withdraw with the loss of ninety ships and fifty thousand men. Their leader was general Joe Sporn.....

THE BATTLE OF GANDONLINIA.

SEPTEMBER 18TH... ..

After driving the enemy from Boonia, the Nellie Galverine gun Cannon moved his large forces of Abbieannians to Morbon and general Ignorance who had come up from Bondinaw was suddenly attacked at Gandonlinia. His army had been strengthened by fresh divisions mostly Omarians sent from Omaria, and so he determined to stand his ground at all costs. General America with a force of about sixty million held the fortified positions at Gandonlinia and defense on the hills south of the city of Julio Gallio. The Abbieannians being successful at the left, crossed from Erebus gun, and attacked in general fury all along the line. This most desperate of battles raged four days with the most frightful violence. On the fourth day the Abbieannians were fighting bravely against the Omarians when they suddenly heard firing behind them. It was too late to escape, they were surrounded. Their loss in killed and wounded was over 33,000,000, and over five million were made prisoners. While the battle was going on in full swing Cannon crossed over from Morbin, but was unable to save the force from its total rout and from capture. As he could not hold the positions he had captured against the larger force, Cannon retreated to the main Abbieannian line near or toward Nellie Gallio gun and then continued on to Arton Plains where he was reinforced. The victorious landelinians attacked the Gallio fortification three days later recapturing them, after desperate fighting, taking about five hundred thousand prisoners. This indeed was a heavy blow for the cause of Angelinia, but reinforced as he was Cannon did not lose hope for a moment.

Cannon recrossed the Angeline and Mc-Holleston railroad line and made a driving counter charge across a range of landelinian batteries, which stormed with drum fire, closely followed by other Abbieannian forces. Being successful he crossed the Eminie river destroying the landelinian forces on under Marcotown, and passed over toward the boundary of Julio Gallio Run, first taking care to destroy all the bridges, available for the use of the enemy.

This left the landelinians no other choice than to retreat. The main line of the enemy however not only held firm, but counter charged with such terrific violence, that the Abbieannians had to let loose a blinding storm of curtain fire, and the very lands and plains were choked with the landelinian dead. So sudden was the main onslaught of the landelinians that nearly ten million five hundred thousand landelinian soldiers were killed, wounded and taken prisoner, and nearly all the stores fell into Cannon's hands. Though this onslaught had been surprising, sudden a terrific fight had been made by the Abbieannians, and so furiously that they resisted their foe until they fled with nearly over forty five million five hundred thousand killed and wounded taken prisoners. It had been one of the fiercest battles of the war in that section but was finally won by the foe as it resumed. The following week Cannon fared better, and defeated another force of landelinians on a narrow plain, along the Angeline river. Banks and now again it was the enemy's turn to fall back, and the whole line of fortifications north of Julio Gallio was again in possession of the Christians....

The hope of the Abbeccians of the immediate fall of Julo Callio was now completely revived despite his defeat at Gandonlinia. Gannon now marched to Abietown run, where his armies closed the siege there more tightly.

THE BLOODY BATTLE OF ANGELINE RIVER. AUGUST 1 19TH.

While this was going on general Salsia Johnston with about eighteen million men advanced to capture Philsion. Gannon extended his lines to head him off. And again the two armies met but this time along the wooded region of the Angeline River. A most cruel sanguinary conflict ensued, and the Glandelinians were again defeated, with a loss of 9,118,000 men in killed wounds and prisoners. The following week in a desperate battle at Mornon the Glandelinians were again defeated with frightful loss. In fact the results of the battles were very discouraging to the Glandelinians. Simultaneously Boglonia set forward with an army of about 100,000,000 men his drive being bravely resisted at St John by large forces of Glandelinians under general Pett or but they had to retreat. In this advance there followed the bloody battle at Gannon, and the enemy were defeated again. General Calsoe made a stand at Salvos run, and in a bloody battle which took place Boglonia drove him back capturing two million prisoners. These two battles occurred simultaneously on August 15th.

CALSOE'S SURRENDER..... WHY HE DOR'S.....

I

It was still the turn for the Glandelinians to retreat and Calsoe made haste to get back to Julo Callio. Finding this far too impossible, he fell back on Smil'ses Mu Mouth. Here he was hemmed in on all sides, he had very little food and there was no way of getting more. Malscow who was expected with fresh troops, had not arrived while the Abbeccians forces were being constantly increased..... by the arrival of reinforcements. But Calsoe attempted to break through..... the Abbeccian line on August 19th, but after a series of bloody battles, there was nothing else to do..... But to surrender..... And this Calsoe did August 27th 1913 and his army of ninety million men with cannon and arms fell into the hands of the Christians. We can imagine the effects of this victory won by the Abbeccians. All hopes of Julo Callio falling was still more revived while the thinned out ranks of the Angelinians and Abbeccians were filled with new volunteers, and there was general rejoicing throughout the whole County of Calverlinia and Abbeccania too....

THE BATTLE OF MOUTHINGBURG. SEPTEMBER 10TH. 1914

After the surrender of Glandelinia Malscow was ordered to attack the Abbeccian line to revenge Calsoe's downfall. He was attacked himself however at Mouthingburg run, a severe fight occurring, but though successful the Glandelinians did not win a complete victory. As it was the Abbeccians lost more than six million four hundred thousand in killed and wounded, and eighty thousand by capture. The Abbeccians succeeded in falling back on Nellie Calverline run. Gannon rushing reinforcements for them. During this battle the Glandelinians had also attacked the fortifications of Nellbury and annihilated the defenders killing the aged refugees, including women and children burning the

therefor fortifications and leaving the place a ruin. Similar barbarous acts occurred elsewhere the Glandelinians burning millions of tons on to the Angelinians and capturing their artillery. Unable to withstand the Glandelinians at the north and south of the city, the Abbeccians turned their attention to the southwestern fortifications. A large army of Abbeccians and even Tripolygonigians and Domdocians extended their battle lines southward and in a very short time on the 10th of September that part of the fortifications was in possession of the Christians who shelled the city for days. The Glandelinians now became frightened and called out all her militia but the Abbeccian forces were too strong and overran the whole region. General Marcosellion attempted to recapture with a fleet the fortifications of Richterston on September 21st but after a week of stubborn fighting the Glandelinians were repulsed repulsed with heavy loss.

THE LOSS OF POWAD.

Two weeks

Two weeks after the defeat of at Richterston general Marcosellion withdrew to fort Powad but he was besieged there by Gannon with an army and a fleet and after a desperate battle was forced to surrender on October 14th. Hoping to recover the southern fortifications Hickadeos armies gathered in large forces on in front of the captured Omnia Woonia fi fortifications and there a terrible battle took place which raged three days. The Glandelinians were badly defeated their losses in killed and wounded being three million one hundred twenty thousand and all their baggage and artillery was captured. The battle of Omnia Woonia raged October 15th-----17th.

THE BATTLE OF LATRUVA

However these victories resulted in greater carnage than over General Francis Mc-Hollister had during this time advanced all his Christian forces to help raise this siege..... Having nearly 50,000,000 Abbeccians, 500,000 Gannonians, 200,000 Tripolygonians, 900,000 Domdocians, and 16,000,000 Angelinians the combined number being 67,000,000, of which the other 600,000 were cavalry. The Glandelinians at this section of the line under Oliver Gannon, and Henna Shoemanna, concentrated across Vivianias plains and here at the same time the great battle of Cedernine was fought another Cedernine raged. It was the most terrific battle the world had ever been called to attention about in this part of the bloody war and for forty eight hours the roar of musket merrymen and cannon, hundreds of thousands of big guns and terrific explosions never ceased, charges following in endless succession. Toward noon of the second day general Mc-Hollister's left wing had been wiped out and in the afternoon his army being on the verge of defeat from their losses had started to give way when another force of Abbeccians came up, and struck the Glandelinians a terrible blow on the flank. This army under Hina Aronburger rushed the Glandelinian army and surrounding one quarter of it forced it to surrender. The rest was routed. The losses is not given on the Christian side though the fees losses was considered as 40,222,222. Over this bitter defeat the general in chief of the Glandelinians at Julo Callio became a afraid and on November the Abbeccians won victories at Stanok, Gend Gen Cedan and Calmarinia fortifications, their path lay open to Julo Callio which they then besieged in general. The siege and battles lasted for weeks but nevertheless the Abbeccians found it impossible to take the city of Julo Callio, and called upon general Vivian for aid. Thus the reason for general Vivian's purpose to capture the city. Now to make statements for the conditions of the prisoners inside of Julo Callio especially among the children was something terrible. Indeed the scenes during the reign of terror in Norma had been unspeakably terrible but the scenes in Julo Callio had the sign of terror in Norma beat a thousand million fold. No one could

No one could imagine the sufferings among the children there. The children, not glad enough looking were driven to the hardest slavery, and those good or pretty in fancy features were considered as defective, unable to work and were thus in place called torture building and the children driven to slavery were a good deal better off than those confined in the torture building. Children unable to work or overcome from tortures lasting months were usually crucified, nailed to the crosses by their fingers and toes and hands and feet connected and stripped of all their clothes even little girls, and scourged with iron spiked lashlines as they hung there. May the crucifixion was similar to that of our Lord, equally horrible and thorns were crushed upon the hair of the dying children. The city of Juila Caliso was a veritable hell, a hot place of demanating horrors, and who can imagine the indescribable tortures inflicted upon children, either really crippled or helpless, and these children suffered because they were prettiness. All the inflicted tortures to the children was described in full details just now especially in the last paragraph, I need not repeat it again. It is difficult to describe them correctly, but let me say children died in thousands every year from these tortures. Some of the children were loved like sons and everybody else ever anybody considered as Christians no matter what nationality but they had it a great deal easier than the children, were offered pay for their work, and few fell well on their promise not to alienated themselves against the landelinians names. But the various priests and other religious were treated the same as the children being fairly driven in their work got no pay, and were half starved. All this had continued during every day so wages, the landelinians receiving the captured childlike pains of the fortified rivers and boys, the children child children being sent here by the general landelinian mines when ever children were captured during raids or victorious battles. This city was the center of all the landelinian terror for nowhere else in California was there any greater slavery or cruelty. Truly it would be a great providence if the Angelinians would finally capture the city of Juila Caliso-General Vivian and the others know of these horrors there, and so it was his purpose to capture the city at all costs.

General Vivian had decided to strike at Norma first, and Brigano, especially strife against these two places simultaneously then to march southward on and strike through Calvernia and sweep all before him and end the bloody war as quickly as possible. Violet and her sisters were excited when they learned of general Vivian's intentions for they wished to see that section of Calvernia once more. At first however they were going to face bitter disappointment for general Vivian was not going to advance general Zimmernann's armies, and which if he did not do they would have to stay behind, as he did not wish to take them in that dangerous location where the worse of all the Landelinians were, where there were no kind hearted Landelinian general as to help them out if they got captured. But general Vivian soon realized that he needed both the armies of Zimmernann and Hansonia for he had learned that Manley had retreated in the direction of Norma and that his armies would show stern fury when he learned that Julio Gallic was threatened. So the two armies were suddenly called upon to make the advances soon as possible and as soon as they could get started and head the Manley's off.

In the meantime Violet and her sisters had taken notice of what had been going on and knowing that the Christians would advance before long decided to find their way back to their fathers army and to be with their friend and guardian Jack Evans. Of course they knew that they would have a long journey before them and wondered if they could reach him before the march began. They started out early on Sunday morning after his bidding farewell to the officers who cheered until they were almost deaf. They were in a large touring car Violet operating the car herself and the three little girls hoped to make good time and reach general Vivian's lines quickly. They set off and had been going only a few miles, when violet had flew off and the ring of a bullet came simultaneously. Where ever the shot came from none of the little girls knew, but nevertheless expecting worse they ducked while the two soldiers who on the car drew their pistols.

"Be careful I earnestly advise you for it may be one of the enemy," said the lieutenant. "Be wary in the bushes over there."

Violet had stopped the car, and then waited to see what would happen, but nevertheless they stayed down not taking a chance. They were very lucky.

Nothing as yet happened the lieutenant took a small pole found in the seat and immediately raised it up having attached a white piece of cloth to it immediately four Glandeliniers approached out of the bushes headed by a Colonel.

"So you little snips got scared after all," Hiss & the colonel
fiendishly. "Got 'bred of our perquisitions, eh?"
"If you move about near to us or make a break for the bushes you will
be dead men," said the lieutenant. "We surrender to you who are our pris-
oners. What foolishness."

"That trick is this anyway," Roared the colonel in a rage. "That was the meaning of the white flag!"

"It was arranged that you Americans show yourselves," answered the lieutenant seriously. "You will have to submit yourselves to be tied up as we would not trust you if you were loose in a car." Violet and your sisters you have plenty of rope. Tie them securely by the arms and march them into the car. We will turn them over to General Avian."

The -landelindians started a wild protest, saying that it was not right to treat officers in this way, and making prisoners of them without provocation.

"We were only lying down and taking naps." Said one of the

"We were not going to do anything." Said another.

"High." Said one of the lieutenants. "Then jurnapping must have been pre pt prett y far reachi g. How was it that Violet's hat flew off?"

"It must have been the wind." Was the answer of one of the landelinians.

"And nothing. There was no wind blowing toward the direction from which the hat went, and also she heard the sweet music of one of you Mandolinian bullets. You say we arrested you without provocation, and yet one of you fired at the children while hiding in ambush. Who ever he is he is a coward, and will suffer for it."

The landolinians were secured by Violet and the sisters who lifted their arms in such a way that there could be no way of escaping whatever, and then the rascals their weapons being taken from them were made to get into the machine.

"None of your fraks now." Said the lieutenant to one of the islandelians seriously who was trying to get out. "Make a breakfast we will fill 1 you with shot. Have three little girls daughters of mil mine suffing untol! uh untold horrors in your damme hell in Sulo -alliland that is making me itch to kill all islandelians I can for pleasure well as necessity. So be careful and do not tryz trifle withme."

At this the Landellinian sat in the seat quietly and the trip was resumed. This time a soldier drove the car, the little girl kept watch on the Landellinian snipers. The weather was very cold that day and snow was beginning to fall not heavily but lightly, but Violet fearing that it was the outbreak of one of those dreadful Germanian flu epidemics begged the soldier to run the machine a little faster. The soldier indeed knew

soldier to run the machine a little faster. The soldier indeed knew that a severe blizzard was approaching, and opened the lever all the way and away they went at the speed of sixty miles an hour. The road was smooth and even, boarded with the thick wooden boards and it was the woods in particular that the little girls watched closest to closely as they believed that some enemy may be hiding among the dark pine and who

believed that some enemy may be hiding among the dark pines and who may attack them to rescue their four comrades, help held prisoners on the machine. Indeed those dark woods looked very forboding and they dreaded indeed that some ambush would be there. However mile after mile went by

under the same harsh words as the other mile after mile went by and nothing unusual happened, though now the snow was falling fearfully heavy, and in five icy flakes, which in striking the windshield made a noise like fine hail. The wind was also rising, to a gale, which fortunately kept the roar from being covered quickly, and so there was no danger of their being

the sound of the wind, the wind was blowing, yet, before they would reach general Vivian's lines, at a distance now of perhaps ten miles or more, and it was already snowing so hard that they could not see objects fifty yards from them, indeed of the flakes, mixed with flakes as large as man's eye flying among the shroud here and there. The approaching fury of the blizzard storm made the little girls fearful and anxious to reach general Vivian's lines, as quick as possible, for the wind during a Galvianian blizzard rises to the violence of a hurricane and so this is the cause of their anxiety.

After they had covered about five miles more, the snow became so thick that objects about fifty feet away became wholly invisible, and the wind fairly roared through the trees, whirling blinding clouds of snow into the faces of the children, confusing even the driver who had to slow down for fear of an accident. However the car soon reached the Christian line, after being halted by several sentries, and then drove into the heart of the Christian lines. . . . Several days after the storm which had

laid over two feet of snow on the ground in level depth, and ten to twelve feet in snowdrifts, violet and her sisters were glad that they were in general uniform. Violet had been making a speech to the men, then the reason of the great crowd of men that had gathered. Evans had created the little girls as if they were his sisters, who had been lost and who had just returned. The soldiers demanded Evans to have one of the little girls to give a speech. They all crowded around and finally they cried in unison: "Violet!"

"Violet! Violet! let her give a speech! She knows how to do it!" Violet the cry stood up in the auto and made assign for silence. "Friends! She began. "You all know that I am going to march with all his arms to the front. You all remember that I and my sisters experienced in those treacherous cities, and what Hanley did to us after all the good we done for him, when he had his trouble with Hanson our uncle. Well all that is nothing, compared to the children's poll. On the night of July 10th, when it is my wish and also my sisters that you men do all you can to help drive the enemy from those two cities, to punish the landelinians severely for the cruel treatment of the prisoners. There and mama and auntie had it joined the Red Cross after the battle of Florin. Francis and we have learned went went to take care of the wounded soldiers there, and that they had been taken by the enemy, and were now prisoners in Julio Gallo, where they were treated like rats in a trap. We feel the loss, are all out broken hearted and would be happy indeed if they came back. Won't you men go to them, gather out and save them!" At this moment the soldiers set up a universal shout, and a moment the little girls were in the midst of a cheering throng of soldiers while Evans himself said:

"You need not fear for them Violet. They will be rescued and brought back the day Julio Gallo falls. And it will not be long. I'm sure." "Oh won't it be wonderful day!" Said Violet clasping her hands.

THE ADVANCE. GENERAL VIVIAN'S WHIRLING GAP CAMPAIGN

It was on the 21st of December, when the christian advance was well under way and it was the swiftest advance that general Vivian ever made during the war, the double timing the troops every three or four hours. The artillery forces had went on ahead, the cavalry being in the rear, but the whole army was the same quickness in the movement and indeed it resembled a swift orderly rout rather than a march. General Vivian's army was the first to start the advance, Hanson and Zimmermann and Hanson's going on in another course to head off the main forces of the enemy under Francis Schmitt, and it was Hanson who came in sight of the two of Brigano first and found himself confronted by Germanian men in whole landelinian army maneuvering to force him back, but Hanson side stepped him, struck a blow at Angelina Turner, and moving around another course placed Hanley and Germanina between Julio Gallo and general Vivian. General Germanian who had moved upon Brigano to bar general Vivian's advance had been taken by surprise by the armies of Hanson and Zimmermann and so demonstrated against both simultaneously. Hanson in fact was outnumbered two to one just now as his main forces were slow in coming up, and just now being separated from Zimmermann's and Hanson's armies decided not to engage his nephews in a general battle until one of those armies came up.

As he found out general Vivian coming on Brigano had a an army large enough to overwhelm him, general Hanley ordered Germanina to retreat warning him of the danger he was facing, and advised a retreat, but general Germanina having the advantage in artillery was bound to go right his way out of the trap he had fallen into and which was closed around him and so had ordered a severe demonstration upon Hanson immediately.

But the counter demonstration and maneuvers of Hanson's forces had been so skillfully planned and carried out, that the city of Brigano was in the hands of the christians five minutes after the terrific attack began. Rearing upon the side that faced one of the fortresses where numbers had laid in concealment, they had surprised and driven into the first landelinian divisions that had opposed them, and driven them in flight toward Madge Wene now, toward which general Sampson's main army

withdrew with as many landelinians as could get away from that crushing advancing tidal wave in purple. Council hall crack was successfully crossed by the christian troops, and also with the fortresses, the christians had the main section of the enemy central works in their possession. The main strength of the Zimmermannian armies being concentrated toward the left double line of march was the chief religious and principal objective of the christians. The change of fortune however was so swift that general Zimmermann in command of the landelinians there could hardly grasp the significance of what was happening. His left wing within two hours had been crushed to fragments, the surviving divisions being rolled up in the greatest confusion, as could ever imagine, and his right and center having been threatened with annihilation also withdrew, the tidal wave of christians pressing on their firing making them appear as a line of advancing fire on some wide plain. The christians were now coming forward like a frenzied mob, the confusion and confusion indescribable, and just then there was a rending straining sound, a screech of splintering wood, a mighty roar that set the whole battle field echoing, shouts, on the, screaming guns, a small explosion and the ground itself shook from the concussion. This noise was the general crash of landelinian artillery and as it grew more intense a large force of landelinian artillery appeared, headed by a general.

They struggled about in vain to recover the captured position, men and horses going down in thousands, and confused intermingled and tangled heaps the mobs of landelinians presenting a twining bristling tumult of bayonets forcing the christians cawing backwards.

"Follow me! On to Julio Gallo! Capture the works! Follow me!" Screamed the general again and again until a shell laid him low. General Sampson had already cut down the bridge or blew them up, intending to secure himself against a general attack until the main force of landelinians could come to his aid. All the while another general on the christian side amid that roaring smoky inferno was following with blinding triumph and ferocity.

"Follow me! Seize the landelinian works! On to Julio Gallo! On to Norma! Down with the Free Man Machine! The Free Thinkers! On to Julio Gallo!"

The mob of landelinians in front finally broke and dissolved before the irresistible christian advance. One bridge across the Rainy a Run River went down loaded with dead and dying and living, as a high explosive hit it and wrenched it from its piers. The whole line of landelinian artillery was now brought up to meet the charge of the christians.

Fire seemed to rush from the christian works, there was wild cheers from the landelinians and the christian line crumpled into a bloody windrow of dead and dying, the next life came on, and the next, and the next, while the landelinians worked at their guns madly, amid a storm of shot and shell flying among their own pieces from the return fire of the distant batteries the roar of cannons being maddening.

In their white and reddish glare of death and destruction the christian lines withered like grass in a prairie fire, but through it and over the bodies of their slain comrades the oncoming surges of purple coats moved steadily. All this while the landelinian fire kept up a horrible intonation of a uproar horrible unbelievable noise, as if all the thunder storms hurricanes and typhoons that had ever been since primal chaos had been gathered into one mighty storm breaking upon the scene. The din was terrific and amid the dreadful slaughter fourteen christian general commanders and his ding went down, having tried to reform their cut up and shattered commands. The fury of the battle was now something terrible to relate. The landelinians however being overwhelmed by the christian moral assaults had now given way at this section of the line, but the landelinian chief generals had been massing immense bodies of troops to the aid of the others and soon the christians were facing a curtain of fire from the landelinian musketry also. Having thus gained so far however the Angelinians were not going to allow themselves to be beaten now, and they only redoubled their exertions, attacking as hard as they could, and as luck would have it the main line of landelinian batteries which opened fire all along the line was unable to support the main line of landelinian infantry which began to recoil the whole line of christians following closely. However the christians still had to face the main line of landelinian batteries which now opened a general fire all along the line and the christian front was rapidly going to pieces. Nevertheless the main line of landelinian work was already of the in possession of the christian troops, and as many batteries along this section had also had been captured the landelinian front had been badly weakened which enabled the Angelinians to immediately capture the main line of batteries, trained upon them.

Unsupported by their main guns the whole landelinian line finally gave way at a eve eleven thirty in the morning near noon the christians occupying all the works and batteries, and also the

tabular line line of communication fortifications or fortified stockades which the abandoned hastily abandoned in their retreat. In the meantime while the battle of Brigano was raging so furiously, both the Alandelinians and the child slaves had leaped of the advance of the main christian armies under general Vivian. Zimmerman and Hanson sent Julio Gallio and the different fee line between the two armies. The child slaves hailed it as the sign of their coming deliverance, for they knew from all the news heard that these armies hailed Vivianians were the fiercest fighters and that nothing could out do Zimmerman and the main christian commander Hanson Vivian. As for the Alandelinians it was unpleasant news, and though many of the Alandelinian generals were alarmed they nevertheless hoped that Johnston Manley would win the race against the christian army. Julio Gallio first. If Manley did so they knew that general Vivian drive would be completely unsuccessful, and that the poor children whom they hated would be utterly die disappointed in their hopes of deliverance. In fact Manley did get there first. But held a convention over it with Vivianians that I'm sure he won't wish to hold again. Just ask Francis Atlanta and she will tell you. Though he had such luck in getting there first it was with horrible losses, and a terrible rout, and he never got a chance to go to the aid of the Alandelinians. Indeed there God was angry he beyond description over the news. In Julio Gallio, was horrified even, broken hearted and disgusted, and now was about to hurl his terrible vengeance on the child soldiers. Indeed Zimmerman any failing to be stopped on account of Hanson's successful attack on the enemy at Brigano had been able to continue his advance. He left the and Hanson were fifteen miles from Julio Gallio and moving swiftly toward Norman Bridges.

Manley himself had been delayed several times on account of the slowness of the army under Shoemannia, Bicknell, Adala De Garbe, Accountants, and Joseph Joseph, probably on purpose or failure to advance swift enough on account of the advancing desolation wrought by the christian armies in their campaign. Both Raymond Richardson Federal and the Manleys were terribly angry.

Manley declared that if it had not been for the slowness of these generals he would surely have reached Julio Gallio far ahead of the christian armies before colliding with his greatest enemy Vivianians. He declared that they purposely delayed because they abhorred the cruelty to children, that they disobeyed his commands, and ought to be put to death or discharged in disgrace. But he knew that if he lost even one of these generals of whom had clever heads, he would surely be overcome by his christian enemies. Federal himself had been delayed by a terrible hurricane of inconceivable violence followed by a blinding blizzard of three days duration, then by forest fire, and wreckage strewn trees caused by christian engineers. He appealed to Manley for aid under these circumstances but Manley could not even get into communication with him and both he and Federal had leaped out of the frying pan into the fire. Federal himself was in dire peril for Zimmerman's army was moving like a cyclone of human beings upon his beleaguered army, and not knowing the strength of his desperate enemy he was alarmed and anxious. In vain he retreated, wreckage strewn plains, snowdrifts eleven to thirty feet high.

and desolation of every description barred his way. So anxious and alarmed was he that he almost wept though no one ever knew of him too weep before.

So fast was Zimmerman's pressing upon him that Federal saw nothing but to do but to make a stand of the greatest desperation and this he prepared to do. He first committed to the destruction of 4 bridges and small towns then barricaded all the roadways and fields with wreckage of trees piled snow all along the right of way of the Evangelical line. St. Clare road to the height of thirty feet, wrecked all passenger and freight cars on the tracks the fell back toward Zanagustopolis where the work of building trenches and breastworks of snow and dirt commenced. So quick was the christians advancing despite the barricades, that Federal had to lower the snow walls along the railroad to make fortified works out of them and all the heavy guns that could be brought up were placed at these barricades. Another furious blizzard more furious than the first delayed his working armies and so only when the christians on all the faster instead of delaying them and Federal made up his mind that he would generally attack first usually wins.

WE THE BATTLE OF ZANAGUSTOPIUS.....

So the day for the attack was planned. Federal saw all this while but if he did not do something soon Zimmerman would close in upon him and either capture or destroy his army.

So the attack was planned and was to be executed on Christmas day but the christian forces had not time to get quite at some point before four o'clock on the morning of December 25. 24th after a night of intense quiet at some point the dreaded abysses of war starting desolation a storm of untold horror broke loose at once. The Alandelinian columns under Gann Cannonia making a sudden and desecrate assault on Zimmerman's left wing. The whole series of divisions of the Alandelinians had took on the column shape, a veritable surge of men in gray moving unexpectedly toward the left wing, and within an hour there existed a frightful volcano of flame and din for perhaps thirty miles. So terrible was the uproar that it was not only heard at Julio Gallio but broke place in the windows of hundreds of thousands of houses from the concussion and Julio Gallio was over one hundred miles from this raging battle. However this surge of men had become what is called drunk with frenzy and rage, and the opposing surges of Alandelinians which had been apparently subdued after the battle of Gironia Francis was to try to accomplish its revenge, yes revenge, and as a mighty surge of gravitate upon them, a part of the christian left wing was to place before the crushing crush of men in gray on a front and flank and then collapsing the piles of dead and wounded, the surviving columns being forced back and scattered and driven into confusion by the irresistible pressure of the furious Alandelinian onslaught.

Across the christian networks, and over the shell battered plains the Alandelinian surges accumulating an intense force in the roar of battle, though incurring the full force of the fire of the christian batteries hurled themselves fiercely but unsuccessfully on the other portions of the wings still holding firm but the christian fire swept the them with the almost preternatural hoses of cannon.... and destruction.

Many strong front lines, some pitifully vanquished christian front had alone successfully bore the brutal impact of the unimpeded onslaught now developed, hurling the enemy back with their arms crushed and torn to pieces, while the rest of the christian columns were retreating in confusion. About three hours had elapsed on the morning of the 24th, when the main great Alandelinian surge, amid battles extreme horror and desecration, after having made its appearance was now in a horrifying condition, broken columns here and there falling back, while whole lines had been the whole Alandelinian force was jeopardized, and the christian guns laying waste to whole forests, had taken such heavy toll of lives, and causing such wide spread destruction that not only the surviving Alandelinian soldiers, but all their officers were stricken with horror.

Fatal news of the threatening disaster and the approach of overwhelming slaughter, which left in every morning and misery in its wake, was sent out to Federal by Gannonia, by signal stations communicating with Federal's main forces. It was a terrible situation for the Alandelinian army, the arriving christian reinforcements having overwhelmed and crushed Federal's main right wing just when on the point of success, and the wildest rumors concerning the fate of the declining Alandelinian columns now counter attacked, was that thousands of Alandelinian divisions was smashed, mangled, or shattered to pieces like forest forests in a typhoon typhoon, and monstrous heaps of mangled and bleeding forms in gray was yet more horrible, and scores of partially shattered Alandelinian columns were streaming to the rear in the greatest confusion, and that nothing but ruin and desolation was left to tell the horrors of the christian fire.

The two armies under Aronburg and Phelan Federal had now advanced to the aid of the panic stricken Alandelinian columns but prostrated by losses could not hold against the crushing pressure of the christian onslaught, and while the whole vast scene became an inferno of death and destruction, Phelan and Aronburg Federal fell severely wounded, their shattered armies were thrown into confusion and began streaming to the rear. Even general Vivian and Hanson at Brigano more than a hundred miles away heard the battle plainly and had at first believed it a counter assault upon their own lines. The counter charge of Zimmerman's whole line had swept everything before it, crushing the Alandelinian center, and rolling up the the left putting out hundreds of thousands of lives, tearing the biggest Alandelinian forces to pieces and carrying all before them, destroying and mangle the still remaining Alandelinian columns to the extent of twenty miles in length.

Hundreds of thousands of Alandelinians were taken prisoners, danger from shell explosions and explosions threatened the Alandelinian officers on every hand, and scores of them trying to rally their panic stricken armies. Picture these horrors, of this mighty christian counter onslaught as it overwhelmed Gannonia's largest forces engaged in actual conflict. Everywhere for miles what had been before a solid and strong Alandelinian front was now

storm and tattered line. Not one division here and there, but whole sections of divisions had been engulfed by the racing avalanche of christian soldiery, which carrying all before them was crashing against the line still holding and throwing these glandelinians into a confusion. On the hor-
 rors. The voices of hundreds of thousands of men being blown into the air by gigantic explosions, and divisions of rallying glandelinians soldiers struggling fiercely to keep back the advancing christian hordes, amid the artillerylike roar of their musketry, and what was that..... Shocks of scores of thousands of crashing explosions from christian shells that threatened threatened destruction to all regiments, brigades, and divisions or companies that they fell amongst all that did survive not buried amid tons of debris.

Glimpses of untold horrors could be seen from those frenzied general officers whose whitened faces staked in dismay and agony through the fragmentary patches of their panic stricken divisions. Thousands of glandelinian soldiers were blown to pieces or dismembered by shell fire. Poor torn tabernacles of human beings torn from limb to limb by the force of the ear-splitting explosions. The destructive glandelinian fire now extended over four miles along the whole line of trenches still held, and apart of the front line of assault melted into confusion.

Fragments, fragments, hundreds of thousands of all ranks were seen running and fleeing but despite the terrible drum-drum fire the other parts of the christian line advanced successfully amidst the roar of glandelinian batteries and christian batteries now swelling to the clamor and though indescribable numbers were killed or injured the christians went on driving the glandelinians back at all points. Indeed Julio Gallio was the center of the worst battle and whose report had stunned the whole world as much as the battle of France-Artana and Aronburg gun or Glorini anana did. Great Greater rumors of almost unbelievable disasters trickling in among Federal main armies and yet in the engagement, and as the christian forces poured over the captured works, scores of millions of glandelinians had been concentrating at the right of way of the Evangeline St. Alars and the cannons from the snowdrifts there mowed down hundreds of thousands of the christians, but now the whole battle storm had laid upon these glandelinians with stupendous violence and turned the whole line of action into a mad-hell of carnage, the christians not being again so fully all along the line. Had general Federal at the beginning of the battle been aware of the strength of Zimmerman's army and of their flash back like a storm he would have continued his retreat, before his force were enveloped by the christian surge. He realized that he was in a trap for one that he had not been aware of, and now saw that to escape the trap which he had fallen into he would have to fight like a cornered lion and this could.

He was gradually concentrating heavy forces at the work along the railroad tracks and even now no one could have any idea of the almost preternatural fury, with which the christian storm of attack struck the front and a part of the flank the main of the new glandelinian flank and force simultaneously. Amid the deafening and appalling roar of millions of glandelinian musketry, and thousands of cannon discharges the christians poured in and among the glandelinians, the tremendous and universal clamor of the storm of the christian return fire as the glandelinians here began to give way was indescribably severe and violent, and not was the screaming and howlings of the barbarians could compare to the glandelinian yell of rage, and derision, as the survivors witnessed the shattering of their receding lines. Simultaneously deafening and indescribably appalling was the savage roaring of the glandelinian musketry, as they increased their firing, the shrieks and howls of the fallen christians, the million cannon like roar of the firing all along the line, rattlings of clubbed muskets, and ring of bayonet against bayonet, that filled the air, and despite all this appalling tumult all could be heard the shrill serpent like hissing of bullets and then as the whole glandelinian front again receded, the whole scene became almost obscured in smoke of musketry and shell explosions. For nearly three hours this awful tumult of firing continued and now the whole new glandelinian front being broken and crushed to fragments receded in a final withdraw, after a burst of heroic thunder of thousands of discharged cannons, which almost deafened and blinded whole multitudes of christians, drove many thousands insane from the din, and almost threw the whole charging column off their feet from the concussion. Every christian column exposed to his sudden general fire was torn to pieces and by the shell fire not a tree in this region was left standing. However the loss of life among the Glandelinians was more appalling, than among the christians, and more frightful was the loss of injured and dying or buried amid the wreck wreckage strewn forests and deep snow.

The right grand division of the glandelinian center was struck about the same time, and just as the christians swept forward they

how their own went down before that blast of glandelinian artillery, and horribly mangled christian columns, with their hundreds of thousands of dead and dying, lying among the snow, stood appalled for a moment, the long lines of the enemy's rifle blast giving forth millions of undulating flames through the dense clouds of smoke and the noise of the sudden discharge of the glandelinian artillery as it sent racing destruction through columns after columns sounded as if the whole world was coming to an end, the uproar being ear-splitting. Whole divisions of christians were made to be scattered to the four winds by the glandelinian shell fire, thousands being buried under the wreckage of fallen trees, but the few surviving surge in purple had come on and struck the glandelinians here a terrible blow galling the enemy's line with the shattering fire of their own artillery which was supporting their charge, and frightful was the toll of human and material life. The whole of Federal's line under the personal command of Cannonia and Cannonia were struck with full force, their wings were either routed or rolled up in the most indescribable confusion, and heart rending misery was left among the many wounded. At this moment general Hedda signal station twenty miles west of Zanapustopolis sent out the warning to Federal of the threatening disaster to his army, and then from other glandelinian signal stations which had only got the fringe of the roaring battle storm reported that general Sherlock and Watsonia were killed and their forces streaming to the rear. Hedda had also witnessed the main assault of the christian forces, but fortunately for him there was not such a heavy toll of lives here, and his lines in gray had still held firm against thirteen fierce onslaughts, the trees in this vicinity having been totally destroyed by the terrific rain of shell and shrapnell fire.

General Zimmerman, Francis and Winstonia who had witnessed the havoc among the battle with glandelinians had sent many sad harrowing tales to arouse the action and ardor of Federal. From the signal station of Mc-Holleston's army which were also in confusion some reports as follows;

"Your excellency general Federal;

A battle storm of the most disastrous effects has swept upon your lines in full force and never before in the history of battles or wars, is there such a warfare of manhood which progressed forth in his location. Millions upon millions of the glandelinians are in the worse confusion ever seen in an actual battle, including the whole main line of our left and right has already been crushed to fragments and are retiring in panic across the Eminie run. Hundreds of the highest glandelinian columns being shattered at the very first onslaught of the christians which last fully five hours already are in confusion, streaming to the rear. The fury of the christian onslaught had torn asunder the whole right wing of general Cannonia's army, his divisions have been scattered and it is up to you to hurry forward all the remaining forces you got to, stop the confusion and rally them before it is too late.

HANDON M. HOLLESTER....

This indeed was only one of the reports. Everywhere in the path of the advancing christians the glandelinians were retreating in terrific panic and confusion, and this indeed gave an idea what the christians in their sudden rage over the horrors in Julio Gallio can do when many are or were fathers of the children in Julio Gallio. Another report sent simultaneously ran as follows;

Your Excellency general Raymond Richardson Federal,
 In the midst of a storm of battle;

Two main divisions of our forces under Cannonia, Cannonia, Phelan and Aronburg Federal, has been almost annihilated, and the mighty surge of Angelinians are tearing across the Eminie run and shell swept plains with the fury and noise of a million demons and avalanches of hell. The Angelinian columns are moving their way through all the glandelinian front leaving nothing but ruin and death and all will be over if rescue does not come. The situation is exceedingly terrible, and the death list is 1,225,000 in the armies of Aronburg Federal and 1,165,000 in Phelan and Federal divisions and please hurry your main forces forward.

General Mc-Holleston Loganna.

These reports however were not as correct as they ought to have been, a three hundred thousand more had perished in Aronburg command, six hundred thousand more in Federal Phalans, and four million in Gannonia. Of the number of injured it could not be estimated. Even the Federal received another report;

YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL FEDERAL.

I never saw such a terrible sight during a battle before. The whole of our line is transformed into a vast scene of death and instant destruction. The christian onslaught has terrific force and lasted fully five hours. The battle is still raging with unknown fury, and the christian onslaughts are so terrible that the Angalinians are sweeping all before them. Whole forests by the fire of our batteries in a vain effort to stop their wild onslaught is devastated. Thousands of my men have been killed every minute and it is awful to see the mangled bodies of the officers. Our Glandelinian forces need succor straight and right away and if it does not come pretty soon the whole battle will be lost.

GENERAL ADAMS.

It was indeed a frightful scene of battle that Federal witnessed when he rode up close up to his main lines. His columns numbered by acres had been literally torn to pieces by the ravaging christian fire, and all the fragments of his columns were being swept away by the force and pressure of the christian onslaught. The christian line was seemingly scattered and crushed into flying fragments and the loss in killed and wounded could not yet be correctly estimated. One of the reports which came from General Hedda as he was surveying the scenes is as follows;

YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL FEDERAL.

Millions of your soldiers are in confusion and all the panic stricken survivors are in danger of destruction from the explosions hurled by the enemy batteries supporting their tremendous onslaught. All the fields are crammed with panic stricken Glandelinian refugees, fleeing before the christian advance and though the christian are falling as thick as a cloud hurled against the christian lines assaulting us they are not checked in the least and supported by their own battery fire are pressing on steadily. General Bernard Aronburg is wounded and so is his aid Phalan Federal. If you only could picture the horrors of the mighty christian surge which has overwhelmed our largest armies ever mustered against a general christian onslaught you would send aid. The horrors of the confusion and carnage are indescribable and did not come as quick as possible.

GOVERNOR GENERAL HEDDA.

This is surprising to depict the intense roar of battle. Everything was in a pandemonium of carnage, confusion, and death. Just five hours ago had the strong massive Glandelinian columns. Whole sections of the enemy columns leagues long had now come up to stem the tide of disaster but they also were driven into confusion, at the very first shock of the christian onslaught and now none of the Glandelinian officers could stem the tide of disaster and only fell one by one for their attempts. Oh the horrors of it! Almost as bad as hell itself. Another general sent this note;

YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL FEDERAL.

I saw the most massive Glandelinian columns streaming across the fields in the greatest confusion and disorder ever witnessed and many of the officers amid the seething storm of destruction and carnage fell killed or wounded. I never saw a sight more serious.

Indeed the Glandelinians not driven into confusion as yet were struggling frantically to keep back the desperate frenzied battle-maddened Angalinian assaults. The artillery like roar

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of the crashing musketry, sounding a thousand times louder than the worse roaring of musketry and cannon at Demonodon which seemed to rend the heavens. How the Glandelinian hordes did shriek with rage and fury as they gave way before the shock and the overwhelming surges of the Angalinians then these Glandelinians fled in a rout. Whirling plumes of untold horror could be seen in the whitened faces of many of the fleeing fugitives who stared in terror and agony through the thick curtain of powder smoke only to disappear in a roaring rending storm of explosions. Another eye witness also gave this report;

The most horrible sight I have ever seen was of the human currents seemingly borne and dashed about before the advance of the Angalinians that the panic stricken Glandelinian soldiers had to throw away everything as that they could run better. Many of the officers have been torn from limb to limb by great shell explosions. I also witnessed all the horrors of the rout. Thousands of the Glandelinian soldiers and even the officers dashed hither and thither among the panic stricken mobs trying to rally them but were horribly mangled by shell explosions, hundreds of others having their very insides being battered the ground and so many others so badly cut and brushed bruised and cut and crushed that they could not be recognized. The christian onslaught had indeed swept upon the whole of our main line with the most terrific fury advancing as fast as men could run and facing all the while the fire of our heaviest artillery. Appalling numbers of dead and injured of our side are exposed to view.

THE MAIN GENERAL COMMANDING THE GLANDELINIAN CENTER DECLARED THIS;

YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL RAYMOND RICHARDSON FEDERAL;

The whole of your line has been probably in the worse grasp of a rout that surpasses any other, or that has ever occurred during a battle. When you probably will discover this disaster you will be stunned. Every Glandelinian division crushed to fragments in retreating in general rout and hundreds upon hundreds of all my officers of all ranks have been killed or wounded. Indescribable damage has been done by our shells by both the landscapes and christian columns by the explosions of shells having been so strong that thousands of the largest Angalinian regiments have been wiped out, divisions have been shattered, tangled masses of dead and wounded are lying everywhere and my whole line is shattered to fragments.

His report was not exaggerated either, and having been so successful the Angalinians had swept on in grand array toward the Glandelinian batteries. Just as the van of Federal reinforcements arrived. In the meantime while the advancing christians were working this horrible havoc upon the retreating Glandelinian columns the advancing surges in purple from its frightful losses had lost some of its length, but not its force and fury. The first reinforcing Glandelinian divisions of the rest of Federal army facing the oncoming force in purple was the first struck by the great Angalinian surge and so furious became the battle that it seemed as if the region had fallen into the bowels of the earth amid a thrillion titanic volcanic eruptions. Cities hundreds of miles away shaken by the concussion of the battle suffered millions of dollars damage in shattered windows alone.

The whole of the christian columns charging upon Wickey Lannins armies was torn to pieces by the furious blast of musketry and thousands of cannon and whole multitudes by the score hurled into internity, this fragmentary christian column retiring in confusion before this annihilating blast of hellish destruction. But two other purple surges of men were piling far beyond Wickey Lannins brigades broke upon his flank, hitting Nelkingburg simultaneously and though they were with the same determination managed to throw these opposing waves of Glandelinians into great confusion. But nevertheless though at this point the christian advance was checked the firing of both sides becoming so furious that the smoke was unusually thick. While this was going on

Federal was forming the rest of his lines for attack, and for a time most of his officers did not have any idea what was coming next. That the noise of the battle far to their right sounded like the approach of the end of the world. In the afternoon of December 24th the world was beautiful and with a serene sky and a fine cold wintry breeze. Moving from the northwest. The previous hours of battle in the distance had been easily heard by Federal, and now the sun had begun to grow dim under the monochrome white mists of gray clouds appeared streaming to the rear in confusion, and when the panic-stricken columns came nearer a purple surge in multitudes of frenzy-stricken soldiers appeared in their rear, and it was as if the whole world from the landolinians with great rapidity, and when it came near a hundred million demons seemed to be let loose in the distance from the one oncoming purple surges of of christians. It took a long while before the panic-stricken hordes were considerably rallied and sent to the rear, and then the firing along Federal's lines began first, being a dull booming clattering roar of wholesale lines of musketry, which increased kept on steadily and which seemed to keep time like the furious roar of the heaviest waves against the rocky shore and then increased gradually but quickly mingling with the roar from the discharge of cannons of the heaviest calibre. Then such a wild destruction and carnage as followed could never be correctly told. Before the violent blast of the landolinian fire all along their front lines of christians, hundreds of thousands strong were practically annihilated, whole divisions were torn to pieces and the best and strongest main wings of the assaulting columns almost destroyed by the storm of shell and d canister shot.

ASERTHING CALDRON OF HELL AND DAMNATION!

You would not believe this horrible tale, but who could ever imagine it. The An Angelinians had come on like mad rushing oceans of demondrushing with the most insupportable fury and savagery upon the landolinian front only to go back again and again shattered to fragments.....in that pitiless storm of fire. Zimmermann saw that Federal had thrown forward his main divisions, that the christian columns were receding under heavy fire of the greatest intensity, and commanding all his main batteries he cannonaded Federal's lines fearfully, and in the meanwhile rushed large forces forward to the rescue of those falling back. Federal realized that he was outnumbered ten to one and was determined to hold Zimmermann's army at bay until he could withdraw safely out of the trap he had fallen into. So seeing that his armies were cutting down the christians annihilating and driving them into confusion also, he ordered a general counter charge, and with a yell like millions of demons the whole landolinian surge extending for over forty miles made a sudden move, a movement of the greatest alacrity, threw the whole christian line into confusion and sent them flying into a total rout.

Zimmermann saw this rout, saw Federal's terrific human waves rushing forward and immediately issued an order to his officers. Within a few minutes the whole line of christian works were aflame, the landolinian surge long as it was melted to fragments, and there was a terrific rattling roar of explosion everywhere that seemed to split the earth. The surviving waves in gray nevertheless reached the christian works and made the most desperate attempts to cross them. One wave after another melted away, and still on came the others only to dissolve before the terrific christian fire. The line which had been over forty miles long was now completely torn up, there being only large patches of men here and there. Then while the surviving landolinians were in confusion over this terrific slaughter the whole christian line swept forward rolled up the whole of Federal's line and sent his men flying. It had indeed been a terrific slaughter. Think of a line of men ten deep forty miles long and ten million strong torn into huge gaps and their columns shredded to fragments. What an awful cost! Federal paid for his foolish attack on a force ten times his size.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS ARE IN PERIL FROM THE GLANDOLINIANS

In the meantime while the battle of Brigano was in full swing and Sana guetopoliou also both raging the same time but at different locations, Violet and her sisters hearing the sound of heavy firing went off

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with several soldiers including Evans to learn what it was about from curiosity. Violet and her sisters felt full of spirits, that snowy morning and the cold icy but balmy weather put a rosy color on their cheeks and made them feel fresh and happy. They went on slowly not talking to one another this time, not even to Evans for they were used to doing the utmost caution and several times Violet's face flashed when she saw the curly head of some young girl darting out of a clump of bushes, and believing it funny that one would be out bareheaded in such cold weather, and out alone, she decided to find out if it was only her fancy, and immediately made for the bush, followed by the others. Suddenly what seemed to be the head of a little girl proved to be the head of a Gorgolian Kurde for at once they were surrounded by all circles of fierce landolinian soldiers who demanded them to surrender. At first Violet and her sisters were thunderstruck at the suddenness at which the landolinians had appeared. It had been an ambush into which they had run, and seeing the long bayonets pointed at them the little girls were at first demoralized for these were the barbarous Gorgolian Kurdes which had surrounded them the fiercest landolinians ever known if they were not half Gergolian from the shape of their eyes.

But realizing that if they allowed themselves to be taken by these landolinians they would surely be executed, as they knew those fellows would take or sent them to Julio Gallo and put into the prisons with the other children to be murdered because they were pretty, Violet and her sisters determined not to surrender despite the fierceness of the situation, and so suddenly wheeling their horses they dashed off fairly at the savages in black uniforms of ragged men knocking several down while Jack Evans and the two soldiers with them slashed with their sabres at the landolinians with their sabres. In the mass in the two christian soldiers were mortally wounded, but in the confusion created Evans and the little girl managed to get away and dashed at breakneck speed down the snow-crooked road. It took several moments before the landolinians recovered from the panic and drawing their horses out from the bushes they leaped them and dashed on after the fugitives at a tearing speed firing wildly and incessantly in their hopes of shooting down every one of the fugitives.

THE DESPERATE MEANS OF ESCAPE FOR THE FUGITIVES.....

Evans heard the wild clatter of horses hoofs and saw to his amazement that the landolinians were gaining at every yard and there was danger of their being overtaken at every moment. Evans had only one cartridge in his gun and the little girl had not brought hers with them and so there was no means of stopping the wild mad warlike race in black. The Gorgolian Kurdes were blinded by rage over the way the fugitives had outwitted them so cleverly and had intended to overtake them at every cost or shoot them down as they were, and if capturing them alive to put them with their guardian Jack Evans in the worse prison in Julio Gallo. Not far away was a steep depression in the ground about one hundred and fifty feet deep from the bottom of which there grew tall pine trees. To Violet and her sisters this seemed to be their only means of escape. It was a hazardous deed to do, and the slightest mishap would cause them to fall to their deaths far below. But the sense of their desperate peril in the hands of their wild pursuers drove them on, and reaching the brink they quickly dismounted, Evans preparing to use his only cartridge and bring down the leader of the landolinians, which causing confusion would give them some delay.

The landolinians were coming on at a thunderous gallop yelling with derision and quickly Evans aimed his gun at the officer who appeared to be a captain and fired. The bullets struck the horse in the eye and the animal staggered and fell throwing his rider headlong. This caused considerable confusion the other landolinians being compelled to halt. Quickly Violet and her sisters made a spring one by one over the abyss grasping the tops of the trees which swayed threateningly. It was one of the most daring feats the landolinians or Evans had ever seen before and they yelled and hoisted with rage and disappointment, while Evans gasped and held back his breath, as he decided the abrupt decline not daring to do what Violet and her sisters had accomplished.

"Shoot them from the trees." Violet yelled the captain. "They must not even a escape."
But Violet and her sisters had climbed down as fast as they could and as were out of range of the glandelinians who waited their bullets needlessly. Evans had now been compelled to spring for another tree, and he was down as fast as the little girls, and reaching the foot they dashed off toward a rise in the distance. The desperate glandelinians had now separated such a column into dividing and going in an opposite direction to cut off the fugitives. One of the glandelinian soldiers happened to be riding a racer and he outdistanced his comrades coming upon the fugitives just as Evans reached a railroad crossing. At first it seemed as if their situation was desperate, but Evans seeing the glandelinian dismount, with his gun drawn, leaped at him, and grappled with him like a ferocious beast. The glandelinian was immediately thrown and as both combatants rolled over and over pummeling each other Evans managed to shout:

"Get on that horse four of you little girls." "I'll get this man and get off with your sisters."

Violet and three of her sisters got on the steed and away they raced while little Catherine tearing off a piece of her dress, suddenly drew these around the glandelinian wrists before he could get up, and tied them securely. Evans having plied the man's legs together and bound them up with a rope he happened to have with him. Angeline drew the soldier's gun, took his cartridge belt and lay out and waited for the glandelinian to be carried to a hiding place than as this was done they waited for the other glandelinian soldiers to appear. They did come on at a dashing speed. Immediately Angeline blazed away bringing down two of the glandelinians at two quick shots. A yell came from the others who recoiled in confusion. Angeline and Catherine and Hattie immediately jumping on the two fiery steeds, just emptied of their masters, and instead of racing away as the glandelinians expected they would, made a sudden dash right at them firing the pistols which they drew from the hostlers at the horses' sides.

With a yell of confusion the panic-stricken glandelinians wheeled their horses and dashed away.

"Now is the time to join our sisters, before the glandelinians recover from the panic," cried Angeline. And away they went Evans leaping on another horse abandoned by a wounded glandelinian. The glandelinians saw them dash off and recovering resumed the chase having been joined by another party coming down the road. Some of them separated, and dashed down the road the other three had gone with Violet, while the rest dashed after Evans and the two other little girls. In fact these kind of glandelinians though they knew who the little girls were did not know what to make of their bravery, and so were utterly flummoxed over the whole performance and finally gave up the chase knowing it was useless.

But this did not relieve the fugitives, for other glandelinians not knowing the children but taking it for granted that they were Christians nevertheless, had dashed upon them from another direction and though surrounding them, they had expected the little girls to be frightened, and cry out like children, and instead found them to be regular daredevils for they were out of the ring before the glandelinians could realize what had happened and that six of them were down and others unhorsed. These glandelinians pursuing them wildly had separated in many directions, coming upon Evans and the two little girls unexpectedly. Angeline and Catherine dashing through a glen bringing down three glandelinians apiece while Evans downed two with their horses. The others came on recklessly two managing to dash in front of the fugitives and meeting, making a half right wheel and dash toward them, but the little girls when they led their own steeds firing wildly they dashed off and four glandelinians with their horses sank to the ground in sprawling heaps.

"Why don't you return their fire you fools!" hissed the lieutenant savagely. "You are risking your very lives for their foolhardiness. You men do not know them little brats but I do."

"We can't hit them if we do fire," growled one of the men. "They have charmed lives. They're little human witches."

"Three of you go this way, and the rest will go down this road," said the first lieutenant, and away the glandelinians dashed racing so fast, that they came quickly upon Violet and the three others on the single horse, and the other pursuers and the fugitives simultaneously. There was a lively mixup for a few minutes, Evans, Catherine and Angeline firing blindly bringing down six glandelinians, the glandelinians having simultaneously returned the fire, and Evans Angeline, Catherine and the horse Violet and her three other sisters sank to the ground throwing all except Hattie and Daisy, but in the indescribable confusion confusion, Violet and her sisters jumped on the six horses, deprived of

of their former owners, drew the reins from the hostlers. The horses sidled, and dashed away knocking down two glandelinians who had dismounted in their way, causing the two horses to dash off into the woods though Hattie caught one as it fled and away the whole swarm of fugitives went firing again and again causing the most conglomerate confusion they had ever witnessed.

"Aw, shaw, what's the use? We can't catch them brats," growled a sergeant sullenly. "They ride horses like the wind."

"Who are those little girls anyway?" demanded a lieutenant nursing his wounded soldier, as he had been one of those dismounted in the conflict with the fugitives. "I never saw such desperate Christian children before. They are worse than fugitive soldiers armed to the teeth and little girls as they are, they fight like fiends. They are regular dare devils and though I hate them all the more for it I cannot deny that I admire them for their inconceivable bravery."

"Aw, they are those damned Vivian girls," cried another sergeant riding up. "You men are no new of course and never heard of the before. They are very dangerous when pursued. We might as well give up the chase, as nothing can be done with that desperate fighter Jack Evans, leading them."

"Nothing doing," said the first lieutenant. "They have got to be caught."

"But how are we going to catch them?" protested another lieutenant. "They will annihilate us if we attack them like that again."

"Get a couple of blood hounds, that will bring them at bay," said the first lieutenant. "There is a dog pound over yonder." The glandelinians immediately dashed on when to their surprise, they heard a confused confusion of sound, and thousands of dogs of all kinds were dashing this way and that. The little girls had known that their pursuers would try to get some bloodhounds to bring them down, and so in spite of the wild protest of the men in the pound, turned all the dogs loose. There had been a terrible confusion of barking, as the glandelinians came dashing up, but it was already too late, the full fugitives were too far off to well on the way again, and as the dogs confused their horses the glandelinians were disheartened and refused under any conditions to continue the pursuit. It was at this moment that General Francis Haddock came up with a hundred men, and he demanded that the lieutenant was all about.

"Where are those pesky Vivian girls, who seriously wounded ten of our men, and killed six horses?" said the lieutenant. "My men are discouraged and refuse to continue the pursuit without more help."

"Which way did they go?" demanded the general. "Down that road," said the lieutenant pointing. "They even wounded sergeant's Burns, McVernon, Sergeant Darger, sergeant Cecil Haveland, and Lieutenants Barmore, Reck, Graham, Evans, and killed our main leader Captain Reynolds."

"Thunders of thunders, but they must be caught," said the general.

"Who are those Vivian girls anyway? What are they like?"

"They are the daughters of general Vivian," said lieutenant Cromer. "They are of course an exceedingly pretty little girls, more beautiful than any Christian children than any I have ever seen before. I myself do not know much about them but one of my sergeants does. He says the little girls are very dangerous when pursued."

"Dangerous or not they must be caught," said the general, and he ordered fifty of the men to dash across the fields and down the roads, and gave the lieutenants instructions to follow the road they had seen the fugitives go, the general then dashing off in another direction, and the pursuit was on on general.

The glandelinians rode at breakneck speed and soon saw the fugitives far down the road. Evans and the little girls heard the shouts the thunders of horses' hoofs, and seeing the sudden peril they quickly dismounted, drove the horses into the dark woods and skinned up the tallest trees as fast as monkeys could climb. Just as soon as they reached that the gray coats appeared and the glandelinians seeing no signs of the fugitives halted.

"Well I'll be jiggered," said one of the officers. "Where did the little imps go to?"

"They certainly have disappeared, and there is no use of further pursuit," said the general. "We can report to Germania of this affair and he will have the whole country side scourged for them, and we had better get a move on for we are within the Christian lines now. And also I see a large party of Christians coming and if they see us we will be in a fight with un even odds."

Butting the action to their words the glandelinians rode off slowly the little girls and Evans watching them disappear around a bend in the roadway.

"I guess it is safe to go down now," said Violet. "The Christians younger are coming tonight will be here as we reach the ground."

"No, no," said Evans. "The Mamelukes are now far enough west and may go at us again if they see us. Wait until the Christians come up and then we will attack them."

The soldiers were now surrounded when they were almost there they started to descend. They reached the ground just as the Mamelukes in purple came upon at first the soldiers surprised and alarmed drew their pistols. But seeing that they were Evans and Violet and her sisters they put back their guns the leading Mameluke exclaiming:

"Well if it is not the darlings of the Nation. What were you in the high trees for. Admiring the view, or spying on the enemy?"

"We are admiring our escape from the most desperate Glands."

"We are persuading that ever chased me and the Syrian girls," said Evans and he told the whole story.

"You little girls had better be careful where you go after this," advised one of the Mameluke men. "Those Mamelukes are out looking for children every day when they can carry off to Julio Callo to place in the horrible pens, and they may have you there some day too if you little girls become too reckless."

"That is true," said Colonel Jack Evans. "That is a terrible place as I hear. There are horrors there that are beyond imagination. If these poor things ever went there, I would not give up hope for them as long as I could rescue them. Sent them there if they dare and bet any one they would be free again inside of a week."

Violet and her sisters however shuddered at this but said nothing and saluting the captain of the Mameluke force ordered the men to turn back and escort the Mameluke girls to the Christian lines.

"I have a little girl who is in one of those places of horrors," said the captain sadly. "She is crippled and very pretty."

"You don't say," declared Evans horrified.

"Yes, but nevertheless I even believe now that she is at rest with her best friend Jesus Christ. She was too young to stand the tortures long."

"How long has she been in the hands of the Mamelukes?" asked Evans with emotion of pity.

"Two years," said the captain. "She would be six years old now. Her name is Francis Schmidt. She was lying in St. Joseph's hospital at Julio Callo with a Terribular of the foot the doctor even having been forced to remove a Mameluke bone from her foot. She suffered something terrible and it was at this time that Julio Callo fell into the hands of the Mamelukes. As I heard they had raided every public house in Julio Callo and some of the fiercest Mameluke Curdes and Zimmermanns burst into the hospital, making all the Sisters of Charity prisoners, and beating the old Mamelukes with their fists because they could not walk fast enough to suit the Mamelukes. Every one of the hired hands fought desperately against the Mamelukes with broom brooms mops, and brush handles, and even used axes and threw buckets of scalding hot soapy water, but being without the ordinary military arms, they were no match for the brutal Mamelukes who quickly dispatched them. Even a saintly old man whose name was Thomas Phelan was arrested and several others also. The nurses were all shot down by the Mamelukes and all the men patients as well as the women patients who dared offer resistance were out or shot down. Patients who were in touch a condition to be removed from the beds were hacked to death. The Mamelukes smashed every article of furniture in the hospital and all children found unable to work, or too pretty to satisfy the murderers were hacked to pieces in their very beds and their entrails torn out. Francis had a she was with her tortured foot was hurled roughly out of the bed and thrown violently onto the floor. The Mamelukes were going to dispatch her when one of the hired hands working on the first floor having escaped the Mamelukes before, a friend of the child, shot the Mamelukes who threw her down dead and in the confusion secured the wee ping child and escaped. He was overtaken however in three hours the child taken from him and placed in the house of doom. I heard that he had been jailed and escaped again, but I heard nothing about the child. I do fear she is dead."

"Maybe we can find out something about her," said Violet. "If that good brave man escaped I'm sure he has secured her again and is in hiding with her somewhere."

"You are not going to go to Julio Callo to find out that is one thing at that," said Evans seriously. "I won't let you under any conditions. I do feel for this little girl, feel worse than I can describe but you little girls are more important and it is my duty to see to your

safty. It is I who will go and find her. Inoog can do it and get away."

"But you are risking your life," protested Violet. "And I don't you to go and you shan't. If you insist there is nothing that can hold us from going either, neither my father or uncle of the whole army."

"Well don't any of you go either then," said Evans. "If you insist I will report a general Mameluke and have him watch you there no getting out of there if you once get in. It is like entering the mouth of Hell."

"ALL ABANDON HOPE. YE WHO ENTER HERE,"

"We never talked about going," said Violet. "You started the argument yourself." Evans you go too quick at our words. It would take the Angels alone to make us go there, and they would have to accompany us if we went. But don't you dare go. Or well too."

"But that little girl of mine!" "I then the nation started to say when Angellie cut him off short."

"Something will turn up without our running ourselves into committing suicide over it," she said realizing that Evans was right. "If one won't go as long as Evans don't go."

"Neither will I," said Jennie.

"Nor I," said John. "We went through enough horrors. I will not go." The other little girls were of the same opinion but insisted strongly that if Evans goes he is not their guardian any more but Evans showed his sternness right here by telling them plainly that there was no danger of his going on low as they stay by him, that he will do anything for them, declaring that he knew it was suicide and that under no circumstances would he go along as they drop the matter about it themselves.

"Oh Evans you are too hard, we know you will go," protested Violet pouting. "Surely we or you can have escape and a lot of good it would do. You talk like it anyway and that makes us suspicious."

"Now Violet for God's sakes be sensible," said Evans. "Why should I go. Even if I did go how can I get even into Julio Callo when the Christians there would stop me. They are under instructions from your father general Mameluke, arresting all who try to go through their lines to go into that city of Hell. It is more hard any way to pass general Heddes lines and Mc-Hollisters than the Mamelukes. Even although no matter what nationalities are being interned. So stop this useless argument for our sakes for there is no way to get to the child that I can see and so why should I commit suicide about it by going to Julio Callo. The Christians suspect all who try or do enter their lines to go to Julio Callo as enemies of the Christian cause, and as they do not know either me or you little girls we would be arrested or detained. So there is no entering Julio Callo by any means. So don't be so anxious for I swear and cross my heart that I'm not going."

"That is true too," said the captain. "They allow no one to go into Julio Callo. Christian spies are even forbidden under pain of abandonment. Many have been arrested, even children at the ages of ten to fifteen minute years of age and being detained were all found found to be alien enemies. The children were Mamelukes by birth and were searched closely and questioned, and it was found that they were child spies trying to give information to the army."

Violet did not say anything for a few minutes but then half crying she said:

"I think it is cruel. I can't see or understand why God himself allows such things in Julio Callo. Why papais so enraged over it that he almost swears as good as he is."

"Oh you don't say!" snapped Evans angrily and scornfully. "Why the Manleys whom you even pray for so incessantly are the fault of it all. General Vivian your father is going to follow Hanson's advice and if there is ever comes a sanguinary battle at Julio Callo I bet the horrors will be a thing of the past. Manley lost thirty six million in his first terrible battle though he was victorious the damn old skunk. For his lack of hearts and brains which I fear he is without and still lives like a bilge, the Christians would have given him a shameful beating if it had not been for his darn overwhelming numbers, a hundred to our one. Why most of the officers think your father is the most dangerous enemy Manley has got. I won't even pray for that damnable beast in human form though you little girls can, as the affair going on over there makes me feel that I could curse and blaspheme at him. He is a stinking stinking rat that ought to be strangled in a small trap and cut in slices and burned up in fire for his deeds the old King of Satan in human form."

"If it is too late," said the heroine bitterly. "Put I am afraid he will never succeed in this campaign though for the Hanleys are too strong, and increasing in strength all the time. It seems hopeless to capture Julio Gallo."

"But we must and shall," said Vivian. "We must not fail this time and you know we have the great fighters Zimmerman with us."

"Julio Gallo is now a city of great horrors," said the captain. "And a Calverinian city at that. Millions of helpless children are condemned to the most horrible torture because they are either pretty or else defectives. Children are crucified by thousands and tortured in every way imaginable. I have heard of children whose clothes were soaked in gasoline who were held over a fire and burned to death in that manner."

"Surely the Good God will do it some day," said Jennie. "Oh it is terrible," said Matt. "To think of those poor children in Julio Gallo suffering the tortures equal to those of the soulless inhumanity and nothing can be done. Oh God when will it end?"

"It will as soon as we can capture the city," said the captain. "We are driving hard enough to start anything now, and as long as general McHolster can continue the siege will be well. General Hanson is bound to capture the city, smash the Hanleys everytime he interferes, and so on. Oh we will make it hot for the Landelinians never fear."

They had now traveled quite a ways at a slow gallop when they saw general Howell, Master John Johnston coming with a party of officers. It was the first time that Violet and her sisters had ever come face to face with this great Abbeinnian general. He was a handsome but fierce looking man with a long horseshoe mustache, but a bearlike. It was also probably the first time that general Howell, Master Johnston had ever come face to face with the Vivian girls. He had heard much about them and of their darling deeds but not how they looked. He was a man practically speechless when approached by any child, and he could hardly find voice to speak when he met them so suddenly. He however issued some orders to the captain of the cavalry force and then continued on his way muttering to himself:

"These little girls are surprisingly pretty. Pretty to behold. If I could only assume the nerve to speak to them and my how they looked at me as I came up. I could almost have believed that they were celestial children reproaching me for impoliteness."

But to his dismay and embarrassment one of the little girls rode up to him and said:

"Your excellency I would like to speak to you for a few minutes. If I'm not delaying you."

How taken aback, and his heart seemed to leap into his throat as he said slowly:

"Yes, w-w-w-what is it?"

"I would like to ask you something about Julio Gallo. Is it really impossible for you to know?"

"Now one is allowed to pass through the Christian lines there," answered the great general taking courage to speak to them. "And those who ever do get into Julio Gallo never come out."

"No captain of this cavalry force has his only little girl in that horrible city," continued Violet. "I and my sisters and Evans could save her if there is any way we can do it without going near the city. From what the captain said, we believe the child is not with the enemy at all but with some friend who is hiding."

"I don't know anything about that," said the general. "And pray what is the little girl's name?"

"Her name is Francis William," said Violet. "And he has another called Francis Schmidt." "The captain is their father."

"Nothing can be done unless the city is taken," said the general. "You and your sisters even with Evans could never get there, for the Christians besieging it would not allow you to pass through their lines. They are awful struck of every stranger for fear they are spies."

CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE OF BRIGANO, AND THE INJURY OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS. HOW EVANS FELT ABOUT IT.....

In the meantime general Germainia during a slight lull had reformed his forces, and receiving reinforcements also made a fierce concentration upon the Christian line which had captured their works and the battle was

on again this time with redoubled violence. Germainia trusting to luck had thrown his left against the Christian right and though the frightful onslaught was not successful only resulted in fearful slaughter it seemed for a time that the Christian advance was checked, for the Christian columns could not progress any further and their own columns were dwindling to fragments very fast. A part of the Christian line was shattered by the frightful onslaught. General Co. Gallonia took command and resumed the onslaught with redoubled violence, and the terrible roar of the two battles, of Zanagustopolis and Brigano raging simultaneously at different portions of Calverinia shook Julio Gallo to its foundation and in fact as Brigano and Zanagustopolis and others were raging at the same time it indeed did cause damage in the city far away as it was. The Landelinian onslaught however was terrific, but it made no impression on the Christian line, and general Vivian seeing that Hanson was fiercely attacked and knowing what was going on advanced a good part of his army to the rescue and ordered it to follow at double time. He massed hundreds of big guns where the enemy was making the hardest and this terrific artillery being opened all at once tore the whole assaulting line to fragments, half obscured it in terrific explosions, and threw the remainder into confusion. However general Bernardson with some commanding the right wing of the Christian line and many of his staff were down and as the right of this wing was threatened with annihilation, they began to recoil despite the efforts of their commanders to stop them, that is the officers that survived. The enemy saw this receding fire, and encouraged by this lost their fear of the Christian artillery fire and accumulated all their force sweeping upon the whole line with the noise and fury of a great cyclone. General Vivian seeing that they rallied despite the havoc caused by the artillery, advanced heavy reinforcements to the aid of the right wing and learning that Hanson was wounded early in the fray, sent a notice to the rest of his force to hurry, and ordered Hanson's line to hold firm at all costs that reinforcements was coming, and now as more and more Christian troops continually arrived the conflict was increased with tenfold violence. The Christian fire preading along a line or front of ten to forty miles was annihilating and every wave of Landelinians five hundred thousand strong as they were melted into fragments as they surged forward their officers going down by the score.

The Landelinians were amazed by this murderous fire, which slaughtered their columns by the whole numbers, and again they were driven into terrific confusion. General Joseph Hoin who took Smithson's place decided to take advantage of the confusion among the columns of the enemy, and ordered his whole line to counter charge. With a yell of derision derision the Christian line swept forward in one long surge and the shock was terrific and inconceivable to a man's imagination.

The Landelinians delivering a general desolating fire which cut down the Christian columns like the tornado does the corn or tears a small town. General Joseph Heller went down mangled and bleeding and general Hendric was killed and his whole line went to pieces before that withering fire storm of the enemy. The shock however was greater for the enemy and they receded the Christians pushing on long lines of smoke before them. The Landelinians found themselves overpowered and they fought, fiercely, stubbornly as they receded, always keeping up their general fire which the Christians returned in as fierce manner. Germainia saw that his for onslaught were failing and that the Christians were advancing again, so he started massing his strongest batteries and filled the whole section of the battle torn field with a storm of terrific shell explosions. The noise now was unspeakably terrific, and ear-splitting, making a detonational roar as if God had filled the earth and heavens with the loudest thunders imagined in a perfect drum-drum salvoes and which was plainly heard at Julio Gallo.

In the meantime the assault on the Christian center was still greater and at this point all the Christian guns did as much to the enemy as the enemy did to the Christian line. Assaulting their left? The Landelinians had swarmed up close to the Christian works at the first of the onslaught, and had left three quarters of their number among the Christian guns after their first repulse. During the resumption of the onslaught, the left of the enemy's center had made a sweeping put together their extreme right and left, and made one terrific sweep which at first threw the Christian line into a pandemonium of panic and confusion. The Landelinians at this point had captured the works and guns turning them upon the Christians and cutting them down by the hundred thousand. The slaughter was horrible but general Vivian had happened to see this and made such a fierce concentration, that not only were the guns retaken, which done such appalling damage among the Christian line but the enemy's assaulting columns were crushed to flying fragments, ten of

their main important generals were shot down and all their battle flags were shot to pieces. So terrific had been this terrific storm of fire on both sides that for a time a man of smoke almost obscured everything. Though the guns and tanks were recovered the enemy was not driven back and gathering together in another severe concentration they tried with the fury of desperation once more to retake what they had lost and the roar of battle was frightful. Suddenly reinforcements of German soldiers shattered the Christian lines and the Christian front again and again by making furious counterattacks themselves and the enemy recoiled leaving their fallen behind them. As nothing as yet occurred on the Christian main right general felt it unsafe to draw some troops from that wing and these he threw forward to reinforce the left which was retreating under the cannon fire of the enemy. The concentration of reinforcements seemed to work fine, general Germania however had seen his father weaken one of his main wings and decided to take advantage of the moment while the opportunity presented itself and make a tremendous onslaught, supported by a terrific drum-drum fire of his heavy artillery not knowing that general Vivian his father had done this only as a ruse and that he could support that apparently weakened wing with a whole army if necessary. And besides this the Christian right was not so considerably weakened as General Germania thought, as the first assault was hurled back like a baseball is from the bat, the column of Glandelinians suffering excruciating losses was put out of commission completely, and suffered the deaths of two of their best generals. General Vivian had seen this occurrence and just what he wanted General Germania to do at that, and as he had a large force coming on toward his center, a part of his second division, and as there was no place at first to use it, he now saw where they were needed. Those he ordered to the support of his right and they arrived just as the enemy's second terrific onslaught, increased by fresh divisions was in full swing. Nevertheless the right had been still holding its own, the battle here being a regular tug of war, and when the reinforcements arrived the enemy was swept back as again with their whole line fifty miles long shattered to pieces and the loss of many officers who fell in that mad onslaught. The right wing of the Christian line had won its charge carrying even the Glandelinian batteries again at fearful odds when countercharging and sending the Glandelinians flying like a ball from the bat again. Three more desperate onslaughts were made by the enemy to retake the batteries but three times their main assaulting line was decimated and routed with the loss of their leaders. Night compelled the enemy to abandon the fierce fighting for a while, but having large fresh armies at his hand, Germania was as yet not disposed to give up and decided to resume the action as soon as his broken forces could be regathered. . . .

Evans and Violet and her sisters had not been near the region of the battle at all in conversation with Roswell Buxton, Johnston, but they had heard it plainly and had continually dreamed the outcome of it. But they learned later in the evening that the Christians had been successful, but that nevertheless General Germania Vivian had large fresh forces at hand and there was no signs of the battle being over yet. Fires started by the battle in the distance reddened the sky for miles despite the fierce blizzard raging, making a fantastic sight for Violet and her sisters, who watched the glow for hours. Then seeing that the light was growing brighter, and fearing a forest fire they decided to go down that direction and see if it was one. They told Evans of their intention but he said it was only towns, piles of railroad ties and fuel freight cars burning there, having been set on fire by the enemy as they retreated. Now in the meantime Germania Vivian learned that the Vivian girls had caused some havoc among the troops chasing them and being angry and finding that they must be somewhere outside of general Vivian's army, he decided to have them captured at once. He sent thousands of men at many different localities with the instructions of bringing in the Vivian girls dead or alive and their guardian colonel Jack Evans with them. What his purpose was he would not say but nevertheless it was something serious for this was the closest search ever made by the Glandelinians before.

The leaders were even instructed that they were not to return until until they had the Vivian girls in their hands, or blown them up by mine. The Glandelinians were to start this search during the night and were to get the Vivian girls even if they had to be pulled out of the heart of the Christian lines.

"If you cannot catch them, blow them up." Was the instruction. So while the roar of battle still continued, and echoed over the field of carnage the thirty thousand Glandelinians deployed for the

capture of the Vivian girls, set out first on the march, then separating into companies and went to the various locations assigned them by general Germania. The Glandelinians had armed themselves to the teeth to be prepared against any scouting parties that might be out and also against their intended victims for they knew how desperate the Vivian girls were and that it was more perilous attacking them in the dark than it was in the day time. In the meantime Evans and the little girls were just going to sleep in their tents outside the Christian lines, when they suddenly heard a volley of scattering shots, that crashed deafeningly in the quiet of the night. This was followed by wild yells and answering shots and then one of the Angelinian pickets rushed up to the tent of Violet and her sisters shouting:

"The Glandelinians! Make your escape to the line before it is too late."

Evans was the first one up and grabbing his revolver he darted behind a tree just as a score of shots were fired. Hammersed with a volley from his pistols and though he did not bring any one down he had fired so rapidly that the assailants hesitated long enough to enable Violet and her sisters to slip away.

"Come follow me," hissed Evans. "It is probably a night surprise attack made by the Glandelinians."

Evans led the way down a narrow road, plowing through snow knee deep in places, but making good headway nevertheless. The Glandelinians had by this time reached the tents and entered the opening they dashed only to find no one there.

"Set the tents on fire," roared the leader. "The Vivian girls may have been in here and are now being fired upon. Have probably escaped. The fire will light our way somehow."

The tents were at once set on fire but Evans seeing the Glandelinians in the light of the fire had blazed away with his pistols bringing down three of the men. The rest of the Glandelinians saw Evans and the little girls and started after them. They however made slower progress through the deep snow and drift than Evans and the little girls could have done and half blinded by the clouds of snow falling so steadily the Glandelinians were confused. However the light of the flames though dying out however still revealed the fugitives, and the Glandelinians brought their muskets to their shoulders and let loose a deafening volley. At the moment the volley was fired, Evans and the little girls seemed to drop and with wild exultant cries the Glandelinians pressed slowly to the spot only to find they had gone down a steep descent and were far ahead. Confused by the snow the Glandelinians had not aimed well enough, and the bullets of the second volley flew wild. The Glandelinians fired again and again, but of no avail and as traveling here was very difficult they had to abandon the pursuit, trusting that the escaped fugitives would soon run into one of the other searching parties and be captured or shot.

Evans and the little girls had continued on for some distance when all of a sudden Violet and her sisters heard voices say: "What in the hell did general Gerl Germania want to send us in search of those pesky Vivian girls in such a night for? And I know we will never find our way back to the lines if we do capture them." "What does he want them for anyway? I'd like to know." Said another voice. "I asked him and he only told us to do as he ordered and not to ask questions."

From the conversation Jack Evans learned now the cause of the sudden appearance of the Glandelinians. They had been sent out by their brother general Germania Vivian to run the Vivian girls down like cattle the poor little fair creatures who had done him no harm to no one under any conditions hardly unless their lives were at stake and then only slightly disabling the Glandelinians. . . . He realized that thousands upon thousands of Glandelinians were hunting the little girls and knew that if Germania Vivian ever got the little girls it would be all off with them. At first he did not know what to do. It was a long distance to the Christian lines, over ten miles as it seemed to him and no telling how many of the Glandelinians were between him and the Christians. However as it was pitch dark and as they were unseen he decided to trust to luck and whispering to the little girls to be cautious he drew his guns and shouted:

"Here you men you quit your fool grumbling, and do as I commanded. I'm out here on the same errand. Go get the Vivian girls and shut up or I'll report you to his excellency."

An explanation came from the Glandelinians and the sound of foot steps was heard to be retreating. Evans had succeeded by this trick but he wondered what he could do if he came upon them again. The wind was blowing fiercely tormenting the fugitives with the cold icy snow and the

all felt uneasy. They continued their way carefully not being able to see on account of the pull made by the falling snow and had gone only a quarter of a mile further, when a sharp voice rang out:

"Advance neither a step and no all! fire. You are under arrest and don't think you can get away because we cannot see you for there are too many of us here to miss our aim."

Seeing no one on account of the darkness and the snow fall the fugitive fugitives remained perfectly quiet, Evans having drawn his guns and held his piece. After a few moments the voice cried again:

"Who's there! We heard you advancing. We got you well covered with a machine gun."

Still Evans and the little girls remained quiet for several moments then Evans said:

"Go get the Vivian girls as I have commanded. You go and get the Vivian girls."

"I will see to it," cried the voice. "You pesky prowlers have ran into us before you knew it. I go and get the Vivian girls oh! Yes I will to save them from your devilish clutches. And you leave them little girls alone and you Olandelinian folks fools. What did they do to you?"

"Angeliniens," gasped Evans. "We are Abyssinkilians. Thrown down your arms and surrender."

"Im colonel Jack Evans should be the guardian of the Vivian girls." "We are paused and at first thought you were some of the Olandelinian skunks that were after us. That is why I gave you that order in answer to your challenge. I was pretending to be one of their officers as I and they succeeded in escaping the second bunch we ran into. The little girls are here with me."

The Abyssinkilians advanced flashing their electric lights they carried with them and saw it was true.

"How in the world did you get here in the dark, and in such a snow storm?" Asked one of the men. "We were on guard duty here, and hearing shouts, firing and other confusion remained here longer to see what it was. You are in general Vivians lines. Right in the heart of it."

"We are in the heart of general Vivians lines?" Gasped Evans. "Why I thought it was ten miles away."

"You were only a quarter of a mile away from it." Replied the Abyssinkilian soldier. "Hurry and pass through before the troublemakers come. I will detail my corporal to go and report this to general Vivian as I'm sure he will be interested....."

Evans and the little girls passed the guards, the sergeant ordering the corporal now off duty with him and the others to report the matter to general Vivian. However it happened that general Vivian through some friendly Olandelinian, who had given himself for that very purpose, had learned of his wicked sons intentions and it happened an hour afterwards that most of the prowlers had been lost in the darkness and blizzard storm and so had been trapped by the Christians and all who did not escape were shot down or made prisoners. General Vivian now feared greatly for the safety of his daughters. Especially the horrors of Julio Gallio haunted him and he literally shivered with fear for their safety. He remembered all they went through before and was bound to protect his little saintly daughters at all costs. He had only captured only one sight of the prowlers and from one of them he who was really spiteful toward Germania he learned what his sons intentions were.

"I'm a born Olandelinian, a full blooded Omerian, but I went on this search greatly against my will. Said the man. I'll do not approve of the war, am against it and all its causes, and am heartily glad I'm a prisoner. I do not care to harm little children, no matter who they be and am glad to say I overheard Germania's intentions. He was plotting it among his officers. He intends to have the little girls captured and sent to Julio Gallio to get them out of Wankers way, but most of his officers disapproved of it declaring that no one could take them there as no one could pass through the Christian lines. Well then he changed his plans, of that to having them slaughtered, and sent back the cut up remains to you. Do not send me back to him for I can not for the war on their side. I'm a prisoner and I want to stay one."

This news alarmed general Vivian more than the other had, and he decided to place Violet and her sisters under the protection of a heavy guard. But he felt that this would not do any good either for there was no telling how many of the Olandelinians would make the attempt. The other Olandelinian soldiers sent on the same mission had returned with the report to Germania that the Vivian girls were safely within the Christian lines, having escaped the other Olandelinian soldiers

and that many of the other soldiers had been captured by the Christians. By this news general Germania was terribly incensed but did not punish the Olandelinians for their failure though he raised Cain in general fury. To tell the truth Violet and her sisters felt nervous and alarmed for they realized that when the Olandelinians were after them that manner they surely meant a serious business, and no one could get them to go outside the Christian line that night. Even the little girls again wore their cartridge belts and carried their small guns with them so they could use them and not be caught napping as they had been before. It was toward midnight when the little girls seemed to find themselves rising off their beds while all around them roared a terrible crashing sound. To them it seemed as if all the world was blowing to pieces, the horrid shrieks of millions of demons assailed them, while all to them seemed red a pit of frightful crimson redness.

They even fancied that they saw our Christ appear before them all dripping in blood, that Olandelinians were slashing him with their sabres sticking him with their bayonets while he hung on the cross, and that he seemed to look horrified and pointing toward them saying:

"Those Olandelinians who are murdering the children in Julio Gallio and brutalizing them are doing the same to me. Come to my rescue dear ones please do."

Then he disappeared. There came a frightful hellish blackness, a terrible rumbling roar, a mighty prolonged crash, and then they fell from their beds and awoke. In fact all this noise was no dream. At midnight being determined to capture the little girls no matter what the cost Germania had launched a general onslaught on the Christian line. The assault had continued for over an hour since it started, and the whole battle seemed like a line of flashing lightning of various colors. The assault had been delivered with the most terrific violence, but the soldiers fearing that since the kidnappers failed, that a fierce attack would follow

had been prepared and twice already the enemy suffered the destruction of their columns and a crushing and bloody repulse. Indeed a fearful battle was raging in the midst of a blizzard that showed no signs of abating. Though repulsed two times already the shattered Olandelinian columns had rallied and now again swept forward, every man yelling like millions of demons. This time the push was more desperate and driving and violent that it had been successful, a succession of volleys having been delivered by both sides, and now the Christians at this point had given way.

After passing through four frightful days of battle last Brigado the Vivian girls on the fifteenth were caught in the advancing inferno and prepared to join the Christian soldiers in their retreat. The enemy capturing the Christian cannon had turned these upon the retreating columns, the explosions blasting the drifts of snow into the air in rolling clouds and dowl downing the Christians everywhere. These explosions tearing up the snow everywhere filled the air with it to a terrifying thickness so that at times objects a few feet away were obscured and the retreating Angeliniens could hardly distinguish foe from friend. The storm of terrible explosions put the Vivian girls in greater peril, but rather being killed than by the sabres of the enemy, the little girls boldly called out which if they had not done so the tragedy which occurred would never have happened. A terrible scene now met their eyes. The air was filled with flashing lightning from the bursting shells, eruptions of smoke snow, and ground debris seemed to rise hundreds of feet, and the noise was too horrible to stand, and they shrieked in alarm and terror as they saw a perfect surge of purple coats rush past them only to cumber the ground by hundreds at every step. The enemy advancing under cover of their artillery were pouring a terrific storm of fire with their musketry and the little girls realized that they were about as safe in the open as a hen would be under the butchers axe. The din and confusion was fearful and they hardly knew what to do. Evans at this time happened to be absent being in general Vivians headquarters, and the little girls seemed helpless in their peril.

"Oh God what shall we do! What shall we do!" Cried Jennie desperately as a deafening crash roared near them from an exploding shell.

"We are done for," said Violet indispair. "We will be captured and butchered sure or killed by this mad hell. And here comes a surge

of gray coats now."

The landelinians were coming at the double time yelling and firing, and oh only the quick pronouncement of mind of voice saved herself and her sisters from the raven raving manna in gray. A deep snowdrift untouched as yet by shell or shot was close by and the little girls quickly dove into this just as the fearful surge of gray coats came swarming up. None of the landelinians had seen the little girls but as the surge had passed several parties of the landelinians seeing the depression in the drift at started for it when a shell exploded in their midst killing a score and frightfully mangle the rest. It was a lucky shell for this saved the little girls from detection.

THE HORRIBLE TRAGEDY.

As soon as the landelinians were out of sight and the cannon fire was ceasing the little girls came out of their hiding place and started for the nearest town reaching a large city. It seemed their only safety just now and they sprang forward. Just as they reached a house there came a thousand withering flashes followed by a terrible damanating roar, and the little girls felt something like timbers strike them, and then all seemed dark except to Angelina who along remained conscious for a few minutes. An hour after they came to and found found themselves lying in snow with heads and suffering fearful pain. Evans was hating over them with tears in his eyes.

"You little girls came close to twenty deadly mines which blew up." He said sadly; "They may it was our mines that to trap the landelinians which which you ran into, but I know it was Germania who gave the shock for I with my very eyes saw him do it the damnable skunk. I'm awfully sorry that all of you are so horribly mangled and will take revenge for for it."

Indeed the little girls were horribly mangled. And were fairly tossing in agony. Their bodies had been frightfully lacerated. Violet's leg and arm had been frightfully torn and broken in three places and all had injuries as equally as bad or worse. It had been an awful tragedy, but never theless Violet and her sisters had not been the only victims. Thousands of the Angelinians had been blown to atoms, and whole divisions had been shredded to fragments. But none of the wounded Angelinians had been so frightfully mangled as the Vivian girls were. The doctor who was preparing to operate on them had great doubts if the little girls would live but afterwards he had declared that they could be saved if kept perfectly quiet, but that nevertheless they maybe horribly disfigured and crippled for life.

All of the little girls had been later on operated on and had to say without any antiseptic as not none could be had. And who can imagine what they suffered when the operation was going on. A kind hearted soldier that had been wounded had yielded his antiseptics but it had been spoiled by some secret enemy before the operation. The operation was ready to be started. After the operation the little girls looked like lost souls.

"The enemy were the cause of it all." Said Evans angrily to the doctor when the operation was through. "Their wicked traitorous brother had persecuted them, and persecuted them for four or five days, and during this battle they got so confused that they lastly literally ran on top of the mines I saw Germania blast. If this had not been for the work of Germania this would not have happened. General Vivian is fairly raving about it. He is preparing already to smash him down for this tragedy."

It had indeed been a tragedy. Evans' regiment alone had stood its ground against fearful odds and during the very second repulse the Christian engineers had set a score of mines, which unknown to them had been exploded by the landelinians at the command of Germania as the reason saw the little girls approach the location, and the poor little girls springing for refuge had run close to one of the nearest mines to which blasted that shelter to fragments and mangled the little girls. Several of the Angelinian soldiers besides Evans had seen the tragedy, and called the stretcher bearers who had the little girls in the army hospital in a quarter of an hour. This was probably the worst thing that ever happened to the Vivian girls, that anyone can remember. According to the doctor it would be months before the little girls would be up and around again but never as before and probably would be in wheel chairs for life. General

General Vivian in fact half blamed Evans for the disaster, for it had been his mines that did the damage, but nevertheless knowing that Evans was really innocent of it all and that the landelinians had blasted the mines instead, he was afraid to say anything to him, when he knew how grief stricken he himself was. Poor Violet and her sisters. After all they suffered so bravely all the time during the war, and now have this happen to them. Evans was sore afraid of the consequences, loathsome and heart sick, and broken hearted. But better they were dead, than both disfigured and crippled for life. The doctor had told him that every one of the poor little girls received serious injuries to their eyes, and at also probably blindness would be the result. Evans offered anything to the doctor he could spare, even a higher commission to save them from this horrible fate but the doctor only answered;

"God alone can spare them from what might be. Pray my boys."

I don't believe any one could have seen a more broken hearted personage than poor Evans. He felt that he was mainly the cause of land cursed himself for not making sure that the enemy would, not blast the mines themselves. He was mad at both himself and Germania. Vivian, at Germania for his foolhardy persecutions and for blasting the mines, and at himself for not watching the mines more closely. He had left the room where the little girls lay, unable to bear the sight, and half weeping himself he went out into the cold blizzard, another of which was raging not caring what might happen to him now. The attack of the enemy was still continuing so violently at many points of the Christian line still in possession of the ground they had gained. As he trudged on through the deep snow he could hear the sound of the distant battle, the crash of more mines going off, but he did not pay any attention now. He plunged on caring not where he was going, when suddenly general Vivian came plunging through the snow, shouting after him, but at first he heard nothing except the wild roar of the battle, the howl of the wind and the hiss of the swirling snow. At last however he heard general Vivian calling him and he halted.

"Why are you running off like this for Jack Evans." "Grief General." "If you are not to blame for the accident stay with them. You are their only consolation. Don't be a fool. All the officers are speaking about your going off like this and leaving them without anybody to give them comfort."

"It not that." Gasped Evans. "I can't stand it. I can't stand it to see their awful suffering. It will kill me."

"Ah nonsense. Your presence will make them forget their suffering. Come at least for their sake. Be game. Why all the officers are thinking you are running off from them and committing desertion."

Evans staggered slowly back the way he had come, general Vivian following close behind. At last after being buffeted by the wind and swirling snow they reached the hospital and staggered slowly into the room where Violet and her sisters lay. They were lying quiet now but to him they were a pitiful sight and falling down beside Violet's head he wept like a child. Violet indeed was suffering but she felt his grief still more and placed her only good hand on his head gently but could not find voice to speak. Her face was all swathed in bandages and her conditions was most pitiful to see. How long he knelt there he never knew but when he did lift his head it was daylight. It was still snowing fiercely outside in bigger flakes but not so thick as before and the frost was starting to climb on the windows. In the meantime at the camp of day general Vivian had moved his forces in a strong concentration against the landelinians still attacking the shriveled Christian line opposed to them and soon such overwhelming numbers told on the enemy who was swept back.

On account of the severe weather general Germania did not feel it wise to continue the severe battle. In seeing that his night attack was a fair failure, but general Vivian enraged over the pitiful condition of the little girls which in fact was Germania's responsibility, decided not to let the weather interfere with him. Having large forces of reinforcements close at hand general Vivian ordered a general attack to be made once on the enemy's lines. The advance started at nine o'clock in the morning and the assault raged until two o'clock in the afternoon amid the worse fury of the blizzard. The struggle was more fearful than on the previous days, being extremely sanguinary, but so violent was the attack that at the end of the day the fighting was over. Germania's right despite all the rain forcing he did, was continually cut up and finally thrown into the wildest confusion. Already even now the Christians had come in possession of the most important works. At two o'clock the Christian assault was rolled back

by heavy landelinian reinforcements with frightful decimation, and then followed a lull until two thirty. After the half an hour's lull general Germania threw heavy attacks against the christian christians holding the works, and this indeed gave general Vivian a chance to revenge the pitiful condition of the landelinians. The landelinians unfortunately were attacking in overwhelming numbers, and the christian right shrank to fragments as they about to yield its ground. The action here was extremely severe, more severe than in the morning and the enemy was suffering the most terrific losses. General Vivian through messengers discovered the condition of his right before a disaster occurred and massed heavy reserves to its support even brought up all the artillery that could be placed at the worst work. The enemy made desperate attempts to carry this position and stormed with their horrible fury. The first assault almost successful at the right wing of the christians was cut down by the reinforcements suddenly arriving. The second assault was more extensive and though desultory at first became general and ended the same way the first one did. The third assault was a regular tidal wave of slaughter. The landelinians surged against the christians in a long wave of men, but only remnants returned.

The fourth was equally violent and resulted in the breaking of the christian line at many points, but finally the surviving landelinians broke back in confusion under that merciless christian fire. The other six assaults were successive at different points of the line and ended in the same terrific slaughter. Then the christians crashed down upon the demoralized landelinian columns, and routed them once more, capturing many hundreds of thousands of prisoners, and shooting down thousands for miles during the rout.

Germania prepared to meet this second general christian assault with all his strength. First he threw forward one main division, and then another to repel the christian advance, but without success, and only fragments of these divisions came back. Another series of divisions, and still another series were thrown forward, but they were only cut up and thrown into confusion, the christians taking many more divisions of prisoners, and routing the survivors. The slaughter was division after division was thrown against the christian line was horrible to witness, and oceans of blood was spilled.

Germania was indeed frantic to keep keep or stop the wild progress the battle was making against him. The battle raged more fiercely now than ever the christians driving at the landelinians with all their might, the carnage being terrible and the sea of silent bodies that were strewn upon the snow covered ground told mute but eloquent tales of the fury of the most violent battle ever raging at this section of Calvernia. Germania was unable to hold his ground however especially against the fearful odds thrown against him, though he did his very best. He had thrown every available division against the christians, but his right grand division had been destroyed, thousands of his men and horses having been killed in a tearing christian cavalry charge. First the landelinians along the extreme left broke and fled, then the rest of the line gave way, and once more the christians were completely successful having crushed Germania's army a second time. It was however late at night up to eight thirty o'clock before the terrible awe and inspiring roar of the battle ceased to echo for hundreds of miles. Evans had been in the thick of this terrible storm of battle, and he showed his hurt feelings by shooting down many of the landelinian officers as he could until amid the dreadful carnage he himself was brought from the field of battle severely and dangerously wounded. Broken drums everywhere gave evidence of vandalism, and many bugles lay but the brave buglers were no where to be seen. Even when the battle had ceased at eight thirty the snowstorm was still raging. Now Violet and her sisters were with out Evans for he was lying wounded in the hospital further away from the one Violet and her sisters were in. After the conflict had ceased general Vivian heard that Jack Evans was wounded, and then he was all upset, for now there was no real friend like Evans to console the little girls in their misery and pain. They had been constantly calling for Evans all day long and now he was fearfully wounded and lying in a hospital far away from the one the little girls were in. Even now they were calling piteously for Evans and yet it was a long long way to the hospital where he lay. General Vivian tried to go in communication with the hospital by wireless, but could get no answer, and so he had sent several soldiers to find out if Evans could be removed. The soldiers returned in an hour saying that he was being transferred, and would be at the hospital as soon as the difficult travel would permit. However Violet and her sisters did not know that Evans was wounded and it pained general Vivian to tell them so but he had to than have it come from somewhere else.

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They did not show as if they cared but he saw that the news had been a shock for them. When they he left they almost cried their eyes out. Indeed it was a sorrowful campaign for general Vivian and if he vowed that if better luck did not come the Vivian girls recover without being disfigured, crippled and blinded for life, he would denounce the horrors going on there in Julio Gallo back out from the Julio Gallo campaign as the term is. "Let George do it."

Indeed from the awful tragedy general Vivian was broken hearted and discouraged. Yet he was not going to back out in his fight against Germania. Vivian decided to give him another dose if he did not retreat. Indeed he was bound to fix Germania's traitorous son. It was fearful for him heartrending. He indeed intended to see how his poor little daughters suffered, that frightfully stormy night, when once again the horrible roar of battle broke the stillness to announce that Germania again was making a frightful onslaught. For half the night the terrible thunders of battle shook the hospital which trembled to their foundations.

The din was a great disturbance to Violet and her sisters, but it was a greater disturbance to general Vivian to see his very strongest divisions go to pieces before the enemy's onslaught, which was a screaming fury. All the time the battle roared Violet and her sisters had cried again and again in their agony.

"Oh, oh God, I wish that horrid old noise would stop."

But it was a sleepless night for them, for though the enemy was repulsed it did not stop, and the enemy only resumed the assault with redoubled violence. This time the line of battle was a regular roaring emanation of volcano of flame and din, and one division after another of the landelinians crushed themselves against the christian line before they desisted in their headlong attack. The enemy suffered the most fearful losses in their attacks and many of the fallen were general officers.

Early in the morning Germania Vivian seeing that all his fierce assaults he made was unsuccessful, started a general withdrawal along the line. He had intended to make a general retreat not caring to fight any further in the battle as his losses was too great. General Vivian however was not satisfied and decided to wait until general Germania started his retreat and then strike a parting blow. The snowstorm had ceased, and though the sun was shining brightly it was fourteen below zero and still dropping. Before ordering the advance general Vivian sent to see Evans.

"I believe you were a little reckless," said General Vivian. "Your brooding over the Vivian girls made you reckless as I know."

"The conditions of those poor little girls are so enough to make any one reckless," said Evans. "But I feel better to day and will be around soon the doctor says. How are they?" "Just the same," said general Vivian sadly. "They are suffering miserably. Many of the officers declared it was your fault because you darted off so suddenly last night."

"General Germania did the damage for a fact," said Evans. "Though I saw Germania's foul deed, I did not see the little girls in the darkness quick enough to warn them and the only objects that I saw in time was the landelinians about to set off the mines. I'm broken hearted I am and I don't care what those officers say."

"I suppose because they will be disfigured for life and old crippled you will lose your love for them," said general Vivian seriously. This he said to try him. "Most people love women and children because they are only pretty and if anything happens to disfigure them they are only in the way afterwards."

"General Vivian if you mean what you say then you are no friend of mine," protested Evans. "Beauty has no outward beauty more than the devil. Violet and her sisters were beautiful, more beautiful than I have ever seen children before but that hardly noticed. Their manners were more beautiful than their features, their beautiful clean loving souls is what struck me. And their kindness to all the wounded, enemy or friend to the poor children in Calvernia and other cities and the misery and torture they went through was what took the greatest effect upon me. Not a sin of any kind ever stained their souls, and whenever they heard blasphemies and curses it made them cry. Their condition now only makes me saddened and almost broken hearted, and when I think of their being disabled figured and crippled for life-----oh I can't-----hear to speak-----of it. Do they know it was Germania who caused the mines to go off?"

"No indeed," said general Vivian bitterly. "I'm afraid to tell them Evans. They think it was you who did it accidentally." "I told them but they must have been a delirious then," said Evans. "Go tell them I'll bear the consequences."

Confidentially Vivian left and reaching Violet and her sisters in

Violet with the bandages over her eyes was unable to see him but she knew of his grief and to cheer him up she told him she was feeling better and that the doctor said that she and her sisters may live after all. And that they may be able to sit up in a few weeks. Evans did not believe this but then knowing that the little girls never told lies he had the opinion that the doctor told them this to keep up their spirits and so he decided to at least have hope. Indeed the little girls were not recovering from the danger of death, disfigurement and the other calamities were not past and also the threatening blindness, but their suffering was somewhat spent and that the doctor had said that they could be up on wheelchairs in a few weeks.

OTHER SAD EVENTS.
A FEARFUL DISASTER. BATTLE OF FRANCIS ANNA. DECEMBER

TWENTY FIFTH.

While general Vivian was brooding over the condition of his daughters, several of his officers had already reported to him that the enemy under Federal had completely leveled the city of Francis-Anna to the ground with his fearful cannons, when the city refused to refuge him and his army from the advancing Christians under Hanson, who had been frightfully worsted in a severe action not far from the place with losses too frightful to relate and his army reduced just like general Vivians had been.

In fact the glandelinians showed themselves the masters under any conditions just now. In the city not hardly a single building had been left standing. In fact the rescuers had hardly found the remains of many two buildings as the wreckage of thousands of other houses completely covered the places where they lately stood to thirty feet deep. Everything all around was an indescribable sea of wreckage. Of the courthouse in the center of the city, only one fragment of a wall was left standing, and this was the only frontal part that faced the north. Even the Christians of Mc-Hollisters army besieging Julio Callio could faintly observed the fatal scenes of the wrecked cities and in the distance where the two disastrous battles had raged the dead bodies of many millions of Christian soldiers still lay as thick as straws among the wreckage of the battle torn forests. It was along Hanson's central wings and on his right that the most dead had been gathered, and along these two wings of Christian soldiers the enemy's deadly curtain fire had done the worse damage. Hanson had surveyed the wreckage of the shattered woods and the horribly mangled bodies with his keen eyes and almost wept at the sight. After traveling some distance Hanson and his officers came upon the wreckage of a long passenger train and also several freight trains half buried in the debris of broken trees, and also found nothing but dead bodies in purple. Hanson learned that these trains belonging to the Mc-Hollister and Pandorlines had lain here in wreckage for three days and that when he advanced his forces against Federal a large force of glandelinians had taken post here and yet despite the coolness of their officers three quarters of the glandelinians here were killed. The glandelinians here during the outbreak of the battle had been pulling up their heavy cannons to support their stand but the approach to the Mc-Hollister and Pandor crossing had been impassable on account of the barrage of Christian shells exploding in that location. This train having eleven wrecked steel coaches made a strong defense for the glandelinians as the sea of dead bodies in purple on the other side testified. The glandelinian general had examined the whole battle line during the engagement and noticed what he declared to be a big wall of purple coats with white convulsed clouds of smoke rising among them and as the scene became as if hell had opened, he had seen several twisting lines in gray fire in front of his line disolve into fragments, and then the survivors moved in disorderly streams toward him. All of his officers brought to attention by the sudden gathering of the purple coats toward the retreating glandelinians in front had ordered the glandelinians forward to their positions at the wrecked trains immediately. In fact every one of the glandelinians at their positions were scared and many of the soldiers knowing the hopelessness of coming with that yelling roaring avalanche of demons in purple began to make a rush for the rear, but were shot down by their officers for their cowardice. Several times a long hourly crash or ear-splitting rolling

thunders of thousands of glandelinian cannon had seemed to split the earth. "Keep cool and give them hell when they come." Their officers had shouted. "And remember when they come to close quarters every man for himself. Don't dare give ground under any conditions." And probably we will drive them all back down close to the works. And fire when ordered. Goodness, talk about our yell which those Christian dogs call the "Devil Yell." Why their hearts the very devils. Give it to them boys when I give the command." They set the example by doing so themselves and every one of the soldiers followed and in another moment every bit of glass remaining in the coaches were shattered to shivers by the fierce storm of bullets from the advancing Christians, all the wreckage was remangled by the thousands of grenades they hurled, and the surviving glandelinians were sent careening across the fields in total counter charge, but when the Christian surge was beaten back only a quarter of the force of glandelinians were left of all who defended the trains. Masses of timbers, tons of debris were hurled with the most terrific force high into the air and against the coaches left standing, by high explosives, when the glandelinian centimeters let go their rain of hell fire, but the purple surge had kept on until annihilated rudely by Federal main line. Hundreds of thousands of heavy trees had also been uprooted. When the attack had passed far beyond the coaches, all the coaches had been left in a worse condition, and the suffering of the injured had been terrible.

A hastily appeal had been received early that morning by general Vivian:

"Your excellency general Vivian/
"Can't you send some aid to my army and the stricken city of Francis Anna. I had been caught in a welter of slaughter with Raymond Richardson Federalist Francis Anna and had been worsted disgracefully and my army is almost wiped out, I having suffered ten times as much losses as the enemy had."

The whole battle field looks like the "Valley of the shadow of death." If aid does not come I will have to abandon the campaign. A large force of the enemy had showed great resistance for a long time a long line of passenger coaches annihilating the Christian columns assailing them, despite these waves of my Christian troops being overwhelming despite the coolness of their officers. Very bit of glasses were shattered by the storm of advancing Christian fire while masses of shattered trees and tons of flying debris were hurled into the air by the most terrific explosions.

General Francis Hanson...

During the ruthless bombardment of Francis-Anna by Federal artillery thousands of houses had been blown into the air every hour and their wreckage as to say scattered to the four winds. And that the horribly crushed bodies of men, women and children, had been carried one hundred miles by the glandelinians on trains as suffering as they were placed in the houses of doom in Julio Callio despite the regiments of Mc-Hollisters seige. Mc-Hollisters besieging army being swept away in a terrific onslaught made by Federal. Every bone in the bodies of the children were broken, during the tortures meted out by the glandelinians, and most of their clothing stripped from them. Unsuspecting by the foe and led to it by desperation Evans had managed to slip his way into Julio Callio in disguise as a glandelinian general and witnessed all the hellish tortures of the children ever imagined. One child a little girl, who had been caught praying in her cell, was before the horrifying sight of Evans extracted by from the blast blasted by the glandelinians with her chest and abdomen almost gone with all her intestines strewn about mingled with blood. What a sad sight to be in such a condition, he knew well. Even when he went to Francis Anna he saw how the glandelinians treated those surviving the disaster. One little girl was dragged out of the wreckage, and found still alive but too badly crippled to work in the slave houses in Julio Callio was pinned to the earth by the glandelinians who used an eight by length of three by four timber which passed through her back and out her abdomen. This child being now in the same condition, when the butchers applied their sabres most of her intestines falling to the ground. As Evans passed on he saw the horrible effects of Federal bombardment. Thousands of telephone poles lay across the streets and perfect networks of still live wire made it for a moment impossible for the rascally glandelinians to get to those still alive, but nevertheless for revenge the glandelinians set fire to those after houses and these fires threatening to become a general

conflagration, burned many of the hel ples under the wreckage alive. Even even witnessed other piteous sights. Thousands of buildings in Francis Street were in total ruins, these buildings having been shattered to fragments by the terrific outburst of high explosive shells. Sixteen visiting bishops had been taken alive from the ruins by the glandelinians and sent slain, and twenty priests who had been fatally wounded with two Cardinals by the glandelinians were also crucified. Many of the wooden houses near by, by the force of the high explosive shells had been scattered into shattered timbers, many men smashed and scattered to mere splinters by one single high explosive. By the explosions as Evans saw thousands of strong walled houses had been dumped completely into tangled heaps being dumped into tangled heaps of ruins onto the pavements and streets below making the wide streets completely impassable.

Thousands of whole brick houses from four to five stories high had been blown into tangled windrows into the streets, many great trees lying across the streets all the wreckage making a complete barricade that prevented the passage of Evans, quite dangerous. In this vicinity there were scores of houses so badly damaged that Evans was unable to still tell where any of these structures lately stood and the debris was so heterogeneously mixed that they formed an impassable barrier.

Blown over on its side by some terrific explosion was a electric engine and this was found jammed against the stone wall of some ruined church. Part of the wall itself was riven into grotesque ruins, and the main gate was seen ten hundred yards away from the building. A great church near by was also in ruins, where the loss of life exacted over sixteen hundred, most of the injured having been pulled from the wreckage only to be massacred by the frenzied glandelinians. Even in the near distance Evans could see the ruins of a big school house which had been badly damaged by shells. The whole building had the upper part cut off and the interior was in ramshackle ruins. From here as Evans learned thousands of mangled and bleeding bodies of children had been dragged out by the cruel glandelinians and nailed to hastily made rude crosses, and these could be seen yet.

Another big schoolhouse within plain sight was seen to be badly battered with its whole roof blown off by shells, its western wall was partially blown away exposing the interior and the roof of the annex blown away. St Anne's five story school house which had twenty big rooms had been razed by a single shrapnel shell alone and all the children in it had been buried in the wreckage and could not be released from the conglomerate mass.

Ascertain priest on a visit at the time had a harrowing experience during the sudden bombardment. He managed to save five hundred children of one of the schools that was wrecked from injury, and as he and the children were taken from the wreckage by the glandelinians half an hour later the children he had saved were literally massacred before his eyes, and then he himself shot down in cold blood for his saving them. Hundreds of great resident houses had been completely cut in two by the mere concussion of shell explosions, Canotina street itself was full of wrecked houses in hundreds of degrees of terrible ruin and one big public building in total ruins with its walls down and its floors crushed resembled a large junk pile. Ninety-two children in this region found alive by the glandelinians had been massacred and three thousand five hundred others were found nailed to crosses and still alive in mortal agony. The scenes along this street was terrible indeed. A line of one thousand wooden houses were found in a long parallel front of strange ruins and hundreds upon hundreds of telephone poles lay across the street making a perfect network of wires, wires and rendering it impossible for the glandelinians at this section to get at their wounded victims.

JACK'S RESCUE OF FRANCIS LILLIAN.....

But during his two weeks stay in Julio Callio in complete disguise Evans saw worse scenes in that city than he had ever seen in war when he was there assuming the name of a beguinary. In war generally in quest in little but could get no word of her. One day however he managed to work his way undetected into one of the horrible slave houses, where, it being evening and the coal for the machine run short the machine mill shut down thus allowing the child slaves more rest than they had before. Most of the children were disfigured by the many torture they had undergone so terribly disfigured that if any one of them had been pretty they were not now.

He pretended that he was looking for work there to avert all suspicion and finally was made chief foreman. Indeed the child slaves along suspected his real character but because he did not act as the overseers under him and on Monday as he passed the long line of bedrooms of one child being in each he saw slowly advancing toward him a pretty little girl who was in a wheelchair with one leg on a pad and though he would insist on passing by as if you to act as if he hated children, she kept on following him. He managed to control himself as several glandelinians appeared as he pretended anger and rage and turning abruptly on the child said furiously:

"Out of my way do you here! Get out or I'll throw you wheel's chair and all into the furnace. And what in the duce are you following me around for in this fashion. I'm going to take you right into your room now and give it to you." And grabbing the wheel chair he rushed the startled child into the room slamming the door shut. But the expected violence did not come. In fact the little girl had not followed him so purposely, for to her he did not appear as a brutal glandelinian and so trusting that she was a friend of children instead had followed him where ever he went. At first she had thought that his furious rebuke had been intentional and that his rudely wheeling her into the room, had been a sign of coming torture, but when he stood still eyeing her closely and primly she was felt queer. As he knew that the glandelinians were still at the door he said:

"You are the very kid I was sent here for my Manley. They tell me that you are one of those pretty Vivian girls who pestered Manley all these years or of war, and so I was sent here under pretense of looking for work to track you up, so that I would have you. I'm general Calinsbury of Manleys command in disguise as a working man. Have a warrant sworn out here for your immediate arrest, and to be taken to Manley. And he produced a large paper with real type the exact warrant which he had stolen from the original owner after killing him in the struggle for it. The soldiers hearing this came in.

"I claim my rights to take this Vivian girl to general John Manley our main chief commander." Said Evans. "This dastardly Vivian girl is here, assuming the name of Francis Lillian to escape detection to spy on your child slave concern. She is a spy and I demand you to give the little girl up to me."

The soldiers read the warrant and one of them an officer said: "Al! I right sir if it is in Manleys wish I cannot prevent you. When are you going to take her?"

"RIGHT AWAY." Answered Evans. "I must reach Manleys lines by to morrow night."

Evans got the written permit and when the soldiers left for the outside and were gone, Evans bending over the poor child who was starting to weep bitterly said soothingly:

"You poor poor little crippled angel don't cry it is all a lie. You are really in the hands of a friend. That warrant is true one but I stole it for it is my only means to get you safely out of the hands of the glandelinian brutes. So don't take it too hard. Your poor father is still alive and it was he who told me where you are. You will be in general Vivian's army to morrow or probably to night. You will never see that SNAKE of a Manley Manley."

He poor child could hardly believe this good news but Evans meant all he said. In a few minutes he had her in his arms all bundled up in heavy blankets to keep her warm and then he stole out of the house and into the street which was now vacant. It was snowing heavily a gain but this was better to his advantage and not being far from the outskirts of the city he had hopes of getting out without being detected.

However there was no such luck for he was suddenly halted by several glandelinian guards who demanded him to show the, what he had gripped so snugly in the bundle. He at first refused but one of the glandelinians threatened at the bundle and as he resisted another of the glandelinians wounded him in the head with his sabre making a serious but not dangerous wound. After this Evans laid in a hospital which he had went to himself for a month and when he was finally recovering one of the glandelinian sergeants showed Evans a bullet he had taken out of a companion during an operation.

"I am a glandelinian but I feel I sorry for you and that little girl." Said the doctor. "You are now a prisoner and when you are well you will be taken on a train to the worst glandelinian prisons way down in glandelinia. I wish I could help you but I do not see any way unless you try and help yourself. But in case you manage to escape which I'm sure you will I will at least tell you where the little girl has been taken to. Her foot was injured when the guard struck you and she

is in St Joseph's hospital. If escape go there and get her."
"They will never take me into glandelinian alive." Hissed Evans. "I came here on purpose to get that little girl and I will."

"You made a great mistake in bundling her in the blankets as you did." Said the doctor. "That is what aroused the suspicion of the guards."

"But I had to keep her warm somehow." Said Evans.
"Why did you not put her clothes on?" Asked the doctor. "You are a boy but in case of such risk it does not matter if you dress a little girl."

"I did not take time to think of it." Answered Evans. "I was in such a hurry to get away."

When the doctor left Evans for a time, turned his thoughts to his friends far away in the christian lines. When ever he thought of the Vivian girls and their condition it made his heart ache. In the meantime shocking horrors had occurred in Julio Gallio. Hundreds of escaped priests and sisters running for a cellar from the glandelinians for safety, had reached it too late for every one of them were rolled and thrown about for nearly three blocks by the brutal glandelinians and then forced to give acrobatic stunts of leap frog and cartwheels perform once and then sent spinning head over head before being dashed to the earth by the great coated savages. However strange to say they escaped uninjured. From these glandelinian but they were shaken up quite a bit. This terrible scene occurred in St Mary's ave where Evans had his first squabble with the guards and where he had been injured. St Catherine's cathedral in Julio Gallio had been recently wrecked by the glandelinians. At the sudden outbreak of the glandelinian fury this cathedral which stood three hundred feet high had been blown clean from its foundation and pushed across several yards against a windrow of wreckage from the convent next to it and left standing in the position like the rakish appearance of a hat tilted hat on the head of a drunken man. Every window in the cathedral was or had been stoned out the whole roof had been blown away and the walls were shattered into shapes of ruins and sagging threateningly.

The inside of the Cathedral was a terrifying sight the inside being filled fifty feet deep with timbers and debris. The loss of life in this cathedral had been heavy as one thousand had been killed by the glandelinians for their attending to the forbidden devotions. The greater number that were massacred were children. When Evans had been spying around he witnessed an awful scene on Tracelastree a sight which almost froze the blood in his veins. There was left standing on a siding belonging to the Evangeline St. Alaric Railroad a long string of freight, passenger and other coaches, most of the freight and other coaches being cattle and box cars which formerly had been loaded with cattle and other things. On the slope to the east had stood one thousand six hundred powerful frame houses which had been shattered into complete wreckage by the glandelinians. Every one had perished in these houses, hundreds being killed by the glandelinians as they tried to escape, the rest burned at the stake and among the wreckage which the glandelinians had set on fire. In the cattle and box cars jammed to overflowing Evans had seen torn and lacerated bodies of children covered with gore. Many of these bodies naked, were mangled by the glandelinians. Indescribably horrible was the sight of these bodies which was also loaded on the passenger and flat cars and such sight had sickened Evans. Even many children most of them little girls stark naked were found reclining against the trucks of coaches or under them. Their condition was indeed pitiable, their arms being half cut off and lacerated beyond description, with also their legs and bodies, their chests and abdomens had been lacerated and opened wide, and blood had gushed in floods from their wounds. Their tongues were protruding and all their entire intestines had entirely disappeared.

Hundreds of great buildings and residences on both sides of the siding had been cleaved and razed by the glandelinians with mostly explosive shells, and dynamite, all their floors being mere kindling the roofs having been entirely blown down and not a window pane was seen remaining. Hundreds upon hundreds of the dead in the cars had been lying in these ruined buildings and indeed the dead lacerated bodies of the children made a pitiable, at the same time most most terrifying sight to behold. All the children who had survived the tremendous cruelty of the savage glandelinians had lamented the slaughter of their playmates such sorrow and weeping being seen generally in the slave houses.

Numbers of the children per hour had died of sorrow alone and misery over the massacre of their parents and relatives. In this vicinity every single resident or school house were in various degrees of terrible ruins. Every street in this district had literally been made impassable with dead corpses by the glandelinians, the dead mangled bodies being found here

by the thousands. In a big school building two hundred crushed bodies of little children, and even their christian teachers had been seen by Evans and these had been so badly mangled that most of them were completely unrecognizable and twenty nine of them were found lying in crushed pieces. A great big convent, called St. Anne one of the strongest buildings in Julio Gallio had also been totally destroyed by the rascally glandelinians who in its blasting with many sticks of dynamite had leveled it to its foundation leaving nothing to it but immense mounds of bricks mortar and timbers. Even the roof of the church near the convent was totally wrecked, the entire roof having been torn to shreds and the huge building itself had been razed to its foundation in many parts. All the windows had been stoned out of the walls had been crushed in the rest displaced and hundreds of thousands of tons of debris surrounded the ruined buildings. Where the walls had been skinned off all the rooms with the beds and mangled inmates were exposed to view. Thousands of women and children had been stripped to pieces here and left exposed among the wreckage by the glandelinians, and so horribly crushed were another children that they had come apart intestines and all when lifted from the wreckage. Indeed in their rage the glandelinians had left an awe inspiring conglomerate of tangled wreckage out of the houses they had so ruthlessly damaged. On St. Anne avenue whole blocks of two buildings had also by the fury been razed to the total ruins many having been swept clean to their foundation. The ruins of St. Anne's hospital was exceedingly remarkable. By absent of dynamite the entire roof had been blown off and lay in wreckage about two hundred yards away, while all the windows on both sides had been shattered by the enraged rabble and with cannon fire, all the walls being badly shaken by the shell explosions and great parts of them torn away and great heaps of ruins dumped along. This whole region was indeed a horrible appearance of ruin and desolation. Thirty thousand had been hanging on crosses and every house on both sides of this street no matter what size had been by the glandelinians in blasting torn down to their very foundations, and windrows upon windrows of wreckage six or seven feet high packed up all the beautiful winding graceful driveways and boulevards.

In these boulevards the glandelinians had committed some of the worse massacres, for here the heaviest loss of lives among the children had occurred.

One single convent in this street had been razed into a hundred remarkable ruins as if it had been torn to pieces by a ton of Nitro Glycerine, and before they destroyed the building which was also riven into big sections the glandelinians had made prisoners of all the inmates and enslaved them to death. In deed this building was sure surrounded by debris three stories high, the mangled bodies of nuns had been seen nailed to crosses near by, even hundreds of children crushed until their intestines protruded were also nailed to crosses. Ten thousand had been massacred here in which three thousand three hundred fifty were nuns were nuns, priests, and women and children. This whole district of buildings for miles had been fairly blown to pieces for miles and scattered into a level mass of wreckage by the glandelinians. Factories of all kinds even with Catholic goods however had been spared but the Catholic articles had been damaged and some factories not fit to be used as slave houses were reduced to ramshackle ruins or set on fire. Fifty dead bodies of children had been found in one of the ruined factories, and about one hundred and fifty crippled children found in various parts of the city had been transferred to the houses of doom.

One big school house was leveled to the ground because the glandelinians could not make use of it and was left in remarkable but terrible ruins. Before wrecking the building the glandelinians had forced their way into the school among the terrified children and all pretty ones counted as defectives were slain. Five teachers who had tried to show resistance had been killed and nine hundred fifty nine children had been lined up for inspection, the homely looking ones were parted from the pretty ones and then the glandelinians like a raving mob commenced a massacre, crushing the heads of the children, smashing their arms and tearing the insides out of every one of them and lacerating their throats so badly that the interior was exposed. When the destruction to the building was completed it looked as if it had been shattered by shell fire, all the floors being crushed into kindling wood and all the massacred victims left buried beneath the tons of wreckage. All the interior of the building had been left an mass of indescribable wreckage. Some other buildings near the school had been cut into immense pieces, where in all the upper stories all the beds and rooms had been exposed, the tons of wreckage having been dumped into the streets. The glandelinians had even razed whole blocks of buildings with their explosives and the

of San saint Marias had been horribly damaged by fire. Five entire sections of the beautiful building had been also razed and it was possible for any one to see through the structure. Even here appalling numbers of children injured or mangled with their religious attendants had been horribly crucified, because found unable to work in the slave houses. The scenes of these miseries and horror had exceeded all description. Nothing for days had been heard but the sighs, groans, shrieks, moans, and screams of the crucified victims.

And no one could have taken a step anywhere without the possibility of treading on the mutilated bodies on the ground and intestines in the intestines lay every where. Even hundreds of mothers had been seen with their mangled and bleeding bodies of children crucified, and even to the richly dressed, hundreds of priests, gentlemen and merchants, had been driven to the slave houses. Many of the children who had been cruelly crucified

had their bodies crushed by the glandelinians and all their intestines protruding. Five little girls had been seen with their bellies or bodies opened wide on the co co co co and even hundreds of frightfully injured children crying out in vain for succor had been crucified like the rest.

The glandelinians had ravaged certain parts of the big city with terrible fires, which had been especially among most of the wrecked buildings, and these blazes had at times made a light so bright, that hell with its sea of fire had seemed to break loose. Without exaggeration the glandelinians had set a hundred different fires in the city and it consumed everything of the best value to the horrified inhabitants and the whole wrecked portion of the city had appeared in a blaze which made such brightness that the glow was seen for a hundred miles away from the city itself. Though the glandelinians had set fire in a hundred different portions of the city at once they had seen to it that it burned very slowly, and if it had not been for the pluck of the glandelinians who fought the very fires that made themselves, to confine it only to the ruins, the fire would have formed a general conflagration among even the still standing forests in the valleys. All the prisoners had stood by in silent grief which was only interrupted by the shrieks and wails of the men being crucified on the gallies. Angels and Saints for aid. In fact all the scenes of horror could not be correctly described, and wherever prisoners were found, there was nothing heard but sighs, groans, whimpers, weeping, and lamentations. A pretty little girl whose name was Francis Dolores Schmidt was picked up from the wreck wreckage of a house with a leg so badly crushed that amputation would have been necessary, but even in that condition the glandelinians had crucified her.

In the meantime learning that three of his daughters were falling fast general Vivian was alarmed and decided that if they died or anything else happened he would at once give up the Julio Callio campaign and return to Angelina and retire from the war and allow the foe to have full sway, for just now he felt that he on account of the condition of his daughters did not care a darn about the children in Julio Callio. Recently during Evans' stay in Julio Callio General Vivian had been after receiving fresh forces to refill his sadly depleted army had been in action with Huebman Manley at Francis Alicia who had managed to rush in like a furious cyclone and bar his advance. General Vivian all the time that the battle was raging had felt a foreboding of evil and as he watched the frightful slaughter of his divisions of men his eyes were filled with tears. It is not worth while to explain fully how the fury and violence of the battle progressed, but I may say that Brigano and Zangustopolis together did not look as bad. The ground in front of the christian works was fairly smeared in mangled bodies of glandelinian and christian soldiers combined, and one surge after another of the glandelinians had successfully swept over this sea of dead and bodies and crushed the christian line, only to be repulsed with damnable slaughter.

However an hour after the battle when it was won by the Angelinians general Vivian had gone to the hospital to see his daughters and find out how they were getting along. In the hospital general Vivian met the doctor himself.

"One of your daughters alone shows relief from her terrible sufferings now," he said. "But just the same I fear she is going to die, so I think it you had better come quickly before she goes."

In a few minutes general Vivian entered the room where the frightfully

mangled figures lay. Catherine along was sinking and general Vivian remembered with a pang the beautiful singing of the Vivian girls. How sweet the child tones as they had for the army masses sang the beautiful hymns. Many times general Vivian had stood quiet and listened in emotion. How little did he and Hanson ever imagine that it would be the last hymns that they may ever sing and it would probably be several more days that three of them may soon be with the celestial ones.

Never again would he hear those celestial like voices in the beautiful hymns around the sweet test echoes of their voices, unless by the mercy of God they hear it among the angels. His very soul had been touched as he had heard the words of his little children unconscious probably far away to a earth, but when the sweet little children had reached the last verses, every single word which had fallen on his sharp ears with distinctness that had been so awfully strange, he had been moved to tears.

When general Vivian stood by Catherine had she opened opened her eyes:

"Papa I have a strange feeling that God may have mercy on me and my sisters, and-----" At a sudden a terrible spasm of almost mortal agony overtook her, and her father whose kind face bent over the little sufferer did his best to relieve her of her terrible plight, but alas his desperate efforts were certainly useless. Angelina alone was not quite so miserable any more, and she spoke to general Vivian:

"I'm going to do all I can with the help of Jesus and my friends in heaven to get well but I hope my dear papa, will stay good so that we will see each other in heaven."

Angelina then with a wistful smile on her face dropped her golden head on the pillow seeming to be brightly transfixed. The sight was enough to startle anyone and unable to bear it general Vivian dropped on his knees and sobbed like a child. Violet had tried to sit up when he sobbed, but suffering pains from the efforts she lay still.

"Papa I was some of the bandages taken off, A good deal of it."

She said:

The wounded child tried to rise but the efforts only brought excruciating pain and shaking down her long golden hair she said rather painfully:

"I just want some of the aboriginal bandages taken off. There is too much of it and it only makes me suffer more."

"The doctor is the only one who allows it to be done," said general Vivian.

"But doctor take care when you remove them and do not take off any more than is necessary, as you know the wounds must be covered. Oh God I fear she is disfigured."

"Oh papa," said Violet sadly.

"Yes and I have lost all now," said general Vivian gloomily.

"And I wanted you to remain so beautiful against the time we go out west again to Abbiennia. But now one of you, a girl of you may die at any time and if not dying be disfigured for life and we even blind. I do not even believe that you and all my daughters are wounded mortally. I even in fact that any one will believe it so for I positively know it is true."

General Vivian closed his lips and stood gloomily eyeing the once so beautiful figures, who though beauty was separated from their body was still on their souls.

"It is just what I have been forboding," said general Vivian to himself. "It is just what has been preying on my mind from hour to hour bringing me even down to the grave though no one sees me care. I have seen this long. Since the fatal tragedy at Brigano I have not had any luck since."

Violet indeed felt and appreciated the difference between their father and Hanson who knelt by her bed. Her strength as he knew was fast fading away and he feared that if his daughters were able to live with these cruel wounds they would be disfigured for life and also blind. Angelina alone as proof showed was the only one not blind.

"There is some thing I want to say and do that I ought to do, and you must be willing to have me speak," said Angelina. "It must come now. There is no putting it off. Do be willing that I should speak now."

"My dear little girl, I am willing," said general Vivian covering his eyes with one hand, and holding Angelina's hand with the other.

"Then I want to see all your general together who can come. Have some things I must say to them," said Angelina.

General Vivian dispatched a messenger and soon a large number of officers were there including general master Johnston. Poor little Evangelina lay back on her pillow, her beautiful hair hanging loosely about her face her crimson cheeks contrasting painfully, with the intense whiteness of her complexion and the thin contour of her limbs and features, and large soul like eyes "fixed on everyone of the christian generals. Indeed all the generals were struck with sudden emotion.

The spit spiritual face, her long locks of golden hair, the condition of her sisters, her father's aged face, and the sob of her sufferings sisters struck at once upon the feelings of the sensitive and impressionable Christian officers, and they looked at one another, sighed, and shook their heads sadly, while their eyes were a flash in their eyes, as they thought who was really responsible for it. There was a deep silence like that of the grave. As Evangeline raised herself and looked long and earnestly at every officer general, who looked sad and apprehensive, many who put their faces in their hands and sobbed.

"My dear friends I have sent for you all, because I have always loved you, and I have something to say to you, which I want you to remember always. I fear I and my sisters will be sadly disfigured for life and you will even probably never see us any more for papa-----39"

Here Evangeline was interrupted by bursts, of groans, sobs, and lamentations which broke from all present and in which her slender voice was lost entirely. She waited a moment and then speaking in a tone that checked the sobs of all she said:

"If you generals love me you must not interrupt me so. Listen to what I say. I want to speak to you about my sisters. Some of you were very careless I'm afraid about what the enemy do. You are in danger for you all know that God proclaimed it a sacrilegious deed to leave us in harm's way when we could have been carried off or injured, and one of those things happened as you see. I want you generals to remember that we were no once more beset a fearful and useless than any one else serving Abbeinnia and so our peril means death to you all as much as to me. But if you want to save your selves you must unite in a desperate effort to capture Francis Anna and rescue all the poor children who are suffering worse than I and my sisters did over there and in Julio Gallo or, some. You must remember that each one of you, had or have a little child of your own, and how it would feel to have them in the clutches of the brutal Mandolinians. If you want to help us recover you must also pray to God as to ask his aid in rescuing the little children. You must also-----"

The child checked herself, looked pitifully at them and said sorrowfully:-----

"Oh dear if you only could find Evans." And she hid her face in her pillow and sobbed as if her heart would break, while many a motherly sob came from the general's she was addressing, who were kneeling around her and her sisters.

"Never mind." She said raising her face and smiling brightly through her tears. "I have prayed to Jesus to cause Evans to come back to me, and have also prayed to Jesus to help you find him. Try to do all the best you can, pray as every day, ask him to help you and you will succeed."

"Amen." Was the murmured response, from the lips of Roswell, Buster Johnston and some of the other generals. The Christian generals were completely overcome and were sobbing with their heads bowed upon their knees.

"I know." Said Evangeline, "You all love me and my sisters."

"O yes, yes oh indeed we do." Was the response of all the generals simultaneously.

"Yes I know you do. There is not one of you generals that haven't been always kind to me and my sisters, and I want to give you something that when you look at it think that I and my sisters love you, and in case you find Evans give him one also and tell him that I'm going to Abbeinnia with my sisters when we get well, and that I want to see him there."

It was utterly impossible to describe the heartrending scenes, as with tears and sobs they gathered around the saintly child, and took from their hands what was to many of them a last mark of her love for these officers never saw the war though. They fell on their knees and kissed the hem of her garments, and the generals poured forth words of endearment, mingled with prayers and blessings. As each of one took their gift apprehensive of the effect of all the excitement on the little one, her father signed to each one to pass quietly out of the ward. At last all were gone except general and Vivian and Roswell Buster Johnston.

"Here Roswell is a beautiful one for you." Oh I'm so happy Roswell to think that I have seen you for the second time. And my dear kind papa.-----She added fondly. "I know you won't back out now. Lay siege to Julio Gallo for my sake."

"Oh dear Evangeline I don't see how we can do it, when we are discouraged over your condition, and that of your sisters." Said general Vivian. "It is just like taking everything off the place at once to see my only ones disfigured." And general Vivian gave way to a piteous passion of weeping. Roswell, Buster Johnston himself was wiping away many tears of his own. General Vivian had been sitting during the whole time with his hand shadowing his eyes and when all was gone he sat so still.

He stayed with his mangled ones for an hour and it already being toward evening general Vivian still sitting by her bed was startled by Angelina calling him.

"Papa." Said Evangeline gently laying her hand in his.

He gave a sudden start and shiver but made no answer.

"Dear papa." Said Evangeline.

"I cannot." Said general Vivian rising, "I cannot have it so I won't stand it. It is too much. Oh"

THE REAL TORTURE THAT THE VIVIAN GIRLS WENT THROUGH.

The next morning Vivian and her sisters were still suffering terribly, and general Vivian was doing his best to comfort them when general Rudolph came in.

"Your excellency those are the mangled saints?" He asked.

He took off his hat as he halted and gave a salute.

"O yes." Answered general Vivian in a surly manner. "Why?"

"It was sad news for you general. You know the guardian of your little girls do you not?"

"Yes." Answered general Vivian going growing pale. "Has anything happened to them?"

"The general hesitated fearing the news would be too much for the little girls. But the little girls realized what the news was.

"He is killed." She gasped.

"That is what I heard." Answered the general. "He was taken prisoner by the Mandolinians in Julio Gallo when trying to make away with the little girl called Francis Millian, and that he had been shot as a spy. I was very loath to tell you little girls or your father, but it had better to come from me than from some other person."

Vivian and her sisters were shocked at the news and burst into tears.

"We the poor little girls never going to be happy!"

"Oh don't tell me he is dead." Wailed Jennie. "Oh my darling Evans will I never see him again?"

General Vivian could not check their wild grief. The news had literally broken their hearts and they were wild with grief. This in deed had been above to the little girls but by the frightful battle of Gloria Francis had been a man then news had reported anyway been deprived of their brothers and best friends, and now Evans was gone and they themselves mangled and crippled, disfigured, and blinded for life. It seemed as if it was more than they could bear. Rudolph could not stand the sight of their wild grief and tears came to his eyes as he had never seen children in such distress before, and not being able to stand it he left the room. A few minutes after general Vivian left the room one of the red cross nurses found the poor little girls unconscious. She immediately sent another nurse to bring the doctor or somebody. In a few minutes a two orderlies came dashing up.

"The children have swooned." Cried the nurse. "I'll go and fetch general Vivian."

Another nurse quickly appeared and a alarmed look on her face.

"The poor little girls have only fainted." Said the red cross nurse who first found them. Sorrow over the death of their friend Evans caused them to swoon. One of the orderlies has already gone to summon general Vivian to come."

He pale face nurse bent over Vivian with a glass of water.

"I would not do anything, until general Vivian comes." Warned the nurse. In a few minutes general Vivian came in with general Russell. No sooner had he brought the little girls to their senses than in came general Roswell Buster Johnston.

"Your excellency." He cried, "Do you know what has happened?"

"No." Answered general Vivian.

"Your right wing has been torn to pieces, by a sudden fearful onslaught of the Mandolinians. The loss in life is already something fearful. I tried to get fresh forces to concentrate on the Jennie Wren own gun but cannot check the fearful headlong onrush of the enemy, and all our officers are down. If something ain't done soon the enemy will swarm here, and it will be all up with your daughters."

"Good God." Gasped general Vivian. "My daughters. Can't we try the wireless?"

"I have done that but I can't get no answer and I believe the wireless stations are in the hands of the enemy."

"Oh papa don't you dare go there." Shrieked Jennie at this alarming news.

"You will be killed."

Her sisters broke in a piteous fit of weeping.

"We simply have got to do something to check them some way." Said general Russell desperately. "Oh God, God I fear the worse has happened. How did you find out the news?"

"A reporter just came from there." Said Roswell Puster Johnston. "Our strongest wing is a mass of panic stricken hordes." All morning long the two generals tried frantically to check the foe's furio advance but in vain the battle was totally a landelinian victory. Four hours had passed and though the little girls had come to the their senses they seemed to be sinking lower and lower, and the doctor having attended to them at this moment came to Robert Vivian who had returned in despair and distress and said:

"My friend you have got to find some way to have them stopped for if the foe comes here your daughters will surely die. We have got to stop those landelinians."

"But how can we?" General Puster Vivian turning suddenly upon him while Roswell Puster Johnston remained silent. Hundreds of my officers are down the fields are anarchy with the victorious enemy who are advancing like an irresistible tornado through a corn field, and it is impossible to approach the firing line. The battle then roars like another Cedernine."

It indeed was puzzling to them all. "Your little girls had better be moved then to St Anne stockades for better shelter." Said the doctor and Roswell together.

"But it seems impossible no the snow fields are almost impassable." Said Roswell. "There is a doctor there also who could probably fix the little girls up so they won't be disfigured, crippled or blind for life. This poor doctor cannot do it alone."

"We have got to get them there somehow." Said general Vivian. "I believe we could check the enemy though in time, though it is slow progress."

"No it cannot be done." Said Roswell. "The battle is du surely lost."

For Violet and her sisters. How they all suffered from their frightful injuries. When she had been picked up Jennie's whole leg had been found covered with blood and even her foot her pretty little foot had been found severely mangled. All of the little girls were brave but their suffering was intolerable, excruciating, and when Jennie had been picked up she could not help giving a scream.

"Oh please be careful. My leg is broken."

At this the man had lifted her as gently as possible and carried her where she lay now. The surgeon had examined every one of the mangled little girls and as stated before they had declared it to be serious injuries and that even an operation would have to be performed on them all which could not be performed without the help of two other doctors. And that if no operation was performed within half an hour, nothing whatever would prevent their deaths. He pitted the lit poor little girls and as they had been so unnaturally prettily he could not help loving them. He had made a full examination of the little girls, each having broken legs and arms, and they had suffered excruciating pain as they first lay there after recovering, and suffered worse after the operation operation and still worse during the operation. It unfortunately however had been more than a half an hour before four other doctors had come and the operation of the little girls who received no sleep medicines as none could be had, had lasted four hours on each one singly I mean, and not all combined, seven doctors having performed the operations of them all at the same time, and their sufferings during the operations was like the tortures of the damned, but not as could the little girls utter, though they offered their horrible agony to God, who was looking down on German and his bands of landelinians with an anger that was terrible to imagine. German lay our doom will soon come.

For three days after the operations so severe was their misery that every sound had made them wince and moan. Violet had been in a bad fix, a crushed leg and foot, two broken arms, scarred and mangled face, and cuts and bruises and slashes all over her body.

All the patients in the ward being children pitted them, admired their bravery, though they knew indeed how intense was their suffering. One of the little girls narrowly escaped an amputation of two legs and one arm, and had cried, and moaned for days in terrible agony. This was poor Evangeline. Indeed now the little girls realized the horrors of war, and the misery and sorrow caused by it. When ever the thought of it came to them they shivered and vowed they would never go near a battle field again not even within hearing of it. They even imagined they still heard the noise of the battle of Brigano and the ear-splitting destruction caused by

noise of the battle of Brigano and the ear-splitting destruction caused by the landelinian cannonade, when in fact it was the battle now raging which they heard, and which the enemy were really winning.

Today when Evans disappeared a soldier had come in followed by a sister whose name was in a sibling.

"I believe you know these pretty little children." The soldier had said to her. "They are severely wounded, and not only are they disfigured for life and suffering the loss of their brothers and dearest friends, including their guardian Jack Evans but their sight as well."

The Holy woman who was sister Angelina their old friend had walked quietly to the white cots, the soldier making a bow as he left.

"Too bad. Too bad." The sister had said sadly. "I wish that you dear little girls had not remained in this region of terrible war."

Violet had tried to answer and so had her sisters but tears had come to their arm eyes and their lips had quivered vehemently.

"Don't try to speak." The sister had said kindly. "I know how much you little girls are suffering."

Violet had taken the sister's hand and held it fast. The sister's presence had seemed to cheer her and her sisters and her painful expression had made the sister realize that Violet and her sisters had wished her to remain. The poor little girls as they laid there looked like injured angels. Their hair were all in curls, half wrapped in bandages, and the sight of them in that condition made the good sister cry.

Recovering the sister said:

"Violet, you and your sisters are brave little girls. I never thought you had such daring in you when I first knew you, and you poor little girls have looked as timid as if you knew nothing but dread. You bear your injuries and misery so patiently that sure surely the good God won't allow you and your sisters the horrible sorrow of being disfigured, blind and crippled for life. How did you little girls get hurt so badly?"

"We ran into what exploded by the landelinians." Was Violet's answer.

Indeed to the little girls it had that a day so mad as if the world was wounded. Such moaning sobs and cries, from wounded soldiers brought past the hospital. Indeed it seemed to be heard everywhere though now general Vivian was gaining ground again in this horrible battle. Sister Angelina felt sorry for poor Violet and her sisters. She realized how bad their injuries were, and she wondered herself if they would ever be able to walk again. And what had really happened to their good guardian Jack Evans? Had he shared the same fate or worse? And my how loud the hiss of the snow blowing from the roof was. Would it never cease? And horrible was the roaring thunder of the distant battle. She looked long at Violet and her sisters who who resembled beautiful celestial creatures, with beautiful long hair which had been so curled so beautifully the day before the fatal accident.

The day of the Alice struggle the little girls had showed some slight improvement, but sister Angelina was not there. General Rudolph Rassendale, had been in to see the little girls and so had general Harry Thorndale. He had come to know them since the Cedernine and Glorinia Francis disasters and now when he had seen them prostrated with their injuries he felt sad. It was Rudolph who had intended to move the little girls to St Anne Stockade as soon as possible though just now it did not seem necessary as the enemy was giving way.

General Vivian had returned at this moment and was surprised to see Thorndale.

"How in the world did your army escape in the disaster this morning?"

Asked general Vivian. "I heard you were killed."

"God alone knows." Said Thorndale. "My whole line was caught in a regular maelstrom of slaughter, but I held my own until the enemy despite their surrounding was outflanked by another Christian force and routed. How are your little daughters now?"

"They are still in a bad condition." Said general Vivian. "They

They all had a narrow escape from instant death, and all except poor Angelina had their eyes almost gouged out. They seem to be improving but tremendously slow."

Thorndale stepped to Angelina. "Ed."

"How are you little dear?" He asked.

"I feel better already, but I am very weak." Said Evangeline. "The doctor says that I'll soon be able to see out of my wounded eye. My hand feet are still sore and though I may be able to sit up in a few days, I may never be able to walk."

"I'm sorry to hear of your misfortune." Said Rassendale himself.

"We ourselves had a narrow escape during the battle to day which we finally

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won. The enemy struck out side our lines with all his tremendous force, but we cut him to pieces."

"Did the Angelinians do as much damage during the onslaught as I hear?" Asked general Vivian. "I hear that the Angelinians damaged one of our wings."

"That wing was almost wiped out," Answered Thordale. "The Christian columns tried to hold, but to the enemy's fire tore every Christian division that opposed their assault to pieces. My line relieved the enemy's whole center. The loss of life is more appalling than at Briganco."

"Good God," Gasped general Vivian. "How many were killed?"

"I can't ascertain," Said Thordale. "The furious onslaught struck the crushed wing without warning. I hardly could get aid as the enemy assaulting my line had extended his line to such great extent that the Angelinians almost surrounded my army. The destruction was really worse throughout your right wing. Some of the works are buried in the bodies of the slain. So furious was the battle that it had seemed as if hell had changed places with the earth, so fearful was the clamor, and the various red color colors in the sky. General Garance's army was annihilated and he is in the hospital wounded."

"Well I'm glad that Violet and her sisters escaped the threatening danger from the at first successful enemy," Said general Vivian. "The poor little girls have suffered terribly for these past weeks as their injuries are dangerous. Their wounds are almost mortal, every one of them being badly mangled by the great explosion, and maybe helpless for many months. I myself had a narrow escape from serious injury yesterday when my horse losing a shoe while on full gallop fell and threw me."

Thordale bent over little Evangeline....

"How did you get caught by the mine?" Mike asked. "Was it too quick for you?"

"We did not know the ground was mine," Said Angeline. "We were surprised before we were aware of the existence of the mine. The house was blown or torn to pieces, without my being able to get away, and was almost buried in wreckage with my sisters, and indeed I thought it was the end of us."

"Who took you from the wreckage?"

"O I do not know," Said Angeline. "I must have been knocked to sleep as a heavy beam gave me an awful blow on the head as it was sent flying through the air by the force of the explosion. My wounds, and those of my sisters were considered fatal."

"It certainly has been some battle to day," Said Thordale. "It was a hundred times worse than any I have ever seen before. It lasted about near six hours all day long."

"Did you have much trouble in driving the enemy back after the reinforcements came?" Asked general Vivian. "You told me an awful number of you men were slain."

"No sir," Answered general Thordale. "The reinforcements happened to be a large force of Christian cavalry about one hundred and thirty squadrons, and these charged like a roaring avalanche, cutting the enemy's lines which surrounded us to pieces, and routed the survivors."

MANLEY ATTEMPT'S TO RAISE THE SIEGE OF FRANCIS-AT LANTA..... THE RESULT. JANUARY 17TH... 1911

Three weeks more had passed since the Vivian girls had been injured and general Vivian for revenge had made a vigorous advance laying siege to the large city of Francis-Atlanta, which was held by the famous Manley's armies..... General Johnston Jackson Manley himself was impatient over the length of the siege, which was already many weeks since the battle of Briganco and inspired by the preaching of his councillors, and the apparent destruction of the poor Vivian girls decided to raise the siege himself, by going to his sons rescue and waging another terrible battle.

He had advanced large forces upon Repon Maria Lanta, which the Christians there had abandoned after fighting with the fury of millions of mad dogs in which inconceivable losses were suffered by the enemy alone, a dearly bought victory for Manley. His battle occurred on December 31st.

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General Vivian who had taken Hanson's place the request of his brother to lead for a while in his stead, was still broken hearted over the loss of his best troops at Briganco, and over the disaster to Hanson's at Francis, and of the injury of the Vivian girls and now was in a mood to stand any further nonsense from either his wicked brother, who had been responsible for all the recent horrors or the Manleys, and decided to prevent Germania from rejoining Manley at all costs.

Manley himself had taken possession of Repon, but on the afternoon of that day general Vivian came up with his forces, and Manley soon found himself hurrying off faster than he had come in with nearly sixteen million one hundred thousand of his men as prisoners. Of course the sudden blow angered him, but Manley for a time did nothing while in the meanwhile general Ebellina Tamerline disheartened by the outcome of the battle of Little Florida Francis Anna, had did all in his power to gather a large army and was succeeding. Even yet on the side of the enemy general Calmanina Shoenannan was appalled over the Julio Gallo horrors was not in favor of Manley any more, but nevertheless wicked Manley to try and daunt this glorious Angelinian general placed general Raymond Richardson in the main command of his army. Manley on the following day before the advance for Francis Atlanta held a public speech but most of the things said during the speech would probably cause God to strike me dead if I wrote it. In the speech he blasphemed God most shockingly and had even challenged him to come down from heaven with all his angels and fight him and his army.

In the meantime however general Vivian having no time whatever in the horror of the Julio Gallo situation, had went off with Vivian and Wienstien to the north to hurry on the Christian officers with their newly formed armies to move forward and strike again against Vivian Wickey. General Hanson had received a note from general Francis Vivian two days later which to the joy of all predicted that he was advancing armies with Zimmermann to strike Vivian Wickey simultaneously and moving against the foe near the location of Logan-Zoe-Rue-Run.

Evans still wounded in the Julio Gallo hospital had known of the coming hell storm long before this having discovered the true identification long before, and was anxious to get out of Julio Gallo with the child before the city would be blasted to destruction by the terrific fire of the Christian guns. Manley himself learning of the truth, despite his boasts, and defying God to come down and fight his wicked army was scared. He had believed that his most dangerous foes, the Calvinians had been facing Julio Gallo, but when he learned that general Vivian was advancing large armies under Shuemaucherd Wienstien with the famous Vivian and Zimmermann upon Vivian Wickey and Logan-Zoe-Rue-Run he became alarmed. Federal himself had been excited to the highest pitch, by Manley's recent speech and afraid that Manley was delaying too long decided to justify the prediction by making a desperate assault upon Hanson's lines now confronting him, to forcibly raise the siege of Francis Atlanta which was so surrounded by general Ricknell's Calvinians.

During the siege of Francis Atlanta the famous Manley's lines extended far in front of general Vivian's superior forces, to the extreme left of the Lanta Hills, through the Franciscan plains, added by a long line of formidable field fortifications, including many closed forts and batteries, defended by hills, ditches, earthworks, and protected by every device in the way of obstruction, slash slashed forests, abatis, and including many chains of the most destructive cannon. Huetaum Manley was so confident in the strength of his armies but wished his father to hurry up in his advance.

Manley however arrived, and came into collision with general Hanson's right wing concentrating toward Lanta.

THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF ILLENIA.

Stanislawa's mighty force of Angelinians made a desultory onslaught which finally became general and though the plunging fire from the Angelinian batteries had become annihilating, larger forces of the foe advancing by blasting their way through the Angelinian defenses with terrific gun fire of their own covering batteries moved swiftly forward in a driving attack, upon the center of the wing, annihilating Mc-Hollister Shuemauchers right wing, capturing three hundred thousand men but failing to capture three hundred guns which were fired again and again during the whole Angelinian retreat. In the meantime new batteries of Christian artillery had been brought up, and general Rookie's Angelinian divisions making a most frightful onslaught on the left of Shuemauchers line were shelled

to pieces and driven back with the most heavy losses. The Christian artillery men also silenced some of the Glandelinian batteries which had been keeping up a most spasmodic hammering during nearly the whole time doing incapable damage. The direct attack of the Glandelinians on Vivian's lines had been made at the same time but after suffering mutual losses not worth describing, the Glandelinian forces were stormed back and shattered and broken, McHollister, Silverbell and Vivian being killed and their Glandelinian divisions reduced to fragments. McDonalds impregnable position was also desperately assaulted and amid slaughter that startled both sides, the Glandelinians were repulsed, and the Christians holding against terrific odds routed their assailants, capturing over four hundred thousand prisoners.

Glandelinian attacks on Percuans lines were also a failure, the Angelinians holding out heroically, their guns reducing the Glandelinian waves, firing the woods and the Glandelinians with the greatest difficulty extracted the greater part of their army from the trap into which they had fallen.

Thus ended this severe action as a Christian victory. In one of his statements after the frightful carnage at Arigano, General Vivian had declared that despite the public announcement of the Glandelinian preparedness to fight till the end, at Julio Gallo were in reality tiring of the war and already to talk peace, based on the growing conviction in official circles that the Glandelinians have about reached the end of their string so far as offensive movement were concerned. His view point was that Glandelinia had been dealt a blow at little Gloria.

Franciana that will nullify her offensive power for a long time, that General Johnston Jackson Manley realizes his inability to push the Christians out of the region of Julio Gallo which can be and will be forced by a Christian army of any size. That all the Glandelinian general generals defending Julio Gallo will have to be abandoning the city or be annihilated as they would expect no quarter for the treatment of the Christian children in the city. General Manley himself had declared that the safety of the city from the Calvinians and Angelinians was alone, Glandelinians only peace and that mighty Glandelinian whose cues is in the right, will win at a cost. Another week passed however before Manley started to work generally upon his plans. Then he sent word that was incoming and of many new divisions to try and make a breach toward Francis Atlanta Federal however, however knew the true conditions of general vanconias line and thought this a foolhardy task, but as he was ordered to do it, he prepared for the movement, gathering his whole command.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF ILLENIA.

Indeed Federal had a long advance to make and dreading that it would take a whole day to get there, decided to march by a short way and flank the Christian army situated there. It was about three hours later when the Glandelinians reached their destination and met a heavy force of Abbieannians and Angelinians under General Zeigler and Greatheart. Greatheart had in the meantime formed his divisions into immense squares and when the Glandelinians appeared he launched a sweeping attack which continued with unabated fury for three hours despite the awful losses that the Glandelinian fire inflicted. The Abbieannians and Angelinians during the fearful and onslaught came close to Federal's lines many times, but the desperate first line of gray coats had taken defense, in ravines and gullies and Greatheart found it impossible to force the Glandelinians from their position. His line of assault had already been broken into many parts, and elated over this fresh force of Glandelinians arriving to the assistance of those already attacked, swept fiercely upon the disordered Christian ranks and drove them into the greatest confusion. His whole line indeed was threatened with destruction, during the terrible counter charge of the frenzied Glandelinians, but Greatheart had noticed this threatening disaster, and threw forward fresh troops to repel the assaults. Indeed Greatheart's whole column had now received reinforcements and now again the fire along the enemy's line began to recede.

The Angelinians now started to pour down and after the retiring Glandelinian returning a fire so fierce that the multitudes of Glandelinians were seriously handicapped and before the fierce Christian advance fell back in confusion. Baldwin's batteries were being brought up during the meantime and these soon began to pour shells which burst in large explosive

puffs and revealing terrible numbers of dead and wounded Glandelinians. Another

Along another portion of general Greatheart's line, the enemy had kept up marvelous activity, which had increased to a fearful carnage. Through all the lanes and made meadows, the enemy had attacked in fearful numbers, advancing with indescribable fury, and for a time did have everything going their own way. At this time ten thousand guns of Baldwin's batteries had been massed upon these advancing columns and roared in a series of most violent detonations which succeeded each other so rapidly as to produce almost a continuous roar.

Appalling was this charge of the enemy. The Glandelinians swarmed up against the massive Christian line in great columns, the Christian line soon becoming hidden in immense wreaths of smoke. Indeed the ravaging Christian fire was terrible, but with fierce and bold dashes the enemy came on, dashing toward the Christian line, plunging recklessly to their deaths like a monstrous pack of yelling gray demons. The Glandelinians swarmed upon the Christians only to be shot down in thousands. The carnage was now appalling. The left wing of the Christian force was shuddering violently from the impact of the Glandelinian onslaught, but nevertheless was standing firm, and met column after column, until their line was riven to fragments and the dead and wounded piled in heaps.

Then heavy with the weight of pressure the hard battling left wing was slowly bent backward and the assaults went headlong into them with crash and roar. But redoubled efforts soon checked the headlong sweep of the enemy, and though the Glandelinians seemed to borrow into the massive Christian column, hastily arriving reinforcements were flung viciously against the reinforcements.

....of the enemy too.

The many Glandelinian columns were jarred wildly, and general walters columns catching them on the left flank, forced them into confusion, and the next minute a whooping billow of Calvinians pounced upon their retiring center. Center, right along the whole length and the Glandelinians were borne along before the Angelinians, and Calvinians like the leaves before a screaming gale. It was at this moment that the large Christian force under Kindermine arrived and he pressed on after the retiring enemy while one of his cavalry divisions made a clean sweep of their flank. The whole gray line was not shattered, many ranks going down, Zeigler's big columns also rushed forward amid the ominous roar of musketry and rushed clean upon the mighty mass of Glandelinians who were trying to rally with a tremendous shock. The Glandelinians were now like a ship run aground but as they pressed on their line of retreat, more great columns of Angelinians caught them on the rear of their central line and hurled them foremost upon the bayonets of those of front, and the frenzied sweep of the Angelinians caused the Glandelinians to break into a frightful panic.

Every Christian column, every column as they came swooping down upon the rest of the retiring Glandelinians broke the line amid the roaring carnage, and rushing upon them like avalanches soon had them trotting full speed, their lines all broken up to pieces. The Christian Christian batteries to add to it all were roaring with increasing fury, the ponderous volleys of shells, exploding with ear-splitting crashes among the Glandelinians. The battle had raged furiously for six hours, and stretched away for four miles but now the great columns of Angelinians rushing on amid the thunderous tumult seemed to be carrying all before them, every Glandelinian column seemed to be fleeing the Angelinians crashing furiously upon their flanks. Federal however had seen this rout, and within another hour had massed Gandonias forces against the successful Christians, and so great was this new concentration of Glandelinians that it seemed as if the whole nation of the enemy was coming to the aid of their routed comrades. And here at last the battle swelled to its greatest fury. The great columns of the Glandelinians came rushing on like avalanches of human beings, and the thunderous roar of Glandelinian cannon that increased with redoubled fury, then the whole Glandelinian Glandelinian musketry and machine gun fire became general and so terrific was the slaughter among the Christian columns that it seemed as if they were facing a trillion rifle blasts the hundreds of shells in their shrieks making a noise like a screaming tornado.

Never before in this region was there such an uproar of cannon and musketry and the yelling of the Glandelinians was deafening. The very heavens seemed rent with the cannon fire and all the front ranks of the Angelinians dissolved like snow before a furnace. Whole regiments were shattered badly or crushed to fragments, the whole battle line of the fleeing Glandelinians with their fire. But during this Titan throes of battle, the whole of Federal's line was forced back, though far and wide along their whole line, their musketry still roared terribly. As Federal's columns were falling back the fire along the Glandelinian front soon began to slacken immediately, and

their generals meeting on all sides disordered groups, were forced to order a general retreat. Other main columns were also falling back, and as they retired Federal fol followed last, but the christians attempted no pursuit. The firing gradually ceased altogether. All night long work was on ingathering the wounded and burying the dead. The losses on both sides had been incredible, and the main numbers were not yet known. So many trees were split and broken by the rushing shot and shell that the ground was strewn by their branches and the Lincolnian grounds or glens had hardly a tree standing, so many having been uprooted by shells or kanwed off by bullets from the indescribable firing of both sides. The heaviest losses of all in this conflict occurred here, as three immense Glandelinian divisions had been annihilated, over nine nine hundred and seventy two thousand having been killed or wounded.

.....WICKWELL IN ACTION.....

The next day the greater part of Manley's army seemed to have arrived as Leonia Meldonia Picknell concentrating upon Illenia, drew from a good part of Hanson's army a furious storming attack of the most violent ferocity. Indeed the Glandelinian boy scouts had warned the Glandelinian officers of the approaching christian columns, and the enemy's front supported by batteries seemed as if suddenly swept by sheeted flame, and following the cannoning roar of artillery, a very storm of shells crashed heavily among the christian columns, wiping out whole companies. The christian columns continued to press on with swift and intolerable fury, and as the Glandelinians let loose with their machine guns the christians seemed swallowed up in the smoke of canister.

The Angelinians were now coming nearer and nearer despite the fearful volleys that poured fast the Angelinians advancing with a fury that startled the Glandelinians. One column after another of the christians was torn to flying fragments by the stream or barrage of exploding Glandelinian shells, tearing along the enemy's lines becoming annihilating.

Tearing many columns to pieces, and as the christian advance still continued the torrents of shells and grape came faster added with musketry fire the discharge of arms along the whole of the enemy's line assuming its most deadly and destructive fury, increasing the carnage which rendered more fearful the christian losses. The cannon fire and the deafening up roar of musketry now became more and more frightful fairly heaping up the dead and wounded christians. Every column exposed to this fire melted to a thousand fragments. Hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of Angelinians and Calvinians neared the enemy's work held by Adelsdegarbes fierce Glandelinians Glandelinians and as they poured over the Glandelinians vainly strove to make themselves as immovable as rocks and drive back their assailants.

There was now a frightful tumult of bayonets, pikes, musket and pistol pop pistol shots while in vain did the stubborn cannoners try to plow or cut them down as fast as they came but they could not check the christian onslaught. The big seemingly immovable surge of Glandelinians was only like a reef before the whirlwind. They only made a feeble barrier as the succeeding waves of purple coats had rushed forward like an avalanche of soldiers and the Glandelinians were soon forced to give way, the christians carrying all before them.

After this there was a lull lasting two hours, and then the Angelinians who had won this engagement beheld five large columns of Glandelinians consisting of Calman Shoemans ninth corps advancing at the double time, almost like a retreat while a thousand feet away was their commander urging them on.

This big force of Glandelinians had formed a line which reached as far as eyes could see, but in their awful advance they did not shift or waver and with every movement they looked frightfully ominous. Then from the direction of the enemy's batteries there suddenly broke the awful stupendous roar of cannon fire, which was simultaneously echoed back by the fiercer and sharper detonations of their canisters, and soon their whole line of batteries blazed forth with a most indescribable and intolerable uproar. This announced that the batteries were covering the Glandelinian columns rushing forward to make this general attack. The very earth under the feet of the christians shook from the concussion of the cannon fire which committed incalculable havoc among their lines, the shells blasting the christian lines horribly.

The large column of Glandelinian soldiers had now spread out into separate divisions and began to move forward with the fury of a frenzied multitude while now the whole christian line received a frightful shower of shells mingled with vast volleys of highpowdered explosive explosives which tore and mangled many of their most massive columns. Among all the bushes and trees fell that frightful shower of explosions in perfect torrents and as the Glandelinians were coming on like a monstrous tidal wave the Angelinians found themselves so utterly outnumbered that they did not any longer believe themselves safe, and as the enemy amid in the inferno of flame and uproar swarmed over the works, with high universal yells the christian commanders had to order a retreat, and the panic stricken Angelinians meeting an ear-splitting roar of the enemy's musketry fled without firing a single shot in return, leaving the works strewn ten feet deep with their own dead and wounded, dashing madly pressing furiously and crushing against each other.

Indeed the christian troops had broken into a frightful panic and in their blind precipitate retreat began to trample recklessly over the fallen, amid a volume of groans, prayers, and sudden shrieks and curses. From many avenues of trees enormous crowds of purple coats were vomiting forth as if fleeing from a tornado.

Many of the christian generals that this panic like retreat would mean a serious disaster, and tried frantically to rally them, while there was yet time, but the troops dreading annihilation from the showers of shells that still fell fast torrent upon torrent among their columns and added by grape and canister by the guns captured by the foe, rushed into ravines, narrow orchards, and into the woods seeking shelter. If any kind of protection from the awful terrors of the annihilating fire of the enemy while all the while Shoemans extensive line was seeming to grow mightier and larger. The left wing of the christian line though joining in the retreat was not in a panic, and tried twice to cover the retreat of the other columns while officer after officer continually raced up to Hanson's headquarters, crying again and again:

"The enemy. The enemy. They are beating us back. The christian armies are going to pieces."

Hanson and his whole staff knew of the threatening danger brought on by this furious advance of the enemy should they overlap his main right, and as the trampling rush of the scattered christian christians under Lieutenant general Wallen came into view he decided to withdraw and let the enemy have the field as further resistance at this point was useless.

Time. In a few minutes a goodly portion of Hanson's force was also rearing swiftly across the shell swept plain and even the fire of the Glandelinians as more christians cannon was captured had increased so rapidly that columns were torn to pieces in shameful numbers. The fire of the Glandelinian batteries had ceased to avoid shelling their own comrades. General Hanson's christian columns hastened onward, for already so fierce was the advance of the pursuing enemy, that the brave heroes of Christ with the ear-splitting detonation of shells shells shells among them could not rally a line, for line after line was torn to pieces not being able to contest a foot of ground with the enemy without annihilation. So fierce indeed was the enemy's advance that all the Angelinians were encompassed with doubt and horror. The retreat of the christian army was now complete. It was an awful day indeed. To increase the terrors of the panic first aroused by the frightful volleys of shells and shrapnell the Glandelinians began to catch up with Hanson Hanson's rearguard, and harass it with a murderous storm of volleys, that mowed down hundreds of ranks.

The whole Glandelinian column rushed forward with the fury of demons and full upon general general tetrahooks divisions, one of the fiercest of the Glandelinian columns consisting of the Mc-Hollistians and McHargolian curdes poured and mingled with the Angelinians in awful death struggles, capturing thousands of prisoners and routing and set so shooting down the survivors. Upon the whole of Hanson Hanson's columns the Glandelinians dashed the dead and wounded purple coats strewn the ground thickly for miles during the retreat.

One division of Omorian curdes, and McHargolians managed to pass a portion of Hanson's retreating force from a certain direction the Glandelinians pouring a murderous fire into the very faces of the christian soldiers. However it happened to be that the christian commander, general Francis

Francis Mc-Hollister had misunderstood Hanson's order to retreat, and so had failed to obey the order, and his line alone proved a barrier in the way of the advancing foe. The main overlapping column of Glandelinians came suddenly upon Mc-Hollister's lines, and such fierce resistance did the Glandelinians meet that the gray coats finally withdrew with their leaders

generals McWhirther, Estabrook and Henry Wallen who were killed. The fire along McHollister's line had been fearful having mowed down thousands upon thousands of Glandelinians, and heaped up the dead and wounded in that centhing inferno. McHollister's right had in the meantime made a slow swinging movement and soon outnumbered by the new christian force, and almost surrounded with the shrieking shells from the christian guns, killing those thousands, the Glandelinians sought in vain to escape, howling among gaps in the solid christian line. Most of the christians who were first routed were now being supported by a thundering fire of a long chain of christian batteries, and all these panic stricken Angelinians who had been in danger of being dispersed were rallying under shelter of the thick clump of trees, almost half a mile away from the still-advancing foe. And here the sea of dead purple coats that met their eyes horrified them. Here and there the footprints of the fugitives crunched in the snow, all their faces were pale and haggard and as they retreated on, but more slowly and in order, they saw the blue glare of thousands of shells far to their rear among the advancing Glandelinian columns.

THE FEARFUL CRASH, AND HELLSH UPPOAR.

The enemy along Francis McHollister's front was now retiring in confusion, and though now the firing of musketry had ceased, the hellish explosions kept on thundering. All was still along McHollister's line, most of Hanson's retreating platoons being reinforced by a part of the main army and had now rallied, and now a strong barrier was presented to the advancing enemy. The awful columns of Glandelinians which had routed the Angelinians had now had now formed into a seemingly impenetrable surge of gray coated yelling demons and started again in their wild onrush.

Hanson's command had already reformed 8,300,000 of the routed men, but the resumption of the enemy's advance was so quick, that they could not completely rally the others, and so all those not rallied had to continue the retreat, under cover of the christian batteries, which was increasing their vivid and booming roar as more guns went into action.

The advance of the enemy was magnificent, the horrible fire of the christian batteries though it did awful havoc, could not check them in the least, and they fairly tore the air with their horrible "Devil yells," nor was the horrible beauty of all the advancing Glandelinian banners confined to the usual usual and awful hues of fire from burning houses near the battle lines of the opposing forces. All those varying and prodigal dyes of the opposing banners, no rainbow ever did yet get out rival. Many were a bright blue, prettier than the most azure depths of the southern skies. Others were of a livid and snake like green, and the rest like fields of flowers. Terrible torrents of shells were tearing through the advancing columns of Glandelinians making immense gaps all along the line and along the whole christian line there was no pause or slackening in the awful firing now.

The rumbling of far distant cannon could even be heard, and the roaring of Baldwin's batteries, mingled with the grinding and hissing screaming roar of the showers of shells and canister. Many times by the increasing severity of the increasing fury of the christian cannon fire, the solid line of gray coats were time and again torn into mimics of small jagged shapes, the broken portions seeming to stride fiercely in their herculean advance, fairly shaking and rending the air with their horrid devil yells, which resounded resoundingly frightfully bloodcurdling, setting up a general universal tumult.

Hundreds of volleys of shells exploding among them incessantly was now causing frightful decimation of their longest and deepest ranks and lines, and as the smoke spread, the mangled nearest columns seemed to vanish swiftly, only to reappear again in fresh numbers, and to the eyes of the christian cannoners the awful columns of this gigantic Glandelinian wave seemed like one monstrous surge of screeching yelling cursing and blaspheming demons advancing against heaven to contend for the every everlasting bliss once more, and the supremacy over God and his host.

A portion of Wallen's divisions unsupported by artillery was forced to retreat rapidly without striking the enemy a single blow, the enemy along this point not meeting any shells, advanced faster as they came on the Angelinians retreating swiftly without the proper protection which the main christian columns had been ordered to offer them.

During the second withdrawal of the christians the whole element of civilization seemed to be suddenly broken up and the firing which had threatened to become heavy before was not only slackened, but completely stopped. A rush of hundreds of thousands of christians swept past Hanson's, who was riding back and forth among his main columns, and realizing the danger was long before this, the great christian general had made preparations to make a desperate stand and was now slowly starting a concentration of millions of troops and ordering up thousands of machine guns to help the infantry repel this headlong charge of the foe.

Many hundreds of thousands of the defeated recoiling Angelinians, wearied, bewildered, and disappointed, passed along the pursuing enemy coming after them and spreading their lines. Suddenly the mighty and deafening noises from Baldwin's batteries seemed to gather in fury again and the hurst and awful roar of the fiery explosions of gang-gang-shells shook the ground and galled the enemy's surge horribly tearing immense avenues in their lines and shattering one division after another to fragments, and sweeping every thing before it. The surviving Glandelinians still sweeping forward came upon general Evans' lines.

"Fire," "Hans' command; "Give those screeching demons all the hell they want."

And there came a withering flash all a, along the line, followed by a roar like a million cannon, and the whole gray surge at this point went to pieces, and then the christian machine guns let go with a crash and roar of pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop and then as the foe line seemed to draw to wither, Glandelinians reinforced divisions under general James Jentons were seen advancing to the aid of the retreating Angelinians columns in that fiery inferno, and then all was a crash and uproar of a screaming thundering hell of damnation, and then the storm broke loose with irresistible fury.

A large division of Glandelinians under general James Samuel Paltze, made a fearful onrush charge, and received not only a frightful storm of bullets and shells, but also a tempest of canister and graped shot which wiped out this whole force, and which shivered and shredded the other columns coming in succession behind it, the whole gray surge ten million strong going to fragments with ten generals down killed, but now the firing suddenly broke ing loose with the roar of hell along general Jack Hanson's line was suddenly intensified as a Maurice Costello moved with his main divisions and soon as his line was wreathed in smoke and flame, he received a severe wound and was borne from the field of battle, and as Hanson's newly formed lines also soon became generally active the firing soon became intense that the very heavens seemed to be in a deafening uproar and extending to Jentons' lines, with seemingly preternatural fury, caused it to drown out every other sound even the roar of exploding shells, going off as incessantly as rain drops on a roof in a downpour, even drowning out the loud and reverberating roar of Baldwin's batteries, the crash and uproar being horrible, but still the galled and torn up Glandelinian surges continued the rush toward the christian line, and now a most indescribable discharge of fire arms broke loose along other portions of the rash rallied christian line the noise of the firing swelled to a deafening uproar heard at Norm.

Down went the gray coats by multitudes and general Paltze and Gainsbury, were riddled with bullets. In many places the dead and wounded were already lying in windrows, and the showers of shells and canister which incessantly came from the christian machine guns and batteries, crashed down the massive Glandelinian columns bearing with their explosions puffy clouds of smoke and causing along the whole entire line of Omarians and Gargolians such havoc and ruin, that divisions of Glandelinians with their uniforms torn in shreds by the tempest of explosions became confused while more and more of the retreating christian columns began to be fully reformed and obstructed the enemy's passage, and now as the whole of the christian line was being reinforced the firing of musketry increased to terrifying fury. Along the plains to Hanson's left the line of gray coats was terribly thinned and many of their nearest columns had received full fire of shells, which drove them into solid confused masses, but the main jagged columns under Shewman continued to advance suddenly and fearfully, and now to add to this frightful carnage general Hanson's who had rallied the remainder of the retreating christian columns, in Gertrude's lanes, and several cowardly divisions in a large orchard, to the right, but here they could not retain their position as the inferno and the impetuous advance of the Glandelinians disconcerted them, and the sudden collision into which they came was doubly terrible, and they fell back encountering more of the enemy thousands on their right hurrying toward them yelling like demons.

"Cover the retreat of the still confused Angelinians," was Hanson's order.

as the front column of his line was being driven into fragments and causing great confusion. Like titans the two monstrous armies now contended with each other, and these were soon firing at each other so terribly and so madly that the carnage was spread far and wide. The whole of Jennings' line was still shrouded in smoke but the enemy now advancing in serpentine formed lines rushed swiftly on like an avalanche, then came the awful roar of new christian batteries, while along the whole front of the enemy there now seemed to flash a stupendous sheet of flame and smoke while simultaneously along the whole main christian line as from the very jaws of hell with a continuous exploding roar like a million cannon blowing to pieces rushed all at once thousands of desolating volleys. The ground shook beneath the constant contestants from the concussion and everywhere now there was a terrific uproar that seemed to tear asunder the very battle field. Along the whole of Ettrabrooks line a simultaneous crash of musketry sounded and whole masses and columns of Glandelinians were being rapidly swept away.

Amid the appalling uproar the solid line of the enemy was fairly riven and indeed on the side of the Glandelinians men were falling in more frightful numbers, in fact the whole main Glandelinian surge was threatened with dissolution. Yet the boldness of their continued advance surprised general Hanson and as the war assailants reached General Jennings' Anderson's divisions next, the scene of carnage increased to tenfold fury, and again the enemy's columns melted away. Everywhere now there was seen by the christian generals that the whole enemy's line was shattered into many fragments. Yet the enemy continued to advance coming on like avalanches of human beings opening a roaring furnace fire themselves as they drew within range but though the murderous christian fire darkened for an instant the spaces where columns dissolved they were gray again. One of the largest columns was already upon Jennings' line, while already along the whole christian line the firing had become general making almost an unearthly uproar and thunderous crash that caused Hanson to instinctively turn toward the spot and he beheld with his staff, two monstrous columns of his monstrous army extending as far as eye could reach, dissolve into a shroud of smoke and flame, the lines reappearing seemed to surge backwards and for weeks several times, then the christian columns shattered to fragments and were first and then retired, and over seventy million Glandelinians poured over the works, and crashed upon the retreating christian columns while their awful devil yell increased to a continuous and awful uproar of cries, curses, blasphemies, imprecations, chants, and screams of the mightiness of which no language could describe, and on they poured like a mighty avalanche of men.

At the same time along the christian line as it fell back, volumes of white smoke gushed forth, then so thick became the clouds of smoke that everything was hidden from view and Hanson saying:

"Every man for him self now to those hold holding the second line of position rushed over to that section to try and rally them."

Desolation was everywhere, and a sea of dead fairly paved the ground, combed the lanes, and laid in windows seven feet high along the abandoned works, but three quarters of the fallen were Glandelinians.

The deep desperate courage of the Glandelinians who faced all the fury of the christian resistance was beautiful to behold and fate seemed to favor all the Glandelinians for their daring, though hundreds of thousands were defeated and blinded by the recent dreadful hellish uproar.

General Jennings' Anderson on the christian side had been wounded amid this frightful carnage and few of his staff were alive only three being left and they were more badly wounded than himself though of course he was unable to retain his command. The christian columns that still retained their ground poured in a storming fire that tore immense gaps in the advancing line of the foe and which was shivered badly thousands of shells exploded now among the christian line with the detonations of a violent volcanic eruption and threatening it with annihilation.

Heavy showers of canister was also poured into the ranks of the assailants which continually mowed them down by hundreds and crushing and maiming whole divisions. The path of the Angelinians retreating now was constantly impeded by the rain of shells everywhere, and they fairly grouped amid the frightful uproar, and continued to flee at length a large division of the enemy breaking through a part of the christian line still holding rushed full upon the fugitives with some violence throwing them into another panic. The roar of the cannonade along Hanson's right side increased with redoubled fury and as the mighty surge of grape shot poured the works there came a most fearful burst of musketry a fiercer uproar and a more louder crash of many millions of muskets. The christian soldiers spread along the fields millions upon millions and the fugitive Angelinians

uncertain whether to fly were arrested by these immense divisions and though a portion of Hanson's center had retired from the Parolook lanes, the fleeing Angelinians were so terrified by the advance of the enemy, the gasping forms of the many thousands of mortally wounded and by the ear splitting detonations of the gang-gang shells that they were only rallied and reformed after much difficulty and work. The continual advance of the enemy presented a frightful aspect as they swarmed forward, and all the meadows, plains, and lanes for many miles displayed the havoc caused by the recent furious cannon fire of the Ange, Indian half breeds, and indeed the increasing of the carnage seemed not to shock the multitudes of gray coats at all, while thousands of Angelinians awed and breathless pleaded for aid. Never had the faces of men so mad and so haggard, the whole battle field being littered with dead and wounded, the whole christian line rallied still gave way in retreat as they fought. It was a regular advancing battle and as the enemy continually swarmed upon the central lines still holding its ground there was one blinding flash after another, which made the enemy's whole line shiver and waver, and the appalling cries thousands of men were torn by the balls and shell explosions and run and writhed in mortal agony. But still the main columns of the foe came on.

The clouds of smoke from burning houses was wafted far and wide the whole line of slow retreat was littered with dead and wounded of both sides and many of the prostrate bodies were christian officers. The whole battle field was gray with the dead and wounded Glandelinians also and almost half the assailants in front of Jennings' Anderson's fast firing line was dissolving before the fire of Baldwin's batteries that swept down very mass within its reach, but nevertheless hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians reached the christian lines and now the christians formerly under Anderson hearing that he was wounded were terrified and panic stricken and were forced to retreat before the pressure of the avalanche of Glandelinians. Amid the waiting cries of thousands of the fallen who did not escape the Glandelinians finally amid the dreadful carnage swept on like gray billows their lines blushing in an inferno of their own firing and whole masses of the Angelinians were mowed down in this path of ruin.

And yet the christian line being torn asunder wavered, hundreds of their officers going down before that merciless fire. Indeed the whole christian line had opened into wide gaps their lines or columns being also engulfed in a vortex of clouds and flashes of exploding shells, the Glandelinians now rushing down upon the retreating Angelinians whose lines were almost obscured in thick wreaths of smoke and which were pierced by flashes, and the whole line of christians though they were retreating slowly was fairly storming with the fury of their resistance, and now the huge columns of Glandelinians under Adele-De-Garbo, divided into brigades and fell upon the retreating columns under Jenson and Jendon, tearing up the entire line of christians, crashing upon the Angelinian columns, the furious Glandelinians gaining the mastery and sweeping all before them.

Indeed the impetuous advance of the Glandelinian foe was not checked and even to make matters worse the whole of Shoemans' columns came into view and advanced like a tidal wave of human beings. And to Hanson's amusement both Shoemans' columns, and Bicknells advanced toward the Angelinians and despite the fiercest resistance made these gray columns come on, and still the Angelinians continued to recede and poor Hanson's army like at Francis-Anne seemed to be cut up to pieces once again.

It was well that the christian divisions under general Jennings' Francis, began to retire for minutes by minutes the wreaths of smoke along Shoemans' line began to thicken, and picknells' columns was pushing toward him in overwhelming numbers and there was fearful peril of his men being cut off from escape and being surrounded, and annihilated. The fire along the whole christian line was most terrific more terrific than ever in the battle before, but nevertheless it appeared that all the christian divisions were falling back as far as they could and the great battle of Outrida or Illino was as it seemed being lost!

WERE VIOLET AND HER SISTERS REALLY DEAD? AND EVANS TOO?

Almost of the Glandelinians had heard to their greatest joy was that two of the little girls, Daisy and Nettie Vivian had with her dear little sisters died a few weeks after the mine explosion, in horrible torture and agony.

Thoughnot killed right away, Jennie, Joice, and Evangeline Vivian had lived longer than the others in lingering agony that was beyond their endurance but despite the care of John Evans & Jack Evans brother had finally died also in mortal agony. And their mother a prisoner in Julio Gallio had died in hysterical spasms from the treatment received there and their aunt had been almost prostrated. No one on the Glandelinian general heard to their joy was greater afflicted than Violet and Catherine. Almost left entirely alone with out parent and general John Evans they themselves died of sorrow and the Manleys declared;

"Hurray boys, our enemies in centepede nature are gone at last thanks to Germania Vivian. We will not be pestered by those horrible Godly saints again. I told you God could not protect them."

Had the Manleys only knew that there were false rumors and that the Vivian girls were really on the road of recovery he would not have felt so exultant over it. For many days since his first entry into Julio Gallio, Jack E. Evans had lain wounded in the Glandelinian hospital and all his thoughts were of the Vivian girls. Many a day he had prayed long and earnestly for their safety.

"OH PLEASED MY GOD AND BELOVED SON, DON'T LET IT BE." He had prayed over again and again. "IF I DO GET BACK TO THE CHRISTIAN LIVES SAFE AND SOUND LET ME ONCE SEE THOSE POOR LITTLE GIRLS SAFE AND WELL. ONCE MORE I DO NOT ALLOW THE ENJOY OF YOUR DEAR SON BE SATISFIED OVER THEIR WICKED DEED AND SAVE THE POOR LITTLE GIRLS FROM DISFIGUREMENT AND FROM BLINDNESS I PRAY. PLEASE HEAR MY PRAYER. THEY HAVE DONE SO MUCH FOR YOUR SAKE DEAR LORD, SO I PRAY TO YOU TO REWARD THEM FOR THEIR LOVELINESS TOWARD YOU IN ALL THEIR WAYS AND SAVE THEM FROM HIS THREATENING GLAMITY. AMEN"

Several days had passed when he was able to walk around again. All this while he was working over plan after plan of how to make his escape but for awhile could not think of anything. The thought of the little girls at times drove an irritable yearning into him to be back but then his thoughts were deterred to the little dear he was to rescue. If he could only escape with her but how! The night before the day he was to be taken on the train Evans slept more heavily than usual, and dreamed that he saw the little Vivian girls coming toward him, their little bodies all disfigured, their faces hardly recognizable and their eyes gone. He even dreamed that they were on wheelchairs, and in his agony he dreamed that in his agony he threw himself on the ground and wept like a lost soul. He dreamed that this was the first time in two years that he had met seen them and now they were horribly disfigured. But to complete his misery he dreamed that the little girls had lost all their friends, that their father and mother had been killed, and that at last they all died themselves. Violet being the only one left. He also dreamed that he alone remained loyal to her who had been more horribly disfigured than they, and that leaving her for a while he roamed the world with a band of fierce men hounding Germania like a wild rabbit and finally getting him tortured the rasoul to death, and then carried Violet off to keep her away from the cruel heartless world. So harrowing became the dream that if it awoke him. On awakening he realized that it was only a dream, but with his heart almost bursting out of his mouth he greatly feared that all this was true for rumors had been among the Glandelinians that such a fearful thing had happened. That day the soldiers who were to take him off to prison appeared. At first he decided to go willingly, never to set his foot in the path of the Vivian girls again, but then remembering what general Vivian had said; to him and of the broken hearted little Lil/illian he decided to make his escape as soon as opportunity presented itself.

To the station he went with the Glandelinians without a word, but while he stood there waiting for the south bound train of the Mc-Hollister and Evangeline St. Clare he could not keep his mind of the terrible dream.

"Could it be true?" He wondered to himself; "Could dear God have the heart to allow them all that torture and sorrow after all they went through especially for him. Oh if he could only lay his hands on Germania Vivian. I was he who had ordered the Glandelinians to blast the mines, and done such harm to the little girls and why didn't he punish him for this wicked deed. And he done it to his own sisters the heartless brute."

The thought of all this was maddening and he almost cried where he

he was standing and one of the Glandelinians noticing it said; "I'm sorry my lad, myself, but orders is orders, and it does you no good to feel so bad about it. If you had been wise you would have kept away from Julio Gallio."

Evans at first did not answer, but another of the Glandelinians said; "Cheer up lad. It will soon be over with. If we dared we would let you go free, but we dare not. But here come the train. We must hustle." In a few minutes the train steamed up and Evans was put on the soldiers not going with him as others were there on the train to take Evans to Manleys lines.

EVANS MAKES A DARING LEAP OUT OF THE TRAIN WHILE IT IS GOING SIXTY MILES AN HOUR AND ESCAPES.

Evans was seated close to one of the windows and one of the soldiers noticing his sober face laughed as he said;

"You soldier, a cry baby. MY. MY. I never saw an Angelinian soldier pig-dog or cry over being a prisoner before."

"T O HELL WITH YOU AND MY CRYING." Exclaimed Evans passionately. "I CAN TELL YOU IF I EVER LAY MY HANDS ON GERMANIA VIVIAN, HE WILL BE A DEAD ONE."

"Don't you dare threaten the good general." Said one of the men with a sneer. "I know what is wrong, for I recognize you as Jack Evans guardian of the Vivian girls. You are brooding over those stinking skunks called Violet and her sisters, who are supposed to be blind, disfigured, and orp cripple for life. Well it is a good thing those little devils are; for they are nothing but a bunch of gutter snipes.....centepedes.....and toads that wallow in dirt filth, and slummy grounds full of slop and every kind of filth a person can think of..... Instead of being disfigured.....they are dead, leaving their sister..... Violet..... alone in this world and if I was Satan and had my chance I'd bring those little centepedes down to hell.....if I had to kill every one in heaven to do it and besides put them in tortures among all the demons and!"

"That was all the further he got, for Evans snatching the gun from one of the hostlers of one of his guards, shot the insulting wretch dead, and hanging out the window of the coach, while the other guards and all in the coach were in a panic leaped out while the train was going over sixty five miles an hour. At first so flabbergasted were the enraged Glandelinians that none on board the train knew at first what to do, but one controlling himself, pulled the stop signal frantically. By the time the train slowed down far beyond the place at which he dived to, and the Glandelinians swarmed from the coaches Evans was nowhere in sight. They had expected to find him lying injured by the embankment but none worse than that, no matter where they looked they could find no trace of him.

"By gad he is worse than the demons in getting away." Gasped one of the Glandelinians. "We will have to telegraph every town in our possession to be on the lookout for him."

When he made that daring hazardous leap out of the window, Evans had landed into a clump of bushes and deep snow uninjured, had arose, and before the Glandelinians swarmed out of the coach coaches had dashed into the dark recesses of the woods. Three day had passed after his daring escape and learning that hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians were scouring the country for him he deemed it more wise just now, to return to Julio Gallio in a new disguise which he did. But this time he was armed to the teeth and felt and was more safe. He immediately went to the hospital where the doctor had told him to go, and finding that the Glandelinians needed a man to clean and take care of the main hall he accepted the job.

On the very first day, he found that the pretty little child was in room 120 on his floor, it being the fifth and decided to keep track of her and get off with her the first opportunity he got. One day when the little girl was wheeling around the floor in her new wheelchair while

he was polishing it he stopped suddenly as if y to avoid running into her, but at the same time wh whispered to her;

"Have hope. I have escaped and will save you yet."

Just then several glandelinian officers came up and confronted Evans said;

"Say my lad, you don't happen to know anybody by the name of Jack Evans do you?"

Evans at first was so thunderstruck that he did not know what to say, but controlling himself he answered;

"Yes your excellency I have heard a lot about him. Do you also know him?"

"We more than know him." Retorted an other of the officers. "He is an escaped prisoner, a spy and the soldiers are scouring the country for him. I have heard that he was here somewhere."

"But how in the world can he get into the city?" Asked Evans seriously. "Your men are guarding so closely."

"He is in the city and no b doubts an about that." Said the first spokesman. "And he is in this very hospital in disguise, as a workman."

"Well maybe he is." Said Evans. But I never saw him around. Pray what kind of a chap is he?"

"You are asking too many questions." Retorted the officer. "Out of my way. We ourselves will go and search for him."

With this the officers passed through the hall way and took the elevator up to the sixth floor.

"Phew." But that was a narrow escape." Whistled Evans. "Here Francis you might as well come with me now. As I am in dange of being discovered at any moment, especially when they come back. I must be going, and if I am recovered or recaptured no there will never be any chances for your escape from these brutes."

With that he snatched her from the chair and was out of the hospital in no time. Reaching the outskirts of the city in two hours with a car he wrested from the glandelinians he was again stopped by the guards but immediately made short work of them, with his pistols and slipped away. Other Glandelinians, especially those he took the car from had raised a hue and cry, and soon the streets were full of them, and before long Evans found himself pursued by a howling mob in gray.

FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE AT WOTTRUBA OR FRAND FRANCE-ANNA.

The description of the efforts of the glandelinians under general Germania vivian to hold back Hanson's advance upon Wottruba or Francieanna is graphically told. The organization of the big glandelinian forces took four days, and the opposing forces did meet each other at Lincoln farm on January 12th in full sight of the hired hands and children working there, who were able to for the first time in their lives to see a real battle.

Though the check in the struggle was severe it came off as an advantage to the christian armies, and the big force of glandelinians had to make a hasty retreat. In this battle on the Lincoln Farm in which the christians were victorious the glandelinian forces suffered heavily in losses in soldiers weapons and arms. Over three million glandelinians and five million christian had fallen.

The retreat continued for a long distance lasting four days, from the farm after a having another severe action near the Lincoln asylum in which they temporarily reversed agl against the christians but not without horrible losses. A storm of counter attacks suddenly coming in the evening near the asylum caused the advance of the apparently victorious enemy to be checked and so the glandelinians being reinforced stood their ground stubbornly until night fall and then resumed their retreat, Hanson on account of his severe losses having been forced to discontinue his advance against Germania. Nevertheless a week after general Germania advancing through the same region moved against Germania and the glandelinians retreated through the pathways and park ways, threatening severe opposition several time finally halting the christians at Lincoln Run in which five more million fell on both sides. A couple of days after this the retreating

Glandelinians destroyed everything of value to the christians and even in a dashing action at Whiteplains which lasted a day captured one of the main leading generals of the christian forces, but lost ten million in the battle to that of the christians sixteen hundred thousand. The foe though somewhat victorious during the action resumed the retreat. The christians enraged over the loss of one of their best generals and over the condition of the vivian girls followed the glandelinians hard that Germania finding himself seriously handicapped threw his army into position at Wottruba or Francieanna for a general stand on January the 27th. On the morrow after the christian forces in fearfully heavy numbers made a dashing onslaught and flank assault upon the left wing of the glandelinians carrying two lines of trenches forty miles long capturing all the tents, large supplies of ammunition, mingled with fire besides twenty flags and many cannon found that half of their number had fallen in the frightful battle storm.

A goodly portion of the left wing was thrown into confusion but the quick witted main leader managed to concentrate heavy forces upon the point of attack, with artillery in mass, and after a desperate struggle in which the Angelinians showed themselves to be persistently stubborn, the glandelinians slightly repulsed their desperate assaults and threw them back, but with frightful decimation of hundreds of the their own mightiest columns of men and with the loss of many prisoners. A counter assault was promptly made by the glandelinians which increased the battle to redoubled fury but the glandelinian forces as yet could not carry the positions as the Abbieannians coming up held them with great tenacity, and the assaults were repulsed with the annihilation of two sections of their assaulting columns. Ten to twenty times the desperate assaults were repeated with terrifying fury, but without success and twenty times the Abbieannians and Angelinians, counts charged with frightful violence, their cavalry forces riding furiously through the glandelinian columns like a wild tornado. Over through corn field slaughtering thousands of the glandelinians, and throwing the rest of the enemy's forces into confusion. Assaults were now directed in full force and fury of the general center of the massive Abbieannian line, while the left and right wings were fiercely cannonaded by many thousands of guns. The battle raged fiercely along the along the center and increased furiously for every assault, but through the persistency of the assault the center was badly smitten and cut up. General Rathana and Luis Burgas launched three hundred and thirty seven squadrons of christian horsemen against the assaulting Omarian surges pouring upon the glandelinians like a thunderous avalanche of hells demons and dragons combined, rolling over the whole section, screening hundreds of thousands of machine guns machine in infantry following and concealed also by thousands upon thousands of Concentinian squadrons who soon swept clean the Francie Anna plains with welting slaughter, these having been charged and counter charged with lance and sabre, and before they were stopped by the glandelinian cavalry they even rode down ninety eight glandelinian batteries of first artillery, sabring all the gunners and annihilating the whole corps defending the batteries. The christian artillery had blasted a great hole in the glandelinian front simultaneously and general Fredrick had shoved ninety divisions of cavalry through that hole and it was their work of demonical frenzied fury which for a time threw the glandelinians into general confusion. Heavy reinforcements mostly Glandelinian cavalry was rushed forward against the christian horsemen while fresh forces of infantry was hurled against the christian center and soon the christians were disconcerted and driven into confusion by an attack of overwhelming numbers, and they abandoned their works and fled in full haste to the second line, which they also failed to hold and the glandelinians whose assaults had been so persistent managed to crush the main center of of the christian line and rolled it up.

Both side sides in the engagement suffered heavy losses though just now the numbers were considered as fifteen million of the christian side and two million on the side of the glandelinians.

Thus it shows when aroused the glandelinians if drilled right can be equal or better than the Angelinians and Abbieannians no matter how extremely their wicked their cause may be, and in the first of the battle it was numbers that told on them and the fury of the attack on the flank of the left wing. The christian forces had also suffered the heaviest losses including five of their highest generals who were mortally wounded, while the Abbieannians also lost about ten generals while the glandelinians only lost two who were only slightly disabled.

The entire glandelinian losses was declared to be about five million in killed wounded, and prisoners six hundred thousand of whom

were prisoners. While one million christians had been taken prisoners. The greatest losses the christians suffered was from their own onslaught they made and the furious counter charge of the enemy they repelled. The Angelinians had also lost twenty thousand units on account of an attack on their own flank of the left wing but in the melee of the final fight when the reinforcements for the enemy had arrived the Glandelinians had recovered a considerable number of their own men who had been taken prisoners by the christians, and for the christians the battle seemed to have terminated into a harrowing disaster. On the next day a fearful storm of carnage broke loose starting along the left wing of the christian line with terrible violence. General Broadway made a general assault. For a whole three hours there had continued a terrible roar of thunder from thousands of the mightiest cannons, a frightful crash. Resounding like a million cannon. The sagging christian line seemed to have been split asunder. A mighty mass of Glandelinians enveloped the christians, the battle line being enveloped in smoke smoke impenetrable as from a roaring forest fire, and like the avalanche of hell and all its frightful damnation. The Glandelinians hurled themselves victoriously forward. A few moments. The christian line on the left was almost annihilated, the main line was sagging crushed to fragments. and retreating crushed to fragments again and again, and in retreating left heaps of burning barrires and ruins of forests behind them, a vast sea of carnage.

On this storm more than 13,300,000 lives were fairly destroyed on the christian side, and the whole Glandelinian assault throwing the whole christian line into confusion by a vigorous turning movement, hammered goodly portions of the main line to pieces, and threatened to carry all before them.

It is probable that a serious disaster would have occurred had it not been for the arrival of general Francis army, which barred the advance of the enemy in that direction with a fearful fire of artillery and musketry, which galled their main line of assault to fragments and threw back the Glandelinians with the dead of one of their own main commanders, general Broadway. General Francis had also delivered thirty desperate tearing attacks on the christian center and general Beldon attacked the right, throwing his mightiest columns forward as in cessantly as the waves against a stranded ship in a cyclone, at sea only to see them come back in remnants.

The battle on that day was severe and sanguinary all along the line but the engagement with Francis and Broadway was the most ferocious of the battle. After the christian left had been cut to pieces and thrown into a pandemonium of panic and confusion, and while scores of generals fell dead, wounded or mangled and bleeding in trying to rally their divisions, Francis's forces arrived to the rescue and that storm of hell's slaughter and within an hour had barred the enemy's advance, and while the first line poured upon the Glandelinians a frightful desolating fire, which continued steadily for four hours, the main christian cavalry whirled upon the Glandelinians at such a gait, that the Glandelinians were throwing their guns away in their mad rush to escape. The main section of the Glandelinian attacking surge, was simultaneously counterattacked on the southeast, while other cavalry forces assailed them in overwhelming numbers from the west.

This engagement made a wild, mad shrieking hell and damnation of terrific slaughter hand to hand. An hour after one big section of the Glandelinian army was hemmed in with the Suphratians on the north, the Abbeannian artillery and infantry on the east and south and the cavalry on the west.

The position held by a screen of dominating cavalry seemed the easiest to break through, and the Glandelinian spent hours in fruitless bloody efforts, the cavalry always drove them back with frightful frightful loss. The surrounding army continually attacked from all sides with such fury that soon this body of Glandelinians met annihilation as none of them including general Hannonia Francis Smith and his staff would not surrender.

Broadway's main line during the frightful carnage was torn to many pieces but their shattered columns rallied again and again, and would have won the field had not general Broadway been shot to pieces by a christian galling gun, his horse having been simultaneously blown to atoms by the burst of a high explosive shell of a nine ton calibre.

Broadway's whole command with the loss of all their general officers was annihilated, the other main line of the foe was cut to pieces and routed, as if all the angels in heaven were after them and millions of Glandelinians fell into the hands of the christians

as prisoners. The firing during the battle along the left was exceedingly severe and within an hour had spread desolation over a space of thirty miles worse than the fiercest Abbeannian typhoon could have done. Whole forests were laid low by the curtain storm of shell fire from the batteries of cannon on both sides, and the din of this battle could be heard and felt throughout the country of Calvernia for many hundreds of miles though the battle was fought fifty miles away from Julio Gallo, near Erminia gun.

The afternoon of the second day of this great battle was still more severe. It was the christian forces which attacked this time and they went at it with all the force they could muster. The desperate christian onslaughts were covered by all the available guns of the christian batteries which roared like a million volcanoes in simultaneous eruption, to which the enemy were not able to reply as they had been compelled to mass their own artillery on the christian assaults.

The Glandelinian cannon committed incapable damage among the surging christian lines, riving scores upon scores of christian divisions into flying confused fragments, mangled or wiped out whole armies and tore the main line through and through with a blasting artillery fire of the greatest intensity ever seen in general firing, but the first left grand division of Germanias army had been wiped out, a part of his main line was crushed to pieces and rolled up so far that the other portions was thrown into immediate conglutinate confusion and in one desperate dash in which hundreds of thousands fell on both sides in that roaring inferno the christians were in possession of the Glandelinian artillery.

Johnston when Francis, was killed as he tried to rally the Glandelinians and general Germanias army on account of the annihilation of general Henry Cavaras army had nevertheless held firm to cover Cannonias retreat, but Cannonias right and left had been annihilated his v center was turned burned and exposed to a blasting artillery inflame combined with a musketry storm on three sides, the remaining forces being crushed to pieces in that smoky whirlpool of battle and Cannonias had to withdraw his surviving columns being rolled up and almost dispersed.

The rest of the line then had to give way and general Thomas Francis Tamerline coming to the rescue did all in his power to stay the christian advance but also suffered dislusion, and in the seething storm of carnage general Thomas Phellinia Tamerline, also arriving at a desolating fire which severely wounded him, tore his own army to fragments and threatened it with annihilation.

The survivors retreated in panic.

Another section of his forces, the reserves not yet in the battle, made a desperate stand against thirteen roaring onslaughts a million falling on the Glandelinian side in every charge made by the christians until almost surrounded and sadly depleted, and after delivering a galling withering fire which roared horribly in the ears of all who heard it, these Glandelinians also finally gave way and retreated in confusion.

Even after these succession of defeats Germania did not seem to have enough, for realizing this was a punishment from god for his cruelty to Violet and her sisters and of their condition he caused, he cursed god and threatened him like a fiend incarnate and threw his main forces in bitter defiance of god and all in heaven, into the frightful turmoil of the Glandelinians sweeping forward in the meantime crash crushing the counter assaults, and attacking the enemy's main line and increasing the fury of battle tenfold. The Glandelinians despite the riving fury of thousands of christian guns which pounded seemingly every thing to pieces kept side by side in great masses only to melt away before their fire, the Angelinians themselves caring no more for the fire of the main line of the foe no more than if it had been showers of snow. Within an hour the christians after suffering stupendous losses were hurled back with a shattered columns, but whole lines rushed forward again and again only to die by thousands per minute. Suetonius stormed the Glandelinian center, but his force was swept to pieces. Boadicea followed was crushed down, then came Catus, but his columns were almost annihilated and the survivors routed. Gaul was almost successful but just as the moment of success was near, he was severely wounded and his fall threw the christian into confusion. Angles simultaneously threw his army against the Glandelinians but was repulsed. Other christian columns fought to the very last in that fiery battle storm falling in great numbers per volley.

Again and again the monstrous christian columns rushed upon the Glandelinians only to be vanquished with great slaughter. Even when millions of the Angelinian horsemen rode against the Glandelinians, the Glandelinian cannon and musketry moved men and horses down in such frightful numbers that they lay like monstrous windrows. Then the whole christian force started to give way, only a little while now the battle was so fierce

fierce, that the very heavens seemed to burst into flame, and did a storm of horrible death and destruction descended in torrents upon the Glandelinians from the seemingly blazing ferment, the very atmosphere seemed to turn into fire and smoke, the hilltops hidden in clouds of smoke were in an uproar of a volcano of flame and din, the valleys seemed to be come channels of fire and smoke, the living garments of the earth seemed to wither and fly off in the fiery blast of cannon and exploding storm of shells of every calibre and so terrific was the din that scores of thousands of the soldiers went insane from it.

At the moment the Angelinians began to give way the Glandelinians began to press forward like a withering storm wave of men, but as the Angelinians reinforced by other portions of the main body turned to face the Glandelinians once more large bodies of Christian Cavalry by a hellish avalanche like charge, divided the entire line of pursuing Glandelinians from the rest, and thus all the foremost portion of Germanias Glandelinian army six sixteen million in number fell fighting bravely as none were spared, no surrendering being accepted.

In the meantime the surviving body of the Glandelinians though sadly depleted still remained firm headless of the battering storm of the Christian cannon which threatened them with annihilation and with their own cannon cut down the multitudes of Christians and as the harvester would do the wheat General Viviania after several hours further attacks pretended to be retreating, the eager Glandelinians following but the Christian arms only closed again and fell upon the Glandelinians with still greater slaughter. General Bicknell Tameline of the foe was slightly wounded, but his line held firmly until threatened with annihilation Germanias ordered it to withdraw. Germanias seeing that the rest of his remaining forces was threatened with annihilation before the fury of the general Christian attack tried to repel fifteen more desperate attacks only in vain until his remaining forces were crushed to fragments and having only a remnant of his army left, he being in the same condition as his father, General Viviania had been at Brigano, Germanias was compelled to retreat, at night time, leaving the bloody horrible battle field of massacre and hell's damnation, in the hands of the victors. In this battle the Glandelinian losses on the first day had been considered as near as 20,000,000, and the Christians fifteen to seventeen million, but the total losses of both sides in the battle was not given though General Francis Viviania had almost practically wiped out Germanias Vivian's army, and had there been another hour of daylight, he would have been enabled to capture or slay the rascally Glandelinian chieftain.

HOW EVANS ESCAPES WITH LITTLE FRANCIS.

Indeed to tell the truth Jack Evans was now determined to escape with little Francis Lillian at all cost whatever, and though hard pressed by his desperate pursuers, he was nevertheless bound to get away. He had despite being on foot gained a considerable distance on his frenzied pursuers, though they were on horseback, but nevertheless he realized that if he did not secure a horse somewhere he would not be able to get away at all.

Little Francis seeing the yelling graycoats coming and ploughing through the deep snow was frightened, but she clung to Evans bravely trusting that she could easily outdistance them. Evans however was a terrible fighter, when aroused and especially now when he thought of the condition of Violet and her sisters, and of the danger of poor little Francis he was furious and determined to show the Glandelinians who they were really persuading.

Fortunately for him just now the Glandelinians did not care to fire, for in their wicked intentions they wished to recapture and recapture little Francis Lillian alive and make her suffer the tortures planned out for her. But through the deep snow their horses made slower progress than Evans could on foot. They lashed their horses to the utmost but in vain. Evans was slowly gaining in the race with them and for the Glandelinians there seemed no hopes of them ever catching him at all. Finally Evans reached a river that proved to be the great Mc-Holleston Run, and at this point it was over three miles wide. At last the Glandelinians thought they had him and giving yells of triumph they dashed forward.

"What over you don't let go of me," Evans said to the little child. "I want you to cling tightly to my back for I am going

to swim this stream at all cost. I'm not going to let them get us now."

"Is the water very cold?" Asked the child timidly.
"You won't feel it for I am going to wrap you up in this rubber blanket and strap you to my back," said Evans. "The water indeed is exceedingly cold and I want to keep it from you as it will make you catch cold if I allow the water to touch you."
"But we will drown," protested the child afraid as the water looked black and foreboding a mid all the whiteness and ice.

"There is no danger of drowning," said Evans strapping her to his back. "We have got to make it for that is all there is to it. Anyway cold water is better than those savage bloodthirsty Glandelinians!"

Without delay he plunged in finding to his surprise that the water was quite warm despite the wintry weather and cakes of ice floating in the river was continually melting. He immediately struck for the opposite shore swimming as hard as he could but indeed it was an hour before he again reached land the Glandelinians having followed him in the water on their horses, but being unable to overtake him.

Evans almost exhausted when he landed on the opposite bank but he dared not stop now as the cold atmosphere might take effect on both. He saw a farm house in the far distance and made for it at a run, having loosed the child from his back and wrapping her in some extra blankets he had rolled in extra rubber which kept them dry. Reaching the house he drew his pistols and knocked demanding entrance. To his surprise a middle aged woman came out followed by a little girl and a boy.

At first at the sight of his drawn pistols and his Glandelinian uniform the poor woman gave a cry of dismay for she thought sure a Glandelinian had come to seize her only children.
"Pardon me my good woman," exclaimed Evans putting away his pistols and bowing profoundly as was the custom of an Angelinian in saluting a lady. "I'm really taking no chances and pursued hotly by the Glandelinian soldiers I had with this little girl in disguise crossed the river yonder with out boats or bridges and am quite drenched. So I came to ask you if you have any dry clothes for me, and also would like to know the nearest way to the Christian lines. I do not know which side you are on my good lady and so will have to force it from you if you do not like to give me the information. My name is Jack Evans, Colonel Jack Evans of the twenty ninth Centurian corps. Mostly all even my enemies know me of my desperation when pursued. I mean to only ask this favor of you but if you refuse I will on account of this child here have to force submission as I am not going to allow myself to be taken again."

The woman was thus struck for she had heard a good deal about Colonel Jack Evans. She readily gave him the needed supplies and he took off his wet clothes having had two uniforms on the ground, and the purple. The two children at first on account of seeing him in the gray uniform were afraid to go near him, but the sight of his violet uniform was enough, and they feared him no longer, the mother readily convincing him that she was an Abbianian. The little boy was over the age of nine the little girl being six years old and both were beautiful children.

While he waited for the clothes to dry he put on the clothing offered to him, the lady herself taking care of little Lillian. Evans told her all about his experience, how he rescued little Lillian and of his daring swim across the wide Mc-Holleston Mc-Holleston River.

"Knowing who I am the Glandelinians are now scouring and scouring the country for me," he said. "I'm the guardian of the daughters of General Viviania. To my sorrow all of them are dead except one and the other horribly disfigured for life, which makes me feel so bad that now I can hardly care what happens to me. If it was not for the remaining little girl and this poor child I rescued I would sooner have remained a prisoner. How has it come that no Glandelinians have ever molested you?"

"Christian troops have been around here too frequently," answered the woman. "In fact I have never seen a real Glandelinian yet, though I have heard of them and of their horrible barbarism. My husband is in General Viviania's army leading at his right hand one of the greatest commanders next to Zimmermann. But who are the little Viviania girls who are dead?"

"I heard that they are all of them except Violet," said Evans bitterly and with tears in his eyes. "Their brother Germania Viviania agreed Glandelinian general is their murderer."

The woman gave an exclamation.
"I doubt if they are dead though," said Evans hopefully. "I'm sure the good God would not take them away from her other two poor sisters after all she suffered for his sake."

"There is a plot in it somewhere," said the woman. "I met two Christian soldiers only yesterday, the very ones who had buried the little girls."

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But the soldiers told me that though they said nothing to general Vivian that nevertheless the six little girls could not have died that quickly and that a not only this, but that they had been on the road of rapid recovery and neither could they have been instantly killed, for that night he happened to be in the room they lay and they were missing. Later when they returned they found three dead children badly disfigured and banished up in their beds and several glandelinians sneaking out one by one out of a window. They told me that they fired at the escaping fugitives and even pursued and captured them but all they could force out of them was that they murdered the six vivian girls and placed them back into the beds after strangling them. But they told me they examined the dead children, and found that though though indeed they were disfigured beyond recognition, there was no broken limbs about them and that they lacked injuries on the head, which the Vivian girls had received. They are positively positively sure they are, that those little girls are prisoners somewhere either in rulo Callio or Francis Atlanta. They were trying to find you, hearing that you had escaped from rulo Callio with your little friend Francis.

Evans was labored at this story, every word of it being true. "Say Miss if you think you are able to will you take this little girl to the christian lines?" Asked Evans. "Anyhow you might as well beat it there as being after me the pursuing glandelinians will be here soon and kill your children. As for me I'm head back for rulo Callio."

"To rulo Callio?" "Cried the woman. "Why my dear boy I am sure they are not there. Try Francis Atlanta first. You may have a good chance in getting to the christian lines too, for several christian armies are in action near that place."

"To Francis Atlanta it is I then." Said Evans hurrying on his gray uniform. "I'll get those vivian girls all right or my name is mud. As for you you, had better hurry to the christian lines before the glandelinians get here. They are bound to come looking for me."

Indeed the lady did not take long in dressing herself and the three children and after a hearty good bye they were off each in a separate direction. Evans had only gone a short distance when to his surprise he saw a large swarm of glandelinian horsemen tearing after him, all being Gargolian Curdes.

However this time he happened to be on a horse himself and off he sprinted after delivering a withering fire which threw the glandelinian column into confusion. However recovering the continued the pursuit racing after after Evans as fast as they could get their horses to go.

The glandelinians were yelling and firing and seeing that they were gaining on him Evans once more turned his horse and dashed straight for a low branch or bridge, meaning crossing the Mo-Whirther run. Under the weight of the boy and his horse and the glandelinian horse men which dashed onto the bridge on the two ends simultaneously the frail structure gave way with a rending shocking crash of timbers and threw them all sprawling into the icy water. Evans alone kept cool under this emergency and by the time the glandelinians got out with their horses shivering and with their teeth clattering Evans was heading for down the stream taunting the glandelinians (who were cursing and swearing) and swearing to their utmost with a wet handkerchief.

Despite this exceedingly cold bath the ardour of the Glandelinians was not cooled and determined to capture Evans at all costs they dashed down both banks of the river, some of the boldest remaining in the river and urging their horsemen after him. It was evident that they knew Evans purpose for he was heading for Francis Atlanta and feeling that they were really unable to overtake him several of the glandelinians raced off for the city to have the vivian girls removed before he got there. By his desperation indeed Evans easily eluded his half frozen pursuers who had given up the chase to get dry uniforms and knowing the direction the other glandelinians took he dashed off swiftly to intercept them in his endeavor to prevent them from rushing off to warn those in Francis Atlanta.

He soon came within sight of them, there being three of them, no five of the glandelinians, and though outnumbered five to one Evans was determined to get them and soon a desperate race was on the glandelinians dashing on madly to elude him, and Evans dashed frantically after them firing furiously. At last he brought down one man, who had been trying desperately to get him, and even his horse, and seeing themselves had handicapped the other glandelinians halted to offer resistance. And for almost fifteen minutes there was the most spectacular pistol duel that any one could have ever witnessed. Evans however proved his excellent marksmanship and soon three of them were shot down, the other glandelinian suddenly dashing dashing out and upon him with saw sabre drawn. Evans was prepared for just the very thing, and before one of these new glandelinians could strike a blow

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Evans fired his pistol the bullet hitting the glandelinian soldier in the throat. He reeled from his saddle, the horse dashing on madly, the glandelinian soldiers foot catching in the stirrups and being dragged along the rear road. Evans had now cleared the way after shooting down the rest exposed to him, but nevertheless he feared that his former pursuers would

would go at once to Francis Atlanta, and so muttering a prayer for

their safety Evans urged on his horse for the nearest railroad station. In half an hour he reached it and dismounting found that the train was already pulling out. Quickly buying the ticket he leaped on the horse and raced after the train. It was another mad race, but he finally caught up with it and watching his chance he caught the railing of the view car nearest to the steps and in a moment more was on. The conductor was surprised over the daring feat, but noticing his glandelinian uniform suspected him as an enemy enemy and said:

"Glandelinian soldiers are forbidden to ride on this train on the Abbieannian railroad line. So despite your desperation in catching it and all your trouble you will have to get off, even while the train is in motion, for I will not stop it and waste time for you."

"TO ONE SIDE!" Throated Evans. And in his excitement of the race Evans had brought on the coach saddle bridle and at Evans proving by his tone and voice to be a very powerful and pugnacious fellow the conductor did not dare make trouble with him, but nevertheless protested his rude entrance saying that it was strictly against the rules for glandelinians to ride on Angelinian child refuge trains, and also that it was against the rules to bring a saddle on the train. But all Evans said in answer was:

"How many child refugees are on this train and who are the children he re?" "He cried. "Speak up or I'll blow your brains out." And he leveled a pistol at the conductor.

Three thousand children taken from the path of your glandelinian army to be saved from your clutches." Answered the conductor while Evans looking into the coach coach saw frightened children staring in terror at him. "You are as I thought a glandelinian spy and who came only to find out the poor children and cause them to be captured."

"Well this train is going to make its first stop at Francis Atlanta then." Said Evans. "And I'll tell you who I am. I'm Jack Evans guardian of the Vivian girls and your nasty suspicions of my being a Glandelinian has made me use you quite harshly, especially when to attempted to put me off this train. All of those vivian girls are prisoners except one in the city of Francis Atlanta, and if you mean with the help of the christian guards christian guards on this train to save these children here I also mean to rescue the Vivian girls, who are more important than these children here and come first before anything else. This train is not to stop at any of the towns but Francis Atlanta, and all the speed the engineer can put on depends on my getting there first. Have this done conductor and you will be rescuing or helping me to rescue the little Vivian girls, and helping me to get away from the glandelinians at the same time. They are securing the country for me."

"Congratulations a hundred times give me your hand, but you are a brave lad." Said the conductor. "You bet your boots I'll do so. I'm glad you got away from those savages in your disguise and forgive me for mistaking you for your Glandelinian as your uniform deceived me. I'll tell the engine engineer, and he surely will do what you wish."

In a jiffy the conductor culled the full speed signal, and then went to speak to the engineer, Evans guarding the coach until his return. The little children on the coach Evans was on were indeed alarmed at the sight of his gray uniform for he had all the appearance of a glandelinian officer who had purposely boarded the train to find out where the train was heading for, so that he could bring up a force of glandelinians and stop their getting away. Most of the coaches it is true seemed heavily guarded by christian soldiers, but instead of arresting him those on the coach he had boarded only help a low friendly conversation with him. In fact despite his disguise they recognized him as Jack Evans and they finally told the frightened kiddies that he was only a christian soldier in disguise and who was going to Francis Atlanta to rescue some pretty child friends of his own.

Soon the conductor came back and in a little while the train was running at a most terrific speed, a speed which it had never run, during its starting trip, and the child refugees wondered what was up. Just around the curve on the same track Evans was startled to see a long freight train approaching loaded with glandelinian soldiers in pursuit of the refugee train. The children also saw them and which at first seems almost convinced them that Evans was really an enemy after all and that he had caused them to come.

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The poor conductor himself was demoralized and did not know what to do. But quick witted Evans did.

"Tell me the engineer of the danger and have him run our train like the horses, as the persuaire intends to run us." Evans almost shouted; "And if those glandelinians do gain on us or threaten to, I'll try and find a way to wreck their train. In the meantime I'll warn the guards." The conductor immediately went off to do his bidding, while Evans attracted the guards to the approaching glandelinian train which was snorting and puffing its very insides out by firing pistol shots at the glandelinians who were exposed bringing down several of them. The guards were with him in a moment and started firing also while Evans said;

"We must find some way to stop them. But how?" "We have an empty car ahead, and we can empty this one into that coach and stop them by wrecking this car we are on in their path." Said one of the guards suddenly. "It is the only way. We can uncouple it and throw something on the track which will stop this car immediately. Their train will have into it and be wrecked."

"Good we will do that." Exclaimed Evans. "Off with the kiddies as fast as you can get them, while I'll keep the Glandelinians occupied. Signal me when you are ready."

The guards immediately started to work and while the children were being quickly run into the empty coach ahead, Evans watched the fast approaching train, loaded with Glandelinians and waited his chance to resume his firing again. However the glandelinians suspected his purpose and did not readily exposed themselves, though they won't wonder exceedingly enough indeed why that view car was being rapidly emptied of its passengers.

In about twenty minutes the last child was off and Evans hearing the signal sped to the front platform, where he met the guards and the conductor.

"We can uncouple this car." Said the conductor. "And it will bar their way long enough to delay them, at least you see what I mean?"

"I'll do it." Said Evans. "Their train will collide into the coach."

"Exactly and the collision wrecking their train, will render it impossible for them to continue the pursuit."

At once the work of uncoupling the coach was commenced, and in a few moments the coach was detached, and Evans having potten off hurled a heavy implement across the track which bedragged from the other coach which immediately stopped the pullman detached from the train. With a tremendous crash heard for a mile the engine of the freight rammed the coach, and four of the box cars of the freight train telescoped one another, and sending themselves into splinters, amid the howls, yells, and screams of rage, pain, and disappointment, scores of glandelinians being killed at the shock.

The coach being a heavy steel pullman was only knocked partly off the track by the impact of the collision, and the only severe damage done was to the rear platform, and of most of the windows which were shattered.

The surviving Glandelinians were wild with rage over this ruse and they set up a noise which sounded like demons coming up from the infernal regions. The train loaded with its refugees continued on its journey having left the scene of the wreck far behind by this time, but most of the glandelinians had recovered from their experience, and one of them telegraphed to the next town the train was heading for to stop it and arrest all on board, declaring personally that they wanted ahead by the name of Jack Evans who was wanted on a warrant of being an escaping christian spy. In fact the town the train was to arrive at was in possession of the Glandelinians, and indeed the wise engineer had no intention to run through this town at all and soon was running on the Mc-Hollester and Sendon railroad line going straight southward.

Evans however knew that the danger was not as yet over for in time the glandelinians would learn that the train did not pass through that town, and that a vigorous pursuit would be attempted on the other route they were on now. It was true also that the Mc-Hollester Run route was dangerously infected by the Glandelinians who if they could not stop the train would at least attempt to wreck it.....by blowing up the tracks or something of the very sort.

So Evans kept a good lookout in the front while the guards kept their eyes peeled in every direction. While after while passed by however, and for a while nothing happened. However as they were reaching the big city of Pandora Evans felt suspicions coming over him over him and quickly ordered the engineer to turn on another route, as glandelinians were seen warning among the tracks and that they were acting suspiciously. The engineer did so the switchman switching them on the Evanpeline St. Clare railroad.

No sooner had they passed the junction of the railroads than there was the roar of a mighty explosion that rocked the ground, and an eruption of debris

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ascended high in to the air. The Glandelinians had blown up the tracks and the fast fugitive train had switched onto the other line just in time, or otherwise there would have been a disastrous wreck and many of the poor children would have been killed or captured, including Evans among them. The train was now entering the city of Pandora which really for the full duration of the war was always in full possession of the christians the enemy never having dared to try and capture the mighty fortresses of that Calvinian city as yet.

THE SECOND ATTEMPT TO BLOW UP THE TRAIN.

It was already drawing toward night and as the train rushed on Evans could see the red glowing lights from the christian ammunition factories which on of the wars running in full force night and day, and the flames were spouting from the tall and smokestacks, the red lights flaring and flashing through the heavens. Far down the tracks of the converging lines the great glowing headlights of the many engines drawing the ammunition trains to the christian lines besieging Francis Atlanta the lights too big looking like fiery eyes of many great monsters trying to pierce the darkness to see that all was safe on the tracks ahead.

Indeed it was great excitement for the children watching these trains from the windows of their coaches. They would even shout and wave a greeting as the great passenger trains loaded with christian soldiers came thundering along and the soldiers would lean far out and wave to the little children and bless them hoping them safely on their journey to Abbeysinnia.

They were also interested in the great freight trains as they came lumbering along over these intersection of tracks. Some of these heavy trains had to have two or three engines to pull them for some of them carried such heavy cargoes, long cars filled with shells, or loaded with artillery and others had carloads of all kinds of ammunition from the great steel plants to be rushed with all speed to the christian lines. One of the children a bright little girl, happened to be leaning far out of the window of the coach when she looked far down on the track where it crossed a bridge running across the Mc-Whirther River. What was that tiny light, which was sputtering at the edge of the bridge? It indeed seemed to be creeping along and she made her think of the fire crackers she played with long ago.

Evans who saw it also realized what it meant, but also he could see one of the soldiers guarding the bridge run forward as fast as he could and the soldier in the darkness saw a large package of dynamite which had just been placed at the edge of the bridge, and directly in the pathway of the refugee train on which Evans was riding. The engineer saw the soldier running toward them down the track. He rang his bell and gave a toot of warning upon his whistle, and then with steam hissing in a deafening manner and a sudden putting on of brakes he began to slow down his long train.

The red flame was creeping closer to the dark package as the brave soldier ran toward it, but without a thought of danger to himself the brave man threw down his gun, and seizing the package of destruction destruction in his strong young arms he hurled it far out into the river. With a deafening ear-splitting roar that shook the earth, the dynamite exploded with such force, that the rocks below were hurled in all directions, while the terrible thundering noise of the explosion echoed and reached seemingly throughout the whole city making all the buildings nearest to the scene tremble, the windows leaping against their casements, the dishes rattle in the pantries, and the chairs beds and tables leap a foot from the floor.

The soldier was thrown to the ground directly in front of the train by the concussion and force of the explosion, but the train had stopped, and the train crew including the guards and Evans and even the children all of them came running forward excited, the men and soldiers having their lanterns.

"What was it? Dynamite? Did the munitions explode?" "What happened?" "Questioned the guards and train crew. The soldier sprang to his feet and seizing his gun he shouted:

"DYNAMITE ON THE TRACK-----I DROVE IT INTO THE RIVER-----"

"-----QUICK-----FIND THE MAN WHO DID THE JOB-----HE MUST BE NEAR FOR THE FUSE WAS JUST LIGHTED."

In a moment the soldiers and guards and train crew ran up and down searching for the glandelinians.

Evans went down the track with the brakeman to examine his train and as the brakeman flashed his lantern about, Evans saw several dark gray forms huddled between the cars. It was the Glandelinians, and instantly the young soldier sprang upon them, with leveled guns and while he recovered the brakeman dragged them out and placed them under arrest. The Glandelinians had timed the explosion to wreck the bridge, and train, and they would have succeeded but for that brave guard on the bridge. After the excitement was all over Evans and the rest went back onto the train which proceeded on its way again. It was the second attempt made by the Glandelinians to wreck the train in their desperate attempts to either catch Evans, intercept him in his purpose or kill him one or the other. Indeed this was getting on his nerves and now as Francis Atlanta was the next stop though fifty eight miles away, he believed that the peril would be increased immensely.

A MYSTERIOUS SOUND. A STRANGE GLOWING GLOW.

The train was now running fast again and within an hour more had left the city of Pandora far behind. More vigilant watching was now needed, on account of the darkness, for more greater dangers had threatened in the dark than during the day. On account of the Glandelinians, whom in fact when as he knew so many of the Glandelinians were prowling about. The train was running full speed now and Evans being on the front coach again signalled the engineer to be cautious and careful for he saw suspicious lights far ahead. Signals were also going back and forth among the guards which showed that they had seen the strange lights far ahead also. The train was now slowing down considerably and rapidly, while the guards drew their guns being ready for what might ever come. Mile after mile flew past slowly and though the lights grew more numerous they seemed like the action of thousands of large fire flares, or the will-o-the-wisp, going out and reappearing.

"Maybe they are turning shells," whispered Evans to himself. "We must be drawing nigh to the city of Francis Atlanta." The train was now speeding up again when Evans straining his eyes became more suspicious. He spoke excitedly to one of the guards declaring that they were surely running into some mysterious danger. He wanted to fire at the moving lights but the guards would not let him saying that it was only rashness. Suddenly all the lights disappeared and everything was again in total darkness. The engineer however did not slacken his speed but increased it, keeping a vigilant watch ahead.

"I wonder what it could mean?" Evans inquired. "Sh-h-h-h," warned the guard. "I hear suspicious noises." The roaring sound of the running train, they all heard queer noises which even reached the ears of the children, who as any one may know most of them being terribly sensitive to the dark and so became terrified and could not be quieted. Evans listened quietly with his guns in readiness. What the sounds were like he could not ascertain. It was not the rustling of the leaves or the sighing of the wind, but a strange roaring that was very much unlike the rattling roar of the trucks of the coaches.

There seemed to be strange voices in the roaring noise, and weird yells and screams but what it was they could not ascertain. They believed that it was probably some distant battle raging so confident with those thoughts they did not pay any more attention to it. However the children felt uneasy and some of them begged Evans and the guards to stay closer to them. Evans to soothe their fears went to them and had just seated a little boy and girl on his lap when he heard one of the guards shout:

"Hark what is that?" Evans listened instinctively while one of the other guards said: "Maybe it is the grinding noise of the trucks." "No it is wind moaning," said another. "Don't you notice how it is blowing now?"

"Goodness come here Evans," said another one of the guards. "Do you hear what that is 'Hark'?"

"A wild shrieking roar came peeling from the distant horizon, a sound which almost froze the blood in Evans veins, as the very fearful unearthly screaming seemed to be shrieked in his very ears. In the far distance there had arisen sullenly against the sky a bright red glow extending along a good portion of the horizon line.

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To mingle with the shrieking roar a simultaneous crashing noise was continuous and prolonged, sounding like hundreds of millions of heavy ordnances. "It's a battle sure enough," said one of the guards.

At this moment the din broke loose. A wild irresistible fury the glow grew in intensity and a noise of exceedingly great violence trailed along the horizon, but as the train passed on further it gradually subsided, though the glow seemed brighter than ever. Whatever it was one could hear on board the train knew, for they could not witness the scene clearly on account of the thick woods through which the glow pierced. Fully three hours passed of slow riding, the children or no one being able to slip sleep from their apprehensions, and then Evans and the rest saw something that resembled a sudden explosion, shooting flame and glowing debris to the height of thousands of feet above the horizon line of trees, mingled with millions of those same suspicious lights, there was a simultaneous horrible roar that made the moving train rock and away threateningly and then came silence and utter darkness.

"What could it mean?" They wondered. "All were spellbound with horror, and for a long time no one spoke a single word. All the while they wondered if it had been the work of the Glandelinians for now they believed sure it was not from any battle and even now the glow had reappeared with ten fold brilliancy and the atmosphere was becoming thick with a peculiar vapor which was sulphurous in smell. They were now nearing the region of the city of Francis Atlanta and had come within a mile of the outskirts when a large body of Christian troops came rushing up. There was a cry of excitement everywhere and to make matters more strange it was raining war water, in spite of the cold weather, and the ground was covered with gray cinders and mysterious looking debris to the depth of a foot, which made it impossible for the train to proceed any further in that direction. Evans at once believed, he understood the mystery but how his heart sank as the men cried to the engineer:

"You can't proceed any further as it is impossible to pass through Francis Atlanta which is in flames. Terrible devastation is wrought. Hundreds of miles of forests are blazing. Francis Atlanta is a devastated. Hundreds of thousands of the besieged Glandelinians have blown the city into ruins, and mostly all their captives have perished. We had a terrible battle with them but they drove us back. They have even made Mount Calverine go into eruption."

"Oh my God the Vivian girls," cried Evans. "They have perished." He felt sure that he had been unsuccessful when suddenly one of the men cried to Evans:

"Violet and her sisters are safe within the Christian lines. They were secured from the Glandelinians during this night's battle here."

Evans could hardly believe this news, but nevertheless headed straight for the Christian lines after leaving the train, the Angelinian soldiers who swarmed forward taking care of the children left in the train. Evans was surprised to see the large numbers of the Christian soldiers from whom he learned the real cause of the scene he witnessed that night. The enemy had assaulted the Christian lines with frightful fury, while those inside the city had set thousands of mines in the streets of the city which was already in flames and then blew up many of the buildings. The scene indeed had been like some great eruption and at first many of the Angelinians on the train, had thought that Mt Calverine had broken into action once more.

Evans found that the soldiers lying a foot deep in places had been blown there from the wreckage of charred buildings and that the thick pungent haze was from the burning forests and city in the distance. However he could not learn anything more about the Vivian girls as these Angelinians knew them not. It was over half an hour before he reached the main Christian lines and then leaving this part he went forward inquiring where general Vivian's headquarters were. Evans was told that this was not general Vivian's army, that the nearest army the Vivian girls were in were Vivianians at Francis Anna six miles from Francis Atlanta, but was also told that general Vivian had heard that general Germanias Glandelinian army had been almost annihilated at Francis Anna. That general Vivian having rescued the Vivian girls had retained them within his own lines and that if he goes there he will surely find them. After three days frantic searching Evans coming to a deeply wooded region with a trainload of men had waited until the train slowed down and then Evans sticking his head out of the window fancied indeed that he heard the screams of many children and this filled him with a strange creepy feeling. It was nothing however but the wailing of the wind through the trees.

A GREAT MASSACRE OF CHILDREN! AND THE BEGINNING OF THE
BATTLE OF NORMAN RUN. CONCLUSION OF BATTLE.

One day Evans desired to see what was occurring, and so decided to go out on a scouting tour with a party of men. He with his party soon approached a large glen where a bright ruddy glow of fire came from, and saw a sight that made his heart leap with horror and emotion....! Frightfully mangled corpses of thousands of children lay strewn all over the ground while fastened to the trunks of trees were thousands of other children, awaiting indeed their turn for death in its most shocking form. His scene was worse than any Violet and her sisters had ever seen, to there being so terribly more victims, whose bodies like in many other great massacres had been frightfully hacked like calves in a butcher shop, having been completely cleaned, out of them, and literally hung on the branches of the trees. There were about ten thousand more children to be butchered, the number of the furious glandelinians appearing to be about three thousand three hundred fit fifty in number, and every one of the glandelinians were so drunk that they staggered around almost falling over each other. Hardly any man was doing any bloody work just now, there appearing to be a lull, but many who had not as yet been engaged in the terrific massacre seemed to be standing on guard. The glandelinians were fierce looking men, being literally crazed by the drink, flailing their knives at the children in a horrible manner while many of the officers whose uniforms were besmeared with blood were standing close by with their sabres drawn, and so thickly covered with gore that Evans was horrified, and wondered if it would be a sin to destroy such murderers.

Indeed the poor children were pleading and screaming, but despite this the furious glandelinians probably in their terrific frenzy from drink and sight of blood were so ferocious, the glandelinians at the beginning of the massacre having tried with the fury of extreme desperation to make their helpless victims slay each other. In fact the frightful details of this slaughter before Evans arrived can only be imagined. The brutal glandelinians had grasped many of the little girls and boys by their throats and flailing their daggers and strove to cut out their hearts despite their vehement struggles, and indeed the poor little children in the grasp of the ferocious drunken fools, had struggled as best as they could and screamed pitously and who could have witnessed the scene without trying to save them. The struggling victims had kicked and beat at their tormentors with their feet and fists, and the wicked glandelinians trying to gain a choking grasp on their throats was the only means of causing the children to bite them and the glandelinians in their desperation had then cut them to death. Simultaneously other glandelinians put their points of their knives to the middle of the children's bodies and opened them while they were still alive and a shrill scream had wailed up from the other children. At this horrible sight the glandelinians had only la roared with laughter.

Evans at the scene he witnessed was overwhelmed with unbelievable horror and falling on his knees he aimed his pistol at one of the murderers but to his surprise it was not loaded, as he had forgotten the cartridges. Now was he to rescue the poor victims, who still survived the horrible massacre without running himself into the same danger. His eyes flashed viciously as he fancied the recent scene, when hundreds of little children pleading for their lives, in such a way as to melt hearts of stone had been dragged up to the butchers and out to death. There had been no strangling in this massacre only cutting. He knew that these furious glandelinians were crazed from drink and in fact those children had done those a brutal harm whatever, and yet these rascally glandelinians seized them to murder in such a horrible fashion.

He decided to go and kill those brutes who had murdered one little child already before his eyes, especially by cutting her body open. He knew it was a desperate attempt, but knowing his strength he decided to try it at any risk, so he stole off cautiously to the scene and in three minutes was along side of one of the glandelinians and suddenly plunged his sabre into one of the brutal glandelinians sticking him through the back, and before two others could make a dash at him, he managed to withdraw the weapon out of the dead man's body and stab another. He also stabbed a third man and then quickly stole away though he was conscious of a storm of bullets flying over his head.

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However these rascals were too eager for their bloody work to follow or pursue their mysterious assailant, and Evans got away starting off to get his ammunition and giving orders to the men to do all they can to prevent the massacre from proceeding any further, and that he himself would even arouse the whole whole camp of christians who will come and put an end to this massacre if they failed.

Before Evans had arrived to the scene the massacre had been terrible and even now the glandelinians over the slaying of their wicked comrades were at stricken with inconceivable fury and poor little Eva who witnessed the scene at another quarter felt sorry for the poor children, and decided to risk he left by hindering the massacre as long as possible. The poor little victims were indeed trembling with fear and crying out for mercy but the infuriated glandelinians were only laughing and cursing. Eva St. Clare was about near as bold as the ivian girls were, and indeed so bold that she like them would risk her life for any helpless helpless victim and she decided to hinder the massacre at any cost, and so she crawled toward the unsuspecting glandelinians, even as cautiously as a savage would a well armed fort or solatockade but more quicker, deciding to make an attack before they killed another child.

All this while over the attack made by Evans the glandelinians were in an uproar, and now one of them was dragging a little boy to another fierce glandelinian, but brave little Eva suddenly sprang at him and ran him through the back with a broken bayonet she had found. A howl of rage went up from the other furious glandelinians, while a score rushed up threatening at her with their bayonets, the other picking up the little boy, but Eva had got on away from the other glandelinians who had been trying to bayonet her, and stabbed this rascal in the heart with the bayonet and as he sank to the ground Eva wrenched the child from him, and despite a tumult of bayonets which surrounded her she nimbly as a cat pushed her way between of the men's legs throwing him to the ground and getting away, but throughout frightened over the daring feat she made she felt as exhausted as she got to a safe place with the little boy. These sort of deeds by Eva enraged the glandelinians so far that horrible at tortures were planned on the other children, for near this slaughter go ground piles of wood and debris and coal took from burning freight cars had been smouldering for days being a literal slow burning inferno, and the glandelinians decided to throw many of the child children onto this.

"Oh Merciful God," cried poor Eva. "As she heard the frightful devil yell of the glandelinians, 'I know they are going to throw those children into those awful fires, and kill them with that awful pain. I must stop them at all costs.'"

"We will all go and rescue them," hissed one of the Angelinians who had lain in hiding. "But you can't go over there again." He added suddenly grabbing her. "But they mustn't throw them on that awful fire." Wailed

Eva. "Please let me go." "No I won't said the soldier. "My comrades will put a stop to it now fear."

In the meantime the glandelinians had without mercy lifted a score of the struggling children by their throats and started to carry them toward that horrible mountain of fiery debris, and coals, and while poor little Eva was appalled beyond description at the deafening screams of the struggling children, and as she placed her hands tightly on her ears the Angelinians had worked themselves close to the point, there was a horrible crash of musketry, the glandelinians went down there was a rush of dark figures and the children disappeared into the darkness saved.

"Dam them," cried one of the Angelinians in a rage as he shot down another glandelinian who rushed him. "Dam them I say and damn them again." That glandelinians of such nature that have no mercy on children at all ought to be roasted in that fear for hours before dying. And at the children's screams the glandelinians skunk only laugh, even at the death agonies, and no doubt the scores of roasted bodies would be a great pleasure to them, but nevertheless let them try that again and let make their yell of derision turn to a struggle and writhes of mortal agony the dirty glandelinian butchers.

Poor little Eva indeed felt like fainting at the sight of this horrible attempted deed stopped by the christians in time, but when twenty others were being dragged toward the heaps of burning coals she felt an indescribable terror seize her. Under the rascally glandelinians too great pleasure in witnessing children dying from strangulation, but

they did not get a chance to even do this, for they also dropped and the children knowing where the shots came from ran to their rescuers who secured them in time.

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"We surely are in for it now," said Evans. "And it is all lucky for us men that we have a good supply of bullets for I believe those glandelinians will send twenty more to proceed with the murder while the rest will be sent to hinder our further chances or rescuing them and that they will probably make a vigorous attack on our position."

Evans' prediction indeed was right, excepting that fourty men were sent to continue the horrible murder, while the rest scattering several yards apart, delivered a general fusillade, and several of the christians were struck. All of the christian soldiers after a short debatement, had agreed to pick off the assailants, while Evans and many others worked themselves to within a better range of the murderers, and when they had got within better range they saw to their horror that the rascally glandelinians were proceeding to stick a red hot file down the throats of the children, and also preparing to slash the insides of their throats with a sharp knife and then to finish the torture by a horrible choking. Indeed the look in the faces of the children told plainly of their horror of this coming torture but in fact the glandelinians did not really do

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this any way but Evans and the others blazed away, the bodies but passing through the bodies of the rascals and lodging into the hearts of other glandelinians coming up instantly killing all of them simultaneously. Thus the children were saved the Angelinians grasping them before the other glandelinians came up in time to seize them. Some of the children had been shot accidentally by the christians but nevertheless it was best for them anyway as it ended their misery.

As they were reloading their rifles, Evans saw one of the men free a little child from the nearest tree already dead from a more cruel fate than the other children who had died before he came, the rascal immediately drawing a sharp knife, and slashing his body open to ribs and all, when a well aimed shot from the gun of one of the christian soldiers tore through the scoundrel's head, and he went sprawling from the shock of the bullet, the mangled gory body falling on top of him covering him with blood. Evans sickened at this sight, but watched the soldiers who were shooting the other glandelinians before their victims died of torture. In the meantime the attack on the christian soldiers had been made with the fury of desperation, but indeed the glandelinians soon realized the accuracy of the aim of their enemies, and though thirty to fifty of the glandelinians had succeeded in climbing to the position the christians held against them, they were soon lying on a top of one another dead.

Two hundred of the glandelinians had already been killed, and fifty were wounded, but the desperate survivors were still keeping up the attack, but were forced back in confusion.

"Thank god Violet and her sisters are not in the hands of these bloodthirsty glandelinians," thought Evans to himself. "If they were I'm afraid the desperate Angelinian sharpshooters could not save them, for now the way those skunks are attacking I fear the christians will be worsted and so I can thank god that they are safe the poor things, things."

"And they call us the dirty Angelinian dogs," retorted another christian soldier. "Well we will show these butchers right now that we will live up to the name and are indeed butchers ourselves."

Indeed the christians were so great at firing that the glandelinians finally retreated abandoning the children to the victorious christians, but not satisfied, and horrified by the mangled bodies of children already slain the Angelinians pursued shooting all the rascals down committing a massacre of their own, and even torturing the wounded glandelinians in a worse manner than the slain children had been tortured.

WERE VIOLET AND HER SISTERS REWARDED FOR THEIR PATIENT SUFFERING FOR OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST?

After many weary days had been passed Evans travelling through country after country and pursued a hundred times in three weeks by glandelinians and strange christians and the like, and worn and four times finally reached the region of Jennie Vivian, where that great battle had raged, and coming upon a great christian camp and not being disguised this time and being known by the guards who allowed him to pass in he inquired where general Vivian was.

Evans was told that general Vivian was in the center of the christian line about twelve miles away, so he immediately went there arriving in the vicinity within an hour. As he proceeded on he saw sitting on the porch of one of the christian general's headquarters four fair little girls, really ten times more than the Vivian girls could ever have been and whom he had never seen for months after the Brigano affair. Then he paused in overpowering emotion and awe for from these pretty children a strange fragrance as of the most sweetest flowers, a strange odor that was completely divine, that filled their, and as he gazed at them he discovered that they were ethereally beautiful and wore the most beautiful white gossamer dresses, whiter than the most great white whiteness could ever be dreamed of, while the strong moonlight surrounded them with a soft radiance.

"Angels indeed," he thought to himself looking upon them with a feeling of awe. They did seem to be in distress and Evans felt a lump rise in his throat as he slowly approached them. He wondered if God had brought them here, or at least general Vivian, with that eye evident purpose to see if he would abandon the Vivian girls for them. Then with a pang he said to himself;

"No they are exceedingly beautiful but to me the Vivian girls are first."

"He was about to name on when he was suddenly startled by an unusual sound, the sound of the children calling to him distinctly by his name which seemed strange to him. The voice of the little girls seemed strangely familiar, and indeed there was no mistaking that soft old faint plaint of woe and sorrow, and deep distresses in those voices. Though thinking at first of the Vivian Girls, he could not have the heart to pass these little girls by who in distress, though they were strangers to him, and he alighted onto the porch or veranda and slowly approached them."

"Don't cry dear little girls," he said bending over them, and then fondling the fair hair of the prettiest of the little girls. "Don't cry little girls, and tell me why you are here."

"My but they are ethereally beautiful," he thought to himself. "I wish they were the Vivian Girls."

He the little girl whose hair he was fondling suddenly gave a cry; so bad because we have heard that you had been killed. We are your beautiful friends called the "Vivian girls" and we have recovered from recovered from the mine explosion, and are not disfigured, blind or crippled at all as what was feared. Oh Evans you promised you would not go to Julio Calilo and you did." But oh Evans please do keep us company now, for we feel lonesome here without you. Do not go away from us any more."

Evans was paralyzed with amazement for he did not know what to make of it. But in a moment he had Violet and Jennie both in his arms hugging them tight.

"You poor little things," said Evans as he held them tightly. "A piteous incident indeed. I'd give anything if you little girls had not been in this horrible accident, and if the identification had been only a mistake instead of a fact."

"Why Evans what do you mean?" cried Joice.

"Ain't your sisters dead?"

"Our sisters Catherine and Hettie and Daisy and the others, are not dead at all," said Jennie. "And there with papa now."

"Oh ain't I glad," said Evans. "And how do we thank God for his good blessings on you little girls. And how did you little girls get away from the city of Julio Calilo?"

"We were not there," said Violet. "We were at Francis Atlanta."

"And you were at Julio Calilo," said Joice. "How did you get away from that horrible place?"

"Our Blue Blessed Queen, the Blessed Virgin Mary helped me," said Evans. "And poor little Francis-Millian is safely within the Christian lines by now. I succeeded in rescuing her and also have found out that Norma's Run is not so strongly fortified as believed. When that is forced and the enemy routed, then Julio Calilo and Norma's will be captured. And you dear pretty little innocents as you are," he added hugging these closer. "You are the very little girls who haven't seen anything but a world of woe and I mean to see right now that all your sorrows will end as soon as possible. I'd even sooner cut my heart out than see you come to further harm. As soon as the cruel war is over I intend to go back to dear old Abbeville, where there are no Glandelinian savages, and have you little girls back in that same beautiful garden you were in those happy days." And as the four little girls turned eyes of appealing wistfulness upon him he was touched and drew them all to him.

"Furnish me you little girls will not cry any more, as I'll not leave you again," said Evans.

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"Oh no inn indeed we will not cry again. We were only crying because we felt sad, oh so sad without you, and now you come back to comfort us, and now we are happy and will do all we can do to thank God for his goodness."

"God Bless you dear little girls," said Evans as that stange sweet odor odor more fragrant and delicious, than the smell of incense or flow-ers came to him. Again a feeling of great awe came over him over him an overpowering sense of being in the presence of celestial children. "Divinely beautiful," he thought as he helped the one by one back into the room for they still used crutches crutches crutches. "Surely there is no other like this in this world."

Thus it really proved to the gallant guardian of Violet and her sisters that the wicked triumphant not over his fair charges. All the attempts of the most desperate Glandelinian generals to put Violet and her sisters out of the way had completely failed and he knew it with joy and pleasure and great satisfaction.

But all this had not cooled Evans. He remembered how the poor little girls had suffered after the tragedy of the mine explosion, caused by the wicked command of general Germania Vivian, their wicked wayward brother, and so Evans was determined to pay him back dearly for it.

Evans would get enraged. Evans would go so enraged at times when he would remember the scenes of their awful suffering, that he would literally chew his wrists to satisfy his feelings of hatred and anger.

Revengeful as he was Evans decided to wait until Germanai would get into battle with his father, general Vivian, and when opportunity or presented itself he would shoot, or cut Germanai down like a dog. But yet he did not intend to do so, until he allowed the Vivian girls to know it, and if they forbade him, and forgave their wayward brother, then he would allow it to go at that.

The next day when sitting among all seven of the little little girls/ Evans spoke up saying;

"It was a great, a very great sacrilege for that Glandelinian general Germania Vivian, to have his men mine you little girls and cause you all the suffering and sorrow you went through, especially in that massacre of children you told me about yesterday evening before you went to bed. It is my intention to pay him very dearly for it but I also decided to consult you little girls about it first. He deserves what I intend to do to him for it, but if you little girls forgive him why I will have to follow in your footsteps."

"Evans dear, surely you don't mean it! What are you going to do to him?" cried Violet and her sisters all in amazement.

"Shoot him or something," said Evans.

Violet looked reproachfully at him and said;

"Evans dear, you are running yourself into great peril by doing it. If you kill him one of the best friends of general Johnson Jackson Manley the Glandelinians will not rest until they get you, even when the war is over. Of course we do forgive him with all our hearts, but then he deserves a deserved punishment you intend to give him, and we would be fools Evans dear to advise you not to punish him, but it is the peril you will run yourself into, we are thinking of. And if we cannot change you under this condition how are you going to get him? Surely you are not going within his lines!"

Evans laughed.

"You don't think my dear dear little Violet, that I would be that much of a fool," he answered. "Why I would never a scapace after killing him. What my intentions is, I was to bring him down wounded during a battle with his army, still at large, a battle which he would probably have with his father and yours, and before any of the nearest Glandelinians could rush into rescue him, I would order my cavalry to charge, rout his rescuers, take him prisoner, and bring the word before general Vivian. I had not intended to really kill him for anyway he ain't the worth the death of a maddog. What he deserves in a life term in one of the island prisons."

"But what if he repents of his wicked deeds?" asked Jennie. "Even the worse of the wicked, have a soft spot in their hearts somewhere."

"I'll do it anyway," answered Evans grimly. "I'll see to it that it'll be a good penance for his wickedness. For what he has done to you little girls, does not let him out, whether he repents or not. He is the wickedest of all the Glandelinian generals anyway. Federal is bad enough, but not as bad as Germania."

"We don't care what you do as long as you don't run yourself into needless peril," said Joice. "Those Glandelinians under his command, and those at Norma's Run are worse than ever now since they are hard pressed, and once they are after any one in earnest they are surely bound to catch him."

Evans decided to take the advice of the little girls and be careful when he makes the attempt. He hoped that general Vivian would make a move upon Germania soon before he repaid a new army to place the one wiped out by Vivian, since it was reported that the two Manleys had been crushed at Little Francis Giorinia, and other places forcing them to retreat, and Hanson also being victorious at Vottruba, capturing general Bernardeons army made him hope more stronger. Evans never realized what a furious battle was coming at Norma's Run, and at Francis Atlanta. He also knew that the other Christian armies up north had also concentrated their main strength upon Vivian Wickey, and capturing without a battle most of the fortifications not far from Logan Zoo's Run, and that a severe battle was progressing at some point near that location. Three of the best and biggest Glandelinian armies had already been evicted from Calvernia, and that one of the Calvernia armies had fallen without a battle.

The nearest army opposed to them just now was the one at Norma Run, and the newly formed one under general Omania. However he had learned that Hansons next move would be upon the city of Norma, still held by a large army of 100,000,000 Glandelinians under general Phelan Evans. The long succession of battles at Norma Run was still in progress and Evans hoped that Hanson would soon force the Glandelinian positions there. Knowing that general Vivian would be forced to be inactive for some time Evans had wanted to go to Hansons army, but receiving overwhelming reinforcements general Vivian now having an army of 200,000,000 men had also concentrated upon Norma while he had ordered Wienstien and Viviana to make forcibly, Wienstien to watch Omania viviana to cross Andrea, and Viviana to move against Francis Atlanta at all speed. The christian armies fighting so stubbornly at Norma Run for those past four three years and three quarters of a month without a days respite, was already sadly depleted, but learning of Hansons advance, and general Vivians intentions, and maneuvers of the other two christian armies, upon Cross Andrea and Francis Atlanta their commanders spread the good news, and decided to hold on a while while longer. Evans was now with Violet and his sisters more frequently than even before and when the christian advance commenced he sat on the large wagon with them, talking to them and showing them the scenery, and telling them how he got away from Julio Gallo, and of his experiences before and when he was on the train.

Violet and her sisters listened with great interest to Evans story and the Catherine told what she and her sisters had experienced. "It was during the time that our army armies were moving through the flooded regions, when one day I and my sisters were seized by the Glandelinians and carried off to Francis Atlanta. The Glandelinians had intended to make slaves out of us there, but so many christian soldiers were looking for in us in disguise that the Glandelinians became alarmed. Many arrests were made but it did no good and so the Glandelinians after trying to massacre us during a great slaughter, brought us with our sisters to Francis Atlanta again under heavy guard. But here also we were closely followed, and shadowed by the many christian spies, who finally rescued us and brought us back here. All of us had great experiences among the Glandelinians in Francis Atlanta, but the greatest was when the Glandelinians under heavy fire drove back the christians in a driving counter attack, and when the Glandelinians poured through the streets like a flood. Many christian soldiers whose first successful were now fleeing through the streets panic stricken. Their cavalry and artillery forces, made a great clamor dashing in their rout through the streets, while the infantry forces retreated, and even setting many buildings on fire as they could.

Some of the victorious Glandelinian soldiers burst into the mill room we were confined in, and tried to make us go with them, but knowing that the Angelinians were beaten, we became defiant to allow ourselves to go any further with them, and so refused under any conditions to go with them. They were then going to grab us when a shell exploded in the doorway, killing every one of them. In fact thousands of shells and even high explosives were bursting in the streets, and among the houses, and the yelling of the panic stricken soldiers, the noise of the cannon, cannon, dashing through the streets, and the clattering roar of the fleeing cavalry forces almost made us deaf. If we had not been crippled we would have taken to courage to flee with them. It then happened that a score of other graycoats came into the doorway and before we could say anything had us in their grasp. But instead of joining the christians or even the Glandelinians they went in the direction of a stranger part of the city, assuring us that they were christian soldiers in disguise looking for us. They had left the city and gone a certain distance outside of it when we heard the wild clatter of thousands of swiftly approaching horses and in a few minutes through the thick curtain of smoke, from their burning houses, and exploding shells, a large force of Calvinians came dashing upon us. Then in the main main section of the city there was a series of the most terrific explosions we have ever heard, and showers of wreckage and shooting arches of fire seemed to extend to thousands of feet into the air.

It was only an hour after when we found ourselves in the heart of the christian lines, and back with our sister Violet, who had thought that we were dead. Then that morning you came back to us after we thought you had been killed by the Glandelinians at Julio Gallo so far away from here. Oh how happy we were when you came back. We felt sad and lonely all the while, and oh how we did feel when we heard that you had been arrested by the Glandelinians at Julio Gallo as a spy, and they shot. After their news we certainly did feel friendless and forlorn. Papaw was so startled at our quiet quietness, that many times he thought we were dying and got the doctor doctor. And my were not we surprised when we saw you return."

"Well I am sure that I am here to stay." Said Evans. "General Vivian has even commanded me to stay with you little girls during further battles, but he has advised me to get Omania at all costs, and under any conditions whatever."

"Well if you must get him you must, that's all." Said Joice. "But if any thing happens-----"

"I'll be very careful and you may lay to that." Said Evans hotly. "There are no Glandelinian skinned skunks around here or anywhere that can get the best of me when my temper is up, and have proved it and will right along."

THE BATTLE OF NORMA RUN. FEBRUARY 22TH. IT'S FRIGHTFUL FURY.

It was not long after the return of Jack Evans, the guardian of the Vivian Girls when the immense christian armies under general Robert Angelic Vivian were hurled down against the Glandelinians defending the banks and positions of Norma's Run with speed that was unprecedented in the history of the whole Glandelinian war. Before the scores of thousands of the christian guns, the hundreds of Glandelinian fortresses on Norma Run great concrete masses crumpled to dust. Indeed nothing in this terrible war was more horrible than the disillusionment of the first Glandelinian armies who went to repel the christian advance. In the first of the battle any one could have been treated to the spectacle of large masses of Glandelinian infantry surging, charging across open country, toward objectives which had scarcely been touched by their own artillery. The Glandelinians were foolishly, for the Angelinians rained down such a storm of artillery that the sadly depleted attacking forces did not even get within striking distance of them. The furious Glandelinians had advanced in open formation, into a horrible shell storm of the christian artillery fierce enough to rout the damned and the evil legions together, nearing always at a double quick.

Behind the first wave of assault came bodies of troops armed with knives, automatic pistols, and pikes and bayonets. But wave after wave of the Glandelinians fairly melted away, and the main surge extending over forty miles, and over ten million strong, was blown to routed fragments by the blasting christian artillery fire, and the surviving columns recoiled in a frightful panic. Monsterous masses of christian soldiers fifteen times surged furiously against the Glandelinian works at Norma Run each succeeding wave being millions strong, but however fifteen feeble times they met a crushing repulse, and in retiring left a sea of dead and wounds as wounded behind them.

The fearful battle had raged a full day. Several times to the main portions of the christian line swept upon the Glandelinian front in general fury but line after line was swept back and torn to pieces, but the rest nevertheless had come on, and though meeting the same horrible withering fire they had succeeded in reaching the Glandelinian position, and swarmed over them, but the strong concentration of the wicked Glandelinian forces became too much for them and they had to withdraw before overwhelming numbers.

All the time the assaults had been in progress, the christian cannoners had rained a hailstorm of shells and high explosives upon the Glandelinian fortifications, doing incalculable damage among the gray lines. But the Glandelinian batteries were just as effective and returned the hail of destruction with a tenfold vehemence and the din of hundreds of thousands of cannon was terrific indeed. General Vivian had intended the to capture the Glandelinian fortifications at Norma Run in one day, but indeed he had found that the Glandelinian positions were a great deal stronger than he had thought. During the afternoon of that day when the engagement was general, general Vivian had passed his whole entire left wing, against a section of the Glandelinian positions. A perfect flood of christian troops poured successively against the Glandelinian front, making titanic assaults in the face of a fearful drum-drum fire of cannon, and a general desolating fire from the Glandelinian musketry and machine guns. The enemy's position was very strong by the time general Vivian had arrived and now general Vivian felt that his success was very far indeed in taking Norma, for he indeed saw how his most massive

columns were being so frightful y descinnat ed-For every repulse over whelming numba of glandelinians would counter charge in avalanche like fury cutt ing the surviving christian columns to piee pieces and rout ing the rest.A portion of general vivians center late in the after noon made a more vigorous asault then previously seen in actual warfare, and though running deep into a scathing infilade of thousands of cannon and millions of musketry, which destroyed hundreds of companies at one general discharge, the surviving christian forces nevertheless fought desperatly like demons to force their way out, and other columns coming on to the rescue, the infuriated glandelinian colu columns were driven back a mil: mile the thousands of guns were captured and against heavy odds.

A portion of of the glandelinian works were also carried.The carnage was indescribly terrible, a wholesale slaughter of hundreds of thousands of troops per hour-General Vivian being apparently victorious decided to press his advantage under all conditions and not waiting for Hanson to come into the action, which he should have done to avert disaster, he drew o up some of the other forces not yet in the action, and soon concentrating the main line he threw all his force upon the enemy.

For three hours a cruel sanguin sanguinary struggle threatening to dominate the world with its fury, raged, but the glandelinians along the main center center came back with the hailish fury of demons mil lions strong to a try and recapture al' what they had lost and with their general fire smote and bent t'the whole christian front---at this section, tearing many whole divisions and brigades to fragments and hurled the survivors back for two miles and--still further.

Fearful concentration of glandelinian columns was now made against the rest of the christian line, and t the glandelinians soon attacking in overwhelming numba caused a general swift withdrawal of the whole christian line, sweeping them back clear to their own positions with the most fearful loss.

Even then the glandelinians did not stop, but made the most desperate attempts to carry the christian works raging the battle with might and main, but finding the christian works too strongly strongly defended finally gave it up recoiling behind their own works, but keeping up heavy fire of artillery for some time.The battle of Normas run with general Vivian and Mc-Holleston Phlea Phelan was indeed sanguinary/ for awful was the losses of both sides.The whole batt le field was strw strewn thickly with the fallen, the explosions of shelloshells had damaged the woded regions in a general chase of destruction and indescribly wreckageand the whole hilline of glandelinian fortifications and stockades made of wood were ablaze the conflagration reddening the night skies for miles.

The christian losses al alone were a great deal heavien than the glandelinian losses, on account of the desperate assault made by them but nevertheless some brw branches had been made in the strong glandelinian fortifications by the hammering of the christian guns and general Vivian was now confident that general activity against t the wicked glandelinians would soon force hem off from Norma V Run and probably hasten the end of the war evart- everywhere.During the night general had the remains of the eeg selge guns brought into position and by mork morning was ready to let loose a general artillery duel. So fearful had been the engagement the day before and so extensive and far reaching, that general vivian had been appreh onsalenout his little girls, and so had them with Evans transferred to the rear under heavy guard.

General indeo d knew that the persecutions of his little little girls was not as yet over and that Germania had offered a reward to any glandelinian general or private under his command who would either cause the capture of the Vivian girls or their assassination.And so extra precautions had to be taken to guard poor Violet and her sisters.

SECOND DAY OF FIERCE FIGHTING AT NORMA. RUN. THE DESPERATE FIGHT FOR THE VIVIAN GIRLS.

It was at this point that the liveliest times Evans himself had seen came, when unexpectedly a large force of glandelinians mostly all horsemen made a desperate desperate rear flank movement in overwhelming numbers the following numbers morning. The assault had indeed been a sledge hammer driv ing avalanche of men, and the christians at this point being overwhelmed were routed in fearful confusion with the loss of three hundred and sixty six thousand in fifteen minutes and with the death of general Cornwell Evansville.

Jack Evans seeing the fearful tide of ret retreating christ ians coming tried to rally them frantically yelling;

"If you retreat the little darlings of the Nation will be captured and slain as they are still crippled and cannot get away."

But even his this did not do any good, and Evans was borne along with the tide of men.Fighting desperately through them, Evans managed to reach the place t place the little girls were in and urged them to l leave, but he being being crippled yet, and having all they could do on crutches at that, the little girls had no hopes of getting away whatever.He had however rallied a good por portion of the chr christian forces by desperate desperate efforts, and many of these went into the place where the Vivian girls were, determined to fight to thelast man before yielding and allowing them to be captured.However it happened to be to be, that a force of ret retrr retreating christian cavarly men came dashing up, and seven of them realizing the peril of the vivian girls, dashed up to the gate of the Base Hospital and in a remarkably short s a space of time were rushing off with Violet and her sisters.sint ers.

General vivian indeed had seen this catastrophe, and knowing that it hup happened just at the point where the little girlshad been he was apprehensive.He frantically brought up ten to thirty squadrons of chirs christian cavarly, mostly mounted Concentinians and furious Galverinians and he ordered them to rout the enemy if possible and stop the rout th of the christians.The christian cavarly had to ride furiously against the retreating hordes, but inspired by emotions, and the sight of the pleading faces of Violet and her sisters most of the demoralized forces had been rallia before the cavarly came, and the cavarly had no trouble whenever whatever to rally the rest and within another hour the whole assaulting force of Glandelinians were out down and routed by both the rallied christian infantry and by a vigorous dash made bythe cavarly squadrons. In his desperate attempts to get Violet and her sisters out of the way of the enemy Evans had been slightly wounded, and had three horses shot under him. Evans brought the Vivian girls to general Vivians headquart ers, reporting the incident and having his injuries attended to.

Indeed general Vivianwondered where where the flanking force came for from for he had the glandelinians at Norma Run so furiously active all the while that morningthat he was sure that none could get to him by the rear.But Evans had realized the cause.

"General Vivian if you are wise, and will follow the advice of a good fr friend for the sakeof your daughters, you wis all at once sent a force to seize Normas R Bridge. Said Evans. Heavy forces of the enemy are continually moving upon us from that region in an endeavor to flank your army."

While general vivian was pondering on this advice advice as a second b but unsuccessful and general attack was going on in the re rear, the enemy being stayed by this time and general vivian sending force after force to the support of his his rear, sent a messenger to Hanson who was advancing upon Norma Run with his command;

"I am in severe action at Norma Run.Hurry forward if possible and seize the strong positions at Normas bridge, as my whole line being engaged I'm unable to do it.I have force s strong enough to give a hot time to the enemy, having been already engaged for over a twenty four hours but am unable to concentrate any force upon Normas Bridge.

GENERAL VIVIAN.

An hour after Hanson recieved the mes r message though the messenger was severely wounded and reading the contents said to his staff;

"I Normas bridge was the very point I was heading for.I'll carry that position alrralright or God may take me for a liar."

THE FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE AT NORMA'S BRIDGE.

His forces force now moved forward at the double quick and within another hour Hanson's army was near w enough to hear the thunderous roar of the battle along general Vivians lines. This inspired the christians with greater ad ador and by ten o'clock the action for Norma's Bridge was on.

Fourteen times amid frightful slaughter, frightful enough to appall heaven and hell together, the monstrous Glandelinian surges were hurled back and so fearful was the storming to fire of both sides that all the regiments had their flags and banners torn to pieces by the hurricane of bullets, and a thousand Gettysburgs seemed to rage in one, in only half an hour's time. The immenseness of flooring on the great bridge was heaped with the dead wounded, dying and so forth from both sides, the Glandelinian positions for thirty seven miles were in a conflagration of musketry and cannon, but finally the Christians were fully in possession of the bridge, and the enemy fighting for the bridge also having suffered the loss of two million million in a four hours engagement withdrew for the distance of a mile leaving the scene of desolation, death, chaos and of battles havoc behind them. After a brief lull Hanson moved his force forward against the strong Glandelinian positions in the vicinity of the bridge at Norma Run but his armies were so confused by the desperate struggle that morning at the bridge, that though they fought desperately for hours they did not make much impression on the infuriated Glandelinians, and they finally withdrew from the assault having suffered exceedingly heavy losses.

GENERAL VIVIAN'S LINE IS SHELLED.

Violet and her sisters had received quite a shock over the suddenness of the attack on the main Christian rear and probably if it had not been for the Christian cavalry men there is no telling what would have happened. The soldiers who had intended to hold against the Glandelinians if they attacked the base hospital would never have been able to do so, and if they could have for any reasonable length of time, the Glandelinian Glandelinians would finally set fire to the hospital and butcher all who would have tried to escape from the flames, when the building burned.

Now the battle on the second day was so inconceivably furious and bloody that once again the little girls endangered occasionally by shells exploding near by had to be moved to the field in Infirmary under escort of troops commanded by Jack and John Evans together. Along the whole of the Christian line the enemy was making it hot for them with the most fiercest artillery fire they had ever put in and the explosions of shells of every calibre along the Christian line was so constant that it made a wild salvoes as constant as the popping and snapping of thousands of corn in a popcorn shaker. Such incapable damage was done by the heavy storm of shells that general Vivian had to withdraw a portion of his lines further further back a movement the Glandelinians were watching for indeed, and a short time after the enemy's columns came rushing forward in the strongest human waves and struck against the Christian line with all their fury.

ANOTHER BUT UNSUCCESSFUL FIGHT FOR THE SAFETY OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS.

The battle became exceedingly violent, and raged with bloodcurdling fury for two hours, but the Christian troops being overwhelmed finally gave way in the greatest confusion, and retreated from their position in a panic despite every effort of their officers to rally them. The advancing lines of the enemy was storming with a severe withering fire that was general. A part of the onrushing Glandelinian horde scattering the panic stricken Christian troops came suddenly upon the infirmary and without warning a ragged volley of many thousands of guns was poured into the ranks of the Christians entrenched there. Scores of the Christian soldiers fell, and while the others drew back and answered with a withering storm of fire, the remainder were for charging the attacking Glandelinians, but Evans being a cautious, as well as brave man knew the futility of charging mounted, men armed with lances, sabres, carbines, and automatic pistols, so he withdrew his forces behind the artillery of what was once a garden.

To very parts of the ground surrounding the Infirmary, he dispatched hundreds of good soldiers, soldiers as bushwhackers, while half a thousand he sent to the infirmary itself with the instructions to keep the wretched Vivian girls within doors and to protect them with their lives. Adopting the tactics of the Omani fighters from whom he sprung, general Jack Clayton led his Glandelinian cavalry troop at a quick gallop in a long thin line, describing a half circle, which drew closer and closer in toward the defenceless defenders, the brave Christian Christians among the shrubbery and boulders. At that part of the circle closest to the two boys called Evans, a constant fusillade of shots was poured into the bushes by the Glandelinians, behind which the Abhimannian warriors had concealed themselves. The latter on their part loosed their destructive withering fire at the enemy, and justly famed for their accuracy, found no cause to blush for their performance that day.

Time and again hundreds of swarthy horsemen threw hands above their heads, and toppled from their saddles pierced by a deadly bullet but the contest was an uneven one, for more and more of the brave Glandelinians kept coming until there were scores of thousands of them, and still still and still they came. The Glandelinians ever multiplying in force outnumbered the Christians defending the Infirmary a score of thousands to one, their bullets penetrating the shrubbery and finding scores of marks that the Omani rifle men had not seen and then Clayton circled inward a half mile above the infirmary tore down sections of the maze of barbed wired fence and let his marauders within the ground.

Across the fields the flood of Glandelinians charged at a mad mad race. Not again did they pause to lower fences, instead they drove their wild mounts straight for them clearing the obstacles as lightly as winged gulls. Jack Evans saw them coming and calling those of his Christian warriors still remaining, ran for the infirmary and the last stand upon the veranda. Hundreds of Christian sharpshooters had knelt and more than a score of hundreds of Glandelinians had accounts to their steady nerve and cool aim, for his mad dash and over a thousand ponies dashed and raced riderless in the wake of the charging horde of the frenzied frenzied, maddened yelling Glandelinian savages. Evans seeing the little girls pushed them back into the greater security of the interior and within his sadly depleted force and with the help of the men patients who were able prepared to make a last stand against the foe. On came the Glandelinians shouting, and waving their long guns above their heads. Past the veranda they raced at a mad clatter pouring a deadly fire into the kneeling Christians, who discharged their own volleys of bullets, while from beneath the half raised shutters of the infirmary other Christian soldiers did more of the effective work in greater security moving the Glandelinians down by the hundred per volley, and now slowly Evans drew his entire surviving force within the building.

Again and again the furious Glandelinians charged at last forming a stationary sea of horsemen about the little fortress, and outside the effective range of the defenders, and from their new position they fired at will at the windows, riddling the building with a frightful storm of bullets. One by one of the Christian soldiers fell.

Fewer and fewer were the shots that replied to the guns of the Glandelinians and at last Clayton felt safe in ordering an assault.

Firing furiously as they ran the blood thirsty horde raced for the veranda. Three hundred of them fell to the bullets of the defenders, but the majority of the foe reached the doors, and soon the crash of splintered wood mingled with the reports of rifles, came as heavy gun butts fell upon the doors. Upon both sides of the doors scores of men fell but at last the frail barriers gave way to the vigorous assault of the attackers they crumpled inward, and dozens of swarthy murderers leaped into the wards. At the far end of one of the wards stood the apprehensive Vivian girls surrounded by the remnant of their devoted guardians. The floor was already covered with the bodies of those who had already given up their lives in the defense of Violet and her sisters. In the front of these protectors stood Jack and John Evans. The Glandelinians raised their rifles to pour in the last volley that would effectually end all resistance, but general Clayton roared out a warning order that stayed their trigger fingers.

"Fire not upon those child patients," he cried. "He who harms them dies. Take those dastardly Vivian girls alive. They must be given up to Germania for their past spying exploits." The Glandelinians rushed across the room, the Angelinians meeting them with fixed bayonets. Swords flashed, bayonets made a tumult and longbarreled pistols roared out their sullen death doom. Evans launched a cowardly lance he had grasped from a Glandelinian, at the nearest of the enemy with a force that drove the heavy shaft

that drove the heavy shaft completely through the gray coats body, then he seized a pistol from another and grasping it by the barrel brained all who forced their way to near him his little charges.

Stimulated by his example the few warriors who remained to him fought like demons, but one by one they fell until only Jack Evans remained. He remained to defend the crippled little Vivian girls. From across the room Clayton watched the unequal conflict and urged on his minions. In his hands was a jeweled revolver, and slowly he had leveled it waiting until another move should place Evans at his mercy without endangering the lives of the Vivian girls or any of his own followers. At last at last the moment came, and Clayton pulled the trigger, and without a sound to the terror and horror of Violet and her sisters their brave guardian sank to the floor at their feet. An instant later the little girls were surrounded, and without a word the Glandelinians dragged them from the building, seven of them lifting the little girls to the pommel of their saddles, and while the Glandelinians searched the building for plunder the seven rode with the Vivian girls to the gate, and waited for the coming of the rest.

Violet and her sisters saw the Glandelinians lead the horses from the corral, and drive the herds from the fields. They saw the building plundered of all that represented intrinsic worth in the eyes of the foe, and then they saw the torch applied and the flames lick up what remains remained. Five times the little girls strove desperately to get away from the Glandelinians and go to the rescue of Evans, screaming and pleading frantically but in vain, and at last when the Glandelinians assembled after glutting their fury and avarice, and rode away with them the little girls saw the rolling smoke, and the flames rising far into the skies until the thick wooded country hid the sad view from their eyes and now they believed sure that they would never see Evans again.

As the flames ate their way into the main wardroom reaching out its forked tongues, to lick up the bodies of the dead, one of the grooms company, whose bloody welterings had long since been still moved again. It was Jack Evans who rolled over on over on his side and opened bloodshot suffering eyes. Evans whom the Glandelinians had left for dead still lived. The hot flames were almost upon him as he raised himself painfully upon his hands and knees and crawled slowly toward the doorway. Again and again he sank weakly to the floor but each time he rose again and continued his pitiful way toward safety. After what seemed to him an interminable time during which time the flames had become a veritable fiery furnace at the far side of the room, the guardian of the Vivian girls managed to reach the veranda and roll down the stairs to some near by shrubbery. For seventeen minutes he lay there alternately unconscious and painfully sentient and in the later state watching with savage hatred the lurid flames which rose also from the other buildings. The distant battle still roared furiously, the Christians having recovered their lost ground. But Jack Evans was unmoved. There was place but for a single thought in his now savage mind. He will recover the Vivian Girls at any cost. And also, REVENGE. REVENGE. REVENGE.

THE FURY OF THE GREAT BATTLE.

In the meantime when the Glandelinian assailants, had forced a good part of the Christian center, they had drove the confused Christian troops back for near three miles. Even general Vivian had been forced to abandon his headquarters, so far did the Glandelinian columns supported by many squadrons of cavalry drive in. Indeed the Glandelinians in overwhelming numbers had made a titanic assault upon the Christian line, and breaking it at one point, and rushing in as far as the location of the infirmary confining the Vivian girls, and where they had been carried off, carried all before them.

During the fearful rout thousands of the Christian soldiers had been shot down by the wily foe, and scores of officers of all rank had lost their lives in their desperate efforts to stem the tide of confusion. General Roswell Fuster Johnston had seen this disaster, and massing all his artillery he concentrated his main forces backed by his reserve, halted the rout which threatened total defeat to the Christian armies, and met the surging wave of the foe with a most galling fire from both his long lines of infantry and artillery depleting the Glandelinian columns in a shocking manner and driving the survivors

into confusion. The Glandelinians at this point being utterly outnumbered gave way after offering Roswell Fuster Johnston titanic resistance, and the moment they gave way the Christian troops pressed after them, recapturing the positions abandoned by the other Angelinian columns and drove the enemy back clean to their own works, which three times he himself captured only to lose again.

In the engagement in which he recovered the lost ground Roswell Fuster Johnston had sustained the heaviest losses heaviest losses ever inflicted to his army, but nevertheless he had struck the enemy a terrible blow and smashed up their strength considerably. The battle in the meantime had raged with redoubled violence along other parts of the Christian line, the brave Glandelinians keeping up their desperate assaults with unceasing fury. General Windermere's army standing its ground stubbornly against a fearful attack was threatened with annihilation, and had been forced to withdraw, but relief had come to him in the line of more artillery and heavy reinforcements and he was then able to hold his ground to the last. But still unlucky for general Vivian himself the enemy had finally concentrated in overwhelming numbers upon his whole line and drove it gradually back forcing upon the Christians a slow but general retreat. The whole Christian line was completely driven out of its position and general Vivian seeing that his main left was turned had to order a general retreat. The whole Christian line withdrew seemingly about to abandon the attempt to force Norma's run but it happened to be that only a small part of general Vivian's main army had been in action and that now another part of it under general Maurice Costello and other Christian forces were hastily advancing again and again the Glandelinian forces were compelled to retire their whole line forty miles long being sadly depleted by the terrific Christian fire. Heavy cannons were also brought up in great numbers, and opened upon the Glandelinian columns still attacking but instead of retreating the Glandelinians insisted desperately and stubbornly for a time to capture these guns, and once succeeded, but lost them. Their columns were torn and mangled by the score but nevertheless they rallied to the charge again and would have captured the guns a second time but for general Sengine who brought up his cavalry forces which counter charged the Glandelinian forces with all their fury, cutting the Glandelinian forces to pieces and routing the survivors. However this did not end all matters the situation of the whole Christian line was still terrible and who could have been able to realize how terrible the situation was going to be.

PART TWO OF CHAPTER TWENTY.

THE FULL PROGRESS OF THE BATTLE OF NORMA RUN.

7

Millions upon millions of the Glandelinians swarmed over the shell torn fields despite the high power explosives hurled among their most massive columns killing thousands and thousands per minute. But still the infuriated Glandelinian columns in their most overwhelming numbers kept driving straight against the Christian line, wiping out general Renious divisions, and carrying all before them once more, only to be hurled back again with the main line crushed to fragments or into thousands of fragments, and with the losses of many of their generals. The Christian guns had in the meantime crushed many other of the Glandelinian fortresses in a few hours which had been believed impregnable, hurling tons and tons and thousands of tons of lead and steel and explosives among the Glandelinian fortresses but failing to silence the earthshaking salvos of thunder from the many Glandelinian batteries still storming with their dominating drum-drum fire.

But despite all this horror along General Vivian's lines the main scene of the titanic conflict was with general Hanson, and the enemy who was lined up against him....

THE FEARFUL FURY OF BATTLE IN THE VICINITY OF NORMA'S BRIDGE.

The Glandelinians were determined to force general Hanson back from the ground he had gained and after a two hours lull, after Hanson had forced

Norma's bridge Hansons whole line was assailed by overwhelming numbers of Glandelinians mostly the fierce Gargolian Caribos. All day long with unceasing fury the battle raged, both the Christians and the Glandelinians suffering awful loss losses that was indiscriminate. His left was hurled out of its position, several times of headlong assaults and driven into great confusion, but Hanson always had enough troops to fill in the breaks, when over they were made, and six times a whole line of graycoats, extending for four miles, was driven back half withered to remnants, and the small remaining columns, crushed to fragments. The center held its ground throughout the whole battle without yielding an inch of ground, smothering every big Glandelinian wave, that came surging forward, and amid the frightful slaughter counter-charge again and again, routing their assailants. Indeed Hanson was the fiercest engaged. Many of his strongest divisions had been reduced to remnants, but he had won ground, when his brother was still held back by the Glandelinians. He captured some of the most important positions of the foe, when he made a series of bloody counter-attacks driving the Glandelinians pell-mell from their positions, blasting their fortifications into total ruins, with his cannon, and capturing hundreds of thousands of prisoners, indeed he advanced far into the enemy's territory, wiping one of their wings off the map and forcing the main line back with the most stupendous carnage. Indeed the enemy had played poorly for attacking Hanson's lines. The number of battle here had been frightful and went far above the din of the battle along general Vivian's lines. In fact despite the noise of his own action, general Vivian could plainly hear the noise of the battle with Hanson's army, and wondered how he was making out. Twenty times with horrible fury, and a devastating volcano of flame of flame of flame and din that crashed horribly in a reverberating uproar heard for hundreds of miles the Glandelinians came rushing forward millions strong; in their fierce determination to recapture their positions. Hanson's whole line all that time was in literal fiery conflagration of hell of war devastating fury.

The mightiest Glandelinian columns four miles in extent, were smashed down and routed four miles with indiscriminate, wholesale slaughter, that appalled the Glandelinians themselves. Torn and tattered battle flags were seen by scores, so fierce was the storm of masonry fire on both sides, but the greater number of torn flags were seen among the Christian regiments, which had faced the most terrific fire ever delivered upon them by the infuriated Glandelinians.

On this day the battle had been very severe, but nevertheless the whole Glandelinian army, facing general Hanson, and Vivian, and the other Christian forces, which had engaged them for over two years, without a day's lull, was now badly depleted, and their main commander general Minocent as his nickname was, from his horrible cruelty, appealed aid from general Mc-Hollister Phelan, declaring that if reinforcements were not sent as quick as possible he would not be able to hold out against the mighty armies attacking him and Hanson, and Vivian and would have to abandon his positions or be annihilated. General Phelan or Mc-Hollister Phelan did not know what to do at all, for if he weakened his own forces at Norma he would be in a bad fix himself. He promised reinforcements however, advising general Shields which was his right name to hold his ground until the reinforcements came. But also in a note he ordered the following:

General Shields;

If you find it advisable; try all means to destroy Norma's bridge so that the Christians under any conditions cannot make use of it. See to it that general Camilla Fillman continues his attack upon the Christian forces, under general Hanson for the lost positions must be recovered at all costs. For if that Christian dog sees his chance he will make a sudden movement and come down upon your rear when least expecting it. Yours truly,

General Phelan? Mc-Hollister.

Shields read this note with alarm and immediately notified general Camilla Fillman of Mc-Hollister's order, stating that Norma's bridge

must be destroyed. . . . And that Hanson must be forced back from all the positions, he had captured, even his own. In the meantime during a lull in the bloody action a troop of concentinians cavally came dashing up to where Jack Evans lay, bleeding of a serious wound in his shoulder. The soldiers noticed the field of dead graycoats in the vicinity of the ruined infirmary, and other buildings, and with the charred bodies, and guessed at once what had happened. Evans was hastily picked up and laid across one of the horses, and immediately taken before general Vivian, by four of the soldiers, while the rest inspected the ruins, the charred bodies, and searched the clothing of the dead Glandelinians.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS ARE HASTILY RECOVERED.

The captain of the Concentinian cavally force, had Evans wounds dressed and then slanting general Vivian said:

"Your excellency colonel Evans force of two thousand men men at the infirmary, he had been annihilated by the attacking forces of Glandelinians, who have burned the infirmary with the other houses in its vicinity and carried off your daughters. Their guardian here, Jack Evans has been severely wounded."

General Vivian was thunderstruck at this news, and after Evans was taken care of and put into a bed the general drew from the guardian of Violet and her sisters the whole story.

"You did gallantly though you were unsuccessful," said general Vivian with emotion. "It indeed was a gallant stand you made for the defense of my crippled daughters, and so shall be rewarded by their return. I'll get them back all right, and will give Mc-Hollister Phelan no quarter for this occurrence, if I do whip him and surround his army."

The captain had at general Vivian's request remained in the hallway, and when he came out general Vivian said:

"I have drawn from colonel Evans the whole story. My daughters in the possession of general Clayton Glandelinians and I know just where his lines are situated. I'm going to entrust you to some thing important. I want you to lead your force of troopers out in the fields and surround general Clayton's movements. Try to draw him to attack if necessary, and when he charges I'll man my cannons upon his force and cut it to pieces piece or wipe it out. Then I'll harge his main line scatter it and recover my daughters."

"All right your excellency I'll do that," said the captain and he dashed off to do the general's bidding. He gathered his company as quickly as possible and made the advance out into the now covered field. It was snowing very hard now, one of those March Glandelinian blizzards setting in, but despite the white shroud it made, the captain with the aid of his powerful glasses was enabled to see that the Glandelinians under general Clayton was already advancing. Far in advance of the large column was a small detachment of men probably officers with general Clayton at their head. Among them he saw what appeared to be the little Vivian Girls. This indeed was a strange sight to him but he acted quickly.

"Boy," he said. "That little detachment is about half a mile away from the main linear columns. The little daughters of general Vivian are among those Glandelinians. What they are going to do I do not know, but as they are heading this way we will lay a trap, and bag the whole of them."

"Yes we'll form an ambush," said the first lieutenant, and he at once issued the orders. In a minute the whole space was cleared of every purple coat, not one being in sight. The column of Glandelinians having the Vivian Girls in their midst, was advancing at a slow gallop, every man being on horseback. Within fifteen minutes they arrived at the spot and halting under a tall oak tree, the soldiers having Violet and her sisters in their possession halted. The little girls were at once taken down from the horses, the Glandelinians having taken the crutches with them.

The captain of the Concentinian force watched every movement and at last he gasped as he heard general Clayton say:

"Here is the very spot to hang the little birds. I have been always watching for my chance to get the dog daughters, of that pig-dog and skinflint general Vivian. Their just execution will teach all the Christian dogs a lesson, and when he passes by here I suppose it will cool his ardor, and prevent him from moving against our position, when he sees them hanging here, with their eyes bulging and their tongues protruding. We will show the Christian dogs something."

In the meantime the circling Christians were drawing nearer and nearer to the unsuspecting Glandelinians. Already seven ropes had been thrown over the strongest branches, the Glandelinians intending to hang

all of the little girls at once, and make a quick job off. They had just lightened the nooses around their tender necks, when the Glandelinians being near enough to see fire at without hitting the little girls, suddenly at the command of their captain blazed away with careful aim and a hundred Glandelinians dropped simultaneously. Then the Glandelinians rode out of their hiding places, dashing madly at the Glandelinians who seeing the overwhelming force of christian cavalry took to their heels like a crowd of panic stricken sheep, dashing madly away in all directions, and every man was for himself striving to see who could be the first of the rangers. At V once Violet and her sisters were dragged from the ropes and placed on the horses of the Angelinians, and after delivering a withering fire at the retreating Glandelinians, the christian cavalry wheeled and dashed off in the direction of the christian line. Violet and her sisters, were surprised at their sudden deliverance, for they had not expected any one to come out and rescue them. They wondered how the Angelinians knew it, and when Violet looked inquiringly at the captain, he told her how he and his men had found Evans, taking him to general Vivian's headquarters, of general Vivian's orders, how Evans saw, how he had seen the approach of the curle butchers, and of his quickly formed ambush.

"If it had not been for some of my men finding your guardian, colonel Jack Evans lying on the field wounded, you little girls would have remained a prisoner, and really have been hanged by these assassins. On what charge were the Glandelinians going to hang you?"

"It was only an intention to murder us," said Jennie. "Their general called Clayton had declared that when we were strangled to death, he was going to send us back dead to papa, with a note telling him that Glandelinians do to christian dogs for attacking their positions, and wrecking their fortifications."

"Well their plans did not succeed very well," said the captain. "As for your guardian he is very badly wounded, having been shot by one of the Glandelinians in the shoulder. He will have to undergo a serious operation."

"Oh Good God," cried Violet and her sisters in distress. "And he stood his ground against the Glandelinians, even when the last soldier in his command fell. We saw him fall, and he was shot by general Clayton himself. And we thought he was killed. We must go to him."

They had not trotted on for a certain distance, the roar of the distant battle making a great din. The captain was indeed overawed at the beauty of the little girls, he had rescued, and wondered that children could ever be so beautiful. While his forces trotted on slowly, he held quite a long conversation with them, and finally asking them about their experiences, during the war and before, and how they got crippled. They answered all his questions in story form, as readily as if reading to him out of a book, and he wondered at their cleverness. He had traveled for about half a mile, when he met another large column of his company, and then Major Bavarin arrived with his forces of cavalry. The major was surprised when he saw the little girls but he was not in the knowledge of their rescue, thinking they were just riding with the captain and his column back toward the lines.

In the meantime general Fisher Clayton, which was his full name was enraged at the slaughter done to his men during the interference of his wicked purpose, an indiscriminate wicked purpose indeed, and being revengeful over his failure, he rode back to his advancing army, and select ing over 25,000 out of his cavalry forces, he went off in pursuit of the captain and his regiment.

THE DESPERATE CAVALRY HELD FOR THE RESCAPTURE OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS.
THE GLANDELINIAN'S ARE CRUSHINGLY SUCCESSFUL IN THE ENGAGEMENT, BUT FAIL THIS TIME TO RESCAPTURE THE VIVIAN GIRLS.

While major Bavarin had rode up to Violet and her sisters, and playfully scolded them for going with with strange christian officers who he said: "May grab, and hug and kiss the, without warning." He heard the clattering roar of horses hoofs, and turning saw through the shroud made by the falling snow, a large force of Glandelinian cavalry advancing at an indiscriminate rush, and then the graycoats gave forth a wild demoniac yell that thrilled them all to the marrow. And at the sight of the christian

soldiers the Glandelinians set their yell to its height and came dashing toward them with a thunderous deafening clatter the Glandelinian leader shouting: "GET THOSE FOOL VIVIAN GIRLS, AT ALL COSTS. GET THEM WITH YOUR BARRELS OR LANCES, IF YOU CAN'T GET THEM ALIVE, EVEN SHOOT THEM. TO HEU, WITH THE ROTTEN CHRISTIAN DOGS."

"Quick ride the Vivian girls off toward the lines," Roared the major. "The rest of us will try to hold those screeching fiends off." The Glandelinians who had the Vivian girls on their horses started to dash off, but all at once there was a tremendous roar of pistols, and these christian soldiers with many others dropped dead. The Glandelinian troopers proving to be the fierce Mc-Hollistinians, Zimmermannians and Gargolian corses were dashing forward furiously and relentlessly, and from their fierce yells it seemed as if their charge was at no mans command, these furious wicked Glandelinian troopers being so furiously moved and enraged over the first failure to kill the Vivian girls despite their sudden volley abandoned themselves to fully to rage, fury, revenge and excitement, and they hurled themselves forward like a living wave of gray demons on horseback of such momentum, that once launched was forever beyond recall, that it is stopped battle destroyed.

The Glandelinian horsemen were crowded two hundred deep and hoot to hoot, in a roaring, thundering screeching, yelling and blaspheming and cursing mob, which swept toward the christian cavalry like the first tidal that washed Lisbon, whipping clouds of snow aside in wild gusts, and all the while disclosing the tossing mains and the distended nostrils and the red eyes of the steeds, the flash of sun on sabres, the flying snow or the heavy standards streaming their blue, red, and yellow cords behind them. There was nothing else in the world like the deafening roar of the pounding hooves, which drowned completely the distant roar of battle. As the christian cavalry let loose with a withering roar of pistols, the foremost of the Glandelinian cavalry men, reeled from their saddles, and every one of their columns seemed to fairly wither in the face of the deadly fire delivered by the christians. Their officers tearing into the chaos, shouting commands and waving sabres. In one tremendous the survivors of the mad Glandelinian cavalry struck the first column of christian horsemen, and as they closed with a frightful storm of yells the crash was audible above anything else, as the tumult of sabres, lances, pistols, and carbines broke loose, hundreds of horses who were still untried, went end over end in the air, sabres and lances clashed together, pistols and carbines were fired at point blank, the mixup being indescribable a regular conglomeration of confusion. Men were seen trampled under the horses hooves, and the groans of the wounded and dying could be heard above the tremendous din.

Hundreds of horses gone mad, reared up on their haunches, snapping and fighting with hoof and tooth and fiddle. The soldiers even exchanged blows, with fists when armed unarmed and even pistol butts and daggers were used. At the line of tremendous contact, hundreds of sabres and men, lances and hats, were tossed up like spume on a wave crest. But the first column of christian cavalry amid the dreadful carnage, had been literally trampled into the dust, and the yelling holt hunting gray columns still pressing on, went on over the fallen and straight toward the rest of the christian cavalry with a den on demoniac dog like yelping roar. From the other columns they met more serious resistance, but the howling hacking gray columns, fighting the with the energy and desperation of all the wild mobs of demons, pressed stubbornly forward, and a bristling hedge of pikes, and lances, and again there was an indescribable conglomeration like mixup, the Glandelinians keeping up the attack amid the most indiscriminate slaughter, with the most appalling fury.

The slaughter was so terrific that only a remnant was left of the 12,000 christian cavalry thus assailed, but the rest fearing the peril threatening the Vivian girls, fought like demons, and now some of the other purple coats who had jumped on the horses, containing Violet and her sisters, fought off their desperate assailants with revolvers, lances, and sabres, and in this desperate melee managed to break through the wild slashing, thrusting yelling mob of graycoated horsemen, and dash down the lances fast as their horses could carry them. Desperate over the escape of the Vivian girls the Glandelinians pressed the attack with tenfold vigor finally scattering and annihilating the remaining christian cavalry and scores of the Glandelinians raced after the fully fugitives in full force yelling and firing one tremendous volley after another.

The soldiers snorting violet and her sisters saw the four squadrons of Mc-Hollensteinian cavalry racing after them at a mad speed, and they urged on their steeds to a tearing rate keeping up an incessant fire at the foe meanwhile. The glandelinians however were gaining swiftly on the fugitives, and Violet and her sisters being crippled, could not accomplish any of their recent feats, and so their escorts were at a loss of what to do.

They knew now that if they were overtaken, the glandelinians now maddened to the highest pitch would rent the little girls to pieces if they captured them. They were bound to get away at all costs, and raced on madly down the road, the glandelinians yelling like demons as they lunged after them at breakneck speed. General Fisher Clayton was far in the lead brandishing his gleaming sabre and urging his men on. They were drawing nearer and nearer to the fugitives, when one of the soldiers seeing a strange horde approaching toward them, suddenly gave an order and the whole group of fugitives suddenly wheeled their horses and dashed across a field. The hooded horde were the fierce Gargolians, and they seeing the fugitives, joined in the chase dashing madly in a desperate effort to intercept them, and brandishing their long guns madly. But the christian soldiers were indeed bound to escape with the christian girls at all costs. These very soldiers being long many recounting tales had been pursued by the worse Glandelinians many times before and had succeeded in escaping.

Seeing the Gargolians racing off in several directions to cut them off from escape, the christian soldiers dashed swiftly for a stone bridge apparently with the intention of crossing it. The glandelinians of both columns perceiving this, made for the bridge with a roaring gallop but the christian soldiers immediately dashed on under it, and dashed beyond, and then one of them immediately hurled a grenade to him with him, the terrific explosion blowing the bridge to pieces, and killing and wounding thirteen of the wicked Glandelinians.

By the explosion the rest of the glandelinians were thrown into confusion, and during the confusion the fugitives gained considerable headway. The rest of the christian soldiers had with them in boxes carried on their backs four light detonational grenades, each which they quickly unsling and placed in front of them so that they could, in case the foe would resume the pursuit, the bullets would not hit the grenades and explode them, and kill both the soldier and the christian girl. The Glandelinians were enraged over the losses caused by the exploding grenade, and while they dashed after the fugitive the foremost columns kept up a steady fire of pistols, in a desperate effort to bring down the christians and capture the little girls. However God was with Violet and her sisters and did not allow them to be caught. The christian soldiers had frightfully decimated the ranks of their desperate pursuers, with the grenades, and having only one left a loud detonator at that, the soldier possessing it let fly at general Clayton who was far in advance of his troop and though the shell went far beyond its aim, the explosion making a reverberating report heard for a mile plainly, slew eight of the Glandelinians brought him and his horse down wounded, and frightfully mangled thirty others. Now with on all the grenades used, over four hundred Glandelinians had been slain or wounded, and each detonation had been heard for miles.

The glandelinians enraged rather than appalled over their losses were now doubly incensed, over the wounding of their general, and knowing that the fugitive had exhausted every one of their grenades, the Glandelinian columns separating in many squadrons, tried frantically to overtake the christians.

At this time the fugitives were quite close to the christian lines, and the glandelinians realizing it, and seeing an army of christian troops advancing toward them at a mad dash, finally gave up the pursuit.

GENERAL VIVIAN SEES HIS LITTLE DAUGHTERS COME HOME.

The captain who was one of the seven fugitives, went straight to general Vivian's headquarters, his followers bring bringing Violet and her sisters in with them, having taken their crutches along. General Vivian indeed was surprised at their sudden appearance.

"The captain rescued us," said Joice. "The glandelinians had brought us under a tree to harm us, when he rushed out our would be murderers and rescued us."

"Good work my lad," said general Vivian extending his hands to the captain and shaking him warmly. "I'll shall promote you exceedingly for rescuing my little girls, and allow you much privilege with them like I do Evans."

"It was my duty your excellency," said the captain. "I lost over twelve thousand men for them too, for as major Bavaria joined me with his cavalry brigade, general Clayton drove his force upon my few squadrons, annihilated them and chased us clear to the christian lines."

"So the glandelinians pursued you ah?" said general Vivian.

"How many chased you?"

"His whole cavalry force, and a reinforcing column of Gargolians."

Said the captain. "They rode after us like mad demons, but we managed to get away from them."

"And so thank you with all our hearts for your kindness to us," said Violet suddenly throwing her arms around the captain's neck. "We were in great danger and you sacrificed so many of your men for our safety. We don't know how to repay you."

"I believe Evans will be jealous of me if he see this," said the captain laughing, and he soon had Violet in his arms while her sisters crowded around him. They all thanked him warmly for his kindness to them and then their thoughts went to Evans. The captain brought them into the room where Jack Evans lay, the operation after all, notwithstanding having been performed as it was not needed. He was not suffering much and felt relieved when the captain strode into the room followed by the little girls on their crutches.

"Well I have brought your little charges back to you colonel," said Jack Evans. "Said the captain saluting as he stood at attention at Jack's bed. I had my regiments annihilated in my mad endeavor to get away with them after I had rescued them. His beautiful Lordship, general Clayton, thought he would hang me, but he changed his mind when I came. And the captain told the whole story from start to finish."

"Well you did better than I did in their defense though I was wounded," said Jack Evans. "Those little girls on account of their pure hearts and saintly actions are as dear to me as my own are to their father, and I would have done something right away if I had not been wounded. Those scoundrels left me to burn alive after setting the place on fire. The glandelinians annihilated every soldier I had defending the little girls and after their wicked general shot me down the glandelinians left me laying there in the building and set it on fire."

I managed to get out of the burning building after some difficulty and dragged myself to where your Concentinian soldier found me. The bullet in my shoulder and leg was removed without an operation. They feel very weak though, and I am unable to move even in my bed, without considerable pain for reward."

Violet and her sisters in the meantime had worked themselves around to where Jack Evans lay, and they looked compassionately at him. They knew that he and the captain had fought furiously against the wicked glandelinians in their behalf, and though both had suffered the annihilation of their commands, one of them who stood to their defense to the last had been wounded, and they almost wept. When the captain was gone they drew close to his bed on both sides, and praised him warmly for his gallant stand. Evans made nothing of it, declaring that the captain had done the most for them, for he lost more men and he was more successful, though the captain got worsted in the fight.

"But you got wounded," said Violet sadly with tears in her eyes.

"And he did not. Not a single man of your command escaped, and about seven of his did."

Evans however did not say anything more on the subject, but nevertheless he talked a long while with the little girls, and played some card games with them, while the battle was raging far off, letting them win on purpose. Violet and her sisters had a good time while they were with him, until near bed time, and then bidding him good night, and God's best blessings they left.

What dear little thing. He thought to himself, as they went out. "I knew that God would not allow the poor little girls to be captured by the rascally glandelinian savages, and they said that I did more, for the captain in effecting the rescue had seven men left, while all my men were killed and I was wounded, and they who wished me God's best blessings when in fact they deserve the blessings more than me. What I do wish for then poor little girls I cannot explain. But some day they will be happy again, for I mean to see that they do and who is to hinder I wonder? And I know one thing that would make them happy and joyous, and that would be the return of their mother and aunt. But I forgot to tell them that they are or were not in Julio Gallo, but as I found out, had escaped long ago and found refuge in the city of Angeline long before the battle of Gledernine raged. I'll tell them to-morrow the good news, and enjoy their happiness and glee."

Evans fell asleep an hour after, and toward midnight he happened to be awakened by a slight noise, and turning his head in the direction of the sound

he saw one of the little girls sitting by one of the windows...gazing steadily out. She had been sitting there only a short time, and now she arose and seeing that Evans was awake, she came up to his bed, and sat down on it near the head, within reach of Evans who had sat up, and he had her in his arms before she knew it and pressing him close to him said:

"My but it feels good to have one of you little girls in my embrace again. How I do wish you and your dear little sisters would quickly recover so that you and your sisters could walk without the use of old crutches."

"Oh Evans," sighed Jennie; for it was she; "What would we do without you! And she threw her arms around his neck. After a moment of silence she said:

"The reason I was by the window, was because several Glandelinians sent by Germania to try once more to get us, had been arrested, within my room by the guards, and locked in the guardhouse. I heard papa remark that he will give any price to any one who gets Germania."

"I will get him," said Germania. "He has made a dangerous foe out of me on account of his treatment of you little saints, and his soldiers will not get you again if I can help to prevent it."

At last after bidding him good night of the more again and again hoping him God's blessing, she returned slowly to her room and nothing more happened until morning. During the latter part of the night general Vivian had held a council wishing to find out whether his officers agreed on the continuation of the battle, and the resumption of the attack on the enemy's lines, and positions at Norma Run or not. He knew that he had made very little impression on the enemy's lines there, and that the Glandelinians late that evening had steadily received reinforcements, more artillery and that the main line under general Phelan Mc-Hollester, was advancing to reinforce general Hel Shields at Norma Run. Indeed general Vivian was in apprehension over the threatening outcome for now he found himself heavily outnumbered by the Glandelinians and that the foe's positions were greatly strengthened. During the council a good number of his army generals were for making a desperate assault, others decided on forcing the enemy to attack, and the rest for annihilating the Glandelinian army.

But did this general Vivian did not think he could do. Anyway he had gained thus far, was very close upon Norma Run, and was about to capture the first main stronghold at Norma. On the early morning he decided to have an interview, with his brother general Hanson, Vivian the main commander, and do as he advised.

It was a long distance to the region of Norma Bridge, but he rode all the way followed by some of his staff, and reaching Hanson's headquarters at six thirty. During his absence general Roswell Buster Johnston was placed in main command, to take care of his army should the enemy make up their mind to make an attack while he was away.

General Hanson had all his own officers assembled in his room having been giving advice and instructions as to their maneuvers in attacking the Glandelinians at Norma bridge. Seeing his brother arriving general Hanson went out to meet him.

"Our forces are outnumbered by the enemy and general Mc-Hollester Phelan and Phelan Mc-Hollester, are reinforcing Hel Shields army at Norma Run," said general Vivian. "For my part I am for attacking, or compelling the enemy to assume the offensive, by making a strong demonstration, but most of my officers declare that it is more safer to destroy the two main Glandelinian army than abandoning the enterprise.... Now that is something I'm sure I cannot do, and I came to ask your advice on the matter."

"I saw the reinforcing all the time during the night," answered general Hanson. "And was myself surprised. I for my part do not intend to retire under any conditions whatever, and am now bound to capture those fortification if it takes till doomsday. After all the progress we made now it would be absolute foolishness to retreat now. And for my part, I believe your plan of forcing the enemy to attack by making a strong demonstration, is the wisest of all. From that we can deplete or annihilate their attacking armies, and reduce their numbers completely. But to annihilate those two big Glandelinian armies I believe is impossible...."

"I'll do just the very thing," said general Vivian excitedly. "I'll draw their attack in full force by making a showy demonstration, and then I'll mass all our artillery, the heaviest guns on both their columns and all fortifications, when they charge, and blow everything to Kingdom Come at that."

It was another hour before he came back to his headquarters, and assembling all his officers, he told of Hanson's advice telling them how he could crush the foe, when they attacked, blow up all their fortifications

make a general counter advance, and carry all before him, capturing all the Glandelinian positions at Norma Run and rout the foe. Knowing the danger the immediate attack might bring on the little girls, if left at his headquarters, and realizing the inability of Evans protecting them in his dis-able condition, general Vivian decided to place them under the care of general Roswell Buster Johnston....

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS ARE PLACED IN THE CARE OF GENERAL ROSWELL BUSTER JOHNSTON....

He met the great general as he galloped up to his lines. The mighty general was glad to see his old time friend, general Vivian and gladly accepted the Vivian girls, declaring that his whole army would defend Violet and her sisters....

"The little celestial children are entirely welcome within my ranks any time they wish to come," said general Roswell Buster Johnston. "It will be a great pleasure to have them with me, and I can assure you that within my ranks, the Glandelinians will not be able to capture them...."

Not long after a squad of soldiers, came for the Vivian girls, and Evans announcing playfully that they were under arrest, as foolish christian spies, and that they were to be taken within general Roswell Buster Johnston's lines as quick as possible to be tried, and sentenced to heaven for all eternal eternity. Then to be more serious he told them the truth, the reason why they were to be taken and of Roswell's intentions....

They readily obeyed the summons, being helped into the waiting army wagon, and then off they started, with two squads of soldiers and six officers and three hundred thirty Concentinian cavalry men, following them armed to the teeth. The Vivian girls were indeed under heavy guard, for general Vivian always feared that large parties of the scouting scouting columns of the enemy would be roaming around, and if the little girls were sent off without a strong escort the Glandelinians would easily capture them again. And in fact it was the case. A large force of Glandelinian dragoons, a thousand in number, saw the wagon with the little girls in it, and a portion of the column dashed after them till the rest going in another direction to head them off. At once the driven lashed his horses to full speed, the christian cavalry dashing after the wagon, and delivering a withering fire at the pursuers bringing literally thirty of the resolutely Glandelinians down. The Glandelinians pursued vigorously, returning a fire more furious, but at random and none of the christian soldiers were hit. However luck was again in favor of Violet and her sisters.... At five this time a large force of general Roswell Buster Johnston's divisions, had been transferred to the right wing, during some slight action that early part of the morning and a large portion of this christian column came suddenly upon the pursuing Glandelinians. As it was a part of the main christian command that was advancing, the Glandelinians did not deem it wise to contend with such overwhelming numbers, and their first thoughts was to see who could be the quickest in getting away. The Glandelinians abandoned the pursuit and retreated in a total rout, the christians pouring in a parting volley, mowing a score of them down.

Violet and her sisters with their guiding escorts, reached general Roswell Buster Johnston's lines safely, the great general receiving them warmly.... The great generals did not know at first where to place the little girls, but nevertheless decided to keep them in his headquarters under heavy guard.... His headquarters was about a mile from his first line of position positions, and earthworks, and as this point was heavily guarded by his strongest batteries, and all kinds of mazes and obstructions, and mines, there seemed no probability of the Glandelinians gaining any success here.

DID THE DEMONSTRATION FAIL!!!

In the meantime general Vivian prepared for his demonstration, and started it about 10 o'clock, and had it in full swing by ten thirty. The Glandelinians generals however mistook this for a severe concentration upon their lines, and they at once ordered their commands into action, and in a few

lines, and they at once ordered their command into action, and in a few minutes or within fifteen minutes I mean, the whole Landellinian front roared and thundered in a terrifying manner, with their fearful artillery and musketry fire. The Christian forces suffered heavy casualties and general Vivian wishing to avoid as much loss as possible, had to order the column to withdraw, believing with a sinking of the heart that his demonstration was a failure failure failure.... The withdrawal of the Christian troops was swift, their officers feigning confusion, but the enemy made no advance and the firing gradually but quickly slowed down and finally ceased altogether. Violet and her sisters heard the noise of the conflict which had lasted half an hour, but knowing it to be general Vivian's intended demonstration, made little of it, and being tired out from their former experiences, laid on the beds arranged for them and were long dropped to sleep. General Roswell Buxton Johnston suspecting something from the weird silence following the half an hour's action, reinforced his men at the works and massed his biggest guns toward the direction of the enemy. He had during this work of reinforcing, went into the room where the little girls had been taken to, but finding them asleep he did not bother them, and went out to watch and direct operations. A whole hour passed, and still another another, and all was still strangely quiet, and he wondered whether there was going to be any action after all. He sent a messenger to general Vivian to inquire whether his demonstration was a success or not, and within fifteen minutes the soldier came back, saying that Hanson's whole line all that morning since seven thirty, was in fearful action, having been attacked by the Landellinians in heavy force..... So this accounted for the quietness along general Vivian's lines.

HANSON AGAIN IN FIERCE ACTION... ..

This was news indeed, and yet through the awful silence, general Roswell Buxton Johnston had fancied that he had heard a strange thundering sound, which made the ground tremble continuously, but had not been able to make out what it was. And how did it come that general Hanson succeeded in drawing an attack, when general Vivian failed..... But as it was general Hanson though he intended to, had not made any demonstration, in fact he did not have the chance to do so, for the assault of the desperate foe came without it. Stung by the capture of "Norma's bridge" and even one of their main positions, the Landellinian generals had launched against general Hanson's lines their heaviest numbers in a driving onslaught of the most indiscriminate violence, and intensity of fury. Hanson's line at all points for four hours, had held firm cutting into pieces scores of monstrous waves of the surging graycoats, reducing three times their main assaulting line to fragments, and routing their survivors, but the sadly depleted columns had only rallied again and again, and swept forward to the attack, and supported by heavy reinforcements for reward of every repulse, the Landellinians had kept up the frightful onslaught, and the battle was raging with fearful fury along Hanson's line when the messenger discovered it..... The messenger had discovered this when returning to give general Vivian answer to Roswell's inquiry. Indeed the whole thing was puzzling to general Roswell Buxton Johnston, and learning that general Vivian did not know that his brother Hanson was attacked, he sent the messenger to tell him right away, advising him to be on his guard. The messenger did as he was told, telling all he saw to general Vivian, and how stubbornly general Vivian was holding out against the pugnacious assault. General Vivian was indeed indeed surprised, for he did not know that general Hanson was assaulted, though in the direction of "Norma's bridge" he had seen since seven thirty, even with his naked eyes, a shower of smoke mingled with puffy columns, and had believed at first that it was a far distant forest fire, as it looked like one. But though he had and was holding tenaciously against the Landellinian assailants, he Hanson's losses were terrific, more terrific than before in any action since the drive against Julio Gallo began and though he had managed to hold his ground for ever for four hours, Hanson had great doubts if his lines so badly depleted would be able to hold out against the assailants any longer. The battle was terrific raging all along the line with inconceivable violence, the Christian

fire and that of the naval assailants being so intensely heavy, that the whole scene looked like a smouldering conflagration, among the fields and woods. Hanson had at his command in action against the assailants who were raising hell and Cain as to say against the Christian line in their desperate endeavors to force Hanson's whole line back, and recapture "Norma's bridge."

ROSWELL BUXTON JOHNSTON IS PUZZLED OVER THE SITUATION.

As the distant battle grew in force and violence Roswell Buxton Johnston could hear it more plainly, but still the Landellinian armies along general Vivian's front did not attack, and he wondered what the reason was. He felt nervous over the situation fearing that it was in some way a planned concentration of half of the Landellinian army against his own lines and went off himself to see general Vivian. The great general himself was pondering over the situation, and it was now two hours since the demonstration had been made and not a single sortie even was made against general Vivian's line..... If they were making such desperate assault against Hanson's army why was it that the Landellinians did not move against his own lines? General Vivian feared that his scheme was discovered some way perhaps, through a Landellinian Secret Service man, and believed that the Landellinians were attacking Hanson so furiously as to try and draw from him most of his troops to Hanson's aid, and thus weaken would as to bait him.

Unknown to the enemy however as general Vivian knew Hanson had large reserve forces close at hand, which he could use in case any part of his lines being reduced to fragments would drop back, and believing this the case general Vivian decided to pretend to weaken his forces by withdrawing a considerable number of divisions, from each of his three wings, and sent them apparently in the direction of Hanson's lines, and if the foe then attacked to immediately recall them.

GENERAL VIVIAN'S PUSE WORKS.

General Roswell Buxton Johnston declared it was a good plan all right, but nevertheless quite risky, and advised him that if he intends to follow it out he had better concentrate his strongest batteries for an emergency. "I'll do that," said general Vivian. "The forces I'll withdraw will not go very far and I'll leave their leaders instructions to come back as soon as the roar of battle crashes along my lines..."

General Vivian then started to telephone or telegraph these orders, while general Roswell Buxton Johnston hastened quickly to his lines, and prepared them for the coming attack which he expected..... giving the strictest orders possible. Then he went into his headquarters to see if the little girls were awake and found them all sitting up on Violet's bed playing an interesting game between themselves, while Evans was sitting up in his bed reading and at times writing what was in his book. He did not care to disturb them, but he watched long enough to see which one of the little girls would win the game....

Finally it turned out that little Jennie was the successful one, and they all started arguing with her.

"I told you you would win," laughed Violet. "And you said you wouldn't."

"She won five times out of six games," said Joice with a pretty smile.

"And it is a new game too," cried Evangeline.

"She surely knows how to play," said Hettie.....

Catherine and Daisy alone looked on pleasantly as Jennie protested that they let her win on purpose, and finally Evans putting down his book and writing materials said:

"Let's all of us indulge in a game, and see who wins this time."

"Oh Evans what is the use," said Violet reproachfully. "You never win because you purposely allow us to get the best of it."

"I do not care to win on such little dear as you," said Evans as they crowded

around him laying the game board on his bed. "I would not be polite."

At this moment general "oswell" interrupted saying:

"My friends I'll have to place a special number of guards in this very room with you, as I do not like the looks of things just now. Hanson's lines for four hours has been desperately assaulted by the landelinians and out lines may relieve it soon according to your fathers immediate action. So I guess it is best for you eight righteous persons to keep on the watch for yourselves, and lay the game aside for the present. The battle along Hanson's line is an indiscriminate fierce fight, and there is no telling how it will be when it starts along your fathers lines, which they may assault also."

Violet and her sisters were silent for several moments, and then Hettie said:

"Your excellency, we wondered what the strange noise all the while was. We heard it since seven thirty, but later on it had been growing worse. It had sounded so strange and awesome, that we brave as we are at certain moments felt queer. Sure we will stop the game and watch proceedings, and even pray that your lines do not give way."

Roswell had a few more words with them, and then after bowing respectively went out. General Vivian followed out his plans, and about eleven thirty the selected columns were hastily withdrawing, and Violet and her sisters could see them passing, believing of course that they were being sent to Hanson's relief. Of course general Vivian's fears about the landelinians attacking Hanson to draw considerable numbers from his lines so as to weaken it to enable them to attack it with great success was completely wrong, it was only a preparation of the main landelinian generals to send the most overwhelming numbers against Roswell's Gustavus Johnston's lines as these rascals had heard of the Vivian girls being transferred there, but nevertheless Shields seeing general Vivian apparently weakened his lines became alarmed, for he feared he was sending reinforcements to Hanson and so determined to stop the Christian advance in that direction at all costs. So instead of driving any landelinian forces directly upon general Vivian's front as was expected, he sent forces by a left wheel and they came upon the Christian forces advancing apparently to reinforce Hanson and made a fearful attack upon them, driving them into confusion by the suddenness of their appearance.

THE DISASTER TO THE CHRISTIAN TROOPS AND THE FIRST BATH ASSEMBLY
REMARKED WITH FRIGHTFUL LOSS..... (A. 1. 1. 1.)

These Christian forces being attacked without warning by overwhelming numbers were routed, the landelinians driving forward with might and main, and to make matters worse, as the fighting was mostly with musket balls, sabres, lances, pikes, and bayonets, the noise was not very distinct, and general Vivian was fully unaware of the disaster. His whole line was now endangered.

For the other Christian troops had been scattered, and the landelinian scouts signally signalling the situation to general Shields, this great landelinian general decided to take advantage of it, and strike general Vivian a terrible blow and rout his whole command. He had even learned from the signals where the Vivian girls were located, and decided to make the most violent part of the assault upon general Roswell's Gustavus Johnston's lines. Within half an hour more the landelinians came forward in overwhelming numbers, and made a fearful attack driving like a sledge hammer against a weak point upon the Christian line. Fortunately general Vivian had done just exactly as general Roswell's Gustavus Johnston advised about the massing of artillery, and the enemy met an annihilating cannon and musketry fire all along the line a fire that made a terrific crash and uproar that shook Roswell's headquarters so suddenly that all the glass in the windows fell out, and the entire main first line or column of the enemy fairly withered away before this murderous discharge of forty one batteries of artillery. So frightful was the slaughter that the surviving waves of the enemy being almost bathed in the same destruction retired in confusion, leaving a sea of dead and wounded behind them. General Shields was indeed amazed over this terrific repulse, and had a belief that the Christian line was stronger than he had thought, and that it was only a trick of general Vivian's to draw his forces into an annihilation fire.

From this attack the Christian losses were about 100,000 while the landelinians had suffered the loss of 556,000 in killed and while over 275,000 landelinian soldiers had been wounded, making a total of 831,000 altogether. The frightful attack had lasted twenty twenty minutes and among the fourteen landelinian divisional commanders who had also fallen who had been killed, were a score of officers of other rank. Indeed indeed the Christian fire had been terribly devastating and the forty-one batteries having each 600 guns made a tremendous din which as stated before shook the headquarters of general Roswell's Gustavus Johnston shattering all the glass in the windows, leaving all the dishes in the pantries shaking beds, vases, chairs, tables and other furniture leap up and down, while Violet and her sisters who had been sitting on Evans had had been precipitated headlong to the floor by the concussion but fortunately not injured, though slightly scratched and bruised. The total number of Christian guns which opened upon the assailants was about 24,000 and it just can be imagined what a terrible fire it must have been when it mowed so many landelinians down in so short a time.

THE OTHER ROUTED CHRISTIAN FORCES ARE RAVAGED.....

In the meantime the other Christian forces which had been attacked and routed had been succored by a portion of Heddas ninth corps, and these landelinians were also repulsed with decimated columns adding to the total which amounted in the engagement with them singly to 293,000 to that of the Christian troops 50,000. Indeed this had been a fearful calamity to the landelinians who had been fully unaware of the Christian guns but the sight of hundreds of his mangled columns only enraged general Shier Shields who reported the slaughter to general Roswell's Gustavus Johnston who ordered him to pour a storm of explosives upon the Christian lines and resume the action with his main force, and to also try and turn general Vivian's left grand division.

THE SECOND FRIGHTFUL ONSLAUGHT AND THE WARFARE OF TITANS.

Shields did so, and soon there was a perfect barrage of shell explosions among general Vivian's lines which committed incalculable damage, and again the large fresh landelinian surges lunged forward again to the storming. This time the attack was of redoubled violence, the battle making a din which caused a concussion that again hurled the Vivian girls from the bed they had went back on throwing them to the floor. The whole forty one Christian batteries broke loose in a blasting ear-splitting roar mingled with a general general flame and din of musketry and hundreds of machine guns, and scores upon scores of jagged gaps were torn in the gray lines, but these were rapidly closed and the shrieking yelling cursing hacking horde drew nearer and nearer to the Christian parapets. The Christian line or infantry alone were inactive while their artillery and musketry played upon the foe, but now as the landelinians drew within their range, they let loose with their storm of all in a general simultaneous discharge and hundreds of the jagged parts of the main front line in gray dissolved away. And the general uproar the survivors pressed on, but all silently now, and came upon the position, striving with might and main and with the fury of desperation to cross the works but were met with bayonet and pistol shots. In fact so pugnacious was the resistance of the Christians that the hundreds of landelinian ranks were dropping faster than any one could count them.

At last appalled at the indiscriminate slaughter the Glandelinians finally withdrew in confusion, this hot contest having lasted three hours with the losses equally heavy on both sides.

THIRD ASSAULT AND ITS INDISCRIMINATE FURY.

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But nevertheless this was only a lull in the attack. The Glandelinian batteries had increased their terrible thundering and within half an hour more general Shields led another assault in person. This attack was completely general, the Glandelinians pushing on like an avalanche, and finally carrying the position held by the infantry after a desperate hand to hand combat in which hundreds of thousands fell on both sides.

But to face those thundering christian batteries, was like snow drift facing a blast furnace or trying to form on top of a roaring furnace, columns by the score flaring melting away, whole lines ten miles long reached that volcano of flames and din, only to sink down in heaps. It was frightful. A score of times the main waves of Glandelinians surged against those thundering batteries but only to melt away.

It was just like suicide for the Glandelinians..... to face those thundering batteries, but general Shields confident that his great numbers would tell, would hear of no turning back, and so the assault was continued against the christian batteries which kept up about that shook the heavens.

Unknown to him general Shair Shields right grand division a portion of which was attacking general Roswell Ruster Johnston's lines his storming seething lines of fire, was annihilated, and other columns confused by this bloodcurdling slaughter of their comrades, were on the verge of giving way. Their chief commander was dead, their mightiest and largest columns were shot to pieces in a very short time, every regimental standard was mere taper poles even broken and thousands of their officers of either rank were killed or wounded. Nothing could be seen of the christian position so thick was the smoke of battle..... And Violet and her sisters themselves were appalled at the havoc raking din, and they wondered if Hanson could hear it. Violet and her sisters having been tumbled off their beds twice by the concussion caused by the tremendous firing of general Vivian's batteries were more cautious this time, and remained sitting on the floor rather than run the chances of being hurled down once more. Even from the concussion the plaster of the ceiling in their room had come down in bushes full, covering their beds and the floor and the very walls were even cracked. Evans himself had been hit by fragments of plaster and his bed was covered with it thickly. They decided to have the guards move them to safer places for fear that the concussion of the battle would shake the house down about them next.

THE FEARFUL ACTION ALONG GENERAL ROSWELL RUSTER JOHNSTON'S LINES.

ROSWELL RUSTER JOHNSTON IS SEVERELY WOUNDED.

And adding to it Roswell Ruster Johnston's lines being the hardest hit returned the blow with tenfold vehemence. Not once had the wicked Glandelinians been able to piece pieces his lines and the terrific fire along the christian front swept the Glandelinians down like a great typhoon does a tropical island jungle. The Glandelinians had attacked fiercely for three hours incessantly against the christian line, but time and again the large squadrons of Continentals and Abolitionists cavalry would break through the Glandelinian columns in a maddening counter charge, yelling and roaring with the fury of the damned in hellfire.

The Glandelinians had been assailed by the ferocious sight of hundreds of thousands of charging horses, and when the cavalry would charge the cavalry would brace themselves, hoping to smother the turning surge of brutes with their thin bayonets, but the cavalry forces crashed through the grating lines and would smash the attacking Glandelinian surge fiercer enough to make all the silent and dead sick in their graves. Each time the Glandelinians were charged by the cavalry they would flee and up and down the through the rout the horses would play, hearing the shrieking shrieking riders through the hellish maelstrom with the rush of a thundering avalanche. But nevertheless the appalling losses inflicted by the cavalry, or the prodigious christian artillery, and musketry fire, did not appear to spell or shunt the Glandelinian hordes.....

They only returned to the attack in floods of men, redoubting their efforts but the christian fire, had been picking off their thousands of men faster than any one could count, by three scores, and now threatened with annihilation, they had played, their headlong advance was halted, and now it seemed at a standstill.

In the frightful slaughter however, general Roswell Ruster Johnston, early in the action, after having ten horses shot under him, had been borne from the field severely wounded, and general Francis Smithson who took his place fell mortally wounded half an hour later..... His losses despite the enemy being threatened with annihilation, was three times heavier than the enemy's, and still the murderous carnage continued on. General Schloeder Stanck had taken command of Roswell's sadly depleted lines with Lindenburg Collyer, the latter who sent general Vivian the news, that Roswell was down, his line overwhelmed, badly torn to pieces but still holding its ground against uneven odds, in a furnace of fire, and fiery hell of battle..... General Vivian however, at that time was unable to send any reinforcements as he had to use every available command to throw against his own assailants. The battle was a terrible one, more terrific than the engagement with Hanson, which was lasting longer and so terrible was his own losses that general Vivian felt harried.

He had went over to general Roswell Ruster's Johnston's lines, to examine the situation there, and then went to see the wounded general who had been brought into his headquarters and laid on his bed.

The poor little Vivian girls were saddened, and even fearful of danger on account of his fall, and had prayed fervently at his very bedside to God, asking God's protection, on the end him and his brethren not to allow the foe to win. Everything outside to them seemed a fearful conflagration, a conglomeration of disasters, charges and God knows what. General Vivian himself was apprehensive, and almost wished that he had not caused the enemy to attack after all. He himself had never seen the enemy attack in such a fearful manner and never had he ever seen such frightful slaughter, since the battle of Little Bighorn. "Glandelinians...."

However he said to general Collyer:

"If the enemy are about to force your lines, and you are sure you cannot hold out against the Glandelinians any longer, see to it that my daughters, Evans, and Roswell are safely out of danger before you yield. I had placed them in the charge of Roswell, but as he is wounded he is unable to protect them any longer and so their safety is looked for from you. But do not yield ground, unless you see it absolutely necessary, it do so. Probably I may be able to require my desperate assailants, by and by, and then I can heavily reinforce your columns."

"I'll hold on to the last man," cried Collyer.

"Those Glandelinians are more sadly depleted than it seems, and those are the assailants of general Shields right grand division, which my scouts have been signalling to me about, being threatened with annihilation. So that gives me a hope of a successful stand. But of course I do not want to cause annihilation to my forces, and if absolutely necessary I will have to withdraw, I'll do so. But I'll assure your excellency, that those little girls will be protected, and before I'm forced to retire, in case of being worse worsted, I'll haul them far to the rear, before beginning the retreat..... Those Glandelinians will never get them, if I even die in their defense."

After this interview general Vivian left, and indeed to all the almost horrified christian generals, the battle was the fiercest they had ever witnessed, and heartshaking and awful indeed, was the prodigious losses on both sides.

Thus was the results..... General Vivian during the night decided to find out from general Anson his brother which was the best to do. He went over to his headquarters, that night, and held a council with him over to with him over the situation. Anson's decision was to assault with all his force supporting the strong concentration concentration by a fire from all the strongest christian batteries, which were to hammer at the fortifications. General McHollister Phelan was indeed apprehensive over the situation and deemed it wise to make the most violent assaults ever mustered against the christians lines and still having enough reinforcements to give the christians all the battle they were looking for he waited until midnight, and during one of those violent thunderstorms which come suddenly during a summer month, threw all precautions to the winds and went to it once more and during this great struggle the landelinian assaults every time were general, the landelinians continually facing a deadly and fearful fire from the christian batteries, which tore down their surging columns one after another like the torn tornado does the corn.

FRIGHTFUL FURY OF THE MIDNIGHT STRUGGLE...

Division after division, had been torn and mangled, but despite all their losses it seemed for a time, as if the landelinian onslaught could not be stopped. Several times the landelinians reached the christian works, which sometimes if they had been turned into rivers of fire, and smoke, but so often were the many landelinian divisions torn and mangled that the survivors were only too glad to give up the struggle and retreat. This action had been very bloody and raged with a cruel fury for two hours, and ten times the main line of the assaillants, had been swept to pieces and driven into confusion, by the merciless christian fire, which carried all before it.....

THE SECOND BLOODY MIDNIGHT ASSAULT.

But this was not all, and after a fifteen minutes lull, fresh forces of Glandelinians went to it with all might and main and for an hour both sides fought with all their might, the landelinians making some of the fiercest fiercest onslaughts ever seen at Worms, and scores of divisions of Glandelinian columns were torn to pieces and swept back, but scores of more still came on to the assault, never allowing the christians any respite, hammering away with the force of avalanches, and crushing the massive christian divisions again and again, making terrible slaughter.

The action had raged for a full hour the Glandelinians storming the christian line with the greatest violence, and throwing at last the whole christian force under general Maurice Costello into a conglomerate of confusion and routing the christians from the trenches with the greatest loss, the Glandelinians following a considerable distance, storming the other christian works with the most frightful vehemence, sweeping forward in one great division after another, but the other christian forces incessantly met them with a most destruction fire, decimating the gray lines frightfully, tearing whole armies to fragments, and once more hurling the Glandelinians back pell-mell, the christian cannon pounding the Glandelinian armies to pieces, and supporting the christian columns as they counter charged to recover the lost position, the battle field looking as if the mouth of hell had opened and was roiling in its sulphurous fumes, the battle making a loud clatter heard for many hundreds of miles.

It was more like murder than war and the christian themselves recovered the trenches with terrible losses, the christians crushing their assailants every time they came forward on the rally, smashing down whole armies and scattering their surviving columns like chaff, and again the many battle flags were torn to shreds.

All the while both sides were active in severe artillery duels, the christians massing all their available guns, again against the Glandelinian batteries the artillery duel being like a deafening warfare of thundering roaring titans, the crash of artillery sounding like great rows of volcanoes extending for scores of miles on both sides blowing themselves to pieces in the greatest violence of their eruption.

THE VIOLENCE OF THE BATTLE AT THE BREAKING OF THE DAY..... THE ADVANCING CHRISTIAN AVAUNCH, AND THE FEARFUL GLANDELINIAN RESISTANCE.

At the breaking of day, the christian generals launched the fiercest attack against the Glandelinians forces, and so the battle raged on with the mightiest fury indescribable, horrible the christians storming with the fury of their attack at times, almost shattering the Glandelinians columns, and sweeping them with their own cannon, the full length of their line. Despite the fury of the christian onslaught however, the Glandelinians were able to repulse it, and counter charge against the christians with the raging fury of the demons of hell, and crushing the christian divisions as fast as their own were crushed. As fast as the Glandelinian divisions were mangled, a rushed, and wiped out, and sent back in flying fragments, fresh divisions only came on anew, and mingling with the christian lines, amid a volcano of flame and din of cannon and musketry. Now the christians were worsted at one section of their line cannot be stated here, as it would take too long, but nevertheless the christians were beaten, and beaten shamefully at that, being shameful crushing defeat.

THE ENEMY THREATEN TO BE SUCCESSFUL.....

The loss of the christian position of this line was caused by the frightful slaughter on the right wing of general Mulberry's corps, and especially among the main leaders, twenty eight of which fell, general Maurice Costello being among the dangerously wounded. The poor christians at this section of the line did all in their power to win this terrible battle, exerting all their strength, massing all their strongest guns, and cutting the Glandelinian columns down in the most frightful numbers but they may as well have tried to stop an advancing cyclone. The Glandelinians charged successfully crushing this portion of the christian army to pieces without dismount, and putting it out of commission entirely. In this action the furious Glandelinians lost 912,848, in killed and 1,197,963, in wounded within one hour.

General Vivian himself had suffered fearful losses from the continual hammering onslaught of the enemy under general Zimmermann and McWhirther McHollister Thompson, and many other commanders.

Kinderline's and Perdrue's armies were annihilated, in holding the fatal Worms Run woods, and two of general Veddas main forces were dislodged, three others were cut to pieces and routed and the rest were threatened with annihilation. General Doubly Day Johnston made a final stand, with his forces, but was also driven back with his army in tatters and he himself severely wounded.... The great main action of the fourth days battle was very extensive the whole christian line of general Vivians being violently assaulted, by both the enemies in infantry, batteries, and hundreds of squadrons of cavalry, the shell fire of the Glandelinian batteries tearing the woods to pieces and shattering good portions of the main christian line.

GENERAL VIVIAN'S LINE IS ALMOST ENTIRELY DRIVEN BACK.....

The whole christian line for three hours managed to hold and repulse with the most frightful slaughter, ever seen three th terrific onslaughts, made by the glandelinians under various other commanders, who led the Glandelinian onslaught. Put when general Edward "Immermann" "Mc-Thirther", and Mc-Thirther "Mc-Hollester", fell dangerously wounded, "Mc-Thirther" Johnston, and "Mc-Hollester" Henryson and Federal Johnston, who led terrific avalanche like charges against the christian line, also fell wounded, but nevertheless the christian troops were thrown into confusion, and Hanston's whole army, with verdrude Johnston, and "Mc-Hollester" Henderson, who covered the retreat of these panic stricken columns were annihilated, and as these christian generals very superior generals fell severely wounded, the rest of the main christian line was thrown into a panic, and finally the enemy made a most overwhelming rush, which cut up the remaining christian columns, which dared make make stand, as a stand, and with a tumult of fixed bayonets, crashed down upon the hundreds of thousands of demoralized and terror stricken masses, carrying all before them and changing the following retreat into a total rout.

General Camillia had also been beaten back, after very very sanguinary fighting, and though for a time the glandelinian victory trembled in the balance, a final onrush of new glandelinian columns, broke Camillia's and Vivian's line all to pieces and he also was routed though half an hour afterwards, inspired by Federalson's noble deeds stand rallied a good part of his disordered command and gave the enemy more resistance though finally he was routed again and with sanguinary losses, he and Vivian being seriously wounded. Federalson's noble deeds stand saved the routed christian forces from destruction, or from a serious demoralized condition, and had Federalson's noble deeds not been wounded, his army could probably have made a successful stand, until the routed command could have been fully rallied.

But when the whole of Federalson's line, was shattered, torn and mangled, and driven into confusion, this great general fell seriously wounded in trying to rally them, and so his whole line gradually went to pieces in a vain effort to resist that terrible tidal wave of glandelinians which swept upon them with irresistible force and fury that a tornado does upon a town, and the remainder that did not go to pieces like that wrecked town, were routed like sheep and forced to retreat without any hopes of further reorganizations or further stands against the foe under general Shields and "Mc-Hollester" Phelan.....

A BIG GAP IS FORMED AT GENERAL VIVIAN'S LINE.
..... THE FIGHT AT THE GAP IS SUCCESSFUL FOR THE CHRISTIANS.....

The surge of glandelinians poured through the gap in general Vivian's line made by the retiring christian divisions, like the waves of the sea in a hurricane, the firing on both on both sides roaring, crashing, and banging like a trillion cannon explosions at once. Shell explosions by the thousand per minute, made great geysers of earth and melting snow and smoke and the whole battle made a great scene like some mighty prairie and forest fire together.....00000

All the glandelinian fortifications were in an uproar like the thundering ridges of volcanoes in eruptions, by the plains appeared as the vastest volcanic craters, or like the valley of a thousand smokes in Alaska, Alaska, and the heavens seemed split from the terrific din. The glandelinians indeed fought bravely during this great battle keeping up the assault with the most stubborn fury, going at it hammer and tongs and smashing up the christian line every time they charged. General Vivian made the most desperate effort to prevent the glandelinians from pouring through the gap, the action at the gap being very sanguinary, and serious in its consequences. The glandelinians made a heavy onslaught against the christians striving furiously to capture the gap made by Camillia

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the christians indeed being kept busy in trying to prevent the glandelinians back from the positions.....The cannon thundered on both sides at close range at this section, the noise being very large and clamorous and the shell fire of both sides seemed to tear down everything before it. The christians counter charged as furiously and as the glandelinians made their own onslaughts but finally such a strong concentration was made at the gap that the Angellinians whipped the glandelinians to a finish. Indeed from between the tremendous gap made, the christian armies suffered a serious disaster, and general Vivian's whole right wing was driven into confusion and cut up many times with a frightful loss in christian officers. Two thousand one hundred forty six generals had fallen killed or wounded and only one hundred forty six of them were named. One of the greatest tragedies of the battle occurred at ten o'clock in the morning. It was during the seemingly highest fury of the battle when the enemy was making one of the worse on onslaughts upon the gap that general Vivian's headquarters was blown to pieces by an explosive shell and reports came that he was dangerously wounded and buried in the wreckage.

WAS THE REPORT TRUE?.....

The tragedy startled the officers of the whole army, when they got the report one after another, and at first it had been believed that the great general, the chief of the main christian army at this point had been either killed outright, or mortally wounded, as every one in the building had perished. Indeed this part of the battle was one of exceedingly great violence and bloody fury, starting forest fires, and hundreds of thousands of both sides perished in the fire, without there being any hope of rescue from their comrades, who had been forced to retreat before the fierce heat of the conflagration.....One of the greatest disasters of the fourth day of the battle, was the capture and surrender of the main glandelinian divisions under Bavaria and Archibald Johnston, which happened at the same time that general Vivian's headquarters was wrecked by a shell. This command had been under the command of general Braggard Paltwin, Braggard being one of Shields' chief acting generals Braggard having fallen mortally wounded. One of the main christian generals Hanson's Mendon was also wounded, another very superior general Joseph Hadley was killed, and even general Phelanburg the chief commander of general Vivian's main center was severely wounded, but had retained his command despite the serious condition of his wound, until forced off the field by one of his assistance officers.

Thirty two other christian generals also fell mortally wounded and now indeed the killed in christian general generals was greater than the killed officer generals on the sides of the glandelinians, who lost only fifty one during the entire battle for from the first days start. Nearly thirty six christian officers, three of them generals were killed, and also millions of prisoners in men, and officers were taken by the enemy.

The battle was so violent that afterwards it was reported to have shook the country for over a thousand miles, for the concussion of more than a hundred hundred thousand cannon, was terrific and the din could be heard for hundreds of miles.

The charges were made back and forth by both sides and in titan throes of firearms and cannon, but the greater number of onsets were made by the enemy. There is no doubt if it was not for the continual stand against the foe by general Vivian, while his right wing was cut up scores of times, and driven into confusion the glandelinians would surely have been victorious, and swept the whole christian lines or from the fields right and left.

Fortunately the left of the christian line, had overlapped in a way to cause a withdrawal of general Shields' main right grand division thus enabling general Vivian to make a severe turning movement which rolled back the desperate assailants with frightful loss, thus enabling him to successfully cover the reformation of his right wing, which finally stood its ground to the last, and drove the foe back in confusion.

But nevertheless the christians still were to have no respite for large fresh forces made sledge hammer onslaughts, smashing themselves against the christian front, receding and then coming on again with redoubled violence but seemingly in vain. It had been general Shields ambitions to capture Violet and her sisters and slay them, and to do so he had known that the christian armies firmly under the command of general Roswell Puster Johnston, would have to be routed out of their position, and having reported the case to general Nelson McColleston, the result was a more desperate assault upon this portion of the christian line than anywhere else.

Headlines whole christian army, counter charging the foe was ambushed and annihilated, but Hanson McColleston organ arriving to the scene gave serious resistance, though the advance of his first grand division had been thrown back with the most frightful loss. The Gandalfinians after charging and repelling desperate counter charges, managed to capture the first line of christian redoubts. Nelson Staneklin falling mortally wounded at this moment.

The fall of their general however did not demoralize the Gandalfinians and as the main line of the foe made a general attack upon the whole line of Hanson organ, the very world seemed to burst to pieces as great was the deafening din of the firing of both sides.

However the result was that the first assault was fairly desolved to nothingness, and the other columns that were coming on desolving into fragments retired in utmost confusion. Reinforced however the Gandalfinians had made a second desperate assault with redoubled violence. The gray line even surged above and clear over the whole christian works, but in the bloody hand to hand encounter the enemy's lines were again almost annihilated, the survivors forced to recoil taking a few of their wounded with them. The Gandalfinians however were not discouraged, and made a third assault more violent than the last two.

It resulted with them angling and cutting up of the whole line of assault and again they recoiled the christians pursuing them and recapturing the redoubts. In the action all along the line on both sides over 600,000 guns were now in action making a world splitting din..... The Gandalfinians were now again assaulting Logan Hansons lines, and three big waves of Gandalfinians were annihilated by the christian curtain of artillery fire but again the redoubts were taken.....

ALONG GENERAL, ROSWELL PUSTER JOHNSTONS LINES
THE FIERCEST OF THE BATTLE RAGES, LIKE ANOTHER
GREAT CONFERMINE.....

Here for the possession of the vivian girls staged the fiercest action of the worst battle ever seen around Norma, and so frightful was the struggle that it cannot be depicted in full account. The Gandalfinians in these the desperation of their assault annihilated Hanson Logans left wing, with the death of Hansonia Johnstonia. The sound of the battle was terrific and hard for many hundreds of miles.

General Hanson Logan though his best and largest divisions were driven back in confusion many times, finally stayed that inrolling tide of success for the enemy, and sent their lines back crushed to fragments.

Over twenty million Gandalfinians faced a terrified drum-fire of christian artillery, and driven back crushed to fragments, had joined with another twenty million and again rushed forward to resume the furious assault, but were frightfully decimated and driven back in the wildest confusion, repeating a scene equally as terrible as that of the terrifying horrors that came that following November at Aronburgs run. A third time a column of the same number of Gandalfinians rushed to the storming, but more than one hundred thousand cannon were opened upon them. Whole lines of men twenty miles long were literally blown in the air and the rest of the main column though it got within

reach of the christian works and closed with the Angelinians with a fierce storm of their devil yells, could not force the christians back from the position, and the hurr hundreds of thousands of mangled survivors started to withdraw in a pandemonium of confusion, and such a fight did the christian generals lead against Shields attacking columns, that general Hastings Stanek of the foe including Harold Johnston Parinling, and every chief staff of note in all their hosts were left dead upon the field, the surviving Gandalfinians breaking their ranks and fleeing in a panic.

But even then Shields was not discouraged, and again fresh forces of Gandalfinians swept forward in all their array to attack the christians, the Angelinians still keeping side by side in the longest massive lines which were all aflame, and when three million Gandalfinian horsemen, consisting of Gargolian surdes, Omarians, Omarian-Gurdes, and the like rode against the christian line like an avalanche they were annihilated, men and horses together, and as the main line of the foe started to give way the christians pressed forward with the wildest yells that beat the Gandalfinian "Devil Yell", while not a cry went up from the Gandalfinians that general Shields was killed. But as he came up with fresh troops and rode along the line encouraging his men as they turned to face the christian assailants, some of their horse brigades divided the advancing christian line from the main body, but instead of destroying the christians they themselves met annihilation from the sudden storm of the christian fire.

The main body however still remained firm headless of the scorching Gandalfinian storm of fire, and with their own guns cutting down the Gandalfinians in crowds of ranks repulsed the Gandalfinians for a time, but when the christian line again surged forward Shields formed an immense body and led on a furious counter onslaught, and hundreds of thousands of the christians holding on as firm as a rock fell fighting to the last, heaps of dead men being strewn all over the ground.

ANOTHER BLOODY REPULSE!!!!

Twenty seven Gandalfinian divisions whose battered line had flashed fiery flame of musketry for hours, now dashed forward to seize the tattered christian banners, and soldiers still faithfully collected at about the smoking trenches. Another of the main christian generals, He Heran Herald Bermingham recieved a mortal wound, and dropped while at the same time a blasting fire of christian guns tore the twenty divisions of the foe so continuously, that they were reduced to small fragments the survivors breaking and fleeing.

The whole christian line rallied, and yet the day would have been won sooner had not a blunder occurred. The blunder caused one of the withdrawal of the main christian divisions on Hanson Logans right, and the furious Gandalfinians only returning to the assault again finally broke the whole christian line to fragments, and drove them from the hard fought field.

General James Salamander, also had led his forces forward to attack the christian lines on the left of Hanson Logans army, but however his army of three million fell into a trap was frightfully infiltrated, by the christian guns, and threatened with annihilation, but still Salamander did not give up. His officers began to complain and to threaten threaten, and so when he had only five hundred thousand left, Salamander got out of the circle of fire and retreated.

This part of the battle indeed was a horrible struggle and Zimmerman Gumbillin fought most of it against the foe. Thirty more officers were wounded. Put all these scenes were not the worse as bloodier ones occurred, the cannonading being inconceivably terrific the din seemingly to fairly blast the air. In fact the battle along general Hanson Logans line was a literal massacre, as divisions, brigades and corps had been annihilated, shell bursts pierced the sky in ear-splitting explosions per minute, and frightful scenes of bloodshed continued on in which the christian armies under generals Maltonia Jensen Hansonia, Schloeder, Viviana Hennine, and Nero Crowley were also annihilated... for the fury of their desperate stand.

The battle indeed raged with inconceivable violence along Hanson Logans line, never had a minutes intermission and was continually an inhuman slaughter. Thousands of Gandalfinian officers were killed or wounded and so fierce was the action that the whole world seemed to be a fiery conflagration.

gration, and it looked as if the last judgement was nigh. This part of the battle indeed was becoming a fearful one, the christian troops under Hanson began fighting in the hardest manner, countercharging again and again but to no avail. They tried all that brave men could do, charging and repelling charges in return, but numbers and losses was telling on them terribly.

Now and then Hogan began to withdraw his main left grand division these christian columns retreating as quickly as possible. So many of the "landelinians" assailing musters lines fell in those few hours, a loss that seemed too incredible to be real a loss so heavy that at first the "landelinian" survivors were appalled and would have been thrown into confusion had it not been for the bravery of their surviving officers, who rallied them again and again. Winton of the "landelinian" general had been killed and wounded for another addition. The main line of Hogan's army still held however, millions of the glandelinians charging against the christian columns and mingling with them in titan throes and cutting the christian columns all to pieces, but failed as yet to break the main line.

Great explosions soon made to tear the earth asunder as the christian and glandelinian canons hammered at each other in drum-drum selves, and the sky and plains, nay the whole battle field were shrouded in smoke of musketry and cannon fire and bursting shells. On the "landelinian" side general Nolan, general and Helleston had fallen mortally wounded, while many other generals had also fallen. It was indeed a fiery fiery fighting, a contest of the most terrible description. It was a battle that made a terrible clamor and one indeed to test the bravery and courage of the Glandelinian and christian soldiers.

The Glandelinian Glandelinian general Shoemannia Philinson sent his mightiest forces forward to the support of the other mangled glandelinian columns, storming the christian lines with the fury of hell, but the whole christian line seemed like thousands of the mightiest volcanoes in titan eruption, the christian guns supported by flaming sheets of musketry and machine gun fire pouring a storm of devastation, that tore all the Glandelinian divisions to pieces, which dared charge upon those fatal works. Three or four times many millions of "landelinians" charged the christian lines with all their courage and fury, fighting with the fury and stubbornness of cornered lions, but the christian fire swept all before it in avalanches of screaming roaring destruction, and the shattered glandelinian columns had to recede, with all their mightiest divisions routed in total disorder. In fact general Maxwell's Johnston's lines were the only ones holding their ground.

GENERAL VIVIAN'S WHOLE LINE IS DRIVEN BACK.

In fact nearly the whole of general Vivian's line, was time and again torn with thousands of gaps, and had now been rolled up right and left. General Vivian seeing indeed that before such a driving attack of the foe, it was impossible to hold his positions, and fearing a disastrous rout should his main left wing get turned, he had withdrawn leaving behind all his cannon and lots of ammunition in the possession of the foe, who was following closely, tearing his columns to pieces, with their harassing withering fire. The Glandelinians had captured seven strong christian fortifications in quick succession in a fight of the most frightful description, the brave "landelinian" generals continually throwing forward heavy forces against the christian lines, amid a roaring blasting artillery fire of the greatest intensity from the christian batteries still in the possession of the "landelinians", these christians holding their positions very stubbornly, as stubbornly as men can hold their ground, against an onslaught of the most severe violence, but in vain the "landelinians" overran both the first and second line trenches, capturing many hundreds of thousands of prisoners.

All along the line the thunder of battle had raged with the most frightful fury ever seen the "landelinians" making the most violent counterpunch, but had as many times crushed themselves against long lines of blasting artillery fire, before they gained the great success they had made.

In counter charging the christians made the hardest attack against the whole charging "landelinian" front, but whichever way it raged it seemed to turn out a great victory for the christian army.

who showed great bravery during the great battle cutting down scores of the highest christian ranks, every time they countercharged, and sending them back with many of their columns in tatters. General Brooks "landelinians" had been crushed to fragments and though receding under an annihilation fire, many other christian columns had tried to hold its ground, but the overwhelming Glandelinians attacking like a storming hurricane "tore the deadliest christian fire as if it was nothing at all. This part of the battle made the scene resemble some great conflagration, and as fast as the foe was checked at some points, the rest still pressed on, crushing themselves against the solid christian line. Twice amid the dreadful carnage before the general withdrawal of the glandelinians had about as it seemed gained the day, and swept the whole christian line back, but twice with the advance of heavy reinforcements, and heavy runs the Glandelinian assaults had been finally checked with great slaughter, but not even then driven back, and they only returned as heavy fire as they received, thinning the christian lines fearfully, and repelling every counter assault with a sweeping success.

The scores of thousands of christian guns made horrible havoc among the newly arrived glandelinian forces exposed to it, cutting wide swaths in every direction, tearing whole lines down and deforming the whole landscape.

One Glandelinian general after another led assault after assault but only met frightful decimation. The guns of the christians every time opened a veritable volcano of flame and din, and these Glandelinian forces shattered and broken up, were compelled to give up the assault, but still other main forces swept to the storming, but only met the same horrible fate.

The battle raged with the utmost steadiness of a hurricane storm, while the foe swept forward steadily like storm waves against a crumbling breakwater. So violent were the Glandelinian onslaughts that it seemed incredible that the christians were able to stand their ground, as they did, for at every sweeping assault whole christian lines were cut up and thrown back, but nevertheless they held on for a while against all these fearful onslaughts, cutting down the Glandelinian columns one after another and finally routing the survivors altogether. The Glandelinians though routed totally as they were rallied at receiving reinforcements, and only resumed their assault, and though the christian positions were manned by strong batteries, and strong lines of infantry had for a time seemed impossible to be carried, and only committed wholesale slaughter. One of the most noted points of this action which caused the forced withdrawal of general Vivian's lines was a death dealing stone wall similar to that at the second battle of Mc-Hull's Run, but worse for here millions fell.

ANOTHER COUNTERCHARGING DEATH DEALING STONE WALL.

The "landelinians" had succeeded in driving general Costello Hanson far from a portion of this seemingly impregnable position, but not without serious loss and about one quarter of all their generals fell in that fearful onslaught. Men on both sides had been mowed down in scores of thousands per minute, and though for a long while the christians defending the stone wall were able to hold their position, a portion of the whole line had been swept back and turned, the glandelinians carrying all before them, until checked by the main christian batteries. How the forces on the opposing sides charged to and fro in titan throes cannot be well stated here, but the foe did most of the violent attacking, launching assault after assault. But for a while these assaults were in vain, for the christians beat them back every time smashing their columns to pieces, and routing their survivors every time with frightful loss. At this stone wall and its vicinity the scene was like a great conflagration, the din of the firing seeming to split the heavens, there being a cannonading at these stone walls that shook the heavens, made the city of Jule Cello tremble to its foundation and arouse all the glandelinians and child slaves in Gromer and broke thousands of windows in the buildings from the concussion.

The battle after an hours duration at this point, had become a regular conflagration of horror. Tens of millions of glandelinians forty times crushed themselves against the christian line, the glandelinians columns being torn to pieces, the battle line in this action being very extensive the battle being very cruel in its blasting fury, the glandelinians attacking in a frenzy of violence and savagery, crushing down all opposition in their path, but again at this point also the christian fire carried

all before it, sweeping whole plains of men to their deaths and destruction driving the abhorred Glandelinians into a wild panic and routing them. But rallying the Glandelinians only redoubled the fierce attack with all the violence they could, Zimmermann Mc-Hollister throwing forward his left grand division and meeting the greatest resistance. His losses were so horrible that they exceeded all others, but in the heat of the conflict he had suffered the annihilation of one of his best divisions to the flow flower of his army and in trying to rally the parts that were in confusion and cut to pieces by a christian counter charge, his he was killed twenty of his best officers going down amid the dreadful storm of fearful warfare.

Through the annals of general Cedernine Cedernine Mc-Whitherand Thompson Mc-Hollister, who brought up heavy reinforcements the army of Zimmermann was saved from destruction, but for a time the violent thunderous onslaughts of the christians could not be checked, until Johnston Fed Federal threw forward his main armies and finally won the ground after terrible slaughter, though he himself was badly wounded. But finally the whole command defending the stone wall was routed, with the loss of three quarters of their numbers, and general Johnston Vivian, who continued to make a desperate stand was also taken prisoner in detail his army being cut to pieces and routed. General Butterfield and noble Day Dargin, who also made a fierce but unsuccessful stand against the Glandelinians suffered the loss of 1,116,553, to that of the enemy 2,000,000 wounded and 23,432 dead. General Vivian's whole army would have been crippled and displaced, and annihilated in the bargain, and even Hanson himself would have seen his own armies jeopardized and crippled so as to be useless in further activities in the war entirely after general Vivian's whole line had been driven back and the very war would have been lost right then and there if the forces under Roswell Buster Johnston had not held firm when the rest of the line gave way. Thirty more christian generals were wounded and forty five were killed making a total loss unheard of in the history of these great battles.

The Glandelinians throwing general Vivian's line back had apparently won a sweeping victory carrying all before them. It can never be described the inconceivable violence of the battle, which had explosions as to tears seemingly bottomless craters in the battle smitten plains, set forest fires despite the deep snow on the ground that turned two cities to the ground and wiped out many towns. The cannoning thunders of the battle had such terrific vibrations as to cause severe earthquakes which shook down many towns, the Glandelinians making some of the most terrific charges, and though their whole line was rolled up in great confusion and cut to pieces, other lines came on anew, driving against the christian line like monstrous tidal waves of men only to melt into fragments as if on a wave charging against a breakwater. The terrific storm of shells on both sides shattered woods worse than the worst tornado could have done, and the windrows of wreckage was literally yintwined with the dead wounded and dying of both sides the many wounded being left to perish in the conflagrations that followed. All the while general Vivian's lines were in confusion the Glandelinians had continued their violent assault against Logan's lines, pouring across shell swept plains and plains, and though whole columns went to pieces the survivors continued the frightful onslaught smashing up the whole christian line again and again and driving them into abject terror and consternation, but the christians only rallied to the defense of their works, driving back the foe with frightful losses, but on they came again with frightful violence cut in up the christian line once more and again driving them into confusion.

Again the christians rallied and drove back their desperate assailants, but on came the Glandelinians again, and once again the christians recoiled in confusion the main counter charging line being annihilated.

Tens of millions of christians were crushed to pieces in their endeavors to check the merciless Glandelinian onslaught which had continued such a long time with inconceivable violence and fury against the massive christian line.

GREAT WAVES OF GLANDELINIAN'S SLAUGHTERED.

It was the first time in the war that the foe was fought as stubbornly as he did in this battle and truthfully as I said before they almost deserved it if they had won the victory. The Glandelinian infantry charged furiously

despite the panorama of horror prevailing everywhere, the heavy concentrated concentration of christian troops again against the Glandelinians failing to check the Glandelinian onslaught and soon again the works were carried but as the enemy swarmed his whole line was torn and mangled, scores of monstrous waves ten miles long being annihilated, and again once more the Glandelinians recoiled appalled at the frightful slaughter.

In one great charge the enemy had succeeded in crushing the whole of general Vivian's christian line annihilating general Vivian's right wing. Here monstrous waves of the Glandelinians made a terrific assault, which turned the whole battle field in that region into a volcano of flame and din, these waves being wiped out one after another but simultaneously the Glandelinians had swept upon the main forces under Jensen Hanson, whole waves or lines stretched for leagues making astounding a mass assault of four hours duration, this Glandelinian assault becoming so irresistible that the whole christian line was forced from the works and only when almost annihilated and outflanked did the few remaining Glandelinians finally give way only to be also shot down during the retreat. Indeed the timely arrival of reinforcements at this point checked the Glandelinian storm and the battle raged on at this point for the rest of the time, the new forces holding their ground as best as they could. Along general Vivian's whole line the furious Glandelinian assault was continued with such tremendous fury that he had to concentrate all his available guns to stop their maddened hammering attack, hundreds of thousands of cannon of every make being massed upon the assailants and such a havoc was never witnessed before as now followed. Whole portions of the main line being torn to fragments by the mad tornado of shells but still on they came though one of their whole wings was threatened with complete annihilation. During the height of this great battle many of the Glandelinians were surged heavily against the solid unbroken christian line though they were mowed down in frightful numbers by the chain of christian batteries. General Salamander on the side of the foe in leading his three million men against the christian front fell into a trap and threatened with annihilation was compelled to surrender to general Humancher one of the main christian commanders who with 10,900,000 men had been engaging him.

However this terrible blow did not daunt the main Glandelinian forces who charged upon the christian line and retreated, annihilating a christian which pursued them and destroyed many more divisions during a rally. The highest fury of the battle was seldom heard for a thousand miles and as the mighty christian forces counter charged the main forces of the foe had made a pretense of retreat, and then rallied slaughtering so many divisions of the christians that again they rallied the Glandelinians as before said throwing the whole of general Vivian's line back in confusion the engagement very frequently having been fought at close quarters with bayonets pike and weapons of all descriptions.

However however though the foe was apparently victorious along all points of the christian line under general Vivian the Glandelinians failed seemingly under any conditions to force the christian line under general Roswell Buster Johnston who gave frantic commands to the generals who took his place from his headquarters to hold their ground at all costs. Of course Roswell and even his officers directing their desperate fighting lines did not know that general Vivian's whole army had been cut out from its two lines of positions and that three armies were desperately standing their ground against the fury stricken Glandelinians.

THE CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE, AND HOW GENERAL VIVIAN WON. AND THE ROUT OF THE WHOLE GLANDELINIAN ARMY.

But nevertheless they felt a strong foe forboding of evil somehow and neither one of the great generals did not think it wise to allow the Vivian Girls to remain in this region any longer. General Roswell issued orders for their immediate withdrawal from his headquarters commanding that ten thousand cavalry men to march out them out of the zone of danger. Evans of course was to go with them. Indeed his instructions was carried out as swiftly as possible for the soldiers did not want the dear little darlings of the nation to be taken by the enemy under any conditions whatever, and turned over to their wicked brother German in Vivian. Violet and her sisters were helped with their crutches while Mr. Evans limped out of the line and was helped to dress himself.

They had heard the terrible noise of the battle all the time and yet Violet and her sisters felt some way that there was no need of fleeing fleeing for they believed that the enemy would never force the enemy's line

lines that the enemy would never force the christian lines under Johnston and indeed they were tremendously wrong for Hanson Logan led exhausted all his reserves and the enemy was all that depended on the stand of Roswell Gusterson Johnston's lines to save general Vivians line from defeat was the winning of the battle along his point and that it also depended fully upon the safety of the Vivian girls and their guardian Evans.

HANSON MOVES TO FLANK GENERAL VIVIAN'S ASSAILANTS. HE ALSO CAPTURES A PORTION OF THE ENEMY'S LINES OF POSITION IN THE LOCATIONS OF NORMA'S BRIDGE.

Hanson all that morning had heard the tremendous din of the battle and wondered indeed what it all could mean for it was unusual and foreboding, and why did the enemy assault his brothers lines and pass him by completely? He decided to find out right away and went out scouting himself with a party of generals. What he saw indeed surprised him... beyond description. Mc-Holleston Phelan had exhausted most of his army, the entire force which he had thrown against general Vivians lines thus leaving small garrisoned forces to defend the fortifications. He had also seen that general Vivians lines had been rolled back for two miles from their works and almost annihilated, the survivors being in terrible confusion, saw the brave but now unsuccessful stand of Roswell Gusterson Johnston's army and hit upon a plan immediately.

"If quick enough I can rush my forces between the enemy and their fortifications, and sent large force to take their fortifications and flank my brothers assailants at the same time." He said to himself and wheeling his horse he dashed quickly to the lines followed by the party of general's generals with him. All of his best officers were ready, and to them he told what he had seen laying out his plans. Most of the officers however dreaded that the enemy's numbers was superior to Hanson's, that the battle was already lost and so did not agree, but nevertheless Hanson declared that whether they agreed or not he was not going to let no opportunity slip by whatever, and that he was going to follow out his plans at whatever cost. He even stated the danger general Vivian's lines was in, and to prove it he went out again taking them with him and showing them the situation. Even from where they were scores of leagues from the christian line under general Vivian the roar of battle was terrific and then Gertrude Angeline herself who had finally escaped the enemy's clutches at Julio Gallo and who was now with Hanson in her girl scout uniform rode up to general Hanson she herself having been out scouting alone and having observed the same terrible situation.

Gertrude Angeline's decision over the situation.

"I have observed all that's been going on and though I doubt if the enemy can carry those redoubts under Roswell Gusterson Johnston, I'm surely afraid that they glandelinians can and will annihilate them." She said saluting; "Just see how the glandelinians and christians are firing."

"Maybe it can be done without annihilating them if time enough is given though it is risky work." Said Hanson. "The poor fellows are continually dropping in hundreds of thousands, though the survivors seem undaunted. But it will take hours yet to force them, and any way I'm going to give the enemy a little surprise of my own."

General Hanson in fact had the same doubts that these many divisions of glandelinians were under such a murderous fire could be repulsed by the desperate desperate christian defenders for he had seen that general Shields having almost annihilated and forced general Vivian's lines, had sent other divisions from his own right to aid those assaulting Roswell's, these glandelinians being under general Camillian, with seven other divisions under general Sanderson which were attacking in three long lines far deep moving across the wide shell torn fields, while large divisions of general Logan's men were

posted with seven battalions of artillery. Hanson Logan had more men than General Camillian, with the general Aronburg, and though these generals had escaped the enemy their forces were annihilated, and though the red and purple coated christians along the rest of Roswell's lines went down like the leaves in a forest during a typhoon the glandelinians fell just as fast and for every christian column going down a forevery division of glandelinians going to pieces both sides together yelled like demons.

Hanson had seen that Aronburg had been in the lead of his first brigade, his gallant manner having filled his men with greater nerve every time his men were giving way and again and again so many scores of avenues were plowed in the enemy's ranks that Hanson had been appalled. General Hanson with the rest had already seen that general Vivians lines had been cut to pieces and that the survivors were giving away at all points, and Gertrude alone agreeing with Hanson's plans the great general going back to his lines rode up to general Charles Brown who had struck such a terrible blow against the glandelinians at Omondson and said;

"The glandelinians are annihilating and hard pressing the whole of general Vivians lines, though since the attack began they had held their ground for four hours. You know my plans and I want them executed executed well done. You take about two quarters of my army and like an avalanche descend upon the enemy's rear while I will assail the fortifications." "I'll attend to the divisions under Phelan and Mc-Holleston and I'll leave Roswell's Phelan and as I know of your ability of winning Omondson I depend fully upon you to crush the enemy assailing my brother general Vivian and annihilate the glandelinians if possible."

BROWN ADVANCES HIS FORCE'S TO STRIKE THE ENEMY'S REAR REAR.

General Brown immediately cast a scout in the direction of the enemy's army and galloped off, and taking some command of two quarters of Hanson's army as directed ordered them forward swiftly to general Vivians rescue and to strike the apparently victorious enemy on the main flank.

All this while general Vivian's few survivors were retiring in panic and confusion when reinforcements reached them and then some of their shattered columns tried to rally opening a withering fire upon the advancing enemy.

"FORWARD. FORWARD." Was Brown's command being bound to crush the enemy at all hazards. "Forward charge. We must strike their rear as quick as possible before it is too late."

All the while Brown's men were advancing he could see the engagement with Roswell Gusterson Johnston's christian line the enemy still attacking them with great fury. He saw that overwhelming columns of the enemy were pressing on the fearful struggle increasing furiously the battle here having been in full sway for over five hours, he could also see that the christians were managing to hold on for a very good reason indeed. The christian columns were in possession of a series of long stone walls which the enemy were striving with all their demon like fury to capture and on two sides of the stone walls the dead and wounded glandelinians lay in high piles or windrows, and streams of blood was visible on the stone masonry. The struggle as he saw was something fearful along these stone walls every minute scores of thousands of glandelinians having fallen, the glandelinian generals bringing many monstrous divisions again and again against these positions and at times to Brown's view the whole scene would become wreathed in smoke.

BROWN'S DESPERATE ASSAULT BEGINS.

He saw despite all the havoc that the enemy did not give way, but retained to their assault, keeping up their murderous attack without pausing, and time and again he saw fresh forces of christians swarm to the aid of the depleted ones defending the stone walls. Brown realized indeed that Roswell Gusterson Johnston's generals was having it all in their own hands and wondered why there was such a strong concentration of glandelinians upon that position, as he saw fresh divisions arriving continually, thinning the christian reinforcements terribly and galloping over to Gertrude who was going along with him to watch the proceedings.

he asked;

"Well do you see how the battle goes there Gertrude?"
 "Pretty serious n." Answered Gertrude with a shake of her pretty head.
 "Put is it quite dangerous. General Roswell Buster Johnston had sent over twenty brigades recently to make a counter charge as I heard and they never came back. Oh it is terrible the annihilation of whole divisions. And I know the reason there is such a strong concentration. Roswell has the Vivian girls under his protection and the enemy are exerting his utmost to force the christian lines and get them if possible. Roswell Buster Johnston is even wounded."

"Well if that is the case I wonder if it would be better to throw a good portion of my line forward against Roswell's assailants at the same time?" Said Brown. "If you my little girl friend agree I'll give the order. The poor Vivian girls must be saved you know."
 "Yes." Said Gertrude Angeline. "It would be a good thing to storm their flank before they force Roswell's lines. If they do Hanson's plans will be disastrous to him, and probably cause his army to meet destruction than success."
 Brown sent the word all along the line to fix bayonets and giving the officers instructions he screamed;
 "FORWARD" And in fifteen minutes one quarter of the line was rushing toward the enemy like a monstrous thundering surge. Scores of shells from the christian volleys burst among their columns but little damage was done and as the christian cannoners saw them coming they withdrew their cannons further back increasing the fury of their artillery upon the assailants decimating whole columns.

However the foremost Landolinians saw the flankers coming and poured a fire that committed such havoc that it horrified Gertrude Angeline and a general Brown, and which now increased as the Angelinians came within full range, but as Brown feared that to retreat would mean disaster, he ordered the charge to continue, while advancing the rest of the force at the same time.

"We when you get near open fire." Shouted the christian officers at the top of their voices and signaling the order as it was unheard above the din. The Angelinians soon came within full range of the Landolinian infantry, and though the purple coats began to drop in such frightful numbers that it seemed as if they were falling down the survivors pressed on gallantly, but as whole columns went down Brown became horrified, but now as the Angelinians were within easy musket shot range they opened fire themselves and now the whole scene seemed to have broken out like a vast inferno, a scene more terrific than the worst damned hell. Whole lines in gray seemed to go down amid the bloody chaos, the gray columns being thrown into confusion, and as the Angelinians paved the ground with dead and wounded Landolinians Roswell Buster Johnston's generals who saw the occurrence, sent large forces to crush the panic stricken Landolinians and these crashed upon Pandemoniums of confused graycoats hurling them back against the christians assailing them in the rear. Gertrude saw the swiftly approaching overwhelming numbers and said to general Brown;
 "I believe we can hold them there for a while now so I will sent for general Camillia or Henry Darger Camillia and Fallon Brown to advance their forces upon general Vivian's assailants."
 "No! I'll do it you stay out of the danger zone." Commanded Brown warningly. And he at once dispatched a messenger with these instructions,

TO GENERAL CAMILLIA AND FALLON BROWN:

Have assailed the enemy's flank assailing general Roswell Buster Johnston's lines; and have thrown them into confusion. So now is your chance to advance your large forces to the rescue of general Vivian's lines, which have been almost wiped out and the few survivors driven back. We are overwhelming the enemy at Elisha's Run, and amid fearful firing and great carnage have vanquished the foe. Get your forces into immediate action.

GENERAL CHARLES BROWN.

In the meantime a luck would have it Fallon was advancing with fourteen divisions and twenty brigades toward the locations mentioned and seeing through his glasses that Brown was winning his advantage over Roswell's assailants was resolved to see that he should keep it and threw all his forces against general Vivian's assailants striking a terrible blow on

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the Landolinian flank. The Landolinians were thrown into confusion and fell back into a panic the Angelinians pressing hard after them. The sudden unexpected blow struck by Hanson's three armies, and the sudden and gradual rallying of the christian columns under generals Sherman Johnston and his brother Shuvanna filled Shields with amazement, and seeing his own divisions now now threatened with annihilation he begged Mc- the two Mc-Hollisters to watch out for their armies sending this note to one of them by wireless;

"TO GENERAL PHILAN MC-HOLLESTER: ::

I'm completely outnumbered ten to one by the Angelinians, having general's general Vivian's routed but rallied commands in front of me and Hanson's army striking fiercely against my flank and must have heavy reinforcements or the battle and woman's Run is lost. I cannot repel such heavy forces with success and must have success. Please hurry.
 GENERAL NOLAN SHIELDS."

Sherman with his seven million men had moved on to take the place of the shattered divisions divisions on general Vivian's right and general Shields seeing the grand advance of Sherman's fresh columns decided to fall back through the gauntlet, and sounded the word, but the Angelinian commanders realized his purpose, and while the Landolinian columns were called by a withering fire that wiped out monstrous masses at every sweep they dominated every avenue and advantage of retreat with a horrifying drum-drum-fire of every kind of artillery.

GENERAL VIVIAN'S ARMY RALLIES AND REFORMS. SHIELDS DISADVANTAGE AT BEING PLACED BETWEEN THREE FIRES OR INFILADED AS IT GOES.

General Vivian's lines had been retiring toward Gracie Run, while from a high rise of Ground Gertrude could now see the brilliant advance of Sherman's divisions, his troops which were swarming across Elisha's Run at a mad charge, five million of them sweeping toward general Walter Brown's retiring Landolinians under the support of an annihilating shell fire of Bicknell's cannon which was pouring a murderous fire at every point.

"Those Abheannians are certainly advancing in grand array." She thought thought to herself. "And most of those Abheannians are Concentinians and Calverinians, those furious Calverinians whom when once they started nothing can stop, not even an annihilating fire. And indeed Brown's Landolinians do not want to encounter such heavy numbers of Calverinians and Concentinians and in retiring across Hogann's lanes much against Shields will. Hanson's plan has turned out wonderfully. The enemy are caught between three fires and Shields is wounded."

In the meantime general Henry Darger Camillia saw this incident and despite the wild protests of his staff decided to advance his unflanked Omi Omi forces and he immediately ordered the onward rush for Hogann's Lanes.

"We must check the advance of those christian dogs, for if we hold back they will over-run our lines and will make them think we are afraid to fight when outflanked as we are. I intend to check them despite the odds."
 He then wrote this note to general Phelan Mc-Holleston;

"YOUR EXCELLENCY; GENERAL PHILAN MC-HOLLESTER:

Big counter advance of Sherman's christian dogs, mostly Concentinians and Calverinians, the fiercest Abheannian fighters there are in the dog-gasted christian armies. It will be entirely unwise for you to advance your forces any further, and if you do all is lost, as the whole of Shields' lines in outflanked, crushed, placed between three fires, thrown into confusion, and threatened with annihilation. Shields is dangerously wounded, Brown's Landolinians are falling back at the loss of their own leader who is killed and so is Shields. They cannot hold and so I am going to their rescue and probably my death, as the carnage is now

IS indiscriminately fierce, terrific, and inconceivably horrible in all its scenes of vast spread carnage and destruction. I'm never the less bound to prevent general Vivian from rallying.

GENERAL CAMMILLIAN.

Then with sixteen million two hundred and fifty thousand men Cammillian advanced against Shoemans advancing right grand division, his movements covered by almost frightful cannonade of the captured cannon which tore columns of the advancing christians into fragments, fearful musket volleys adding to the carnage, and Browns landelinians began to rally. Cammillians landelinians now as they assailed the christian columns with the greatest violence and vehemence forcing their main columns back by the fury of their immense impact, but nevertheless the rest of the christian columns held their ground stubbornly, obstinately, every man fighting with devilish fury, until they were all annihilated, the struggle all along the main line being more fearful than the other four hours carnage.

WILL BROWNS OLANDELINIANS WIN!

Browns massive lines had broken into fierce reaction with redoubled fury as soon as his men had been rallied, and though they were mowed down like windrows of grain, divisions after divisions of Angelinians, Salverinians, Continentinians and Abbeannians rushed forward, into the frightful storm but the rallied Olandelinians unconscious of the strength of the Abbeannians forces attacking them and the flank of the other Olandelinian forces did not give way and soon the whole region became like a hell storm of maddened demons fighting each other, but soon a portion of Browns landelinians fighting behind a regular wall of dead purple coats were borne away in the pressure of the onrushing christian line. The advance of the christian forces under general Shuvannia was also furiously repelled by Browns landelinians the ground being strewn with dead and wounded to a depth of several feet, and as the fighting became more terrific and persistent Brown was still determined to hold his assailants back at all costs.

The christian officers themselves were doing all they could to keep up the courage of their men, keeping the flags waving, and exposing the cruelties among them. Indeed the Abbeannians were a holy terror to the desperate Olandelinians, a regular yellow jackets nest for the Olandelinian fog, but the Olandelinians proved themselves to be the fire and smoke, the landelinians being aroused by their demon yell and as more and more troops arrived showing that general Vivians lines were rallying the Olandelinians themselves soon met at the onset of bullets which mowed down many sections of men. They even stormed the landelinian columns with the greatest fury, driving whole divisions back crushed and mangled and torn, but the rest of the landelinian columns countercharged to revenge it and the battle raged with still greater fury. Browns gray line held all right, but like enraged mobs the Angelinians rushed on furiously and finally crushed and almost wiped out Browns men and drove the survivors back in terrible confusion cutting down their few ranks and routing them. All this while Cammillians whole line kept up a ravaging ravaging fire of the greatest intensity, but the surviving christians increased the fury of their onslaught pressing Camm Cammillians right grand division back pouring an annihilating fire upon the Olandelinians.

CAMMILLIANS VAIN DESPERATE EFFORTS TO HOLD HIS GROUND.

Shoeman's orders were bound to carry all before him if it cost even his own life, the fury of the battle having increased minute by minute with appalling fluffy hundreds of gaps appearing in the christian lines as fast as they were closed, but nevertheless from the driving fury of the attack hundreds of thousands of the Olandelinians were driven back and their many

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dead and wounded lay all around. Windrows-General Cammillian saw this confusion among his hordes of Olandelinians and gave the word along his lines: "FIX BAYONETS".

The whole line fixed bayonets almost simultaneously and as the christians crashed down upon his lines they met a bristling wall of bayonets. But by this time the flankers flankers had started to carry all before them and now that Shoeman was rallying large parts of general Vivian's line the Olandelinians became disheartened. Cammillian saw all this, and also saw the force of christians creeping upon general Browns flank.

"This must not be," he said to himself. "If in such danger why don't that foul of a Brown notify me so that I can reinforce him here." Just at that moment when the christian flankers were carrying all before them the first two messengers reached the two Mc-Hollester generals.

"We cannot send reinforcements as we have all we can do ourselves." The two great Olandelinian generals said; "But go tell general Mebie to train all his cannon on the christian dogs flank flanking Browns Mebie alone is inactive. Hurry before it is too late."

The soldier hastened to obey but he was too late. A merciless cannon fire was cutting down Browns men like grass, from two sides and Browns men recoiled recoiled the Angelinians pressing down upon them though suffering fearful losses in the men meanwhile. Ricknells great christian divisions also charged, with the fury of titans, increasing the fearful struggle to redoubled fury, and finally carrying all before them, and the whole gray line being caught between two fire was being driven completely from the field, in the wildest confusion ever seen among men before. During the action Ricknell had received heavy reinforcements, and so had Shoeman who had withdrawn his shattered center, to better ground during the fighting, and now heavily reinforced he advanced his right grand division across Danioannas run where he had placed a long chain of cannon in concealment which had covered his terrific onslaught.

Hanson had indeed accomplished his purpose, the assailants having been outfanked and routed, and he himself had seized the fortifications taking all the Olandelinians there as prisoners. At one thirty general Vivian having rallied his whole shattered force, planned to counter attack the enemy immediately, but Hanson's officers declared that though Hanson had captured the Olandelinian fortifications at Norman Run it did not mean that the battle was won yet, that the enemy's center itself was strengthened and reinforced, and that it would be useless to attack them just now.

"Why not deplete the Olandelinian force further and then crush Mc-Hollester, right wing?" Asked one of the officers.

"But that wing is too stringly placed," answered general Vivian sadly. "We hold the advantage of defense by being on high ground with our right wing entrenched in the wheatfields, guarding a line of batteries, but all that could not crush the Olandelinian right wing."

"Well then why not be completely on the defensive then as before?" Said general Brown. "We got to do something before the battle resumes again. Their left is more stronger than their center in numbers, and the right wing is the only one I depend upon as the only chance of success."

"I'll remain on the defensive then," said general Vivian. "We may as well repel all the other attacks, until the opportunity to attack ourselves comes."

Seeing that most of the officers agreed he determined to be on the defensive his whole line having reformed to meet the next onslaught of the enemy, but no signs of an approaching attack came. However there was strange action among the enemy, which made the Angelinians think that the attack was coming, but still nothing happened though the Olandelinians were in constant motion. Gertrude watched all this through her glasses, and declared that it was the arrival of reinforcements her messenger reporting this to general Vivian.

"I wonder why they don't attack?" She wondered to herself. An hour passed since the terrible rout, and then the attack came and on Ricknells line at that. In a few minutes the struggle was as fearful as it had been before, the Angelinians meeting the Olandelinians with titanic fury causing the enemy no more frightful losses. The agonizing conflict within another hour had extended along the whole christian line the Olandelinians charging against the christians in the most frightful numbers, the struggle raging with unabated fury, and then from her point of observation, Gertrude noticed that Ricknell's whole line was crushed to fragments the few survivors being pressed backwards

, and being determined that general Vivian was to hold his ground this time and seeing that the men were going down in thousands, she notified general Brown who galloped over to his force for aid and once more ordered them forward on the double quick against the assailants. His whole christian line advanced in solid columns in the formation of long wedges, and yet when they neared the scene of carnage, they saw that millions of trees were cut by bullets, and everything was in wreck and wreckage from the terrible rain of shells and explosives. Indeed the brave Glandelinians were attacking with indescribably fury upon the christian line, but Brown soon reinforced Picknell, and who soon held the Glandelinians in check.

Reinforced still more the christians now held more stubbornly mowing the enemy down in hundreds of ranks. It was a frightful scene for General Brown and she hid her face in her hands. All the central divisions began to press forward the struggle became fiercer fifteen million muskets and scores of thousands of cannon already being in action on the christian side which dissolved whole myriads of the unfortunate Glandelinians every minute. The enemy now began to recoil again having made all the desperate attempts ever mustered, to force the christian lines, but had been again driven back with the most severe losses, indiscriminately terrible. It was now over entirely along this part of the line, but meantime five million Glandelinians under General Sam and under Robert Campdenakis stormed Brown's main line where maneuvering furiously they managed to surround and infiltrate his army. Division after division of the Glandelinians were sent back with three quarters of their numbers shot and cut down, and reinforcements arriving to Brown's assistance, General Sam's army was caught between two murderous fires, and compelled to fall back, the losses of the Glandelinians being awful.

A scene of more frightful slaughter was along General's lines, of 9,999,000 Angelinians under the main command of general Joseph Heller who as he proved at Omondosson and other great battles, was not only a brave man, but his earlier lines situated on a slightly rising slope, and far apart the others and above each other a considerable height at least, so that when firing they would not hit the men in front of them finally stormed with a fire as the Glandelinians came rushing up like frenzied multi multitudes that devastated their columns.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WILD BATTLE AND ITS SURPASSING HORRORS.

General Logannia led seven hundred thousand up the shell swept sides though scores of thousands up upon scores of thousands were fairly torn down and as the survivors continued on up the slope, the main divisions of the Glandelinians suffered the most and became mangled suffering the most frightful losses, but nevertheless the main columns getting nearer and nearer, kept up the fury of the struggle without any intermission at all. In two hours division after division reached the summit only to be annihilated, and now as the few survivors reached the Angelinians counts charged like a thundering howling avalanche carrying all before them and devastating whole columns by the score. However general Logannia was still undaunted and receiving more reinforcements he rested for thirty minutes and though a whole multitude of his ranks were mowed down he again advanced to the charge. Indeed his losses were stupendous but nevertheless his surviving columns pressed on up the slope as fast as they could charge facing indeed an indescribable death dealing storm of volleys, that scathed their main line.

For four hours the fury of the struggle had increased with the most redoubled fury, the Angelinians under a general named Heller without intermission keeping up an annihilating fire and officers on the side of the poor Glandelinians went down by the score.

The slopes were completely obscured in the bodies of the dead and wounded Glandelinians and all the widely scattered trees on the sides of the slopes resembled hickory brooms. All the brave Angelinians were lying down, standing up behind him behind countless trees, or behind ledges of rocks

and boulders and they kept up a fearful fire from this defense ravaging the Glandelinian forces fearfully. But nevertheless the Glandelinians kept up the attack, having rocks, boulders and trees as a fire from behind themselves but in due time as more troops came to support Heller's aid used their musketry with frightful bloodcurdling effect cutting masses of the assailants down. Logannia fell mortally wounded and as more and more divisions arrived the firing became so fierce that even all the dead and wounded were dreadfully cut up. A large portion of general Heller's men had defended themselves behind a long wooden fence or embankment three feet high, but the attacking enemy had poured a fire from so close to the side and back the boards that they looked like hickory brooms and many of the boards you could even see through, and all the defense defenders were annihilated. Not an Angelinian lived to tell the tale here but now as the christian batteries were roaring in greater fury the gray lines once more started to waver, as the frightful aspects of the hundreds of thousands who were riddled by bullets unnumbered them.

Hundreds of thousands of the Glandelinians were closest to the christian works who had their ears, arms and legs almost cut away by shell fragments, and so frightful ly dense had the smoke been from the incessant fire of cannon and musketry that it had fully coated the uniforms quite thickly.

However this time the Angelinians did not dare follow the retreating Glandelinians but remained where they were, appalled at the sight of so many hanging dead. Yet the fiercer attack was not over for General's divisions reinforced these retreating columns heavily and the Angelinians did not even have the time to clear away the wounded of their own, when the heavy Glandelinian columns again advanced to the attack and it was seen this time that the enemy was advancing in overwhelming numbers, yelling like devils as they came on. Several several big batteries of machine guns had been brought up during the lull and now opened fire upon the furiously attacking Glandelinians with double charges of canister and grape all the other cannoners also were serving at their guns opening fire with an effect that was destructive and terrific, ravaging the gray line as through and through.

But yet rushing up like wild beasts the Glandelinian assailants came on the artillery now bringing them down faster than any fire opened on them before.

Hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians rushed from shattering trees to shattering trees, and from boulder to boulder, firing in their return, and though thousands fell dead or wounded seemingly at every rush the survivors came nearer and nearer while the whole slope was like a volcano in eruption from the din of the firing. The main line of the Glandelinian columns made an attack that was repelled stubbornly by the christians but the resistance by the christians and their appalling losses only enraged the Glandelinians who were not disheartened and they redoubled their exertions though they went down in masses at each discharge. But yet as the Glandelinian forces went to pieces in the face of this incessant fire they continued the attack passing thousands of the wounded christians and prisoners to revenge the stubborn resistance they met.

The Angelinians now made a fierce counter charge shattering the gray line once more and routing it with frightful loss, yet the furious Glandelinians only rallied and yelling like millions of devils crashed upon the Angelinians causing a frightful massacre. This time in the order christians were demoralized, the generals doing their best to rally the Angelinian columns, whose men were falling in hundreds being badly mixed up and like panic stricken mobs. But despite all the efforts of the officers they retired in confusion up the hill the enemy pressing after though the cannoners poured deafening broad sides human upon the shrieking human fiends driving them back again with frightful slaughter to be horrible to be described.

The other christian columns now had time to rally, while the fresh divisions moved on up the hill the enemy again making a storming attack the whole gray line rushing once more up the sides of the hills, the battle being three times as fierce as before, and increasing every fifteen minutes with redoubled fury. All of the many Glandelinian columns were engaged but all of the confused christian divisions were now rallied and they poured a most horrible storm of musketry and the slaughter now really became terrific but yet the Angelinians despite their thrust trust in God were being forced to yield their ground inch by inch the sides of the hills being heaped with dead and wounded Angelinians and indeed the dead and wounded Angelinians were lying thicker than the gray coats now.

THE WICKED GLANDELINIAN DEFY GOD.

During the action general Vivian had learned from his messengers that the wicked Glandelinian generals had declared that God himself could never take their christian enemies win, and declared that the christians always remain on the defensive because they were afraid to attack the Glandelinian armies themselves for fear of being annihilated. This wicked assault insulted and enraged general Vivian and alarmed him also and he had nevertheless before planned to attack the enemy's lines and drag the enemy's other wings into the open and smash them up. It was awful to commit such a massacre but general Vivian was determined to win the battle at whatever costs--- and the Glandelinian assault now having been repulsed at every point, over 17,000,000 were ordered forward against the main Glandelinian center and all these columns in many deployed brigades, with their already badly torn battle flags flying marched forward to the right of general Vivian's entire line and then rushed on in formidable array toward the main Glandelinian center. The Glandelinian cannon were continually volleying and mauling the whole of the batteries of the Glandelinian cannon becoming one long line of flame and fire. General Vivian was dismayed at the horrible slaughter for his men were going down in massive lines, but yet he was not daunted, and hurt by the recent wicked words of the Glandelinian generals, he determined to show them whether he was afraid to make a general attack or not, and continually sent large reinforcing columns forward to aid the assaulting lines, which were being shattered, or decimated by the Glandelinian artillery.....

THE RESULT OF GENERAL VIVIAN'S DESPERATE ASSAULT..... BRIDGING ABOVE THE ENEMY'S LINES.

Through his glasses he could see that the main line of the Glandelinian batteries had been placed on an extensive high plateau, and which were now raining shells like hell-fire upon the lost souls and that also many of his various and largest divisions seemed to melt away. The whole Glandelinian front was in a preternatural uproar, and became almost obscured in long wreaths of smoke. Indeed as this was now the final issue of the battle, the Glandelinians were repelling the unexpected christian assault with all their energy of despair, and with the fury of desperation and general Vivian began to have doubts if all his combined christian forces could be able to carry the wicked Glandelinians before them. So he sent scores upon scores of messengers to the christian officers with the orders to advance the main christian forces at once, and even the reserves.

The open ground which the other christian columns were pouring across like floods of purple weeds seemed dominated by the many Glandelinian guns, and never did infuriated cannibals yell so horribly as the distant Glandelinians as they set up a universal cry of derision while maintaining a murderous fire, which tore many great gaps in the christian lines, galling their cool columns and appalling their survivors..... across this wide open ground worse and more dangerous than a thousand No Man's lands, and drive the almost insane Glandelinians from the horns which they had held so stubbornly during the entire war up to this scene, was the hardest problem before general Vivian.

He discovered that it manifestly was impossible to cross in the face of the furious Glandelinian army under such a murderous fire, which was firing frightfully annihilating. All the mightiest forces endeavoring to sweep across were almost destroyed, so he made a most conspicuous preparation.

preparations had been made for bridging above the enemy's line early that morning and indeed it had taken a long while before the attention of the Glandelinian generals was attracted to that one point. Then large forces of the christians by two columns crossed quickly by the bridge and in half an hour his entire half of the army was practically placed on the south and then north of the Glandelinian army before the herculean feat was known to the Glandelinians. Mc-Hollester found himself in a tickless position and under two general fires of great intensity. He still held Norma Run despite his fortifications being in the hands of Hanson's army, but the strong christian advance not only threatened to hammer his lines to pieces, crush his flanks, and smash up his lines of batteries, but his communications with all his base of supplies at the south was cut off.....

MC-HOLLESTER PRELAYS WITHDRAWAL FROM NORMA RUN FAILS TO END THE MIGHTY CONFLICT.....

Therefore he was compelled to evacuate the Norma Run region, but never nevertheless though severely wounded, and his army badly cut up from its frightful losses, foolish general Shields would not yield his ground and his surviving troops fought like an army of fiends, the battle surging back and forth once more in a bloody fury that was indeed horrible..... A squadron of one hundred thousand cowardly men, met nine hundred thousand christian Glandelinian dragoons, which during a hell of carnage at close quarters, for a quarter of an hour was driven back onto supporting infantry, crashed and mangled, the christians stubbornly pressing on. Simultaneously and a million cannon like roar of firearms a neighboring point of Shields' lines, was attacked by an overwhelming force of Abissinians, and thrown into great confusion and the Glandelinian left was about to crush and crush away before heavy odds, when heavy reinforcements suddenly arriving beat back the christian forces right and left a sea of dead and wounded lying thickly strewn about everywhere.

Assisting forces sent by Shields arrived about two thirty to late to be of any service in mending the original success, and a new and heavy concentration of christian troops drove back these furiously advancing Glandelinian troops crushing them to fragments. All this while general Vivian's best opportunity was coming, for a big gap three miles long existed between Shields on his right and Mc-Hollenberry on his extreme left and an overwhelming force of attacking christian cavalry divisions supported by nine batteries of artillery and dragoons was thrown into this gap or unoccupied space, while in the meanwhile a simultaneous overwhelming assault of the most hellish fury, was maintained on Shield's main center, and success hovered between the contending forces. A large division of general Vivian's corps was driven back under a raining storm of christian artillery fire by Rowels a Glandelinian. Sanguine also arriving in heavy force to the assistance of the successful and though heaven seemed to be venting its rage and vengeance on the Glandelinians, the infuriated Glandelinian columns showed that they could return vengeance ten fold by pouring in a fire that almost desolated the christian line and slew their two commanding generals. Toney Sanguine with his storm of hell, and despite the death of his two general generals turned the tide of battle nevertheless against a reinforcing divisions of Glandelinians, moving down thousands all along the line, and routing the survivors to all points of the compass.....

Simultaneously many other Glandelinians under a murderous annihilating fire were trying to crush down their christian assailants, when fresh troops took a hand in matters and after a massacre of hell and fury, the christians were also successful here, capturing all the Glandelinians who were not shot down in the ambush. The fighting was still more bloody on the southern end of Shields' lines, near near Chickadees and Vivian's Run than the other points, general Vivian having forced the movements of the furious battle to the left and did not see the advisability of lessening his attacks against the main Glandelinian front under any conditions.

At the point unoccupied by the christians the Angelinians had rushed in trying with all their might and energy to demolish the right wing of the Landelinian army, and catch it catching the Landelinian left flank forcing the whole column into an ambush ambuscade, and the main Landelinian force being hard pressed on the left and right were driven out of their works and sent scurrying for shelter. General Avian had sent assaulting columns simultaneously in close succession from the west and when wheeling these swept the Landelinian front like the sea does the ship in a typhoon and this terrible assaulting advance was so far to the north and west that only the divisions at the left of the assaulting column touched the Landelinian breastworks under the personal command of general Francis Santa Anna Schmidt.

Here though it was like a mighty wave dashing itself to pieces against a breakwater, the main christian column however came up in time and though again the whole scene was like the dashing of a monstrous wave on the breakwater which hurled back in small spray what but was the solid sea, the shattered line was again reinforced and the Landelinian reserves which arrived too late to be of any assistance were crushed to fragments and their commanding generals Bernard Juma Helms with his assisting commander Mc-Hollester Randolph were killed. Indeed general Avian had gained a very valuable position and general Hanson himself with much of his remaining columns wheeled around Mc-Hollester's flank and sought to take his Landelinian columns in the rear while Mc-Hollester Randolph's Abbeannian forces engaged the breastworks. The christian advance was observed by the christian commanders who sent against the furious counter attacking Landelinians many brigades of general Patten Branstones divisions (in reserve) which however not only beat the counter assaulting Landelinians to a fighting position, but subjected these Landelinians to a fierce front and both main flanks, and these Landelinians were compelled to retire very hastily as was Randolph Johnston whose desperate stand had very little effect, despite overwhelming concentration on checking the christians, amid the horrible slaughter all along the line.

All this while Shoeman kept up a series of most furious advances on the main Landelinian front every one of which was completely successful. Phelan advancing nine hundred thousand men against the southern end of the Landelinian breastworks defended by the main column of Landelinians and Landelinians to troops received a serious resistance that surprised the defenders themselves. Hanson Brown came forward to meet the christian charge and after merciless carnage he was killed, and his force annihilated. Seventeen million men poured through the woods in parallel lines taking Phelan and David's Landelinians on the right and left flanks respectively dashing into the rear brigades of Minotaur and Woodruff Johnston's divisions crushing them to fragments, and crashing into St. Stanis who vainly endeavored to stem the tide of disaster but despite their most desperate efforts there was no stopping the flow of this torrent of confused men. All of Shields' surviving divisions being driven from the field as were Minotaur and the many other divisions, and Picknell shattering the right wing of the Landelinians turned to the south, and twenty five brigades that barred the way, were swept aside with terrible indiscriminate loss, and with their commanding generals slain. General Avian had turned general Shield's flank and reached his rear, and all about him the dead and wounded lay. Everywhere the attack was successful in the path of the christians except at Shield's center whose lines extended across Imperial Run, westward to a line of breastworks with which it made a right angle and here the rest of general Avian's force was hurled against the center, and for an hour a desperate hand to hand fighting all along the line the Angelinians pressed slowly onwards supported by reinforcements on the quick run, but nevertheless the Angelinians with their reinforcements were hurled back. But one quarter of the Landelinian center that had been disabled in less than an hour's fighting was apparently weakened, and so twice again the Landelinian center was assailed by general Avian, but no parts of the Landelinian positions were taken until the main left grand divisions as well as the right was subjected to attack and domination.

At three o'clock the third assault was made, the Angelinians were surging with irresistible fury and violence against and over the works. The defenders however were only in slow retreat and half an hour after a fresh division divisions carried a point on the northern section, but the success of the Angelinians for a time did not progress further, a desperate rally on the part of the Landelinians holding general Avian and Brown in check, then the approach of heavy and general reinforcements brought

the severe christian success to an end for a while. There was a general quiet for an hour, but nevertheless general Phelan Mc-Hollester decided to make one more attempt to force the Norma bridge, hearing that Hanson had weakened his forces thereby withdrawing so much to attack his flank and now thought that an attack on him would be a success.

PHELAN MC-HOLLESTER FINDS THAT HANSON HAS TO GO WHERE
AS A MILLION LIONS IN ONE.!!!

An hour was spent in hurried preparations and being in desperation as his army was between two fires general Mc-Hollester Phelan and Phelan Mc-Hollester, were a little filled with apprehension and decided to have their whole force or what remained remained of the assault the weakened

christian lines at Norma Bridge, alas a christian line so weakened that afterwards he they repented of their foolhardy attack. The advance however did not start until four thirty five and in the meantime during the battle when general Avian had assaulted the foe after repulsing them after the attack and flanking movements all of Hanson's army excepting that which seized the fortifications had returned to the Norma bridge region and were well prepared for an attack, and on the slaughter that was to come, when the two Mc-Hollesters made the attack. With a yell of fury the whole line in gray swept forward expecting to meet a very feeble resistance. (Indeed a very --very feeble resistance indeed as to say) but suddenly met a frightful avalanche of destruction a fire which tore their entire massive main line into fragments, and laid the second main line. But on pressed the survivors in mighty multitudes, when all of a sudden a swaying undulating sheet of flame seemed to sweep the whole christian front, there was a titanic deafening roar enough to stun and deafen the world, and two whole massive lines in gray twenty miles long and ten deep deep withered before that annihilating fire. The survivors broke into an indescribable panic but the rest of the Landelinians were determined to carry the christian line even at the risk of annihilation, and so continued on furiously, but again and again

and still again came that fearful flash of musketry and cannon which settled down into a steady mighty thunderous roar, this awful fire mowing down whole multitudes. Terrible indeed was the slaughter, the whole christian front even withering and almost melting away, the surviving Landelinians recoiling in panic before his terrific desolating fire.

But still the main line continued to press on despite the fact that the christians maintained the awful fire mowing down myriads of the Landelinians at every step. Other columns of the attack forces became confused by this murderous fire and broke into a panic, despite the threats, pleas, and commands of their officers who strove to rally them striving in vain to check their panicky retreat. General Mc-Hollester Phelan himself had twenty six horses shot under him and the fearful dreadful carnage, and one half of his staff were killed, the rest injured many seriously. As the main Landelinian surge drew close to the christian redoubts the veritable storm of firing became so horrible resembling the same firing at Marian Heights at Umanodonson during the battles there.

A TERRIBLE FIRE ALONG THE CHRISTIAN LINE, AND THE FRIGHTFUL
AND DISASTEROUS REPULSE OF THE ENEMY.

In all its fury and din it seemed hell could not be worse and neither was it possible that the shrieks of the lost souls and demons in hell together could be as bad as the yell of the Angelinians and Abbeannians themselves as their whole entire line, yet their whole entire line broke into a full universal demon like yell. Then the whole entire christian line as the Landelinians waves surged upon it and closed with it suddenly roared like billions of cannons, seemed to suddenly flash torrents of sheeted fire and smoke and now it became a massacre not a battle.!!!!!!

Almost the entire left division of the blandelinian surge fairly dissolved away, officers began to drop like corn devastated by a tornado, the whole of Norma's gun was dominated by the horrible rattling, roaring, thundering hellstorm of shells, and just like at Osmundson but ten times more terrific and once more doomed to be venting his rage and fury and vengeance on the wicked blandelinians for the shocking horrors committed recently in July and the other places, and for their cruel treatment of Violet and her sisters.....

Thousands upon thousands of men ranks all along the line went down, all the blandelinian divisions were torn and shattered by the sheeted clouds of bursting shell barrages canister and bullet that like once more became avalanches of hell destruction and demented devastation, tearing through the main line crushing it into scattered fragments entirely, and mowing down hundreds of officers with them. The surviving scattered portions of what was once a whole main line of assault swayed, the cannons volleyed and thundered in titan throes, and with redoubled violence upon them and as the blandelinians swayed the whole christian line surged forward like the sea flooding the land and carried all before them routing the blandelinians in terrific confusion and panic.....

Indeed general Phelan Mc-Hollister saw that all his desperate attempts to break through the christian lines and under general Hanson was a failure. His best and strongest fortifications were in the possession of Hanson's mightiest army, and his own armies had been between two deadly fires since Hanson made his excellent flanking movement, and he was also in danger of being hemmed in by both the armies under generals Hanson and Vivian. He had stood it out well against the other christian troops despite the help of God shielding the christian dogs as he calls it but his magnificent stand against general Vivian and Hanson had only met with disastrous slaughter and his army along with general Shields was so terribly depleted that only fragments were left of the three blandelinian armies very little indeed that was left to oppose the christian armies which were still reinforcing continually.

THE FRIGHTFUL ROUT OF THE BLANDELINIAN ARMIES:
THE PANIC AMONG PHELAN MC-HOLLISTER'S ARMIES.....

Indeed his defiance of God as well as against the christian lines did not prove to him very much good. His armies had been vanquished by his christian enemies, and now there was nothing for him to do but to retreat from Norma's gun before the christian army would surround him and cut him off from escape entirely. This he started to do but so panic stricken was the blandelinians that the retreat became a stampeded rout southward toward Norma but not into the city as the onrushing christians cut them off entirely from Norma and taking possession of the city freeing 10,000,000 child slaves. The whole blandelinian army was in such confusion that nothing could check the rout. Never in any battle of the war did the blandelinian armies suffer such a disastrous rout. Accounterments of all descriptions, millions of firearms of all kinds, all their trains of munitions, munitions baggage and stores, including munitions works, and everything of desecrating description, besides 25,000 big knappt guns, 10,000 mortar and scores of other thousands of other artillery was abandoned by the panic stricken blandelinians who fled so precipitately that they did not even stop to set Norma's gun on fire which they had intended to do should the christians win the four days of fighting here. When the victorious christian armies came dashing into the city of Norma, the blandelinians still there lost all precautions, and fled in a stampede leaving Norma and straying the streets with hundreds of thousands of weapons which they threw away during their flight. The rout of the blandelinians had continued for twenty miles scores of thousands of the blandelinians who were overtaking surrendering themselves as prisoners of war and still many thousands of others dropping from over fatigue were captured.

War indeed has all its woes. Everywhere reports have been received by many of the christian generals of a series of a perfect storm of fire and disasters which were too terrible to describe. Fearful explosions had occurred by the thousands everywhere adding to the complication of disasters, and yet greater disasters were to occur. It was one night when the brave Vivian Girls had been out scouting to see if the enemy were up to anything new when they were attracted to a glow which appeared to be faint, but nevertheless was suspicious, and this glow appeared to be in the south, while strange noises raked the distant horizon..... Jennie looking in that direction with her army field glasses gave a sudden gasp, and then taking a second and a longer look almost straining her eyes in doing so exclaimed: "Goodness. What a disaster! A sea of fire is approaching us like the wind. It's another great forest fire....."

"Another forest fire?" cried Joise and Violet while they and their sisters began to feel a little uneasy. "Nonsense sister. Maybe it's only a burning village."

"See for yourselves then!" exclaimed Jennie vehemently. "It looks like a fierce forest fire to me." Joise first took the glasses and looked carefully in the southern direction or where ever the glow appeared to be. After wiping the glasses she took a second look and then handing it to Violet noticed her give a start as she handed the glasses to Angeline.

"Jennie dear you are too right at that." They said. "It don't look to us as if miles of forests were on fire though. It appears as if the whole world were on fire at one time. It is advancing either toward us or toward the christian lines." Her other sisters were taking turns at looking at the distant fire and then as Jennie looked in the glasses again Joise said: "A big city seems also to be on fire in the direction of the west, and another in the east. I believe the enemy have caused this horrible disaster." The little girls had also seen many red and blue flashes, followed by flashes of all colors, while all the time there was a queer far off sound that sounded quite uncanny.

"They must be a series of great explosions." said Jennie. "Sometimes I see something that look like the blast of volcanic eruptions." "We'd better tell any of the christian generals we come across immediately before it is too late." said the little girls.

In the meantime many of the christian generals had observed the strange reddening colors in the distant skies, but for a time did not pay much attention as if these kind of lights had been all too common to be taken much notice of, but when it grew darker and later the redness grew brighter and columns of flame lit smoke clouds thick and rolling extended upward as far as possible to be seen and looked very ominous, and very suspicious to all who observed it. The smoke shaped like sheeted pillars among pillars of rolling clouds let occasionally by the seething seas of fire below which at times made the sky glow like a lava flood. Three hours later it was observed that the smoke clouds which had been rising steadily was gradually coming much nearer, and was mingled with a vast black cloud which above the zenith formed out gradually like some great colossal umbrella, and all the smoke spread far above the great conflagration which was really advancing toward the christian lines. The awful wall of rolling clouds was crimson in hue below the canopy of blackness but the lower extremity of the smoke clouds was of a bright fiery color and glowed almost dazzlingly. At the southeastern section of the black clouds of various colors rose where the glow of fire seemed to be brighter, and the Angolinians were surprised to see that a sea of fire was traveling up the sides of one of the far distant hills, which at times when unobscured by the smoke clouds gave forth a dazzling glare. The christian generals excited, and apprehensive had mounted their horses, and with many men had went forth to investigate, and after traveling for half an hour they finally came to the summit of a high rise of ground which was thickly wooded, and saw that the advancing destruction had reached the main stretch of forests near the point of Laughing Brook, and in crossing the region had put all the telephone and telegraph systems out of existence, that bridges were burning by scores, and that the very iron frame work of greater bridges were bending and melting in the fierce heat.

The generals and the men with them were enthralled as they watched the approach of the great conflagration, and worse of all it was seen that the conflagration was a series of great fires each trying to outstride the other, the biggest burning in the west, and which extended as far as eye could reach. And the glare could be seen for sixty miles away.

The officers who watched the storm of hell approaching anticipated among each other that the height of the advancing sea of flames must be from thirteen hundred to fourteen hundred feet in width and nearly half as high. It was coming toward the christian army, and in a way that seemed inevitable of forcing a retreat, as to combat such a fire was impossible as it was entirely beyond control. To say the worse the conflagration did just what was feared. The conflagration which had been a series of fire in the gradually formed into one and expanded to a greater length burning all before it and a large part overlapped general civilians army, and though for four days his fire fighters offered battle to the flames as bravely as only the most heroic fire fighters can do, and using all means possible, nevertheless it was in vain the fire could not be stopped, and the whole christian army had to retreat and were encompassed by the fire storm many times before they finally reached a low level plain where there were no trees, and no grass with which the flames could feed upon. But here in the open there was danger of being assaulted unexpectedly by the fierce enemies. Many blazing seas of fire had appeared upon Hanson's army but it had by breaching the space between the conflagration had checked it long enough to enable the army to retreat without confusion though the main part of the conflagration had advanced with great speed elsewhere burning faster than a horse could run, the wind storm possessing the fires hurling a blizzard of blazing brands down into the wooded valleys between thus starting new fires anew, and endangering all villages and towns in the region causing hundreds of thousands to flee either on foot or by rail whichever way they managed to escape the destructive conflagration.

During the time while various christian armies were retreating before the forest fires, violet and her sisters who had went out on one of their scouting tours certainly had a thrilling time that no one would ever forget. They had heard and found out that the enemy by burning great dams had caused great floods adding to the destruction caused by the forest fires and notwithstanding all this had caused the most gigantic explosions of all known which blew everything in towns and villages to pieces. Wishing to see the extent of the damage done violet and her sisters with a large number of men and boy scouts had set out in a certain location and had only went a short distance in the darkness of the night which was still lighted by the glow of distant fires when the air was suddenly filled with the roar of dashing horses coming down the opposite side of the road, and straight for the christians and the little came dashing at a tearing speed a fierce horde of O Chaurians. At one word from colonel Gordon the soldiers scattered in different directions blazing away with their pistols and carbines bringing down ten glandelinians horses and riders together, but the glandelinians had also opened fire, being equally as surprised as they and the casualties on both sides was considerably heavy for the start. The civilian girls, with their friends, and Gertrude Angeline had wheeled their own horses, and for a moment stood at bay, and then raced down the road at a break neck speed. The glandelinians had recovered from the surprised relieved at the sudden volley of the christians, and the foremost who had reached the spot where violet and her sisters had halted before dashing away, saw the fugitives dashing down a bend in the road.

The glandelinians seeing how many Angeline's had scattered and as firing was still going on, suspected at first that they had run into an ambuscade, but recovering their nerve they opened fire on all sides, making the scene black like a furnace with the discharge of guns, while a certain number of the Mc-Hollistinians raced after the seven fugitive civilian girls, and the others with them. Violet and her sisters had in a moment reached a scene of different stages, but they dashed onto the pontoon bridge which they saw in the moonlight, and seeing that a hundred glandelinians were after them like hounds, they after crossing the bridge, started to work at breaking it by hurling rocks upon it, and had almost succeeded, but ten blood hounds had been let loose by the glandelinians, and while many of the glandelinians who had crossed the bridge and fell into the water were floundering in the stream, the bloodhounds had gained up with violet and her sisters who immediately drew their guns and prepared to shoot the dogs should they do any harm but the dogs, touched by God turned off without even harming a hair of the little girls. The glandelinians gave a yell at this and in their rage started firing with the intention of shooting the dogs, but their aim was poor and the bullets flew wild, the dogs escaping in the darkness of a thick woods. The other glandelinians had dashed through the stream wading water on horseback, and as they set up a simultaneous shot demanding the little girls to stop they recognized a voice that made them believe it was Braggard.

Violet and her sisters by this time had reached the other side of the Gertrude's river and soon as they had landed on firmer ground after swimming through shallow water, they saw swarming along the bank, a regiment of Gargolians all wearing hoods. It was their intention to intercept the little girls and cut them off from escape. At first it did seem as if the little girls were caught, for now to swim the river with so many glandelinians swarming in it would be as risky as to swim in quicksand. There happened however to be another bend in the stream which was free of the glandelinians and to this violet and her sisters amid the hooting and yells of derision from the hooded Gargolians urged their horses, and plunged in just as the foremost of the glandelinians started firing. Bullets were whistling dangerously about the little girls, and two of the boys were hit, but not seriously wounded. Though one ball cut off the lock of Catherine's golden curls. The horses of the fugitives swam up the stream swift as the glandelinians striking themselves in a long line on either side of the river, while another party of glandelinian horsemen plunged in and endeavored with might and main to overtake the fugitives. The firing of the glandelinians was incessant now as they were determined to shoot their fugitives down, but through some reason none of the children were hit, and when the children fired occasionally a serious number of glandelinians tumbled from their horses, either on the land, or from those riding in the water.

"I wonder how we are going to escape these desperate Gargolians and Mc-Hollistinians!" said violet to Jennie. "They seem bound to get us as we are no doubt very important to them."

"We have got to elude them somehow!" said Joice.

Violet and her sisters continually kept on glancing around about them and indeed saw that the glandelinians were swarming on both the banks of the river, and that already a score of the boldest of the wicked glandelinians were tearing through the water after them on horseback, and gaining steadily on them step by step. Again and again violet and her sisters opened fire and three score of the wicked glandelinian horsemen at the volleys sprawled from their horses, while others being only dismounted floundered about yelling for help lest they be drowned. Violet and her sisters urged their horses on like mad and as they leaned across the horses neck a continual shower of bullets whistled past the little girls and bespattered the water making little splashes.

"If we could only hide somewhere!" said violet to her sisters. "Then we could probably elude the glandelinians and escape them entirely."

After going on down further violet and her sisters saw a long but low stone bridge crossing the stream, and as a large cloud of smoke from the distant forest fires passed for that moment across the moon it made it so dark that the little girls and their companions were unseen. So immediately they swam under the bridge, and managed to hide in the darkest parts of the bridge but placing themselves in a position to put in a cross fire should they be discovered. In a second more the roar of banging horses hooves were heard on the bridge flooring above them the glandelinians who were in the water came riding and swimming under the bridge, and with search lights looked around.

"Those child fugitives are hiding under this bridge somewhere that's all there is to it!" said one of the glandelinians whose voice again sounded like Braggard. "Those civilian girls with their boy and girl companion could not have gotten away or outdistanced us so quickly!"

"But where are they then?" said another officer. "You can see yourself that none of the fugitives are under this bridge, for if they were we would see them."

"They are only taking advantage of the darkness caused by that smoke cloud crossing the moon." said the same familiar voice again. "I have sharp eyes and indeed saw them go under here." "T-

"They are hiding in some of the nooks under the bridge I presume but if we dare to go too near we may be fired upon unexpectedly and I get shot down." said one of the lieutenants.

"One of the officers shouted;

"We know that you children are hiding under this bridge. Come out of your hiding places and surrender or we will blow up the bridge with dynamite and high explosives."

There was no answer, and the glandelinians were still more perplexed.....

All of the other glandelinians were searching carefully and cautiously but during the halt of the glandelinians who had hesitated first before going under the bridge, the fugitives had swam away, quietly reaching the bank, and were racing away toward the christian lines as fast as their horses could carry them.....

At this moment the smoke cloud had thinned enough to allow the moon to shine once more, and the light revealed to some of the glandelinians the fugitives dashing down a road leading from the beach of the river, and at once with exclamations the glandelinians on the bridge wheeled their horses and sped after them at a thunderous gallop while those who were in the water made hasty preparations to follow. But the fugitives had outdistanced the glandelinians by this time, and they reached the christian lines without further adventure.

In the meantime while violet and her sisters were being pursued by the enemy the christian sentries heard strange sounds far off in front of their tents, sounds that were suspicious, mostly of horses, firing, and voices, and one of the sentries shouted "HAT NANT WHO GORS TURUNT" while another cried out

"Opproal of the guard n NO. one."

There was no answer to the challenge though the sounds of horses, and a great volume of shooting and yelling, and loud swearing and cursing increased. The sentries failing to call the leaders of the guards by shouting fired a volley volley in the direction of the sounds, and following the crash of rifles camp fires flared up instantly in all directions, but not a soul was seen anywhere, though a great number of reports rang out in quick succession a random shot striking one of the sentries and wounding him in the shoulder. One of the other guards continually heard the sound of galloping, and stepping behind a tree from force of habit cried out loudly "Who goes there?"

The challenge had scarcely ceased to echo through the dark woods when suddenly there came a series of random volleys and echoing the reports came two louder ones that sounded much like explosions. This wise guard saved himself by his precaution of darting behind the tree as several bullets and fragments of a shell whistled past him. The fire at this point also flared up brightly but not a person was in sight, though in the distance of the sounds there was a strange series of colored lights, and flashes to and fro. The sound was increasing steadily, and at times a fusillade rang out. The Angelinian sentries were indeed puzzled but kept on the watch nevertheless. Several of the christian generals arrived from their headquarters tents at this moment and hearing the sounds of horses, and the firing studied it closely. The fires had died down again so that not even the least glimmer was seen, and the sounds at times was as if someone was being pursued by glandelinians, and it was the intention of the Angelinians to hide in ambush and rescue the fit fugitive, and so at the command the men scattered behind trees, rock rocks and bushes, and awaited the party they wished to surprise. In a moment one of their general officers dashed up uttering a hoarse command, and then the dark shadows of other soldiers dashed past him and went from tree to tree like the rest but for a time none appeared or at least no one appeared at all though in the far distance to their right the skies seemed lit up as if by some strange inferno. As the sounds increased more and more Angelinians came running to the scene but the mystery of the sounds was never learned, and when finally morning dawned bright and fair, but with the enemy's lines still in sight nothing was ever learned of the sounds heard that night by the guards. Movements were made among the christian forces, but there was no signs of the christians preparing for a battle or attacking the enemy who had refused to retreat. The day was sultry and hot from the heat of the distant forest fires, breezes, and continually heavy with smoke and cinders flying everywhere. This great christian army was in the path of the forest fires but had as yet refused to allow themselves to fall back before it, but yet they feared that new ones would be started on account of the windstorm raging. Just now the climate seemed too hot for poor violet and her sisters and during their stay at this section of the country they suffered from the terrific heat day after day but never complained. There had hardly been any rain since a typhoon that had raged at Angelina Agatha and only one cool wave had ensued, and that was before the near approach of the forest fires. The temperature was one hundred twenty in the shade and the air was like the blasts of a furnace. The breeze and wind and gale was hot and smoky, and wreaths of pungent smoke at times obscured the distant trees at times.

In the meantime the forest fires were playing the mischievous of the hell's infernal fury. Christian armies had been forced to retreat before it, scores of towns had been abandoned only to be erupted in flames and horror upon horror was added. Wiesnetines army was skipped by the fire storm but the main conflagration was still moving upon pawns, and general Vivians as well as others. Millions of christians, men women and children, women

with babes in arms were fleeing from their burning villages compelled to leave everything behind, and not only was the larger cities threatened by the forest fires and already burning but great explosions were roaring their horrible thunders, and large expensive oil fields with thousands of oil wells and tanks were going adding to the smoke that was fairly screening the earth from heaven as to say. All who had been glandelinians in the threatened towns had been warned of the danger by the messengers but nothing had been said to the christian population and so they had been caught unaware and were compelled to flee many even half naked and without sufficient provisions either.

All the time while the christian army which sheltered violet and her sisters were entrenched before Janley were shocked by the din as far off the roar of thousands of mighty and horrible explosions swept and tore the air in millions of deafening ear-splitting echoes and shook the ground so hard that the headquarters of the christian generals and other houses within the christian lines collapsed into ruins. The quick vibrations caused by the dreadful explosions shook the buildings in the far distant city of Jennie niches, and part of the towers of the main headquarters of general Vivianus dropped with a crash as the shock of a terrific explosion rent the air with a deadly concussion. Not far from the christian lines twenty great oil tanks about two hundred feet high and filled with gasoline exploded from the heat of the distant conflagration and scattered a torrent of blazing oil in all directions among the nearest forest of trees and made a hell of flames reach to the very heavens. General Vivians headquarters swayed and toppled from the concussion of the explosions, in the debris falling on the tangled mass of teams, wagons, and men, a r crashing out their lives. Hundreds of horses which managed to escape broke from their vehicles and dashed in all directions. Day after day swarms of fugitives entered the christian lines and it was a mystery why they had not been pursued by the glandelinians. Electric wire along the right of way of the Me-jolienter and Pandora railroad was brought down by the concussion of explosions, and by falling trees that were burning, or by burning themselves, and the electric wire sputtered on the tracks endangering any person who would happen to come along that way as fugitives. Men whose women and children entering the christian lines as fugitives from the forest fires were thrown down to the ground flat on their faces by the vibration of explosions of munition works which were blown to pieces as they caught afire, walls were torn from buildings by mysterious explosions of other kinds, and sleeping people were thrown from their beds by the concussion and typhoon of sounds in the city of Pandora though fifty miles away, and from the upheaven caused by the great explosions the earth continually in places rose like waves of a troubled sea.

However however one of the fiercest greatest disasters of this great war indeed happened to the enemy. The town of Lucille, further was being the main object of the enemy in which to get at the christian army under general Vivianus especially after this christian army had concentrated threateningly against the glandelinian forces. The inhabitants had fled at the approach of the enemy who poured in immense streams through the streets with the intention of attacking the christian armies unexpectedly. The artillery men who manned the christian batteries however seen the approach of the fierce Zimmermannians under general Aronburg, and indeed all the christian generals were surprised when at eight o'clock all the christian batteries let loose with crash and roar that was stunning and dropped a perfect rain storm of explosives into the city and the immediate vicinity around.

The buildings hit by shells were shaken down by the quick vibrations of the explosions, and the towers of the Ferry buildings and walls collapsed dropping with a crash. On all the streets of the city the explosives crashed almost simultaneously, and hundreds of walls finally toppled and fell on the tangled masses of confused glandelinians with their artillery and horses crashing out their very lives. It was an hellish inferno that indeed occurred. Hundreds of cowardly horses became panic stricken dashing in all directions all poles and wires were torn down by flying shrapnell fragments, and cornices of falling buildings and tons of bricks, and the wires sputtered fiercely in the streets. But this was only a small affair besides the other scenes. Have beyond description was the serious results among the glandelinians surging through the streets of the suddenly shelled city. Men by the scores of thousands were thrown to the ground by the concussion of explosions and were also blown to pieces by the shells dropping so fiercely among them walls were torn and scattered among the glandelinians by the explosions and soldiers who had taken refuge in other buildings were thrown in all directions by the concussion and clear from the upper stories and into the streets, only to be incinerated by the

shell fragments. Grenades and craters were even torn in the streets by the explosions and even from the upheaval caused by the explosions the earth was blown into the air. There were three large stone prisons in this city to which the panic stricken glandelinians had been taking refuge from the shell fire from the christian batteries, but which before the blast of shell explosions was just as safe as a fragile wooden house for before two gigantic explosions these structures seemed to fairly disappear into the sky amid smoke and debris, and only a portion of the lower story could be seen of one of the buildings and that was a tangled mass of smoking smoldering ruins. This soon formed a general funeral pyre when the wreckage broke into full blaze and thousands of the tangled bleeding corpses of glandelinians were frightfully cremated. Before the conclusion of the din stronger houses rocked on their foundations as if before the windblast of a terrific typhoon, and before the vibrations others were fairly thrown against one another and crumpled into a conglomeration of tangled wreckage, some being crushed like egg shells the wreckage burying thousands of glandelinians who fled through the streets in panic. A large five story hotel full of panic stricken glandelinians collapsed before the concussion crushing out the lives of about three thousand five hundred glandelinians in a moment. The thunderous roar of thousands upon thousands of shells continued furiously, and a number of shells razed an orphan asylum also refueling glandelinians which also like the hotel fell to pieces burying all of the glandelinians in tons of wreckage, and even all over the city chimneys toppled into their component parts and whole sections of buildings were razed, while the air was filled with flying debris, dust and smoke and with the ear-splitting din of explosions.

The city hall dome which had been reared after many years of hard labor was torn asunder by the shells and pillars with tons of bricks and stone fell their heavy crash adding to the ear-splitting din of the explosions, and the glandelinians now raised to instant terror fled in all directions panic stricken fighting even a long each other in their efforts to get out of the danger zone, tore their own hair in terror and bent their faces until the blood streamed. A general and two of his aids were crushed lifeless under the mass which cut off all the escape of the glandelinian in this section. The hall of justice to which a number of glandelinian generals had refueled themselves was shells shelled and blown to pieces, and the startled glandelinians endeavored to mount a high tower and flaunt a white flag but in vain. All of over the shell swept city the glandelinians poured through the streets back the way they came like ants in the frightfullest panic only to have shells burst among them and tear huge gaps in their columns. Soldiers with flaming red overcoats ran yelling and screaming through the streets southward only to be blown to pieces by the shells, and many high buildings became alive with glandelinians who were endeavoring to flaunt white flags as a sign of surrender and giving forth heartrending yells and screams but were soon buried amid tons of wreckage. Some seeing it was useless tried to get back to the streets, and crowded in a mad rush to the stairways only to be caught in the explosions and falling debris. The streets all over the city was crowded with a confused swarm and excited terror stricken masses of glandelinian soldiers who were retreating in a total rout, running into each other in their wild confusion, dodging the flying debris, fragments of bursting shells, and the sputtering wires, and burning houses here and there. Many were becoming barefooted. Never before in a city was any throng of glandelinians so endangered by a rain of falling shells, and many stampeded to the center of the squares, and to the public squares and to the parks and filled with the terrors of annihilated many tried again and again to offer surrender by flying white flags. The falling shells fairly darkened the skies over the city, fires were increasing among the wreckage, and which was spreading out and widening into circles toward each other. The most important fire began at the main powder ammunition factories. Portions of the walls having been torn away by explosions of shells so that tangled masses of electric wires had started a blaze which quickly blazed fiercely out fire to the ammunition and caused a volcano of flame and din explosions for about fifteen minutes. The booming of the greatest explosions tore the very air at intervals. Frame buildings had been blown to bits brick walls had went up into the air and crashed to the ground, and the wind which was then blowing scattered a hurricane of flaming brands among the surge of panic stricken glandelinians and who were still fleeing in disorder and many of whom did not know which way to turn. The glandelinians who had left the city streamed for the river boats to get aboard and away from the scene of such a disaster but were killed by thousands while those soughting the woods were dispersed by the showers of shell fragments.

As most of the glandelinians had succeeded in leaving the city leaving the multitudes of their dead comrades behind the fire in a few hours was finally sweeping through one quarter of the whole city, the smaller fires making a junction and forming an enormous conflagration which was rapidly consuming the whole sale districts forming a roaring ocean of flames and explosions among gas and oil and from powder and ammunition factories which kept up a din like the roar of scores of thousands of musketry per minute. In hundreds of explosions could be heard which came from under the streets, gas tanks blew up, in the gas works, making a horrible storm of escaping gases which caught on fire with a deafening roar, a hundreds of gas mains were blown up by the tremendous heat.

Thus in the most horrible manner was the intentions of the enemy foiled. Later the whole city was almost blown entirely away by a terrific explosion which tore a crater in the ground, made a scene like a Mt. Calverine eruption in fifteen series of gigantic explosions in the one same place and sent the ruins and flaming wreckage in all directions for miles. The crash of these explosions was heard for scores of hundreds of miles, and caused damage in many towns and cities near the region with considerable loss of lives.

At other points of the war there happened a great explosion. The enemy near the town of Marie Osborne at which later fiercer conflicts raged had erected a long string of ammunition dumps, and this the christian engineers had placed mines under the ground and thus blew up the dumps on the enemy causing the frightfullest explosions that could ever be seen as which made it appear as if great gulfs had opened in the ground for the distance of many miles and shot their flaming contents for the height of a thousand feet. The roar of these explosions was ear-splitting and exceedingly loud and heard at a distance of a thousand miles, and even immense oil wells were blown up, and large gas reservoirs also which released their pent up contents with an ear-splitting roar that shocked all who heard it. On account of the explosions thick smoke hung over the scene for many hours, and all day after the sun was seen only dimly, and like a deep red metallic ball.

At other points the great forest fires were still burning making its progress unchecked, and by the windstorms raging here and there cinders were scattered everywhere, and large sections of branches arose like immense flaming torches in the hot draught being held aloft at times by the pressure of the superheated air before they fell or blew away. Constantly over the christian lines or myriads of all kinds of birds with wings singed, and breath driven out by the heat and smoke dropped lifeless among the camps, or would fall into the seething seas of fire. Thousands of animals of all kinds, even small wild cats, catamounts, and deers, bears and wolves, and other creatures, may even serpents with their skins scales, and hair singed ran toward the christian lines, or worked their way to better safety, or to die from the flames when failing to outdistance the roaring conflagration. Yelping howling wolves and coyotes ran about the camps almost in everybody's way and were occasionally shot at by the soldiers. As the christian lines had still stayed at this point the sky had gradually grown darker and darker from the thick clouds of smoke.

The forest fires appearing to be worse than ever though the flames did appear to be more brilliant than fierce. Towns caught by the conflagration became like great torches. The forest fire at this time was extending over a wide area lighting up the whole sky at night time and hundreds of flashes day and night could be seen which indicated something blowing up. Despite this forest fire fury however all of the inhabitants of the burning towns had succeeded in escaping safely to the christian lines, either on foot, in autos or by train taking what belongings they could get time to secure such as trunks, grips or huge sheets containing all they could get in their haste. At times a perfect human flood of fugitives had ran upon the christian lines and it was with difficulty that shelter could be procured with them, and most of the soldiers had to share their own tents or give up the use of them for a while altogether.

Violet and her sisters were continually watching the distant forests fires and occasionally singing some hymns and song for the amusement of Evans and other christian generals whom they loved so much, and who were their dearest of friends. Suddenly from an unexpected there arose a storm of yells that did not seem either human or earthly, which continually echoed and reechoed through the woods, and penetrated to the hearts of all. Violet and her sisters were astonished for the outcries was heard undulating through the woods in distant and dying cadence cadences. The yells and cries indeed seemed unearthly in sound and was indeed such a tumult of yells which made violet and her sisters quickly rise to their feet and rush for the nearest trees with

t heir pistols drawn. It seemed as if all the demons of hell were possessing the air in the woods beyond and were again and again venting their cries of rage, and savage humors in the most hellish sounds. Then a stillness immediately followed which was as deep as if all the sounds of nature had been stopped by such a horrid and unusual sound.

"What ever that terrible noise was it has come from the glandelinians murmured Violet to her sisters who had ran to get their horses.

"It could not be the shout of the enemy I'm sure." Said one of the soldiers as they listened intently expecting to hear the horrid noise again. "It must have been a number of fugitives who were caught in the fires, and that probably it was their death cries."

"No.No.It couldn't be." Said Jennie. "From where the cries came from there is no fire.This noise was just a bad and as shocking as the fierce 'Devil yell' of the Zimorannians.Their only yell is as unearthly as the cries of the fiends."

"And we have been too near the region of the enemy and far from the christian lines, and it is so evident that we are discovered." Said Joice.

As soon as the little girls had mounted their horses there came a sudden series of bright lightning flashes in the darkness of the woods and the quick reports of a score of rifles. Violet's horse fell and so did Jennies, and a bullet grazed Evans cheek. The children aimed their revolvers but to their dismay did not at first see any one, though the trees and shrubbery around them and above were being occasionally cut and torn in a hundred places by bullets. The muskets flashes again and again and the leaves leaves and the barks of the trees in front of the trees to which the children stood behind for protection flew into the air and were scattered by the wind. The little girls had dashed behind the trees with their horses in time for the leaden hail flow thicker than ever, the rolling volleys making a great din, and seeing loving objects the children also opened fire as continuously, and here they were beleaguered all night being forced to oppose an enemy in the dark until their ammunition almost gave out and only with the cool direction of Evans did the children manage to hold the unseen enemy at bay all that long languishing night, until christian soldiers attracted by the sound of the heavy firing came up on horseback and finally dispersed the glandelinians who in hiding had tried all that time to shoot the little girls down in cold blood. Not once during the night had the little girls dared to leave the protecting trees, which they saw later was fairly hacked by the bullets of the glandelinians, besides their horses all of which had been killed.

A great explosion in the meantime had happened within the region of one of the main line of stockades which had been hastily erected within the christian lines. This explosion had been caused by the enemy, but how they did it so successfully it could not be discovered, though it was believed that enemy spies had done the work. Great had been the explosions during the battles of Evangeline Grania or Donna Roseanna, Jennie Warner, Lucille Jordan, and even Sunbeam Creek, and those at Maroonville and Harrodsburg, besides Fort Danien but none like this great explosion. And this one occurred without the slightest conflict being fought. Guns and cannons had been scattered about as if a tornado had blown them to the four winds and over three hundred thousand soldiers had been killed, and a million injured, out of which five hundred and sixty five thousand were injured fatally.

The stockades had been blown to splinters and then the wreckage set on fire which made a most magnificent conflagration that had ever occurred within the christian lines and which burned for three days despite all the efforts of the army fire fighters to put out the blaze which threatened all the tents and barracks within the whole christian lines, and blew up many ammunition depots. General Evans who had heard of the frightful disaster went off with a squad of men to view the scene. It was some time before he and his followers had arrived at the scene where the long line of stockades had been blown up, but where they had only stood before was now a long pile of smoldering smoking wreckage which the fire fighters were continually sousing with streams of water night and day. Strewn around far and wide was the smashed cannons and gun caissons. The dead as Evans had been told had been found scattered as far as two miles from the scene of the explosion their bodies having been frightfully mangled, many having been found with their front parts of the bodies gone even the intestines, while hundreds of others had been seen lying in hundreds of large heaps of bloody shell wrecked bodies, many with their heads off, their sides torn open, arms and legs gone, faces torn to a bloody mass, or with all their intestines protruding.

A large deep hole like an abyss or crater was exposed where most of the stockades had lately stood a crater about as big as that seen in the largest volcanic crater of the Sandwich islands, and pieces of flesh, piled up in tens of intestines, and sliced bodies had lain crumpled at the bottom partly covered with mud and debris before they had been created by the conflagration. Outside the fire trap blood which had tried showed evidence of the awful havoc of the gigantic explosion, and all the surrounding trees had been shattered to splinters, the woods was torn in sections and sprayed with fallen limbs of the shattered trees. On the trees were still standing the branches were strung with intestines and besmeared with red blood. It was a sickening sight to General Evans used to the fury of war as he was and never before had even a massacre of children made such a harrowing scene. Evans was filled with rage and emotion, for many children had also been refuged in this stockade fortifications which had been blown up and he decided to wait his chance and have revenge. He finally gave orders to his horror struck soldiers and wheeling his horse around silently and followed by his staff returned to the main section of the christian lines. The first thing he did was to look for Violet and her sisters as at first he had feared they were among the torn and mangled human beings as they had told him that that night he would they would go to the stockades to visit some of the children there who had now been so badly torn and mangled by this destructive explosion....

Learning that the gylvian girls had been there but had left before the explosions and had went out to scout on the enemy had and had been at conflict with the foe for a whole night and then was rescued by Angelinians and brought back to the christian lines safely he at once summoned an orderly and told him to call his dear little friends to his headquarters..... As Violet and her sisters were talking to one of the christian officers and telling him of their lively time that night, and also what they had seen in the distance the orderly came up and saluted the little girls and then said;

"Your guardian general Jack Evans wants to see you little girls right away."

"All right we'll be right there." Said Jennie. "Is it anything very important?"

"Yes." Answered the orderly. "He wants you little heroines to tell him how you so easily escaped from that disastrous explosion a that occurred in the long line of stockades you visited three nights ago."

"Explosions." Said Violet. "We don't know what you mean."

"Don't know what I mean? Why were you not there at the time?"

"No we left the stockades way before dark." Answered Jennie. "But anyway we'll go and see him and explain matters. He must have been terribly worried, and we would not like him to grieve over it. James got our horses quick."

Their little boy scout obeyed, and helping the little girls to mount the boy scout sprang upon his own and away went the party of children with the orderly and at nine of clock that following evening they reached general Evans headquarters and were ushered into his presence. Little Evangeline St. Clare and Gertrude Angeline were standing besides his table watching him writing resembling two little angels. At the entrance of his little charges Evans arose politely and bowing said;

"I and many of my generals were terribly worried over you little girls, as you were I presume at the stockades when the disastrous explosion occurred. How did you little girls escape without injury?"

"We do not know anything about an explosion." Answered J. J. Joice.

"When did it happen?"

"You little girls surprise me." Said Evans. "Why it happened exactly at the same hour now."

"Well by that time we were having a thrilling time with your brother and the enemy in the woods far from your lines, and after fighting the enemy in the dark all night were rescued by some of the Angelinians." Answered Hettie. "We left the stockades way before five o'clock that afternoon. We did not know that the stockades were blown down."

Evans felt relieved by this news and then as some of the officers who led the men who had rescued Violet and her sisters told Evans this was true he said;

"Well it was the act of Providence that you left the stockades before the disaster before the explosion. But oh I'm glad that you little girls did not see the results as I did and many of my officers. The ground and trees were covered with the intestines of the men who were blown to pieces. It had been a narrow escape for you little girls indeed."

"We heard a loud crash like an explosion at the same time that the enemy suddenly fired upon us in the ambush but did not think it was such a disaster." Said Catherine. "What does it I'd like to know?"

"There are many estimations," said Evans. "Some declare that a randa shall start the disaster, that the enemy set fire to it, but what ever the explosion was it nevertheless was the most disastrous I have ever seen as specially the results."

"This occurrence will have to be looked into," said general Jansen. "Probably more than nine hundred children have been slaughtered by the explosion besides the three hundred thousand soldiers of my command. What ever caused it it is the fault of the Manleys, or some glandelinian general, and General Hanson or Vivian must know of this as soon as possible. If any one is seen approaching our lines the guards are instructed to shoot him down whether he be a glandelinian private or the highest general. These Glandelinians are a danger to the whole world, and the havoc they have already committed makes it look as if they were trying to set the whole world on fire. If the Shammins and the two Pickells and other good Glandelinian commanders were in chief command all this cruelties and ruth less destruction of property property would not have occurred."

"But when if the enemy ever going to retreat or start any fighting?" asked Violet pleadingly. "It's just raging on in scenes of the wildest destruction of property and so on instead of actual fighting as we have observed. And the destruction rages on without any signs of an end it is terrible."

"We all know that but it cannot be helped," said general Evans. "But I intend to stop this once how if I have to commit a scene annihilation myself to do so. But I have something to say to you. General Baldwin whose army is separated from mine by a stretch of woods has some important papers to give to you. He refuses to give them to any other person as you can convey them to me more than the others. I consented to allow you to go to him, but I advise you to watch out for the enemy who are having parties of horsemen roaming everywhere on the look out for messengers and scouting parties of all kinds, and always have your pistols ready in case the glandelinians are laying in wait for you."

"Shall we go right away or wait until dark?" asked Violet. "Better wait until it's dark," said Evans. "See that the hooves of your horses are muffled with heavy cloths so that they would not make the slightest sound."

The little girls kissed him good night, and after waiting a while and doing as they were told soon started out followed by a squadron of their boyscout friends. To reach Baldwin's headquarters, and especially his lines they had to cross a certain thick wooded plain with only a few roads which was unknown to them swarming with the glandelinian troops the enemy having made a temporary position in these woods. The moment the little girls reached the glen the woods seemed to fairly blaze as a fierce musketry volley rang out and this volley brought down nearly every one of the boyscouts dead horses and all and all but a number of large trees sheltered Violet and her sisters from the terrific storm of bullets, though their horses had been riddled, and the little girls thrown. The little girls were not injured however though they lost their bonnets, and mitts, and their dresses were badly torn and Violet lost one shoe, and Jennie two shoes, and had a big rip in her waist clean up to the shoulder exposing a part of her chest her whole arm and shoulder. Only three of the boys were left. Seeing that they were all dead they did not dare linger long to see what could be done.

"Quick this way," said Violet. "Before those glandelinians who dived upon us surround us."

The little girls and the three boys unseen by the glandelinians dashed through the other portion of the glen which was free of the enemy. In a moment a half dozen of flash lights were lit and a swarm of Glandelinians gathered about their victims when their sudden volley had brought down. Suddenly the leader stooped and picked up the bonnets and fragments of cloths left behind by the vivian girls.

"The vivian girls were wit with these boys," he cried. "It's our duty to catch them. Forward men." The wicked glandelinians reloaded their rifles and started forward with a wild whoop, but the little girls and the three boys who had been with them to the last heard the glandelinians coming and ran with all their speed down the road.

"We must fire if they come too near," said Violet with a leer. "And shoot to kill. Show no mercy as they ruthlessly shot down so many of your comrades."

"If we reach the pontoon bridge and cross it we are safe," said Joice. The glandelinians had come on on foot giving vent to their loud whoop but the little girls were far across the pontoon bridge by the time the Glandelinians reached the opposite banks, and the fugitives had destroyed a good portion of the bridge so that the glandelinians if they continued the pursue pers it would have to take a bath for their pains.

"Never mind the water, or never mind getting wet. Cried the glandelinian leader. "After them. But don't any of you men fire as they must be taken alive so we can torture them."

The glandelinians were starting to wade through the water of the small and shallow stream, and the little girls seeing that the enemy were gaining on them blazed away continuously causing one after another to go tumbling head first into the water. This caused the glandelinians to hesitate and then back they went as a party of Angelinians came into view and opened fire to cover the retreat of Violet and her sisters who had reached the outer portion of Baldwin's division sooner than they had expected. They managed to retrieve the papers, and during the remainder of the night found their way back to Evans lines without further adventure, and handed him the papers which were indeed very important containing plans and maps of the enemy's position.

The next day Violet and her sisters went out to spy once more on the enemy and saw a peculiar object lying close in the ground by some bushes. Wicked Glandelinians were near by and they were doing some mischief which made Violet and her sisters suspicious. Going nearer they saw that the Glandelinians were maltreating a very small baby Blonglomonnon creature of the yuskorhorian type and at once interfered, by firing upon the glandelinians and bringing down about seven of them at one volley. The others were confused for a moment and then recovered and made a rush for the little girls. Violet and her sisters saw them coming and realized that they must shoot them all down or they themselves would be torn open by their wicked bayonets. The little girls waited until the glandelinians were within close range, and then was surprised to see another batch of graycoats rushing toward them from the rear ready to run their bayonets through them before they could fire. Violet hit the foremost man with her pistol on the leg causing him to fall. Joice saw a bayonet rushing for her breast but she struck it aside with the butt end of her pistol, and seeing the face of the glandelinian recognized as one of the marian persecutors of six weeks before. She and her sisters had known thisascal before, that he was more cruel and treacherous than ever, than even the worse viper, for besides the frightfulness of his fiendish face, he was very ferocious.

Her sisters immediately having shot a number of the others down went to her aid, and being at bay the glandelinian hiding behind a tree fought with appalling fury, the little girls taking also to trees to avoid his pistol shots. What made him more to be dreaded was the extraordinary quickness of his movements, for he dodged every shot that was fired at him every time he showed his head, and fired back before his nearest opponent had time to fire again, a bullet almost hitting Violet on the hand. Violet and her sisters soon found to their horror that they had run out of ammunition, and as the glandelinian discovered this by the lull in the firing he cautiously advanced toward them, and though the little girls picked up some rocks and hurled them at him there was no hopes of stopping him entirely from rushing them, for this had the effect of only still more enraging him and he attacked them relentlessly. Violet and three of her sisters managed to dash behind a high pile of rocks when he was not looking, but the wicked glandelinian with a wild yell suddenly made a rush at Catherine and Jennie, trying to strike them down with his musket. Jennie dodged, while Catherine struck out wildly to the right and left with a long branch but she did no harm to the glandelinian except to arouse him to a still greater fury. But Violet and her sisters went to their rescue striking with their little sabres continuously, anywhere and everywhere it seemed to them, the Glandelinian cursing and swearing fiercely, while the thud of his rifle sounded loudly against the ledge of rocks. Violet slashed about with the sabre as three soldiers attacked her cutting their legs so badly that they fell, while a Jennie expected every moment to feel the hands of their chief assailant around her neck. Violet and her sisters realized indeed this wicked man was at attention and they were about to scream for help when they hearing a little tree snap at the roots realized that the glandelinian who was striking wildly at Jennie had accidentally landed his musket against a small tree, the force of the blow having sent it crashing down to the ground. The noise of the snapping tree made Violet and her sisters realize how near the glandelinian was, and so to escape him they jumped to the top of the pile of rocks and then all took a flying leap to the other side only to land within three inches of the glandelinian being immediately face to face with him. But as the rascal grabbed Catherine Jennie managed to creep up behind him and struck him on the head with the handle of her small sabre. He went down with a thud, and seeing their chance the little girls helped Angeline and Catherine to rise to their feet, and all seven hurried for better shelter, and reached a glen in the nick of time, for nearly a hundred other Glandelinians appeared and being lancers hurled a shower of lances at them. Nevertheless the little girls managed to escape none the less wise for their experience.

In the meantime the fearful raids of the enemy, and storms of war's devastation were still going on in wider areas. The Glandelinian armies at other sections of the country not much opposed by Christian armies, raided convents and orphan asylums, sacked and burned cities, driving torrents of panic stricken fugitives before them, setting all the buildings on fire, and causing the deaths of many persons who did not escape. In hundreds of Catholic Churches the Blessed Sacrament was abused most vilely, and sacrilegious committed by the whole sale. Children were slaughtered occasionally, hospitals were sacked and burned, and the sick inmates butchered in all the most brutal ways we could ever think of. Railroad tracks of many lines were torn up throughout the country, trains were wrecked by the score, immense freight yards full of coaches, and long trains of freight cars loaded with provisions and fuel were destroyed and set afire, and large oil fields devastated and all oil wells and tanks set on fire. In convents and the like which were raided guns were insulted in the most barbarous manner, priests were put to death, nay every point in their advance was sacked and burned. No provisions of all kinds were devastated, and in raiding the many ranches of the Galverinian cowboys the enemy secured about a thousand herds of cattle and pigs, and other provisions despite the hellish resistance that they met from the cowboys. Theories of devastating raids had caused the cowboys in all their neighborhoods to form large armies in order to resist the foe but they despite the great guns they proved to be and as fierce a herd of fighters as the very devils themselves had no show before the Glandelinians and had to either leave the region or join the Christian armies to avoid certain annihilation. All cowboy ranches were set afire. Hundreds of orphan asylums were burned in a single day, and a terrible number of churches were sacked when cities were raided and devastated. Villages were desolated, and cattle everywhere everywhere carried off.

One day when Violet and her sisters were sitting outside of a tent looking over the list of the enemy's work of devastation a soldier came riding up and saluting the little girls said:
"Your children are wanted at general Winstones headquarters as soon as you can get there. Three strange little girls wishes to see you."

Violet and her sisters gasped in amazement.

Three little girls wishes to see us."

"Yes," answered the soldier.

"Who are they?" asked Violet.

"Really I do not know," answered the soldier. "But nevertheless you are wanted as soon as you can get there, and if you are wise you will come."

"All right we'll be there as soon as our horses can make it," declared Violet.

Violet and her sisters were soon on their horses and they started out immediately and in the quickest time possible reached general Winstones headquarters. They were admitted by several guards and brought before general Winstone. Standing before the great Christian general were three beautiful little girls in long white robe like dresses but they had such a supernatural beauty about them, and one of them looked so familiar to Violet and her sisters they felt awed. Violet and her sisters felt indeed that the three little girls were celestial beings for one of them resembled Annie Aronburg a good deal. The other two however they never saw before. Violet and her sisters were almost transfixed by this vision and at last the child resembling Annie Aronburg spoke out in words of sweetest music.

"We are celestial beings and we were killed in the child slave rebellion were the words. We were sent by God to plead to you to force Manley to atone for his wicked massacres of children, and if he does not and continues to persecute even you little girls any one of you are to shoot him down dead when the first opportunity comes. Manley has three children who have been taken from him by the Angelinians, and you are requested to see that he never has them again. He tries to force them to turn against God."

It was fully three minutes before any of the vivian girls could find word to answer they were so filled with awe.

At last Violet said:

"We'll do as requested at any cost."

"And you have heard that Manley broke the power of the plenglomenian creatures over you little girls which protected you." Said the same child with a scornful smile. It looks like it doesn't. Never believe such lies dear servants of God. Manley would not dare as face a young one. No person can make a plenglomenian creature his slave. Its humbug to listen to such news. It was only false rumors to try and scare you in stopping your services for God and country. We saw that you only became worse for the enemy. It was Federal who committed the murder, it was him who slain me and others.

I will reveal to you the Aronburg mystery as it is called, two months after this war is over. It is only you little girls, and your best guardians who deserve to first hear this secret. Afterwards you can publish it if you like."

With this the vision disappeared slowly leaving a great fragrance in the room. Impressed by this vision Violet and her sisters decided to tell no one but their parents and uncle and Evans.

Of the hundreds of thousands of catastrophes of the last two and half years of this bloody Glandee-Angelinian war in the Galverinian country probably more we were due to a great series of floods caused by the enemy smashing and breaking the levees of the great Galverinian rivers, and blowing up gigantic dams than to any other single cause. Rising seas of muddy way waters with incapable destruction to unlimited property, have been common from month to month in all sections of Galverinia during the war. And almost invariably however it had been a impossible to warn the inhabitants of all the low regions of all rivers, but most of the great destruction of lives by water and overflows had occurred with the connection of the breaking of dams and levees caused by the enemy from which as many cities were flooded as there had been torn in Abbiennia and elsewhere by the greatest of typhoons. The city of Pandora had been threatened during the third year of the war with the worse flood in history, and many troops of soldiers which could be spared had been sent to aid in fighting off the danger and prevent any more depredations from the foe. From cities as widely scattered as Albrahura, Glanderton, Grand Three Forks, North Bend, and South Bend Galverinia came reports of damage by great floods.

In all sections great flood conditions had been had all bridges either spared by the foe in the country, or all bridges in cities had been swept away and immense damage was done to many great railroad lines.

The abject misery of misery could hardly be described. With the trees houses, bloated bodies of thousands of horses and other animals and even human beings floating around, nothing to drink except the muddy yellow slop of the raging floods full of sticks, wreckage, straw, and sand, and chicken feathers no lights of any kind, not heat and no supplies the city of Cannon was a scene of horror and misery beyond description. And worse of all blinding snowstorms sent terror to the hearts of the sufferers.

The town of Clavertonia was flooded by the Glandelinians bursting a dam on March the twenty ninth 1914 and especially when the embankment fills over which the traction lines operated, and which served as a levee was tampered with by the enemy and gave way and allowed a flood of swirling waters to find an outlet and sweep over the entire village flooding the entire section of country besides the village. The village villagers had no warning and families were forced to rush post haste to upper floors and to house tops to get out of reach of the floods. Tragedy was seen on every side during this great flood. It was a common sight to see countless men women and even children sitting on the tops of houses, praying to be assisted to places of safety and in many parts of the town the many residents had been compelled to chop holes in the roofs of their homes in order to escape the onrush of the water.

Adding to the floods which occurred in the Galverinian summers had been many wild thunderstorms, series of small typhoons, and greater ones a perfect warfare of elements. It is thus reasonable to see how fierce an enemy the Angelinians and Galverinians had to contend with in this most frightful

make things more interesting I must relate one thing which I probably could argue about such as fully have read many of the beautiful Oz books, and have read that in that kind of a country no one, whether men women, or children, or beasts ever become sick or die. What is was the same thing about the beasts that live in that strange fairy land. I have read also that because the country or Fairyland of Oz is free from sickness and death was one of the reasons why Oz was a fairyland, where also resided the friends of Oz known as Dorothy, Trot, Betsy Robbin, Captain Bill Button-Bright and the others. I was just thinking lately what would the people of Oz do if their country had been some where in Galverinia unknown to the Galverinians, and Glinda would see in her great Record book:
"Great Glandelinian army advancing on the Emerald City. Rebel army pursuing Angelinians. Glandelinian army one hundred million strong."

Gertrude, Angeline the good and best friend of the vivian girls, sat in her own headquarters tent or at least outside of it if you please to mention, positively surrounded by a hundred and fifty of her girl scouts, the most beautiful and bravest girl scouts in all of her regiments of scouts.....the Christian army which had slowly retreated before the forest fire had halted here near a country region of beautiful scenery and from here the girl scouts could gaze

CHAPTER 1
SERIES OF OTHER BATTLES.

Indeed following the fall of Orma and Ormas gun, and Julo Callio and Vivian Wickey had surprised the whole world who now looked for an ending of this frightful war, while those held as prisoners in Cromer Andraan had still greater hopes that the christians would rescue them so soon. General shields and Mc-Holleston Phelan feared that all hopes for glandelinian shielding against the every increasing strength of the christian armies was lost, and ten days after the frightful battle of Orma's gun, while the rout was still in progress general Mc-Holleston Phelan in dispensency resigned his command and though Shield's armies were somewhat rallied and reinforced those formerly under Mc-Holleston Phelan were without any main leaders, and always did their best to avoid contact with the main christian armies.

And still the rout continued. All of the Manleys had tried frantically to push their mightiest armies between Orma and Julo Callio and the christian armies, but in vain and when such was the Manleys armies were in fierce and bloody action at Vatrava, but no hopes of victory victory was in sight for him and defeat was staring him in the face.

It was after this that general John Manley the main glandelinian general ordered his father Johnston Jack Manley to pass a decree like hi he was doing refusing hereafter future resignations of glandelinian generals, calling those who had resigned as cowards and traitors, and that all of them that had resigned shall be forcibly recalled to the colors.

The christian general Meldonia picknell indeed had armies large enough at hand to put an immediate stop to general Viviana's successful advance against Ormas gun had been a glandelinian but this picknell was a born Abbieannian, knew the recent Abbieannian horrors that had prevailed at Julo Callio and elsewhere and of the many massacres of children during the whole war and had turned more bitterly against Manley and the Manleys, and threatened to crush him and those rascals should they dare come across his path. And mostly every Abbieannian in picknell's army were disgusted themselves, and even tired of the war and picknell only waited patiently for general Viviana to tell him to go for Manley good and proper and many of the Abbieannians even desired to assassinate the wicked rascals.

All of picknell's Abbieannians realized that the Manleys had been making a fool of them and all of them vowed that they would take no further insults of the glandelinian generals against Almighties under no conditions, that the christian cause in all its ways was always just, and all of the Manleys ought to be strung up and crucified for causing the massacres of so many helpless children, and for slaying those not murdered....

Manley realized his danger and prepared to even mass his armies against picknell's advance which even outnumbered his ten to one, and general Viviana had advised picknell to quit his foolish notions and go immediately against Manley and picknell wrote this to general Viviana/

"Your excellency general Viviana
I'm willing to fight against all of God's enemies under the Manleys and the other wicked generals, who have tricked their governments by their dirty foolish wicked intentions, plots and lies, and I shall advance as you advised immediately and capture those dens of perdition in Cromer Andraan at once. If any of the Manleys try to force me back I will do all I can to repel and crush their armies. We are human and do not intend to stand any further the cruelties and massacres of children their blood thirsty horde have committed and defiled their own nations with. Just let him attack me and see whether I'll be driven back or not."

GENERAL LEONNIA MILDONNIA
PICKNELL.

SEVERE ACTIONS DURING THE ADVANCE ON CROMER ANDRAAN.

2548

In the meantime the large christian armies under general Williamson Zimmernann and the others with picknell were advancing swiftly toward Cromer Andraan with the purpose to besiege it. In fact general germanias glandelinians dreaded his approach for they knew that he was a demon of a fighter and that no glandelinian army had ever been known to worse him in any battle yet. Mic-Holleston Mic-Allesters great glandelinian army of five hundred and forty five million men was retreating before his advance not daring to stand to oppose him for fear of destruction. The fleets of Abbieannian ships under Admiral Zimmernann and Mic-Holleston had also laid siege to the great fortifications of Cromer Andraan from generals Hanson or Robert Vivian no action going on, the two admirals awaiting orders from general Viviana or Robert Vivian, and being compelled to delay time until general Viviana's army should arrive and reinforce Viviana.

In the meantime there was no big army of Omarians and Gargolians Curdes and also Mangaboon and Scoudira that threatened to bar general Zimmernann's advance and this was under general Francis Aronburg Mic-Holleston. He also had at it seemed an army equal in size to that of general Concentinian Aronburg, the opposing forces were supposed to be 600,000,000 combined, but it was reported that the glandelinian army was not so well equipped, and had been forced by the sudden appearance to leave behind large supplies of ammunition besides many guns which had fallen into the hands of the christian troops. Some considerable resistance was offered to general Viviana's army at Appleton Stepmor 2th, and stronger resistance at Atlanta Run three days later forty miles north of Logan Zoo Run Stream, but there was not any general engagement, though these conflicts had been sanguinary, the glandelinians seeming to be afraid to fight Zimmernann's mighty army.

Mic-Holleston and Mic-Allesters forces realizing the situation made a junction with Mc-Holleston's army at Holl-Pell where considerable activity occurred on September the ninth lasting four days, but here as well the engagement though long and indiscriminately sanguinary were unsuccessful, the glandelinians after suffering the losses of 9,000,000 continued their retreat in confusion, and refusing to fight on or offer any more resistance of any sort.

Manley who was elsewhere and far being apprehensive over the threatening situation at Vivian Wickey and Mic-Holleston, and the fall of Vivian Wickey on the same date and the destruction and fall of Crowley had ordered general Mic-Holleston to make a desperate stand a score of times but still he continued the retreat until he reached the Logan Zoo Run Stream, where after his army had concentrated, and a then still remained inactive, and therefore he was relieved of his command for stating that he was fully away aware of grave danger and that he did not wish to fight Concentinian Aronburg until general Manley came to his aid in person.

General Echoreodine was put in his place only to be killed by a christian sharpshooter at Logan Zoo gun town near Infanta Maria as he went out scouting. General Francis Stenta Anna Schmidt then was appointed to take command. At Emperor Viviana's orders Zimmernann or Concentinian Aronburg as his right name is advanced against the foe at Logan Zoo Run, general Hanson and Viviana being in advance, with the main columns following.

The glandelinian general Francis Schmidt was different from the other commanders and he decided to stand and fight. He sent out scouts to watch for the advance of the first portions of the immense christian armies, and when he received news from where they were advancing, and how they were moving he set his plans. He concentrated the army of glandelinians between Infanta Maria and Zoo Run towns, placing a large portion of defend the woods of Zoo Run and Kuris Osborne as well as St. Josephs, besides making strong positions along the riverbank. It was then October the First. Not until the Twelfth did the first christian army come up and it was under general Viviana and Nero, also under Hanson, Viviana and Charles Brown.

Knowing these commanders, and especially Viviana from reports about him he had received from Inner Hytseten of "Look out for Viviana how you fight him as he is a dangerous adversary, almost equal to Aronburg," he decided on a plan of action. His scouts gave him reports that Concentinian Aronburg was a long way off yet and advancing slowly he decided to make his plans.

He must engage general Viviana, Viviana, and Hanson, but to strike his heaviest blows upon general Hanson first. His army was so great however that it took many days to deploy them properly, and by that time general Viviana and others had learned of his plans and made efforts to frustrate him. Up to this time there was no fighting done, though one or twice and occasionally there was some spirited artillery firing, and frequent skirmishes between infantry and cavalry.

The first thing Viviananna did was to make efforts to learn the strength of the foe who their commander was, the lay of their positions, and how the glandelinian army was situated. He took some time to discover this however and accordingly made his own plans. He decided to take the whole glandelinian position simultaneously if it was possible. He himself would strike at the three woods, Hamsonia was to capture Infanta Maria and force the glandelinian positions along the river, while Vivian and Nero was to storm the glandelinian works at Zoo Re.

It was to be a stupendous undertaking, indeed, and yet Viviananna though finally knowing the size of the glandelinian army decided to begin the battle without waiting for general Aronburg and his army to arrive.

Now some of his generals stoutly advised against it saying that he was taking too great a risk that if he made the attempt the enemy would crush him before general Williamsberger Zimmermann was able to come to his aid. General Viviananna answered;

"If I wait, the enemy will strike me first. It usually is that who strikes first staggers his opponent.. I'm going to strike the first blow."

..... BATTLE OF LOGAN ZOE RAE RUN.....

OCTOBER 15 --161914 TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY.....

For a time the Glandelinian army under general Francis Smith now posted on the defensive near the town of Infanta Maria on the stream called the Logan Zoe Rae, Run was in such a situation that he and his glandelinian generals had hopes that a most supreme effort to force general Aronburg's army from the west banks of the creek would be entirely successful though it might cost another terrible battle like many of those gone past.

No doubt this glandelinian army would not have retreated so far without offering resistance if it had not been the fact that it had four other commanders before Smith came that were afraid of general Williamsberger Zimmermann, the nickname of general Aronburg, and also of the Vivian generals.

And also this Glandelinian army would have still continued its retreat if timely assistance from general Williamsberger had not arrived with sixty million more men, which had been sent to his aid by general John Munley. Many battles before this raging in a days time covered in violence and losses the whole fury of the whole world war beginning in 1914 and ending later later than 1918. Then around the date and month of October the third, the Glandelinian army had concentrated on these banks, waiting for the Christian armies to come up, but it was not until October the 13th did the Nationals appear. On October the 15th when the battle of Logan Zoe Rae Run was raging the entire front of the Abbisannian army under general Appleby was in danger of being demolished, and after a two hours desperate struggle along a front of fifteen miles when the glandelinians had hurled four violent assaults with overwhelming numbers it was time for the Christian generals of these divisions to appeal to general Hamsonia for succor reporting general Appleby killed, and four other generals wounded and mortally.

The glandelinians regardless of losses were now attacking with a vehemence that breaks all records for assaults in all battles gone past, and this dire call of utter distress coming from the highest military officers under Hamsonia and Appleby on the side of the Christians not only meant; "We are unable to halt the fierce fierce glandelinian attack without two hundred Winkle Abyssinkillian Divisions but rather we shall lose the chance of gaining an easy access to Vivian Wickey, in case Abyssinkillian assistance is not available very soon. The enemy is attacking mad, and they are coming forward in long waves. Our fire mows them down dreadfully but we but we cannot check them, for as many as is mowed down, many more are replaced..."

And as far as the glandelinian generals were concerned the foregoing meant even more. It meant already that in four hours of terrible battle along a forty mile front they had not only succeeded in preventing the Christians from getting chances to cross the stream, and flanking the glandelinian battleline but at the beginning of the fifth hour they were gradually forcing with terrible loss the foremost leaders of the Christians to admit defeat severe, and staggering, to confess that because of the violence of the glandelinian assault that they were unable to hold their own unless two hundred Abyssinkillian divisions all fresh and well equipped each twice as strong in manpower as the glandelinian divisions were sped to the battlefield as quickly as possible.....

But so far the Glandelinian loss was enormous. Ten generals were killed, and twenty more wounded and mortally. The whole glandelinian army, under a general Cain and Dun which started the battle suffered most terribly in those few hours and every regiment or brigade lost their commanders killed or injured, or even captured. Four thousand regiments of regulars lost half their men and all their officers of any rank high and low rank, and had many color bearers shot down. Of general Hamsonia's divisions seventeen generals were wounded, and one was killed, being general Hamsonia himself. At that hour general Haidi Stellic had just broken up the Christian center driving the Abbisannians a mile even though his men were shot down in numbers as thick as trees in a forest in half an hour. His loss was indeed dreadful fourteen of his generals being killed. General Hendon Schmid was personally superintending the defensive on his own part of the line and while trying to reestablish a portion of the broken Christian line was injured by a falling tree. The fourteenth Mangabou Zimmermannian division lost seven generals dead ten wounded, and many droves of men. General Hamsonia's right wing took the

trenches, but his generals Fulge Turner and Hendrick Nero were killed and he lost two hundred thousand men in that one charge in killed and wounded only. He too was wounded.

The battle had raged with record breaking fury before the left of the Abbeinnian line under general Kervotte True retreated, and it did not give way until after the most tenacious fighting of dreadful violence on both sides. Despite its own dreadful losses Everette True's army soon rallied, and though again driven back, shattered, rallied anew, and receiving reinforcements, hurled assault upon assault upon the glandelinians. Again High fingers Five divisions was opposed to general Bruno Eagle and James and John Scanlon, and Terry Orouka, and general Mullens, and among the dreadful number of killed at this section are Brig. general Gilio Watson, Lieutenant general Kottorick, Brig. general Penn Pennington, Brig. general Chute Alto Alto and ten others of this army. The Abbeinnian loss was also very heavy but no generals at this sector were shot, though six were unhorsed four times.

The first main portion of the driving Glandelinian forces had arrived at this moment and probably at the beginning of the battle these troops elsewhere had been employed in action without however taking part in a general engagement, and were sure eager for the fray. They had earlier in the morning been in smaller enterprises and taking the Abbeinnians under generals Seichepre, Leclerc, and Frank Gaultigny, and going through some fighting which in a way had been severe enough. Nevertheless twenty divisions had reached the scene, of action all of them of course having gone through final training and were brilliantly organized. It was then however that the main action of the battle started, it moving first began at four o'clock in the morning, and it was not a little after nine. All the victorious glandelinians of the early morning conflict both Mangaboo and Zimmermanian divisions torn to shreds and without commanders were rolled back by a tremendous counter charge of more than that many fresh Abbeinnian divisions, and the Abbeinnians were well on the way to a new success, while the rebel generals strove to get all the artillery by artillery in action available. Then and there the Fourth and Fifth Fifteenth corps were rushed to the threatened front. The noise of the battle grew wilder, and the long lines of cannons thousands of them made enough noise to resemble all the thunderstorms going on in that section without abatement signal their fury. While the Fourth Corps east of now burning Infanta Maria made an effort to strike the flank of Vivian's flank, and smash his christian front, the Fifteenth corps were spread out to both sides of the Logan Zoo Res Zoo heading from Zoo Res City to Infanta Maria by way of El Yorro. And this section of the battle in an hour made the whole day's battle of Waterloo, Dresden, Gettysburg, and a score of others of equal violence put together look like a skinien.

Eventually enormous artillery duels developed between the Abbeinnians and sections of both these glandelinian divisions and it seemed as if a million fearful badlands broke loose. It sounded as if the whole landscape was blowing up to the moon. This part of the action however was not seeming to have any decisive results despite the fact that the Abbeinnians abandoned a certain section of the works at ten o'clock in the morning.

And the actual part of the Glandelinian troops were playing in these bloody developments was by far not as important as any of the effects created by their participation as such in regard to the morale of the very fierce Mic-Hollustinian and Whimsie troops including the Turnerianians.

Yet a fresh Mangaboo Division well equipped and greatly elated over the conviction of their numbers had by terrific resistance successfully blocked the advance of the much feared Abbeinnians under general Viviania at La Verge right there when the latter had come nearest to bending the whole line back. And the loss already for this section alone was two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) dead. So fierce was the stubborn glandelinian attack that the reserves of the Abbeinnians was as a prize fighter knocked out after one round, and the supreme commander of the Abbeinnians Hannonia, within a short time perceived that his task of withstanding the human warstorm was growing more desperate minute by minute with the Glandelinian assailants being continually reinforced by new Glandelinian divisions. This state of affairs became especially evident at 10:30 when things along a thirty mile front grew unusually lively opposite Logan Zoo Res Town, when a long wave of the Whimsies supported by Mic-Hollustinians and Turnerianians rushed to the attack with a fury as to defy all hell to stop. The christian fire of artillery and musketry shattered this long column but to no avail.

During this section of the tremendous engagement the Second Division, and the Twenty Fourth Corps of the Fourth Mangaboo army played a most unusually conspicuous part, though it played very dearly for it. It was like Pickett's charge at Gettysburg but a hundred times more severe, and ten times the extent. From the beginning of 10 to 10:30 to 11 A.M. the most tenacious fighting on record along an extent of ten miles went on for the possession of St Josephs and Zoo Res Woods and two good sized towns of the same name, making a scene as of a terrific forest fire. After that time the glandelinians were in full possession, not only of the woods

but of a sea of dead, and the Fourteenth Corps were stationed in the burning village of St Joseph. In the course of the terrific fighting around and within the Zoo Res Woods the brunt of the glandelinian attacks upon one hundred times in great as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg was directed in full force against the Abbeinnian positions of general Robert Bommens and Ben G Logans Hannonia, Ninth Corps. Right at the onset of these dreadful engagements, Ben Logan reported that the glandelinians after a first unsuccessful assault, had repeated it twice more, and finally had succeeded in gaining a foothold of the woods if not the trenches. To and there three dreadful attacks of the glandelinians was unusually impetuous and rendered very effective by their usual artillery fire.

At the other section hour after hour after the capture of St Joseph and the woods of the same name the Glandelinians continued the attacks piling on, and pushing on in the face of insane resistance until at one o'clock the much fought over St Joseph Woods had to be strictly abandoned by the christian troops. But the Glandelinian loss was triply severe. The Glandelinian artillery supported by great lines of infantry and cavalry were especially determined upon preventing general Viviania from sending reserves to the point that was in such dire danger, though not able to prevent distant christian artillery from shelling the woods like a thundering inferno. Now things extremely serious much more serious than can be believed, for this section there was only limited reserves at his disposal, and Hannonia had all he could do to hold his own. And this state of affairs positively and partly particularly showed manifestations at twelve o'clock when general Vivian's first division of reserves was the target of a most desperate series of attacks by the glandelinians very efficiently supported by their long lines of artillery, and long columns of cavalry.

The glandelinian onslaughts during this part of the battle against general Viviania was no violent and headlong as to not only drive all before it, but served to consume the full numbers and strength of the Abbeinnian reserve troops to such an extent, that all other divisions held in reserve proved insufficient for replacement. And the glandelinian assault hereat that time were only a part of the main attack launched against general Vivian's whole front with the obvious intention of demolishing the entire line of Vivian's army, while the other portions of the glandelinian army attended to that of Hannonia. The situation appeared much more serious to a general Viviania at that particular moment as he had been informed that just then he could not count on receiving reinforcements by reserve divisions which being held behind the left center at the disposal of the supreme command was being fiercely attacked by general Hendro Holte Zimmermanian Divisions.

There was no doubt in Vivian's mind as to all the personal military ability of the glandelinian officers from many former experiences. All Abbeinnian and Angelinian leaders as well as in rank and file also admitted this without the slightest hesitation. Right from the very first encounter with the glandelinians the Hannonians had come to recognize the physical strength of the glandelinian soldiers, their manly prowess, the wild fury of their determination and tenacious desperation, the nation of their de dare devil frantic efforts at purposes, their splendid equipment, and the very important fact that being rebel Abbeinnians they fought like Abbeinnians and were as well fed as the Abbeinnians. The only thing that bothered the glandelinians was winter, as their own country is of a tropical climate. None of the generals had the slightest doubts, that these glandelinian soldiers would be considered a very important factor in the ensuing development of the whole situation as a whole, and that their desperate fighting qualities also showed their tactical dexterity and military experience. But at the same time general Viviania estimated that the fighting value of his battle hardened troops was much more superior to that of the attacking glandelinians, and therefore had hopes that the tide of battle would soon turn in his favor.

And also he expected the glandelinians despite their experience to suffer the most heavy losses. As a matter of full estimation it was reported to him that the whole combined attacking forces stronger in numbers than ever known in any battle in even the war of 1914 combined until replaced by reserves at 11:30 had lost not less than 54,000,000 men of infantry and 1,100,000 cavalry. But then unlike the fiercer Abbeinnian soldiers known as the Angelinians, the attacking glandelinians had on hand all the reserves necessary for full replacement. If general Constantinian Aronburg's army had been able to arrive promptly that day, the first day of the engagement would not have been in the favor of the enemy.

At 1:15 the Eighteenth Abyssinkilian Corps had been launched to the pint point of danger by general Callahan and Jacob and Jake Marcus and also by general Donald Aurand, and Charles Pown added by the Ninth Corps under general Richard Kindernine, Sluderlinia, General Greatheart, Beop John Oson Evans and Hendro Pargar. Although this counter attack aside from some gains at general Hendro Pargar's front had resulted in the capture of 115,000 glandelinian prisoners, and two hundred and fifty guns, and a portion of the St Josephs woods, not all of general Vivian's works had

been retaken. Yet it was his intention to make a most desperate effort to smash the glandelinian front to both sides of Infanta Maria by encircling a part of the attacking glandelinian forces far in their lines as wide gaps as possible, and roll up the whole line, and simultaneously send general Wold Heldon picket, and Francis Hannonia to retake Zoe Rae and St Joseph's woods. And such breaches through the attacking glandelinian armies would therefore (if not forcing the enemy back) compell the rebel commanders to transfer a portion of their troops to the main point of danger. Then the time would be ripe enough to launch a final counter assault against the Mic-Hollistinians on the left.

Not only civilians whole command command, but also the rank and file of Nero's Winkie Abyssinkilian armies hoped that it would be possible to accomplish this task successfully and break up the tenacious glandelinian attack, and roll back the whole insurrecto line. To be sure since eleven to twelve, when general Viviania had launched his first counter attack, the greater part of the National divisions had made charge after charge. Four great counter assaults supported by an enormous artillery fire was hurled against the glandelinians in St Joseph's woods, and upon the town, but each had been repulsed with dreadful loss, a world of soldiers to say the least wounded. When calling for reinforcements these exhausted and sadly depleted troops had to be thrown into the fighting once more after utterly inefficient rest and reorganization.

The counter assault upon the enemy in Zoe Rae woods was also terrific but had the same direful result.

The battle along general Hannonia's front was much more severe, and probably as fierce as the great World war of four years in a few hours if I dare to say it. And he too like all of his staff generals was facing a most difficult task. It was up to the commander of his right wing at the onset of the Nationals at this point, to force the enemy back from the Logan Zoe Rae Run, a river from twenty to thirty five feet deep, a hundred yards wide, and along a front of not less than forty miles. To this end detailed preparations under the heaviest fire of artillery, and a storm of exploding shells that made the whole scene for that distance resemble volcanic gales in eruption were necessary, and which must remain secret since the success of the tremendous enterprise rested upon the necessity of keeping the enemy ignorant of the movements. Yet it appeared impossible because of such a vigorous artillery fire from the distant Glandelinian batteries, which was fiercer than any drum drum fire known.

And one of the main difficulties however was the fact that general Hannonia had only a few reliable batteries at his disposal to answer this dreadful artillery hurricane most of which his troops had taken from the Angellinian insurgents. In this way general Hannonia was in no position to arrange properly for his immense columns of charging infantry to be either preceded or accompanied by machine guns, and light field pieces, though he was well supplied with long range artillery and clouds of fast horsemen.

Thus he lacked almost completely the support which these weapons lend to infantry charges and Concentinian grooving yet thirty miles away. In addition his contemplated attack was rendered still more difficult by the effect that in contrast to losses in resisting the glandelinian attacks of early morning which had been launched from a solid solid front the Abbieannians and Angellinians would have to charge over large stretches of ground badly exposed, and upon positions perfectly defended, and dominated.

Narrower railroad connections in this area were not only absolutely insufficient to be used as a salient but were also continually harassed by long range rebel bar batteries, and dangerously close to the Abbieannian front. Right up to the hour hour of the attack nothing indicated that the enemy had the slightest idea of general Vivian's intentions. It seemed absolutely inconceivable to him and his generals that the enemy after the repulse of his assault had made any preparations to head of general Vivian's great attack. Yet through clever spies and detectives and agents the glandelinian generals had known for sometime in advance the exact hour the titanic counter attack would be made.

At this time general Viviania estimated the number of glandelinian troops ready to oppose him to be approximately 91,865,000 men on a front (think of it of less than forty miles. Of course at that time it was impossible for him and his generals to judge what percentage of these troops were ready to oppose his assault but he knew the enemy was rapidly extending his line. However they figured that their wicked opponents had at their disposal although not exactly engaged in the fighting at that time about seventy or eight Mangaboo divisions, Thirty of those dreaded Omurian Divisions, (the fiercest fighting glandelinians if of all) 34 Mic-Hollistinian and 18 Zimmermannian divisions.

The majority of these divisions were concentrating to the right and left and behind strong earthworks, and in the two two forests of Zoe Rae and St Joseph's. General Viviania surmised that of these divisions those nearest to the line of attack were stationed in the neighborhood of Logan Zoe Rae Town. Behind the exact positions

to be attacked by the Nationals no glandelinian reserves of any strength seemed to be at all assembled, though the national generals did make reports on received from scouts, that the glandelinians had placed more artillery in the field than had ever been thought of, and where they got so many cannon seemed a profound mystery.

AN UNBOLLY TERRIFYING ARTILLERY FIRE AND MOST STUPENDOUS FIGHTING. FACING THE GLANDELINIAN WITH NOT THE GHOST OF A SHANCE CHANGE. FACING TASKS BEYOND THEIR STRENGTH. INEXHAUSTABLE STAMINA OF FOE.

The organization of the Angellinian and Abbieannian assault divisions comprising one hundred of the Third Army Regiments, and Twenty Seven brigades of the Second army with twelve more divisions further behind together with 12,234 batteries batteries in all, proceeded according to plan along a forty eight mile front as simultaneous as possible from action by wireless. It was the most tremendous and astonishing movement of troops ever conceived. Since the battle began enormous amount of building materials for pontoon bridges etc, together with the necessary companies of engineers had been moved close to the Logan Zoe Rae Run, most of these even two weeks before the big battle began. Also a number of captured gun glandelinian batteries were held in preparation for the forth coming assault. Thus one of general Hannonia's greatest achievements of organization for an enormous world breaking record breaking attack seemed to approach successful consummation. At quarter to seven eleven eleven the christian art artillery along this whole front opened fire, while orders were issued that immediately the engineers together with building material were to rush toward the Logan Zoe Rae Run to repair breaks made in the pontoons by the fire of the enemy in the early part of the battle.

However just five minutes before this time to the amazement of general Hannonia and his staff, the enemy inundated the open country for the length of fifty miles with an artillery fire of the most terrifying intensity on record, which made it sure annihilation for an army of any big size to try to cross. This fire seemed to prove that all of general Hannonia's plans in detail had become known to the enemy. But though surprised it did not daunt general Hannonia and within another hour he had an artillery fire of redoubled intensity replying that of the enemy and the din and concussion shook the country like an earthquake and was heard far and near. And nevertheless during the week before pontoons elsewhere across the stream had been launched, and despite the severity of the glandelinian artillery fire, whose smoke from shells and cannon clouded the sky as to obscure the sun entirely, far large columns of the Angellinian and Abbieannian troops supported by a frenzied cannon fire crossed the river.

The glandelinian fire destroyed some of the bridges and put the river into a most terrific turmoil from the thousands of geyser like explosions, and despite the added withering machine and rifle fire that greeted the Nationals like torrents of rain during a hurricane on the opposite bank, those who succeeded in crossing in the face of it all success succeeded at first in pushing back the enemy, by a fierce and headlong assault all along the point with irresistible fury that nothing could even withstand.

Addition infantry followed, followed, while the engineers worked feverishly repairing the bridges under fire, ferrying artillery across or building temporary bridges and foot plank planks while covered by their own fire. When the main line of assault got into direction position for the movement things became still more difficult because aside from the effective artillery fire which the enemy covered this section of the Logan Zoe Rae Run Valley, the most largest squadrons of their wheeler cavalry as thick in numbers seemingly as the sands of the shore and moving in long thick lines now entered the fight charging the right of the christian line, only to be suddenly attacked by an enormous body of Concentinian christian cavalry, and large bodies of the dreaded "Night Riders". Nevertheless the engineers aided by the severe fire of their own side succeeded in either building temporary bridges, or repairing pontoons ruined by the glandelinian shell fire, or wherever this proved impossible, they ferried the Abbieannian troops at all risks across the river.

Of the tremendous cavalry engagement millions of lance sabre or pistol duels were fiercely and most savagely and insanely fought, the noise of the millions of dashing horses shook the ground and the scene was horrible in the extreme ending with the Nationals routing the foe and destroying half the Glandelinian cavalry column. In my opinion dear reader the forcing forcing of the Logan Zoe Rae Run on the 15th of October constituted one of the greatest achievements of the christian army since the war began, and could forever remain a monument of glory to their valient engineers who has the most most dangerous job in the army. And the actual crossing was undoubtedly the most difficult of the whole task for the Abbieannian army, equal to the crossing of the

Marne by the Germans, but by a hundred times greater number and in the face of the overcast fire ever known before in battle. But in spite of this hero on the Logan Zoo ran, and almost only here the first main action of the first day of the battle began, it being a raging hell of warfare. And the objective of general Hanson's was well nigh reached.

After two tremendous assaults of immeasurable force St. Joseph's woods was retaken and the Glandelinian forces there crushed and driven clear out, but the resistance at St. Joseph's town was too fierce and the attackers were almost annihilated after making six successive assaults in which 10,000,000 were killed or wounded each time on both sides combined. The wave of attack upon Zoo Run Woods though redoubtably severe, in which eight assaults were made, was not at all successful, and the Nationals alone suffered dreadfully in the loss of men and officers.

Elsewhere especially all divisions of Hanson's Winkle Abyssinillian and Abbeonian armies achieved most brilliant initial success after fighting most fiercely for four hours, and making four assaults, with the exception of one division on the left wing near Infanta Maria which encountered Glandelinian resistance far beyond any anything in fury and savagery that could ever be expected, or observed in battle before. Here because of this resistance the army encountered the most serious difficulty, especially when meeting with the unexpected stubborn and record breaking counter assaults of fresh Glandelinian troops. Four times along a ten mile front the left wing of the Christians charged, and four times it was rolled back by counter assaults, torn to fragments and leaving an ocean of dead on the fields. One long line of troops three deep and two miles long was absolutely mowed down when reaching the Zoo Run Pond.

While the right and center of the army succeeded in gaining the much fought over St. Joseph's woods and tremendous camp booty, it proved impossible for Hanson's to move the left wing of the line of assault into a position advantageous for the development of the ensuing fighting, which grew so intense, that four million had fallen along the road alone. The conflict for that short space of time would equal in fury and losses all the terrific battles in Europe and America since the world began put together into one battle, say far worse. That such was the case was the result of the most stupendous fighting between the Fifth, Sixth, Fourth, Twenty Second, and other Abyssinillian Corps of Infantry, and Glandelinian Corps which made, the Zoo Run Woods, and all other portions of the battlefield assume the appearance of the Infernal Regions from so much firing and yelling, and whole scale slaughter.

Not a tree in both woods escaped the 'pickery broom' effect. All blades of grass were cut down as by a scythe from the storm of bullets from both sides, and bullets even plowed the ground, and made many a tree every minute crash to the ground.

The army divisions under general Daniel Jones with the Tenth and Thirty Sixth Divisional Corps in their fiercest advance had in the meanwhile been ordered to force the Logan Zoo Run at all points of attack possible, with the most difficult part of the job falling to the Tenth Corps. It would not have been so hard for this devil division to gain approach to the river proper between Zoo Run and Infanta Maria, but the opposite banks of the Logan Zoo Run did not afford any cover, consisting mostly of open country exposed to the wooded slopes near the same towns. The heights to the south of the towns commanded an especially good view over the ground the assaulting lines had to cross. If at this moment I would have followed the commander of this particular division to his observation point the morning before from where he intended as far as possible to direct his troops, and then been there when the battle raged, I would have noticed a scene unusually wild. One probably would remember the horror of Fredricksburg near Infanta Maria, but a hundred times worse in a minute, and the other a hundred times worse than a hundred Waterloos at the open, and like Gettysburg at the front but on a thousand times greater scale with the fury of Chen Cellersville and Antietam combined in a minutes time.

Mounted officers dashing this way and that, explosions in countless numbers shattering the air with their noise created an additional scene and bedlam added with numerous carrier pigeons together with a whole array of belching field pieces, and teeming lines of long range guns, setting the air and vibrating the ground with their crazy din. The latter however could be utilized only to a very limited degree in as much as they were also covered by enemy artillery and roads in general in such a condition as to render fast placing of guns of any kind almost impossible.

At this critical moment the divisional commander had arrived at the observation post together with his staff. He had a good field glass which permitted him a good view through the deeply indented Logan Zoo Run Valley over the positions of the enemy. But it was impossible to see the enemy proper in as much as their troops were stationed behind smoke shrouded trenches and in the smoke covered underbrush of the slopes and woods. The battle presented an aspect beyond comparison. Just now everything was in an uproar beyond anything known, and now at another point the attack broke loose and again a whole day Waterloo occurred within the space of an hour and now over three hundred thousand more fell, now and then for the divisions still waiting to charge opposite an well and behind frequently as the rattle of a long line of riveters as loud as thunderclap roared other cannons, and at every point something would arise over

the heads of the long lines of waiting infantry to fall close by or in the distance spreading a hurricane of dead and destruction. Thus the battle raged with unusual fury, more troops were being moved forward to the assault to succor those already in the brunt of the storm. Meanwhile many divisions moved into their assigned places while carriers and a courier's flow or raced from the scene of battle and the men reported to the divisional commander that at all points the enemy was stubbornly holding his own that the losses everywhere were more dreadful than during any part of the battle before and begged him for the sake of God and humanity to call off the assault. But the general found that the wireless connections had been destroyed and therefore he had to refuse to do so. At 2 A.M. the divisions head divi divisional headquarters was informed that general Heidi Melees's Infantry also stood ready. Once more a line of assault twenty miles long or more was totally shattered, with five fifty four thousand having fallen every minute for ten minutes time and even trees were blown ebbits to bits and once more this demolished line of attack rolled back in confusion with a loss of 540,000 540,000. The main line of assault too was not fairing very well and the generals were growing very anxious, AND ALSO scared.

While general Hanson was trying his part general Nero did his. The engineers down along another section of the river were ready to launch their pontoons. Some of the divisions despite wild and savage opposition from the enemy on the shore beyond had already been successfully ferried across the river at ten different points as had some battalions, while the others covered by the fire of their batteries had crossed the pontoons or waded the shallower parts though they were shot down by hundreds. Others were dispersed by the enemy's artillery which had opened up with a hundred times the fury of the cannonade at New Orleans at 1862. Around 7.5 A.M. it was reported that Nero was apparently facing Glandelinian troops under general Pedro Cassamania which was striving their best to contest the crossings of the stream over the first of the pontoons bridges that had been ready within half an hours time.

The one division dispersed before by the enemy artillery had in the meantime been rallied and reformed, and reinforcements had added to their number and they now crossed the river under cover of an artillery fire with the same intensity of those witnessed in the tremendous battles of the world of four years combined into those few hours. Additional divisions gained the opposite banks of the Logan Zoo Run encountering resistance equal to that met by general Hanson's army which was with enormous difficulty overcome. By then several reports were received by general Nero stating that his right had met with strong counter attacks from a Hendricks woods resulting in a conflict which now made general Hanson's part of the battle look like a "play at war" with children. It was evident that the details of the attack had become known to the enemy fully two hours before and more desperate preparations made to meet it. Also at 12:30 definite information was received to the effect that the Glandelinian Hanganboon Nero was facing there, had meanwhile attacked the left by a quick and overwhelming flank movement bringing the enormous Abbeonian at attack to a standstill.

And as this division had lost connection with adjacent portions of the main line line to the right and left the division commander fearing a disaster ordered that the 27th Corps be inserted between the gap to attack the flank of the the Glandelinians before it totally flanked the Nationals.

Meanwhile Infanta Maria and Zoo Run Cities was covered by the Glandelinians so effectively that the losses of fourteen enormous divisions in four tremendous attacks proved it was impossible to force the Logan Zoo Run at that point. These divisions failed at all sections with the loss of a score of enormous brigades in killed and wounded per charge. At this point the efforts to build another pontoon was not successful and the attempts to ferry and wade across the river in the face of such a withering fire were also unsuccessful. Also reports were received by carrier pigeons and swift riders informing Nero, and his anxious generals that other portions of his attacks had either been destroyed entirely or blocked along the Vivian Wickey railroad on the opposite bank of the Logan Zoo Run with the most heavy losses beyond belief.

Shortly thereafter Division L was reported to be encircled by the rebels. A few minutes later he was told that this divisions was being either cut up or captured. Fragments of it regained the Christian side of the river with the yelling and blaspheming enemy in close pursuit. The most terrible fighting on record took place all during four hours elsewhere for the possession of the railroad embankment on the west bank of the Logan Zoo Run.

Temporary bridges were no sooner thrown across the river than they were blown to bits. At 4:15 P.M. there were unquestionable signs of the enemy's preparation of an extensive counter assault in the woods east of Zoo Run and all along the line. It was reported that general Vivian had suffered the most severe losses especially among the officers and was being driven back again. Thus this fearful hour passed, and there could be no doubt any more that either Vivian, Nero or Hanson had the ghost of a chance to force the river successfully or drive the enemy back at any

point unless in due time the main army belonging to general Concentinian Aronburg came to his aid. Accordingly general Hansonius horrified at the terrible losses, ordered general Vivianius to retire behind the Logan Zoo gas tank and an noon a darkness came on to withdraw the main army to a firmer position to await the arrival of Concentinian Aronburg with the main army.

Although the enemy began to disturb the retreat by keeping up a lively artillery fire and hurling forward a tremendous counter assault for the length of thirty miles almost simultaneously with fore more greater fury than during any other portion of the battle, the Nationals resisted long enough until general Vivianius's left had an hours time to abandon a portion of the St Josephs Woods. During this time the battle torn divisions were relieved but so far there was no chance for those depleted divisions to rest up and reorganize. They had to be drawn up once more for participation in heavy defensive actions to cover Vivianius's slow retreat. Because of this the number of men in these divisions had been reduced even more.

Then and there the truth was driven home to general Vivianius and his generals that they were simply facing a task far beyond the strength of their armies. To protect the flank of the recently attacking christian forces, the Tenth corps had been replaced by the Fourth Sixth Corps. In as much it met with some success. The division took 118,000 prisoners and also again the enemy had suffered the most terrible of the losses. But so had the christian attackers and moreover the Nationals had not even succeeded in making a breach into the enemy's front thus failing to attain the very object they had hoped for.

All during the time of general Vivianius's retreat there was not the slightest sign of the fierce impending counter charge that was to be hurled against his lines only an hour later. To the east of Zoo gas at the most important part of their battle line the enemy had stationed the first second and third divisions of Hengaboos with the First Zimmermannian division inserted between them. While this retreat was on a most terrifying artillery fire along a forty mile front simultaneously broke loose with redoubled fury and extending as far as Infanta garrs from Zoo gas town. The glandelinians with all the artillery they could bring to bear were shelling the retreating lines of christian infantry, and parts of the enormous christian columns, the most enormous columns ever yet seen in battle were destroyed. During reconnoitering parties brought back the most convincing reports that seeing hero's national divisions also retreating, the enemy had started upon a general counter advance covered by a wild forty mile long heavy artillery fire of insane intensity, but with the help of the help of their field glasses the generals had been able to observe that already the counter charging enemy had succeeded in breaking through general Vivianius's whole line, having already occupied the positions abandoned by the Christians under both Vivianius and Hero.

The loss of another valuable valuable hour to rally any portion of the army meant disaster. This section of the christian position had been captured by the phimois and Hengaboos divisions the moment the retreat began, showing the quickness of the enemy's assault, and though the Nationals had resisted the attack most stubbornly it was of no avail. The whole region here partly consisting of a long ravine had to be traversed and fortified by a part of general Hero's reserve troops with rifle pits and long lines of machine guns to cover his retreat.

Tumbled down walls of farm houses, long lines of haystacks, prepared grain and wheat stacks, and such fragments of houses as were still standing were used by the Angelinian reserves to resist fiercely the onslaught upon Hero but though it seemed utterly impossible the glandelinians gained ground here after the most stubborn and bloody fighting of the battle so far. But so far general Vivianius did not know the worse. Only after reports had come in that strong forces of the enemy had already carried the works did the christian generals clearly perceive that Hero and Vivianius's divisions had been overrun overrun along along the entire length of the unusual battle line and that a great part of their artillery had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Now everything depended upon preventing the enemy from driving a deep wedge into the whole christian line entirely. For this purpose the retreating retreating armies were ordered to be rallied and for the purpose the generals lined up the divisions all along the front at the same time moving new parks of artillery into position. During this action the commanders experienced new difficulties in moving in the new enemy ammunition as much as the Glandelinians continued their wild attacks with unceasing fury.

The most severest fighting ever experienced proved now to the christian generals that their exhausted infantry although succeeding in repulsing one attack after another was no match for the stronger enemy supported by whole fleets of easily advancing glandelinian batteries.

And with and within another ten minutes by the aid of their batteries the enemy had reached the edge of the long ravine, and was storming the christian line there, but elsewhere the reserves had blocked the headlong advance of the enemy somewhat earlier earlier, although there too the Nationals had been forced to retire for about half a mile, even though the resistance all along the line was redoubled. Upon general Hansonius's army the glandelinian divisions again most tenaciously continued their onslaughts. The first division pushing toward Hansonius left, and moving in

as big a column as to probably take all the men out of all christian nations to make a line of advance was completely shattered, and though it was reformed again resumed the attack upon Hansonius left. The first division pushing toward general Hansonius left and the second division equally as big aiming for the center succeeded to such an extent that at 2:30 the situation of general Hansonius's army had assumed a decidedly critical aspect, even though the resistance of the christian line had again crushed and shattered these assaulting waves again and again.

The assault waves of the glandelinian infantry were now reaching the Mic-Hollerster and Pandora Railway, where a long line of Concentinian and ginkie infantry supported by a parky array of artillery strove to roll them back. Finally the newly arrived Twenty Second Division of general Hansonius's army gave such mighty resistance at all points possible that it brought the advance of the rebels to a standstill in this region and the next half hour seemed to promise a change in the situation, expect in the vicinity of the railroad and the ravine. The glandelinians moved against the christian position at the railroad, and though the line of attack was torn to pieces though twenty miles long away the defenders buck thirty yards. The ravine battle looked like an inferno gulch of volcano fires and explosions. Although the Forty First Division was still able to hold its ground at Pine Tree Grove this line of positions had been taken and retaken over and over again with fearful slaughter on both sides and now the Abbelemian front once more grown stronger began to withstand all the other assaults of the enemy.

Around 4 PM the glandelinians made an especially furious attack supported by the fire of all their batteries, which was repulsed with near annihilation to the attackers by the First Kinkie Angoninkian Corps, who fired point blank at the attackers, and shot more than half of a ten mile long line of assaulting men down. Now at other points subsequent enemy attacks did not yield any important results, for by this time the National line seemed firmly established. Therefore as a full spearhead, of this unusual desperate enterprise there was no doubt that the glandelinians employed the very flower of all the effective forces at their disposal, and had suffered probably record breaking losses for all battles past.

And no doubt all the attacking glandelinian forces justified all expectations. Time and again with a great display of unusual tenacity, worse than that of a bulldog, these Glandelinian divisions had attacked, and reattacked, and that was the reason it seemed quite doubtful to general Hansonius as whether he would be able to stop the glandelinian assaults at all. However war experience and all kinds of thorough training, especially as far as leadership is concerned cannot be replaced by even the most exemplary bravery or the most inexhaustible stamina, or yet the very best of equipment. War experience and training can usually prove from this. And did not general Raymond Richardson Federal pay the price for confounding patriotic fervor and indomitable enthusiasm with unaided training and actual experience, when during that awful six hours horror on the day of August the Fifteenth 1913 he hurled ten times against the St Mary's Heights at Evangeline St Claire newly organized divisions consisting the very flower of his army, and tried a force the christian positions without waiting for the arrival of Hanley and his army to aid him, only to have the ten attacks completely annihilated almost to the very last man, and then in turn see Hanley's great army crushed?

What an awful cost for blunder.

After six o'clock when the fury of the glandelinian attacks had apparently abated somewhat, Hansonius and his generals could see that there was no more immediate danger for general Hero's army. But nevertheless he believed it would not be wise to allow it to remain in its present position. General Hansonius recommended to his generals that the strategical retreat finally be approved. The generals seeing it was useless to stand before the enemy any longer finally agreed to this move.

At this hour despite the fury of the battle the main situation along the whole line of generals hero, and Vivianius and others, was identical with those unusual developments which led to the withdrawal to the shortened and well fortified positions of general Hero, Vivianius who had now arrived, and which showed that a portion of Aronburg's army had come up.

Partial general Hansonius also aimed at shortening his own line and reestablishing his broken army in new carefully chosen positions which the generals felt sure the enemy could not dare undertake to attack without first embarking upon long drawn out positions and preparations. If general Hansonius had delayed matters for even an hour he would have lost this once chance of stemming the enemy tide at all points that evening and an awful disaster would have resulted.

A CRUVE SITUATION..
WHAT HAPPENS DURING A FEARFUL ASSAULT.....
HANSONIAS STRATEGICAL RETREAT, AND WHAT THE GLANDELINIANS
..... DID.....

To general Hansonias's mind there was no doubt whatever that the fury of the battle and its ensuing events during that whole dreadful day on the glandelinian front could have resulted in a most speedy decision of what the result of the whole battle had been. The glandelinians actually succeeded in holding Infanta Maria, and Zoo Pie city and St. Josephs woods to the end. Fortunately for general Hansonias, an abrupt counter assault by half of Hero Vivianannus army supported by a wild thundering artillery fire of ten times the intensity of all artillery firing during other parts of the battle, crushed the enemy's lines at that section along a thirty mile front fairly to atoms and rolled it up and Hansonias was then in full possession of the position, and remained securely in possession, until before the enemy gathered for an overwhelming counter overwhelming counter assault the Nationals were ready to abandon the place according to plans. After this the only attack of any unusual importance directed against the Christians between these two towns and in St. Josephs woods were executed by the rebel troops at seven thirty.

And the impact of this attack was apparently supplied by all the glandelinian reserves with the fury of an advancing hurricane accompanied by an irresistible tidal wave. It was awful and fiercer than any attack of the battle before, wild and insane in fury. The attack was directed against all portions of the National lines almost simultaneously, and also against Vivianannus main line and involving the reserve positions to the left, but did not yield any good results to the enemy, although the glandelinians hurled many millions at once to the assault in as much as the national troops succeeded in totally demolishing the entire attack with an incessant fire of terrible intensity, backed by a fierce and immeasurable counter attack covered by an overwhelming artillery fire.

During this attack the glandelinians lost twenty generals killed, and forty wounded, and all regimental and brigadier commanders killed or wounded and all the flag bearers. But this attack also extending along Hansonias line was somewhat more successful, and toward 7.30 the gravity of the situation had become so striking that general Hansonias issued orders for the battle torn divisions to embark upon the prepared strategical retreat as soon as it could be accomplished. Also special orders were given to all the divisions to keep closely connected, and that the first and second stages of the retreat were to be performed during the evening and night beginning in the center and gradually spreading toward the right and left wings, and that Vivianannus who was successful in rolling back the enemy attack along his own front could easily be enabled to cover the retreat.

But for a while the right wing was to remain at Infanta Maria. Then after a pause during which stocks of war materials were to be hastily removed to the rear, the third and fourth stages of the retreat were to be undertaken, consisting in retiring the wings of the army to their new positions. This retreat soon began in accordance with these plans with hardly any changes. Once again during the retreat at 8.10 the enemy tried to break through Hansonias line hurling forward a most tremendous assault, the brunt of it being received by the right wing at Infanta Maria. Hansonias, as parts of the first wave of the assault was shattered, the full brunt of the attack was borne more easily by the nationals. This brought on the most lively fighting of the battle from 8.10 to 10.15 but the Nationals stuck to the covering positions like rocks, and did not give an inch of ground, while the center continued its retreat. Then at 10.30 being at last forced to give way the left wing embarked upon the second retreat but now undisturbed by the enemy.

Within an hours time despite scores of thousands of wagons handicapping them, the Christian armies succeeded in removing all stocks of war materials from all points of danger. The third stage of the retreat was expected to be accomplished before the approach of midnight in spite of the six sides of the armies. Perceiving general Hansonias intentions the enemy once more attacked the Christians at eleven o'clock. However Hansonias army which still stood ground remained like a long stone wall. Bristling with cannon whose fire mowed the enemy down in whole surges. Only at the left wing did the glandelinians succeed in making any slight success, for the greater part of the enemy's pressure was directed against the Christian army under general Callahan. The glandelinians who had captured the ravine made the most strenuous efforts to advance against the whole line from five thirty in the afternoon until eleven o'clock at night and for every assault the Christian fire cut them down like the thrashing machine does the grain.

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Apparently these divisions were the army of the newly moved in seventeenth Corps of the dreaded Omarians and men whom, each at the very same spot simultaneously attempted a renewed and more forceful assault upon Hansonias and Vivianannus earlier in the evening. However the first assault or headlong attack by overwhelming numbers resulted in a headlong repulse and a most heavy loss for the glandelinians. But in the course of the assault upon general Vivianannus the glandelinians definitely succeeded for a while in gaining a foothold on a portion of the newly selected position until a counter assault of great fury drove the rebels back. The glandelinians proved by these assaults to be apparently inexhaustible. That early evening all along Hansonias front, together with Mic-Hollentiniens and Houghboon corps they continually hurled the most powerful assaults of the first days battle directing the main fury of them upon general Callahan and keeping up the assault until high midnight. At this point the assaults were delivered with such driving vehemence, numbers and aided by such a terrific artillery fire that they rolled back the left wing of Callahans line, and broke his right and center and hurling his surviving divisions from the works, and flanking him and turning his whole line, drove him back pell-mell and rushed forward toward Gatell woods, where they encountered general William Schloeders divisions which gave successful resistance and completely shattered the assault.

At the same time divisions of the Omarians, and the Corps of the Fourth First and Sixty Second Divisions of the Omarians, Omaras, Zimmernannians, Mic-Hollentiniens and Urmannians had occupied the works of general Callahans line after hitting a bitter fighting at close quarters. There too hardly was there any change in the situation along general Vivianannus line for it seemed as if the enemy had been informed of the scheduled retreat of general Hero and Hansonias armies, and therefore as Vivianannus stood in the way hammered that Christian line fiercely with a sledge hammer force, but so far only small and local successes were obtained by the rebels, especially like the crushing of Callahan.

During the night the nationals succeeded in evading the enemy and the strategical retreat was afterwards accomplished without difficulty. During the early part of the night the enemy appeared to be still busy shelling some portions of the Christian positions, but Hansonias and his general had so well succeeded in covering the retreat that the enemy suffered a great loss of time, and not until morning was able to re-establish hostile contact with the national armies.

Nevertheless even as early as 3.30 the twenty first second Corps under general Hardi retreated from Hero a position on Hunter Browns farm but suffered terrific loss, and their generals Germaine, Francis, George Anton and Hardi were killed, and generals Hildebrand and Mic-Hollentiniens were wounded, besides ten others.

Just how close did the glandelinians come near winning the battle. If the author could more than once direct attention to the fact that the morale effect of the participation of glandelinian troops exerted a most tremendous influence on the exhausted Omarians and probably also not the least shattered divisions of the Goodlers. The mere fact that 100,000,000 glandelinians had hurled themselves against the Christian line to be followed by additional millions, stiffened the backbone of the Omarians and Goodlers to such an extent that they drove a wedge against Hansonias army. The same fact put sufficient courage into the Scodlians and the Omarians to continue the battle even when Abbiemian and Agullian troops after the first big victories of the battle had held Infanta Maria and Zoo Pie cities all day and lost but recovered Zoo Pie and St. Josephs woods four times and then after the fifth held that section for good.

There is not the slightest doubt that the glandelinian forces had the best of training, that their leaders had the best of experience, in generalship, and actual war experience. Yet the glandelinians had with them something much more important than training and experience, something that cannot be taught, but must be borne born in them, the will to attack, the firm resolve to kill, or get killed, to carry a position if they have to go through perdition to do so, to hold what they gained or die, qualities with which brave men will never hesitate to admire even in the enemy.

**SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE OF LOGAN ZOO. THE RUN.
IN TWENTY FOUR HOURS ON-CHURCH GLANDLINIANS WERE STOPPED
DRIVEN BACK FIFTY FIVE MILES. PLAN TO BAIT CONCENTINIAN ARONBURG FAILS.**

THE second day of the battle of Logan Zoo Run proved the Angolinian or christian cause was on the win winning side, a chance for Vivian Wicky to be retaken and in the future little children were not to be enslaved. The scenes of the first day had not been of the first day had not been repeated. During the night of the first, the National troops under Hansonia, Viviananna, and the others had valiantly sustained the long retreat. And when the moment had come to attack they, now supported by the main army under Williamsburger Zimmermann rushed into battle with all the magnificence they could muster.

A most decisive victory for Glandelinis in this part of the drama of war depended fully upon an early crushing defeat of the first christian army under Hansonia and Viviananna, so that the Glandelinians could then be free to have the opportunity to hurl the maximum of its forces against Concentinian Aronburg. The first rush of the Glandelinian armies, 54,700,000 men along an extensive front enabled it during the first day of the battle to carry nearly all of the christian positions. Then with the arrival of a portion of general Concentinian Aronburg's army, this Glandelinian avalanche scurried on the following morning was stopped and partly shattered by the counter attack of the christian nations during a terrifying conflict which cost both sides within a few hours a loss of 432,000 killed and 3,000,000 wounded..... In these few hours the christian armies had retaken all their lost positions and drove back the enemy three miles with the loss of ten generals killed. This incident caused the faith of the christian generals in their soldiers to be amply justified a thousandfold. They had fought most gloriously, with great sacrifice, bravery and valor which had anteceded the enemy immensely..

With an army of such magnificent heroism at their command what christian general could expect such a thing as defeat? From the Zoo Run and St. Joseph's woods and along a forty mile battle line extending across the outskirts of Infanta Maria to the fortified works near Logan Zoo Run this had been the great area over which in one night the christian armies under Hansonia and Viviananna had retreated from the very beginning of evening until late in the morning. Superior Glandelinian attacks had forced the christian armies back, but the generals had withdrawn their armies with the idea of waiting the best moment to counter attack. The very moment for the opportunity came at eight o'clock in the following morning. General Francis Smith during his headlong attack on the christians the day before, with the bulk of the troops of the first section of his army had without knowledge of the fact exposed the left wing of all the attacking Glandelinian forces to an outflanking movement by the first three reinforced divisions of general Viviananna's army under general Ben Zepa, Logan.

Knowing this general Concentinian Aronburg had arranged quick special plans to organize this portion of the christian army on his extreme right expressly for this grand and monstrous attack. The existence of general Concentinian Aronburg's newly raised army was unknown to general Schmidt who could not at first believe the reports that reached him at ten o'clock in the morning that the troops he had left in possession of the christian works to protect his own flank, the left which was the extreme right flank of the entire Glandelinian army had been cut to pieces, shattered and driven out of the works by superior christian forces.

General Francis Schmidt made a couple of serious mistakes, which enabled the christians to even crush him entirely before noon time on the second day. During the rush of the Glandelinian attacks the day before he allowed his main army to become separated from its first reserve main division commanded by general Hadden Smith and generals Francis Madden and Cornstern Andrews protecting his right flank, and also he thought that the christian army menacing his left flank was far much smaller than it really was.

And the christian forces were so co-ordinated that any one of the christian general, generals, were able as quickly as possible to take advantage of both mistakes. Therefore a concentrated attack a hundred times the size and violence of any attack of all battles in the world past including all fighting in the world war put together on general Schmidt's left wing that was situated in a portion of the Marie Osborne Woods drove it back across the river with a fearful unbelievable loss, with a simultaneous attack upon the Glandelinians in the captured woods near Heidi Zoon was concentrated with such overwhelming fury that the Glandelinians were forced out all along the line. To prevent the flank from being encircled or turned, general Schmidt was forced to swing a portion of his great army from a battle front extending generally north to south about thirty five miles to a new and much shorter line extending almost east and west. This movement was accomplished in one hour despite the size of the

army engaged amid dreadful and bloody fighting opened a great gap between him and the other section of his army. Into this gap general Viviananna's whole command was soon being pressed. It was a grand and desperate movement and this attack was also effected with the most greatest rapidity and unusual gallantry by the Abyssinkilian and Angelinian forces. The Glandelinian fire of masonry and cannon broke all records for severity, and its murderous effects, but despite the shattering losses, the christians along the left pressed on through the Zoo Run and St. Joseph's woods, driving the enemy before them in utter rout, while the center pressed on with great speed, like racers over meadows and rushing on like an irresistible tidal wave and shattered the whole rebel battle front of more than ten miles and forced a general withdrawal, capturing a whole division of prisoners and many cannon. The losses on both sides was enormous but the Nationals by seven o'clock crushed every opposition and drove all before them. On the enemy side generals and other officers of all rank fell like flies before the blow of the fly swatter and a score of brigades on the christian side lost all their commanders dead or wounded..

The gap between the first and second Glandelinian armies was held by a most strong line of general Holm Pette's forces expertly supported by a teaming of artillery and infantry. While this being also driven by a headlong assault of great awesome fury, Viviananna with the Sixth, eighth, Sixteenth, Eleventh, and twenty Fourth Corps was making efforts to turn general Schmidt's right flank also. To avoid the success of this operation the great Glandelinian supreme commander was forced to order the general withdrawal movement, to unite and reform the Glandelinian armies on a shorter front, a little northwest of the Logan Zoo Run. With the fighting enemy making a full recession, the christian victory depended upon the speed and will power of the nationals, the quick movement of the artillery being necessary to make the artillery fire incessant and effective upon the retreating enemy. Three hours after the beginning of the second day of the battle general Aronburg's learned in rapid success of the driving back of general Louis Klanton army, and of Schmidt's by well executed rearguard retreats accomplished in an astonishing short time despite the size of the armies while even continuing the battles. This indicated heavy losses by the enemy and most tremendous christian success of the war so far. He immediately issued orders for a maneuver that would enable Viviananna to turn the perplexities of the enemy into an irreparable disaster for the whole Glandelinian army. General Hers with his Abyssinkilian army which had been reinforced by twenty army corps taken from general Aronburg's command, or sent rather, was to make the utmost possible effort to turn the right flank of general Schmidt's army. General Callahan with the Angolinian army, and Hadden Bicknell and Rego John Ewien with the Fourteenth Abyssinkilian army were to press forward a huge wedge between Schmidt's first Grand Division, and second, Hansonia with his command command and Viviananna with their armies were to push forward toward the center of the forty mile battle line as rapidly as possible and crush their retreating adversaries. General Flendorn Adelaide's Ninety Ninth First Corps and Francis Andrews were to attack Lindorners Ninety First Zimmermannian Corps and Houdrick Hansonia's Mangaroo Divisions.

This maneuver though desperate and tremendously enormous and causing a hurricane conflict not ever thought of since the World ever came into existence (lets hope never comes true) not only prevented reinforcements of general Schmidt's army but it widened the great gap between the Glandelinian First and Second armies, compelling Schmidt to again make a forced withdrawal under cover of a tremendous artillery fire that threatened to destroy the planet northwestward before the front of Viviananna's advancing army and Nero's Abyssinkilians.

This withdrawal was effected under a heavy cross and onfading fire of the christian artillery and in the face of tremendous infantry attacks. While the great strategic movement was in progress along this section general Henry Salaco with the Third Concentinian, fourth Tripolygonian and Domobian Divisions made a most vigorous attack against general Schmidt's center. The whole battle line thus engaged made transfer of troops to reinforce hard pressed divisions impossible.

General Schmidt's withdrawal under fire with terrible losses was nevertheless managed with skill. The pressing on of the nationals under general Hansonia was necessarily slow. Bridges across the stream had been blown up by the retreating Glandelinians. The roads over which the heavy christian guns had to be drawn had abated stream across and was exposed to a terrific rifle fire from hidden rebel marksmen. The troops were exhausted by terrible losses suffered the day before, and by eighteen hours of the fiercest fighting on the first day without one moment of rest. And before the battle entirely they had been exhausted by sixteen days of hard marching without one night of real resting. In a spite of their magnificent spirit and will to fight their tired bodies were becoming incapable of it. strenuous efforts were required to move the very heavy guns and munition cases on forward fast enough to take full advantage of the enemy's withdrawal. The Glandelinian retreat ended gradually into a terrific rout and stampede between half past ten and eleven o'clock. Their armies on the whole had at first gone back in good order retreating every step; step of the way. And the fighting was more than unusually

advance with the armies of the Glendelinians left which had retreated further from the region about Infanta Maria where the decisive struggle occurred. The battle for that morning alone was four times fiercer than the whole days struggle on the 15th. It was evident to general concentiniam Gronburg from all the reports he received that the enemy in spite of his forced retreat of more than thirty eight miles and in spite of his losses was not broken in spirit until the glendelinian army received word that something had happened to their main commander. Then all was lost.

In the meantime at Nine o'clock general Francis Schmidt had been also making hasty preparations to accept furious battle along other positions to also give Hannonia opposition forcing troops to stand ground behind new Natural positions behind which general Hannonias army were forming. Unexpected reinforcements had also arrived from Schmidts center to strengthen the rebel battle line at these new positions, and to fill up with quick replacement the gap made during eighteen hours of incessant and victorious battle on the 15th.

He was for that time enabled to fight Hannonia too because at first the almost efforts of general givenman army to outflank his left wing were not quite so successful. At Nine thirty the principal part of givenman forces were stopped in their advance by most tenacious resistance and terrific counter attacks by general Schmidts reinforced divisions under general givenman. Given encountered on the plateau between the river and Zoo Rue. The glendelinian general had realized by that hour or half hour before noon that their entire forces might be threatened with total destruction if Givenman turned their flank at that point, with some Hannonia hammering fiercely elsewhere. They fought most desperately and successfully to prevent it until givenman put in more troops and finally drove the enemy back. The losses were more heavier on both sides here at this point alone than what was suffered by both main armies in the battle of the day before in all day fighting.

General Gronburg (Whilliamberger Zimmerman) realized by Ten o'clock that a strategic movement on the part of the foe was being established all along the front upon Hannonia and here for here the battle was raging with mad fury. From the North end of the Lower Zoo Rue Run to the main stratum, and even further southward toward the two enemy hosts 200,000,000 men were gradually bunching one another on a battle front more than fifty miles long for even such a number and the whole conflict here raging like a thousand world wars of 1914. General Gronburg fearing Hannonia was in some danger decided to rush forces to his left the point where Hannonias front was last stabilized all the troops that could be safely be taken from those parts of the battline where a strategic balance or deadlock had already been fully achieved. His aim was to overcome the enemy's resistance to Hannonias assault, by by widely outflanking him on the right once more and hurling simultaneously an overwhelm line assault upon the center.

At quarter to eleven he immediately organized the following forces for the purpose. The eighth Division under general Mic-Cann which came from the left and two Reserve forces and the Tenth Corps under general George Gröss, and the seventh under general Donald Aured. At this time before the main disaster occurred to the foe general Schmidt was prompted by a similar impulse as Gronburg. He too was withdrawing troops from his stabilized front and rushing them to the left.

He reinforced his left with glendelins Second Division withdrawn from his center, general Hendricks also withdrawn and a new army coming from the river. The battle was spreading in all directions with the speed of a hurricane driven forest fire. The main decisive action of the battle was on. The maneuver was really a most tremendous effort on the part of both the glendelinians and the christian armies to turn one anothers flank and thus encircle its enemy. This situation added only when neither army for a time could go further northward without exposing each other to destruction. Each side finally had all of its infantry divisions and practically all of its cavalry engaged, and the uproar of artillery was heard 250 miles.

The fighting all along the line was more intense than ever before and more incessant and spasmodic. Besides the Abyssinkilian troops, Angelinians, Abibannians and also the concentinians, the christians in this fiercest operation of the battle included the whole of the Calvinilian, Tripilignilian and Dombolian armies which had just received considerable reinforcements, and also beginning with the general and last stages of the battle (the crisis) the Winkle Abyssinkilian army. The latter had come up through the two towns of Infanta Maria and Zoo Rue attacking the glendelinian army along its own front and threatening it with total destruction.

During this terrific action the front of the enemy's line was constantly wavering. This was caused by the fierce overwhelming attack of all the combined christian forces under Hannonia and Vianonia which both generals threw into the struggle against the enemy as soon as they could be mustered as waves of the sea follow one after the other against an angular breakwater during a hurricane. The attacking lines extending fifty miles and twenty men deep, and within six miles of it, as many fell in a few minutes as in five battles like Waterloo, and the Marine put together.

Probably the most violent onslaughts of the battle were launched upon the very glendelinian center where the conflict within four hours time was raging like

the entire four years of the Great World War put together in that small space of time. During these four hours from seven to ten o'clock in the morning the whole glendelinians also endeavored in four tremendous fifty mile length charges to take the long lines of christian works fronting Infanta Maria and Zoo Rue Towns, and the reach of the North End of the River. In this most tremendous effort of the whole battle they used extremely large forces principally made up of newly created army corps. The noise of the battle during those four hours shook towns three hundred miles away, breaking glass out of windows, shivering furniture, street light poles, trees, ship masts, and all within a shimmers and creating strange situations and sensations in the streets and within the houses.

In the tragic conflict at this point the Nationals rushed forward troops of every description to face and drive back the glendelinians. There were all these divisions mentioned before all hurrying into action until it was like a tremendous active war in Hell. Though they stroved with all their might the glendelinians again failed to win their object, losing thirty generals in killed and forty wounded.

Along Hannonias front and that of the enemy opposing him both sides were like two prize fighters striking the last terrific blow. Fighting here was unusually savage. Both sides were equally so mad. The front was now established from the South End to the south of Infanta Maria just as it had been established at the end from Infanta Maria to Zoo Rue the day before. Then the fiercely attacking armies found themselves spread out over a front of over forty eight miles and keeping the whole region looking like a smoking inferno, or like the valley of a million smokes up in Alaska.

One section of general Painters glendelinian army was exhausted and withdrawn, and a new force placed in the gap. And this was the same glendelinian army which three months before had set out upon a lightning and hurricane campaign--a campaign intended quickly to destroy all christian armies opposed to it. It now was a hell of warfare of battle. The christian movement of Hannonias army being now a hurricane of blows against general Painters foe lines. And for the first time in the big and unusual glendelins-Abibannian war a front of more than fifty miles became a forest fire, volcanic eruptions, earthshaking cannonades, and tremendous manuevers, a not to forget mentioning other sections of the battline.

The glendelinians opposing Hannonia at this time gave such tenacious resistance that for a while for Hannonias army to break through any part of the rebel line required the most tremendous preparations and ever efforts ever mustered in battle since the war began. During this tremendous situation neither side won any signal victories for five hours. Thus the main part of the battle along this front for a time turned into a battle of indecision, or a tug of war with both sides of equal strength. Yet however in this latter development the Abibannians had tremendous advantage over the enemy. The Glendelinians found themselves facing in Hannonias an adversary who was free to obtain help of all sorts from the whole of that part of Calvinilia; and even now there were many in the glendelinian army who realized if the armies had not yet lost the battle, they could at least no longer win it. General Concentiniam Gronburg had thrown all the strength of his army into the battle that morning from the very beginning, and so had Hannonia, Vianonna and Vianonia.

At this time the enemy had only hoped to sustain his past efforts to the last. In order to hold the immense front along which the battle was raging so immensely, the glendelinian supreme command was forced to keep the majority of its forces at the left and center where the christian attack had continued all more morning with the tenacious fury of a million bulldozers upon wildcats. This prevented the glendelinian army from putting itself strongly enough on the defensive along the center and therefore resulted in its failure to maintain this portion of the line or stop Hannonias headlong attack. What happened because of this demonstrates the truth of this last statement.

While Hannonias christian were directing the assault upon general Painters left, general Hendrick and Blainnightlinger decided upon a big counter charge against the christian attackers at the center. Their object was to rally and revivify the beaten Omilian armies that had showed signs of early collapse at this portion of the battle.

General Watson Hunder and Parsons Miriam attempted the counter assault at ten o'clock and at quarter after ten the awful action yielded some important results. Though again at ten thirty the scene was as fierce as the whole four years war on the Marine. The National attackers lost a vast amount of territory immense quantities of equipment and an enormous number of prisoners. But the victory was not decisive. The Nationals half an hour later rallied and counter charged with such fury that they regained all the territory they lost, and general Hendrick and ten of his generals were killed, and their men fell in numbers as thick as the trees of an immense forest. General Watson was compelled to send the bulk of his forces to oppose the fierce Hunchkins and Winkle Abyssinkilians, but now could not force his action against them to a success at all and saw his soldiers fall dead or wounded in immense waves.

Fifteen divisions lost all their commanders and were reduced to regiments, many other leaders were killed, and hundreds of brigades were shattered so fearful were their losses. Then throughout the entire half day duration of the battle on the 16th of October the glendelinian army was suffering the consequences of the failure in the first great early morning part of the first day of the battle after it began to rain.

There did come however a moment on the second day when the hopes of the enemy were nearly realized. It was at seven thirty in the morning when the covert glendelinian fire caused the national assault to melt away. Then the glendelinians saw one half of the general assaulting wave crumble to the ground along a front of forty miles. But this success without glory came too late. General Aronborg had arrived the night before and the christian army was triply strong. Reinforcements were rushed to the spot supported by an annihilating fire. The glendelinian generals now then found themselves faced with a strategical problem which called for quick decision. The national at all points had to be crushed before the reinforcements could have time to deliver a blow. General Faxon and all the others, endeavored to carry out their plans. They tried their best as already stated, and that was why all that morning of the 16th it seemed as if all the world had gone mad. But they failed and suffered the most lamentable loss. At this line of action just on the battle for the christian by noon for the christians was crowned with definite victory. General Francis Schi Schmidt in order to rally a portion of his broken line at Eleven Thirty was mortally wounded. A shot struck him in the lung, another in the abdomen, and the fragments of a shrapnell mangled him. The whole glendelinian army was shattered.

When it was learned that the supreme commander had fallen the greatest confusion ever heard of broke out. Another general Hanson Nelson took his place, and strove to rally the army but was shot in the head while only succeeding in rallying a brigade. General Faxon took command as general disorder took at started, and after half an hour's desperate effort with the help of surviving generals and other officers, succeeded in rallying a portion of the line, but in trying to maintain it had half of his left side torn away by a shrapnell fragment and died instantly.

Then general Frank Holt took the dangerous post but was instantly killed before he had time to rally a single regiment. Plain fighting tried and was wounded. The scene of confusion was terrible with the christians coming like an immense tidal wave their yelling making a sound as of a roaring cyclone. Ten other generals tried and were killed or wounded. The glendelinian army was in the same situation as to spread like a forest with the terrific hurricane rushing upon it, and carrying all before it. Heaven alone could describe the immeasurable scene. Here general Holter-Belander made every effort to stop the panic and confusion, and so great was his effort and so gallant his example that in a short time a large part of his army was still rallied.

Then as he attempted to lead a counter charge a shot struck him and shattered his left leg, another shattered the wrist of his right hand. He wrapped some bandages around the wounds, and strove to lead on. And then another shot struck him and still he staggered on with when a shell fragment entered his breast. He staggered and fell. Lieut. Colonel Pango of the Whimies, Captain general Gualdo of the Swedes, and two other general officers, and thirty officers of other but lower rank aided by a few artillery officers also fell. Two lieutenants, and three privates who ran to aid general Pango and proceeded to carry him in their arms to the rear were killed in the act.

Others came to his aid but he begged them to lay him down and save themselves. They therefore did so and in a few moments his gallant soul fled. General Mont-Calmante pattered still on horseback tried also to stem the tide of disaster, and a shot passed through his body. He managed to keep his seat however, two soldiers supporting him on each side, and bore him with the tide of fugitives toward the rear.

During the retreat of the glendelinian army a portion of it at twelve o'clock came to a portion of a remaining bridge with a column of national persons close on their heels. Artillery hastily planted at this spot opened fire, and a to cover a portion of the retreating glendelinian army at this section a force across the bridge, a good sized column made a desperate stand along the bank and disputed like demons with the van of the pursuers the approach to the bridge thus successfully retarding them for three hours. The three hours fight is re at the bridge is described thus:

As the pursuers pressed on the artillery placed along the shore but in a position to fire crosswise upon the bridge led let go and the purple waves on the bridge and in on the opposite shore crumbled or melted away like pastry. The advancing column of Abbeismians were four hundred thousand men headed by thirty thousand cavalry the fierce Concentinians. To meet these the glendelinian general who was covering the retreat at this spot had barely the survivors of his two hundred and fifty thousand thousand men exhausted after nearly thirty six hours constant fighting.

Near the bridge while covering the retreat of the main column, when the Abbeismians rushed forward again twenty two thousand of that gallant rebel division fell to rise no more. The remainder fiercely fighting fell back inch by inch toward the bridge supported by a portion of the retreating column which had rallied but pressed by their four hundred and thirty thousand foes. From the Abbeismian officers shouts now arose from all sides: "The Bridge, The Bridge, The Bridge."

"The Bridge, The Bridge, The Bridge" and a curious rush was made to get over the bridge along with it not before the retreating glendelinians. Of course in this event all would be lost. But the brave glendelinian commander and his handful of glendelinians were well aware of the fact and they turned to bay at the bridge and like cornered tigers opposed the nationals like an impenetrable wall bristling with sharp points of steel to the mass of the christian force, which with the christians rushing on nevertheless resulted in a fearful tug of war, while above the mad action of battle and the shouts of the combatants and the ring of steel on steel, could not be heard sounds in the rear that needed no explanation, the glendelinians there were breaking down the arches behind, while their comrades fought in front.

"The glendelinians are dear destroying the bridge," shouted one of the National Commanders.

"On on, save the bridge," cried another offi cer.

Flinging themselves in thousands on the small bodies of rebels (the bridge being a wide one and long) now resisting them, the stormers sought now to clear the way by freely giving man for man, life for life, man for four for one. But IT DID NOT accomplish anything. There the rebels stood like adamant, the space at the bridge end was large but nevertheless a thousand glendelinians could keep eight or ten thousand at bay, and a few paces behind wielding pick and spade and scabber like furies were the glendelinian engineers. Soon a low rumbling noise was heard followed by a crash and a shout of triumph broke from the rebel side, a yell of pain from the nationals.

A portion but a portion only of three arches had fallen into the stream, the bridge was still passable. Again a wild eager shout from the Abbeismian commander.

"On, on now save the bridge."

But still there stood the debilitated defenders, with clenched guns and clenched teeth, resolved to die, but not to yield. Suddenly a cry from the glendelinians in the rear.

"Back men; back men, for your lives."

The brave column of men turned from the front, and saw the half broken arches behind them tottering. Most of them rushed with lightning speed over the falling mass but the last regiment had whirled round over at that moment to face and keep back the Abbeismians-----were too late. As they rushed for the passage the mass of masonry hurled over with a roar into the boiling surges leaving the devoted column on the brink in the midst of their foes. There was a pause for a moment only, and almost a wall burst from the rebels on the opposite side, but just as the Abbeismians rushed with vengeance upon the confused group, they were seen to draw back a pace or two from the edge of the chasm, fling away their arms and plunge into the big stream.

Like an unusually long and loud clap of thunder broke forth a long undulating volley from nearly fifty thousand rifles from the nationals, tearing the water into foam. Many were shot in the water and there was a minute of suspense on each side and then a cheer rang out of defiance, exultation and victory, as the survivors of the brave fellows were seen to reach the other side, pulled to land by a score score of thousands of welcoming hands.

Then it was seen with great consternation that barely a few planks laid on would complete the restoration of the bridge as the nationals could cross. Their own cannon had gone to the rear with the retreating army, and the christian army beyond had battery on battery trained on the narrow spot-----it was death to show in the line of the all but finished causeway. Out stepped from the ranks of Colonel Alton Maxwell a lieutenant of infantry.

"Is there a Regiment of men here who will risk all for glendelinian?"

A thousand eager voices shouted "AYE."

"Then " said he " we will successfully cover the army's retreat."

"How?"

"The bridge must go down."

Gripping axes and crowbars the devoted band rushed from the cover of the woods and dashed forward upon the newly laid beams. A peal of artillery, a fusillade of musketry from the other side and the space was swept with shell, grape-shot, and bullets. With the smoke cleared away the bodies of all these brave men lay on the bridge riddled with shot. They had torn away some of the beams and dynamited portions of the bridges but every man of the 1,000 had perished.

Out from the ranks of the same Corps dashed two times more than many volunteers, they being two thousand more who will die for Glundelinia. Again across the bridge rushed the hero. Again the spot was swept by a murderous storm of shot. The smoke lifted from the scene. Nine hundred and fifty of the second band lay dead upon the bridge, the rest continued to work until out of the two thousand only fifty survived but the work was done the bridge was finally destroyed. Though the army was saved at this portion the Christian armies got across the river at shallower parts and toward evening the whole Glundelinian army had been forced in such a headlong rout that it had retreated fifty five miles in one day.

28,428,000 killed and wounded up to 150,000,000 on the side of the enemy on that morning of the second day of battle in the greatest conflict probably so far ever written. Losses of dead wounded and missing in the battle of Logen Zoo Run October 15th and 16th 1910. Figures go on---

GLUNDELINIAN LOSSES.

IN THE Logen Zoo Run battle out of 284,000,000 Glundelinians engaged, comes the loss as follows: Second FIRST DAY OF OCTOBER 15 Morning alone.

Dead.....28,428,000.
Wounded.....150,000,000.
Missing.....45,678,999.

GLUNDELINIAN LOSSES ON FIRST DAY OF BATTLE.

2Dead.....12,000,000.
Wounded.....122,000,000.
Missing.....84,000,000.

The above list includes or adds 1,000 Glundelinian generals killed, 2,000 wounded sixteen thousand officers of all rank wounded, and 10,000 killed, and four thousand officers missing or prisoners

ON THE CHRISTIAN SIDE AT THE START OF THE BATTLE OF LOGAN ZOO HA R RAN RUN 282,000,000 MEN WERE ENGAGED, BUT AT THE ARRIVAL OF GENERAL CONCENTINIAN ARONBURG ABREAHNIAN TROOPS WERE POURING INTO THE BATTLE LINE AS FAST AS THEY WERE BEING RECRUITED. THE LOSSES IS AS FOLLOWS:

GENERAL HANSONIAE COMMAND
DEAD.....2,188,744
WOUNDED.....50,000,000
MISSING.....18,111,111

GENERAL VIVIANANAS COMMAND.
DEAD.....5,400,000
WOUNDED.....50,000,000
MISSING.....10,000,000

GENERAL VIVIANAS COMMAND.
DEAD AND WOUNDED 81,000,000.
Missing.....22,500,000

General NEROS COMMAND
DEAD.....8,000,000
WOUNDED.....14,111,498

GENERAL CONCENTINIAN ARONBURG COMMAND.
DEAD AND WOUNDED.....17,000,000.

This frightful battle had raged nearly two days or at least a day and a half. It had been a regular hail storm war, one of the fiercest, bloodiest and extremely furious battles ever seen in the war before. At THE ending of the second days conflict toward noon general Schmids right and left wings even during the beginning of the disastrous retreat were frightfully demolished in opposing the frightful onslaughts of Concentinian Aronburgs army. General Concentinian Aronburgs army was irresistible and the whole Glundelinian army was thrown back and rolled up crushed to smithereens hundreds of generals fell, and the Christians at this point had carried all before them. Even then before the disaster became general general Stanek Hadley came up with Glundelinian reinforcements and resumed the defense with redoubled fury. A million shell explosions tore up the landscape and all the country around for hundreds of miles was dominated by the din but at the highest fury of the conflict as stated before general Francis Schmidt was killed his right wing was annihilated and the whole

surviving line out to pieces and driven back in a rout a hundred times worse than that of the French at Waterloo. The first report of the Glundelinian losses known in wounded and prisoners alone was about 28,000,000, while the Christian losses was about 28,000,000. The losses in dead was not yet given. After the disaster general Stanek Hadley took general Schmids command and the former with what was left of the Glundelinian army continued in continuing the retreat under cover of an heavy October Snowstorm of the greatest intensity, and two days later on October 20th a little more than a week after the battle rallied his forces at Virginia and Majorie Francis Atlanta Junction near Virginia Run Creek and prepared to make a final stand.

But it seemed improbable. By this time the total Glundelinian losses was known. It was 284,000,000 in dead wounded and missing. While the Christian loss was reported to be 184,799,855 in killed wounded and missing.

While he was still advancing ignorant of general Hadleys threatening stand, news came in to Concentinian Aronburg by telegraph that general Rankine Glundelinian after spending forty days and forty nights in getting scores of miles per hour, had blown a large portion of the sides of the Volcano called Mt Vivian into the air thus causing the sea to pour in in millions of tons, producing the volcano into a sudden violent eruption. The sudden explosion hurled boulders three hundred to a thousand feet, or to a distance of fifteen miles at certain intervals, the boulders being thirty to ninety feet in diameter.

This eruption caused by the Glundelinians had turned day into night in its vicinity for forty eight days, and covered the cities of Calvernia, and many of the other neighboring cities and towns and the whole country side with a layer of ash that varied in thickness from a few inches to several feet. The narrow escape of the inhabitants during this great eruption though other inhabitants later on to keep well out of the danger zone of volcanoes, and this eruption of the Volcano Mt Vivian though most exceedingly violent did not threaten to do as much damage the Glundelinians had expected as it discharged mostly ashes, stones and vapors then liquid lava.

Indeed the Glundelinians on noon before were resorting to all means in their now desperate condition to check the Christian advance, but the attempts to force the force the eruption of other volcanoes, did not daunt the Christians, and it was believed now by the whole world that all Glundelinians would soon be forced out of Calvernia. But nevertheless general Willibrodus Zimmermann knew different. He knew it would take over another year to drive the foe out of Calvernia, that it would cost many more millions of lives to do so. Even then he did not know how large the Glundelinian army was that confronted him, and though he felt sure of success he would nevertheless be very cautious, and not allow the enemy to take him unawares.

yearly every day until the 28th general Hadley would make some sort of demonstration or other up on any portion of the christian line as he took advantage of, striking some blow here, or striking another there, but the conflict only lasted a few hours for every day, no engagement was general, or decisive but nevertheless each one in fury and honor for those few hours was to that of Gettysburg put together. That general concentration around after planning to attack was inactive so long until surprised general Hadley, and also made him cautious, suspicious and anxious. He feared that the great general was up to something, and therefore on the morning of the 27th the grand old general started something like a general action but when noon approached he drew off. but on the morning of the 28th not waiting for general Zimmermann to attack and believing that his series of great demonstrations upon the christian line would cause Zimmermann to withdraw large forces of troops from his extreme right upon which the demonstration was again repeated, Hadley at ten o'clock had kindly advanced all his forces all along the line confronting the christian right, and began a mighty concentration upon that christian wing. An hour had passed after the fierce demonstration had been in full progress toward the christian right, it extended along the left and center and yet the battle along the right had now grown to its full strength and was a screaming fury millions of the foe hurling themselves forward with insane ferocity against the christian line making one of the most frightful

the noise of the hundreds of thousands of projectiles, in the air overhead, and the bursting of the shells making thousands of holes in the thunderous explosion, was mingled with that of the roaring, crashing artillery of both sides carrying on their so most terrific mutual battle.

A leading officer to a fine bayonet charge the division general outstripped them all, and found himself for some moments fighting almost single handed against ten to one. But he was inspired by the faultless courage of their leader, and those amongst them who were soon at his side, the position being carried against enormous odds, and the intrepidity of that leading officer and the risk he had taken was on every tongue.....

U6 THE ENEMY STRIVE FIERCELY TO RETAKE THEIR LOST POSITIONS.....

All the while during the attack the very air was an uproar of yells, as if a hundred million demons had been let loose and the immense million cannon like roar of the battle, and time and again

All along the whole line of battle a grim harvest of lives was reaped by the terrible christian fire. The glandelinian onslaught

The landelinian soldiers enraged by the strenue resistance of the christians only went at it again and soon nothing was seen of this frightful line of charge but seas of wrecks, hundreds of thousands of slain millions of injured, and torn and mangled smokes enveloped lines in gray surging forward. Scenes of the most indescribable desolation and horror was exposed to view. Here the dead and injured and dying christians numbered 2,222,564,.....???

In the meantime while the firing was at it's hottest, and the onslaught onslought at it's fiercest, the main swing of the Alandelinian front was immediately noticed by General Maxwell and Hannonia Jennings, who saved their commands from disaster in time by bringing to bear all their massive batteries which cut the Alandelinians down like the tornado does leaves of out to the corn field, and sent the survivors flying like terrified cattle in

a stampede. Had he been too late general Zimmermann's right flank would have been turned The officers of the signal stations had discovered the same thing, and by the Glandelinians had fired to signal the threatened christian lines, but the uproar of the battle had given them no chance but nevertheless as the assault had threatened and struck at the threatened point, the Glandelinians encountered the blaze of cannon along general Hanson's lines while tore their whole line of assault to pieces laying the whole line down as to save. At other points however the main Glandelinian advance was not checked and the maddened Glandelinians tore on through the christian line of fire, sweeping upon the christian lines in columns after columns only to dissolve away completely. It was a frightful sight.

Not a single tree was left standing now in the whole battle field which seemed to turn into a war of hell against heaven from the clamor. At the same time the battle roared and raged in maddened shrieking fury along the line at this point the Glandelinian surge swept upon the works supported personally by Zimmermann but a great artillery storm completed the destruction by musketry fire and machine guns, and the whole Glandelinian surge shattered through and through and scathed recoiled, but other divisions went to it with might and main as to give the christians no respite.

However the fury of the christian fire carried all before it, every Glandelinian column giving way once more, death and indescribable destruction lurking in the wake of the Glandelinian columns of musketry and artillery fire. The christian fire swept the whole Glandelinian front the whole length cutting wide swaths in every direction and causing incalculable damage.

Indeed it was along the whole line of battle, that the Glandelinian columns continued their career of horrendous destruction, and now as the entire assault was on in general not one of the christian brigades were inactive, thousands of the Glandelinian regiments disappearing as fast as the christian fire was poured upon them. The approaches of the christian lines was continually swept, every Glandelinian column coming within range being annihilated, and though time and again the main columns swarmed over the works they only went back mangled and completely crushed.

The christian fire scathed the Glandelinian surges terribly, but columns after columns advanced onward, and terrible was the destruction among the battalions in gray. All that was left was small remnants and the Glandelinian divisions under general Johnston, Pullaway and Edwin Wickersham and Dolores were wiped out completely. The christian fire as the Glandelinian assault tore on gave a horrifying display of carnage the hose like play of the christian and nothing and machine guns at times racked among the lines of the enemy and thus fan shaped gaps were torn among the main line of the enemy by the three scores.

The christian artillery of the highest calibre made clean sweeps over immense territories, the storm of shells and explosions, carrying all before it. Hundreds of Glandelinian brigades felt the destructive force of the fire blast along the christian line and reeled back in fragments. Anderlinias and Bavaria Riches divisions were wiped out with the deaths of their commanders, and Confections army was called and reeled back. The main force of a furious christian counter charge tore back the Glandelinian assault, the chief disasters of all for the army laying in the path of these powerful christian counter charges, which followed every repulse of the Glandelinians suffered, and at times the counter charges routed the Glandelinians.

Jennings' divisions encountered a fire along the christian front which annihilated thousands of their regiments at once the battle making the greatest roar ever imagined, and all the columns that were hurled forward were wiped out amid a storming blizzard of trees and wreckage splintered by a hurricane of explosives the loss of life among the brave Glandelinians being terrible, and the greatest sorrows and horrors was witnessed. Every Glandelinian column that went to the attack was shattered into fragments, and fully 1,100,000 Glandelinians perished at this point, and here hardly a Glandelinian division could stand before the furious christian fire. One hundred and fifty thousand ranks in gray had been crushed to pieces in a moment by a furious counter charge, sixty big columns, seven hundred brigades, and all the other surging Glandelinian forces were almost cut down, and over nine hundred thousand men in the foremost column or line were torn down to their deaths by the christian fire, and two hundred and fifty thousand who escaped unharmed were either rendered blind deaf or insane from the terrifying din. Seven other Glandelinian brigades shattered themselves against the unbroken christian line, and out of one thousand other columns of gray coats which had vent forward into that ghastly assault only four returned to the lines but in shattered fragments, many of the survivors even dropping with gore. Hundreds of other ranks were literally

mowed down the scores of thousands of christians cannon of heavy calibre and machine gun fairly scouring the heavens with their drum-fire fire men on the christian side were dashed a thousand yards by the concussion of Glandelinian shells, thousands of human beings and horses were thrown into the air, and landed stunned and bleeding to the ground.

The battle raged with a stupendous fury and violence, the whole gray surge every time it rallied being again and again cut and torn to pieces and still and all they would not give up.

Hadley was the leader of the main assaulting column and the more his divisions were crushed the more he went to the storming. It was along the main section of Hadley's assaulting column that the christian fire threatening annihilation to all the divisions that encountered it caused the enemy's advance to swerve more to their own center, but still with all their fury the Glandelinians stormed the christian lines and here after his onslaught was repulsed there was left a sea of wreckage, mingled with myriads of dead, wounded, and dying. It was again a regular hell of destruction, many of the Glandelinian generals being killed, and many of the dead Glandelinian soldiers were found so mangled and crushed that any one could have studied on them to typify anything on the battle in this war in doing damage or killing so many multitudes.

Several hundred Glandelinian intestines and all were seen hanging from the branches of trees unscathed from the terrible storm of shell fire. The whole scene there was a veritable sea of wreckage, bodies and desolation on the ground was ploughed up in ridges of earth and mingled with the bodies of the slain. Here it was predicted the heaviest loss of life in this part of the great battle line and the most terrible destruction of nature's works.

The loss herein Glandelinian general was twenty five thousand in killed wounded and prisoners in which two thousand five hundred and sixty nine were majors, colonels, first lieutenants, and captain and generals and the combined losses in officers altogether in lowest ranks leaving out the generals was 5,264.

The injured amounted to three thousand three hundred and twenty two. This great onslaught was as terrifying a sight as ever met the eyes of men. It was more awe inspiring than a tidal wave or a volcanic eruption, the Glandelinians during the onslaught having charged again and again with seething violence and with appalling fury, thousands of men being blown into the air by shell explosions, others were hoisted into the air or whirled heels over head and compelled to turn many cartwheels from the severe shell concussions.

But it was all in vain. Hadley had lost over two quarters of his numbers, Zimmermann three and finally the latter gave up the fight, and his army or what was left of it retreating in the wildest confusion. The known Glandelinian losses in slain alone was over 8,000,000. Christian losses in slain was over 2,000,000.

EVANS ENDEAVORS TO MOVE FOR GENERAL ZIMMERMANN'S LINES IN HIS EFFORTS TO JOIN GERMANIA VIVIAN. BUT THERE ARE NO CHANCES AS YET.

A week after the great action at Worms run and after Zimmermann's victory at Virginia orbit run, Jack Evans learning that great activist was threatening at Cromer Androm, and that general Germania was in command of the vast Glandelinian army confronting the christians there, decided to go for general Zimmermann's lines and lay for the Glandelinian rascal and Angelinian traitor if possible. He was well enough to be around by this time, but Violet and her sisters though immensely improved in their condition still used oracles incessantly, and he felt there was no leaving them, so he decided to state his affairs to general Vivian so as to have them come with him.

General Vivian was very busy the time Evans inquired to have to the interview with him, but nevertheless general Vivian accepted the invitation and listened to all he said, and of his intentions of taking the Vivian girls with him. At first general Vivian remained silent then turning abruptly said:

"Well my boy I can't really know what to decide. You know my little girls were not what they were months ago, and utterly helpless in the power of their enemies. Even to send them off under a guard of ten thousand men is no protection at all for the Glandelinians attack and annihilate their guardians as your experience during the battle of

him and bring the spy outside of the lines, and see to her immediate execution, by being cut to pieces and crucified."

ORDER OF THE GERMANIAN
TRIPPLIAN, COME TO CONSIDER
BY THE THREE HANDELINIAN.

A glancing expression came over the rascal's face as he said:
"Achance I've been snitting for, in a long time!" "There
for handily, and your power, and you can torture her as far as you
see fit, before killing her."

He then ordered one of the guards to bring the child. Indeed the rascal
clever and foxy as he was felt for it never recognizing Evans or
the fake in front of him, and to make it more like a clever one Evans part
le and reall Handeliniens with him, tricking old Germania. A few minutes
passed, then the guard returned, bringing a very pretty, but such
a ragged little creature into the room that Evans was surprised.
The unhappy child shrank back at the sight of the new Handeliniens
who pretended to be furious, and seized her roughly.

"Off to the execution grounds," thundered
Evans. And they were off, Germania never suspecting that he had been cleverly
tricked by one of his bitterest enemies. The Handeliniens as long
as they were within the lines acted furiously toward the child, proclaimed
the execution when ever questioned, showing the death warrant, and doing
everything possible to prevent suspicion.
It took an hour's marching to pass through the lines, and the series
lines of sentinels but finally they were out. The child had remained quiet
all the while despite even the supposedly rough treatment by the
Handeliniens. One of the threatening torture and death coming to her,
which made them all realize that she was a dangerous little girl,
and worthy indeed of her clever rescue.

"Good," said Evans when halfway about two miles from the enemy's lines.
"The scene was cleverly carried out, and the fool older as he is
fell for it."

"Yes indeed," said Gertrude. "But then this is something serious. Won't
you men get discovered and be put to death if he finds this out?"
"I'll prevent that," said one of the soldiers. "I have a dead child
I have found around here lately, that will substitute for this little
girl. I'll fix it that he will never discover that this little girl has been
rescued."

This conversation was so low however, that the little girl did not hear a
word, and when the two separated from the Handeliniens the
surprised little girl did not know what to make of it. The soldiers soon
disappeared out of sight altogether, and Evans taking the little girl on
his shoulders, in his arms, placed her on his horse, and away the two
went to the German lines.

"We will have to be careful that we don't be arrested by the
Christians again," said Evans. "The first arrest means considerable delay
, and maybe serious might be happening if we are mistaken for a
Handeliniens dog again."

"Since we are through why not discarding the disguise," said
Gertrude.

"It is too soon yet," said Evans. "But we can do so when within sight
of general Wiestien's lines."

To tell the truth, the startled child who had been rescued
did not know what to make of the performance at all. She knew that she was
supposed to be "Executed", as the Handeliniens call child murder,
and yet the separation of the two squads of Handeliniens from her two
captors, and the two going off in another and opposite direction where
where she herself knew the Christian lines to be, and the low conversat
ion had her completely puzzled. And also flabbergasted.

It was an hour after when the distant tents of
Wiestien's lines loomed in view, and going off in two separate
directions, Gertrude taking the little girl with her they discarded
their disguises. The child was still more surprised when she saw
that the supposed Handeliniens, was a beautiful little
girl three years older than herself, but she was still more
surprised when she saw Evans again, in the full uniform of an Abbeonnan
colonel. She could hardly speak with amazement. But then she
only thought that it was a new disguise, because she was clever enough to
know that no Handeliniens would dare to enter the Christian lines in their
gray uniform, and believed that the little girl with him was only a
accomplice, to help him through the Christian lines unscathed, and

decided to expose the both as soon as they were within the Christian
lines, and get them captured, at least to insure her own escape
from the supposed Handeliniens. He placed her gently on his horse
and mounting it he and Gertrude continued their way toward the
Christian lines. The little girl indeed wondered at the gentle way he had
lifted her, and even when they passed through the Christian camp
she had no opportunity to betray her supposed captors. Nevertheless she
was bound to get away at all costs but how? Ayho she thought that
by snatching the officers gun she could level it at him, but then she
feared that the supposed Handeliniens would be too desperate to even since
when a gun would be pointed at him, and that it would only prove her
undoing. An hour more passed and the two were waiting for a train to
arrive which would pull through Wiestien's lines, and being at the Pandora
railway station. Here the little girl thought she saw her chance and was
going to make a grab at his gun when the ticket Agent shouted:

"Oh Colonel Evans, come around and exchange your tickets I've given
you the tickets for the southbound train by mistake."

Just as Evans secured the right tickets the De-Hollester
and Pandora train came puffing in and Evans and Gertrude with the little
girl hastened on. The little girl had lost her last chance before the
train came up, but she was not discouraged and decided to try again.

She was in a seat with Evans, being by the window and as it
was open, she made one flying leap, but Evans caught her in the
nick of time for if she had succeeded in jumping out of the window
Evans and Gertrude would have probably found her remains under the
trucks of the coaches... for she would have been drawn under by the force
of the wind created by the speed of the train, which at that moment was
running sixty five miles an hour.

"What in the name of heaven are you trying to do, make a fool
out of yourself?" inquired Evans sternly, almost angrily and speaking
in a sharp tone. "What ails you anyway? Why did you do it if I
had not grabbed you you could be instantly killed."

Gertrude only looked reproachfully at the little girl and then said:
"Don't let her sit by the window Evans or she may try it again. Maybe
she is afraid of the ride, or something in this train."

"I'm not afraid of the train or anything in this train," said
the little girl pouting. "I'm bound to get away from you two and will
yet."

"What has got into you?" inquired Gertrude. "What did we do to you
that you want to run away from us?"

The child did not answer he but only started to cry.

"Here now come out with it and tell your troubles," said Evans
more gently. "What is the matter do you fear us, hate us or something?
What is the matter with us?"

"The child at first stubbornly refused to answer and Evans said kind of
sternly:

"I thought you was a Christian, a good little Christian girl who appreciates
a good deed done for her."

"I am," shot back the youngster. "I would not do a sinful deed if every
dirty Handeliniens but other in the nation would kill me one after another
if I had to die all those many times, and if I had as many lives
to lose."

"But why this ingratitude then? You proved yourself very ungrateful to
us from your actions, after we faced capture to bring you out of Germania
Germanian lines. If we were rascally Handeliniens as you suspected
we would have done some what we warranted to that rascal of a Germania.
I'm sorry that you ever went this far but you only did it as I see
you think we are Handeliniens. After this is done with Germania full good
and all for he may have impressed upon you that there were no good
men in the world. I'm simply heartbroken the way you have shown your
ingratitude offered toward me after rescuing you and if it had
not been for your mistake in thinking we were Handeliniens ours I would
have regretted this errand. I had to trick Germania by that fake death
warrant to get you out of his clutches, and even was risking my
freedom and life, and yet you distrust us and try to get away."

"But surely you are one of the Handeliniens child butchers
and their officers are not net." Retorted the child with as much spirit
as she could assume. If you are I'm fear you not and will expose you
two the first opportunity I get."

Evans realized by this answer realized that he and Gertrude
were suspected by the child as Handeliniens and he said with a laugh:

"Expose me if you will---but you will fail to bring
on my arrest. I'm not a Handeliniens and neither is this little girl

here. We were disguised as Mandelins. Do you suppose an Angelinian, Abbeccanin, or either christian soldier in any case would enter the camps of the enemy without a disguise and a grey coat, the only disguise as no other would work. You thinking me as a Mandelinian of course is an excuse excusable and it is ridiculous for any Mandelinian to go on a spying trip with two children with him who are so pretty, as as you ought to know Mandelinians only use boys who are as men looking as they can can be. I'm colonel Jack Evans of general Vivian's army and if you have not heard of me before you will now.

The child did not answer him but Gertrude realizing the child's mistake said to Evans;

"Evans don't be too hard on the little girl. She must surely have thought we were Mandelinians and anyhow the Mandelinians are so treacherous and distrustful that I don't blame her for her fears of us and our being among the Mandelinian camps and before Germania, and our pretense and of fury and brutality toward her in our endeavors to fool Germania was enough to make her suspicious. Don't be hasty Evans. She did not mean any harm.!!!!"

"Well she was kinda hasty herself laughed Evans. "Tough it is excusable for her, she sees my scarlet uniform and it is very mistakable for any one to believe believe that any child no matter who she is would go along with a dangerous Mandelinian to help him pass through the christian lines softly during his secret service work, and who would turn on her when work was done. Yet I'm afraid it will be some time before I can convince that I'm no Mandelinian, and that I'll have to mix with the Vivian girls to prove who I really am."

Gertrude felt sad over the affair, but she knew that when she suspected them of Mandelinians nothing it seemed but proof could turn her, but nevertheless she sat by the little girl, and told her all the truth, who Evans really was, where he was going to take her, and of him being the guardian of the little girls of general Vivian called the Vivian girls the daughters of the greatest general of the army next to Hanson Vivian. She did all she could to tell everything and finally the little girl was fully convinced of her mistake, but all her apologies were not needed for as she threw her arms around his neck she found him in his firm embrace and then still holding her he got up and walked to the rear of the coach and showed her the scenery as the train flew past the landscape.

THE BURNING OF EVANGELINE CURRAN.

As he stood there for some time with the two little girls he noticed that the train was slowing down, having reached the town of Evangeline Curran. He wondered if the train was going to stop, and as it went down one or two of the steps he looked toward the direction of the town. . . .

"GOOD GOD IT IS A VOLCANO OF FIRE AND SMOKE." He gasped. "No wonder we are stopping we are stalled."

"The enemy set it on fire this morning after meeting Hanson." Said one of the christian soldiers on the train who had been on short furlough. "There had not been any engagement though."

The train was now backing up, running at a lively rate, and now on account of turning onto a new line, the swing made by the coaches brought to full view the burning town, and the passengers were all filled with excitement. Indeed the scene was great and awe inspiring it being the biggest fire that Evans had ever seen consuming a small city anyway.

It looked more sublime and terrific than any of the forest fires he had ever seen or rescued. A lot and her sisters from and the rolling thunder like heads of smoke extended to a great height, spreading out far above the sky like a cloud canopy during a violent eruption of some mighty volcano and even had convulsions way up there also. The cloud of smoke extended to about the height of twenty thousand feet in all its solidity and power and blackness.

The sky seemed red all along the whole horizon and a thick bluish haze was observed outside, the smell of burning wood and other materials being plainly on in the atmosphere.

How far the burning town was he nor any of the passengers could ascertain but he believed it only several miles for the train had almost run into the fiery inferno before it had slowed down. The train was now running northward on the new line and for hours that night the passengers had a full view of that distant burning town and at times the glow rose more suddenly against the sky and the scene held every one spellbound.

Evangeline Curran as Evans knew was generally called a city, town, but nevertheless was as large as the city of Chicago or larger than New York and Chicago put together, and then burning like it was in thousands of sections at once it made quite a big roaring inferno of fire seas. When daylight approached the scene was then far off but it left an

impression on all that the enemy was certainly committing inhuman and wanton destruction, where ever they went either after a defeat or a victory, and they all had a feeling that a swarm of Mandelinians would yet appear and attack the train and massacre them all. But after daylight broke scores of miles passed away and nothing unusual happened and after an hour passed he saw that his destination was fast approaching and he signalled the conductor to let him and his two companions off at the next town which the train usually don't stop at, and then went back to his seat. He was silent now, more silent than he had ever been before in his life. Gertrude and the little one had eyed him curiously and he noticing it said;

"Well I suppose you are wondering at my silence. Well I am wondering something myself Gertrude. And what it is I, in concerning that burning town or city we just passed. One of the soldiers on the other car said to me that it had been set on fire by the retreating enemy. Now I doubt this because about eight o'clock last night we just reached the vicinity of that town, passed through it at nine, rescued the little girl here at nine thirty, and came back on this train at ten after ten to find this town all aflame, and seemingly to the entire city of Evangeline Curran burning at once. It is certainly impossible that if an enemy was retreating last night they could have come upon Evangeline St. Clare or Curran so soon. There is a mystery in that blaze."

"I doubt it myself in one way." Said Gertrude. "The nearest Mandelinian army that we know of is at Cromer Andrea, which we just left and Evangeline Curran is a hundred and fifty miles away from those Mandelinians. What do you suppose was the cause of the fire Evans? Have you any idea?"

"No." Said Evans. "I have not any idea at all. As I said before there is a mystery in that blaze. But I am sure just the same that though its cause cannot be from retreating Mandelinians, that it is incendiary just the same, as enemy firefugs are lurking in all our Galverinian towns and cities far from the christian lines, who have a way of setting great fires."

By this time the train had reached the town Evans had picked to get off at, and at the moment it got stopped, Evans and the two children got off. Glancing toward the south they could still see the smoke of the far distant burning city but not very plainly. Evans realizing that the distance to general Hanson's lines decided to secure the loan of two horses, but could not find any body who had a single horse. Every one he asked said that they had given their horses to the christian armies, to be used by the cavalry or to draw artillery. . . . Evans then decided to take another train going northwest and inquired at the station when the next one was due.

"The next one is due to-morrow morning at ten thirty thirty." Said the agent. "Trains are scarce now you know, on account of the war."

"Fiddlesticks with the war." Said Evans sharply. "We simply have got to get to Hanson's lines and that's all there is to it. How far is his line from here? And what is the name of his this northwestern road?"

"I don't know anything about Hanson's lines. This is the Sendon railroad line."

"I mean how far is it to Hanson's army." Said Evans impatiently. "For the love of God man use your brains if you have any."

"I never heard of him before. And who is Hanson's army?"

"On hang a piece of rope on your not use your brains are dead." Said Evans angrily walking away. "Who is Hanson's army? Ha nobody home."

When he reached the two little girls who were waiting for him he said;

"First train due to-morrow at ten thirty. We have either got to walk or use a hand car. I asked the agent how far it is to Hanson's army

but I guess from his answer to my questions, he is plump Bug-house Capital B. He asked me: "Who is Hanson's army? I never heard of him before!"

Gertrude laughed at me and said:

"Oh there's lots of those black-headed men at the stations nowadays. As so many of the real agents had went to join the black-armies. But probably he is the same."

Evans seeing one of the guards approaching asked him how far it was to Hanson's army.

The man was silent for a moment and then said:

"I know nothing about the distance of general Hanson's army. Were you from there colonel. I'm one of Zimmerman's men."

"Yes," said Evans. "I rescued this little girl from the clutches of general Germania Vivian and want to reach general Hanson's lines as quickly as possible."

"Well," I can say to you," said the soldier. "You got off the train too soon. What line was you on?"

"On the Mc-Mc-lester and Pandora," answered Evans. "We got off here because the train unable to pull through Evangeline curran on account of serious reasons turned on this northernmost line, and which would take us out of the way altogether. The stupid agent told me there is no trains till to-morrow at ten thirty."

"It is true indeed," said the guard. "But there is a freight train coming inside of an hour if you're willing to wait that long. That train will stop here if you signal the engineer."

"I can wait an hour but not all night," answered Evans.

After saluting in answer to the soldier's salute, Evans walked back with the little girl to one of the benches under the ticket agent's window and sat down. Noticing the ticket agent Evans went to the window noticing that it was another agent this time, and inquired how far Hanson's lines was.

"My goodness lad you are not going to talk it with those two little girls!" He exclaimed seriously.

"If necessary yes," answered Evans. "But one of the guards said that there is a freight train coming inside of an hour, and that I can catch it."

"It's due in ten minutes," said the agent. "That's your last shot up."

"Do you belong to Hanson's command?" He had been here once."

"No," said Evans. "I belong to general Vivian's command." But

this little girl is a special friend of his and I had rescued her from the glandelinians though afterwards we had a hard time learning her that we were not real glandelinians. Those re-creants are so treacherous that I don't believe the devil would trust them himself."

"Well," I can assure you that he is from here about six hundred and fifty miles," said the agent. "I believe that other train took you clear out of the way. You made a great mistake in taking that northernmost line."

"It was a train not belonging to that line," said Evans. "For certain reasons it did not dare pass through Evangeline curran."

"Because that city is burning up," said the agent.

"Incendiary bombs, fired at random by the christians during a frightful extremely bloody battle at Dandin-Ara last night, set the city on fire, especially to a whole stretch of forests whose fire advanced upon the town. Indeed it was not only the smoke of the city you observed, but mostly of the burning forests."

"I thought something was causing the conflagration,"

said Evans. "Now I know."

The ten minutes were not now up, and the train was now lumbering into sight at a maddening pace. Evans waited until the train came near enough for the engineer to see his signals, and then signalled for the train to be stopped. At first the engineer thought there was something wrong on the road, and slowed down quickly, quicker than what was his wont, but Evans explained to the engineer the reason.

"The calicoose is the only coach you can ride on as all the others are full of munitions and provisions for general Vivian's lines, and that is all the further I go as all these carloads are only for him and general Hanson's."

Evans waited until the calicoose was pulled past the station, and then as the train stopped again the whole three got on.

There were several workmen in the calicoose as it's right name was, who indeed were surprised at the new comers, and at first thought that the two beautiful little girls were his own little children.

However Evans did not pay any attention to their gazes and remarks among themselves and sizing him up, but at last at one of the rough uncouth men came over to Evans and patting him playfully on the shoulder said:

"Well my lad don't you think it is rather risky to bring your two children on an ammunition train? What if the enemy would make attempts to blow us up? Wouldn't it make you feel --?"

"They won't do it if I can help help it," answered Eyn Evans. "And these two little girls are not my children. The older one is a companion, and the youngster is a refugee, capture, or rather taken by means of a clever trick from the clutches of general Germania Vivian, commanding the glandelinian army near Cromer Adrea."

"Oh I see," said the man. "And you are a colonel. I can tell by your uniform. How did you get through his lines without being detected?"

"A squad of friendly glandelinians helped us," said Evans. "And I am colonel Jack Evans of general Vivian's command. But just now I wish to go to Hanson's army as general Hanson is going to claim this little girl as his property hereafter. She will be his young adopted daughter."

"You are colonel Jack Evans?" gasped the man. "Why I've heard a good deal of you and general Vivian's daughters -- you guard us well. Congratulations my lad. I'm glad to know you. You are welcome to stay on this calicoose as long as you like. And I believe you three are hungry. We will prepare supper for you and you and the trainmen will eat together."

With this he went back to the curious men, told who their visitors were and then they started to get supper ready.

In the meantime Hanson's little adopted little girl had been feeling broken hearted over Evans' apparent coldness toward her and one of the men noticing her tear stained eyes as he had tried to find out what was wrong but she never said a word, for despite his apparent coldness, she did not want to tell on him and cause him trouble. Hence she kept still and started in with:

"It's my doing I presume." She suspected none of her treacherous glandelinian and after I had disengaged my discipline even and my words to her may have injured her feelings. I feared indiscriminate peril to rescue her and so did the other little girl with me. I suppose I appear cold toward her but I don't see where I appear so. Come come little girl." He added extending his arms toward the weeping child. "You have proved yourself a little heroine anyway. I'm not mean or cold to you. It's just my quietness and way of speaking to my friends. We will always be friends. Come little girl. What do you say? What do you say?"

The child approached him cautiously, and putting her hand to his hand she drew her close to him and folded her in his embrace, and held her to him a long time.

"Wait until you see your new uncle and his dear little Vivian girls," said Evans kindly. "They are perfect angels in human form, and you will like them as they are so good and kind."

Gertrude was surprised and happy to see this sudden change and finally he burst forth with:

"If it had not been for me men, her remains would have been found on the tracks for on this train we just go off from, she tried to jump out of the window, while the train was running sixty five miles an hour. She did this to escape me when she thought I was a ----"

All of a sudden there was a whistling sound, and one of the little girls' hair bands around her head cut in two and fell to the floor.

"It is one of my jumping beans that did that," laughed the man doing the cooking. "There are no glandelinians within seven hundred miles of here."

"I thought it was a shot," said Evans. "But how did she cut her hand?"

"The heat of it," said the man. "They are dangerous though in striking any person. They are real luglar knockouts."

It indeed was a wholesome supper on the train, and then just about nine o'clock the train pulled in its last station nine of eleven that evening, the station being way into the heart of the christian lines. After bidding a good farewell Evans at once made for the direction of Hanson's lines, Gertrude having gone in another direction being on her way to visit the Vivian girls. Evans knew that he was a long way from Hanson's lines and decided to take an auto and get there quicker which he did. He arrived within Hanson's lines about ten thirty, so hardly that he could hardly keep his eyes open, and seeking an empty tent he took the child in with him, and slept the rest of the night.

He did not wait for any breakfast, but started off immediately for Hanson's headquarters, it being unusually warm for a Galvianian April.

It was even starting to rain considerably and fearing that it would pour before very long Evans put his rain coat over the little girl to keep her dry. It was a long distance to Hanson's headquarters and it took an hour and a half before the two reached it. To make things more embarrassing the guard told him that the general was at General Viviane's headquarters, and would not be back for three days unless he specially called. It was more than twenty-eight miles to General Viviane's headquarters and so Evans ordered the man to bring the army wagon, and drive him and the little girl to General Viviane's headquarters. It was pouring rain now not furiously but considerably but the little girl was not at all wet. Evans drove so when the wagon drew up Evans got out and placed his raincoat around the little girl and carried her to the wagon lifting her in. He himself was almost soaking wet, but he did not mind it a bit. As he got on he sniffed, and remarked that a sulphurous smell was in the air.

The ride was not fast but a long one, and finally after two or three hours they drew up in front of Hanson's headquarters. Hanson learned that the general and General were expecting him, and were waiting at the headquarters where the Viviane girls called Violet and her sisters were.

"Another long drive," muttered Evans. "I suppose when I reach the Base hospital the two generals will be screaming at me."

He ordered the driver to drive to the hospital, which he did, and getting about half way to the hospital, the wagon was pulled into a mud hole and got stuck. In vain the driver lashed their horses frantically they could not go and Evans was furious. He himself tried to get the wagon out, by working the wheels of lift it as the horses pulled, but strong as he was even able to lift two hundred pounds with one hand was unsuccessful, and he had some of the soldiers bring up two extra teams. This was done but the more they pulled the deeper the wagon sank. Wedges, big boards, and crowbars were used but it was of no use.

"Get another wagon," shouted Evans. "And here after Mr. driver look out where you are going. This is no excuse. You saw the bog and ought to have passed along side of it."

The other wagon was brought up, and the child placed in it, and in ten minutes the journey was continued a little slower this time as the driver had been ordered to be cautious under the circumstances, and that another mud hole would be his own undoing, as Evans was not going to stand for any unnecessary delay.

THE TYPHOON CATCHES THEM UNPREPARED... (A_#_#_#_A_):...???

They had just traveled another mile or so when suddenly from the driven driver there came a low shocked cry. A puff of hot wind scorching and hissing was hurrying itself black and ominous from the wide expanse of the open woodland driving straight across the plains into the Christian lines. Other hot puffs of wind followed, each one being stronger than the proceeding. The sky all that morning had been lead colored but now it was of a strange wierd greenish hue, with an inkish black portent approaching swiftly from the southwest. The forest trees broke into a sickening writhing and twisting, p like spiteful waves of a wind tortured sea, making a strange ominous roar, that a woe the child. Then there was a dazzling flash of light followed by an ear-splitting crash of thunder, that rolled in many thousands of long echoes, and suddenly with a hiss like the touch of death a terrific sheeted torrent of rain came driving on, blotting out all the nearest fields, tents of the Christian soldiers, the lagoons, woods, glens and distant hills until nothing could be seen, while from the far distance an awe inspiring roar seemed to approach gathering in sound every moment.

"A TYPHOON," cried Evans. "Quick we will have to duck for a place of safety."

They both got off the wagon, Evans taking the terrific child off and groping under an overhanging ledge of rock in listening to the crash of the rain above.

They heard it beat down the branches of the trees of the distant woods and with the wind continuing to grow harder every minute, watched the gale beginning to fling thousands of the trees angrily to the ground, at one breath. Crash after crash of thunder rolled in deafening echoes. "Probably it's one of those Angelinian sea squalls," thought Evans groping further under the ledge of the rocks. "Maybe it will squall all night. Good God how I wish General Hanson and Vivian had stayed where they were in the first place."

Within five minutes more the supposed squall was the most monstrous screaming shrieking and roaring maddened gale that Evans had ever observed for a long time. It was impossible for Evans and even the little girl to hear the roar of the slowly devastated forests, but between the frequent lightning sheets which illuminated the whole region to blinding brightness, he imagined that the trees tremendous insane waves of trees were pounding each other with tremendous fury.

The screaming of the wind, and the snoring lightning and the ear-splitting thunder rolls frightened the little girl most, for she had never dreamed in her life that wind could ever blow so hard, and it seemed to blow from all points of the compass at the same time to her. It shook and tore on the strongest trees, hurling them down by hundreds per second, appalling the little girl until she threw her thin frail childish arms about Evans and clung to him shivering in every limb, from terror and confusion. The wind screamed like demons through the frantically waving forests, and on across the fields and through the plains indeed screaming like a mighty army of enraged devils and steamships together, beating even the long stalks of old dried up corn to the ground, whipping a trier lumen together so furiously that the beams branchless and tearing all before it. There was nothing she could compare this wind with, and to Evans it was no longer a mere squall.

It was a full grown typhoon of the wildest description, and the sudden increasing of the wind nearly maddened him from the frightful clamor. The wildest crashes of thunder was as often as a thousand cannon being fired incessantly, and suddenly he saw a whole mass of probably thirteen thousand big trees and three thousand other trees give a wild lurch there was a frightful appalling roar, and in the next moment they went crashing through the whole scene lying simultaneously illuminated with a dazzling blaze of lightning, a river of sky-pittles seem to tear the sky with a hissing roar followed by a thunder roll that sounded like a whole legion of volcanoes blowing up into the air.

A third redoubled fury of the wind came on with irresistible violence and screeched horribly like three hundred thousand demons. The Christian soldiers mostly all of them, were tumbling fearfully out of their torn huts and seeing all of their tents fly away like balloons, the wind catching them all and whirling them away like tufts of grass. Those who were quick enough, threw themselves flat on the ground, or climbed the strongest trees, at which they were sure the wind powerful as it would grow could not wrench loose. They were securing themselves among the highest trunks, with long pieces of rope.

Many thousands of the Angelinians had flung themselves on the ground holding to firmly and desperately to the lower bases of the trees and putting for breath. On each side of all the company streets, all the tents with all their contents, hundreds of pounds to many tons in weight, had been torn from their foundations and whirled away like tops. Evans could only snatch one look, while the little girl gasped, her eyes wide open with fright. The next instant the whirling of branches of a tree crashed into her. The wind veered and no longer were Evans and the children secure, and with great effort they buried their hands deeply into the mud and gravel, and clung with their faces to the ground fighting desperately to hold their own. Their eyes started and the wind howling horribly at them almost strangled them.

Their ears drummed so that they did not hear the crash of the trees, going down by scores of thousands per minute, and the wail of human despair about them. Then they were almost blinded, there was a shocking crash that rolled like a trillion cannon, and down came big hailstones as big as clock faces, there was a frightful increase of the winds, fury, and so tortured by the bombardment of hailstones and rain rain they suddenly lost their hold, and when they again tried to bury their hands in the gravel they felt a soldier who was mortally wounded writhing and squirming beside them. On one of his hands were several pieces of rope, which Evans immediately snatched.

Then he sprawled across the company street, toward the base of a mighty oak tree six feet broad, and having the little girl with him he clung there for some time, probably about a minute, until the fury of the wind went down for several moments.

He he clamped the trunk of the tree with his hands and tied himself and the little girl securely to the tree. When the wind again hit the tree it did not sway backwards or forwards, but vibrated like a piece of wire.

The tree as a whole stood almost motionless, vibrating like a long piece of wire. The vibration making them both dizzy, the sick both expecting the big ponderous tree to snap or go by the roots at any moment. A big tree similar in size just across the company street went that way, throwing its occupants fifteen soldiers to the ground as if they were ripe coconuts. A few minutes later after the storm had raged fifteen minutes the fury of the wind was unbelievable.

It was a screaming million fury, shrieking like a hundred million de mons, and the oak tree was vibrating and swaying and bending backwards and forwards so wildly that now the tree was rapidly loosening at its roots and there was no telling how much longer it was going to stand the strain of the screaming pine pain.

So heavy was it raining that the little child and Evan thought that the wind had dipped up all the water from the far distant sea and hurled it all across the lands at one time, the raindrops hitting her back and shoulders like cold leaden pellets, and the thunder was so furious, that it seemed as if the whole world had become torn suddenly with furious erupting volcanoes. The tree now swayed perilously as one of the roots loosened.

Evan doubling his body at the waist and clinging tighter to the child who was sobbing. Evan felt that he was weakening like the tree, for his strength by his most desperate efforts to keep the child from being wrested from him by the wind, was running from him faster than he had ever imagined it would, and it was the frightful fury of the hot wind that was exhausting him, and he felt that he certainly could not endure its unceasing impact much longer. And the rain! It would be a night long tumbling wall of water, the windstorm having already raged twenty minutes. It would sink to the very roots of the tree and tear them to pieces, and surely the tree would fall in a very few minutes. But the tree did not fall. After twenty five minutes, the tornado like hurricane delay with its backbone broken, for only a stiff tree breeze was broken. The water wall lay crumpled in the company streets of the big christian army camp and also in the fields. Except for the hard animal like groans of the trees still standing and swaying in the stiff breeze, and the low crying of the abating gale, all was becoming quiet. There was now no more thunder and lightning, and soon the breeze died down completely. Everything became a dead calm, the stars coming out and appearing like big pearls pinned to a piece of blue cloth.

Somewhere down a company street a dog splashed in the water howling mournfully. Before climbing down from the tree Evan looked about him almost bewildered and saw that the rain filled streets were cluttered with a corpse of dead animals, some of the bodies lying half in the water, and half out battered and broken. On that no life was lost among the soldiers which was a miracle indeed. However not a tent of any kind had been left to shelter them, and even the strong infirmary buildings and thousands of the mess halls, all solid wooden buildings of great size and strength were completely gone, not even a little wreckage of the houses being left to mark the place where they formerly stood.

The force of the twenty five minutes wind storm had practically hurled all of it into the fields or down upon the far distant bench hundreds of miles away, and but one tree out of ten were spared. Two of these were wrecks their windage shorn, and their long trunks split half way down. No sun was not yet up the next morning after Evan and the little girl worked and tired had trudged on for miles over branches and twigs that they found themselves soon on the edge of a flooded cornfield looking for the way to the base hospital, as the roadways on account of the thickly strewn wreckage of trees was completely impassable. The fields were draining slowly and it would be hours before the fields would be passable. He remembered suddenly that there was another way. Back by the wind torn forest an uncovered path ran around to the other side of the camp. There was one big obstacle in it however and that was it was too long a distance. He knew he could follow this until he was almost behind the wreckage strewn regions and then by walking along the dry edges of the fields which lay perpendicular to the path he would reach the base hospital, which he felt sure had been strong enough to stand the strain of the cyclone.

As he looked toward the grove he saw that the hurricane had demolished the infirmary, which was equally as strong as the base hospital though not one third as large, and his heart sank at

the thought that the base hospital was also wrecked by the screaming gale.

All that remained of the infirmary was a section of the wall and a portion of the screen veranda. However searching or searching the grounds of the base hospital he had discovered that the beautiful building had stood well against the typhoon, and with joy in his heart he plunged on through the mud and reached it in a jiffy. Hanson and general Vivian were there all right and what a reception he got when he brought the little girl up to Hanson. Violet and her sisters alone were not with Hanson or general Vivian but he knew that they were probably in the ward and went to find them. But they were not, and on inquiring the only answer was: "That they know not where they were."

He believed then that they must have went to some other wards, but though he inquired at every ward, there being thirty or of them he could not find them. Finally sad at heart, and fearing something happened to them he returned to where general Hanson and Vivian were with the little girl. General Vivian saw Evan's sober look as he came up and said:

"Well Evan! my boy, get the blues so soon. What's wrong?"

"I fear your daughters are gone, or something has happened to them. They are missing."

"Where were you looking for them?" Asked general Vivian.

"In every ward of this hospital." He answered. "And I could not find them at all."

"Well just go into my room and look there." Said general Vivian.

"And you will be rewarded for your trouble."

"Why I never thought of that." Answered Evan. "I overlooked that room thinking only of the wards."

He quickly stepped into the room and indeed there they were, sitting on a bed and playing a game of cards and checkers among themselves. At his entrance they gave a startled but joyous cry, and they relieved him so warmly that he was surprised.

"Why Evan dear boy, we did not expect to see you back so soon." Said Violet.

"Did you find out where the poor little girl is?"

"I brought her right here." Said Evan. "She is in Hanson's possession now. Germania Vivian your wayward brother had her in his possession in his headquarters, and by a clever trick with the help of Gertrude Angelina I just simply succeeded in bringing her here. Don't Germania be mad though when he finds out how I fooled him, and made off with the little girl."

"Oh why did you not bring her in?" Asked Violet almost reproachfully.

"We want to see her."

"I'll go and get her." Said Evan, and he did....." () ()

THE BATTLE OF LITTLE DAMIANIA. FEBRUARY 26TH...

In the meantime Germania Vivian did discover that he had been tricked, that the child had only been rescued, and not only that but he had been made a fool of by some treacherous Glandelinians, who had helped in this scheme, and his rage knew no bounds. He blamed the whole matter on general Francis Smith, for not watching more closely for spies, and threatened to have him removed from his command. Nevertheless though he had been so fooled, Germania, was bound to retake the little girl, and capture Evan at all costs. He learned that a great part of Francis Smith's army had been swept to pieces in an inferno of blood and hellish carnage lasting forty eight hours at Little Damiania, causing forest fires which burned Evangelina Urrau, and promised forgiveness if he would hold firmly against the Glandelinians army, until he could come up.

But despite all his promises it was impossible for Francis Smith's army to hold even an inch of ground, against the christian assailants, who nevertheless despite their victory had suffered extremely heavy losses. When they had met the thousands, upon thousands of big and small machine guns, which kept up a continuous blaze they only flung a wave after wave sixty miles long against the gray line, and forced the Glandelinian positions after wading over the fields of intermingled bodies of the dead and dying, and seas of blood. The frightful battle of Little Damiania, with the situation on the side of the Glandelinians critical, had swung two and fro, changing aspects every quarter of an hour, until gradually on the second day, despite their losses the christians were completely winning. Hourly the christian losses in their

men killed and wounded continued to suppress any defiance, hundreds of thousands strong, losing three quarters of their number as they charged in massive formation, and hundreds of companies withdrew from the fighting lines with their combat strength reduced to ten men. Even for those forty eight hours, backward from the frightful battle field, there had flowed a tide of millions of mangled wounded men, filling Christian hospitals and red cross trains. This horrible wastage of humans was incalculable, every mile of the land became being strewn with the dead and wounded, here and there thickly strewn men lying closely intermingled, but level form, and there and there mountainous heaps of mortality. On the great stretch of this frightful battle field, there had been seen immense multitudes of landshinians, all fighting backwards with the Christian waves pressing them closer, and leaving long lines of dead in their wake. The Christians broke through the line in general success on the afternoon of the second bloody day, and in a fog of gunpowder smoke so thick that the landshinian machine gunners could not see fifty feet ahead at times, streamed through in columns. General Ke' Kelley's landshinian musketeers held on to their forward redoubts until almost annihilated, and general Kelley's landshinian falling back blew up bridges, and fought desperately to blow up bridge rebands, fighting desperately against incessant attacks. But these were also carried.

Germania had indeed intended to rush his forces upon Smith's assailants, but he never got time to make a move, for the same typhoon came that had struck general Hanson and Viviana lines, also striking Germania lines, and also swept upon the regions where the great battle had been raging, and came upon them as if a million demons had kicked it out of the infernal regions. The main center swept upon the region

of Germania lines, and also upon the Christian camps, of those armies besieging the city. He saw neither Christian or enemy escaping. In this region the violence of the wind carried all before it sweeping especially Germania lines with terrible carnage and devastation, killing thousands of his men, leaving not a single tree of any size of the immense forests standing, and depriving Germania army of many of its cannons, and wrecking those too heavy to be blown away. Not even a single tent, barracks, and mess halls were left to them. Structures of every kind, even all the infirmaries, post offices, and headquarters of all the generals were swept clean away. The main base hospitals made of substantial stone and iron and brick, unlike the wooden hospital of the Christian lines was raised seemingly a hundred times, and every one within the buildings perished in the whirl of debris.

The fury of the storm rained literal hellish fury in tearing through Viviana's Christian lines, and after the storm his whole army spent two weeks clearing away the mass of wreckage, from the millions of frightfully shattered trees. They fared no better than Germania lines, every structure built either of wood or brick being blown away, and over 10,000 were killed, and nearly 30,000 fatally wounded while those slightly or seriously and dangerously wounded amounted to 166,000. His army sustained a heavier loss of life than Germania, which was slightly or more or less exposed to the full fury of the storm, Mrs Viviana was.

Germania's losses was greater in injured however, the injured, in fatality, seriously, or slightly, amounting up to 234,000, while two thousand were killed. Property loss however was greater in Germania lines, and in Viviana there was no loss of heavy cannons of any kind, reported anywhere, though all the tents and protecting trees were gone. Wiesentien's lines was frightfully devastated, but the wooded regions not burned by the conflagration, caused by the first days battle, was not so completely cleared away or shattered, as millions of branchless trees remained, and the great rain deluge put the great fires out in a very short time.

He however reported no loss of life, though six thousand men were injured, all the army tents had been blown into the skies and all the buildings hastily erected had been blown to the know not where where. Fortunately for him Zimmermann's lines had only got a part of the outer circle of the terrific cyclone, but nevertheless incalculable damage, equal as bad as in general Viviana's lines had been done, and one out of ten trees were left standing. He escaped fortunately a total loss in tents, only ten thousand being lost, the barracks buildings though not carried away were partially wrecked, the mess halls were down the infirmary was a shattered mass of wreckage, and the base hospital though gutted was not so considered as a total loss. No loss of life was either reported in his lines, neither any injured, but his region was under a flood, and he was unable to resume his advance or either retreat. Zimmermann's headquarters a large wooden mansion though standing its ground against the full fury of the wind, was struck

by lightning at the conclusion of the storm, and was burned to the ground as well as a large barn opposite it, and strange to say among one of the slightly injured was general Zimmermann himself. Smith's army of landshinians suffered considerably worse, from the effects left by the storm than Wiesentien's army did. All their tents, and nearly all their shelter of any kind, was cleaned out and 36,300 were killed by the chacoos of flying trees, and clouds of debris and over 100,000 were injured fatally while 300,000 others were maimed, blinded or mangled severely in the fury of the typhoon. Thirty officers, five or ten colonels, and three generals were killed, and forty were seriously wounded. In this region the storm literally carried all before it cleaning every vista of forests away, and strewn the grounds for hundreds of miles with the shattered remains of trees and army houses. The base hospital just similar to that in Germania lines, was leveled to the ground, and the debris blown away every one in it having perished, and the wooden infirmary had been carried away by the wind like a huge balloon.

Of all the armies suffering from the disastrous effects of the cyclone, Francis Smith's was the worse, as he got the main powerful force of the extensive tornado. His total of injured amounted to 498,000 and over forty eight thousand were either killed, or perished in the raging floods that followed.

Smith himself was seriously injured, a tree having fallen on his fracturing his arm, two ribs, and crushing his legs. He would never be able to serve in the war again. And the war did not put him out either.

All his cannons not blown away were either wrecked or buried under a mass of shattered trees, and indeed this scene of devastation was more horrible horrible than ever. How marvelously that it done less havoc in Wiesentien's lines, though at this location his Christian army got the fiercest fury of the entire storm.

Violet and her sisters themselves had a trying experience during the typhoon when it struck general Viviana's lines, but their firm familiarity with the signs of these approaching storms, was the means of saving their lives. Even that morning to them the sky had almost that same kind of grayness which they had witnessed before the cyclone at Jenniawren. From afar off that afternoon an hour before the storm broke there sounded a peculiar shrill screaming noise, which simultaneously appeared to be high up in the air, and it was so loud and uneasy that filled the little girls, then in general Hanson's headquarters with an exceedingly great fear that was as comical to see. That horrid unearthly screaming burst forth with great fury, becoming more unearthly and piercing and deafening.

The Angelinians themselves had been startled, but not fooled. "Maybe that cyclone will hit us," said one of the lieutenants, noticing the slow strange darkness that was gathering. The screaming

had continued and repeated again and again in louder accents and one of the other soldiers cried:

"It's an approaching wind all right. The sky in the direction of the southwest is as black as ink."

General Charles Brown went forward to investigate, while the deafening screech after in continuing for about an hour had subsided subsided into a dull booming uproar, in a mingled with a strange weird moaning sound which proceeded from the direction of the southwest.

"It's a typhoon all right," said Brown returning, "as several of his officers rushed up to him. It seems as if it will not come as its blackest clouds, as you see moving like a racer are mostly in the northwest, but just the same I don't trust that suspicious noise in the southwest, so you had better get your men prepared to meet it so there will be, I no loss in life. It's signal the warning to generals Hanson and Vivian."

Violet and her sisters though familiar with the approach of these storms had not however realized the true nearness of the storm, and were on the veranda of Hanson's headquarters when the storm came up.

It began with gradual force a only in the vicinity of Hanson's and general Viviana's lines, which was only struck by the main portions of the storm's outer circle, but nevertheless increased in violence minute by minute, and in fourteen minutes there was such an uproar that to the little girls it seemed as if the world was coming to its end. Before you could count one, two, three Violet and her sisters were buried in the wreckage of the veranda, when trying to escape from the house before it went to pieces a frightfully unearthly blackness having obscured everything from view, and the uproar of falling trees had sounded like many thousands of thunder crashes going on in a continuous uproar the whole scene having become an indescribable chaos.

Though successful in loosening themselves from the wreckage Violet and her sisters uninjured had found it safer to remain under the

under the windrows of timber then scratching out, but nevertheless they watched the fury of the storm, and saw the continuous inextinguishable clouds of thousands of big tents, guns, scores of thousands of trees, of every size, cannon, broken wheels, mangled fragments of army houses, guns, ammunition wagons, and hundreds of men scattered about by the terrific force of the wind. Violet and her sisters had been almost stunned by the clear clamor of the tornado like hurricane but nevertheless they kept still and the tremendous uproar, trusting to the refuge they found themselves in among the wreckage of the veranda. To Violet and her sisters the very lightning at times seemed to flash in rivers toward the very ground, and thunder loud enough to make a concussion strong enough to throw down the mightiest buildings, exploded in a crashing incessant salvoes of cannonading that was ear-splitting.

To Violet and her sisters everything seemed to be torn to pieces by the fury of the storm, and therein fell in floods.

At the time the storm had been raging fifteen minutes it had become so dark that Violet and her sisters could not be able to see twenty yards ahead of them, and now indeed a screaming tempest of the most appalling fury was raging, and by the denaturing up roar of trees falling the little girls had realized that whole forests in the vicinity of Hanson's lines was being devastated.

Indeed Violet and her sisters could never imagine of having heard heard such a din caused by a storm before, thousands of the trees being torn up by the roots and flung hundreds of feet into the air and some of them having been flung against a sloping plain bank had been held there by the frightful pressure of the wind, which screamed and howled now like millions of demons and wolves in one chorus.

For twenty five minutes the horrible crash and uproar had continued with appalling sublimity, the intense darkness having been lighted up now and then by brief blinding sheets of lightning while the rain poured down in sheeted torrents, regular clouds of sticks shattered trees, all this while continued to fly flying through the air like a snowstorm whirling in all directions. At this time the fury of the wind had seemed about to tear all before it, but as the wind hardly swept past the region where Violet and her sisters were buried in the wreckage wreckage, Violet and her sisters felt themselves protected from the typhoons appalling fury.

After twenty minutes had passed, and though the storm was still raging with terrific fury it showed signs of abating, though still every thunder crash was like the discharge of parks of giant cannon, or krupp guns going off simultaneously, the lightning hissing through the inky skies, in shapes of shafts, skysplitters, lemons, snakes or forks, and bolts at every flash and Violet and her sisters feared that though safe from the wind the wreckage might be struck by lightning. After twenty three minutes had passed the storm was again raging with a din which sounded as if it was going to tear the world to pieces. Though the storm had been deceitful, in its show of slight abatement, it did not seem to grow any worse now, after becoming general again, but nevertheless the lightning became very threatening, the flashes becoming more stronger, and more frequent, and the thunder more terrific. Strange rattlings filled the air, then suddenly after a flickering red arch of light, which flickered for three moments there came a most blinding sheet of lightning which dazzled and illumined the whole surface of the ground the sky for the moment being split by a giant fork or shaft lightning with many branches. This was instantaneously followed by a most terrific thunder roll to roll, which seemed to split the earth, or which sounded like the world blowing to pieces, at fifteen thousand gigantic rolling explosions at one time. In another moment there was another flash, which seemed to fairly tear the clouds followed by another thunder roll which resembled the worse explosions of Mt. Calverines eruptions, the concussion being tenfold fury seeming to blow all the trees down at once with a frightful crash, and uproar and the wind was screaming so wildly and frantically that it seemed bent on the destruction of the world. All the trees within sight of Violet and her sisters, being whirled in an indescribable chaos, and hundreds of wagons and machine guns were still being blown about and hurled against each other. (Everything of description was blown down, trees still standing in severe resistance to the wind were frightfully and horribly shattered, all the army houses were torn to pieces and havoc of every description occurred.

Panic and confusion had been everywhere, at the first outbreak of the cyclone among the christian soldiers, and general Charles Brown had done all he could to stem it and was knocked senseless. 1/1

by one of the falling trees. Everything of every imagination was totally wrecked. Millions of trees had been torn down at the very first minute of the storm duration. At all the army houses erected in the series of camps, were torn to pieces, within ten minutes, and all the ammunition wagons, not blown away were turned topsy turvy and many of the Angelinians who had not escaped into the shelter of the deep trenches were flung about among the wreckage and instantly killed. Wreckage was piled everywhere, and Baldwin himself trying to rescue some refugee children, rescued during a recent raid on the Angelinians was blown into their wrecked shelter, and sent sprawling head over heels into the fragments of wreckage receiving many severe injuries, the poor children being killed. General Baldwin Jennings was nearly fatally injured, and Francis G. Cannon was killed being thrown about along with the wreckage despite what they tried to clutch and everything was a whirlpool of chaos where Violet and her sisters were among their wreckage refuge, and a man was shoved against a remaining wall of cannons headquarters which collapsed on top of him his head being crushed by the terrific force with which he had been thrown against the wall....

A plank whirling through the air struck Violet on the head as she lost some of her caution, to see if the storm was abating or getting worse the force of the blow delivered by the stick making her see stars..

HANSON FORTUNATELY WAS WELL PREPARED FOR THE STORM...?

The evening before general Hanson after Evans had went off to rescue the little girl, had noticed a peculiar dull yellow glaring streak or archy canopy along the horizon, in the west, while also extended from north to south, but which was more expanded in the southwest. At first he mistook it for the sunset but then realized that it was more plain and having indeed the color of a yellow haze far in the sky, and a sickly haze had simultaneously covered the whole sky....

Hanson who had beheld the mass of yellow arising from the horizon, where strange whispers had also attracted his attention had caused him suspicion. He had watched the yellow glow for a long time, and noticed that it was more nearer and more extensive extensively and noticed that it was expanding with great rapidity and growing thicker and denser. This had made him suspect that a great typhoon storm was about to make its appearance and so he had been in one of his cyclone dugouts when the main force of the storm came the next day. Violet and her sisters had seen the approach of the storm from the southwest before it struck, for they had observed in the southwest, when the thick portent in the northwest was fading away into blue gray, a veritable rolling wall of cloud of dark slate gray color, which seemingly approached under the morning blue light rain clouds with thrilling rapidity..... It had soon however extended along the whole horizon in a strange ravine black arch of cloud which had reached the zenith in half a minute. The horizon had been shrouded

in pitch darkness, and as the darkness gathered they watched the blackening canopy in great awe. Then soon as the darkness was a pitch blackness, like midnight the little girls had heard a dull moaning roar which had increased to a dull booming or droning sound, and then the storm had been in full sway at once. After the storm when rescue work began, Violet and her sisters being found unharmed were transferred after difficult travel to the ruined hospital at general Evans' lines, where Evans the day after the storm had found the little girls.

This extensive tornado like hurricane however displayed its most immense force in the region of general Evans' lines, and in storming through the city of Croner Andrea....

In this region no trees of any size in the forests withstood the fury of the Terrocian Typhoon being either all strewn on the ground or carried into the air while many villages or towns were shattered to pieces and blown away, by the appalling force of the terrific windstorm. In the city of Croner Andrea, the loss of life was fearful the storm being one of the fiercest and appalling that had ever visited

the Calverinian country since the last great Santa Typhoon of Abbiennia. It swept the town of Wilda completely out of existence, and passing through the captured city of Vivian Wickay killed and wounded 7,717,000 out of a population of nine million one hundred forty four thousand four hundred forty four, and entirely demolished all the massive houses along the sections that had been swept by the main circle of the great storm. Millions of house timbers were carried miles away by the force of the wind, and hundreds of persons who had been blown away were afterwards found several miles away from their native city. From Mc-Hollister Lena a small city which was blown off the map, thousands of persons were swept away of whom no trace could be found. The fierce storm had indeed filled the whole Calverinian country with consternation, and bewilderment. 1,700,000 houses in Greater Andrea were leveled to the ground and remnants were left of buildings not entirely leveled and fragments of many wrecked wooden buildings, were found four miles away, from the city while portions of palms and organs were picked up two hundred miles from the city, by the Christian soldiers, these having been blown into Hanson's lines and general Vivians by the storm.

FREAKS LEFT BY THE STORM.

The sides of many ruined or woe brick or wooden houses left half standing were pierced with heavy board boards and splinters which protruded like huge pegs. In the walls of other buildings left partially standing holes by hundreds were noticeable that seemed to have been made by cannon balls or explosive shells. A long train of twenty seven box cars, and forty eight coal cars and thirty flat cars all heavily loaded, with brick, stone, wood and things of every imagination including thirty six cattle cars were completely picked up from the Angolinian railroad tracks, and blown three miles, then dropped into a ravine near general Zimmerman's badly ravaged positions. The loss of life was truly appalling. Many solidly built brick houses and immense grain elevators and cathedrae were raised to the ground in three hours duration of the storm, first by the twenty five minutes wind, and then finished by the floods that followed.

A feature of the typhoon was the x cloud burst of rain, which flooded many regions, and even the unusual size of the hailstones, which poured in torrents with the sheets of rain. Many of them were big enough to weight from five ounces to three pounds, and some of the smallest even measured in circumference nine inches. They crashed through the roofs of dwellings and barns still standing after the wind equal squall leaving holes at some places, through which a man's leg could pass through with perfect ease. The whole shoreline of this part of Calverinia was strewn with the wrecks of buildings, dead cows, men, women, and children, hogs, horses, dogs, and poultry, bedding, and wearing apparel. Several large houses had been taken up by the wind, and carried into the Christian lines, where they were found frightfully damaged. A big cannon of heavy calibre was carried 1,569 yards, the muzzle striking the ground, in front of the wrecked infirmary in general Viviana lines and buried deeply, the rear portions standing upright. The feathers were blown off thousands of chickens, and their dead bodies with the skin flayed off, were no unusual sight. Several generals in Hanson's storm swept lines were lying asleep in their rooms of their headquarters, when the wind lifted the upper portions of the house on the level with their beds in which they were lying and blew it away leaving them unhurt.

The long line of hedges and briar bushes growing along fences in front of immense gardens facing the mansion, and in some parts of the Christian lines were left bare, and while the thorns and branches being stripped and broken off entirely, by whipping violently together. In the region of Greater Andrea the typhoonic hurricane seemed to have the

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worse fury. The first few minutes of the storm was terrific enough but at its highest fury it was only a matter of ten minutes before the whole city of Greater Andrea was swept off the map. The main force of the extensive cyclone coming out of the southeast suddenly began its most destructive career in the lower suburbs reaching Reppe's avenue with a terrific screaming roar tearing down whole sections of strong houses, of all kinds and killed and injured 1,195 people, a hundred of which were children. Proceeding northeastward it tore down thousands of houses in a twinkling of an eye, and wrecked a big grain elevator at St. Michael's street which was amass in ruins of a terrible destruction. The path of the storm's direct violent action was approximately over the territory bounded on the west and east, where it tore to fragments whole divisions of brick and wooden houses in five minutes time and causing the deaths of of ten thousand adults, and four hundred children while twenty thousand injured were afterwards taken out from the wreckage.

At Sicamore avenue the storm totally wrecked whole scores of sections of business houses, blew off many strong roofs from factories, which were raised to the ground and two grain elevators, and then came--cornered over house tops to west St. Anna street, and struck down the whole myriad of houses, among them the grain elevator owned by Bernard and Rizzo Co. raising it to the ground.

The typhoon progressing onward destroyed hundreds of frame houses, ripped the most massive houses to pieces, blew roofs block distant and uprooted all the trees in its path. Churches were crushed and the total loss on account of devotions going on were 60,000 dead. Telephone and trolley poles were uprooted, and bent, and the rest of the city shattered as if as a postage stamp. Out of a ruined grain elevator three hundred men were dug out dead, and on Sacamore ave, nine hundred and fifty school children were dug out of three ruined schoolhouses dead, and a hundred other children were buried under the wreckage of St. Joseph's school house all being dead, the building having been razed. All the time above the din of the typhoon, while it was raging at its highest fury, and the crash and banging of falling wreckage could be heard the cries of dying men and women.

Even after the storm when the rescuers climbed over one of the windrows of wrecks, there had come to them distinctly, the voice of a woman mingled with the cries of little children, but soon these died away, though the cries of the woman continued until they reached her. The immense crowds stood in front of the houses and homes that were wrecked, and waited for the entombed dead to be brought forth. The scenes was much like those of a great fire and many a time there were good numbers of men, women, and children, brought forth alive, and one man who was slightly injured was able to tell of the miracle by which he was snared from death, under tons of brick and iron and mortar. Close to fifty others were extracted, more or less seriously injured, hundreds more were found alive in their wrecked homes, without any injuries of any kind, but out of the ruins of a large convent over a hundred and eleven were dug out, by soldiers frightfully mangled, all being sisters.

The storm sweeping like a scythe had destroyed five orphan asylums on St. Serinia street, and in the St. Henry's district, and killed and injured three thousand, five hundred fifteen persons in the wrecked resident houses, while in the orphan asylums which were wrecked more disastrously, than any of these houses none of the children dug from the wreckage were found either killed or injured, while all their attendants had perished. Five days later after the storm it was found that in this region of the orphan asylums fully three thousand other persons had been rescued from the wreckage badly injured, a hundred fatally.

Total loss on St. Serinia street alone were found afterwards to be 6532 6,532,555 in injured, killed and dying. Property loss was estimated at 3 \$30,000,000. 3,500,000 dollar damages was caused at a great pleasure park on the outskirts of Pa Pandora which was also badly smitten with a property loss of 70, \$70,000,000 and 80,000 killed injured and dying. A large metedrome, with people including women and children in great numbers was totally destroyed causing the loss of one thousand lives, a hundred of which were women and twenty children, and all the club houses, derby rides like seen in Riverview Pa Park close to a racoon were blown completely to a myriad known where. Three dancing pavilions crowded with men women and children to overflowing and a score of thraters and showhouses were blown to pieces with terrible carnage among all inside. In three places twenty thousand out of sixty thousand were killed, and five thousand three hundred were injured, while all the other survivors hardly escaped without injuries of some kind slight or serious. All that remained of these buildings and others of this large pleasure park was a strip of one story ruins

left of three stories and a thick pall of dust which had continued despite the downfall of rain which had spread over the ruins defied penetration for half an hour for the rescuers. Where this dust came from was a mystery. Among the perished christian armies the typhoon killed and wounded 206,000, while it killed and injured among the scattered armies of the enemy 738,620. Glandelinians. The total loss among non-combatants caused by the storm was 262,993. The total loss caused by the storm combined in killed and injured was 1,202,723.

After showing the little girl to them, and then taking the little girl upon his knee, Evans told violet and her sisters of his experience in the storm, and when he finished the one of the livian girls told what they had experienced. Violet and her sisters declared however that terrible as the typhoons were they had never seen any storm yet that caused such terrible destruction to cities and towns or such loss of lives among soldiers and non-combatants, as this horrible war did.... The little girls were delighted with the new child rescued so cleverly from the brutal Glandelinians. Glandelinians chieftain and the little girl finally realizing who Jack Evans was took to him more so closely and feared him no more.

ZIMMERMANN'S FEROCIOUS ACTION AT MILDRED GREENBURG.

Twelve days after the typhoon on March 14th after severe reverses during a frightful battle at Francis Smithsonia, a battle equal in equally as furious as the one at Zoe Rae Run, the enemy repelling Zimmermann recoiled with the loss of 85,666,000 to that of the christians 70,000,000. Zimmermann advanced successfully extending his main line toward Padula. Tansin, crushed the enemy under Schloeder there annihilating his army and then alarmed by the movements of the main forces of the Glandelinians toward Jennie Richen and being afraid that general Federal Francis Johnston was moving upon his rear, struck a sudden blow against general Zoe Rae Mc-hollister on March 20th. After a general action lasting over two hours Mc-hollister's armies were badly worsted, almost threatened with annihilation and forced to withdraw toward Gloria Alcie Run, where the Glandelinians followed in waves of men, Mc-hollister being killed as his survivors were annihilated by Collins Shoemans armies and routed.

All the christian columns who however who drove forward into the wooded portions of general Knoxes Glandelinians army was crushed to fragments and the survivors routed in confusion.... It was in vain for any of the officers to try and rally them and they themselves were killed by scores amid the dreadful storm of carnage.... A fresh division of ten million Angelinians were sent to the rescue, but after an hour of exceedingly bloody resistance in which the whole region was torn with the hellish fury of battle, ten of their main commanders, Sandford, Ruesford, Wagners Henryson, Shoeman, Jansen, Henry Donaldson, Calnan Shoeman, Altier, Johnston Schloeder, Hanson Mc-ferma and Baldon Henryson were killed and this whole christian line almost reduced to fragments when forced to withdraw.

Fifteen great christian generals fell in the vain effort to rally this mangled army and Joshua Vivian was among them. The other fourteen were James Curran, Henry Curran, Frank Curran and John Curran four brothers who were mortally wounded, while the rest killed outright were Franklin Henryson, Frank True, and Jameson True, two brothers, Glandin, Frank Anderson, Hendonia Vivian, Robertson, Cruesos, Franklin Lincoln, Bernard Sanderlinia, and George Callens. No effort could rally the panic stricken survivors, and they had to be withdrawn to the rear, all the colors of all the regiments having been shot to pieces, by the fearful storm of bullets. A bold bloody stand made on Tansin Run and a fire of over ten thousand cannon which destroyed down hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians like flies destroyed by fire in a fly trap, the Angelinians managed to check

the desperate headlong drive of the army once under Francis Smith, but the Glandelinian forces under general Federal Francis Johnston, in making fifteen assaults in which millions fell, had captured a long stone wall on the grounds of Alcie and Mc-hollister Run, extending a mile and here for hours the two forces battled back and forth like two waves tearing each other to pieces by the frequent collision. It was general Davidson who saved general Zimmermann's army from a serious disaster, and a total defeat by notifying general Arandt of the serious danger and who at once hurried heavy reinforcements to the rescue. The struggle was extremely fierce and terrific at this point, but the Glandelinians though successful lost the heaviest, Glandelinians as much as the christians, and were finally forced to withdraw with their leader. Federal Francis Johnston badly wounded as he rode over a portion of the christian parapet in the face of a hurricane of two bullets. The action continued the rest of the time with Picknell Knoxes Glandelinians, who repelled the armies under Richardson Raymond and Federal Aronburg, Picknell receiving for forty six eight hours, after the last twenty four hours action, with the other two Glandelinian armies as many assaults as there may be children in five schools, but in the end the christians along this section got worried with frightful loss and was driven clean from the wooded regions altogether, and in trying to force a stand Raymond Richardson was severely wounded and narrowly escaped capture as the Glandelinians rushed his panic stricken columns. Had Cannon who was the main Glandelinian commander come up in time with the remainder of the Glandelinian army Knox could have annihilated the whole christian army which was routed, and though there seemed no chance what ever for Zimmermann to win this battle, he finally withdrew without without offering serious resistance. The battle however was considered to have ended as a draw, as both sides had precisely the same positions as they had before the battle, but nevertheless the advantage was great for the Glandelinians for all maneuvers of the christians had been checked and Zimmermann was unable to advance any further for a while. Both sides lost heavily in this battle, the enemy first losing the most, but the christians totally more at the end of the battle. The christian loss was 40,000,000 in killed and wounded, though the loss of prisoners was considered as ten million, while the loss of the Glandelinians in killed wounded and prisoners, was only 1,515,000,000.

Violet and her sisters had heard of this great battle, and Zimmermann's defeat as the first defeat he had suffered in the war, and of his being unable to press on toward Craser Andrea. They were not and over it neither were they elated over it, and as they paid no more attention to the news as if it was nothing at all whatever, Evans wondered exceedingly.

They usually used to be very interested in the news concerning the outcome of the battles, even having been overanxious to find out the results, but now they showed no interest at all and he wondered why. Finally he decided to inquire and getting them alone that afternoon he put the question to them seriously.

"Oh Evans these slaughters make me tired," said violet. "Why we don't read about the battles any more is because though we are lost, the way a they are won or lost is disgusting. What we were always looking for was a general surrender of the Glandelinian armies. We have faced so many disappointments in these cases that we got tired of reading those battle stories, which are only trash. I'm fully convinced that this war is not only far from ended yet, but that we will surely never win."

"Oh you little girls are only losing hope and getting discouraged," said Evans, though in his heart he felt that they were right. "This war cannot go on forever. We will win yet." But no matter what Evans said it did no good. The little girls were obdurate on the matter and in fact Evans quite agreed on the matter with the little girl girls himself, for he knew that the christian armies though always larger than the enemy, was fast dwindling away while the enemy only allowed the size of their own armies on purpose, that they had enough of men yet to fight in the war that could overwhelm the whole Abbeian christian army itself.

He knew that Glandelinian was still in her fullest strength, and that if the Glandelinian armies were ever driven out of Alverinia it would take probably over a year to throw their armies out of Angelinia, and probably an invasion of Glandelinia would be like a man trying to walk on the third rail.

For in the Glandelinian country they would meet sterner and fiercer resistance than any where in Alverinia, and that many more severe battles would have to be fought.

He however knew that the main decision was soon concerning Germanias army at Bremer Andrea. If Germania won the war would either continue a long time or be lost entirely, but if he lost the war would probably only last a month more. But none of the christian generals whose armies were continually concentrating upon him saw any prospects of victory in sight, and Viviana himself had wrote o to general Vivian that he saw no chance of beating Germania Vivian-Violet and her sisters felt that general Viviana would not be beaten, for they felt sure that God would not allow such a wit wicked man to win. But end to say as we will some read Germania was victorious and it was the christians who paid the price in a baptism of blood and fire and indescribable wholesale slaughter in that roaring inferno of damanating horrors.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS WITNESS HARROWING SIGHTS IN STRICKEN ST MARIE: THE HORRIBLE EXPLOSION!

Poor violet and her sister were still cr-cripples, and when they believed that all the horrors seemed over, general Hansons army got into fierce and sanguinary action with a Manley at St Marie or St Francis, which not only ended in disaster, and a general withdrawal of general Hansons whole army which was crushed like an egg shell, but as he tried to make a fierce stand at Chairity Junction, a frightful explosion occurred during the highest fury of the battle within Hansons lines, which was caused by one of the enemys shells. The explosion made a scene and a crash like Mt Pelee did in her sudden eruption when that volcano wu wiped out the population of the island of Martinique. This explosion not only killed one thousand christian soldiers but slew a hundred thousand others,, the concussion rocking the city of St Marie to the ground.

Indeed as the little girls had seen, when taken there by Evans under an escort of soldiers, nothing except the little blonde Francianna battle had caused war horrors to outrival this great ravaging destruction. St Marie had been on account of the explosion visited, by shock, fire tornado and deluge, leaving it more pitiable than many desolated town wrecked by the concussion of any terrific past battle.

Twenty and a score more of miles of homes as the little girls witnessed had been torn apart, and then touched into flames which fortunately had been quenched by the deluge before total conummation occurred.

Following the terrific explosion within the christian lines that demolished houses from the concussion, wrecked scores of ships on the river twenty miles away, and killed hundreds of thousands of men women and children, the city had then been visited by a ravaging tornado of exceedingly great violence, which also tore a path through general Vivians lines then besieged for five days by heavy rains which turned into the most frightful blizzard ever seen in the Galverinian country. For miles and miles all that Violet and her sisters saw of the once thickly populated St Andrews section once thickly covered by buildings was now a sea of half cleared snow covered ruins.

Along the dock front which the little girls had also witnessed at the foot of the main St Andrew section fourteen thousand one hundred freight cars, and one thousand four hundred heavy pullmans all wooden were still smoking wrecks. In one orphan asylum in this devastated district every child had been killed, while in another the hundreds of poor little ones were pitifully injured, their legs and arms being broken, and faces torn and disfigured for life. It happened at about ten o'clock in the morning when the battle of St Marie or Chairity Junction was in full sway, when the store houses within Hansons lines loaded with hundreds of thousands of tons of high explosives, all kinds of other deadly explosives, mingled with Benzol, Picric Acid, the vicious T.N.T and dynamite, was hit by a high explosive shell, fired by one of the landelinian guns.

The explosion was as terrific as if Mt Galverine was blowing itself into the skies, and the column of smoke from the explosion extended for thirty thousand feet into the air, the crash being like a trillion cannon. The shock caused by the concussion was so great that St Andrews the district nearest the Mc-Ollester-Mc-Ollester gun river a hundred miles away from the scene of the explosion was virtually razed, while every pane of glass in the city, and other cities far from it, and even in Galverine were shattered, while three million angelinians themselves

suffered as from shell shock only ten out of that number living, the rest being killed instantly by the concussion. In St Marie houses collapsed by hundreds of thousands from the one shell shock, the flames sprang up, then along came the roaring tornado and the deluge of rain and then the blizzard. Hundreds of thousands in the city in itself was instantly killed by the shock itself not from wreckage, as wreckage killed no one, and thousands that were buried in the wreckage and found dead were on being examined discovered to have been only killed by the shock of the blast. The air in the city two hundred and fifty miles away was filled with particles of glass hurled from the shattered windows by the concussion that blinded pedestrians far from the airport of Galverine. In the stricken city of St Marie where every window in houses not the thrown down by the fearful shock, was open to the cold cold Galverinian April weather, through the broken windows and the suffering among the survivors was something terrible indeed. Frantic attempts were made to check the windows with with bedding rags or any material at hand. But had as the lot of the temporary houses was, the many hundreds of thousands injured by the shock lying unasscured by beneath the wreckage were worse off. Many thousands died before they could be reached, and as the terrific April snowstorm grew the workers were forced to cease. Loads of thousands of dead strewn into the morgues, only to be followed by frantic survivors trying to identify the dead bodies by some chance trinket that might still remain on all the bodies found were mutilated, with broken arms and legs, only caused by the shock itself.

Relief from the christian armies was sent in and one of the officers with Violet and her sister who witnessed this scene of wreckage declared that he had witnessed the dead and dying at the inferno of Germania and Logan as the gun, gone over the enemy trenches at Big Birdknoll in the face of a hail of British storm of musketry and artillery, crossed the fiery inferno of Mc-Ollester gun during the battle there, treading accidentally underfoot his own comrades still stremling with their frightful death wounds, and had witnessed the aftermath of a bootless counter attack at Chairity Junction and Little Olandia Francis gun but had seen nothing worse than the scenes in the wrecked city of St Marie.

Mad and frenzied friends and relatives frenzied with distress about hundreds of thousands in numbers rushed into the ruins and with the persistence of half crazed beings tore at the brick and mortar that had once been their own homes hoping against hope that somewhere a loved one might be still breathing or a body found to receive its last tribute.

Sides of immense churches and dwellings nearest the explosion had been blown in by the concussion and one big wooden house had collapsed, when the explosion came burning its shocked inmates. When the relief workers began their task the thousands of dead lay about in the streets huddled against walls, where they had been buried pinned under burning buildings and unconscious beneath the fallen walls of their dwellings. In two protestant landelinian schools where children had been confined by force all the pupils perished at the concussion before the buildings collapsed though in three other schools which were Catholic not a child was killed or injured though these buildings were more frightfully damaged. It was impossible at the present moment to ascertain the exact number of killed and injured from the shock but conservative estimates suggest about 400,000 to 500,000 killed outright.

The regrettable part of the whole occurrence is that it was declared completely accidental-----caused by culpable negligence, when it was seen by many of the Angelinians that the shell from the landelinian gun / was deliberately aimed.

When the Vivian girls had arrived on the scene so they could almost believe that they were back among the ruined cities wrecked by Mt Galverine before the war. Small piles of brick mortar, wood and iron were all that remained of a thickly populated district. Thousands of trees were splintered and down from the force of the concussion, fires were still burning in coal heaps, and hundreds of thousands of people were working in the debris frantically digging to find the bodies of their loved ones.

Thousands of these rescue workers were laded and looked for all the world like men wounded in battle. As is usual in battles of this kind which raged in the landoo-Angelinian war, there was adversity of opinion as to how many shell explosions during the action at Chairity Junction took place. Evidently there were a terrible outburst of shells in fiery explosions among the opposing lines which made noise so loud and continuous which caused people to rush to the windows to see what was happening.

Then came the tremendous blast of the munition stores, which blew in the glass windows of all the houses not wrecked, and caused the furniture of all description to dance a violent jig, and which accounted for so many people losing their eyes, and being cut about the head and face.

THE GLASS STORM.

Even three hundred miles from the explosion in the city of St. Marie not wrecked the Vivian Girls saw great slivers of plate glass sticking horizontally in the brick walls of the offices of the Californian chief of police, like arrows that had been propelled by a bow, while the streets were encased in glass, so one can partly realize as the Vivian Girls did what an glass inferno must have reigned for a few moments.

Hundreds of great bars of iron from the munition stores, that blew up wrought into fantastic shapes by the force of the explosion, and hurled through the air to the distance of six thousand feet, were picked up at widely separated points by the Christian soldiers in Wisconsin army soldiers two hundred miles away. The tragedy seemed to Violet and her sisters even greater than along the front of any greater battle that they had ever witnessed, as it came so suddenly absolutely without the slightest warning, whereas the damage on the most fierce battlefields was accomplished by degrees, and it was always when the people heard the far distant prolonged roar of the battle, they were expecting the terrible destruction, and so were prepared.

The houses that were not entirely destroyed but badly wrecked, had all the earthworks of buildings wrecked in Zippollin raids on London or Paris nothing but a plain drama.

Sides of many houses were smashed in as by a tornado, a storm of glass was scattered in all directions, roofs lifted bodily and turned around, or dumped off entirely, interiors demolished and furniture totally wrecked. Hundreds of thousands of families were wiped out entirely, but even more heartrending were the many cases of families broken up. Some lost fathers and mothers. In others the little ones were killed or maimed by the shock and one or both parents who no doubt would willingly have given their lives to protect their babies were either killed by the shock of the explosion or burned to death by the fires that followed. To add to the horrors the weather changed suddenly again and after the passage of a destructive tornado, which added to the damage, and wrecked hundreds of thousands of houses totally, not damaged by the shock of the explosion and killed and wounded twenty six thousand more people followed by a deluge, a blizzard the worse ever seen in California raging just as the surviving people were trying to extricate their injured friends and relatives, laying laying four feet of snow in twenty hours, in level depth while the storm in total duration lasted twenty four hours.

This terrific blizzard, followed by ten below zero weather also hampered the arrival of the small army of doctors and nurses, that rushed to winter their services. No sooner was this horrible snowstorm over, than another commenced being still heavier and more longer in duration raging forty eight hours at even its highest fury. This was followed by another two days later, three severe snowstorms within five days whose icy cold blasts dropping the temperature finally to thirty below a zero the coldest April ever experienced in California piercingly cut into the wretched well apparelled person as well as the poorly clad, and those rendered homeless. One bright ray of sunshine that stood out prominently in this great havoc and gloom was the splendid offers of assistance, in money, clothes, and food. Medical services and temporary shelter that was relieved by the earliest post of possible moment from the neighboring towns as well as from the Christian armies and from those where the explosion did so much damage.

Indeed it had been a serious disaster in the eyes of Violet and her sisters and what saddened them most was the defeat of Hanson's army at Chairty gun or St. Marie. It started with was any one would have called considerable action. Considerable action indeed. The battle lasting one day had been very sanguinary the Glandelinians having made attack after attack in all their force under the support of strong artillery fire of 10,560 cannon which swept the vast Christian lines with

the most hellish carnage. Hanson's army had been caught in its extreme right flank, his main left was ravaged and crushed, and fearing total disaster if he still held on having lost already over 45,666,799 to that of the enemy 10,000,000, and when already one half of his crushed army was in total rout and terrible confusion, Hanson with tears in his eyes a sinner, slowly retreated, and after the frightful explosion the Christians mowed down every massive line of the enemy no matter how long or deep that came within full range slaughtering slaughtering horrible numbers. OF THE VENTURESOME GLANDELINIANS.

Fearing that general Vivian only twelve miles away from Hanson's lines had heard the tremendous firing, which in fact he would have been deaf if he did not hear it, and that he would advance to the rescue (which he was really doing on the double time) Manley did not follow up his crushing victory he had gained and stopped the battle and the Glandelinian advance when the fool was on the point of winning the greatest victory he ever could have won, and when he could have annihilated the whole of Hanson's army.

After the battle was over entirely the loss of the Glandelinians was three times heavier than the Christians.

In literal slain the Glandelinians lost 15,000,000, or totally 15,996,000 and among them was one general. The total losses of both sides was considered as terrific as the battle of gloriosa that raged the following winter. Despite his success in the agreement with Hanson, Vivian, general Vivian, coming up all placed General Manley's army in a jeopardized and ticklish position. And also on account of the swift and various maneuvers of the other Christian generals previously mentioned, Manley's armies were placed between three fires and only the junction of Germania Vivian and Lucia Melodia Nicknell within would cause the total destruction of the Christian armies well opposed to him and also the speedy victory of Glandelinia.

He however could not rely on Lucia Nicknell, for he was too far off and already the Christian general Nicknell had two quarters of his armies moving against him, others had marched to general Vivian to reinforce him, and all were preparing to crush the wicked enemies of God and child murderers as the Glandelinians were, and Manley was apprehensive. He could not rely just then on the aid of his two sons because they were being rapidly hemmed in at Francis-Atlanta.

General Vivian had just before this commanded Nicknell to watch every move of Johnston Manley who were fighting so long against God and the Christian cause. Nicknell answered;

"Your excellency general Vivian;

I will do so at once. Had I known the savage character and intention of all the rascally Manleys who are the enemies of not only God but all humanity, and of all the massacres caused by him, I would have annihilated the wicked child assassins long ago. I'm a Protestantian by birth, and as I'm always at liberty to fight with any side I choose or think is right, and am also justified to be against it if I know or find out that the cause is wrong and wicked I would never do so. Any body who fights against Angelina or fights for the or against the very humanity and takes Glandelinians side is committing a great treason against God himself and as I have always been fighting against Manley I'll do more than that now. Millions of my men are Continentalian curdies, Abolitionians and so on and have always stood up in our cause and not one of them have allowed a Glandelinian prisoner within their ranks as yet. We have already known the true character of the three wicked Manleys and the character of their officers, which the pen of any learned judge would refuse to write or describe of their frightful shocking liberty of murdering helpless Nuns, Sisters, priest's religious of every kind, and massacring, nay assassinating millions of children after torturing them like the damned, just because they are Christians is shocking the world."

Then their own diabolical wickedness and that of their devilish officers, topepingly and fiercely scoffed, and mocked, and cursed, and vilified at, which was dearest to every sacred heart of Jesus, and most dear and sacred to every Christian heart, I have seen when at their wicked commands many times the sacred Hosts stolen out of railed catholic churches, churches, mockingly given to horses, pigs or dogs and cats and of naked women being forced to sit down before a whole crowd of men or lie down on large crucifixes and be ridden around the camp as an exhibition. The Glandelinians have millions of times insulted the Blessed Sacrament during Corpus Christi processions and because one time, of a similar insult a good portion of his camp and army was swept deep destroyed by a frightful Christian attack at the battle of pig Nicknell. You followed

he followed up their far advanced victory by adiabatic massacre of 300,000 children, and defied, and cursed and mocked, and for every child slain, which was called by the Landelinian tribal tribunals a justified execution, and that poor Jesus, our Blessed Savior was afraid to resent the defiance. I had also seen during the last of last years Lenten season a blasphemous carousing procession passed through the streets of one of our Galverinian cities, unslay captured to mimic the procession of the Blessed Sacrament or Corpus Christi, despite the earnest entreaty of the poor bishop, and because a good number of the inhabitants of it stoned the soldiers in the mock procession for the sacrelege, they all seized all the children and religious sect even the poor bishop, and on Good Friday crucified many of them in the most horrible torture making this as a mockery as how many times they would crucify God if he dared show himself to inter-fere with their doings. The most heinous tortures of all a damnable torture, unbelievable was meted out to the girl children alone. Most heinous tortures indeed. One of those kinds invented so long ago by the Chinese. The victims were led in small rooms full of brilliant dazzling, glaring reflecting lights, their little eyelids being slit so that they cannot close their eyes. They were then locked in, the following agony having been said to be a horror that defies the imagination. The unfro unfortunate children presently would go mad and then die.

On Easter Sunday swine were driven through the streets as in mockery of our Lord and saviour Jesus Christ, having resurrected. A similar outrage had been planned for the Feast of the Ascension. But I do know from what happened that the patience of poor God, was completely exhausted, and at the time the Benediction of the blessed Sacrament was given when as though driven by theodons a wild crowd of Landelinians skunks were set in motion amid coarse laughter, and cursing, blaspheming and swa swearing as though they were determined to anger a God who on account of his Mercy was considered incapable of taking vengeance, the Christians brilliantly victorious at the last battle of Mc-Molleston now burst into the city, and massacred all the rascally Landelinians in repay for their sacreleges.

All of their sacrelegious treatment of your daughters Violet and her sisters called the Vivian girls their sacrelegious attempts to assassinate them and their blasphemous character toward them had made as hell over with rage many times, and besides I have sworn to avenge that massacre of children the Landelinian chiefs forced many of the better Landelinians to commit in Galverinia. The rest of my army is now with the aid of Williamsburger Zimmerman harring Germanias army from coming to Manleys aid or to prevent a junction with him. Your excellency whatever you ask me to do I will even to annihilate the foe if necessary. I'll see to it that his excellency general Pig faced snooted toad of a Manley don't advance any further after his victory at St Marie.

Your friend and companion/
General Maldonia Picknell.
COMMANDER OF CHRISTIAN ARMY
FACING GERMANIA VIVIAN..

Manley had been alarmed by Picknell's approach but knowing that it was useless to evade Picknell, and that it was dangerous to arouse him he decided to trust to luck and watch for a good opportunity to strike either Picknell either Picknell, Hanson, or general Vivian a crushing blow.....It was not until until after this supreme moment that Evans heard this startling and joyful news and said as he went to tell it to Violet and her sisters sisters!!!!

"I always knew that something good would come out of all those good men men who defend and befriend the poor little Vivian girls like he did against the murdering Landelinians, when in trouble, and when they seemed absolutely fiendless. This Christian general Picknell has a fierce face, and a fierce nature but he uses both for a good cause. He is one of the true friends of the Vivian Girls in the army - of Angelinas. I must tell the good news to poor Violet and her sisters. My won't they be surprised."

He reached the base hospital but did not find them. In inquiring hurriedly of their whereabouts he was told that they went to near one of the nearest Catholic churches erected within the lines, and knowing which one it was he immediately went thither. He found them grouped together in front of the church door like pretty fairies holding council and from what he heard them saying, he realized at once that he knew it too. He wondered how they knew it.

"Oh Evan's dear!" Said Violet as he joined them!!!!

"Oh it's the magnificent and beautiful work of his excellency the Devil general Germania Vivian." Said Evan Evans shrilly. "I'm going to show that his dead had so deeply moved and when I think of it now I feel it coming on me again. I'm going to show my gratitude by paying him back as soon as I get the opportunity. If I ever get the chance to meet him, he'll never live to harm another child."

And he said this bitterly indeed, while his face was clouded with a black look.

"You'd better be careful colonel Mack Evans." Said the agent seriously and with a warning look. "You may get the chance to kill him, but if you do his men will turn the world upside down in their endeavors to run you down."

"No matter what I do I'm firmly determined that all their endeavors to run me down will be a smarting failure." Said Evans defiantly. "If they do succeed in getting me it is because I cowardly gave myself up."

The agent saw his determined look but nevertheless shook his head as he said:

"It's easier said than done. Even by day I know the character of Germanias Landelinians well.... You are perfectly justified before God in avenging his dastardly attempt to mine the Vivian girls to death, but if I cannot turn you away from your intation I may as well recite your last prayers for you. Amen."

"Still I defy them." Said Evans.

"But those Landelini Landelinians mean business when aroused." Repeated the agent.

Evans only laughed....

"You railway agents think you are taking sense into us avenging Angelinas and Angelinas." He said. "But Frank with my friend I suppose you do not know your pal Jack Evans long enough. When I set upon a purpose I do it with success, and get away with it too.... When I first saw them and the torture they suffered from the wounds, and heard the doctors frightful sentences, that they would probably be crippled, disfigured, and blinded for life, and always always be on wheelchairs for life I felt as if I would burst apart. I vowed to get Germania under any conditions and hurl him from his hell where he belongs, and by heaven and all there is there I will, and who is the Landelinian snake to get me at after the deed. I'd like to see him by Neptune. Who ever dare's persecute me shall share his fate."

"Well you are perfectly justified, and I hope you succeed in both."

Said the agent. "But here come's the train now. Need any help in getting the little girls into the coaches." "!!!!"

"Yes." Said Evans. "With me alone it's slow work, and only tries the patience of the engineer, who probably would be in a hurry."

The train pulled in at the station, slowing down and when it stopped, the little girls were helped into the coach, by the agent and Evans. They all bid the agent good bye, as the train pulled out, and soon they were tearing through general Vivian's lines, the soldier's cheering wildly as the train passed through. There was firing of guns, and great cheers, the waving of hats, and the wild flouting of flags and standards..... By the time the train left the Christian lines, far behind it was going at a far more terrific speed than Violet and her sisters had ever seen a train go before, and they felt sure they would reach the destination before the time mentioned. Evans fat the same way about it, but nevertheless did not like the tremendous speed of the train though he did not say anything....

IN BICKNELLS CAMP, AND WITHIN THE ABBIRAHNNIAN LINES AT CROWMER ANDREA.

They arrived softly and without mishap in the region of Bicknell's lines, three hours earlier than timed, pulling into the city of Mc-Molleston when it was still nighttime, and most of these soldiers were asleep. Violet and her sisters had taken turn on guard duty on the protest of Evans, so that they would not pass the destination.

Violet and her sisters waited until the train stopped and then with the help of one of the soldiers, who was on guard duty on the coach, and Evans the little girls were lifted off, and as soon as they breakfasted, they started off in the direction where Picknell's Abbirahnnian line were supposed to be.

"We have good news. Picknell's one of our oldest, Angolanian friends who had done so much for us when in trouble among the Glanellinians had turned more strongly over to our side, and is turning the enemy under my wicked inward brother from joining Manley with nearly his whole army, and advancing the rest to rescue all the Glanellinians under Manley."

"That is just what I came to tell you little girls," said Evans;

"It surprised me to learn that you knew it too. How did it happen that you found it out. I thought you said you little girls stopped reading papers."

"Papa told us this morning," said Jennie with rapture. "And we are very happy because we know that it is true. Oh, I wish we were able to see him. Evan's could you not take us to visit him?"

"I guess I can though his lines are a long distance from here near Croser Andrea. But I'll have to ask your father's permission so he will know at least where you are going."

They all immediately got into the carriage, and went on in the direction of general Vivian's headquarters. Reaching it they found him standing at the gate in apparent excited conversation with his generals over Picknell's sudden actions. Saluting Evans told general Vivian what he and the little girls wished. The great general's brow knitted for a moment, then he said:

"Yes I guess they can. But are you sure Evans that you can take them to the right place? Do you know where Picknell's lines are?"

"Yes to the northeast of Whillmanburger Zimmermann's lines helping him bar Germanias advance to relieve our Manley's, or retreat in that direction," said Evans. "It's about four hundred miles away though."

"You are right," said general Vivian. "But you are wrong in the distance. He is over five hundred miles from my lines."

"I can get a train on the Evangeline St. Clare that can make it in thirteen hours or sooner," said Evans. "And I can assure you their as safety as if anything happens to them it will be over my dad's body." And saluting he left the group of officers and went back into the carriage with the little girls, and ordered the driver to drive for the EVANGELINE ST. CLARE RAILROAD STATION, which was only a mile away from general Vivian's headquarters.

"I got the permit and now we are off," said Evans. "We will take the fastest train running on the Evangeline St. Clare railroad lines and that train is due in twenty minutes. It's a train loaded with soldiers going to Zimmermann's lines, and they will let us on free for on a soldiers special train, all in the Christian arms ride free."

They reached the station in ten minutes, and Violet and her sisters were helped, off being helped by Evans and the carriage driver, who handed them the crutches as they got off. Reaching the ticket office Evans inquired about the train, wishing to know for sure whether he had to pay or not.

"No," was the answer unless you are on a flutough. To what point are you going?"

"To the extreme left of general Zimmermann's lines," said Evans. "We are going there on a mission of friendship. We are to go and see general Picknell."

"Well, fowfff your riding is free then," said the agent.

"But how came it that the dear little girls with you, so strongly entrusted to you by their father are cripples?"

They were advised by some citizens however to wait until daylight before proceeding any further as in the dark if they reached Picknell's lines the Christian sentries might suspect them as prowlers and fire on them without mercy. This they decided to do, seeking a hotel, and finding that it was only two o'clock in the morning, they decided to sleep some more as they all felt pretty tired out, from the long sitting in the coaches. They slept longer than they had intended however, but nevertheless on awakening however it did not take them long to get ready, and after eating a light meal they started out on the way.

The April weather, though no far south as they now were was quite chilly but not quite freezing cold, and it was raining and snowing together, but nevertheless they made a good headway through the packy snow, left by the recent three big blizzards, following the deluge, hurricanes and tornado. It was not probably an hour, when in the distance they all saw what appeared to be a long white gray smear in the distance. At first Evans thought it was snow coming, but examining it with his glasses Evans suddenly exclaimed:

"We are almost there. That white smear is a city of tents. I'm sure it's Picknell's lines."

After traveling some distance they soon saw that it was indeed a city of tents but whether it was Picknell's or Zimmermann's they could not tell.

Nevertheless they continued on, and soon there came a sharp challenge and to their surprise several fierce men in gray uniforms appeared and sized Evans up.

"Don't be alarmed we aren't landelinians," said the guard. "What do you eight persons want?"

"These little girls who are general Vivian's daughters know general Picknell who had befriended them in many perils. They are his friends and wish to see him," said Evans.

"Humph," said the guard. "And so those with you are general Vivian's children I presume. Well I'll let you through. But you will have to go under an escort as we can't be too sure about you yet. Three times already a man in purple uniform with the same number of little girls all crippled passed through our lines and would have done damage if not side seized. If Picknell recognizes you we will allow you to go free. But you'll be brought before him as prisoners, as we cannot and will not be tricked a third time."

Evans protested but it did no good. The Angolanian sentinel was obdurate and immediately signalled for the corporal of the guard by first yelling for him, and failing in getting him by this fired his rifle three to five times, getting an answer to drum fashion and Abbeannians in scarlet uniforms by scores swarmed up.

"I've arrested these persons as spies," claimed the guard. "They claim to be those Vivian girls we have heard so much about, and their guardian. We have been tricked three times already, at three different points. I know them not, but it is my opinion that if Picknell recognizes them, then this man's testimony is true."

Evans and the little girls were immediately placed under arrest, and under a strong escort of soldiers, which it was impossible under any conditions to escape from, and marched swiftly toward the heart of the Christian lines. The prisoners were not roughly treated, as otherwise would have been done when arrested by the rascally Glanellinians, and though treating them as prisoners one of their escorts apologized and told them the reason of their captivity.

"It happened that three times during the night, a man appearing in Angolanian uniform with seven beautiful crippled girls, had managed to on the testimony of being the guardian with the Vivian girls to pass the lines, and when inside had been caught trying to blow up general Picknell's headquarters, and ruin most of their supplies.

Though by these had been seized and confined the scene happened a second time at another quarter of the line, and the man succeeded in wrecking some of the stores, by setting mines off before he was caught guard, and when the Abbeannians believing he had escaped examined the guardhouse, the first man had been put in, they found him still there, with the child prisoners and were all flabbergasted indeed.

They confined the second batch in a prison tent under heavy guard. The third time the same visit occurred at another point of the line, and when they were arrested it was seen that other fourteen child prisoners with the two make believe guardians were still confined, having failed to escape, and the Abbeannians did not know what to make of this strange mystery. After this all the Abbeannian generals issued orders, that all strangers trying to enter the lines no matter who they are, shall be arrested and confined, and

before general nicknell.

"So you see now, we are not taking any chances." Said the escorting chances. "We do indeed trust that you folks are the true friends of general Nicknell, for the extreme beauty of you little girls makes us suspect the truth about you, so inde instead of confining you first as generally was the order we are going straight for general Nicknell's

headquarters. If he recognizes you as the vivian girls you are free. He failed to recognize the other fourteen children as their make believe guardian and despite his handsome face and the beauty of the children who on being examined were found to be strange boyacutes in perfect amazing disguises which accounts for their mysterious twin like appearances. But they were nothing like you children with us now or the two men either/ee"

It was about half an hour's march to Nicknell's headquarters and when it was reached the orderly was dispatched to summon the great christian general one of the famous fighters general Vivian or Hanson can depend on to win this great war.... Then came the arrival of seven more prisoners they having been taken on a wagon as the "vivan girls" as the soldiers saw were really and truthfully crippled, not fake cripples like the other fourteen others were. The orderly soon returned stating that Nicknell wished them to be brought into the room right away. The little girls were carried up the long flight of stairs, Evans carrying Jennie and soon they were within the handsome structure.... The orderly told them to wait until the general arrived. Ten minutes passed before the great general appeared, being a fierce strong looking human lion to Evans imagination, though he had seen him many times also.

He came into the room with a kingly uniform on of strong violet strong violet color, covered with religious medals, and not decorations like other generals in Germany, he had a majestic bearing, and was six feet five inches tall. He looked long and sharply at Evans and Violet and her sisters and said:

"A 'At' of you may return to your quarters. I wish to be alone with the eight prisoners."

There was a general mum murmur of assent and saluting the soldiers depe departed, Nicknell drawing a chair from the corner and motioning Evans to sit down. There was a silence for several moments. Nicknell standing as still as a statue. Then he said turning suddenly and abruptly:

"This is indeed an unexpected occurrence. You little girls are really Violet and her sisters. But who is your companion? Three other men with his same looks, same color of eyes, hair and expression of mouth, have been arrested as dangerous spies. My whole army is flabbergasted. What is your name colonel?"

"My name is Jack Evans, and the papers prove my identification." Said Evans presenting an envelope which crackled with the contents. The little girls wished to pay you a visit and thank you for your recent kindness to them, and with the permission of their father I consented to bring them."

Nicknell examined the contents of the papers, and then said:

"Those three men had the same kind of documents but of white paper. This is yellow as and has general Vivian's signature on it, written on it by his own hand, which was a false hand on the others. It is my purpose to turn my prisoners over to general Vivian to do as he sees fit with them as I consider it is a very serious secretege to pose as the vivian girls to do such a dastardly deed as they attempted. The three had been imposing as you and the little girls, being fake cripples imposed it as the Vivian girls when they were really twin brothers the whole fourteen an insulting secretege indeed. I knew that they were not you little girls at the very first glance, and had them flogged for the secretege, before they were confined. What general Vivian will do to those wicked children I know not, but those three men will be shot as spies by my own men. It's only the children I'll turn over to general Vivian."

Indeed to state his greeting was great to behold, and after embracing the little girls to his hearts contents, he asked them the reason why they were crippled, and had to use the support of crutches.

Violet and her sisters, with their forgiving nature were very loath to tell him, but Evans told it all in a very bitter voice, and of his intentions to reward general Germania Vivian....

"It is a good thing if somebody would get rid of him." Said Nicknell with a fierce scowl. "I always did hate him the first day I heard of his character after the war began. The reason is the worse of all the wicked Glandelinian generals and I would give anything myself to get a whack at

him. I had sworn since I entered the war that if I ever got into actual contact with Germanian army I would annihilate the bloody scourge and give no quarter whatever."

"Everybody told it to, even poor Violet and her sisters said that I was running a great risk in killing him." Said Evans. "They say his Glandelinians would murder the girl to get me if I killed him." "So they would and there is no doubt about Warley being the very same thing, and all the Glandelinians." Said Nicknell. "But if you wait your chance to kill him in battle you will be after. No one then will know how he got killed. The fools will think he fell in battle."

"I suppose that's the only way." Said Evans. "But I fear that the cowardly child assassin would keep keep himself far to the rear of the lines during a battle, and I would never see him. No I'll get him no matter how I do it. No matter what the risk or peril. I'll not be thwarted. I'll get him if it is the last thing I do. He did a wicked thing to the Vivian girls when he mined them and I always pay my debts, when I have any to pay no matter what they are. I owe him a deep exceedingly great, and I'm going to pay him and pay him all that coming to the brute."

"You are so courageous all right, my boy." Said Nicknell. "I see you are determined to get him, and I'll do all in my power to help you and so will the christian chief Hanson who offered a great reward to any one in his command who helps you get him. I'm the one that'll help help, and the only reward I want is to see the cur punished as he well deserves."

"I'm very grateful to you general Nicknell, and will appreciate it very much. I know from their statements that you have done a lousy what you could for poor Violet and her sisters, and that shows that you are a true friend. For all you have done was a good proof of your friendship of the Vivian Girls. I remember when you even refused to allow your army to give way at Nicknell and his Glandelinian when all the others had given way in confusion. But if I dare to ask why did you refuse to give way?"

"General Hanson and a Vivian are special boyhood friends of mine and so I tried in every battle to avoid disasters for them both. The main reason why I help to hold ground to the last at Bir Girknookl was because of the great and glorious execution of hundreds of thousands of children at Bir Girknookl. It was such a glorious and justified execution that when I arrived I helped in it. If those dirty Glandelinian butchers could come up from the depths of hell and tell you of my reward you would be surprised."

"But I thought you was against the slaughter?" Said Evans.

At this the look of Nicknell scowling pugnacious expression of face was frightful and his eyes flashed an angry.

"AGAINST IT!" He fairly roared. "AGAINST IT! Indeed I ain't no indeed. Those Glandelinians who did the deed could tell you all if they were here especially how quickly I hurried them down to perdition where they belonged. Then I first took command of armies in this dreadful war, there was a lot of child butcher armies facing me then, who as they called it gloriously executed children when over they caught them, and who I gloriously executed in return when I took them prisoners during the battles. I even made it pure and simple to my officers and men time and again that they will have their children protected and protected at any time I want them protected, and that every child slain shall be paid for dearly. I broke it into them that no prisoners are to be taken unless the Glandelinians come from a command that are not child butchers. I managed to stamp out all the fons of children out of my way and finally cleaned out all Glandelinians still indulged in it that dared oppose my army until within two years after the war began I had slain about four four fourteen million Glandelinian child assassins. I was about ten miles south of Almasaria when that great assassination of children was going on of Nicknell avenging part of the secretege and hearing of it I rode there with my army, and put a speedy stop to it myself after the battle was over. Those poor little Vivian girls were among those rescued by that good Glandelinian general Nicknell, those rascally butchers having been about to dispatch them, when the Glandelinian Nicknell came up, and as he had been in an ugly mood all day, on account of anlays conduct and actions the previous week, and when he saw those dead bodies of murdered babies and children, and the piteous sight of Violet and her sisters, he simply as I heard later lost his temper and felt as if his heart had gone plump out of him. Terrible frightful had been his vengeance, and Warley did not dare make a single protest for what he did. He had the rascally murders put to the same death and torture which the children had suffered, befriended and rescued Violet and her sisters,

and he always is really secretly aiding the Christian armies by mysterious signals during the Glandelinian-Atlantic fighting. After that my own suspicions were aroused. I began to realize that the Glandelinian cause was the most wicked thing on imagination, and a bloody one. I have warned general Vivian and others about it all how dangerous the Manleys and their other great Glandelinian generals were. But all my advice and warnings were just as good, as if I expected a stone image to give me a piece of bread out of its own hand, in reward for my pleas. My warning your general Hanson and Vivian alone were heeded, which accounts for the fury of all these battle between them and the Glandelinian generals. I grew impatient and angry at even the foolish Christian generals who heeded not my warnings and advice, and seeing the trouble coming between me and Manley many of the wicked armies of the foe had advanced to oppose me to their sorrow though whether I won battles or not. Many times my armies rose against Manley with terrible fury, as you may know by the battles you have heard of with his armies and mine, and if I can help it Manley's armies will never be able to march northward again. I did all this because of the sorrow of the little Vivian girls, the massacre of children, and the horrible sacrilegious deeds committed by the Glandelinians. The Christian cause was always for mine, and I'll do all I can to win it for that cause to, even risk my life if need be."

Evans marveled at this story. He realized that Picknell had played the game well, had the Manleys now at his mercy, and that Glandelinia was doomed to a slow or speedy downfall. Violet and her sisters were very happy at seeing what a man he really was, and thanked him warmly for the past kindness he had shown them. Picknell embraced them, played with them, and finally wrapped garlands of pretty flowers around their golden heads which made them look all the more prettier. Finally he invited them to dinner, and in the dining room were many Abhinannian generals and especially among them Violet and her sisters recognized general McWhirther. He did not recognize them, but when Picknell introduced them the scene was beautiful to behold. The dinner was a good one fit for a dozen kings, but nevertheless Violet and her sisters only ate what was best for them, refusing mostly all the sweets, which they couldn't bear. All the generals declared that the little girls knew what was best for them, but nevertheless they saw to it that they had enough to eat, and waited upon them as if they were seven little crippled princesses, instead of the Vivian girls. If Picknell told them all how the little girls got crippled, but McWhirther said with more force, "Germania only did this only to meet his doom. I recognized Jack Evans the moment I laid my eyes on him. He is the lad alright that will fix Germania. Vivian, just mark my words. It'll soon happen. Germania is a rascal if there ever was one said general Logan Dargins who was among the Abhinannian officers, "I'm always a willing fighter for a cause. I always believe good, and I don't believe there is a good Glandelinian even who would believe or fight with the term, "Execution" of children, and prize priests, nuns, monks, and lay brothers. I have heard much about the little Vivian girls though this is the first time I have ever met them. I never could have imagined that they were so beautiful, as they are. They're life long cripples." He added a turning to the little girls guardians. "No," said Evans. "They are improving rapidly, and can walk even a hundred feet without the crutches. The doctor had said that in another two weeks, they won't need the crutches any more."

"It's a long time since the battle of Brigan," said general Everett, "a big strong giant of moderate size and quite fat." I used to be a big bully in citizen life, making a rascal for every day for some offense and I do wish I could meet Germania, Vivian face to face. I'd change his shape for him. "Never mind, just wait until the guardian of those little fairies get a good wink at him," laughed general Hanson. Joseph Jensen, who was also with Picknell, "It will be Germania last. I just wish though he would get into a clash with our army. We would prove to Manley once more that we are really as fierce as we always were before, and not merely bragging about it."

McWhirther was next to general Picknell in command and had whispered something for several minutes. Then Picknell, approaching Evans said:

"General McWhirther has just thought of a scheme to help you get that rascal general Germania Vivian. He says that the plan is to get general Vivian in action at Gromer Andrea. He would write to general Vivian to assault Germania Vivian, then pretend to be beaten in the battle that is to follow, and to retreat abandoning his siege."

This would give Germania a chance to advance successfully, and finding that general Zimmerman's army barred his way, he would have to make a turn to the left, as a flood is between him and Zimmerman anyway. Thus he would come upon my army, expecting the coast to be clear in this location. Then we could with the help of Zimmerman and Vivian close on him. Vivian would crush him in his rear, and then we could have him where you could get him. What do you think of the plan? Is it not a clever one indeed?"

"It is a good plan indeed," cried Violet rapturously. "Even Evans you are luck if you accept it. Please do for our sakes. It will end the cruel war sooner."

"It is the problem of Vivian accepting it," said Evans placing an arm affectionately around her.

"I'm sure he will accept the plan," said McWhirther. "And if he doesn't why then he is foolish. He would be letting a good opportunity slip by altogether. But to carry out your wish you will have to stay here with us until you get him. You don't want to lose your chance for all the world do you?"

"We will stay," said Evans. "We'll stay until sent for by general Hanson, or general Vivian."

"All right that's a go," said general Picknell. "And we'll beg the dirt old fox and make him pay dearly for what he has done to the poor little Vivian girls."

Violet and her sisters with Evans stayed a long time with these Abhinannian generals and then Picknell showed the little girls where their sleeping quarters was to be, so they would know when wishing to retire. Evans was to sleep in the same room with Picknell. Then having important matters to perform general Picknell left his headquarters, leaving Violet and her sisters alone with their guardian. In a few minutes there was not a single person in the building, excepting Evans and the little children, the generals having all gone out to work on their plan of bringing Germania to justice. For a time Evans and the little girls were very quiet. Violet and her sisters sitting by the window watching the falling rain and snow outside, and Evans examining the books in a library came he happened to spy. Not finding a book that suited him, as they were in a language he could not read or understand, it being German, he strode out of the room to return with a small book with a white cover in his hands. He glanced through it and finding it written in Latin and it being an interesting story he sat down on a chair and proceeded to read it. He was there for some time reading page after page of the book, and then Violet and her sisters getting tired of the profound silence, went into the room where Evans sat reading.

He arose at their approach, offering them the free use of the long lounge he was laying on. They sat down on it, Evans being in the middle. In a jiffy Evans had an arm around one little girl, on his left, and another around a little girl on his right, the little girls nesting their heads wearily against his bosom.

"Oh Evans how happy we are to have you when all our friends are dead and gone," said Violet. "But we fear we will lose you, for the foe may get you when you punish Germania."

"I know better," said Evans. "You little girls will have me always. I'll never allow them to get me and if they do they won't hold me that is a fact. How can they get me anyway when we get his army surrounded and capture or annihilate all of them?"

"But Manley's Glandelinians like Germania," said Violet seriously. "They may do you harm."

"No, no," said Evans. "When I'm firmly determined to keep free I'll keep free. No Glandelinian rascals have ever captured me yet, and they never will. If they had I don't remember it. I'll kill all who would dare make the attempt. I won't allow any of their tricks to fool me either. I never was born a fool. So you need not fear."

And the little girls did not need to have any fears for his safety, for even after he got Germania as we will soon see in this chapter 33 in volume four.

And after it happened the Glandelinians hardly ever paid any attention to him either, and left well enough alone. There was not a Glandelinian in any of the wicked armies that dared to attempt any mischief on Evans who as they knew was always as a fury when aroused. Anyway Violet and her sisters did feel that Evans despite his attempt would face no danger whatever whatever, and so said no more about it. Evans still had his arms around Violet and Evangeline, but as Jennie stood in front of him endeavoring to show him some something he had in her dainty hands, he had her pressed fondly to his breast, where she knew what he was going to do, and with a cry of rapture, she threw her arms around his neck

and kissed him, just as Bicknell and Heubaus McWhirther quietly entered the room. They saw this and quietly stole out, not wishing to disturb them in their happiness. So quietly did Evans embrace of that poor happy little Jennie, that being this way only a minute, she fell asleep in his arms and with her arms still around his neck. It was a happy little group of fairies alright, and Evans laying Jennie down on the bed fondly kissed her. Who who I wonder could not like to be in their place, for at least this little time. And little did Evans think indeed that for poor Violet and her sisters, that though their sorrows would remain some time their persecutions were waning, that in chapter fourteen of volume four all sorrow is a thing of the past, that though the war was to really last sixteen more months, they would only see the thrilling adventures, plenty of joy happiness and fun, and even witness the capture of Johnston Valley and the destruction of several more Glandolinian armies, and of the capture of the city of Glandolinia. In this chapter alone is their last main sorrow especially for poor Violet alone, who when her sisters mysteriously disappear she thought them gone.

In the meantime while Evans and the little girls were left to themselves general Francis McAllister, Heubaus McWhirther, had telegraphed to general Vivianmann and general Vivian and announced that Violet and her sisters were safely within Glandolinia lines, and also told them of Evans intention to get Germania, Vivian, and told Vivianmann of the plans.

At first this great christian general, did not know what to decide on, but finally he telegraphed that he would do the trick, as soon as the weather was favorable for a battle, and that he would drag Germania into the trap, so that his racially army would be captured and Germania also.

THE THREATENING STORM AT FRANCIS-ATLANTA.

Toward supper time Bicknell and Heubaus McWhirther returned again to his headquarters and during a supper told Evans and the little girls that Vivianmann was going to follow out his plans as soon as the weather became good once more. Violet and her sisters felt that a severe conflict was brewing, but nevertheless hardly cared how furious it was as long as the christians did not get worsted. The next morning Bicknell rode up to his headquarters quite early, after a hard night and meeting Evans suddenly said:

"Colonel Evans I've a message here from general Williamsburger Zimmermann, it's his wish to see you and even the Vivian girls on important matters. He even wishes to see me."

"All right we will go," said Evans. "His lines is only twenty miles away from here."

In a few minutes the whole party was on the way, Bicknell having a strong force with him so that no mischief could be tried on the Vivian girls. In case hostile Glandolinians encountered them. They went in two automobiles, the soldiers no being on horseback, and within two hours the camp of the other fiercely fighting christian army was in view. Knowing Bicknell well the sentinels allowed him and the rest to pass through, and a party of Ablesmannians escorted them to Zimmermann's headquarters tent.

Zimmermann met them as they came up, but his face immediately changed color as he saw Violet and her sisters using crutches.

"I thought sure I could use you little girls," he said bitterly. "And I find you lit like this. How came you to meet the accident?"

"I was no accident," said Violet.

"NO ACCIDENT?" said Zimmermann angrily. "Well then who did this to you and your sisters?"

"Germania did it," said Evans sharply. "If you had seen--"

"Enough," thundered Zimmermann. "I see it all now. You Evans are or is their guardian and they are your best friends. Are you going to leave their cruel deformities unpunished?"

"I'm a false friend, a treacherous enemy of these little girls, and I'll follow down to hell if I do," said Evans his face turning crimson with rage. "I'm just watching my chance. The plans are already about started and I'll kill general Germania like a dog as he is. The Glandolinians may turn the world outside or inside out to get me after the performance, but anyway I'm fully determined that they won't succeed. I carry automatic sixty six revolvers, and they are perfectly handy, I need never fear even an army of fiends with these trusty weapons."

Zimmermann felt relieved, but said never-

theless;

"Don't be rash and foolish about your taking vengeance my boy. Wait until he gets in to a battle, then pump him full of lead."

"I planned with the help of Bicknell and McWhirther, to drag Germania's army into a trap, capture what we do not annihilate, and bring the racial or do something."

Said Evans; "I'm bound that the plan will succeed too."

"Well as I find I cannot use the little girls I'll have to use you colonel Evans," said the famous christian chief. "General Vivian wants this package to reach general Vivianmann, concentrating at Francis Atlanta, and either you or the Vivian girls are the only persons that could take it safely too."

"I will guard the Vivian girls," said Bicknell; "Until you come back. It's a dangerous mission, and you must be careful."

"Zimmermann explained the dangers, he would face and so appalled were Violet and her sisters, that at first they refused stormingly, to allow him to go, threatening that as an orphaned as they were, they would go with him if he had to do it."

"Well somebody's got to take it, that's all there is to it," said Zimmermann; "And general Vivian named only Evans on the wireless he sent me. This message has got to reach general Vivianmann, this night, or before Almighty God, and the Blessed Virgin, this war is lost. The three Manley's have succeeded in eluding us and have advanced against the christian armies concentrating before Francis-Atlanta."

In hearing this, poor Violet and her sisters had to submit, though they felt that their happiness was over, and that they would never see him again....

It was a sad farewell, and soon Evans was on his way toward general Vivianmann's lines. He knew of the peril threatening him, but nevertheless he was bound to keep himself free for the sake of poor Violet and her sisters, who now never ceased their prayers, that he may come back. Violet and her sisters knew that in some location near by, about probably a score of miles, from Zimmermann's army, general Manley's Glandolinians may be entrenched and there was danger that he would have to pass through his lines, and probably be captured.....

Bicknell now did not have any happy little girls in his headquarters as he did the previous days, but nevertheless he did his best to console them, and played many games with them and did everything he could think of to keep up their spirits. As to Evans he was certainly hoping that the wicked Glandolinians would pursue him, for he felt full of fight but his wishes were not granted, for about six o'clock he came within Vivianmann's lines, without encountering a single Glandolinian.... He passed the guard's guards and was ushered before general Vivianmann who Evans saw for the first time. He presented the package to the general who examined the contents.....

For a time general Viviananna talked with Evans asking why his little friends the Vivian Girls were not with him and as briefly as possible Evans told the whole story. Then Viviananna opened the package and taking out the sheet of paper read the contents; ; ; ; ;

"YOUR EXCELLENCY GENERAL VIVIANANNA;

Look out for the movements of the armies under the three Manley's. Out Zimmermann and Wionstia, to barricade the point of advance if possible with artillery. For Manley must not pass this junction of Evangeline St Clare, and Marie Osborne under any conditions whatever. And also watch out for general Germania Vivian. For I'm told by spies, that by his movements he means trouble. There seems a great battle threatening at Francois-Atlante so be on the lookout. General Vivian at Anna Maria. ; ; ; ; ;

If "I'll do that" Said general Viviananna, "And to-morrow if possible I'll start a quarrel with General a Vivian no matter what the weather is I'll fix up an advice for you tomorrow to general Zimmermann".

Evans waited until General Viviananna got through writing, and then as he handed him the package Viviananna said;

"Get this to general Zimmermann by all means. I know you can do it, and look out for the wicked Glandelinians."

"I'll be careful" Said Evans saluting, and he hastened on his way back again it was getting dark now and Evans having the opinion that danger usually lurks in the dark became more vigilant and watchful.

He took the road that leads the shortest way to the christian lines under Zimmermann, watching every move of the trees and brushwood, being his eye ready for an emergency. It being a thick wooded region, at this location

Evans soon found himself lost, and to make it worse a roaring April thunderstorm was driving up. He was at a loss of what to do. The storm finally broke, and soon he was drenched and dripping wet. All night long in the pouring rain rain

Evans tried to find his way out of the gloomy woods, but as morning dawned still gray and raining he was as it seemed far from any christian camp, and nearer to the enemy's lines, for in the distance he could hear

graycoats laughing, singing and dancing, and at times could see them. Whose Glandelinians they were he could not tell, but going nearer he suddenly

discovered a group of graycoats who were conversing among themselves. What they said aroused him. One of the Glandelinians who was a sergeant had been holding up his right hand and this is what he heard the sergeant say;

"Altogether now men. Hold up your right hands, and we will all vow to get that colonel Jack Evans, and his package before to night, and once we get him, why the gutter-snips, called Violet and her sisters, or the Vivian Girls will no longer be safe and with him out of the way we can torture"

You ought to have said, "Grow my heart and hope to die" you infernal skunk." Shouted Evans losing control of himself and he followed this up by three shots that brought the insulting sergeant and several other Glandelinians down. At once there was a noisy confusion, among the other Glandelinians who scattered, yelling for their comrades to come and help them. Evans immediately dashed off, and fifteen minutes after Evans saw a mighty horde of wild Glandelinians swarming through the woods with a colonel in the lead. Evans was a good sprinter having been a great racer in his earlier day, and if slim Jim in the comic could ever beat Evans Evans in running I'd eat my hat and shoes before anybody who reads this. The brave Glandelinians were amazed at the terrific speed of their fugitive and fired a volley to try and bring him down but the bullets flew wild. Evans seeing that he was pursued said to himself as he glanced backwards;

"I hereby vow myself, to give those swarm of cooties a merry time to day. At least this excitement may give me a chance to find my way out of this labyrinthian of woods."

The Glandelinians were yelling and firing the officer officer shouting wildly;

"Hitler up men. He is certainly without a dispute a racer, but we will tire that blasted christian spartan of a dog out around then we will have the critter."

Evans continued on, tripped over something and fell sprawling. He got up quick enough, but four of the Glandelinians had almost come upon him.

"Well those imps think they have got me?" "Heh-heh." They are too close to fire at at least I have no time to draw my guns. But this ladder I tripped on gives me a hunch. Just watch your Jack Evans." And immediately he seized the ladder, standing it almost upright and jumping on the fourth rung started a great plan balancing act he had always done with ladders, when he was a kid to show off before his little girl friends, and when the four Glandelinians came up he made one spring catching a brute in each of the large spaces between the rungs bearing the Glandelinians violently to the ground, their rifles flying vigorously in the air, and being discharged as they fell.

This stunt amazed the Glandelinians, who were far behind, but Evans was far out of range before they could fire, and several of them had to halt to pull their four comrades free from the ladder. A score of other Glandelinians managed to gain gain on him, but in a free fight he laid them out, shot down twenty of the others who tried to catch him and diving into a garbage can, nailed six Glandelinians under a window sash, by nailing it down and nailing it fast with a hammer, as the Glandelinians had tried to crawl in all at once expecting him to be hiding in the house.

Then continuing on Evans said to himself; "Gee this would be a happy day for the whole bunch of Glandelinians if they could grab me now, for what I've done to them."

Evans by his fast sprint managed to reach the Angeline River, catch a small ferry boat with a veranda on it, but simultaneously fifteen Glandelinians caught the same boat. Evans saw throw them of them sawing away at the on slantwise beams holding up the veranda he was standing on, but quick witted as he was he tied a rope securely to the railing of the veranda, and attacking a hook on the other end, fastened it to the coat collars of the unsuspecting Glandelinians. Evans jumped off the veranda just as it gave way, pulling the exceedingly astonished Glandelinians down with it into the icy water with a great splash.

"I guess I've lost the Glandelinians my by this time all right." Thought Evans to himself. "By the time they scramble out of the water, I'll be across the river. By gosh I can't be too sure about that." He suddenly added to himself. "I see more approaching by the gangway. But he also got the best of these Glandelinians by making hastily a dummy of himself, and while the Glandelinians were about to throw it into the river, or discovering the trick he shot them up sending them scurrying down the quarter deck. Evans seemed to pursue them when one of the leaders seizing a big bowl of soup the chef was bring over to the captain, with the evident of scolding Evans, with the hot liquid, but Evans realizing his purpose instantly ducked, just as the enraged graycoat hurled it in his direction, throwing the scalding liquid all of it over the Glandelinians, who had been sneaking upon the rear of Evans with the intention of seizing him from behind, scalding them severely. At this moment the rest of the Glandelinians appeared, and after a lively fusillade of shots, which made a noise heard far down the river, Evans brought down all the rascals who dared expose themselves,

during the full furious and hot fighting, and in the lull that followed Evans raced across the deck, poised himself gracefully above the bulwarks (His bullets and guns being waterproof) and dived into the water. The flatberged glandelinians fired wildly, in an effort to kill him, but he was unhurt and swam mostly under water clear to the opposite bank. However knowing that he had taken the ferry, the other pursuers had crossed the river by bridge, and he found himself still pursued. Reaching a small stone Evans had halted on a small curbstone, with the intention of taking an auto, when three citizens who were some of the pursuers in disguise at that, crept up behind him, with a tall barrel between them which they suddenly slammed over him, with all the violence their strength would permit. They slowly lifted the barrel, expecting to find him in death.

"WELL I'LL BE BLOWN FOR A DEAD MAN'S GHOST." Gaped one of the glandelinians, his face growing white.
"GONE SURE ENOUGH." Gaped another. "He him simply disappeared through the curbstone as if he was a spirit."

Dear readers could you guess How Evans brought it...

Well on the curbstone where he had been standing was a small cover over a sewer, which had a make to open and shut when any weight was forced down on it by a blow. Well that is exactly what happened, and Evans knowing the secret of the sewer cover, from its appearance, and noticing the approach of his would be captors, had been prepared, and so instead of being hurled down into the sewer as any one would have expected, he found himself shot with great speed through a passage way, and thrown out of another sewer, six blocks down the road. Indeed the glandelinians were bewildered, over the mysterious disappearance of their fugitive, and they were unable to find any trace of him, and in fact he was already out of their sight and within striking distance of christian lines. The glandelinians believed they had been pursuing a ghost in purple uniform, and all the way back to their own lines, they always expected that he would suddenly appear to them. Evans made for the christian lines in haste, reaching the picket lines in a very few minutes, and being challenged. The sentry recognized him however and permitted him to pass on. Evans not sure whose lines he was in and so decided to ask. On inquiring the guard told him that he was within Zimmermann's lines, and as he was not back as soon as expected they had already given him up for lost, and he told him that the Vivian girls were almost heartbroken.

"I would have been here more sooner." Your excellency. He said as the general met him, then he reached reached his headquarters. "If it had not been for me getting lost in the wooded regions. It was the enemy who showed me the way out."

"The enemy showed you the way out?" Asked Zimmermann.
"How comes that?"

"Oh I just happened to come within sight of their lines. I do not know whose lines it was, but nevertheless I heard a sergeant swear to get me, and called the Vivian girls very disrespectful names. I simply argued with them, and in fact they showed me the way out. And he added by teak telling of his experience.

"You are a regular comedian." Laughed Zimmermann. "And I wonder what the glandelinians thought of your mysterious disappearance in the last act."

"Maybe to them I'm a spirit now." Said Evans. "I heard one of them mention the word ghost, and this confirms my belief that they now take me for a ghost."

"I guess you had better return to Ricknell's lines as soon as you can get there." Said Zimmermann. "You stayed longer than we ever expected and we believed you had been taken." Violet and her sisters as Ricknell told me had almost swooned at the news."

"I'll go right away." Said Evans. "I can't stand it to see them broken hearted. I wouldn't have went if it had not been so necessary. In the meantime general telegraph I'm coming."

"I will do that." Said Zimmermann. "I feel it my duty to take away their sorrow the poor little girls."

Evans at once started off toward Ricknell's lines on the fastest horse that Zimmermann could secure for him. Ricknell's lines really was not very far, but nevertheless after he had traveled nearly half a mile from Zimmermann's lines he heard the wild thunderous roar of horses hoofs far behind him and saw a large swarm of McWollesianians charging across the opening toward him at breakneck speed led as it seemed by Starring and his two companions. He was taken completely by surprise at this unexpected occurrence, and believing them hostile enemies, he made a right wheel, and dashed down a road at break neck speed, Evans drawing his two guns to use if needed. He soon saw that they meant it for him alright,

for at his rush they set up a frightful crashing fusillade of shots the bullets flying about him like hail, but neither he or the horses was touched though his hat was carried away by a bullet fired by Starring. Evans was fully aware that this was some of general Gorman's glandelinians for he had heard that these famous glandelinian boyacouts were in his command since the battle of Olorinia Francesanna. He believed they were the main cause of the pursuit, as they were the worse enemies the Vivian Girls had, and so he decided to show the rascally kids a thing or two. The pursuing glandelinians were now yelling like devils and riding with might and main never ceasing their fire for a moment, and it was a miracle indeed that he or the horse was not hit.

They were making a swift swifter pace than he had ever saw the glandelinians do on their fleetest horses, and fully aware that they would overtake him in no time he dashed for a tree with a low overhanging branch, and drawing his heavy sabre he made a powerful swing at the branch cutting it at one blow, the whole thing crashing to the ground, barring the progress of the wildly yelling glandelinian glandelinians who set up a fiercer yell of derision and again started a more furious fusillade, but again did not hit him or the horse as he was out of range.

"Go down the opposite road, and I'll take the right hand passage myself." Said the colonel to his men. "He got away from the other pursuers in the woods, by playing ghost or something, and it is up to us to get him as he is a spy. Good riddance for those Vivian dogs to if we catch him. We will show him what he gets for monkeying with John Manley's men."

Evans heard this remark and whelling his horse suddenly took the glandelinians by surprise by charging furiously and in a perfect fusillade from both Evans and the glandelinians the colonel fell pierced in the shoulder, and then Evans dashed off at a tearing pace, the glandelinians trying frantically with pike, lance and sabre to intercept him. Evans saw a squad of mounted men led by Starring swiftly gaining on him and suddenly wheeling his horse, he again played a good gun duel, with them, causing them such such heavy loss and seriously wounding even the lieutenant who led them that the survivors, were glad to beat a hasty retreat. Evans making a wild dash in which he captured Starring, quickly disarming him, and tying him crosswise on his horse. Then the mad race and fighting was continued, Evans saying as the glandelinians came thundering on still yelling like demons, and excited by the bravery of their fugitive;

"You will soon find out what comes of turning against the Vivian Girls after that Judas kiss of violet, when I get you within general Vivian's lines, and if those desperate pursuers gain on me again

I'm going to either make them go back, or throw you under the feet of the wildly racing horses. For treacherous enemies of the Vivian girls like you are Walter Starring of whatever your first name is, I show no mercy. I have none."

The new bunch of pursuers who were rapidly drawing nearer and nearer saw that their fugitive had Starring in his possession and knowing the fury of Evans when he is aroused they slowed down.

"They'd better slacken their pace." Replied Evans. "I may get out of their reach but I'll have to watch out for those trying to intercept me. If they try to close in on me I'll remember my threat and there will be one less enemy to cause the Vivian girls misery. He now far outdistanced the glandelinians to his rear but the pursuers rather than have anything happen to Starring gave it up trusting that the other two parties would catch him in time.

Evans could already see the tents of Ricknell's lines in the distance and this spurred him to greater speed. In a few minutes the other two parties of glandelinians appeared from two directions meeting each other, and forming a long line to va har blow leveling their lances to throw, but Evans poised his prisoner high above his head threatening to throw him under the horses' hoofs, and knowing that he would really do it, the amazed glandelinians parted ranks and Evans passed safely through the gap. The glandelinians fell fairly wept with a fury of rage and hurled a shower of lances but none hit Evans, and they had not dared fire or use their lances with too good an aim for fear of hitting Starring and now seeing that a party of christians was coming from an opposite direction, the outwitted foe, reluctantly gave up the pursuit going back the way they had come. The party of Abbeannians rode up at a gallop every one of them being officers.

"We saw those Glandelinians pursuing you and almost came up in time for an engagement." Said one of them who was general Franklinia. "How does it come that you alone forced them to abandon the pursuit?"

"Well they did not like my threat of the throwing my prisoner here under their galloping galloping horses." Answered Evans. "And they probably saw you and your officers coming, and were in no haste for a fight just now. I'm colonel Jack Evans of general Vivian's command and I'm with general Picknell just now."

"So are we." Said the officer. "But you can hardly tell his men now. As they have discarded their red uniforms mostly all of them having been supplied with purple uniforms a week ago, and had just put them on this morning. But you said you were Jack Evans. Well if you really pity the Vivian girls you had better hurry to them. All in prisoner camp, believe believe that you were taken as you were gone so long."

"I'll be there quick quick enough." Said Evans smiling. "I think if it was not for the enemy chasing me I would not be within eight miles of the Christian lines yet, especially Picknell's."

He saluted the officers, and then dashed off toward the lines, passing the sentries easily, and reaching Picknell's headquarters within half an hour, with his prisoner still on his horse. Evans dismounted, and unfastening him ordered Starring to dismount.

"You may have me now but Picknell is a friend of mine, and you will catch it for arresting me." The boy shot out.

"There's never a person that's ever treated the Vivian girls like you or your testimonial companions did accordingly to their accusation." Evans shot back. "And it will pay you not to get sarcastic, for I'll not stand it from any Mandolinian, and because you may know Picknell it does not prove that he is your friend now, especially when you left Manley's command to join that infernal centemede Germania Vivian who nearly made Violet and her sisters crippled and disfigured for life. If the still fear for you I don't. I spurn your very presence and the sooner I turn you over to general Vivian the better. There was a time once when I was sorry for you but now I'm your enemy as much as you are theirs."

Starring said no more and followed Evans sullenly into Picknell's headquarters. Violet and her sisters who were standing outside in the hallway gave a start as they saw him, and Evans presented the prisoner to them.

"Here's your friend Gerald Starring." Said Evans spitefully. "He tried his very best to capture me but got captured instead."

Indeed Violet and her sisters were amazed when they saw Starring with Evans a prisoner. They did not know what to make of it but Jennie said:

"On Evans you was gone so long, that we thought you were really captured. What delayed you?"

"In taking a road which was supposed to be the shortest way back I got lost in a thickly wooded country, and spent all night in a terrific thunderstorm trying to find the way out." Said Evans. "In the morning meeting the enemy's lines I shot three of them for talking disrespectfully of you little girls who persuaded, and I escaped across theriver, and reached Zimmerman's lines sooner than I expected. After leaving his lines another force of Mandolinians gave me a thrilling run, but I not only escaped but captured Starring who was one of my persuaders. I think I done well."

Violet and her sisters looked reproachfully at Starring and then Evans said:

"It is best to turn him over to general Vivian immediately." "I did feel sorry for him once when he even did all that he did, forgave him wept for him and interceded for him, when in trouble and still he shows ingratitude by remaining an enemy of you little girls. And even that day so long ago during the battle of Germaine he had the impudence of kissing you Violet, a Judas kiss it was. I believe there will be no one to intercede for him now."

"Are you really going to do it?" Asked Violet reproachfully.

"That's what I intend doing." Said Evans with a pugnacious expression; "I got away from my second persuaders by threatening to throw the scamp under their horses, which I would have done if they had still come on, and then get away yet. He and his companions are young scoundrels, treacherous enemies of you little girls, and ought to be hanged, and I'm going to do my best to capture the other two. And still you forgive them."

"For my part I can almost wish to see them brought to justice." Said Jennie. "But we do forgive Starring. It's his fault Starring turned against us, and deserves it more than him. I'm almost heartbroken to think that Starring though being a Mandolinian boy scout is only a weakling, or otherwise he would not have done what he did, no matter what his two companions would say or do. The whole three of them need it, and though the other two need it worse than him we still do forgive them."

"I think for my part we ought to consider first." Said Angeline with heat. "Any punishment meted out for him, would do him no good at all, and he is not really responsible for it. He and his companions probably have been led astray by the wicked Manleys, who only deceived them. It is true we cannot save him or his two companions from the well deserved punishment but our Lord always taught us to forgive no matter what they do to us."

"You little girls could not help him now." Said Evans bitterly. "I telegraphed to general Vivian, the minute I entered Picknell's lines, telling him that I had Starring in my possession as a prisoner. He gave me word to hold him and sent him to his lines as soon as possible. He truthfully told me that no one can save him from punishment even his own, and that those who tried to do so no matter who they are, will be considered as alien enemies trying to protect him and will share his fate also. So there is no use for any consideration for it. I firmly believed that you would not resent to his punishment which was the cause of my haste in telegraphing general Vivian with out first consulting you little girls. So you see it is too late if you intended to intercede for him now."

"We had no intention to intercede for him when it would be a grievous offense of hindering the punishment of an enemy of our country." Said Angeline. "We said we only forgive him. And we only wished to consider in on the subject of the Manleys who alone are the main ones who ought to be brought to justice, and not the lads as they were only tricked, and led astray. It would be unfair to punish them boys without giving them a chance. I'm fully convinced that his kissing Violet was sincere."

"Well be that as it may it's too late now." Said Evans. "It's only up to general Vivian now. For my part I spurn him, for he is a loathsome in my presence."

However all the little girls had the same opinion as Angeline and Jennie and Joice herself only turned away her face and almost wept stating that Manley himself was more loathsome than Evans could even think for scandalizing the helpless, and could have almost demanded the reason of not bringing that scoundrel to justice. But however for a moment little Catherine was more severe and stepping up to Starring with a pugnacious expression said pin pointing menacing finger at him,

"You had no business with your fake love toward us to dare, yes dare kiss our sister Violet. Master Starring, if I had known your treacherous character before when you did it, I would have laid you in the hospital. If you had not been a coward you would not have listened to your rascally comrades who poisoned your mind against us. We were good to you twice, when you was a prisoner among our lines, and tried then with stories of all our past sorrows, misery, sufferings and misfortunes but it did not soften your wicked heart any. When facing our fathers wrath, which was more terrible than any we ever saw before, we risked his terrible anger on us by interceding for you and we succeeded and you repaid this ungratitude to us. We have always patiently stood the persecutions of all the Mandolinian chiefs and their men, even old Federal, even Federal's sacrilegious actions toward us, but your s and that of your companions we will not stand for. I for one would not intercede for you now under any conditions, and I would not allow my sisters to do so either. Bah I spit on you. You are as loathsome to me as a roach on the wall."

"Then turning to Evans she cried:

"Oh Evans please take him out of my sight. I can't for one bear his presence."

And Evans did, marching him before Picknell who was joyful and surprised to see Evans. Evans told of his experience and then said:

"I the prisoner I have with me I know or he had told me is a known friend of your, and that you would fix me for making him a prisoner. He and his two companions are the worse enemies Violet and her sisters have, and all of the except little Catherine forgive him I thought I'd consult you on the matter. I've already telegraphed to general Vivian who he gave me instructions to hold the prisoner until I got the chance to bring him to his own heady headquarters within his lines."

"Truthfully I was his friend but what hurt me, was when the scoundrel deserted me to join Manley's Mandolinians the wickedest Mandolinians there is." Said Picknell. "But I did not know he was the enemy of the Vivian girls. I disliked his companions they were as filthy before my presence. But it was Manley who led the foolish lad and his two companions astray. Do the Vivian girls pardon him and ask for his release?"

"They all pardon him except Catherine, and she simply implored me to take him out of her sight." Said Evans. "That's all she asked. Her sisters however forgave him and wished to see him have a chance, Catherine alone falling out of their ranks. Catherine gave him pain, and then as I said before, demanded me to take him out of her sight immediately and I did so."

"Well I don't propose to do any interceding myself." Said Bicknell grimly.

"They did wrong to feel about it as they did and I have a mind to report it to their father. And the sooner you send the rascal to general Vivian the sooner you can be rid of him. If you like I'll send him to the guard house, until you are ready to take or send him."

"Is I'd sooner see him started off for general Vivian's lines right away so there would be no chances of his escaping?" Said Evans.

"I can have him sent under guard to general Vivian's lines." Said Bicknell.

"Do so." Said Evans it will be a great favor."

And Bicknell did, the lad being manacled so that he could not break away from his captors on the train. Evans was glad to get rid of his prisoner, and when he saw the fool marched off he went back to Violet and her sisters.

"Well did you give him up to Bicknell?" Asked Daisy, the moment he appeared.

"No I didn't." Answered Evans puffing at his cigar. "Instead he is on the way to general Vivian's lines now. Bicknell was going to put him in the guard house until we returned to your father's lines, but I feared he would escape by that time and so had him taken right away under a strong guard. What do you think your father would do to the wayward fool?"

"He is wanted by our father for great spying exploits, among our lines." Said Angeline bitterly. "What papa will do I do not know but what ever it is we cannot and will try to prevent it and face his wrath like fools again. Probably the punishment will teach starring a lesson."

"But papa would reward you handsomely for the capture of his two companions who were the cause of it all." Said poor Violet seriously with tears in her eyes. "If we ever tried to intercede for him now we would be born fools. We heard Bicknell threaten to report us over it. I myself dear readers think Catherine was perfectly justified for doing what she did, and that she and her sisters would have annulled if they had tried to frustrate Evans' intentions to have him punished."

He was also bound to capture his two companions and bring him to justice like he did to starring Violet and her sisters soon turned their thoughts to other matters, especially about the coming actions at Grosier, Andrea, and Francis' junction, and then Evans played a few games with them. What he liked best was to make garland of flower wreaths of the early spring blossoms, already growing and place them on their heads. Then he would draw two of them close to him embracingly, and tell them the story of all he and they had experienced and of what he went through when a little boy. Violet and her sisters listened to him with interest, and when he was through Violet and her sisters told about themselves, when mere babies, and Angeline told of the rascally but repentant glandelinians who deserted her on a lone island, on which she was wrecked when out with a sailor friend.

"You must have been very courageous little girls when you rescued him from that seething geyser, when it was about to erupt any minute. He had tried to cause your death by means of the geyser and yet you rescued him when he almost fell in."

"Well at first we did really hate him as much as a poisonous snake." Said Violet. "But then we couldn't see him perish like that. And besides that experience made a better man out of him."

"I guess it did." Said Catherine. "But what became of him? I have not seen him the day we rescued him."

"He is in the glandelinian service for I've seen him often in various glandelinian armies." Said Evans. "They called him Boob-Head but I'm sure it is not his right name."

"And I wonder if he is the same rascal as he used to be?" Asked Evangeline. "We ought to find his location some day and try him out. If he has really changed despite being in the glandelinian service, he won't allow the soldiers to persecute us."

"He was one of my pursuers this afternoon." Said Evans. "He was in the bunch that tried to intercept me. He looked fiercely at me when I threatened to throw Starring under the horses of the glandelinians closing in on me."

"I'm sure then that he has forgotten his vow." Said Violet. "He knows

your our guardian."

"I don't believe he does." Said Evans. "I don't believe he even knows me." Another night passed away a quiet snowy April night, and early in the morning Evans went scouting some in hastily reporting that far away in the north he heard a frightful roaring sound which never ceased. Bicknell also heard it, and the sound gradually grew louder and stronger awoke Violet and her sisters from a sound sleep. A first it sounded to Violet and her sisters like the great prolonged noise of the Francis Glorinia battle and Mt. Calvernia's eruption combined in one. It was a frightful sound and filled them with a strange dread. Bicknell had the opinion that Mt. Vivian a volcano fifty miles away northwest of Angeline was in violent eruption, and went out with the Vivian girls and Evans to see it but to his surprise the sky in any portion of the northwest was perfectly clear though a strange sickening haze was making the sun which was rising in the east red as blood from a wound.

WHAT CAUSED THE STRANGE NOISE!!!!!!

At half past eight in the morning the situation had become considerably worse, it seeming from the strange noise, that the interior of millions of far distant volcanoes seethed and boiled, and using his powerful glasses Bicknell would at times see small white pillars of smoke shooting across or northward and upward in the north northern skies, the noise almost causing strange terror and consternation to poor Violet and her sisters. At certain long intervals there would continue a terrible roar like distant thunder as if the whole world was splitting asunder, and the whole army was in wonder and excitement.

"What in heavens name is it?" Asked Evans of Bicknell when he returned. "I could swear that our world was about to blow to pieces any moment. Ain't it some volcanic eruption, beyond the sight of our vision?"

"I must---be." Said Bicknell. "But then I know that the explosions of a volcano volcanic eruption could never be so confounded continuous. What direction is the armies of general Vivian, Vivian, and Hanson, who you left to visit me?"

"Northeast of here." Said Evans. "Surely you don't think a battle could produce such a sound."

THE FRIGHTFUL CARNAGE OF FRANCIS LILLIAN.

Evans then went to inquire if Violet and her sisters were awake awakened by the noise and found the pretty little girls standing by the northern window of the main hall of Bicknell's headquarters looking intently to see if they could discover anything that made the noise.

Violet and her sisters looked around at his approach. "Oh Evans we are almost frightened stiff at such a horrible noise." Said Hattie. "What sin did we commit that we have to hear such a terrifying din?"

"None." Answered Evans. "And I can't make it out what it is at all but Bicknell is going to send several men in that direction to see for they can find out almost anything. He thinks it is some distant battle with your father's army, or your uncles, and its my opinion that either Mt. Calvernia, Francis, or Vivian are in eruption though we see no signs of volcanic activity north of us. My isn't the noise frightful?"

"Maybe if we use our field glasses we will be able to make it out." Said Daisy.

"It'll do no good for I've got better glasses than any of you little fiaries have, and even with them I could not make out what it was to save my life. I would probably take a giant microscope to detect anything at such a distance. But it is surely two things. Either a long line of far distant volcanoes are in their mightiest eruptions, or what Bicknell

"If Picknell sent any man out there, they probably will find out what it is." Said Violet. "But I'm afraid if the noise got's any worse, it'll shake our shelter down on top of us. A lot of dishes five minutes ago in the kitchen fell from the pantries, and the crenellations of all the windows were banging...."

Indeed the terrible clamor had got on the nerves of all in the whole of Picknell's army, and if it had not been for the frantic pleading of Violet and her sisters, Evans would have went forth himself to find out what caused the terrible roaring sound. He had remembered the terrible noise he had heard on the train while on his way to the Christian lines with little Francis Millian, and had from statements realized that it was from the terrible battle of Damiscanama that had been raging so furiously that night. But what was the cause of this clamor?!!?

For a long time they stood there then as the noise seemed to waken a little they felt that it was abating, and went into the parlor to have their time to themselves. Evans played a game of checkers with them and as he was purposely allowing Violet to win on his there was a terrible shock as if some violent concussion broke loose and which prot prostrated them and the table they were sitting around when playing the game to the floor, with a crash of smashing chairs and badly bumped heads. The windows were leaning violently against their casements, the pictures on the wall fell to the floor, and the plaster of the ceiling gave way with a crash making clouds of white dust that almost choked them. Simultaneously there had come a redoubled crash and roar far in the distance and as the little girls were helped to the thier crutches by Evans and while they were rubbing their heads where they not banged, they felt the house swaying as if there was a severe earthquake, and could scarcely stand.

"It's an earthquake." Cried Evans. "We must get out of the house before it gets worse. We might be killed."

It took them but a short time to get out of the room and into the corridor, and as the rocking continued with increasing violence they made for the entrance, to the courtyard of the mansion. They decided just now that the best shelter which was in one of the officers' tents which if shaken down could not injure anybody. But many a tent was found crowded by soldiers and though they wished to give room for them Evans wanted one not occupied and soon found one, and into this one they went to stay. Until the terrible clamor would cease to vibrate the ground so violently..... There happened to be one solitary soldier in the tent however, who arose as the little girls entered with Evans, the soldier removing his hat, but at Evans request he seated himself and went back to the work he was doing. Evans and the little girls were silent for quite a while listening to the continual racket in the far distance, and watched the man at his work. In the tent Violet and her sisters thought they could resume the game without interruption and so went again. Three games were won by Evans against Violet but every one her sisters played he lost. Then he took them all against him in a single game, and lost ten games to their one after playing all morning....

"Oh Evans it's just like if you didn't know how to play at all." Protested Violet. "Why can't you win?" "We win a every game, when we at the start though that you would win...."

"Oh he doesn't on purpose." Cried Violet. "We have played with him all kinds of gin games, even hide and seek since we first came into his house and he didn't win. He simply refuses to win on us. If there was somebody winning on him, I suppose there would be a fight in a jiffy."

"Maybe there would." Said Evans. "But just now I've hit upon a plan. And this time we will play seriously. I propose to go and see what causes that racket and we you little girls do not want me to go. Well I hardly can resist the desire. If I lose I won't go but if I win I'll go. How is that?"

"We will play it." Said Violet and the real serious game was on. Evans played hard against them, winning seriously and then losing advantages, but finally as he was about to win he got a bum card and lost the game.

"I wouldn't go now if I was requested to by one of the generals." Said Evans almost angrily. "I had a feeling within me during the game that told me if I went there would be trouble with you little girls, and I losing the game proves that danger is lurking somewhere. One of the distant Blengigloxennans we know so well that dwell within the region of Abbieannia came to me and told me this last night. He said to play a serious game with you little girls and if I won I would meet safely all the way and you would be protected, but if I lost and went anyway I would be leaving you to hopeless peril. I'm sure Germanias. Vivians spies are within or

our lines for I saw many size us unperceptibly as we left the building. So I'm going to watch out for the scoundrels."

Evans was right when he knew a tent was van vacant opposite his, but a just a moment ago had seen two suspicious landelinians pass his tent size it up tent and all and enter the one opposite.

"I have a plan." Said Evans opposite. "I'll pretend to leave but also have a score of soldiers guard you armed to the teeth. In that way the well will nab the rascals."

THE CAPTURE OF THE WOULD BE KIDNAPPERS.....

Evans whispered something to the soldier working inside the tent and he went out and soon came back bringing unseen by the suspicious characters twenty of Picknell's Abbieannians. Then after telling them his plan Evans pretended to quarrel with and scold the Vivian girls, threatening that he would leave to return no more, and indeed the ruse worked. The landelinians saw Evans leave in an apparent rage, heard the Vivian girls crying as it seemed, and said to the leader in the tent with him:

"Now's our chance. Evans their guardian had got into a row over the game he was playing, and deserted them because they won and he claimed they broke their goodness by cheating him their best friend. Now is our chance to enter the tent undetected and put an end to their lives. For Germanias. Vivians want's them killed."

The landelinians hearing one of the Vivian girls calling piteously to Evans to return and forgive her and her sisters, thought sure they had the chance they wanted and stole cautiously toward the tent. Evans was hiding between two tents on the other side of the company street and saw the rascals ten in number steal toward the tent and saw that his scheme which he had planned with the little girls had worked and that the landelinians were walking right into the trap.

He had known that mere testimony against the landelinians would be nothing if he had arrested them just because they looked suspicious to him and so decided to catch them red handed by a ruse. He had told the little girls that pretending a quarrel, and kidnapping them would be probably the only means of luring the suspicious ones into a trap, and it was working fine. One of the rascally landelinians drew his dagger intending to murder his victims and in they went only to find scores of swarthy purple coats suddenly surround them. Then in came Evans.

"Well the ruse worked all right." He said nodding to the prisoners. "And so you rascally landelinians thought I was having a quarrel with Violet and her sisters, and deserting them. Well it was a quarrel, a kind that we planned among ourselves, to trap you rascally landelinians, and we succeed. Now kindly tell me if you think you are going to harm the little girls?"

"I'll have to admit that we Christians have the best of us." Said one of the landelinians. "We will get them yet though as Germania is bound to destroy them."

"You landelinians are not arrested as prisoners or war, or neither spies but as would be murderers of the Vivian girls." Said Evans with a sneer. "As for that Bull-dog Germania. Vivian he will never harm the little girls while I'm around." Boys. He said turning to the men.

"These rascals were going to assassinate Violet and her sisters." "Lynch them. Lynch them." Cried the purple coated nickellians. "Savagely! Crucify them. Crucify them."

"The law of the Angelinians is crucifixion, but we better lynch them as crucifying is a waste of time." Said the sergeant and away the rascals were brought, to be led before the tribunal for their sentence of death. The verdict after a trial of several hours was hanged hanging and then the next day any one could have seen the would be murderers hanging from the stoutest limbs of trees which this inscription fastened on each tree by the enraged Abbieannians who hanged them;

"These ten excellent landelinians were caught sneaking into the tent occupied by Violet and her sisters with the intention to murder them, and show us their interiors under orders of that skunk Germania. Vivian. Well this is what we do to all landelinians who attempt to murder children and especially the Vivian girls called Violet and her sisters."

They got hanged after the shors shortest trail ever made by our tribunal.

THE REVENGEFUL W. SQUADS.
IN THE COMPANY OF
LEONIA BICKNELL.

Evans was infuriated over the attempts on violet and her sisters and later in the day Evans walking past general picknells headquarters nervously raked by the continual din in the distance which really was caused by a great battle raging at Francis Millar only thirty miles away east of them, came upon what appeared to be an Angelinian soldier but who wore the same black rakish slouched Glandelinian hat with an ostrich plume in the back. Evans was at once suspicious that this was another fool, follower of Germania. Vivian seeking to harm the Vivian Girls at Germania command. Evans demanded whether he was an enemy of the Vivian Girls, and the rascal mistaking Evans for another companion on the same errand answered: "Yes I'm an enemy of the Vivian girls. They are little contemptibles, Oil O illia monsters. I'm for direct action against them if anybody happens to ask yuh, and;-----"

"I'm for direct action mydemself." Yelled Evans furiously grabbing the rascal unexpectedly, and carrying him under his arm as if he was only a bundle of paper. "Beating you follows up, and chucking you into jail, taring a and feathering, and hanging don't seem to do you and an anticarthis Glandelinians very much good so us Anh Angelinians and Abbiennians will have to resort to very much greater cruelty. We'll try soap and water on you. We'll make you drink it."

Evans was as good as his word for he did force the rascal to drink soapy water and had him locked up and held for trial on the charge of entering the lines for the purpose of murdering the Vivian girls. Indeed the very next day while the same terrific din was continuing Evans had persuaded Violet and her sisters to sing for the men and using the Bicknellian Y.M.C.A. for the audience Evans had the little girls on the stage, and during the singing which was the most beautiful beautiful Evans had ever heard and all hymns at that, their voices sounding like that of celestial beings, a rascally fool sitting in the seat behind Evans was heard to shout out loud;

"BAN THOSE DIRTY CENTRIPEDS WILL NEVER SING AGAIN IF I CAN HELP HELP IT. GERMANIA VIVIAN WANT'S THEM KILLED. AND MY WHAT ROTTERY SIO SING SINGING. GIVE THEM THE HO K AND-----"

There was the crashing noise of someone's fist, a fall and sudden in all saw Evans standing upright with blazing eyes and doubled fist as he shouted;

"NOW IF THERE IS ANY ONE ELSE AROUND HERE, WHO WANTS TO STUDYASTROMY ALL HE HAS TO DO IS TO SHOOT OFF HIS MOUTH LIKE THIS NUT DID, WHILE THE VIVIAN GIRLS ARE RENDERING THE SOFTEST STRAINS OF THEIR HYMNS."

"GOOD BOY. HURRAH FOR EVANS. HURRAH FOR EVANS!"

Shouted the audience with a roar that drowned the singing of violet and her sisters, and the roaring sound outside. "He knows how to knock the insulting rascals to their senses. Hurrah for Evans."

After this if there were any more rascals in the Y.M.C.A. Violet and her sisters were able to proceed uninterrupted, as they did not dare interfere and arouse the wrath of this hot tempered guardian of the Vivian girls. However it was when violet alone sang a hymn, her sisters joining in the chorus, when a Glandelinian spy made a remark about violet and her sisters, which though Evans did not hear correctly verified his suspicions and he dragged the rascal close out of the Y.M.C.A. slamming him unmercifully as he passed by the main entrance toward the building, the rascal trying to say something but Evans shot back at him with:

"Not another word out of you or I'll give you another good slap over the nob. I'll turn you over to the f. guard as a spy."

Several soldiers ran up in seeing the commotion, and hurling the rascal in their midst, Evans walked back to the Y.M.C.A. saying to the soldiers;

"I don't care a rap what you do with the nutt. He annoys unprotected children when they are trying to sing."

"Lynch him." Was the cry as Evans entered and after that no more was seen of the brute.

After the performance Evans happened to be in a small town near the camp, with two of the little girls with him, the owner of the store a Glandelinian alien having charged forty five cents for a few oranges Evans wished to buy for Violet and her sisters. Evans felt appalled over this and said said said rather hotly;

"You buy oranges for fifty cents a basketful, and sell six oranges for one dollar. Don't you think that is an excessive profit these times of war?"

"Well for people who is against Angelinia I don't sell so high." Answered the store keeper rather sarcastically. "And I'm not in business for the sake of the old Vivian girls and gutter-snipe you know." Evans was after him like a flash intending to strike the insulting wretch over the head, with the handle of his umbrella, but the store keeper did not stay to meet the enraged Angelinian, but fled out of the store by jumping out of a window. Evans did not say a word but nevertheless he threw down everything in the store, brought scores of men, had everything of value taken away to the camp, and learning that all in the town were either alien enemies or disloyal Glandelinians, he raided the town capturing them all, carried off all valuable property, and then burned the town. And all this on account of the insulting remark about the Vivian girls made by the store keeper. That very same day Evans had learned from Violet and her sisters that another proprietor of a store, had been making terrible sacrilegious insults about them, and also selling or trying to sell them poisoned fruit, which violet and her sisters did not eat from suspicion of the small in the fruit, and so Evans went to pay the rascal back. The store man was a big lumbering oxen built regular born Glandelinian which Evans at once realized and also an agent of general Germania. Vivian and as he entered the store he retorted: "You are just the man I want to see. I heard you insulted the Vivian girls, and sold them poisoned fruit, to kill them. Is that so?"

"Yes that's so." Answered the rascal. "They are enemies of Glandelinia. And so Am I you skunk." Said Evans making a swing at the plants jaw, and knocking him to the floor, following this up by turning the counter over on top of him. "We'll since that time is it Germania intentions to get the ones I love so well, or is it the war that has scared you rascally Glandelinians in giving the Vivian Girls all the misery you can think of. Oov to perdition where you belong."

As a result this town was also raided, and burned a few hours later. Another incident which happened on the same day was when one of Evans supposed friends suddenly came up to him, and suddenly shaking hands with him said;

"Hello Evans me boy." "I'm going over to Oakville to defend a young fellow who was arrested for striking one of the Vivian girls early this morning. I've got just about five minutes to make the last train."

"You will never make that last train." Said Evans pointing his gun at him. "You are under arrest for attempting to defend an enemy of the Vivian girls."

And so this man soon met the same fate as the other persecutors of poor violet and her sisters. At dinner time Evans was sitting at the table in the officers quarters, with the little girls, a strange Glandelinian, captain sitting on his left. Violet being able to get around, better than her sisters now without the use of crutches was standing along side of the stranger requesting him kindly to remove his hat, which he was wearing at the table. "It's against the rules to wear a hat at the table in this place." She warned him. "So you had better remove it."

"Now I don't intend to remove me my hat for you, you Vivian simpleton." Said the rascal sullenly. Evans suddenly shelling amazed at his words. "The presence of you little Vivian thrash sitting at this private table is getting on my nerves."

A howl of rage came from the officers at these words suspecting at once that he was a foe of violet and her sisters, but it was not necessary for them to do anything, for Evans blazing with wrath, had knocked the wretch senseless to the floor with a telling blow on the forehead that made the Glandelinian see a million stars.

"Take the Glandelinian out of here. Another Glandelinian. Another Glandelinian agent of Germania's army I suppose. Evans ordered. Evans was now fully convinced that many of Germania's agents were skulking around in Bicknell's lines waiting for chance to assassinate the

for them. Indeed the whole Angelinian world was mad like that. Commonly all the mad soldiers, who at times felt as helpless as the children themselves. The little girls told Evans something of the awful tale as they had heard from Ricknell's conversation with his officers, and of Ricknell's intention to hunt hastily march to Pandora to protect that city which he was already making preparations for, and Evans finally gathered two of the little girls into his arms folding them in an embrace like that of angels receiving a pure soul in heaven and led them away where they would be unable to hear such stories to break their hearts. All that day thousands of panic stricken people continued to pour into Viviananna lines and Ricknell's also, with their tales of harrowing, fiery, and horror. Their minds were stunned, the events were too enormous to be grasped. It seemed indeed to have the inevitable and fatalistic quality of the

great Abbeonnanian Gas catastrophe on that fatal Easter Sunday it had happened that was all, it was not to be escaped, it was there before one in the world like an earthquake or a conflagration, of a typhoon, tornado all in which its effects so much resembled.

Those who came within Ricknell's lines told their harrowing stories calmly sitting in their offered shelters with blank impassive faces only in the eyes that had looked on those horrors, the terrors of it all was still reflected. One was struck by their lack of rancor they seemed to have suffered so deeply for that. Indeed all through that experienced them and afterward, the Abbeonnanian soldiers were struck by the lack of passion displayed by all the fugitives who had so terribly suffered.

The Angelinians seldom hearing any of them express hatred of the foe, or any desire for revenge. They never even spoke of them as enemies and were in by no means in such a fury of rage and desire for revenge as had been observed among the Ricknellians fourteen miles away from Viviananna lines.

None of them so far as could be observed even acted in the tragic manner there were no heroics, no histrionics, they did not demean themselves as did people in the Romanticistic novels. I myself have read any psychological explanation on this phenomenon by the late Professor William James, who observed these kind of situations of the human mind in fact and made interesting notes of it at the great San Francisco earthquake calamity. In moments of great danger, of great strain, and tragedy, people were simple and natural, they did not act in the theatrical scene of the word. It was true with a pretty little girl whose name was Francis Smith, who on that horrible day about six o'clock in the morning heard soldiers sudden y beat on the door of her home in St. Francis and when her father and mother ran to open it heard shots and had not seen her mothers parents or sisters and brothers since. She took her doll in her arms, and climbing the garden wall found refuge in the lane of a friend for a night and day while on all sides the houses were in flames, and finally carrying her doll she dodged from street to street holding up one arm and waving a white handkerchief. But she was finally turned out of another shelter by the foe, being driven from place to place half clad, with her doll taken. She had been forced every now and then to kneel to the ground and to raise her arms above her head while the Germans pressed the muzzles of their guns against her breasts, or kicked or her or struck her and then holding her as a prisoner in the barracks under cruel treatment until two days later, then allowed her to return home only to find her house burned to the ground, and everything she or her parents and dead brothers and sisters had in the world gone. And she was an orphan.

On the same day this poor little girl had seen many religious including priests, seized made to march in front of the troop, kicked and cuffed, and spat upon, struck with the butt of guns, their hands being tied behind them, with barbed wire, and at the railroad stations near the barracks they had had been forced to remain standing, not even allowed to lean against the wall, and this for hours with repeated insults and assaults, and personal outrages, while his townsmen gone by one were led out and shot. I might go on indefinitely, recounting experiences such as these in full they would fill many volumes bigger than three of these series books itself. The old home of Jack Evans mother and father had been sacked and burned his relations and friends had been murdered as he heard from reports, and their bodies thrown into a cistern long lines of his towns people confined in the railway stations had been taken out and shot or cut down, children included, hundreds of churches were destroyed, sacrilegious which would be a sacrilege to relate were omitted, and hundreds of thousands of religious volumes rare and ancient manuscripts, unique collections of books printed before the year 1400 had all been burned deliberately to the last scrap when the glandelinians under Germania set fire to the public library.

This caused a loss of invaluable manuscripts and so on to about \$45,666,789. Indeed who could imagine the vast and appalling tragedy that was being enacted by those sinister figures in lurid gray, with torch and ax and gun and there "Amid" the rolling smoke and the infernal glare. Ricknell's had now arrived to Pandora and was concentrating his main forces to meet Germania should he come that way, while the Christian forces under Logan who had fought at St. Francis with frightful fury for three days one of the mightiest battles of the entire war at that location with a loss that was inconceivable was now in retreat falling back toward Vivian lines at the right but fighting stubbornly as they went contesting with the desperation of cornered demons every step of the way. Vivian was advancing fast and it looked as if another parallel of horror along the battle line would soon resume with redoubled fury. Indeed a greater struggle of the entire battle was brewing and the main Christian armies for as the enemy had entered St. Francis Viviananna striving to the aid of Vivian was concentrating overwhelming numbers against Germania and also Ricknell was now moving his forces against Germania rear.

All the fellows of Glandelinian collected by the town released from the prison prisons there being already hands of half savage vagrants following the army of assassins. On the next morning while the battle was raging with devastating fury with Germanians and then Christian forces and while Ricknell was pressing his two wings hard and threatening them with complete annihilation and amid the roar of the conflict that beat the battles again at Anna Maria with general Vivian and Hanson, the millions of Glandelinian wounded had been evacuated from St. Francis and as news spread that Ricknell was closing on the Glandelinian rear and concentrating heavily against the weakened center, there was a few desultory shots and then the massacre was recommenced.

Late that morning the sound of frightful apocalyptic cannonading and terrible crashes of terrible firing more usual than ever which shook down buildings in St. Francis was heard from the west. That morning a part of Vivian's army had made a furious assault the most terrific ever experienced by Germania there had been a sharp fight along the Calsonia, and the Abbeonnanian and the latter of it not driving the Glandelinians out of Calsonia as was at first reported and back along the road and across the fields to St. Francis, but really annihilating all the Glandelinian divisions that opposed them making frightful slaughter and capturing fourteen generals including general George Wotruba.

And at seven o'clock that morning Calsonia was in flames the retreating main force of the foe having fired the town. The Glandelinians retiring on St. Francis had reached Gouvanna's night was falling, when Glandelinian reinforcements leaving St. Francis met them, and there in the twilight the two main forces, the entire army of Germania and Ricknell's collided together in a hellish storm of carnage raging with the most frightful fury for four hours more. The explosions of shells tore the battle field like a million tornadoes would tear through all the cities in on a landscape, riderless horses by hundreds of thousands, and terror stricken Glandelinian soldiers streamed into the city clothing covered with gore or torn to rags but despite the victory of the Christians, all over the city the retreating soldiers began firing wildly at the facades of the closed houses, the people ran to the cellars in terror, the soldiers beat in the doors turned the people into the streets, and shot thousands of them down, cut children to pieces, tore out their intestines, and set fire to the remaining houses or blew them up. There was hundreds of thousands of galloping horses riderless galloping about a mad blind demonic rage seemed to have laid hold of Germanians men, and they went through the streets, killing, slaying, burning and looting, torturing and massacring for hours whole three terrible days while the battle was raging so furiously outside the city before the news reached Ricknell and even Vivian's armies knew the vast and awful tragedy was enacted with such scenes as small the imagination.

The Glandelinian soldiers were running everywhere firing right and left at random random, through the streets which were so strangely illuminated, for their own destruction and devastation. On the order of their chiefs the Glandelinians set fire to the houses any spraying salons with inflammable liquid using the apparatus they had for that purpose lighting and firing in their incendiary pasties, breaking in windows with the butts of their rifles that a draft might be provided for the flames.

The inmates of the houses thus doomed ran out only to be either thrown back in or shot down at their own doors, or took refuge in their cellars to be burned to death and buried beneath the ruins of their own homes. Men women and children trying to escape over roofs were fired at by the soldiers in the streets, women, their babies or young children in their arms being hugged the walls tried to reach

some place of safety but were cut down or sprayed with liquid fire.

The church of St Francis was set on fire the flames of the city's holocaust lighting up the sky, the glare being seen in general Vienna lines at Anna Marain the midst of this frightful inferno, amid the roar and glare of the flames with the dynamite like crashing of thousands of rifles the cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck-cluck of machine guns making a noise like riveters and that most hideous of sounds dominating all the rest, the massacre and the incandescence went on it continued all through the night, the great tower of St Peters Church bursting into flames, the soldiers refusing to allow the people to enter the Catholic Church, to save it. The great bell fell with a crash and down came another day, but the horror went on thousands upon thousands of children deprived of all their clothing despite the cold of the April weather, and often even young girl and women were assembled in tragic groups, between the ictering walls of ruined houses and burning dwellings, marched through choking, suffocating streets that were strewn with the dead bodies of men and horses, the women and children weeping screaming and imploring, and the soldiers compelling them to walk with their hands up or make them kneel or crawl, striking or striking them with their fists or with the butt of their rifles herding them through the streets in the midst of the rocking ruins while other ghastly soldiers with wine and whiskey bottles under their arms went roving past, crying 'DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE CHRISTIAN DOGS.'

Finally however after being marched all over town the women and children were massacred. One large party of naked children were bound hand and foot then tied up in a great human packet by a long rope so they could not move and left to freeze to death or perish when the flames reached them.

would lead some one off and a volley would be fired. Then the other prisoners would be told that he or she should be killed, and that alike fate awaited them. One little girl bound round and round by cords was struck by an officer several times, knocked down, made to stand up then knocked down again and then she was hung by the wrists to a lamp post and finally after all this torture, she was choked to death, and her body "fell open," the rascal having choked her so hard that even when dead her tongue was protruded protruding almost all its length and her eyes bulging almost out of her sockets. And so for another day and another night the madness went on, the murder, the looting, the sacking, the robbing, the burning and the lust, with soldiers pillaging the houses, heaving the wine in great baskets out of the cellars to be gurgled in the streets, while men, women and children, were shot down and their bodies left to lie in gutters or on the so smoking ruins or thrown into foul cesspools. And among the survivors began that awful exodus. On all roads leading from St Francis the surviving fugitives went, old men, women, and children, nuns, priests, the sick, even women just arisen from child birth fleeing like cattle for the christian lines now so near. Hundreds of thousands of them in serried bodies were forced to march to Tiflis. In a dozen miles from St Francis followed as they feared by secret enemy enemies. It was a tragic beginning, many fell by the roadside scores of hundreds went mad, many wandered for days in the fields and woods around only to be shot or cut down by ambushing glandelinians, and some drowned themselves in the streams while being in a fit of insanity. Even after the terrible battle was over the whole of which Violet and her sisters had witnessed and the frightful slaughter of the glandelinian columns and the nerve racking crash of firing, the little girls were indeed more appalled at the harrowing tales the refugees brought in as they were temporarily sheltered by the Abkhazians on the journey to Pandora now heavily guarded by Zimmerman and a portion of

Bicknell's armies could be made. Little Francis Smith finding her home in ruins had no where to go. She remembered Dr. Joseph's hospital in the town of Kramer where, when a patient from a Peruvian in the leg and foot she had found many friends even among the worst of men and had trudged all the way to Kramer but to find this town leveled to the ground as if by an earthquake and unapproachable on account of the furious Mane Mandelians. Mandelians in possession there under general Phellina Tamerion. So unknownly she had made her way past the sentries unnoticed into Bicknell's lines untill stopped by a guard. The guard, who had worked on the first floor of the hospital when she was a patient there, and who had been almost in love with her, so great was his true friendship of course just now he failed to recognize her, but nevertheless knew that she was one of the unfortunate fugitives and said to her kindly;

"Where'd you come from, little fairy? You look strangely familiar to me."

"I'm from St Francis," She has answered. "The graycoated soldiers turned my home, and killed my father, mother, and brothers, and sisters, and all my other relations. My name is Francis Smith. I know who you are. You was my friend when I was sick and in need."

An ugly expression came over his face as she spoke to him and calling the co corporal of the guard he had her taken right before colonel Evans, getting relieved from guard duty for two hours to see him also.

EVANS IS TERRIBLY ANGRY.

'This little girl is a friend of mine and has been wronged
probably worse than the civilian girls you love so dearly.' 'Said the
guard.' 'For in the great St. Francis massacre she has lost her parents
her brothers and sisters her home and all her relations. I demand justice
for this brutal our outrage. She was a little dear to every one in the hospital
while a patient there where I worked before joining you comrades and even
at the risk of her life administered kind deeds deeds to wounded Glandollins
prisoners there a week, well as others and is this the repay she receives?
It's up to you to justify it.'

Little Francis was crying bitterly indeed and the soldiers around took pity on her. Some of the old diabolists recognized her before officers by the name of James Bernard Dunn, Thomas Volan, and Joseph Haley all being lieutenant general. Haley had been a cartoon in the hospital before the war and had taken her to the training room many times. They also felt that her miseries should be qualified that Germanic army ought to be deato destroyed and all eyes were cast upon colonel Jack Evans who stood like statue embraced by this scene.

Evans eyed the enraptured sanny and then looked down at the unhappy child whose heart was almost bursting with grief though she was striving hard to keep back the tears. Violet and her sisters looked on passively at her poor little fiancée and Jennie placing her hand on her arm firmly but gently drew her close to her own aching heart and said kindly:

"Evans appears hard but don't fear. If they were really righteous men I would pray for them for Evans is a man of fury now."

usually refined himself and immediately returned with him, having told the great general everything. At first at his appearance, Fran cis had thought he was a racially landstainian for he had a landstainian general's uniform on which he had been trying on as a mockery. He was silent also like Evans, both looking at each other. Then Evans approached he angry sentry said calm and calmly and firmly with such fire in his eyes that little Francis herself was surprised.

"Before God, I have never known myself to break a promise or a vow in my life. And you know what my vow is don't you?-----Well I always do what I threaten and promise, and mark my words this serious matter is always between me and God as we could call it. If through my own fault, or if I get killed, and fail to get Germania, God will do it an and in a remarkable short time too. When Violet and her sisters suffered that terrible agony of the damned as to say, after being maimed by Germania mine explosion, that in my delirium like rage I declared that God could strike me dead as a liar if I ow on my account failed to justify their suffering. Instead of coming after me demanding justice like you do you Abbeauxians had better pray for that blood hound because I'm going to hurl him down into hell where he belongs."

And Evans walked wrathfully away.
"You had better have a doctor examine my bra br! brains if you catch me
praying for that warlord of the infernal regions." Shouted back the sentry.
"I pray for him. I'm no fool."

"Stay with the vivian girls. They will love you and when I return from the battle field, if I ever survive the coming fight, I will adopt you, or you may always stay with them if you so choose."

And folding her in an loving embrace he kissed her and even the Vivian girls and then went back to resume his duties. And indeed God was so kind that her friend not only survived the coming battles

but also the war, and though the little girl never saw him again for a whole year, she still remembered him but had such strong attachment to Violet and her sisters, and Evans that she longed to see them, and he permitted her to do so. Evans was all upset over the St. Francis affair and when Violet and her sisters came in a few minutes later with little Francis he arose politely and said:

"There more I hear of that gutter snout Germania Vivian the more I'm itching to put him where he belongs. Couldn't you little girls help me out in the attempt when the battle rages? Viviananna as I heard will probably be in general action to-morrow and will throw Germanias away upon our charging front to smash him against our Christian army."

"What is it that you want me to do?" asked Violet.

"Be at a close distance with me but out of range of the enemy's assaulting columns, and signal me when you see Germania. I'll have you protected by two brigades, as I know you little girls cannot do anything yet in case of trouble."

"We will do it," said Violet. "We will help you bring him to justice."

Poor Violet and her sisters had indeed realized that the terrible war had swept away their homes, caused the loss of their brothers and the ones declared and dearest friends also and had almost caused them to be disfigured and crippled and blinded for life. Though Evans never knew it at first, because they appeared so cheerful the hearts of these little girls were filled with rending sorrow, and though for a while they had not said anything, as they never did care to share their sorrows with others, they had however when in many places, when entirely alone, hid their faces in their pillows while in bed and sobbed violently, and Gertrude Angelina now with them again, noticed their sorrows and though for days she had said nothing, she finally realized what was wrong and said:

"Never mind my dear little friends. All of your prayers have gone to heaven to that beautiful world where Jesus is and I know that if you always pray, Jesus will help you. I have seen that you always try to do the best you can, to be always good, pray every day are pure and innocent and gentle like little doves read the bible when ever you can and will get to heaven some day and see them again."

Here Gertrude was interrupted by burst of noise and groans and lamentations which broke from the fugitives on the outside and died away as a rumbling roar broke out far to the left. Gertrude Angelina was struck with a sudden emotion. He the spiritual faces of Violet and her sisters, the long locks of black hair, and their frequent noise and piteous cries for Evans not to go to the battlefields even to get Germania struck at once upon her fil feelings and she looked long and earnestly at them and shook her head as they once more huffed and guffawed and hurried their faces in their arms and sobbed and wept with a violence which alarmed

Gertrude Angelina, and many times Violet and her sisters had lain like we weary doves in Jack Evans arms in turn a brotherly love to them indeed and he bending over them soothing them by every tender word he could think of singing them to sleep at times and promising them many times that he would take no part in the battles, only watch a chance to get Germania.

It had been awoken after the three days frightful battle at Francis Lillian or Anna Maria and the one at St. Francis in which appalling losses had been inflicted on the enemy who were slightly successful to the world as reported before the world had learned the condition of Violet and her sisters and the whole of Abbeinnia was saddened and aroused when the Abbeinnian governments learned how the Vivian girls had been crippled and reported to it in newspapers to the population of the nation and Angelina and Calverina themselves begged Abbeinnia to hurry and repay Glandelinian dearly and organize armies so great in size that the war will be speedily won and the armies in the south would then be unable to reinforce the Manleys and the other wicked Glandelinian nations.

Violet and her sisters had always been known as the Darlings of the nation, and greater than the scene indeed than from the scene of President Mc-Kinley's death was the results of the news. All the churches no matter what religion all over the world offered Masses and Services for the poor Vivian girls and lectures were announced by hundreds of thousands per Sunday all over to the angry excited people of Catholic Abbeinnia herself which caused still more to indignation in Angelina while Abbeinnia looked with angry smouldering visage on Glandelinia a nation dread by the very demons of hell itself.

In fact worse things had happened as Evans well knew. Only four of the little girls came night remaining and probably if it was not for his tender care the others would have died and Germania would have won four victims at least which would convince him that he scoundrel that he was that he could get the rest.

All had witnessed the harrowing scene where Violet and her sisters that a sad day had lain swathed in bandages and suffering frightful torture. The little girls when quieted had lain as dead as they had at times fainted away from the tortures of their wounds, and it had been three or four

hours at a time before the little girls came too when it would have been better to have remained unconscious than suffer like they did. To the last poor broken hearted general Vivian and the others had seen the golden bands tossed in frightful agony and at times Evans had laughed derisively outside on the porch or veranda stamping around, furiously biting his wrists or even a pillow in his rage and even swearing that God could strike him dead if Germania and his whole army did not pay dearly for it all. General Vivian had stood by their beds whose sheets were almost all bloodstained had reddened to see scarlet looking vacantly down. He fancied he heard the voices saying:

"IN THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE, HE THAT RESEMBLES IN ME, THOUGH HE WERE DEAD, YET SHALL LIVE."

All the Vivian girls lay there in all the tortures he witnessed he could hardly realize that it was the dear little Vivian girls that were suffering so unjustly. Nor was it the Vivian girls but only the frail seeds of those bright and immortal souls which by the mercy of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the tender care of Evans had recovered rapidly, while a horrible foreboding peril was hovering dark and menacingly over Germania and his army, a doom that would appall Glandelinian forever more, and make the very demons quake with fear and lag for mercy.

Even from the terrible misery, brave as they were, the little girls had been calling and moaning in uncontrollable grief, while sad hymns were sung and prayers continually recited. Then with wrenches of roses and lilies in their hands little children rescued from Glandelinians had with their own innocent pure hands decorated the lit the beds of the suffering little girls while a long prayer had been recited or read by the priest for their recovery, or at least relief from their indescribable misery.

How beautiful and peaceful the little girls had looked when lying quiet decorated by the tender hands of their little child friends with the wreaths of flowers, those beautiful flowers which speak so silently to all hearts of the Resurrection of the body, and life everlasting for the righteous souls. Now the moaning and cries of pain and misery had resounded in the ears of Jack Evans as he had bent over the little sufferers. By their window stood an oak tree where beautiful birds used to build their nests and many sparrows and tropical birds used to sing. Now the tree was missing as the recent typhoon had cleaned it out the forest regions.

Even now long after that sorrowful event since the tragic battle of "BRIGAND" the Christian soldiers or the whole nation, and the whole world had not forgotten its way it seemed yesterday that it happened, though from the excitement it had seemed so in every street of every city in Abbeinnia, Calverina, and Angelina were posters posted, fences covered with them, with the wording of revenge and rapine of the Glandelinian soldiery. These posters were seen everywhere on many fences, and trees in the country and even within the Christian lines.

ON SHIRMS OF EXPERIENCES OF VIOLET AND HER SISTERS
WITH EVANS BEFORE THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE OF FRANCIS
ATLANTA.

Evans had many times come across one of these posters, which had been placed on fences and store windows and when he had read the inscription on it he had only turned away with a blind look southward and fire in his eyes. This was what was on the posters:!!!!

"The sweetest and most innocent of little children, who had done all the kindness they could, had been made to suffer unjustly by German's wicked intentions. They had been almost killed, were threatened with deformities and disfigurement for life, and suffered indescribable agony. Each little girl is between the ages of seven and eight."

THE center of in the center of the poster; there were other words, and they were in red. Those words always aroused the eyes of those who read these posters and these were:

"FOR THE CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF GERMANIA VIVIAN AND HIS ARMY!
A REWARD OF 11,000,000 DOLLARS WILL BE GIVEN TO THE GENERAL OF THE CHRISTIAN ARMY. THIS REWARD WILL ALSO BE GIVEN TO PRIVATES WHO ACCOMPLISH THE SAME TASK AS HE MUST BE PUNISHED FOR HIS VILE DEED, AND AS A TRAITOR."

SIGNED
BY GENERAL HANSON VIVIAN.

Evans had always had laugh loved to hear the laughter and merry shouts of Violet and her sisters whose cadence always fell like music on Evans ears, like bells at evening pealing, and now they played no more were silent sad and weary. Evans after reading the notice laughed wickedly then pointing to heaven he renewed his vow with tenfold vehemence. Though always cheerful in his presence, Evans always knew that sorrow was really present, and on the day Grace Andrea started that battle would have sounded Germania's Knell of doom had not a blunder caused the Christian army to be crushed and routed instead.

Evans had caught Violet and her sisters weeping with little Francis looking on with pity forgetting her own sorrow and loss, Violet and her sisters weeping as if their hearts would break. Evans did not disturb them but with down cast head left the room, and musing "Picks" almost knelt him on his knees to hasten the newly coming battle with Germania. Jack Evans always had a full feeling at his own heart that drew him closer and closer to the sad little girl. He followed her now more closely, when ever they walked on their crutches, wistfully, and when he saw them sitting so pale and quiet on some prostrated tree, there was more to him in their fearful eyes than he had ever seen before and it made his heart ache. For several days after his return with little Francis,illian he had begged them to eat some thing but they had only shook their heads sadly.

"Oh Evans," said Violet so pitifully that he could hardly stand to hear it. "The whole world still seems empty as an egg, she shall to me and my sisters. First to lose our brothers, and then to be crippled like this. We can't hardly walk a block without the help of our crutches. We stood it all from the other Glandelinian generals but we can really hate our wayward brother Germania and do." And she said this bitterly indeed.

"I have to confess that it is just as hard for me to bear or probably harder," said Evans with tears in his own eyes. "Your condition and the condition of your sisters is overruling me because I never knew such a sad fate had awaited you and your sisters. And to have this happen before I could even know it in time. I saw that crater the mine made and how it looked. One of the men told me you were fortunate to be about three hundred fifty yards from the explosion, and that only the flying wreckage of the blasted house and the concussion maimed you."

What Evans said was true. The advancing Christian reinforcements during the battle of Brigano had not taken notice of the insidious approach of the disaster and were taken unawares as well as the Vivian Girls.

THE DISASTER CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSIONS OF THE MINES.

The crater Evans had seen would have covered three blocks in width, was two thousand three hundred feet more in length, and nearly three hundred feet deep. Even when these series of mines had been exploded the concussion was felt with destructive effects in the neighboring towns, and even in Brigano the concussive explosion producing an sudden expansion of air which blew out windows in the city, burst wooden houses into fragments in a seconds time, and all the neighboring towns were leveled to the ground, pinnioning all the poor people beneath the tons of wreckage and killing them all from the shock of the concussion itself. Many houses were also wrecked in Brigano, the walls of one house the eastern end remaining while the remainder of the rooms seemed to have been gouged out, and the wall reduced to three store stories and shattered into grotesque ruins. \$3,000,000 damage was done in Brigano by the concussion, 500,000 lives were lost and one million million fifteen thousand were severely wounded, and Violet and her sisters had been picked up a hundred yards away from the crater five minutes after the miniature eruption but only one or two of the little girls, had suffered less than the others. All the soldiers are found killed and wounded by the mines were so frightfully mangled that they could not be recognized. What the cruelties of child slavery could not do, what the horrors of child massacres, and the persecutions of the other Glandelinian generals failed to accomplish, Germania did, and within a few seconds at that, not only wounding the Vivian girls so frightfully and slaying over 150,000 Christian soldiers with his mine explosions, but wiped out towns by twenty, and partially demolished Brigano with a total loss of life including the tragedy of the towns up to 1,345,666 old men women and children, and soldiers.

Indeed the sorrows and miseries of Violet and her sisters, could not be described. They still gazed upon the dismal ruins of the once beautiful city of St Francis with an aching heart, when the Christians entered it after their bloody and costly victory there, and a feeling possessed them as if they had lost everything they had. Evans himself wished in his heart that it had only been a dream, that it really never happened to them. As soon as possible Evans with the little girls left the dismal scenes of St Francis longing for another change of scene to change the currents of the thoughts of Violet and her sisters. He knew

Viviananna was already saying upon Germania from St Francis, that Wierstien and Nero were concentrating upon Marcucian watching Germanian movements in that direction and also the movements of the three Manleys near his location.

Violat and her sisters always went with Evans with melancholy steps and Evans could see that they were almost heartbroken and always made it his duty to stay closer to them to try to console them, and bring their thoughts to another channel....He drew Violat and Jennie to him and placing an arm around each said compassionately:

"Now try to cheer up you little dears. All this crying and weeping won't bring your wretched health back. Don't give up, you poor little girls. I can be your brother to you. And Germania shall be punished and promised so often."

Violat laid her head against his chest and sobbed. Evans was indeed touched and held her and Jennie in a long loving embrace for hours. Never had he seen the little girls in such sorrow. Evans had seated himself with the little girls near a railroad crossing and tried to console them by singing them some cheery songs, and telling the most funny jokes and succeeded a little. From where they were they could observe the wreckage of whole freight trains and passenger coaches also which had been left on the sidings when the enemy so hastily abandoned St Francis at the avalanche like advance of the heroic Christian armies. Not far from here was a small creek clogged and choked with wreckage, dead animals and twigs of trees. Violat and her sisters indeed felt sad and lonely and the warmth of the closing April weather made them feel worse.

To them it at times seemed as if they were the only living things in existence entirely. They had as it was reported to them lost all their best friends and brothers and relations as they were seen since the frightful carnage at little Morinia Franciscana. Mostly all their best friends were reported gone, and some of all their own horses, and one wicked brother almost disfigured them for life. To them the whole world seemed dreary and the presence of Evans alone seemed to console them.

In the meantime reports came that Viviananna was unable to advance in any further as the retreating Alabandians under general Germania had barred the great dam down in the regio region, and that

Viviananna found himself barred by a great flood whose torrents were in full way at this point. Even the wreckage of far distant Jennie Wren town (Calverinia) thrown down so long ago by the Morinia Francis army concussion was water logged, and floated in many directions in the main flood.

Viviananna did not know what to do now as he feared the enemy was escaping he felt like giving it up. He was also enraged and declared that Germania did not fight fairly, as that the many sins he had committed had made him a yellow livered coward.

"The region is a sight." He wrote in his report of the disaster. "Even Marcucian is impossible to be approached on account of the floods made by the enemy and Zimmerman's army is retiring before the irresistible advance of forest fires moving in his direction set by Phelidian Glandelinians....I fear that to capture

Germania and his army is in vain for no one could cross this flood or advance against these forests fires and survive it. Though I will not give up, as I fear I ought to do, I'll wait until the flood recedes. Wierstien and Nero are able to advance, but what can they alone do against Germania's mighty army. And a terrible storm of battle is brewing near Francis Atlanta and a suspicious gathering of mighty opposing armies are concentrating in that region.

Unknown to him Wierstien had moved in a direction that was caused Germania intended escape to be barred, and general nicknell hearing of it still had hopes, and learning that series of bloody conflicts were raging elsewhere wrote to Viviananna of the facts, begging him not to abandon the enterprise, that though the flood was impassable to be crossed, that Wierstien had come upon Germania's rear, and cut off his escape to the southward....Evans had been telling the little girls of the flood and of Viviananna's standstill and of the series of battles raging at did different quarters.

"But then what will become of your intended escape?" Asked one of his lieutenants reproachfully. "The Christian lines must be also reached by us before the flood reaches Marcus Marcucian. As you are the guardian of general Vivian's daughters, it is your duty to pray and ask God to help us soldiers. We could join in the prayers."

"I have prayed." Answered Evans. "But he seems not to hear. I almost could wish I had the supernatural power to banish the flood, myself or throw it upon the region of the enemy and flood them out or out off their escape by means of the flood, or drown them all. It's the only thing in the way for us and general Viviananna. 'Where will pick up' be able to rent the armies for tonight?" Asked captain Buford. "At least the little girls though having it easy enough by riding in the carriage seems to be well tired out, and are asleep in their seats."

IN THE ENTRAILS OF THE VOLCANO MT CALVERINE THE BLENDING OF NEAR SERPENTS RESERVES THEIR PRESENT.

"Hang the army." Said Evans. It is Violat and her sisters I'm thinking of just now. Accordia park tavern would be a good place just now. That is if that region isn't flooded."

"I fear it is." Said another of the lieutenants. "Even the entire vivinoid vicinity of Jennie Wren town itself is flooded. For the Vivian girls we will have to find another place for them to rest."

"But where?" Asked Evans. "Everything is in total ruins in this region. There isn't a place for the little girls to lay their heads, not leaving out the armies."

Evans and his officers searched for some shelter but nothing of that sort could be found for never wherever they went they met the raging floods. Not a shelter was in sight. There seemed nothing else to do but to literally lay on the ground. The lieutenants decided to find some high rocky point, and let the little girls take their rest there, but Evans wouldn't hear of it, saying that it would be dangerous.

So they continued wearily on, though no more of the army had already halted, but after traveling for about a mile in a mountainous region they came within sight of a large ravine with sulphur colored rocks where an aperture could be seen in one side.

"Maybe it's a cave." Said Captain Buford. "We may be able to shelter them in there for to night."

Evans had his doubts but nevertheless, having all seven soldiers carry the little girls who were sound asleep he led the way into the ravine and soon the opening was reached. It was all pitch darkness inside and Evans fearing that the cave was without a floor hesitated about entering. He found out soon however that it was some opening, which though it had a floor and a ceiling had also a downward descent.

"I wouldn't risk it." Advised one of the lieutenants. "We are at the base of the volcano called Mt Calverine and this may be one of her mouths, and the wide ravine a closed up fissure. It may lead to where we do not want to go."

"But where are we going to sleep?" Asked Evans. "We cannot sleep in the ravine as I already hear a storm of explosions and firing going on somewhere and a shell may burst here and hurl a pile of rocks down upon us."

"I'll explore it." Said Captain Buford. "And see how it is like. But to make it safe I'll tie this long rope around me, and you can fasten the other end to that big ledge over there."

Thus was done and Captain Buford went in carefully. He went as far as the rope would permit him with two lighted torches in his hands, and came back without having to be pulled up to their surprise.

"It is a long tunnel like cave, but it seems to have a foreboding appearance and I don't like it." He said.

"I wouldn't explore it again then." Said Evans. "Let me do it myself."

"But you cannot tell what will happen." Said one of the lieutenants. "It may lead to some cave of the Crimseians, or throw us into the

fiery depths of the "volcanic entrails."

"Oh hooh. You lieutenants must be getting timid." Growled Evans. "I'm armed against the Grimecians, and I'm going to explore the full length of that passage come what may."

With this he dived in. Fighting a torch he proceeded downward, watching carefully every step he made. The further down he went the wider became the passage way gradually widening into a vast huge cavern the most extensive cavern he had ever seen. Evidently over his discovery he retraced his steps and returning half the distance, hallooed for the others who were attracted by his cries and were soon by his side.

"I've discovered a large cavern," he said. "I wonder if we could reach Gromer Andrea by one of its passageways. As I know this cave well being in it many times when a boy and through every part. We could send the troopson ahead. It is a cavern the shade of the Blengiglonenean serpents of all variation."

"I'm suspicious that there are Grimecians around here somewhere," muttered Buford to himself. "And also from the smell I'm sure that sulphur and steam is proceeding the cavern." Maybe it leads to the abyss of Mt. Calverine. Evans seemed to know what Buford was thinking for he said:

"It does lead to Mt. Calverine all right and to the caves of the well known longiglonenean serpents. If we can find them we can ask them to help us."

"Maybe they won't permit us to enter their habitation." Said one of the lieutenants a little doubtful. "That is if we are strangers to them."

"You are at least," said Evans. "So do not try to enter until permitted. Otherwise they will raise an infernal clamor over your invasion. They don't trust any strangers no matter what they wear since this war is raging, and your entrance may cause your deaths. So take warning before it is too late. I and the others had the same experience once, and had a hard time explaining who we were."

Confirmed by one of the civilian girls who was now awake Captain Buford believed it and so all the strange soldiers decided to make the place carefully. Evans led the way through the large passageway until the place suddenly became one vast chamber over a mile wide. Strange loud signal roaring noises could now be heard and they believed it was the vibration of eruptions in fissures under the floor when it came from longiglonenean serpents. Evans now in wishing to explore the entire cave now as much rest was needed, so looked for a good place and finding it that laid down. Each man was given turn of watching. The first watch Evans choose and to keep himself awake he paced up and down singing hymns quietly to himself. At once he heard a strange sound unlike all the others and listened. Pretty soon he saw some immense object with eyes glaring like powerful searchlights advancing slowly but gracefully, and stepping behind an immense rock he waited devoutly with drawn revolver. Whatever it was he did not know but nevertheless it was moving toward the sleepers, its eyes at this moment turned toward the rocks behind which Evans was hiding, and seized with a sense of impending peril, Evans blazed away with his revolver until it was empty, and then drew another and emptied it also. Loud as the revolver reports were none of the others had been awakened, but as the sound of the last shot died away, to the cave was filled with an ear piercing, shrieking roar that belled in many echoes like the crash of a volcanic eruption, and which shook the whole place like an earthquake. Everyone was awakened by the frightful din, which passed off in moaning like cadence, and every soldier grasped his gun.

"What has happened?" gasped Violet appalled at the horrible racket. Though now everything was as silent as death.

"Maybe it was a Grimecian Gassook," said Joyce. "The roar sounded like one in a terrible anger or something."

"No it couldn't be," said Evans. "But I shot at some creature that had eyes glaring like searchlights. Now such a creature came to be in the cavern I do not know. But it's gone now."

"May have found it's way in as we did," yawned captain Buford.

"Gosh but I'm sleepy." "It is your turn but if you don't feel like watching you can wake one of the soldiers," said Evans. "Or one of the lieutenants will do it."

"I guess I can watch all right," said Buford. "Need not wake them. It's all right."

At this moment Evans had strode toward a large opening he saw in the nearest mound of rocks in the cavern wall and lighting a torch he looked in. He was appalled at what he saw. At once he saw that further progress was barred in that direction, and a frightful yawning was yawning in their way, and even inside the main aperture they had been heading for scores of those flashlights like eyes were answering blazing with tenfold brilliancy. To his left he found many labyrinthian passages, which led up upwards or downwards. Being in peril from the strange creatures, the most strange Blengiglonenean ever known to exist he decided to effect his escape immediately and lead the others through one of the largest apertures leading upward. He was also attracted by a weird glow from the aperture.

"I've decided to take one of the labyrinthian passages as it is our only way," he said. "We are going to be pursued by a score of those strange creatures. We are also barred by an abyss in the center which was not there before, and right where the master monster I shot at came from."

"What makes that red glow from that aperture?" asked one of the lieutenants.

"It comes from the Abyss I believe," said Evans. "And it is getting brighter. These caverns are of Blengiglonenean origin I'm sure and that I shot at one of them thinking it was something else."

So Buford strode carefully to one of the apertures and looking in saw a yawning gulf from which a huge dragon-like form with blazing searchlight like eyes like orbs, was working itself upwards shrouded in beautiful wings and from which a peculiar ruddy glow proceeded and looking down into the depths he saw what appeared to be a ribbon of fire, but examining closer he saw that myriads of creatures with phosphorescent bodies were swimming about.

"I believe it would be wise to start right away," said Buford when he returned. "I fear we are none of the longiglonenean caverns filled with Grimecians as I recognized one of the creatures now. Your shooting at one of them has probably made them think we are enemies and they are probably coming for us. So we had better go while the going's good."

"That's what we will do," said Evans stroding to the large passage.

In he went followed by the others. Evans noticed that the further up they went the steeper and wider became the passage way, and from the noise they heard they knew the monsters were following them.

Soon it was so steep that at times they had to almost climb until at last they found themselves in another cavern whose floor had a don downward grade. Evans seemed to know this cavern for at times he seemed to be leading. After a while the floor of the cavern became level then it gradually became to have an upward grade. Evans fearing that something might happen stayed close to the little girls, who who were carried at each section where they were unable to walk in their crippled condition. It was after some hours of walking through passages, and caverns of different kinds, when they saw a large opening where lights came from. To this they sped and soon found themselves on the outside again. A fresh cool wind was blowing from the north northwest and it was raining a little. Nevertheless saw that his small party and even his army were still barred by the flood as all in front of them was ragging torrents of water debris and slime. Evans drew the little girls closer to him for fear they would go near the flood and he swept away to destruction. As they traveled along side the roaring flood and watched its wild torrents with awe, Evans drew Angelina and Jennie to his side and said:

"I believe indeed that you little girls are becoming like little sisters to me. How would it be if your papa allowed me to become a brother to you?"

"A brother to us?" said Jennie. "Why we thought he said yes long ago." And she placed her arm around him Evans drawing her and Angelina tighter to him. When he let them go again Angelina said with beaming eyes:

"Do you know Evans that our old home is near Marcucian by the Pandora railroad and they are the places where we can see the volcano of Mt. Calverine more closely?"

"Yes little Evangelina I knew they were somewhere there," said Evans. "As your husband, I mean your father told me so."

Angelina looked at him with surprise and amusement as she said:

"I would look fine for a husband. For my size he could eat me alive if he felt hungry enough. You certainly did speak funny things Evans."

At this moment Buford broke in saying that the flood seemed to be increasing, as it was silder than three days before and that they must leave the region right away. So they did and arrived at the town of Francis by nightfall. They with difficulty acquired a half ruined house in the town and here they prepared for the night sleep. VIOLET and her sisters said their night prayers before going to bed. It was late at night when Evans felt someone shake him vehemently and heard a cry of distress. Evans seeing that it was Violet sat up.

"What's the matter?" He asked.

"Oh Evans, the landelinians are swarming everywhere outside, and are making big fires among the ruins. Let's get away before they come here."

Is that so? "Cried Evans.

"Yes," said Violet. "The fires they are making are throwing a glow so bright that it looks like the world was on fire...."

Evans got out of bed and attracted by a strange restlessness in the room, went to the window telling Violet to bring her sisters. He was indeed startled by an ominous red glow in the sky the nearest houses seemed to be outlined in fire, the glow was so bright, and he could see thou a thousands of pyrecoats in the distance approaching their shelter. Violet had already left the room, going as quickly as her crutches would allow her and finding Buford who shook him until he awoke. "What's the matter?" He asked rising. "What's making the room so red?" like as if the town was burning burning!"

"Oh captain the landelinians are here and are setting fires. We had better get ready to leave as the landelinians may come up to us."

The captain got up and went to the window. He could not see any of the buildings that were burning but nevertheless the whole horizon sky was covered or shrouded by the lurid glow, an awe inspiring sight indeed. At this moment the little girls noticed that another great fire had sprung up in the west as they could see an extra red glow which increased every moment the conflagration threatening to place the fugitives between two fires. At the same time a noise like a cannonading broke loose.

"Hurry and get your clothes on," said Evans to the little girls. "I'm afraid I'll have to leave it in a jiffy as the landelinians are coming closer and may set the ruins nearest to us on fire at any moment."

The little girls hastened to obey and were with Evans sooner than he had expected but only half clothed as there was no time.

"I wonder where we are going?" said Evans. "It seems

we are caught between floods, ruins, fire, and the enemy."

"I don't know I'm sure," said Buford. "I don't care either as long as we escape the danger. I'm not afraid of those incendiaries and will make it hot for them if they dare to pursue."

The landelinians had already set fire to the ruins within reach of them and they could see the flames clearing the little girls watching it with awe as one window after another of wreckage was being set on fire in the distance, and became a sea of fire. The different colored smoke rose in ominous rolling clouds of terrible density, the tongues of flames darting up through it at intervals with unearthly brightness, and then settle back in the same awful glare, the sight being as appalling, and there was crash after crash which was deafening as blocks of razed and gutted buildings completely caved in looking like myriads of fierce infernos joining into one. Still standing proudly amid the flames were many fantastic ruins, which reached by the gray yelling hordes soon flared up. The landelinians were soon setting whole sections on fire and Evans said as they were leaving cautiously that the scene resembled "HELL."

"I'm sure I'd sooner remain here and be caught by the landelinians or turn up in the fire, than commit any mortal sin of any kind, or even the smallest sin," said Violet in a whisper to herself though Evans heard her.

"I believe you Violet you dear little earthly celestial child," he said. "I'd think it better to fear sin, than to brave everlasting torture in hell."

A few hours traveling within close view of Picknell's army brought them to a half ruined church, where the army stopping once more in the distance they took their rest. Violet and her sisters still thinking of the cruel deaths of their brothers and of their own cruel suffering and unjust misery could not sleep and started to weep again bitterly.

Evans who had been outside and on guard was startled by the sound of Violet and her sisters crying, the voices of his dearest friends strangely near, though proceeding from the ruined church near the altar. He could never mistake the soft faint plaint of their woe, the little voices wailing so piteously as if in the deepest distress yet, and

Evans felt a lump rise in his throat, as he lighted a torch and peered in. Peering forward through the darkness toward the Sanctuary the voices of the weeping Vivian girls seemed nearer and more piteously plaintive at every step. Then as he finally neared the altar rail he saw near the unharmful statue of our Lady the fair little Vivian girls weeping piteously.

"My poor little angels," he said approaching them with deep pity. "Then he paused for from the children came the same fragrance that he had noticed many times before a beautiful fragrance of the most sweetest flowerflowers in heaven this odor filling the whole Sanctuary and he saw as he put out the torch, that through some means they suddenly seemed ethereally beautiful to behold and wore beautiful gauzy dresses whiter than whiteness could be dreamed of, which he never saw them have on when they entered the church, while also to his surprise a soft radiance as of moonlight surrounded them. He was seized with a great feeling of awe and said:

"Don't cry little angels!" And pulling little Jennie to him held her tightly in a fond embrace. "Don't cry dear little girls and tell me why you became so ethereally beautiful."

Violet and her sisters smiled into his face.

"Oh Evans we felt so bad over the loss of our brothers and best friends that we wept so," said Jennie as she nestled against his breast. "And Oh Evans please stay by us here and keep us company with us. Oh Od. For we feel terribly lonesome without him and you."

"Poor little dears," thought Evans as he hugged Jennie tighter. "A pitiful plight to be in indeed." The adding aloud: "I'd give anything you dear little celestial friends if it had only been a mistake, and your brothers had not died, and how did you find your way over the wreckage here in my darlings when so crippled?" He asked as Jan Jennie showed signs of happiness in his fond embrace.

"Our Blessed Queen by the blessed Virgin," said Evans. "Our virgin have helped us to wend our way through the tangled wreckage and debris." Answered Violet in tones of sweetest music.

"Dear little pretty innocents as you are," said Evans hugging Jennie closer. "Indeed what beautiful saint like trust in God and his Blessed Mother. You are I know always the poor little dears that have seen nothing else all your lives but a world of woe and many times I have told you that I mean to see that your sorrows shall end and they shall. I hardly even do now believe that your brothers are dead and that there was only a mistake. Well now my precious angelic children tell me how you come to have this fragrance about you?"

"I do not know," replied Jennie. "And Oh Evans you are my guardian. Could you not find out if they my brothers are still alive and if they are take us and our friend to a country where there are no cruel wars to tear it up." And little Jennie turned eyes of such appealing wit and wisdom upon him that he was overcome and he held her in a still tighter embrace and kissing her saying:

"I'd sooner allow the landelinians to cut my vitals out than see you or your sisters come to further harm like before. But go promise me you will stay with me and do not leave without my knowledge and that you will not cry any more."

"Oh indeed indeed Evans we were only crying because we felt sad and lonely and forlorn and then without us expecting it you came to comfort us, and now we are happy and will soon come to you outside when we finish our prayers...."

"God bless you, you dear little girls," said Evans softly, gently laying his hand on Violet's head and then kneeling beside the altar between them. "But I'll stay and pray with you."

He stayed as long as they remained and as the pretty crippled angels left the altar railing with him, that same sweet odor more fragrant and delicious than any earthly flower or any kind of incense filled the air about him and to his surprise he fancied he saw a luminous golden halo appear above the fair heads of each of the little girls. A feeling of strange awe came over him an overpowering sense of being among the celestial inhabitants of God's heavenly kingdom.

"Divinely beautiful," he thought as he helped them one by one over the wreckage. "Surely before God himself there is none other like them in this whole world."

Evans indeed was overawed at the appearance of Violet and her sisters as they reached their resting place, the look looks of holy innocent little girls transfigured, or the rapt serenity of seven little child saints who had held communion with the supernatural. Even a soldier with them were silent, at this sight, and they were now aware of a celestial fragrance permeating the air, the same ravishing perfume that had sweetened the Sanctuary of the ruined chr church. The odor lingered and sweetened all the atmosphere about them, an odor not of earth's fading flowers, but distilled from the roses and lilies of Paris Paradise. Evans remained with the little girls, the odor now proceeding from him also as it adhered to his uniform."

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO DO HARM TO
VIOLET AND HER SISTERS, AND HOW EVANS ESCAPES THE
DANGERS OF DISGRACE.....

In the meantime a prowler crouching among the wreckage near Evans and the little girls surveyed Evans with lively glee. Then he stole off bringing two other men back with him. They looked, whisp whispering close to each others ears.

It's Germania's orders, and he said not to return until we are successful."

'AT ONCE.' 'I

'Yes and silence them for good, and all.'

'How can we do it?' Asked another.

'Easy.' 'Said the leader.'

"I don't see where it is east." Growled the third.
"Why?"

"Because if we make a rush now on their guardian over there may pop at us with his gun, and also there a large bunch of soldiers with him and the dog-gone christian army is so close. It's Hicknell's too the most dreaded of them all."

'Can't we trick him or something?'

"Yes if we get him away from the Indian girls, which we want, our chance is good. You know those little girls are wanted even by Manley, and he has offered a great reward for their capture dead or alive."

another. "Not for mine. If do the job we want the reward." Hissed
The two of ugly men watched and waited.

the two of ugly men watched and planned. Evans presently got up for he had suddenly got startled by the reflection of a blaze against the dark walls of a ruined building some distance away.

"Go, please..." He gasped. "It must be another fire." "I'll see if it's a big one before arising any alarm."

He rushed away full of that thought and the distance however was so short that he hardly slackened up. Then bounding around a corner he suddenly came upon the cause of the blaze. The fire was of a pile of wood stacked up against an iron wagon hoop mixed with a great abundance of tar paper that smoked like a burning tar roof. Just as he discovered the decoy fire three stalwart men, each stronger than he, leaped at Evans, all being armed with long muskets, and Evans caught unprepared was helpless.

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The first blow knocked off his hat.

The second crack at the hands of another assailant, landing on the side of his head sent him to the ground. Evans was so dazed by that glancing blow, that an instinct of self preservation made him close his eyes. A third blow knocked him out senses. Then two of them lifted Evans quickly and flew down one of the side roads to where a covered wagon stood followed by the leader. Then they lifted him into the wagon and placed the covering over him, the three men then getting into the wagon, one of them taking the front seat to drive, and drove some miles out into a into the recently torn battlefields. F After a two hours drive Evans came to himself again and tried to move. While one of them drove however

the other two sat in under the cover so close to Evin Evans that he could not have sit stirred without arousing them. He could hear them muttering in a whisper to each other and he tried to catch what they were saying, but in vain. From the feeling of the road Evans felt or rather reckoned that they were on a pretty good country bit of highway and the loneliness of their route explained to him why the three glandliniens were not taking any greater precautions. After a little while the wagon made a sharp turn after which Evans knew that the driven was dring up a steep incline. Shortly after the wagon was stopped.

'Out with him.' Ordered the leaders.

Two of the men lifted Evans out of the wagon and carried him into a cornfield. "Dope him with whi skey." Ordered the leader in a whisper. who strangled Evans u until he becam became unconscious. "Then we wil' desert him get our soldiers, go for them kids and kill them."

One of the men drew a bottle of whiskey from his pocket and sprinkled the liquid well over the bare breast of the colonel's shirt, especially under the chin. He also forced a good quantity down his throat. Half unconsciously Evans spat it out, but it left itself on his breath. When he had used about three quarters of the liquor the plauditekn pressed the flask into one of his shirt pockets. Then they went off leaving him at to recover at leisure. They went back to their leader and wagon and drove off toward their lines and bringing a force made off toward where Violet and her sisters were. However to their chagrin they could not get the living girls as easy as they thought, as Ricknell having come to see them and Evans found him missing, and so I placed ten thousand men in the vicinity so protect them while others were sent out to find Evans.

It was early in the morning before Evans recovered. Then something in a daze he staggered to his feet and started off toward the ruined town. He was a little dreaming that the whiskey bottle was in his pocket. He arrived at the whiskey on his clothes and wondered to himself whether the civilian girls would suspect him of desertion and whiskey drinking.

By the time he passed through the town, hearing an heavy and furious firing and drew near the vicinity of the ruined church, Evans began to wobble a good deal, and began to feel sick from the one 1' of the whiskey. All of a sudden he was brought to an abrupt halt by a forcible hand that was laid upon his shoulder.

"Why Jack Evans what on earth does this mean?" Demanded an angry heartbroken voice.

It was general Bicknell who spoke. Besides general Bicknell, stood Hushbaum McWhirther looking in amazement at Evans who was straggling so as to need support. Evans was also conscious that violet and her sisters and several others besides little Francis were crowding around him, and all that looked highly curious.

around him, and all that looked highly curious: "I didn't know," Stammered Evans his head swimming worse before Bicknell's voice. It was the first time that he had ever been as angry with him. He had always been to him like a brother, a father even since he came with the Vivian girls. Put Bicknell hated anything like drunkards, and so thought poor Evans had deserted his post on guard duty, deserted the Vivian girls whom general Vivian entrusted to him to so faithfully or stolen away from them to get whiskey, and so though almost heartbroken charged him with deserting the camp and the Vivian girls placed under his charge to go on a drunk.

EVANS: "Bang nie knalls angry voice." "More than that you have abseah
absented yourself out of our sight since later yesterday afternoon
leaving the vivian girls exposed to the dangers of swarms of
antuseading glandelinians who fought very gallantly all high night
long against thousands of my man, in their efforts to capture the litt
girls trusted to your charge. We thought you had gone inside the church
but found that you was not there or anywhere around. WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
BREN: "BEN! WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING ALL THIS TIME?"

"I got trapped your honor. The fire was around a wagon hoop. And that three men clubbed me and-----"

"That fire? Three men clubbed you? Oh poof. You've got to give a better account of yourself."

"He we will give an account of himself if you listen long enough."

Said Ruebaum wo-whirther rather irritably for the false sus picison on the h colonel in nicknell's tone, and the curiosity of the pressing crowd of soldiers angered him a good deal.

"And gracious goodness I smell liquor on you young man." Announced nicknell in a raucous voice as he bent forward and sniffed.

Wo Whirther started as though he had been stung, a horrified look appearing on the faces of Violet and her sisters, but in an instant later he murmured: "No, no I can't believe this and won't as long as general Vivian the great general had known him he had never sinned or drank. Then suddenly he gravely reached forward lifting the half empty flask from Evans' shirt pocket.

"This does not prove anything either general." Said Mc-Whirther "The boy always hated liq liq liq liq." "If these signs mean anything they may mean he has been drugged by someone--" "So." Cried nicknell interrupting sternly with tears in his eyes: "So ty this is the way you have been putting in your life time while guarding the Vivian girls. Evans! I'm going to report you to general Vivian right away and j--"

"See here sir!" Retorted Jack Evans stung pat the point of endurance. "If you will stop running over the field general Bicknell, and battling at every conclusion you can think of

----- if you will only stop I say-----and wait for about three minutes,----- to listen to Mc-Whirther and me, may be you will know more." Then growing more angry Evans blurted out: ";;;;;

"You are a big fool and a second-rate general Bicknell." "What this christian army needs is a general or a man for a general!"

"That's so." Cried several generals in the crowd soldiers who were admirers of Jack Evans and poor Violet and her sisters. "The lad is not bad. There is some explanation. He must be sick. General Bicknell is a fool."

"What's that, ?" Demanded the now frenzied general flushing but ignoring the crowd. "You was away out of our sight, when you was supposed to guard the Vivian girls, failed to answer, when called, and then because I gave you just now a just scolding, you yourself use the most abusive language. What ever you or your friends think, or say, you seem drenched with whiskey. I'm going to report you to the Angelinian government, have you expelled from my sight, and throw you out of the army altogether, and as to the Vivian girls I'll send them back and you never will see them again, when I report your case to general Vivian, and because you generals among the crowds took part against me, I'll have you expelled from your commands, and besides I'll give up the whole expedition or come what may. As for general Germania I care not what becomes of him. He can escape for all I care. I'm done with you Jack Evans."

With this Bicknell strode into the h church, ordering the soldiers out, reporting to the officers to order a withdrawal. Mc-Whirther tried to persuade him to be careful what he does, but he wouldn't listen to a word; having Evans placed under arrest, and marched under strong guard to his quarters. Evans felt very bitter indeed, and worse for him yet he was not allowed to go and bid the Vivian girls good bye, who were being taken off by soldiers to be sent away under Bicknell's instructions. The poor little girls were crying as if their hearts would break, and begged Bicknell not to send them away but he was unmoved.

"I believe Evans is really innocent in this matter." Said general Dargin coming up at this moment. "Because last night I was awakened by strange sounds and noticing that Evans was gone I got up and went outside.

I was startled to see the Gladelinians attacking the brigade - of four troops you placed around here to guard the Vivian girls, the firing on both sides being so hot that I aroused my nearest columns, and came to the rescue vanquishing the assailants after desperate fighting on both sides of which over six thousand fell on my side. I heard heard three men remark or say something about Evans but I could not make it out. The three men were here all day yesterday, and I saw 'em see me, and let loose a fireball of pie of photo, but I escaped. After the disappearance of Evans I came upon the decoy Bonfire, Evans explained about. On the ground I found two abandoned guns, badly scorched at their butts, as if used on someone, and the hat belonging to some Angelinian colonel. Here it is."

And he produced the hat. General Bicknell took the trophies, and went with Dargin to the point where the bonfire had been. A large iron hoop from some big wagon wheel lay there, and a round of was the evident of a fire. Near the hoop lay two guns, and one had slight bloodstains on the edge.

General Bicknell picked up the guns and examining them, called Mc-Whirther who came on the run.

"There seems to be a mistake after all." Said Bicknell, to him in a tone of repentance. "There are eight feet marks on the ground, two of which seem smaller than the others. Dargin found a hat here which I'm sure belongs to Evans, and also two guns. I fear they had lured him here late yesterday afternoon, by means of this decoy fire, set upon him and then doped him."

"Now you see that you were in the wrong." Said Ruebaum Mc-Whirther rather irritably. "Evans is innocent and you blamed him of a wicked act. The Gladelinians did it thinking, thinking that by luring him away, they would be able to seize the Vivian girls."

"I can see that plainly." Said Bicknell soberly; "Anyway we must at any cost get hold of those rascals and crucify them for it, and watch all the other Gladelinians to make for they will try it again, and probably succeed this time."

Just then general Bavaria Hentelson came up and said to Bicknell:

"I wish to say that I have three men, and evidence from them of a kind, which I feel certain contains something about colonel Jack Evans: the sprinkling with liquor and the thus thrusting of a flask into his shirt pocket was also a trick on their part to get him separated from the Vivian girls, so that in case they failed to get them, others would while they were without their strong guardian. The three men can be brought here to explain, and I'll bring bring them here if you wish your excellency wishes it." Pip Proposed the general. "They were captured during the battle among the ruins last night."

"It is not necessary." Decided general Bicknell. "We have found proofs too. Here are the guns. Two of the rascals may have banged him with it." ((

The guns were given to the generals, then Bicknell and Mc-Whirther returned to the church, sending orders that Violet and her sisters were to stay. Finding Evans he stepped into his tent and said:

"Jack Evans, my boy, I'm very sorry that I made the mistake of accusing you, of leaving the Vivian girls, while guarding them to a drink liquor. I offer my apologies before the same little girls, which I placed my chag charges against you. You know Evans that I hate anything so wicked in my presence, a doer of it when a personal friend of mine breaks my heart, and angers me terribly and before the presence of general Vivian's daughters, especially drunken fools and it's perfectly just to punish such that that person does it, with a disgraceful death. The same will have been your sentence when court-martialed."

But as the three men did it to you, just to get you in this undeserved trouble, and to get the victim girl, I only pronounce you innocent again. And again I apologize for your unnecessary shame in this matter for your undeserved suffering."

There were tears in General Nicknell's eyes as Evans took the proffered hand of the great Abbeinnian general.

Evans: "It was only a burst of temper that made me do it. The curiosity of the officers, soldiers and the reproachful wistful faces of poor Violet and her dear sisters, aroused me. I'm afraid I'm afraid that I have broken their hearts, because I'm sure they believed I really did what you suspected."

General Nicknell was only too glad to repeat his apology all over again. A day after Evans was back with his little charges, and as they with the Abbeinnian army proceeded on their way they soon reached the place where little Evangeline lay, and Catherine had seen the boy, and asked where Heaven and their mama was.

"Here's the place where I first met a boy, and looked him where heaven was," said Angeline. "I hope that poor boy is really in heaven."

"He was a good boy," said Jennie. "And also brave. I believe he is in heaven or in the army."

"What was the boy doing when you first observed him there?" asked Evans. "And don't you remember his looks and face features?"

"Reading a book," said Daisy, looking at him with surprise at the question. "Why do you ask?"

"I do not remember him, I suppose," said Evans, ignoring her question and smiling. "But I do. I even know him."

"Know him?" said Catherine with a laugh. "And pray who is he?"

"That was myself."

"You Evans?" exclaimed Evangeline almost overcome by surprise. "Surely you are joking."

"No indeed," said Evans. "It was me all right. I thought it very strange when you asked me whether I knew where Heaven was."

EVANS OWNS UP SIX BOSSY GIANDELINIAN. ALONE....

At this moment six gray-coated soldiers appeared, and drew back in surprise, when they saw Evans and the crippled little girls.

"Those crippled little girls are not your's, and we want you to give them up to us," snarled one of the graycoats who appeared to be an officer, while the rest fixed bayonets. "No Christian dog is allowed to protect the Vivian girls nowadays. It is the Gandelinian law. We are Germania's men, or secret service men, sent to get them."

Evans was taken completely by surprise at these words.

"I'll never give up the Vivian girls, while I got a drop of fighting blood left in me," answered Evans growing very angry.

"What's that you soldier strapping?" said the tallest Gandelinian. "You who are a prisoner must think yourself very merry to answer us like that. You have got to turn them over to us and you are under arrest."

"We under arrest?" laughed Evans. "Why you six will with all your weapons are not enough to place me under arrest. And who told you Gandelinians that I was afraid of you?"

"Can't be helped. It's even Germania law," said the wicked Gandelinian soldier. "And where did you think you were going with those pretty gutter-snipes, whom us Gandelinians tried to kidnap?"

"There's no one here that can insult the Vivian girls, and not he payed back for it you rascally bloodhounds," said Evans.

The Gandelinians became enraged and the talkative one advancing said:

"See here if you call us good Gandelinians rascally bloodhounds why I'll-----"

"Do nothing," interrupted Evans, drawing up his fist, and telling it fly at the corner of the man's jaw. He went down sprawling and no mistake about that with six teeth knocked out of his mouth. The others however rushed in on him brandishing their guns above their heads, intending to club him, but Evans hit quick and hard, the leader being on his feet once more like a flash. Evans was outnumbered heavily, but he managed to throw all his assailants down throwing in a his fury, and the men were knocked down one after another, and sent rolling like foot balls. Once more they went at him with creditable nerve and skill, but again they were flustered in the mud. At this moment a squad of Nicknellians arrived having seen the attack upon Evans, charging upon the assailants as they were about dealing with him, putting a stop to the fight and taking the Gandelinians as prisoners. Badly beaten as they were the Gandelinians took it in without a murmur one of them saying to Evans though he had been the fiercest of his assailants:

"You are a good d. scrapper Colonel Evans and I praise you for it though we are foes. And I hope you good luck in the future."

"What was the cause of the attack?" asked Lieutenant Growley.

"The Gandelinians thought they had me a prisoner," answered Evans. "They wanted me to turn my little girls over to them and I refused. Their leader then assaulted the Vivian girls and I hauled off."

"Ha, ha," laughed one of the sergeants. "Did you see it? The colonel was licking the six of them a fourth time. I believe if we had it come it could have subdued them to death."

"We'll do you ever!" muttered Evans as the prisoners were led away. "Coming along as losses of the whole Gandelinian army." Only the one who admired my courage and fighting men had to be against the leaders' intentions though he fought the fiercest in behalf and defense of his five comrades."

Two days later General Nicknell was compelled to advance large portions of his armies in scattered formations to keep them from being outflanked by the flood menaces, Germania all the while retreating southward toward Grosser Andrea. Engaging portions of Nicknell's army in severe conflicts of brief duration every day.

WERE VIOLET'S SISTERS REALLY CAUGHT IN THE ROARING T ORRENES, AND WAS THEIR WILD GRIEF STILL?

Night came black and stormy one of those spring Galverinian hurricanes, having broken loose with all its fury. The rain was falling in sheets torrents, the lightning flashed and the low thunder boomed and banged in a deafening roar. On account of the heavy torrent of rain falling all night steady, as if the flood gates of Heaven were opened, the floods had increased in volume and ran wild in its furious rushing torrents, and was even threatening the refuge of our friends, who could not sleep for the noise of the screaming glaze, which was lashing the floods into frenzied surges which roared like the breakers along the shore of the sea in a storm.

On account of the hurricane being such a screaming fury and growing in fury every minute, Evans led her on the watch and noticed that they were in danger of being surrounded by the roaring floods, and immediately raised the alarm just as an earthshaking thunder roll tore the skies in a deafening of salvos of echoes...

But now escaped seemed high impossible and to life her horror hallowed that where Violet's sisters had been sleeping there was a myriad of broken strewn trees and branches swimming in a rushing torrent of water and they were missing. He looked high and low for them scanning the far further distances of the raging floods, but could not find them...

"Horror! they must have been caught by the raging torrents and swept away to their deaths," he gasped.

At this moment amid the wild fury of the hurricane the spiritual like form of poor Violet now appeared, and Evans saw that she was weeping as if her heart would break crying like a child who never did anything else. She was crying so violently that Jack Evans, courageous as he was, was at first almost frightened.... Violet cried on so bitterly that the place seemed like a purgatory to Evans Evans.

"Oh Evans she!" She sobbed amid the wild shrieking of the glass which seemed to be at its height, when she succeeded in controlling herself. "My sisters have perished in the flood. The soldiers cannot find them."

"I've missed the little girls myself but I did not think you knew it yet." Said Evans his own heart almost broken by the grief of the little girl.

"Oh my dear poor sisters." She wailed piteously. "To think they perished in the flood, and left me alone in this cold cruel world. Oh what shall I do? Oh what shall I do?"

Jack Evans persuaded Violet to lie down, and though she seemed not to hear she soon cried herself to sleep, and not a human sound filled that grief-stricken spot after that, even the fury of the elements to subdue at such such a piteous and heartrending appeal. It was surely a cruel or occurrence for poor Violet. For all she suffered before and during the whole of the night for poor Violet. For all she suffered before and during the whole of the night for poor Violet.

And Angelina was, to even have this cruel affliction. It was dreadful. It seemed as if she had lost all her sisters, brothers, and nearly all of her dearest friends and a report just then came in to Nickolls that general Vivian was killed at Anna Martin which had not long ago.

And now she seemed almost alone to her. Next morning when she did awaken Violet lay still and quiet without speaking. When Evans did succeed in arousing her, she stood by his side with her eyes staring vacantly, and her face white as if she were dead. She did not seem to hear anything that any of the soldiers or Evans said to her, and then broke down sobbing for hours, while a search was made in vain. Evans tried to soothe Violet by every word he could think of but in vain.

"Oh why is it that I should be left all alone." She cried piteously. "It would have been better if I had died also in the flood."

Despite his own heartrending sorrow Evans and the soldiers had now escaped from death, by the flood and many times by great shell explosions and snipping by the enemy. Violet herself was caught in the flood though at first it was believed that she purposely dove in, and would have been swept away if it had not been for the net like activity of her friend Evans who even swam bravely after her crutches borne off by the current and bringing them to her. Evans after this was always by Violet's side who walked slowly with the help of her crutches.

When a halt was made the army camped once more, Evans drew her toward him and placing his arm around her said:

"Why be so sad?" "It may be true that your dear sisters and brothers have been reunited in death, but some day you will see them again. You cannot guard that God may even cause it to come out that your sisters, brothers and even all your friends may not have died or perished in the battles and flood. Keep on praying and God may grant you any request. Don't give up hope."

"I know that." Sobbed Violet. "If the flood did not get them then where could they have gone? They did not desert us or get separated. Oh Evans I absolutely know that they died in the cruel floods. I feel as if I was forsaken by all in heaven and on earth. I'm so lonely now."

Evans felt sorry for poor Violet. Even the loss of her sisters had filled him with utmost grief, though he did not show it.

"Never again." Thought he. "Would he hear their sweet voices, their sweet singing and their beautiful forms. Never again would he see as happy a time as he had then. To him it seemed as if he had lost everything, and what would general Vivian say when this news reached him? Violet herself would have believed that poor Evans did not care a bit, if she had not caught him hiding in one of the ruins and weeping himself in a heart broken manner and promising anything possible as a donation and sacrifice it and if he would only make it true that the little girls did not perish. Several times Evans and even Violet had felt like committing suicide, but the fear and knowledge of the result prevented them from doing it, and also that the thought of doing it would not bring them back. Her own grief added to his, as if they had been his own dearest sisters. That same day while Violet was mourning for her sisters so piteously a large portion of Nickolls' army got into a clash with the enemy, under Manley himself who suffered a heavy defeat and loss despite the ferocity and desperation of their fifteen attacks which they made.

Even where Violet and Evans saw the smoke of the battle of Evangeline. Staff Evangeline Stanley could be heard a battle that was reported. Evans more grief stricken than he showed, wished that he was in the battle and that he got killed. Getting nearer the location where cannons were thundering

In ear-splitting an, salvos, they saw thousands of dead being brought to a desecrated spot, a general among them who had been placed in a rudely made coffin. At another point the expedition like advance had met a tragic check, for in the terrible battle on the Stanley, where more frightful slaughter ensued on both sides with the few slightly successful general Nickolls' main aid, general Harrison Baldwin was mortally wounded, and his army cut to pieces and routed in disorder. Evans and the rest were ordered back from the region by the other generals who had said that the zone was exceedingly dangerous as it was John Manley's main army with the other two Manleys that barred their way, and that with so many conflicts raging there seemed no safety anywhere now. Evans and the others reaching a railroad line, had secured a load car being bound to get as near the scene of battle as possible but but reaching Sarcosse they found that the remainder of Nickolls' army had been halted there and that passage was only allowed as far as inside the to city. Three hours after they first heard the battle in which hundreds of thousands of poor soldiers had been killed, and many were buried in the deep mud or carried off by the flood, Evans entered the city with Violet, the windows of the houses looking from the commotion of the battles which were now raging fiercer and fiercer. Violet wept and sobbed for a whole hour without interruption and though his heart was heavy with grief Evans stayed by her but could not say anything as from his own grief he was unable to speak. Evans took poor Violet into his arms, holding her as if by his own heart that now drew him closer to her. He followed sobbing Violet wherever she walked listlessly, and sadly, and when he saw her sitting so pale and quiet, amid the distant roar and crash of battle, holding before her tear filled eyes one of her sisters' bones, though holding it upside down and seeing no letter or word of what was in it there was more sorrow in those still fixed fearful eyes than in all the moans and laments that she had met up. Even that morning when driving into the city, near which the Nickollsians had stopped, Evans had went into a restaurant, and ate a light meal, though it seemed to burn him at every mouthful so great was his grief. But though she did not weep or cry any more, Evans could see that Violet was still grief stricken, and refused to eat the breakfast he bought for her. He could not even get her to speak about her poor sisters, and finally said:

"You poor little dear if it was not wrong I would and your misery and cause you to see them again by putting a spoon into your meals and then go with you. But I can't do it and yet can't stand to see you in all this misery. It was Germania who made this flood. May this much blood of the murdered children be upon his so wicked soul."

"If it was not for the sin in doing it, I wouldn't care, and would do it myself." She sobbed. "But for the sake of your soul don't do it. God may touch us in time and bring us to them without your doing anything rash."

A few hours had passed away and Evans stood with poor Violet on a bridge which was alongside a railroad station in the town of Sarcosse-Allice which had as yet escaped the mighty disasters of the great war. Trains were coming and going, the inbound loaded with wounded Christian soldiers, and the outbound with reinforcements going to the scene of the distant battles. Some were coming in, being backups, and as Evans watched the trains, he thought of poor Violet at his side, who was so lonely now.

Though she did not weep much any more, Evans could see that her face was pale, and that she was so quiet. He himself felt very dreary, as the loss of the little girls was the greatest he had ever suffered. He himself felt sad and all forlorn, and had longed for another scene to change his thoughts, and so had begged Violet to accompany him to the bridge for his sake. So Evans and the others had left the miserable ruins of the towns and came to Sarcosse-Allice, and with poor Violet Evans walked the streets busily and strove to fill up the chasm in his own heart, with hurry and bustle and change of place, and inquiring about the news of the distant battles, and the people and soldiers who met him and the little Vivian girl with crutches knew nothing of their loss, for there they were smiling pleasantly, and talking about the battles raging in the distance, and reading the newspapers and speculating on the battles of the past, and who could see that all this smiling outside, was but a hollow shell, over two hearts, that were as dark and silent as two

sepulchers. Wishing to cheer Violet up, and probably himself too, Evans had taken Violet to see the trains. For a long time both stood there silently, watching them pull out, and come in, and to many of the passersby they looked like two forlorn creatures indeed. Many looked with pity at poor Violet, and several shook their heads as they passed, pointing to her sorrowful face, and the crutches.

"Evans seems to be a singular man," said Violet to a friendly Llandelinian soldier she knew whom she met on the other side of the bridge. "I used to think that if there was anything in the world he did love beside myself, it was my dear little sisters, but though saddened over their loss for several days, he seems now to be forgetting them very easily. I cannot even get him to talk about them. If I really mention them to him he only rushes away."

"Still waters run deepest," said the kind Llandelinian soldier who had deserted Stanley at that time. "Why lately since they disappeared, or to their deaths, Evans seems to be getting as thin as a shadow. I've seen lately that he hardly eats anything. I know Violet dear, he won't forgo forget your dear sisters. Nobody would the dear little Blessed creary creatures." He added wiping his own eyes.

When she came back to Evans side, an officer of high rank, a general stepped up and said,

"You my lad, and your beautiful crippled sister, seem to be in deep distress. As I can see it in your faces, they are so pale. Is there any help that I can render to you?"

Violet sadly shook her head, and looked at him with such a piteous expression that he was deeply touched, and then she hid her face in her arms and burst out weeping.

Evans gave a harsh dry laugh.

"There is nothing that you can hardly do for us," he said rather irritably. "This poor little girl lost her brothers and sisters on account of that hog Germania vivian. It was his damn flood they perished in, and it is he who is guilty of the murder! And I won't do a thing when I lay my hands on him. Oh, No. I'll be like a snake coiled over its prey, who begs mercy in vain. They were my young nieces, as I'm no relative to them, but I feel the loss as if they were my sisters. Their father general Vivian is very good to me and though reported killed, it was confirmed yesterday that he is very much alive. But I dread the anger when he learns of his loss for I'm sure he will lay the blame on Or Germania and on me too if I fail to bring that son of a saten to his own terrible doom. And I'd sooner face the anger and rage of all the demons in hell than lose those I learned to love so well. They perished in a hurricane while we slept near the edge of the flood, not knowing it was so near to us."

"Poor child," said the soldier pityingly. "Too bad she has to lose so many at once. Haven't you two got any home?"

"They lived at 'Araucan dur before the war," said Evans. "I'm an escaped child slave, or was one way before the war began and became one of the rebel leaders during the child slave rebellion. We came here recently with the restlessness of grief over the deaths of her sisters. She hardly says a word now. Though she does not show it any more I know she still feels the loss of her little sisters as deeply as she can feel anything, and she has strong reasons to regret the loss of her sisters, whose winning ways and gentle intercessions had often been a paradise to many wounded suffering soldiers of both sides. She has been heart broken since her cry night and day and now she is free of sorrow less skillful and alert to the incidents of the day. She came near being run over by a speeding train yesterday, coming in loaded with ten thousand thousand wounded Christian soldiers."

"Maybe there is something I can do for you," said the soldier digging his hand into his pocket. "Here is twenty thirty dollar bill. I may help you to support your little charges."

"We don't need the three hundred and sixty dollars, as I have plenty of money myself," said Evans. Pushing the offered money gently away.

The general persisted almost forcing Evans to accept the money. Then shaking his head slowly the officer went his way. Violet still stood as silent as a statue on the bridge with her face hidden in her arms and sobbing vehemently, and Evans had to speak almost as soon as before he could get her to move. She came slowly away from the railing and the expression in her face made his heart ache. He placed his arm gently around her, and led her back to the camp reaching it in two hours. They did not eat very much Violet herself saying that she was not hungry.

Evans had meanwhile written to his brother general John Evans begging him to come and keep him and poor Violet company. Of the actual facts he had not the heart to write though he tried it several times. He had tried several times, and only succeeded in half choking himself, and invariably finished by tearing up the paper, wiping his eyes and rushing away somewhere to get quiet. When John Evans did come and heard the news from the soldiers themselves and of Violet being heartbroken he felt the same as his other brother.

Jack Evans did. Several days had passed and Violet was no happier than before. Evans feared that she was planning her young life away, and wondered what he could do to overcome her sorrow. Has there ever been children like the little girls in this very world of our own? Yes, there has been but those women were always seen on grave stones. Never again would he ever see their sweet sweet smiles their heaven's eyes and singular ways. Evans thought this to himself and the more he thought of it the more he longed to pay Germania a his just debts. That afternoon when Michael's army had halted at Corozane the orderly announced to Evans that there was a strange majestic looking man, who wished to see general Vivian, and had come into general Michael's lines inquiring for him.

"Show him in," said Evans in an early manner as possible. "I'll see him in a minute and tell him the whole truth. Did he give a card?"

"Did not have any," said the orderly.

"I'll go and see who he is then myself," said Evans. And he was as good as his word. He was indeed surprised when he saw who it was. "General Meltonia Seguniary," he gasped. "The one who rescued Violet and her sisters during the reign of terror in Germania. What brings you here?"

"I've come under general Hanson's orders to see the Vivian girls and give them a good 'lay party' when that war with comes," said the newcomer. "I have also a large roll of paper here on which is printed all the evil sufferings of the Vivian girls to be proclaimed in order to arouse the armies to greater efforts, and I would yearn again to see the beautiful Vivian girls."

"Nothing doing on that line," said Evans. "General Michael himself is not here. No one is here but I and Violet herself. It took nearly a week for us to get here."

"It took us more than two months to get here on account of the wreckage floods battle, and civil conflagrations," said Seguniary politely. "It was a terrible storm of battle at Evangelina Stanley and Joe Stanley. The whole of Valverinia which suffered so bad wished to make Llandelinia atone for the war she caused by helping to reform scattered Angelinian and Abbeonian armies. But the rules are that Germania for some reason should be the first of all to atone. Could to you tell me where his excellency general Michael is, and Violet's sisters?"

"Yes I could easily enough," answered Evans with emotion. "I'd have given all my fortune and life to have saved them little girls and their brothers from the ravages of this terrible war. They have gone to a better country where Jesus is."

So Seguniary said nothing but followed Evans into the library. "There," said Evans drawing out of his pocket two poisoned daggers and holding it with a trembling hand and a frightful scowl on his face. While his eyes glared wickedly. "I don't want to see or ever hear of Germania, Vivian again, and if anybody mentions his name to me I'll use one of these on him. Just as I feared it would be, murdered by one of those damned Llandelinian generals."

James Meltonia Seguniary turned as Evans was proudly walking out of the room and followed him softly and taking one of his hands drew him down into a chair and sat down beside him.

"My poor good friend," said Seguniary. "You are surely committing a sacrilegious sin if you permit all the sorrows done to the little girls, especially Violet to go unpinched. I know your heart is broke to think of those poor little dears with such

dazzling beauty gone and gone forever and to never see them again on account of general Germania, and then forgive the brute as you threaten. I could not believe it. Any way what business had he

been no cruel to Violet and her sisters when Bog himself had claimed it a sin to even forgive such brutes, and what will general Vivian say when he hears of the news and that you refuse to punish general Germania for his cruelty?"

Evans had remained silent when Seguin spoke but when he finished he arose impetuously and paced around the room passionately. Then turning abruptly he said with an ugly laugh that alarmed the general and made him think at first that Evans was sorrow had driven him mad.

"I FORGIVE GERMANIA! HA, HA! YES I'D FORGIVE."

him in a way that will make him wish he had never been born the second time. When a battle comes with him his army will never be relieved no quarter when surrounded and cut off from escape until I bring that fiend incarnate down with machine gun. I'll forgive him! I'll do something to him that will appall the whole world."

At this moment the rattling of wheels was heard, and then the door opened and in came general Margins who was admitted into the room where Evans and Seguin were seated, Evans with bowed heads. Seguin greeted him and then said:

"Poor Violet has lost all her brothers and sisters. She is the only one left of the little girls now. They perished in general Germania's Vivian's flood."

There was a passionate sole exclamation from the two generals:

"Maybe it's God's will that I should not see them in this world." Said Evans. As his tears fell fast. "And now I know why I found them so ethereally beautiful the other night in the old ruined church and such a sweet fragrance around them and the haloes. I believed that they may have been saintly children all the time, having died probably long before the war time, and came back in their spiritual forms to comfort poor Violet, and now were called back by God. I was in the presence of celestial children all the time and did not know it though she suspicious of it all the time. I don't dare to tell poor Violet this though, as the news might bring a shock that would kill her. She has had enough already and besides general Germania Vivian will know what is it to be in hell-fire when my vengeance is committed."

There was silence for sometime and all wept together over the plight of poor little Violet. At last Evans with simple Photos told the whole story declaring that Violet was all alone now. The next day after forced marches all day, they were before another halt to rest was made, hundreds of thousands of the soldiers were congregated too tight together near the region of the famous Mc-Golleston gun battle grounds to hear a speech from Jack Evans who was using a very large horn to make the sound of his words go far. Violet was attending by his side weeping as usual, an awed hush being over all present.

"My good fir friends," said Evans. "You all remember poor Violet's sisters who were called the darlings of the Angelinian nation. Well they have perished in the floods Germania made in his unsuccessful attempts to check our advance. For my part though I do not see any signs of it I am believing that over the loss of her sisters poor Violet is hovering between life and death from a broken heart. During the battle of Lorina Francanna it was reported that Violet's brothers had been killed and now her sisters are gone and only her father and uncle are left to her."

The whole nation and even the whole world who which probably by now knows of the whole occurrence is lending their greatest sympathy will be appalled at what will happen to Germania Vivian. The war now anyhow is all on our side for Manley was crushed at Anna-Maria. Anna-Maria and as reported is making all haste to escape the two armies pursuing him. I would have given anything to have seen the poor little girls back again and that they had not perished. But I'll repay Germania."

And here he gave a long narrative of the sufferings of the little girls throughout the war, and even before it, at the hands of the Angelinian generals and that it would have been better if general Vivian had sent them to Abbeinnian than allow them in the armies, as no place was safe in Calvernia and Angelinia just now.

"And I claim claim that Germania was mostly the cause of all of it. It was before God and over their heads that during the frightful times of the battle of Bridgton the Angelinian that I could do all in my power to get relief for the, them, save them from the horrible life long deformities and disfigurements that threatened them and to do what I could for Violet and her sisters, and for Violet, whose sisters died so quickly, also will do all I can to overcome all future child massacres, and to pay Germania back for what he did to the little girls. I so swore that when Germania's army gets into action with our armies and surrounded and driven to surrender, I won't give no quarter until Germania Vivian falls at my own hands, and if the Angelinians throw down their weapons and raise their hands in token of surrender no mercy shall be shown until I kill Germania. They are all child child butchers most of them and deserve it. All this I will do to repay for this child and her dear sisters."

As he finished there came shouts and yells of rage from the throng of Angelinians, mingled with shouts and yells, furious brandishing of arms and yells of:

"YES NO QUARTER SHALL BE SHOWN BOYS. DOWN WITH GERMANIA VIVIAN. THE PEOPLE DOG, KILL HIM. EXECUTE HIM. LUNCH HIM. DESTROY HIS ARMY DOWN WITH ALL THE CHILD KILLING BUTCHERS! HURRAH! HURRAH FOR ABBEINNIA!"

In the meantime before this speech Evans had with a sharp pang in his heart noticed that poor little Violet's hands had grown thinner from lack of food, her breath was shorter, and how when she walked with him she became so languid and tired. He felt that the sorrow over the deaths of her sisters was overcoming her altogether; and that she was

starving herself from lack of hunger caused by her unjust misery. His heart felt a sudden throb for he dreaded that she was also going to die, or at least go insane from her grief. A few more days had passed, when Violet still refusing to eat was prostrated almost into a complete coma again, and the doctors verdict was that only the return of her sisters would save her. They were now at the edge of the flood. Evans being with Violet constantly being afraid to leave her alone a moment and having succeeded in getting her to eat a little or forcing her to restore her strength. Evans did all he could to comfort the heartbroken child whose face was pitiful to see, the poor little girl being back on a wheelchair. Never before had Evans seen greater sorrow especially for so beautiful a child, and I believe few would have stood all she and her sisters did without losing faith in God and revenging on their enemies. What caused Violet's prostration, was that rumors had been spread that Evans Germania had said:

"That the little child of a Violet Vivian deserves all the misery she suffered and was only sorry that he did not kill her sisters, with his own hands and sent back their remains. This only increased Evans desire to get him and put him where he belongs for good and all. The next day the whole Christian armies were in full forced march, which continued even all night long, the soldiers tramping through mud and mire knee deep, and soon again the roaring flood barred the way of Evans. But he went that day and night under the shelter of a rudely made hut then the next morning made an inspection of the flood which roared incessantly. The rushing to torrents roared like the sea in a tempest and probably sped at a rate of fifty miles an hour."

Evans at once realized the impossibility of battling the flood in this a region successfully, as not even the strongest raft could float without being dashed to pieces. They could hardly be seen. The roar of the flood was so deafening. Evans however was not daunted. He and the others followed the course of the raging flood hoping to find a calmer spot. But the more further they went the wilder became the torrents and soon they were blocked in this direction also as the flood was really progressing southward. The little group then decided to try the west. Rickard a very young man being less than fifty miles from the regions of Gromer Andrea. However Evans and his little group met failure either way as the flood progressing southward was all the wider toward the western direction a regular sea like expanse.

It was just as he feared. Marucian and even Angelina was utterly unapproachable. Evans and Violet almost despaired. They even began to think that the swamps had swamped Marucian and that Germania would get away after all. They believing that Marucian was not flooded, had wished to get there ahead of the rising flood storm. But they were disappointed for their way seemed barred even to Marucian. At one point where the flood was widest a long railroad bridge probably crossing a wide valley spanned across having been also mysteriously spared despite the near approach of the foe.

Trains had crossed it so even after the great Alorinia Francis was unknown but now known to all this whole railroad line nearest the bridge and the bridge itself being harassed by the flood was all in a fearful shape. All the underpinning piles and spiles were unsafe on the long bridge and Evans was the first to notice it, as he had intended to travel on it and defy the raging torrents.

THE FRIGHTFUL CATASTROPHE. AND THE RETURN OF VIOLET'S SISTERS.

He attracted the attention to the others. Many days already the bridge though weakened by the fury of the flood, had withstood the weight of freight and passenger trains, but now as Evans noticed, it would not stand under the weight of another single coach, as a good portion was threatening to give way before the raging torrent of the flood. Even then the smoke of a coming train was visible down the line.

"It's even worse than I dreamed," said Evans. "Why man leave look at that shaky bridge. There is keen danger for every bridge that crosses. No shouted one of the officers. Uncontrollably. "My God man don't talk like that. There may be crowds of refugee children on that train yonder."

Another of the officers uttered a sharp cry. Whirling the three colonels paired at the oncoming train which was completely loaded with children, and then it happened so naturally so smoothly that it was like a thing rehearsed and prepared for and planned for. The train rushed by them at a tearing speed fanning the blanched cheeks of the Christian soldiers and officers, with the wind of its passage. Violet screamed and hid her face from the awful sight.

The engine with its long string of passenger coaches about eleven pullmans rushed out upon the heights of the sagging bridge. At this moment with a volume of snapping and crashing that became fearful the superstructure of the bridge parted in the middle before the rain reached even the edge of the structure as though it was severed with a giant sword the other part still holding as yet, then with a frightful roar the entire half sank to the roaring torrent below.

The train advanced swiftly toward the roaring chasm. It was a moment of starring eyes, from speechless Christian officers a flying leap of the immense engine into space, and the deafening crash of falling timbers, a score of the rear coaches crashing through the floor of the bridge. For seconds it seemed the express poised in space then the entire remaining half of the bridge gave way, with an ear splitting roar, and the whole train plunged to the raging waters below amid the clouds of the shrieking steam from the drowned boiler that rose like a pall to the watchers. The roofs of the cars were just visible and from beneath them arose the heart rending death calls of the entombed ones. Evans and the rest rushed for the wadunet of the bridge still remaining, scrambled up, and ran down the quivering ties of the remaining remaining portions of the bridge as one runs in a dream. To them it seemed as if they were getting no nearer.

Yet the urge of their desire to do rescue, compelled them on. Below in the raging waters the engine coughed in death agonies, while the twisted tops of the cars protruded like ghostly tombstones. The water was a maelstrom of wreckage, and struggling children and guardians. Scores of children were climbing dazedly out of broken windows with curious listlessness, as though they did not care particularly to escape. Below them as the Christian officers gazed with horrid fascination floated many mangled bodies of poor little children being swirled hither and thither at the mercy of the furious torrents.

Forgetting their own danger Evans and some of the officers prepared to leap in. With a cry that rang a out above the dead and dying, the silent dead and moaning dying, three of the others also flung off their coats and disregarding the peril leaped into the raging flood. But with their arms once fastened upon the frail burdens they saw with the courage of strong men, indomitable in the face of death.

"Put your hands on my shoulders dear," panted Evans to a little girl he had rescued, his face lowering the make of his arm.

The little girl obeyed. Suddenly a shooting flood roller lifted them high above the level surface of the roaring torrent.

"Evans look out," cried one of the officers. Who after struggling desperately had gained dry land with the one he had rescued. "You are on the dragons teeth. The bottom of the flood where you are swimming, is soon with terrible rocks."

"I'm enjoying it," called Evans in exultant reply as he came where the water raged and foamed like dangerous whirlpools. Turning over he went down the furious breakers only back like a Hawaiian on a surf board. It was wonder full to behold him, and then his right shoulder met the submerged pinnacle. He whirled about and spun top like in the raging torrents of water, then dizzy with the excruciating pain, he struck out desperately still clinging to the child, even as another lunging blow from a sturgeon needle sent him spinning and almost out of the myrraw water.

However despite the blows his frame was too strong to receive any serious injury and Evans almost exhausted reached the dry land and was helped out by two of the soldiers who had regained the firm ground with those they rescued. Most of those who were able to escape were clinging to the tops of the cars and calling to Evans and the others for aid. But alas Evans or the others could not reach them as the floods in that locality could not be battled with any success at all. Those rescued however were taken out of reach of the flood, while Evans planned how to rescue the others.

"I have an idea," he said. "We have rope enough with us. Why not make a ladder and drag them over?"

One of his friends wondered if the ropes were strong enough and decided to test them. He found that rescue this way could be made with evidently good success and so decided to make three ladders out of each end. When they were long enough Evans cast the first line. Three seats were made but without success. The fourth cast was successful, Evans dragging over a little boy. For an hour and a half this was kept up until all still alive or not killed were by the wreck were rescued. And what astonished them and surprised them and filled them with sudden joy was that poor Violet's sisters were among the rescued. Most of these were taken to small eastern village by the Angelinians, and oh how happy Violet was over the reappearance of her dear sisters. Joice was the one who explained while they took up quarters in that town.

That stormy night, the waters arose so high that we were really caught in it but the current did not carry us very far. "She said. "There were large parties of Angelinian guards all along the shore of the flood and seeing us in the water they went for us in a jiffy. After being rescued we looked in vain for you and Violet, and finally found you by means of the train wreck. We were on that train going to Maroucian thinking you were there. In the first stop of the train we had bought some religious articles as presents for you and here they are safe and sound beside out second good ducking."

Evans could not help showing his awe and feeling as they presented the articles to him with trembling hands. The presents were holy pictures on little cards, but of great value, a \$10 Rosary already blessed, sacred medals and other articles of different description. After thanking them heartily he hastily stored the articles away, but unknown to him he was watched by a crafty looking man who carried a frying pan of small size in his pocket. Late at night, Evans was awakened by someone moving about in his room and at first believing that it was one of the Vivian girls he paid no attention but at last he heard a voice say:

"I've got them. Now the thing is to destroy them and put them under his bed. The Vivian girls will see them, think he does it and be broken hearted and as angry with him. That may cause separation and when they leave him, while I'll have my chance to get the little Gutteranips and---"

"Is that so?" thought Evans springing out of bed with drawn revolver. "Another of Germanias secret service men after the Vivian girls I suppose. "Here you fellow drop those things or I'll drop you, you damned fool."

The invader gave a cry of alarm and rage and flinging the things down made a dash for the door but Evans thrust out his left leg and the rascal sprawled head over heels to the floor. Quiet as a flash Evans was on top of him. The man happened to be slim and was weak in strength, and made no resistance as Evans dragged him to his feet and as he turned on the light Evans saw that his prisoner was the most cowardly man he had ever set his eyes on. He was hanging his head and even did not lift up his eyes or head when Evans spoke to him.

"What in the world are you doing in here?" he demanded then all of a sudden noticed the little articles lying on the floor and realized the truth. A bitter feeling of rage and humiliation and shame seized him. He felt that his beautiful charges had been insulted and with a cry of half-screams and hatred he made his captive to the floor, then roughly dragging him to his feet, and throwing him into a chair Evans laughed good and loud. "Ha, ha. Well if you ain't the most cowardly rat I've ever seen. He started out. "Coming in here to tear up some little pretty little friends of mine. I have discovered the dastardly trick. Why I don't know what prevents me from tearing you to pieces. I feel like doing it. Got up from the chair and pick up those things, and place them on the table next to the bed." The man hesitated and did not move.

"PICK UP THOSE THINGS." The voice of Evans sounded like thunder hallowing through the room, and the rascal sorely afraid obeyed picking up one after another, and laying them nicely on the table.

"Now," said Evans going to the telephone in the room and covering his captive with his gun. "I'm going to call up all the soldiers nearest here, especially the military police, and have you punished for the insult to the Catholic church and to my little charges. And don't make a single move because even now I'm having a hard battle in trying to restrain myself from shooting you like a dog. No man has invaded my room and gotten away yet."

Despite the pleas of the culprit he called up the military police who soon arrived, laid hold of the man and marched him away.

CONCLUSION OF THE EXPERIENCES OF VIOLET AND HER SISTERS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF FRANCIS-ATLANTA.

LOST AMID THE INFERNO. NO THE SAVAGE FURY OF THE BLENGIOLOMNEAN GAZOOKS.....

After Evans and Violet and her sisters had received a call by general Vivian they had left Ricknell's lines and how he and the little girls escaped the ravaging fury of the frightful battles still raging with Ricknell's armies, they just left, and the forests, fires, and floods also Evans himself could never tell to save his life.

The scenes witnessed had been almost beyond endurance not only for the dear little girls who had just been through a trifling incident separated from their sister Violet, and caused her such sorrow, but for Evans himself. In spite of all they could do now, they could hear the thunder of what seemed another sanguinary battle, and indeed the whole world seemed in a terrible turmoil before them. Far away to the left and right, and behind them hills seemed to be volleying and thundering in mimic eruption, everything everything far to their front seemed to be a storm of fire and smoke and a perpetual crash and uproar almost sickened them. Yet Violet and her sisters saw the Anna-Maria affair felt sure from the looks of things, that general Johnston Jackson Manley had failed again in his second terriblest battle and had suffered disaster.

For a long time possibly hours, the little girls watched the harrowing scenes before them, and then night coming on Evans said: "Let's go before the fires spread all around us. The battle has wiped out the whole of Calverinia, but I'm sure Ricknell whom we have left is winning."

Violet and her sisters now able to get about without crutches obeyed willingly but ever and anon glanced behind them, at the terrible scenes they were just leaving. They could not tell indeed which was the worse scenes. The distant battles or the forest fires. The atmosphere itself was more sultry than ever experienced before during a hot Calverinian summer though it was only the 22th of April and no doubt it was produced by the forest fires burning so furiously. Violet and her sisters not liking to risk being caught in the forest fires again, did not stop once in their

flight and Evans leading the way watched out for no skulking Landolinians would suddenly surprise them. How far general Vivian's lines was he or Violet and her sisters could not make out.

"Is not those scenes terrible?" asked Violet staring cautiously about, "Great fires, terrible battles, and slaughters, enough to produce earthquakes and great disasters. Put now I guess the day will soon be over. Don't you Evans?"

"I don't think but hope so," answered Evans. "We don't know as yet the outcome of the terrible battle for Manley and his armies sorely beaten as they are may make a man escape stand at Hamlet's." "That is my evil foreboding too," said Violet. "This war is terrible and has lasted already nearly four years or about three years and four months. How much longer will it continue I wonder." "No one can tell," said Evans. "Manley has to beat many strong armies in Angelinia, and Calverinia, and the war will probably last ten years or more."

They had now reached more shelter regions again, and soon after many days on a train reached a large Christian camp and finding it went off to the "Vivian's".....

It is now positively seen, after their many attempts that there was an impossibility of ever capturing Violet and her sisters alive as long as Evans was with them. As already stated, since upon series of attempts had been made without success. Once the little girls had been captured and though unsuccessful in attempting to escape twice they finally succeeded a third time. The little girls themselves told the story which is as follows, having some humor in the experience:|||||||

"The Landolinians who had made prisoners of us at Phelanburg Run had ordered us to roll up six rugs, so that the soldiers could take them out, the Landolinians having been ransacking this house. Looking closely at the rugs we believed that we immediately saw our chance to get away by rolling up by the rugs in a way to leave a good sized hollow in the roll, in which each of us could hide. This we did, but the rugs being heavy ones, was increased immensely by the weight of I and my sisters, so that the Landolinians who were to take the rugs out, had all they could do to carry them, with us in, and unfortunately for us, the man carrying the rug I was now concealed in, slipped at the head of the stairway and he fell, the rug suddenly unrolled precipitating me down the stairs so violently that though fortunately I was not hurt, nevertheless the precipitation of my quick flight down the stairs backwards, and every form of rolling, made me see as it seemed a thrill of stars, and planets of all colors. I literally went down most of the way head first, and the Landolinians carrying the other heavier rugs suspected the cause of their great weight, when they saw me go down those steps in such a hurry. And my sisters were at once seized the officer in the lower room, hearing the commotion caused by my fall rushed out, and seeing me rubbing my head where I was knocked in my fall said gruffly:

"Trying to escape eh? You little brat. Well you just come down right down to the first floor where we can watch you."

I felt very much aggrieved by my bad fall, and the pain in my head the dizziness and the aching all over tending to increase my agony and his insulting words driving me to anger I retorted:

"Say colonel Frank Francis, do you think anyone could come down any faster than I did?"

I and my sisters were brought down into the officers' quarters and one of the soldiers told of our attempt to escape, and how one of us had been accidentally dumped down the steps by private Henry Darger, who was carrying the rug concealing me. The officers laughed saying that us little girls would risk anything to get away.

"I guess you would," said Evans gravely. "As they were drawing nearer the Christian lines. Your daring escapes, and attempts to escape have made my hair raise on end at times. What you little girls dare to do would make me shiver with fright."

"Well I guess so," said Violet who was telling the story. We were then left alone for to escape openly out of that house with so many sentries around was suicide, and so the girls did not fear of our escaping.

In the dance hall of the mansion in which the Landolinians had taken possession of, the chief officers had given a grand ball which was in progress.

"Did you attend?" Asked Evans.
 "For a time we joined to ally ourselves of our intentions. Then going into a room outside of the dance hall, we saw extending there an immense fiddle box on wheels large enough to conceal a man and still be room enough for the fiddle.... At first seeing the fiddle came and its size we were amazed, but Violet poking me vehemently in the side vehemently said in a whisper:-----

"That Glandelinian musician must have brought his fiddle in a big dog-pound. Anyway sisters." "She suddenly added looking at me advisingly. "The musician must not be a dog. Let's hide in here and go with them till we are away from this house and the guards. This may give us an opportunity to escape."

"We did bring the large fiddle in with us, closing the door of the case after us. It became very close in there with us seven so closely packed to gether but we did not have long to wait as the box to our surprise and alarm was being wheeled into the dance hall we of course not knowing that it was the musician who was going to play that big fiddle. At once to our dismay the door of the case was pulled open, and Evans you could not imagine the consternation of the whole throng, when they saw us pulled roughly out and beaten unmercifully by the officers. But this second failure did not daunt us. We were immediately put into a rat infested cell, but instead of being afraid of the rats or mice, we managed to capture ten of the biggest rats, and over a four foot side, and placed them into a large box found in the cell.

The next morning we managed to work our way out of the cell taking the box with us, and turned them loose among the Glandelinians sitting around the big tables eating their breakfast, and causing such confusion that it even drew inside the guards, and in the panic we succeeded in getting out of the house, jumping on the nearest horses, uttering the rest, and getting away with a hundred horses, before the Glandelinians had time to pursue us with success.

A furious chase was started, and finally surrounded we hid the horses in a secure portion of a field and remained hiding under a bridge and finally escaping by pretending that we had been caught in quicksands by having thrown our hats and other loose material on sand of such real character near our hiding place. We had escaped other traps during this pursuit by means of tricks more clever than those already described.

That morning while we were riding along questioned by every soldier in gray we met, but slipping by them we were a thunder storm. Thunderbolts came up and we had to take shelter in an old abandoned cowbarn of moderate size. During the height of the storm, when the wind was blowing a screaming gale, the rain pouring in sheets of torrents, and every thunder crash ear-splitting, we saw a large party of Glandelinians led by a captain, ride up to the barn at a thunderous gallop. We found ourselves in a trap but we kept hid in the hayloft under the hay for hours, and had we once been detected, we would have been slain right there. But after searching for us in vain even among the hay, the Glandelinians left and then it was safe for us to leave the barn we started to make our way back to the Christian lines. But we were lost in a wilderness, and after being fugitives of the Glandelinians for about two weeks steadily we were finally drawing near a new Glandelinian camp along the Mc-Hollister Run-river, and saw what we realized to be a Glandelinian officer in tight, swimming under a tree, whose branches stretched across the wide stream. Thinking to Violet, who had a long rope and a long stick I said:

"Maybe we can force him to write for us a pass through the enemy's lines as he is a general."

I and Violet climbed up the tree, my other sisters doing so too to keep out of sight, I and Violet clambering onto the long branch which he was directly underneath, and began our prank. Near the officer was a large stork looking for fish, and as the officer drew nearer declaring to himself half aloud:

"Wherever Violet and her sisters ain't it, there is always peace Ding-dust it."

Violet made a noise at one end of the rope, and loosened his foot drawing it tightly around his ankle. The motion of our operations away from the branch so menacingly that a smaller portion struck the bird a resounding whack on the hind quarters, and thinking the man in the water was the offender, caught his nose in his bill giving it a sharp bite and took.

"Oh sister look I got a bite." "Cried violet to me with a laugh. "Maybe it's a sea ox or a walrus." I answered as Violet produced a small

tablet of writing paper and a pencil, and extending them downward toward her prisoner.

"Good morning dear general." She said. "Would you mind writing a pass for us through the lines. And just say that we could have general Hindless auto for six hours or so and charge it."

At that moment I heard my sisters giggling.

"NEVER, while I live no Hyenas could bulldoze an old horse like I am." "I'm." "Reared the Glandelinian general. "You christian dogs that think you can get fresh with me could not last. HIMP HIMP. HIMP. HIMP."

He yelled but we were not daunted as he knew the Glandelinians could not even hear a shot at that distance from his camp.

"Lucky they couldn't hear a shot at that distance." "Though Evans to himself....

"Well I at once drew tight on the rope pulling the Glandelinian officer forward dragging him completely under between the legs of the bird, who gave a pugnaclous look."

"Talk to him birdie dear." "Launched my sister Violet. "Maybe he will listen to reason from a lady. We are not ladies. We are hyen hyenas as he says."

"This is Sadie general." "I said. "Maybe she will give you then next dance."

"Oh Sadie what a flirt." "Cried my sister Violet laughing as the bird put her foot violently into his face almost forcing it under the waxy water. "She loves him at first sight." "I said. "Maybe he will write the pass for us or we will love him and do."

"I WRITE IT GRASS." "Growled the Glandelinian general grabbing the paper and pencil as violet tickled the back of his foot saying "Kitchy, Kitchy, Kitchy, Kitchy, Kitchy, Kitchy, Kitchy." "BUT THE TIME WILL COME FOR THE DING-DUSTED WORM TO TURN AROUND ON IT. 'TILL STAND NO HONORABLE FROM THE DING-DUSTED WORM IN HUMAN FORM."

"And don't forget about the auto." "I said in answer. "And you should spell auto with a capital aut."

When the man finished writing the paper and pencil was rapidly drawn up by Violet.

"HA." "We heard the Glandelinian officer cry as he started to swim for the other shore. "Now watch me swim for the camp and tell them it is nix on the note. Haw."

But we were not brought with him yet.

"Why general." "Cried violet. "Are you going to go away and leave poor a Sadie?"

"Ah men have not got any hearts now-a-days eh Sadie?" "I asked placing another noose around the body of the bird. As the noose drew tight the man by the sudden stop sprawled in the water.

"AW---R---R---R---K." "Came from the bird.

"Hey general Sadie is calling you." "Cried violet.

"Don't cry Sadie." "I said. "He will come back."

The bird alarmed by the tugging of the rope started off into the air and by the time we were down from the tree, and started away the bird had dragged the Glandelinian officer, a considerable distance from the tree out of the water and toward the land. He had to cling to the neck of a cow toward which he was dragged before he managed to bring the bird down and unfasten the noose around his ankle. We knew that he was as angry as a tormented bull, and we reached the camp before he came to report his experience. We were soon then detected however, and realizing it saw that something must be done. In a barn near by was a score of rubber horses, which we discovered, and quickly drew out, putting in the place of the real ones, saddling them and then mounted seven ponies and campered away with the sixty horse horses belonging to the Glandelinians. Our escape was discovered, and at once there was a hue and cry, the nearest Glandelinians quickly jumping on the rubber horses. The weight of the soldiers at once flattened out the horses, making the soldiers go down with a resounding jolt suddenly to spring up again throwing the men off head first.

One of the men in a rage threw his musket at the horse that threw him thinking it was a real one, with the remark:

"Any measley pony that got's front with an old bird like I'm has got another dod-gasted guess, savvy." "Then the gun rebounded back striking the man so violently in the face as to make him see a thrillion number of stars, and knock him down flat on his back. I have to confess "Added Joos smiling now. "That this pursuit the Glandelinians made must have cost them a fortune. The Glandelinians under E Hindless the second continued the pursuit, the Glandelinians chasing us vigorously for miles

on horseback until their poor horses became jaded. Coming to a country garage I saw our pursuers secure an auto, and at first I thought that our getting away would be nil. We rode hard with the auto full of Glandelinians after us full speed.

THEN THE FUN BEGAN.

That pursuit indeed at its ending seemed to be more fun than actual trouble for us. After two miles pursuit, the first auto was wrecked, they blew out seven old, and ten new tires, of the second auto, and had to wire the nearest Glandelinian camp garage for eight more giving us time to gain on them. When they did have the new tires and caught up to us again their third car caught on fire twice, the exhaust blew out, their engine went, dead, then they were huffed and buffed hitting on one cylinder, and though we were at last captured, we had to be towed into a garage at Zwingle, where while on the way two more tires blew out, and then the car caught afire again. We will never forget that that as long as we live will we sisters! Talk about your fun in spite of being prisoners. We never laughed so hard in our lives. To see old Sergeant Harwood Vivian, throwing and on the burning car, that was to tow us in also, in trying to put out the fire, and no body among the Glandelinian soldiers had a fire extinguisher. Several of the men were trying to put it out by wrapping their coats around the car only to have them catch afire until sergeant Moo-Wee as they called him, got water in a big bucket from a nearby creek and put out the flames on the two cars, just as the Zwingle Glandelinians came up to supply them with a fire fighting outfit, even the Glandelinian fire department came from three different towns. The Glandelinians even had the firemen hats on wrong, Ha, ha, ha, and when they all started to tow us in, we being guarded in the meanwhile, one of the men had a log chain about a foot long to pull us with, and when they got stuck in the middle of that big hill, and our lights went out, and we started to back down, and he hollered to the private in the tin Lizzie back of us to give us a boost, he tried to bump us up hill, and broke both his headlights and the tail light of the car we were on, and got his car caught in the rear fender of our car, Ha, ha, ha, and when he pulled it loose, the whole three of our cars, had besides the fire auto truck towing us, backed all the way down the hill, throwing the men into indiscriminate confusion, and rolled into the ditch, I and my sisters being thrown into the stream, which lucky accident enabled us to make good our escape, and reach the Christian lines without further adventure.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Evans. "Greatest joke on the Glandelinians I ever heard of yet. And what happened after that?"

"I don't know," she answered. "We did not stay long enough to find out. As we did not want to risk recapture, especially when we knew the mood the Glandelinians were in after that occurrence."

They had now traveled for quite a distance, it now being very dark the glow of the distant forest fires reddening the skies for miles. For a while they continued onward and soon found themselves themselves in utter darkness. Wondering where they were Evans struck a match and all were dismayed to find that they were in a labyrinthian passageway which seemed to go straight ahead but also slanted downward. On the right and left of this huge tunnelway were fifteen lay labyrinthian passageways. The ceiling of the main tunnelway was nineteen feet high from the floor and was eighteen feet wide. "We certainly must have walked into this place without warning," said Evans. "And we are lost."

"These labyrinthian tunnels have probably been made by Blenkglowr shnean serpents," said Violet. "We can hope to find them and have them liberate us."

They staggered along as fast as they could or as fast as the darkness would permit as the torch Evans ignited penetrated for a little distance only. After staggering, tripping, and sprawling, and rolling and sliding for fifteen minutes or so the tunnelway began to change to a curving and ascending position, and to their awe a strange lurid light seemed to reddens it for a distance while a sulphurous steamy smell pervaded the air. At times they were compelled to cough. The tunnel

The tunnel soon ended and terminated into a wide archy dome like cavern where from the floor at the furthest end to the end came from a glowing abyss constant explosions and deafening hisses. The cavern was so strong with the pungent biting sulphurous smell, that it seemed to fill their breath away, and as they were retracing their steps, they coughed and coughed, as if they just had the worse kind of consumption. But here again they were going wrong, for instead of going through the passageway, they were in a narrow tunnel which terminated into a narrow steep abyss. They were almost terrified, and though utterly dark, more fun fumes and intense heat arose from this dark gulf. And if it was not for a peculiar draught that passed through the tunnel the deadly fumes would have overcome them.... The heat though was terrific, and they again retraced their steps only to come upon an exceedingly long ledge, descending downward below and down perhaps, a thousand feet or more they beheld a lake of sizzling lava. They gazed upon the blinding hissing lake in dismay, and they realized that this ledge was as slippery as ice, proceeding downward running into the sea of lava so far below them.

Some parts of the steep walls, were somewhat soft, and red hot, and several other pathways were leading downwards, turning off from left to right. From the lava came the sound of hissing, the roar of explosions, hissing like the heaviest cannonading, the steam puffing from the lava surface in balloon shape clouds with a deafening roar. The floor of the cave seemed to tremble, the steam and heat over the lake was unbearable, and the fumes from the molten lava was appalling. Evans and the little girls looked like bloody beings from the bright reflection of the white hot lava. At one side of the ledge they were on a walled blacker opening and exploring it they saw that it was floorless, and that it was a large yawning gulf, it being dark as pitch inside. And no lurid glow could be seen at all. They did not dare go near this pit, which was so dark as far as eye could reach, but nevertheless they proceeded along the brink of the fiery abyss, they first came upon, watching like a chicken hawk, for in the distance molting rocks was running down into the main lake from other cravasses.... They had to be cautious as to even expose themselves to the fierce heat of the lava below, would cause them to be burned or roasted to ash, and mingling with the lake was molting rocks and as they progressed some distance, they were confronted by another gulf, but from the edge to its uttermost depths, as far as eye could reach, it was as bright as the lake itself, and going as close as they could without suffering from the effects of the tremendous heat, they saw it was dazzling bright with white hot lava, melted until it was like liquid tar.

They could not go as near as five hundred feet of the gulf, on account of the terrific heat, and continuing their way along the ledge, they saw many queer openings in the wall, towering high above them, shaping like all kinds of doors and windows, which of course were the openings to other lay labyrinthian passages. At last the narrow ledges were observed to slant upwards so steeply, that they could not progress any further without risking their lives. At last after four hours of traveling, they found themselves before a large opening, and entering found it to be a large opening, and entering found it to be a large cavern, the ceiling being awful high, and the cavern itself seemed to have no end.

After traveling a good distance, Violet and her sisters declared that the cavern seemed to be familiar to them.....

"This must be the same cavern I was in to find the serpents when I was very young," said Violet.

To the right of them was a large a lake of boiling water, which was constantly running into a roaring lake of lava far to the left. They were now in this inferno for seven hours, and having progressed from cave to cave, all this while, they began to grow alarmed and now facing the dark opening of what seemed to be the largest cavern of all they were afraid to proceed. This cave was incessantly echoing with deafening noises, and so they continued on in the one they were in. The glare from the distant lake of lava was dazzling, even at that distance, they beheld the brightness with awe. On they continued, and on, and on, until at last they came to another cave. It seemed however to be a tunnel than a cave which slanted downward steeply, and following it a certain distance saw at the ending of the tunnel a chasm, which seemed to have no bottom. They retraced their steps slowly and carefully, and soon to their surprise found themselves on the other side of the great lake of molten lava which at this point was in furious waves, rushing and splashing, and exploding in violent steam blasts, in all directions, a worse scene than that of a stormy ocean.

As the waves of the lava hit the wall one after another, the whole scene was grand. Sprays of white hot lava shot high into the air, the lava roaring and hissing in a frightful manner, and banging and cracking at the walls so fiercely, that the floor of the cave shook like an earthquake. The waves even spouted and boiled, and threw fiery spray as they broke like the regular sea.

Violet and her sisters and Evans watched the scene in great awe and some excitement and a little fear. Far to the left thousands of tons of lava, many millions of tons of lava, was pouring into the molten sea, with a roar like a thousand cannon. Cave after cave, tunnel after tunnel, they passed through. They were still lost in the labyrinthian caverns however, and finally they almost stumbled into the entrance of another huge cavern, which was fully lighted to a lurid redness, and were startled at what they saw. Five extraordinary monsters, more huge than the most immense dragons ever dreamed of, lay coiled up asleep with their enormous wings all spread over their huge bodies. Their backs were covered with golden scales but armoured, the underparts were of a deep purple of hue, and their heads though not a bit unugly looked frightfully venomous.

They were really all asleep, but not far from them there were smaller ones which raised their beautiful but venomous heads, and looked in all directions with fiery eyes as large as cups, which glared like radiant searchlights. "OAZOOKS," whispered Evans. "Be cautious little girls. If they see us there will be trouble we are wishing to avoid, and probably we would meet a frightful death. Can't you see their frightful venomous looks?"

They all hid behind a rock, as the baby ones crawled toward where they were before, lifting up their heads once in a while, and showing their fangs, which were like two blood suckers at the end of each which would inject very poisonous fluids. Suddenly the little girls were startled and appalled by seeing two eyes large as plates glaring at them, and a monstrous head as big as three bear barrels confronting them, with two gigantic horned weapons on the top of its head.

"Rover," gasped Violet. "They are Belngiglomeneans." "Rover nothing," roared the serpent angrily. "What do you Glandelinians want around here. Get out of here, or I'll tear every one of you to pieces."

"We are not Glandelinians protested Evans Evans. "We are fugitives and got lost in these caverns." "They are the Vivian girls."

The serpent looked at the little girls more closely and said: "Beg pardon but I guess I was mistaken in my suspicions. We have lost nine dens on account of the Glandelinians, and are bound to extreme means if they dare come near us again. I suppose you little girls are under the powerful protection of the Rover Serpents you know so well."

We ourselves are the very fiercest Oazooks that attacked the battle car that invaded our cave so long ago. I have a note to give to the one who operated it. The reason of our attack is simple. The car was painted gray, and so we thought that those inside the car were the wicked Glandelinians who had bayoneted our young. They had escaped in a battle car."

The monster lifted its huge head, forward toward a small opening and pulled out two white rolls of paper. Then it handed it to Evans with its mouth. Evans saw that this great creaky creature the biggest of them all had wings like a dragon, but the creatures far down below had wings of the prettiest butterflies, and besides fangs two rows of teeth like those seen in the mouth of a man. Evans had heard that the very demons fear these great Belngiglomeneans Oazookians, which were larger and more beautiful than the other varieties of Belngiglomenean serpents.

"I'll let one of the young ones go with you," said the beautiful creature. "She will show you the way out." Evans and the others followed the little one leading the way until once more they found themselves out in the fresh air. No sooner had Evans and the little girls left the region, when half a hundred gray figures sprang out from behind rocks and dashed toward them with wild yells. Evans fired bringing down several of them, but others rushed upon him knocking him unconscious with the butts of their guns.

"Where did he get that roll?" cried one of the men examining it. Violet tried to snatch it, but in a rage the Glandelinian grabbed her by the throat to strangle her. She gave a scream but he squeezed so hard, that her tongue stuck out and her eyes bulged. She struggled and begged God to save her. Then with an unearthly scream of terror the other Glandelinians at once scattered, while Violet's assailant let go of her and ran blindly toward the entrance of the cavern, but a huge head suddenly darted at him from behind a rock giving forth a tremendous roar which made the ground shake and which echoed and resounded in the

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cavern, the serpent bearing the message to the ground, and frightfully manly warning him. Frightened nearly out of their wits, the other Glandelinians turned and fled toward the woods, fur firing furiously as they ran, but roaring frightfully, and with it's eyes bulging, seven monsterous on objects, appeared attacking the Glandelinians, and four of them were the ones Violet and her sisters had seen in the cavern.

"Let's get before they mistake us for Glandelinians."

"Said Evans."

They all got out of range, and saw the Glandelinians being destroyed by the Grimecians. Violet and her sisters had been almost dead with fright, and they were still shaking as they hid behind the rocks. They remained in hiding until the serpents re-entered the cave.

"Those Glandelinians are all over the border of the Belngiglomenean serpents," said Evans. "The man that struck me almost knocked me senseless. It's funny indeed that the rascals could detect us despite our disguises."

"It is terrible," said Violet. "They ought to know better than to arouse the fury of those deadly Grimecians. But they slip simply won't leave them alone."

It was an awful experience indeed, and fearing danger, as it was a literal region for the hide of these serpents they discarded their disguises, rather meeting the Glandelinians undisguised, than face the fury of the terrible Belngiglomeneans, who would attack them.

"It was an awful scene," said Evans. "The Glandelinians Glandelinians take delight in torturing and murdering children, and get no remorse when they attempted to seize you little girls."

"Where is the roll," asked Violet.

"I recovered it," answered Evans. "I do not know the reason of the attack made by the serpents, whether it was for our defence, or a revengeful method over the sudden appearance of the rascals, but nevertheless they came at the Glandelinians like a streak of lightning killing every one who did not escape from their wild fury."

"One of the Glandelinians I recognized as the man who was threatened by Belngiglomeneans before the war came on, when he tried to seize a roll given to me by one of the little ones," said Violet. "But he got away."

"I saw him," said Violet. "And he certainly looked scared. And, is that not a large Belngiglomenean?" "She asked pointing to a large group of horsemen in blue gray uniforms. They look it to me."

"They are ex," exclaimed Evans excitedly. "Under cover quick before they see us."

They were in hiding none too soon, for just then there was the thunderous roar of horse hoofs, and immediately in front of their hiding place, a large troop of Condencians and Belngiglomeneans drew up suddenly.

"I know what I'm saying, and if my eyes are going bad, then what a good am I in the service then," they heard a lieutenant angrily.

"I saw Evans and those human centipedes here just a minute ago. They saw us coming and took to hiding that is all. I saw them right where this willow tree is standing."

"Well there is no use to get sore about it," growled the captain. "But this seems to be a wild goose chase just the same. If they were here they are gone now. And to find them in the darkness is impossible. But I'll report this to General Brooks, and he will secure the country for them. They must be caught under any conditions. You know Hanley and his two sons under their directions and commands is going to force the positions at Francis Atlanta as soon as he can arrive there and those little brats will spoil it all."

"You're only talking through your hat Captain," said the first lieutenant. "We could secure the country for a pin in a haystack to find them."

They have escaped and I knew they would. Had we rushed upon them as I proposed, before they saw us coming we would have had them. Put you doubted my statement, and delayed, and now they have escaped us."

One of the cavalry men picked up Violet's hat which she had dropped in her haste to get in hiding.

"They indeed were here," he said. "This bonnet belongs to one of them."

The cat Captain now realized the truth and said:

"Well they're all gone now and we can't find them in this darkness. Next time lieutenant I will take your advice. You have got better eyes than I'm, though you do wear glasses."

"I just believed those little brats were spying or doing something," said a sergeant to the captain. "Anyway I have always heard that those kids called the Vivian girls are dangerous. Many of our greatest generals have done their utmost, to capture them, but have not succeeded. And once you do succeed in laying hold of them it is impossible to retain them."

Violat and her sisters listened to this conversation with intrinsic interest, in fact, that when the Glandelinians began to hunker, Violat lost some of her cautiousness, and by a slight misstep precipitated herself on the ground in front of the nearest Glandelinian causing a hue and cry and some consternation among the foe.....It was all off now, they had to run for it, Evans went snatching Violat, before the surprised Glandelinians could seize her.

"AFTER THE DIRTY SKUNKS," Yelled the captian. "They were hiding by the roadway, and so we were listening for information."

The soldiers instantly swarmed into the woods, hoping that they would easily overtake the fugitives, as they had a belief that they would not be able to find their way through those dark woods through which at night roamed the fierce and blood thirsty timber wolves.

But the Glandelinians were fooled, Evans and the little girls did not pursue their way through these woods, as the Glandelinians thought, but went back to the road by another route, with the intention to make a cat-a-way with all their horses. They were all Glandelinians standing close to a tree, and Evans stole cautiously up to him, and noticed the gray coat as the man who had rode a little way and who made him run his own car into the ditch to escape an accident.

Evans walked right up to him, and ignoring the fixed bayonet presented to him said;

"I was in my ford with my father, and you were in your employers auto, and we met on a country road, and you made me get into a ditch or be shoved off. That was outside the city of Galverine before the war, and this is to DAY." And Evans gave him such a blow over the side of the head as to force him down against the tree trunk, with his feet perpendicularly in the air, rendering him unconscious.

"Quick little girls, get all the horses." Said Evans. And off they went taking all the horses with them. The other Glandelinians hearing the gallop of horses, rushed into the road in time to see their eight fugitives making off with all their horses. In vain they fired madly, in an effort to stop them. The range was already too great and the bullets fell short.

"They make me tired," growled the captian. "This is also the worse thing that I have ever seen them do, make off with all our horses."

At this moment there was a fresh sound of galloping, and another party of Glandelinian cavaliers came dashing up.... They halted as they saw the dismounted men, and getting information as to what had happened, the horsemen at once set off in pursuit.

Violat and her sisters with Evans had gained considerable distance by this time, but the Glandelinians were gaining so quickly on them now, that the fugitives had to scatter the horses in a wheat field and seek shelter in a tavern.

AN EXCITING THRUSTLE.

The Glandelinians saw them enter the tavern, and burst their way in. Evans shot two of them down, grabbed two more Glandelinians, humped their heads together making them see a hundred stars, a piece, sent another flying head first, against a closed door, with a chair sailing close behind him, rubbed another

Glandelinian soldier's nose in the sloop can as he tried to rush on him, kicked another clean through a window pane shattering and all head first, and struck a lieutenant a stinging blow on the jaw sending him reeling against the thick portiere, with such force, that as he fell he brought everything down on top of him. In all this confusion Violat and her sisters had escaped through a rear door recovering all the horses and Evans also getting away was soon close behind them, the Glandelinians galloping after them full speed.

It was impossible however for the Glandelinians to overtake Evans and the Vivian girls, but nevertheless after a going a considerable distance, became alarmed for now he began to realize that they were lost, lost in a wild wilderness, facing inconceivable peril, as they were lost in the dark, with the Glandelinians no doubt scouring the whole region for them. Evans was at a lost loss as to what should be done. They were fugitives lost in a wild burning wilderness, facing inconceivable peril, both, from the forest fires and the Glandelinians, and thirdly from the fierce and ravenous timber wolves. They knew not where the Christian armies were, and maybe they were either camping, retreating or

advancing. Evans had a foreboding that the Glandelinians were victorious for if they were not what was the meaning of so many seen so often!!!!

At first he did not say anything to Violat and her sisters, until when they began to suspect it, he said;

"I fear we are lost, so now we will have to be more careful than ever. There seems to be an unusual number of Glandelinians, about and those besides soldiers and fire we will have to watch out for. If we ever get taken by the Glandelinians now, we will probably never see our friends again."

"I'm armed," said Violat. "And so are my sisters. I'm determined that they shall never take us alive!"

"You are right," said voice. "We had many a battle with the Glandelinians, and ain't afraid to have another."

They all felt tired and sleepy but yet they did not dare lay down anywhere and sleep in these deadly woods. They had turned all the captured horses loose at finding themselves lost, as they were only another to them. They kept on traveling, and traveling, watching every side of the road cautiously, watching every movement of the bushes, or tall trees, for they knew that Glandelinian sharpshooters may be hiding in ambush either among the bushes, or in the top of trees, and so they examined all these and dark looking objects more cautiously than could be described.

Even if there was no immediate dangers from the fires; or the Glandelinians these woods, were infested with the gray or timber wolves as huge as the biggest hunting dogs, and as fierce and ravenous as dragons of the fable stories.....!!!!!!

But just now it seemed quite early for them to be roaming about and it was also evident on account of so much firing recently that they did not dare venture out for prey too soon. Violat and her sisters were anxious, yes very anxious to learn the outcome of the great conflict already past, and which probably was still raging. It indeed did seem possible to them that by the way so many Glandelinians were seen, that general Vivian, Hanson or Zimmerman may be beaten beaten..... that the rule of Gloria or Anna Maria may be already in Vanleys possession, and that the Angelinian cause was lost..... that the Christians were beaten and beaten completely. It was a as they feared, a complete war, won by the rascally Glandelinians, that the victory periled them still more, and that probably there was no escape for them now..... They kept on their tireless journey, until daybreak commenced, and then as it grew lighter, Evans decided to try and find their way back to the Christian lines. Their course was now south eastward, and feeling confident of reaching the Christian lines before long they conversed to each other more cheerfully and talked of experiences past, that they all went through. Soon reaching a hilly region, they selected a high rise of ground, and from this Evans surveyed the surrounding country, with his army field glasses. But all that could be seen in the direction south of him was nothing, but no smoke, smoke, smoke, and smoke.....

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TTE THE DARING JAIL BREAK.....

"I'm sure if we don't do something pretty pretty soon we're goners." He said to Violat. "South east, or west, there is nothing, but smoke, smoke, and smoke. We may have escaped the foe, but are almost encircled by forest fires. This is the darndest, most jeopardized condition we have ever been in before. We are lost in the midst of inferno."

"Well what shall we do?" Asked Violat impatiently.

"And we have not eaten a mouthful for over forty eight hours. And do my eyes deceive me or do we see Glandelinians swarming up the hill in multitudes?"

"Indeed they are," said Evans. "We must make away before they discover us."

Away they did go reaching the base in a very few minutes, just as the Glandelinians reached the top. They were seen, but nevertheless and luckily they were not the Glandelinians that persecuted children, and had they been the Glandelinians having good windage, could have fired a volley volley that would have riddled Evans and the little girls. They paid no attention

to the fleeing fugitives, feeling softly assured that they were not spying, and Evans and the little girls got away very easily, hardly a word being said. But this convinced them still more that the Landolinians had won the victory at Anna-Maria-Glorini's, and with a heavy heart they continued on their way. While they were continuing on they saw along the northwestern lower skies, what appeared to be a dun-colored cloud, mist or smoke, as if all the words at a great distance were on fire.

"Could that be so?" Thought Evans. "Has the Landolinians fired the latter end of their shot? Or is it possible that the forest fires was outcropping them? Or was it a cloud of dust?" They continued to gaze at the strange phenomenon, which seemed to be rising higher into the sky, thickening frightfully along the horizon line, now resembling a dust storm, or sand cyclone, of the deserts, now like the stroke of a wide spreading conflagration, and now like a reddish cloud, and already the sun rising high into the sky and clouded by it, as it swept overhead, passing over the sun disk like a screen, highlight no longer falling upon the plains.

Was it the forerunner of some terrible storm? Just at this moment there was a sudden rush and roar of wildly speeding horses, and before they could do anything in defense, they were seized by the foremost horsemen, who placed them on their horses. Violet and her sisters were terrified, for from the garb the Landolinians wore they realized them as the fierce Gargolians, Kurds, the most cruel of them all and the most savage. The Landolinians spoke not a word, but continued several miles, until they came abruptly to a large prison like building, from which not far away was a large camp belonging to the Gargolians.

"You have escaped the other sects of different Landolinians, but you will not escape us," hissed the leader. "We know you little green snakes too well to be fooled, and have prepared a prison for you, that you and your guardian will never for escape from."

Violet and her sisters did not say a word, neither did Evans, and when they were locked in their cells, and left alone with solitary guard, Violet determined to help Evans, and her sisters to escape.

Sgt. Sh. Shortly before two o'clock the guard made his rounds as he was ordered to do. He noticed a commotion in the cell occupied by Evans and Jennie. The little girl inside was writhing on the floor while it seemed as if Evans was strangling her. The guard not wishing to allow her or any of her sisters to be killed just yet, opened the door of the cell and rushed in to pull Evans off, and pick little Jennie up.

All at once he found himself in a vice like grip, and Jack Evans made short work of the guard, for before he could raise an outcry, to raise an alarm, and attract the other guards, Evans floored him with his fist, fracturing his skull. Jennie took the keys, and both stepped out. Violet and her other sisters were fully acquainted with what was transpiring, waiting eagerly at the doors of their cells until Jennie opened them. Other prisoners were also liberated, all Christian soldiers and officers. Evans and the little girls ran to the northeast corner of the jail floor, and at the foot of an aisle, there was a window, the bars of this window in some manner, having been sawed, this leading the Landolinian generals to believe that the escape of the prisoners was an outside job, as it was impossible for Evans and the little girls, to have sawed the bars in the short space of time in which they made their escape. Another circumstance that gave evidence to inside aid was that the guards on duty at the jail were found bound and gagged, and their weapons taken from them. Another guard was entering the bull pen, and suddenly Evans made his appearance, grabbing the guard and choking him into unconsciousness, and as he lay on the floor Evans went through the pockets of his gray uniform, took away his keys, and opening other cells released other Christian prisoners, giving them the guards' weapons. Evans and another man then took the senseless guard, and carried him into the bull pen, opening a cell and putting him inside, taking the precaution to lock the door of this cell after them---this cell being vacant at the time the guard was placed in it. They next proceeded to cell 410 and released six child prisoners, while Jennie opening cell 409 adjoining that of cell 410 and released three Christian commanders, opening to the bull pen door, and running across the corridor to the Illinois guardsroom, where they proceeded to finish the job of sawing the bars in the lower left hand corner of this window. Another guard came up but Evans seeing him approaching, struck him also, knocking this guard unconscious, and grabbing his keys, and going to more cells near by occupied by stolen children, released them. Evans bound and gagged the unconscious guard, picked him up bodily and threw him into one of the cells occupied by more Christian officers leaving them out and then locking the door.

Then they deliberately released themselves from the bull pen, went around to the cells occupied by more Christian prisoners officers at that, and left them out. Then from some mysterious place they produced a rope, which was made from pieces of new window cord, which was cut into hundred and fifty feet long, being doubled to add strength, and the loose ends after being knotted, were carefully tied with white twine. Evans now went to the window which he had prepared for their daring escape. The bars were two inches and a quarter thick, which were now almost sawed through. Evans snapped them with his strong arms, or hand saw, and twisted them all out in less than a minute. But there was still one more difficulty to overcome. Heavy iron gates hung outside, that opened back, like the French windows, a padlock on the outside holding each. Though the escaping Christians had never had access to this lock, it too had been fixed for them, and soap in the crack made by the saw, concealed the fact that it had been tampered with. A quick blow and the lock was broken.

Fastening the rope to the grating, each man tying a child onto his back, with other rope quickly let them down. Darkness was falling and they were far too off before the escape of all the prisoners was discovered or realized. Of course when the escape was discovered, it was too late to pursue, but platoons of cavalry and infantry were sent to all parts of the country, the infantry and cavalry with blood hounds to run down the escaped fugitives. Three days after their escape, each soldier being separated, and gone, each different way, so as to elude their pursuers succeeded in reaching safety, but Evans and the little girls were far from sight of any Christian life as yet.

Evans picking up a newspaper, was startled at what he saw. This is what he read:

CHRISTIAN DOGS BREAK JAIL, KILL TWO GUARDS, VIVIAN GIRLS, AND GUARDIAN GUARDIAN, FREN THIRTY PRISONERS. TRICK GUARD....

Five guards badly injured. Two killed. Ten overpowered; as prisoners drop by improvised rope, from window of which bars were already sawed. "SHOOT TO KILL." Manley's order. Vivian girls responsible.

Fight of the most desperate Christian prisoners, seven of them under sentence of death, a 11 notorious, as criminals against Landolinia, not only escaped themselves, but liberated thirty other prisoners, ten of which are child captives. By a clever ruse, planned by a prisoner, probably Jack Evans; they outwitted the main guard, overpowered, and killed him, killed another, felled five mortally, and bound and gagged ten others, locked them up in the cells, from which the prisoners were liberated, tore out bars, previously sawed, broke a padlock, previously cut, and lowered themselves by a rope prepared some time before, from the fourth floor of the jail. The men fled with the child children, tied to their backs into the woods, a while Evans and the snakes with him, called the Vivian girls, slipped into a ravine and vanished into the woods on the other side.

"Shoot them on sight if you spot them again." Was the order of General Johnston Jackson Manley; he gave to his own men last night, as he himself from Anna-Maria-Glorini, sent squads hurrying in every direction with bloodhounds. Grimly he added: "Don't let them start!" Recognized as the most desperate, daring, and vicious Christian dogs, in the world those Vivian girls have been hunted for nearly over three years and four months, at great expense to our armies, and when captured four days ago had been placed in separate cages, made of amalgamated steel, and guaranteed to defy the stoutest saw or file. Every precaution had been taken as it was known those Vivian girls are great at escaping the worse prisons.

The camouflage that led to the escape, was worked in this manner, "Evans was the only one of the eight, with a callmate, and with him was the callmate the Vivian girl called Jennie Vivian. This soldier who wore the uniform of a colonel was seen by the guard to suddenly seize Jennie by the throat, saw her tongue protrude, and eyes bulge, as if being strangled, and as he threw her writhing on the floor, the sentry took a taken of his guard, not knowing that it was a ruse, as the soldier was not really choking the little girl, opening and opened the gate of the bull pen, or exercise room, and opening the cell, to interfere was killed by Evans, who in turn overpowered ten others, and escaped after liberating the others. This was the most sensational deliveries on record...."

These thirty eight prisoners notorious criminals now at large, in the country, are no problem. Fleet for the Christian lines....

They are as follows:

Violet Vivian; sentenced to death, many times, on the evidence and proof of spying on the Glandelinian generals.

Joice Vivian; her sister; sentenced to death for the same reason. Jennie Vivian sentenced to death for the spying exploits, and the shooting of many noted Glandelinians and generals who were pursuing them.

Angeline Vivian, arrested many times, in connection with the deaths of many Glandelinian generals, and escaping as many times, despite re-arrests, last month, near Little Gloria. Francis Anna, and hunted like a dog for the murder of general Malin. Also sentenced to death. Hattie Vivian, one of the most notorious spies, in Calvernia, reputed "Brains" of general Vivian's crackmen army awaiting sentence for many and various spying expeditions.

Catherine Vivian. Sentenced to death for depredations.

Daisy Vivian. Also one of the most notorious spies, in Calvernia, also sentenced to death.

Colonel Jack Evans also called brains, or the brains of the whole Christian army, after revealing the Vivian girls from Glandelinian wrath, by some mysterious influence. Would have been sentenced to death for the attempted murder of unlaya son melnum, also for the attempted murder of one of the Tamerlines, a very superior general. Also believed to have shot, and wounded general Raymond Richardson Federal; in many battles. The ten children liberated were:

Sarah Lemington, five years old.

Frank Hanson, ten.

George Appleton. Nine.

Frank Earl four.

Jennie Francis Earl. Five. His sister.

Florence Lytle. Eight. A cripple. Sentenced to death, for saying her prayers, when not allowed to.

Grace Catherine. Nine. One half years old.

Henry Borolley. Six.

Vivian Francis Dunham Dunham. Ten years old. Sentenced to death for shooting Colonel Lemington, when his men raided the home of his mother.

Maxwell O'Connell. A six year old girl. Charged with spying.

The twenty men who were prisoners of war, and who were also liberated were;

Lieutenant Jacob Dunn.

Coporal Jacob Swartz.

First Lieutenant Paul Arcus.

First Lieutenant James Cox.

Second Lieutenant Jack Pollen.

Major John Maxwell.

Private Henry Johnston.

Private Frank Francis Smith.

Private John Joseph Hadley Logan.

Private Halsey Richard Logan.

Captain Thomas Phelan.

Captain Bernard Dunn.

Colonel Henry Joseph Narger.

Colonel Harry Narger, son cousin of Henry Narger.

Colonel Henry Reel.

Private Jim Daniels.

Private Daniel Lyman.

Lieutenant Colonel William Schloeder.

Major Henry John Schloeder, his brother.

When the main Gargolian general summoned at once by the commotion arrived on the scene, with his staff he ordered all the guards who were overpowered, and beaten by the escaping prisoners, to be brought before him, making them tell him again, and again, how the prisoner Evans, feigned murder, how the tricked guard had gone into the cell alone, and been attacked, and how they had been locked in separate cells, while the prisoners were actually making their escape. Thousands of investigations have been started, and it is assured that the prisoners, will all soon be run down. The whole country is now secured for them, and if they had not yet reached any of the Christian armies, they will surely be run down.

Evans looked at Violet and her sisters, who looked at him....

"We will have to keep at large a under any conditions now," said Evans.

"We are in for it now. If we don't find some Christian army now we will have

to take our way to Abbieanna."

Evans and the little girls had been seeking shelter in an old abandoned farm house, and knowing that the foreword said on them are they got a chance to escape, they went to a nearby, and stopping a man on an auto, Evans got in and said sternly;

"Whom do you side with in this great war? Abbieanna, Angelina, Calvernia, or Glandelinian?"

"Glandelinian," said the man angrily. "Think when those blasted devils, assassinated even my own children, I'd stick up for them. Ha I'd die first."

"You are the right man I want," said Evans. "You have an opportunity to revenge your loss."

"And he showed the man the news of the great jail break."

"Good thing. I thank God that they did escape," exclaimed the man a gleam of hate in his eyes. "I have the paper my self. Got it this morning. I hate Hanley and his whole blooming army. They never could keep those brave little girls, in jail, and they never will."

"True," said Evans. "I was one of them." He gave a signal, and to the man's surprise the three little girls appeared.

"Here are the little girls," said Evans. "You will be satisfied by seeing us to get away."

The man gave quick look and then said;

"In with them. I'll find the Christian lines."

No sooner had they gotten into the auto, when a swarm of Glandelinians and Americanians horsemen came into view their light blue uniforms showing plainly against the background of the trees. The chase started, the Glandelinians riding with might and main, after the fleeing car, shouting and firing wildly. As they sped on they came to what appeared to be a narrow canon. Only the railing of what was once the floor of a bridge crossed this gulf, a very insignificant structure indeed. It was a very hazardous thing to cross, but rather than by falling into the abyss than risk capture, they sped for the bridge. The Glandelinians were coming swiftly in a cloud of dust, but the machine crossed safely, just as the foremost horseman reached the brink. Some dismounted walking, half way across the treacherous beams, firing volley, after volley,

but Evans returned the fire hitting five of them, and causing them to fall into the gulf below. Those on horseback quickly dashed around another direction, and the pursuit was on in general. The fugitives were now reaching a railroad crossing, and only about two hundred yards distant a munition freight train, for the Glandelinian army was approaching at full speed. To cross they had to, for too stop was too late. But they got to the track just in time, to be struck by the train, and though the crushed, and mangled auto, was hurled fifty feet, with its occupants thrown more than sixty, marvellously, no one was injured, though for a minute every one was dazed.

The engineer having seen the collision, stopped the train right in the way of the pursuing horsemen, who raised Cain, yelling and cursing the engineer, for a fool, for stopping his munition train right in their way, when they were after escaping Christian spies.... Evans and the little girls, with the other man, saw an opportunity in the delay, and soon were hiding in an empty box car, in which they stayed until the train which had resumed its trip, entered the town of Benslay.

Then they got off, and learning that most of the inhabitants, were loyal to the Glandelinian cause, became more cautious as they traveled along the tracks, answering every question cleverly, and making no blunder, which would have caused their immediate detection, and probable arrest.... Suddenly as they were passing through the heart of the town, a squad of soldiers in greenish grey uniforms, came up to them the sergeant saying;

"You strangers are under arrest. I have been instructed to arrest all strangers, that should enter this place. There has been a jail break and besides, you people look like the ones, pictured in the papers."

Evans let fly with his fist, sending the sergeant sprawling head over heels on the ground. There was a motor truck, standing near a station, and into this the fugitives at once hurried themselves, Evans starting it off at once, while a pursuing multitude threw a shower of stones and other missiles at them, then the soldiers firing again and again but the bullets flew wild. A large swarm of the flocks cavily, and at once gave chase, and Evans and even the little girls fired with such accuracy, that the Glandelinians seeing their comrades go down for every shot, became disheartened, and abandoned the pursuit, as any way there was no chance of overtaking the motor truck. In a short time they left the town far behind, and trading the motor truck to a farmer for his nine horses, they at once set out for the railroad tracks, alongside of which they went at a spirited gallop for a mile or so....

Crack, crack, crack, crack. Four shots suddenly sounded, and the man who had first offered to take them to the christian lines, fell dead from his horse, murdered by the merciless glandelinians. After returning a pistol volley that was effective for every shot, the remaining fugitive dashed off another direction, to find a swarm of glandelinian horsemen closing in on them.

For a moment there seemed impossibility to escape the furious pursuers armed to the teeth, and as their pursuers were Gargolians, it seemed all the more difficult to get away. And far in advance of the Gargolians were twenty six harking, howling blood-hounds. Some of the glandelinians brought fly a shower of javelins, and as these flew wild fired a volley, that brought down the horse Evans was riding on. The approaching dogs howled and bayed, and Evans having been dismounted, and the dogs being upon him, turned at bay, and I tell you right now, dear readers, he fought the dogs right gallantly like an infuriated demon. He dashed them to right and left, after emptying both guns on six of them, and actually killed six more with his

naked fists. Jennie then fired a shot that brought a Gargolian leader down, the bleeding at Evans feet. Before any of the amazed hooded soldiers, could fire Evans was on the once horse of the fallen man, and dashed into a thicket, followed by the remaining dogs, who set up a horrible clamor.

THE HORRIBLE MASSACRE.

In the meantime the battle of Anna-Maria Glorinia, seemed to have turned out as a glandelinian victory, and the apparently victorious Glandelinians all that night gathered together, the christian women and children, they had still with them, captured from other raids. Many priests and clergymen, had been tortured and slain, christian soldiers, taken as prisoners were massacred and the prettiest of the children not deformed or sick were carried off to the slave camps to be sold into slavery. All the while over forty four thousand women and children, who were taken into the Mac-Hollister Run regions where they experienced hours of cruel suffering. When the advancing glandelinians entered the city of Aurora, then a certain woman had begged the glandelinian chieftains, to let her remain in her home to care for her aged mother, who was in bed with consumption, but the glandelinians not only refused but made the aged woman leave her bed, and take to the road with the rest of the procession of fugitives. During the first days the fugitives were on the road, many of the children had been very courageous, but just after they passed through the town of Hannon, where thousands of little children had been massacred, several children in this procession died, and the mother had been compelled to leave her dead children at a river crossing.

The last of her children being a little girl was very ill in her arms, and when the procession of prisoners passed the bodies of soldiers slain in recent battle, several of the children suddenly went insane, several of the women even threw their children on the ground, and ran screaming out of the line of prisoners, toward the river. Others running wild, with their children hanging to their arms were shot down by the soldiers, many of whom charged the procession of prisoners, swinging their sabres and guns right and left and even firing point blank, killing and wounding many, before the bedlam stopped.

"God has gone mad I tell you, mad-mad-mad--" shrieked the infuriated glandelinians. "That is what your god is--he --i s---crazy--He has gone mad--deserted--- you foolish ---christian-dogs."

The minds of many of the christian prisoners were already shaken by their inability to understand why they should be made to suffer the things they had endured at the hands of these cruel glandelinians. More than one thousand of the prisoners mostly children, had already died, and every minute the procession of prisoners were afraid, general Estrabrook Francis Starring the Gargolian Guard chieftain would ride down upon them, and beside these were other Kurdish glandelinian bands in the region. The Zimmermannians who had charge of the christian prisoners, made them march in a narrow thin line, with the main glandelinian armies moving alongside at the distance of three hundred yards from them, the line of weary stragglers stretching out as far as could be seen, both ahead and behind, the fugitives allowed to have but little water, as the Zimmermannians would not allow them to go near

streams for fear of either their escaping or committing suicide, but gave them water, when necessity compelled it. Soon it was seen that the Mac-Hollisterians and Zimmermannians guarding the prisoners, were talking earnestly with the Omerian guards, who were in charge of a party of child prisoners, from from Nancy and it seemed that it must have been that the other soldiers who had some experience already in guarding deported child prisoners gave advice to their guards, for the poor prisoners were treated even more cruelly, cruelly, after that meeting, for the old women and those too ill to keep on were murdered one by one by the soldiers, and even when children lagged behind, or got out of the line to rest, the glandelinians would undress them, lift them on their bayonets, and toss them away, sometimes trying to cut the arms on their bayonets, while their poor mothers, who saw their young ones being killed in this way for the sport of the wicked guards, could only watch and wring their hands, or hold their eyes shut while their children died, for any sort of protest meant suicide.

One little girl was carried off from the road by a Zimmermannian who first beat her terribly, when she tried to resist him, and then buried his knife into her abdomen, and tearing it open left her to die.

That afternoon the armies with their procession of prisoners passed the little Gargolians village of Green. The soldiers driving the inhabitants out and sending them into the other line of prisoners the soldiers looting all the houses, in the village, and setting them on fire. Soon there was a commotion, screams ensuing from the nearest portion of the line of prisoners, figures running here and there, with other figures in pursuit. One child was thrown to the ground, the glandelinians ripping her body open with their bayonets. When the big captured town of Labranon loomed up before the prisoners, the helpless children began to tremble with their dread, and many of them fell falling down unable to walk so great was their anguish, but the soldiers whipped them up and soon all were in the center of the town, all of the women and children, and men too being wholly wholly nude, the soldiers not allowing them to cover themselves, seeming to take a special delight in watching those that were without clothes did not obtain another garment from others not nude. These poor prisoners were compelled to walk through the streets of Labranon to the public square, their hands bowed with shame, while the glandelinian soldiers in possession there, jeered, at them from windows and sides sidewalks, and the roadside. A general halt was made here and all the prisoners still naked were bobbled to the cavalry horses tethered to trees, each prisoner with their hands tied behind their backs, and tied by the feet to the end of a rope fastened around the horses neck. Thus they left the prisoners, so that neither they or the horses could escape. At the distance the hills grew white with the figures of the Aghyadagi Gargolians guards, who rode down among the glandelinians there being millions of them.

After Evans and Violet and her sisters had ridden a considerable distance, from their frantic pursuers, they all halted turned at bay, and for three hours defended themselves, from behind rocky ledges against the frightful fury of the Gargolians, and only resumed their retreat when in danger of exhausting their ammunition, having shot down fifty of the glandelinians. The Gargolians were now more wary, and tried many various maneuvers to run down the fugitives, but in vain, and finally gave it up in sullen disgust.

The fugitive had already neared the town of Labranon and suddenly saw before them a vast army of tents, and prisoners here and therein multitudes tied to the horses. Not far from where they halted, they heard voices, and dismounting they stole forward cautiously, and saw the three Manleys standing together in a group, conversing with one another.

"I thought I had killed that 'Jehannu' Manley," hooted.

"By God's sake I'll do it now."

"Don't do it," warned Violet catching the hand in which he had the gun. "Wait until we hear what they are saying."

"That those dog gone christian armies, under the vivians and that Williamsburger Zimmermann," hooted Manley said. "They have beaten us now, and we had to run like sheep before the advancing hosts. If they overtake us I'll have those prisoners, we took on our retreat out to death. It is maddening."

"And reports were, that that dog of a general Vivian was killed," hooted John Manley the main commander. "Why he was no dead that he descended upon us rear, while Evans and those blasted vivian girls, called Violet

and her sisters were mourning over him. . . . He is now in advancing to intercept our retreat."

"And the worse of it is about the living girls, and their guardian Jack Evans. . . . General Darger, Garfield and I had captured them, locked them in a prison, near my right wing, that encamped at Salome that day, and what should the little monkeys do, but I'll bet thirty of the most dangerous christian prisoners, besides getting away themselves, and kill . . . ing two guards and mortally wounding five, and overpowering the rest. I've given orders through the whole landelinian-landelinian armed armies fighting the christians in this old Germanian country to shoot those blasted little devils on sight, that they are to be shot on sight, and my order is being disobeyed. Several landelinians have already nervous them, but did not try at all to kill them."

"I'll enforce the order," said John Manley. "The quickest we kill them the better. I still fear to feel the bitter sting of the defeat at Anna-Maria and will be avenged."

"I know who is the man who can shoot them on sight," said Huestaum Manley. "Those little snakes with their guardians are always heading north, not knowing where the christian armies are, and so are lost."

Get that general Darger to take out a squad of men, instruct him to locate the living girls, and slay them in ambush."

"A good plan my son," said general Jack Manley. "If they only knew general Vivian's armies are south of us, they could escape this trap."

"Good information," thought Jack Manley. "Well, let's see if to run into that ambush though."

As I was going to say, continued the main chief. "If general Vivian had really been dead, instead of being a false report, it would have been worse for us, for general Hanson the main christian leader, is a regular gorilla in fury. At Vivian's death, he being the main commander as he is would exert all his power to revenge it. And he is such a pugnaucious fighter that he should be set the chance he would crush my several armies like a worm, and probably what he has already done to several. I have intended many times to try and lure them great christian generals both into an ambush and slay them. With them too desperate fighters gone, all would be well."

"Yes but how could we lure them. That's the question. Nobody has been able to trick them yet, and so, but headed they are, that it is dangerous to arouse them," said Darger.

"Especially general Hanson Vivian the main commander," said John Manley his eyes flashing fiercely. "He is terribly hot tempered, a regular bull, a pepperhead, and flies off for every little thing. I had a quarrel with him during a lull of the pirates, when before we were fast friends. Now I always have hatred him. And to think he is the main head. No matter we meet such fierce and serious resistance in all the battles that were fought all over throughout the war. I have heard that he is impossible to trick, as no fox is as wily as he is."

Then he added, -

"But just now we can drop that matter. The main thing I'm depending on is to see the living snakes called Violet and her sisters. To kill them I must see it done. I'll hold you two generals, my father and brother on account of their escape hereafter."

"And it'll be done," said Johnston Jack Manley. "And here comes general Darger now."

Violet and her sisters saw a general of medium height approaching. He had a continual scowling way, about him, was quick and snappy in his action, wearing a long robe, in gray coloring with a hood unfastened and hanging down his back. When he came up to them and dismounted, he saluted the three Manleys as if he was trying to throw his arm from his shoulder, bringing his hand down to his side, with a resounding crash.

Violet and her sisters had never observed a fiercer looking man, in fact he was worse looking than general Raymond Richardson Federal himself, who still served, this individual now approaching with his pugnaucious scowl. Darger saluted him as he had done the three Manleys; and Federal said: "So the little brats got away from you, and liberated thirty other prisoners. You are a great one in holding prisoners. And you told me that no prisoner would escape from your men. And I told you I knew different. And now you see that I was right eh?"

"They did get away and shot my cousin, who was guarding them," said general Darger. "I'll get revenge on revenge or die as a liar. I hate their very presence, the god-damn little toads. They must be with us as they seem to possess charmed lives. I've never seen or observed them before face to face, though my men caught them."

"You can get your revenge easily enough," said John Manley.

"Take a squad of men out and make a search for them. When you discover them lure them in ambush and kill them. To prove of your success, bring their foul little bodies to me."

"I'll do your excellency," said Darger. "I hate them worse than the most dreaded disease, and I lust in their killing. If I succeed in getting them, I'll tear their bodies open alive."

"But don't be too reckless in that matter," said Federal sternly. "Those dog-gone, dod-gasted living girls can never be taken alive, if they once see a horde of men coming after them, and will not allow themselves to be taken. And if hard pressed they won't hesitate to shoot. Why the reckless devils as they are tried alone, one day without the help of any soldiers to make me a prisoner."

"I've heard about that," said general Darger. "But maybe there could be means of surprising them. As several times they have been taken alive."

"That is true," said Federal. "But then such chances are very rare. Your men did have the chance when they did surprise them but won't again I'm sure."

"They are certainly a pack of scoundrels," whispered Evans to Violet. "I would like to shoot them down where they stand, but then though they are good easy targets, we could not get away quick enough if we did."

"Well we know their wicked intentions," answered Violet. "And so must do our level best to be more against them. Any way it seems to be a man either on the christian side or on the enemy side by the name of Henry Darger. This is also suspicious besides mysterious."

"And he looks the same like the one whom we returned the man uscript to whispered. "Darger. "I don't like this. It is either he is treacherous, or there is something else. He seems to wear the purple one day and the gray the next. We will have to watch them or hide."

For a few moments the group of landelinian generals were silent Federal gazing around cautiously with his hawk like eyes, and fondling his scabbard.

"Those stupid little girls will never find the christian lines again if I can help it," he said to himself. Violet and her sisters nearly laughed at this remark but just then Manley who was standing very close to emphasize a remark, brought his head down heavily on Violet's hand, as she leaned forward to catch every word. The dear brave child was faint with a pain, but little heroine that she was she merely bit her lip, and uttered not a word. Another time they were nearly discovered for as the generals drew more closer, Violet gave a little snore.

"There's someone among those tickets," cried Federal but just as he strode forward, a cat walked out of the bushes purring loudly.

"Well it's quite a problem though to catch the living girls," said Huestaum Manley. "The young human snakes, are as slippery as eels and are known to never miss a shot. Their guardian called Jack Evans shot me during that terrible conflict with the christians at Little Gloria Francis Anna but did not aim well enough to make it a fatal shot."

"I came near being fatal my son," said general Jack Manley. "That boy Evans, is more dangerous than they are, and is as strong or stronger than Everett True in the Chicago Evening post I read every evening which comes across the ocean to me in the mails. But he has been known to do worse pugilestic stunts than he can, and it would be a great satisfaction to the whole landelinian army and nation, if some one would do their best to put him where he belongs. He is becoming a regular nuisance, for his conduct has a bad influence on the little sand Centepedes in general."

"I know one of the living girls threw a stone at me one day," said Huestaum Manley. "I've always heard that despite being little girls they could throw without missing. She missed me about twenty feet. Violet who had been the door of the deed was stung by this remark and she suddenly lost control of herself, expelling herself herself and said: "Well I must say that I did miss you that day, because of a sore arm, but I don't think I'll miss you now. And she struck him in the back of the head with the fragment of a rolling pin, she had found lying on the ground, near her, the force of the blow knocking him down. Knowing now that they were discovered, they made a precipitate dash for the woods beyond, Manley yelling for them to stop, and in a rage he got up and whipped up his pistol and fired repeatedly in an effort to bring them down, but it was only wasting lead."

A force of cavalry men came dashing up, in seeing the commotion. "After those living girls," screamed out Huestaum Manley in a maudlin rage. "T! She will hit me will she? But remember they are not to be taken prisoners. Shoot them on sight. Disobey this command at the risk of your lives."

The whole swarm dashed immediately after the little girls and Evans. Evans, feeling sure that they would overtake them, as the fugitives were on foot. To avoid being captured by the fierce Gargolians, Gargolians now after them, Evans and the little girls fled toward a steep rise of ground, crowned with a narrow line of rocks and boulders, and here they halted, loading every chamber of their weapons, fortunately having with them now a good supply of ammunition which they had secured after escaping from their former pursuers.

A narrow pass ran up to where their position was, a steep and narrow one, which the enemy's troops could only enter in double files, so that they would be dangerously, and fatally exposed to the fire of Evans and the little girls who could hold it successfully against a whole division of Glandelinians. As soon as they had entrenched themselves the Gargolians appeared, a piece of artillery to the surprise of Evans and the little girls, being brought into the pass, and in order to bear down upon the man and child fugitives, it had to be placed directly in front of their position, and within easy range of Evans and the little girls.

Scarcely had it been placed in position, when Evans and the little girls opened a rapid fire upon it, and which was continued with such marked effect, that the Glandelinians were compelled to withdraw the gun, without the chance of a single shot or discharge, and with a loss of twenty men.

The Glandelinian leader immediately ordered an assault, but the horsemen were repulsed with a rapid and accurate fire, as they entered the defile, none of the fugitives missing a single shot, and when the Glandelinians had reached nearly to the defenders, they had lost over forty five men in that assault, and fifteen more in the retreat and retreat.

Three more assaults were made in this manner, until the disheartened Glandelinians had lost nearly forty nine men, of whom twenty were killed or mortally wounded, though in the entire fight the total number of Glandelinians shot down by Evans and the little girls was over 124.

There had been three hundred Gargolians when the chase began and there were only eighty four left altogether when they finally abandoned the pursuit. Despite this harrowing situation, that Evans and the little girls had been in, they were undaunted, and after traveling a certain distance again found the Manleys with twenty officers, with them all talking excitedly.

Curiosity again overcame them, and once again they crept behind some shrubbery, to listen to what they were saying:

"It's just the way as I'm telling you." They heard general Johnston Manley exclaim in a tone as harsh as he could muster.

"Those little brats have overheard the plots, I and my sons were planning, and are now on their guard. I'd like to tear them open for that little brat striking you general Muebaum."

"Just at this moment the leader of the Gargolians, who had pursued the little girls and Evans, came up, and the leader dismounting saluted and said:

"Your excellency those little brats, formed a regular hornets nest for me. They shot down more than two hundred and twenty of my men."

"What's that?" Exclaimed Manley. "You fool. Why did you not try to get around them."

"It was impossible your excellency. They defended a hill which could only be surmounted by a narrow steep pass which they had went up like flying birds. And as fast as we charged, they shot us down like flies."

"Well it makes no difference what you say and I'll have no arguments any under any conditions, and don't start any for no man can contradict me or get the best of men in arguments." Said Manley. "You knew it was dangerous to assault that pass, and ought not to have done it. You were foolish and so there's no use in kicking at your own losses. I was your own fault."

"But by hell you must understand that I never knew that those little girls would shoot." Said the colonel. "It's even unusual to hear of little girls shooting, even a gun without being afraid of it, and these brats fired and without even missing a shot. The man with them only did the loading. Who were they?"

"They are the daughter daughters of one of those blasted Christian general in chiefs, called Robert Manley. Their names are Violet, Jac Joice, Jennie, Angeline, Catherine, Hettie, and Jackie or Daisy. They are criminals against Glandelinians."

"They are called the vivian girls." Said Muebaum Manley. "There has been millions of dollars offered for their capture dead or alive, but now orders are that they must be shot on sight, and those who do so gets the reward just the same."

"Who was the man with them?" Asked the Gargolian leader.

"Colonel Jack Evans." Answered one of the other Glandelinian chieftains. "He is even more dangerous than general Muebaum, and has went through many perils successfully, to save the little girls from us. He even risked his life many times by pulling them successfully through the worst forest fires that followed them at the rate of sixty miles an hour."

"PHE W." Whistled nearly all the generals.

"Much as we hate them and him we nevertheless could take our hats off to them for bravery." Said general Muebaum. "I never heard of a such bravery."

"Oh he is a magician." Growled Manley. "He is even a wolf in his ways, a secondarily a wolf."

"We had better not talk too loud around here." Said one of the officers. "Spies may be around."

"That's true too." Said general John Manley. "And those vivian girls, having escaped, with their guardian may be snooping around here again. All of them made a careful survey of the surroundings, even of the bushes close to them, but as they found nothing, they were not suspicious of being spied upon."

They had not even overlooked the hiding places of Evans and the little girls, but they weren't there, for having suspected this, Evans and the little girls had ascended a tree close by, and so were not seen, as soon the Glandelinians just now thinking that there could not be anybody hiding in the tree.

This time Evans and the little girls had to be more cautious, for there were too many Glandelinians near them to be careless now would mean suicide. All the Glandelinian soldiers were armed to the teeth, and they could fire on short notice. The terrible general Raymond Rith Richardson Federal, was with Manley again, and he continually kept his hands on his pistol holsters.

"The question is what's to be done with those prisoners we have." Said the Gargolian leader. "There is over thirty thousand women and children."

"We will see what is to be done with them." Said Manley. "The Christian armies are advancing with relentless fury, and if we are harassed too closely, we will deliver the prisoners to the sword. There are in the way anyway, and hinder our retreat."

"Seeing another group of officers approaching, and fearing it would soon be unsafe for them, Evans and the little girls started hastily down from the tree, but the limb on which Violet was still seated, suddenly gave way precipitating the little girl to the ground. Evans and the other little girls rushed forward to find Violet lying white and motionless, with the blood streaming from a deep gash in her wrist, near the thumb section. In falling Violet's wrist had struck the sharp edge of a stone, the fall itself having rendered her senseless. At first her sisters, and even Evans stood speechless with horror, and unable to move, then, once dropped on her knees by the wounded child. At this moment the group of Glandelinian generals saw them, and started forward with the fierce expression of demoniac delight, and hatred in their faces, but Evans drew both his guns and cried out:

"Hold on there you damn devils, or I'll kill every one of you who ere you stand. Don't even dare shout for aid."

Seeing the determined look in Evans' eyes, the Glandelinian generals halted, while Violet, as telling her terrified sister Jennie to hold up Violet's arm, prepared to tear her light winter skirt into narrow strips. While the Glandelinian generals were arguing fiercely with Evans, she bandaged up the arm, compressing the artery, by twisting a stick into the firmly knotted ends. Water was soon brought and in a few minutes Violet opened her eyes. Evans finding her unable to walk, lifted her up, but had to carry her carefully for fear of starting the artery again. The cruel Manleys at once sent a regiment of Glandelinians after the fugitives along with twenty of the fiercest bloodhounds. Evans now had difficult times, and now darkness was falling around them the little girls shivering with the dread at hearing the baying of the bloodhounds. They had to hurry on faster now, the crackling roar of rifles startling them. The little girls had gone on ahead, and suddenly he spied four or five of the little girls standing on the edge of a precipice and looking intently down into its depths. They neither saw or heard him, when he approached, and even when he called to them they did not move but kept their eyes fixed on a white object in the valley below.

"What is the matter little girls." He cried as the baying of the hounds grew nearer, and a new fear seizing him. "What are you

staring at "What do you see. Is that a stray lamb down there?"

Joice turned her eyes upon him and answered in a hard unnatural voice.

"See a lamb. Our lamb, our sister Jennie."

"What!" cried the wretched man. "JENNIE? YOUR SISTER? WHAT IS SHE DOING THERE?"

Those words seem to recall the unhappy little girl to her senses. She burst into tears and it was some minutes before she could answer.

"Evans," she said, "Jennie, she fell over the precipice. She is dead."

Evans felt as if a sword was driven through his heart. He bade them follow and dashed down the precipice flying from rock to rock, until he stood or rather knelt beside the prostrate child, who lay as if asleep, not a limb being broken, not a scratch or tear on her garments, even the bonnet was still on in her hand. So light and brisk had been her step that it seemed he did not stumble or slip but seemed to have rather flown. As he tenderly lifted her in his arms he was surprised to see her suddenly open her eyes.

"I fell but the thick foliage of the trees I descended into saved me." She gasped as the top was reached, and it was found that she and Violet even could walk. "Otherwise I would have been killed."

Her sisters were overjoyed to see her still alive, and now resumed the retreat thenceforward bloodhounds already being soon following the scent sometimes pausing, sometimes passing each other, their waving tails and their quick energetic movements, showing that they were furious in the extreme, and excited to the highest degree. Now they disappeared behind the far distant trees, the next moment their black bodies shot out again like dark objects, and the other objects seen no doubt were the pursuing Glandelinians.

"We will have to run for our lives," said Evans. "We can take across the bridge which crosses this precipice. Hurry for the bridge the blood hounds are after us."

Evans seized a stick, and while the little girls crossed opened fire at the moving objects, and then crossing himself smashed down the bridge with stones. A few springs brought the nearest hounds to the edge of the chasm, one sprang over, only to disappear into the gulf below.

It was now, and seemed to comprehend all that had passed. His eyes glared with redoubled fury. There was vengeance in his looks, and determination in his attitude. For a moment he surveyed the wild gulf, which separated him from his enemies. The distance was measured at a glance. The bloodhounds heart was bold with rage and despair, and having lost his companion, life was nothing compared with revenge, so running a few paces back from the edge of the chasm, he set his body for the spring.

Club in hand Joice stood upon the opposite bank ready to receive the fierce dog, and she had not long to wait, for with one desperate bound, the bloodhound launched his body into the air, and like lightning passed to the opposite bank. His forefeet only reached it, and his claws firmly grasped the rock, the rest of his body hanging over clutching the cliff. Will he fall? Or will he keep his hold? To Joice life or death depended upon the issue. In another moment the beast would have sprung up and then was he to his antagonist. But that moment was not allowed him, for he had scarcely touched the rock, when Joice leaped forward and struck at his head, again and again. The blows were not well aimed, and though stunned the bloodhound still clung to the cliff. Setting her self for another blow, Joice came too near, and the next moment the claws of the maddened dog were hurled into her shoe. It is difficult to tell what would have been the result. Joice would have certainly been dragged over to death, but at this moment a hand was thrust forward from behind— the muzzle of a pistol was seen close to the head of the bloodhound, a loud crack rang through the ravine, and when the smoke cleared away the dog was seen no more.

Joice with her shoe badly torn, but foot uninjured, was dragged back from the cliff. No sooner had the dog been disposed of, when another powerful dog jumped the abyss landing clear across. It's head was hanging down, its eyes were bloodshot, its breast was flecked with mucus, and its lead colored tongue lolled half way out of its mouth. No sooner had poor Violet and her sisters set their eyes on the beast, when they turned deadly pale, screaming:

"Holy Mother save us. The bloodhound is mad. He's got rabies. The cowardly rascals even set rabid dogs onto us."

There was no escape, for the only escape was where the rabid animal now stood, snapping savagely right and left and howling something fearful. To attempt to pass it meant a sure and terrible death. Beyond was the abyss. Horror was stamped on the faces of the little

girls. Evans saw the anguish of the little girls and he resolved to save them if he could.

"Back every one of you little girls." He said in his deep strong voice as quietly as if death did not stare him in the face. "I alone can hold that beast. Do not any of you little girls move until I seize it. Then when I have it securely in my grasp make a get away."

Scarcely had he finished speaking, when the rabid animal rushed at the terrified shrieking little girls. But it did not go far. Evans crying, "With the help of God," took off his thick coat, throwing himself on the foaming beast, hurling the coat over its head, seizing it in his iron grasp, and bashing it to the ground. A terrible death struggle occurred. The dog tried to bite fairly on every side, and if it was not for the thick coat wrapped tightly around its head, its long teeth would have tore the arms and legs of the heroic man, who never for an instant relaxed his hold, and with all his might regardless, alike of the horrible pain, and death that was sure to ensue should the dog bite him, he held the snarling howling brute, until the little girls had reached a safe distance. He then flung the half strangled beast from him, dashing it down the fearful chasm. He escaped unharm, and joined the little girls just in time to see a cavalry squadron dash upon them from the woods, the nearest man making a swoop with his sabre at Violet's head. It was too late to stop the blow. Down came the sabre. Violet screamed, and Evans in horror and terror could not stay the stroke, and in the blindness, which the sudden horror caused, he thought the rascally Glandelinian had killed her. However he and her sisters fired their pistols, so wildly that they moved their assailants down like flies, and during the confusion among the Glandelinians and the remaining bloodhounds, Evans caught the little girl in his arms, and carried away to cover with the other little girls. Evans and the little girls had just time to look at her from head to foot, in an endeavor to find the deadly wound the Glandelinian inflicted, that he surely must have inflicted, when by the yelling cursing Glandelinians with their roaring bloodhounds were upon them again. In the frightful struggle to the death, the man who had made the stroke at poor Violet fell mortally wounded, and the few survivors retreated in terror, before the frightful fury of Jack Evans. He then again looked to find the terrible wound, but not a drop of blood or a scar was to be seen. Thanking God for his mercy he took the sabre of the fallen Glandelinian, and found a single curl cut through. How great the escape. It was as if an angel had turned and de the sabre edge, at the moment it was descending upon her head. She quickly recovered her senses, and from her fright, and now as more Glandelinians were coming they hastened away. Violet now began to feel an intense pain in her wrist, though now the blood had been checked for good. The other Glandelinians with the remaining bloodhounds had crossed the chasm at another point, and so were on the pursue with hue and cry.

Evans felt sure that he would have to combat more of the fierce bloodhounds, and if unsuccessful he and the little girls would be killed.

"They seem bent on our capture this time," said Evans. "They are pursuing us with the utmost determination."

"We could easily dispose of the bloodhounds if they come too near," said Joice. "And they will not capture us. To be captured now means death. At least the Glandelinians will shoot us on sight."

"Couldn't we trick the hounds some way, and lead them off the scent?" asked Hettie.

"How?" asked Evans. "I so no way."

At this moment they came face to face with a an exceedingly wide stream of water. It seemed to stretch as far as eye could reach, and was too wide to swim. Knowing it to be the Rhine, they followed along its shore until they suddenly came to what appeared to be a deep gorge and over two rods wide, with a narrow wooden bridge crossing it.

"Across quick," cried Evans. "You little girls go first. I'll follow and cover your retreat."

The little girls quickly sped across, Evans following close behind. Just as he was half way across the Glandelinians with their baying hounds appeared, and opened a withering fire upon the fugitives.

Those in the lead immediately dismounted, and with the bloodhounds far in front of them, started to cross after them. Evans was soon across, reaching the opposite side, while already forty Glandelinians were on the rickety bridge, yelling and firing. Evans picked up to the surprise of Violet and her sisters, a two hundred pound stone, and hurled it with all his might at the bridge. The huge stone shattered that end of the bridge to splinters, and with a crash of rending timbers, the bridge now completely weakened by the loss of its supporting end,

gave way, under the weight of the men precipitating them all into the water below. All these men managed to swim to safety, but this all delayed the pursuit considerably, and by the time they were on dry land on the opposite side, with their dogs, all dripping wet, the fugitives had gained great distances on their enemies. The glandelinians were wild with fury over this, and were more determined to slay the little girls, and the pursuit was resumed with redoubled vigor. The fugitives continued onward, until they came within sight of a large village, with houses close together. To make their escape from the glandelinians now seemed easy, for the village seemed to be inhabited by the Calvinists only. But not such good luck. No sooner had they reached the village, when the population all glandelinian soldiers became suspicious, and jeering remarks were made about them from every house to top. As they were passing through a wide street, an automobile filled with joyriding glandelinians passed them almost knocking the little girls down. Evans pointing his gun at the glandelinian officer who was driving the car, forced him to stop, and pulling him out of the car said:

"Just because we are strangers, in the village, you show such contempt for the traffic regulations. There is such a thing as the rights of pedestrians, but you don't let that worry you. So I'll teach you something!" And he holstered him with his pistols butt knocking him senseless. Persecuted by an angry mob for this, he overhauled a taxi threw its occupants out on their very heads, and forcing the driver to stop said as he helped the little girls in:

"Nobody can stick to the seat of a car, which I want when they're glandelinians, and they have got to be shown that I'm not to be monkeyed with."

The driver was compelled to drive the car southward, and reaching a side street Evans and the little girls got out, only to see a man step up and say:

"The glandelinians don't like you. They say you're dirty little gutter-snipes in among us. Every nut we've seen captured lately are dirty christian children, who works our armies to death. They make me tired."

"Better lie down then, for a little while, and relieve your fatigue, or tiredness,-----and mine." Holy Howled Evans, and he gave the insulting wretch such a blow, that he landed on the side of his head, with his arms thrown in front of him, and his legs sticking up in the air. Evans then hurried on the little girls following. As they kept on Evans noticed that a certain man was following him and the others, and it did not take him long to lay him unconscious on the sidewalk. Another instant came up to Evans and flourishing his arm wildly, and angrily, said:

"You dirty christian dog. You're altogether too fresh. I did not see any sense, in your striking that man down."

Evans was struck speechless, not motionless, and he walloped the man on the head with the butt of his pistol, and then chased him for several blocks, the little girls following. About half an hour later, when Evans and the little girls were inside a circus building, and viewing a performance then going on, there arose a hue and cry outside, and in came a large party of uniformed glandelinians....

"The Vivian girls, with their guardians are in this building." Cried the leader. "They are to be shot on sight. Where are they?"

"Quick before the performers see us." Said Evans.

But they were seen, and the pandemonium in the arena was deafening. By means of a rope, the clowns started off after up after the fugitives who were refuted on a swing board near the ceiling. Before they could escape Evans, had to first show fight, which he did. One after another of the clowns, and other men performers crumpled like doom demons with Evans, but were hurled down to the cloth screen below, some with the loss of front, or jaw teeth, a bruised mouth, bloody noses, black eyes, and even lacerated skins. Even the manager tried his hand at tackling Evans and the Comedians, but though these fellows were strong men, they were no match for Evans, and they were also hurled down one by one.

During the lull, which followed Evans and the little girls, escaped to the dome staircase through one of the dome windows and making to the roof of an adjoining building just as the persecutors soldiers and performers together came in a mass onto the roof of the circus building. One of the soldiers a regular sprinter caught up with Evans, but before he reached the roof of a second building Evans picked up a large pole, and sent it flying like an arrow the force of the blow, sending the man down into the street seven stories below in a mangled heap.

"Quick before it's too late." Was Evans exclamation and the fugit

if live fugitives went across the roof like wild deer. Just as they reached the edge of the roof a man in gray uniform appeared, with revolver drawn....

"SURRENDER YOU DOD-CASTED CHRISTIAN DOGS." He yelled. "Certainly." Answered Evans grating by the coat collar and pulled him toward him with such violence, that his gun went flying, and everything flew out of his pockets. "Owing to the fact, that this is the last time you'll bother us, come on up to us and have it over with." And with this he bound and gagged the man and threw him onto the roof of an adjoining building. At this moment the swarm of persecutors appeared, and just as Evans and the little girls dashed away on the roof of a large factory, the soldiers fired furiously, Evans losing his hat, while Violet's dress was riddled with holes. The glandelinian soldiers and performers were pursuing the fugitives with the frenzied fury of demons, and twice it seemed they almost had them. Evans banged the heads of two soldiers together with such force as to render them senseless, hit another over the head with his pistol, brought the head of another against the smocktail, with such force as to make him see a cloud of stars, flung an old mop at another so vigorously as to cause the rag to wrap around the man's forehead, with the stick dangling downward, and striking another on the head with a brick potting

"It's taps for all of you!" The other glandelinians were appalled at the herculean strength of the christian colonel, and as he grabbed a stalwart glandelinian by the coat collar, and used him like a hammer, everything, watch, money, and letters, falling out of his pockets, the performers became afraid. Put the soldiers were only enraged by this, and tried to rush him but he grabbed another soldier, and swung him around like a wheel, creating such confusion, that by the time they recovered themselves, Evans and the little girls were six rods from them, and hastily climbing down into what seemed a stream running through a tunnelway under a building.

Evans dove in first, the little girls with cries of glee following. The sold soldiers were almost as fast as the fugitives, and Evans and the little girls had to shoot some of them down, before they could elude them once more. The chase now became really exciting. They had run though half way of the tunnel pursued by the soldiers who fired in vain, when more performers and soldiers appeared from the other end. Evans saw an opening above him.

"Quick for the opening." He cried. "Quick before it is too late."

Butting the action to his word, he helped the little girls up first, and just as he was about to start up, a swarm of soldiers made at him furiously with fixed bayonets. Evans turned upon his assailants like an infuriated tiger that is cornered, using his arms wildly, striking all about him to vehemently, that he cut several of them down, and caused the others to withdraw a considerable distance back in confusion.

"If the rest of you wish to continue living you will keep your distance." He shouted brandishing his sabre wildly. They however rushed him again with redoubled fury, but Evans out by this time, and with the little girls who waited for him.... He hastily closed the lid over the opening, and drawing forward a mule and carriage placed the mules foremost on the cover, and hurried away followed by Violet and her sisters. The glandelinians tried with might and main to shove the lid aside, and finding that something alive was holding it down they fired volley after volley at the cover, the deafening noise hearing the animal and starting a runaway. Then the lid was shoved aside just as another party of glandelinians came to help them up.

"Which way did they go?" Asked one. "Maybe that way." Exclaimed another.

"Well if they ain't else."

"They must be killed."

"Yes."

"Come!"

And away they went only to see the fugitives scurrying away, leap into an auto and drive off. Another auto was approaching at this moment, and the glandelinians hailed the driver to stop. He did so, and some of the glandelinians got in and away they went. They had almost gained on the fugitives almost running alongside the fugitive machine, when their two tires blew out with a deafening crash, and the car striking the curbing turned over being scarred against a telegraph post, its occupants being severely injured, several fatally. Several other autos were also in the chase but now the fugitive car had passed the outer limits of the village and crossed a railroad track just in time to have their persecutors held back by a sudden and unexpected flight. The just came up. Then a tire of their own machine blew out, and seeing further escape was impossible

in the machine, Evans and the little girl, hastened from the car and toward the mountainous country south of them. But then there was no peace for them. Soldiers everywhere were securing the country for the Christian fugitives, headed by general nager himself, and as soon as Evans and the little girl reached a high and precipitous hill they found them themselves trapped for Alandelinians were swimming up on all sides of the hill. Evans and the little girl gave fierce resistance until their ammunition was almost used up, bringing down about two hundred Alandelinians, but it seemed impossible to stop their mad attack. There was in this vicinity a cable wire running across the hills, down to the wide valleyed country to the south east of them.

"That cable is our only means," said Evans who had been making bundles out of twigs of wood. "We can mount that rise there, and by the means of these hand bundles slide down into the valley valley."

"Evans you're a wonder," cried Violet, with delight and picking up a bundle.

"Yes we have thought of it," said Violet. "We owe our deliverance to him."

They all hastened to the point where they could reach the wire, and soon all were shooting down with lightning like speed, knocking down a score of Alandelinians who had reached the summit. Down down they went. Faster and faster, and then the wire hanging lower and lower, toward the ground as they descended, it found themselves precipitated onto the ground, in the valley having passed over mountain after mountain. The Alandelinians were both amazed and angered over this clever escape, and swarmed hastily down the shortest route in full pursuit.

"Quick to the Pandora railroad tracks," cried Evans. "I see a hand car which will enable us to get away."

All the fugitives ran as fast as they could toward the tracks. Several men seeing the fugitives ran forward to head them off, but Evans only yelled "Break you monkeys. How can we see where we are going, when you put these junkies get in out of our way." And the whole three were sent sprawling head over heels. Away raced Evans and the little girl, reaching the hand car which had a solitary man on it. At their approach the man stirred and to be fresh squirted tobacco juice full into violet's face.

"When a given quantity of fluid or semi fluid is projected into the air or ether, the resultant friction causes the molecules of the fluid or the semi-fluid, to separate and form a spray," said Evans coolly wiping his face with her handkerchief.

"I don't get you," said the man as Evans approached him. "Pile off--and take the train--it's a freight." Answered Evans throwing him off head first, the man landing in the position of a bow with his legs half bent on the ground. "You'll no doubt find a cattle car, and you can squirt tobacco juice to your heart's content--it's in spray full where it may."

Then Evans and the little girl jumped on the hand car and started off. Evans had to get off by three times, to throw the switch to get the car off the siding, and soon they were hastening off on the main line. The Alandelinians had come up to the tracks by this time, and saw the fugitives escaping on the hand car. At first the Alandelinians thinking them an easy mark, fired furiously and with apparent good aim; but the little only whistled about the fugitives. Seeing it was in vain, they were becoming despaired, and were about to give up when they saw a freight car pulling in and that the engine was taking water. At once the Alandelinians mounted the tender of the engine.

"Fugitives down the tracks," shouted one of the Alandelinians; to the engine. "They must be slain."

The engineer being a landelinian also had no sympathy for the fugitives and started the engine. The fugitives had just crossed to the middle of a long bridge, when the wild puffing on of an engine started, and glancing behind them they saw an engine loaded with gray coats, heading down upon them full speed.

"Jump little girl before it's too late," he shouted.

They all jumped and were all down, for the engine crashed into the hand car, sending it flying fifty feet into the air. Almost at the same time the little girl had mounted the railing of the bridge, and just as the Alandelinians had swarmed up to the railing, the fugitives were swimming for a long projecting beam from a dredge boat in the river below. The Alandelinians fired wildly and as fast as they could with their pistols, in a desperate effort to shoot them while in the water, but Evans already on the dredge boat fired twenty times, and for every shot a man fell dead or wounded. He helped the little girl up onto the boat, and had helped Violet who was

the last when a man on the boat came up and said:

"Who gave you the permission to get on this boat?"

All Evans answered was "I believe you are the captain of this boat."

"Yes I am," cried the man in fury. "Get off you dog, with your pretty kids."

"Well then get off yourself or start the ship a rolling," said Evans sending the man crashing headfirst, against the bulwarks. "We are fugitives and are bound to get away."

Hearing the commotion the men all who were on the boat, came dashing up from the cabin, and attacked Evans, only to meet fine timber-logs, and find themselves in the river. The boat had now been started, but the Alandelinians had pursued in a large gasoline launch, overtaking the boat and now started hauling it in another direction. It again looked as if they were caught, but Evans used his brains once more. They were again approaching the same bridge, and Evans seeing a long pole lying on the deck, raised it, getting it fastened in the stout railing of the bridge, by forcing it through the small openings. Then to the surprise of the Alandelinians, they back climbed up the pole one by one like monkeys, Evans going last. As soon as Evans reached the railing of the bridge, he saw two Alandelinians starting to climb up. He at once dislodged the pole, letting the two soldiers drop into the river. Evans then ran to the long bridge once more, and seeing an empty auto standing on the side of the road at the entrance of the bridge, they ran for it and got in. Just as some of the Alandelinians gained the bridge, how they howled with rage when they saw them whirl away in the auto.

It was now too late to continue the pursuit, but the soldiers decided to wire every road to town in possession of the Alandelinians to watch out for the daring fugitives. But Evans and the little girl had not any intention of going into the more towns or villages just then. At a farm house they managed to secure a good supper, and a lodging and Violet's injured wrist was dressed. The farmer was a Guy Christianian and defeated the Alandelinians; but for the safety of his little ones and his property he pretended to be one of them. He knew that the Alandelinians would undoubtedly come to his place in search of the fugitives, and decided to hide them in case of danger threatened. They had a long and arduous conversation with the farmer before retiring, and the next morning the farmer was startled at the news, which he read at the morning paper after breakfast.

EXTRA!!! ESCAPING PRISONERS, SEEN PURSUED. ESCAPE BY THE THIRTIETH CHASE 7410,000,000 OFFERED FOR THEIR DESTRUCTION.

The Alandelinian girls with their guardian, caught by the Manley twice, escaped through a wilderness, and to a village, and escaped from village by means of tunnel, landing from under building, after being pursued from house to house. They reached mountainous country, and were trapped on a hill, but again escaped by sliding down a cable wire to the depths of a valley below. They then reached the Ma-Hollister and Pandora railroad tracks, fire on hand car killing the man found on it, and though pursuing train overtaken, and smashed handcar, the fugitives escaped and leaped into river, mounting boat, and throwing overboard all the hands. They were then pursued and overtaken by another boat hit by means of a long pole escape again to bridge, solid standing auto, and escape completely. A tall million dollar reward will be offered to any soldier, or Alandelinian citizen who shoots them down on sight. To capture them seems impossible."

The farmer farmer had handed the paper to Evans who glanced at it mostly with scorn.

"They will be making different news before a long," thought Evans to himself. "I'm sure we are not far from the Christian line now, and the sooner we start the better."

He asked the farmer how far the Christian line was.

"That I couldn't tell," he answered. "But the Christian lines are far south from here. I heard the Alandelinians are advancing though to force Manley to fight again or resume his retreat. You could easily find them now."

"Then I think the sooner we start the better," said the little girl.

"It is a terrible thing to see the country for us and so we must go before they get us." In the morning about twenty miles north of the city of Anna Maria where the terrible two days battle with Hunley and the two divisions had raged.

THE ELEMENTS NO MAN:

In this region the elements had gone mad in rapid supreme fury. One of the most terrific typhoons ever seen in America, attaining almost the violence of a tornado had swept in from the sea, traversed the wide extent of the Chesapeake coast, striking Anna Maria with all its hurricane ing ferocity. This was not at all new a subject of shipwreck: it came its destructive power through the extensive regions of the wide forest firemen - a hurricane the wild ocean of fire before it, and maddening seas of fire was pouring on Anna Maria.

And the frightful morning of the pain, the women were the first to see its wild approach, and telephoned to Francis-Atlantic, and Anna Maria of the great threatening danger. Soon the streets were filled with fleeing fugitives, who were hurried by the terrible wind, there being even no time to gather their belongings. Appeals were made by the telegraph station stations, for trains which arrived carrying the half smothered inmates from Anna Maria through the storm of fire and wind to safety, but in the regions of Francis-Atlantic was warning with the enemy it seemed that no aid could reach the town of Anna Maria.

Women and the little girls finding the future good by left hurriedly, the wind outside already blowing a screaming pain, and increasing steadily. They had traversed a certain railway deep in the heart of the hills of Francis Ridge, where a solitary engine was standing. Everybody around the station were in great excitement and alarm, and the engine was quickly being loaded with coal.

Just as the fugitives reached the station, the agent ran to women and almost falling on his knees cried:

"For God's sake men, show your faith in friendship toward us Christians. Save the little children of Anna Maria. They have sent their last call for help."

"It is dangerous for us now to go down there," said women. "I cannot to permit violence for my part I refuse to go. As I cannot leave these little girls out of my sight."

"But think of the thousands of women, and helpless children," screamed women. "The terrible typhoon driving forest fire down on the town of Anna Maria. They say they have the cars. Only want engines."

Violent pleaded with him, and women finally consented mounting the engine itself, as its engineer was afraid to go saying that the line runs into the heart of the conflagration. He immediately started the engine, the little girls helping to get on steam, and then as Violent took the engine, women moved the coal into the furnace. Running the engine was seventy miles an hour he continually set the whistle blowing. He soon reached the outskirts of the forest fire, which driven forward by a "lee" force of hurricane, was now travelling along the trees, almost sixty feet a second. Clouds of smoke black as ink continually surrounded the engine, the railroad bridge was even turning, but they were on fire, and soon reached the town when the inhabitants were about to close hope, or ever when pinning the frightful death that threatened them. At the approach of the engine they cheered, and waited for the long line of freight cars. It only took a short time for the old women and men and children to get into the cars, but in that short time thousands of houses were already burning, the smoke grew so thick that nothing could be seen but the fire, and the air was stifling hot, the terrible wind almost upsetting the cars, while the houses were fairly catching on fire everywhere, and thrown into boiling wreckage by the gale, which drove a blinding blizzard of burning debris in all directions.

Even the few minutes that it took the fugitives to get into the about ten cars, seemed an eternity to women, and the violent girls, who pleaded to them for God's sake to hurry, the fire is spreading rapidly in a terrible inferno, hurry hurry, or it will be too late. The engine was coupled. As soon as all were in the cars, and the doors closed, women started the train once more, and this time it was a wild race for life. The fire had become a horrible furnace for miles, the trees were falling, and the train was racing wildly through a sea of fire, the sheets of flames continually licking against the cars. All but half smothered and now smothered by the heat, women and the little girls kept to the back. Across the

turning bridge the train sped with a thunderous roar, and no sooner had the last car crossed it, when the whole bridge gave way a mass of hissing wreckage. Temporarily of fire surrounded the fugitive train, smoke rolled up as if from violent volcanic eruptions, and the fox once themselves began to increase by the fierce speed of the train, the fugitives, half smothered, as it cloaked by the smoke, that found its way inside the doors, were almost shaken off their feet by the wild shaking of the cars. Women frantically by the word being found to put it through the shades of wind fire and smoke was so strong the engine as that as it could go, there were crashing down on all sides as fast as the hurricane could tear them down, and was to the fugitives should one fall across the tracks. For a time the situation looked hopeless to women and the little girls, but finally they left the conflagration far behind, and took a line to the right. But to stop here was suicide, the fire would have hit them. The fugitives having fled northward, to Chambersburg on another fire freight. Four or five times during the night the frightful fury of the tempest only to be delayed by the fire, the fugitive train being stronger, continuing on its way, the fire on the cars having now been dropped by firemen at the first station where a stop could be made. Chambersburg far from wooded country was safe from the forest fire, and here no storm was yet raging being as it seemed far out of the typhoon's path. For the brave women and the little girls were pressed through the streets on the shoulders of some of the men, a crowd of cheering men, women, and children, following them.

The hurricane however struck Chambersburg, but its outer limits only hit her, and after two hours it passed, followed by thunder, lightning, and a wind of rain. Chambersburg it did not rain at all. Early the next morning after all this excitement, women coming to the bank of the McWhorter river saw scores of bodies of dead children, they told together to her in groups of tens, floating in the water. Others lay on the banks, with bayonet stabs all over their bodies or crushed skulls. Skulls of other groups were found that had been washed up.

The Marylanders are killed in the prisoners they have with them. He said to Violet, that means that we must be more cautious."

After traveling for some distance women saw what seemed to be a human being sitting on the ground, while beside her were seven mangled bodies of little children of different sizes, from a very little one, to one as large as a woman. She did not speak or move at first, when women questioned her, but only looked at him with an awful sadness in her eyes.

"There were forty thousand of us," she said. "When women and the little girls had brought her out of the stupor of grief which had overcome her. They took us away without a moment's notice, a band of Russian Uzbeks riding down on our procession, between the Marylandian women, where we were gathered, and took all by the men a little ways off and killed them all with their sabres. The soldiers even killed my little girl by first strangling her, and then by mashing their heads together. They left me alive they said so that I could die of sorrow."

Women and the little girls were trying to get her to home, when suddenly the German with general Dargers, the most dreaded of all Dargers, came riding at their heads. They came upon them with hardly a shout or warning, so swiftly and silently, it seemed as if they rose out of the earth. The Arabian like horses of the curdow galloping down over yoking in their way almost rode upon the fugitives, the Russian firing in an endeavor to kill the violent girls, but missing and shooting the women.

Dargers himself gave a short command, and so quickly she had barely screamed, he pulled little Evangelina onto his horse and in another instant was carrying her in a wild gallop across the plains. Drawing his pistol with the intention of shooting her right there, but he never got the chance. In their infuriated rush the other Dargers had swept past women and the other little girls, and this enabled them to go to a Kingston's ranch. Women proved her marksmanship, by bringing horse and rider down with one shot. Dargers escaped uninjured, but his horse was killed. Before he could recover his feet, women and little Evangelina in his possession. The other Dargers seeing the women only rushed up, but Evangelina's sisters fled, bringing down all the men from their horses, and a horse and rider together, while women simultaneously only had spring upon the horse - a lieutenant trailing him headlong to the ground, where he sprang head over heels.

The little girls then leaped on the horses of the dismounted riders. Women lifted Evangelina on the one he had secured, and away they dashed down the road, with the Dargers after them in full gallop.

Wynn led them two-thirds way, but suddenly changed his course, leading into a field, across a field, of corn, wheat, and cabbage, or where it had lately grown, the landelinians firing without ceasing, and trying with might and main to overtake the fugitives. A captain was pulling steadily on wynn. Both rates raised their pistols, the two shots rang as one, and the captain and horse plunged headlong to the ground. Wynn also falling, throwing him to the ground, the captain's bullet having hit and Wynn and striking his horse instead, but Wynn was behind him and had stood in an instant. Another O'Connell, a sergeant, galloped splendidly on Wynn, and for several minutes the grandest sabre duel, seen elsewhere, the two swords clashing together, wild swings, and thrusts were made, at each other, and in some places to get the best of Wynn, when both fired, both shot in shooting the landelinians from his horse.

A tremendous rain was now on. Across the two bridges raised the fugitives, were hounded on by on a third bridge and leaped into the river, swimming to the other side, and galloped off with their wild persons far to behind. On and on dashed the fugitives, when suddenly an million shots seemed to crash, and pour in front of them, and all their horses sank to the ground, forcing their riders. A big swarm of landelinians came some running up but the fugitives had gained their feet, and were running off into the woods like wild deer. The cause of this sudden surprise, was that the fugitives had galloped into the very outskirts of general John Hanley's lines. Thousands of shouting yelling, landelinians swarmed into the woods, keeping up a perfect fusillade in an endeavor to bring down the fugitives, but the little girls and Wynn darted from tree to tree, thus escaping the storm of bullets. But some of them had received slight injuries, during the surprise. Joie had a scratched forehead, made by a flying bullet, Jennie and Wynn had a wounded right hand, sustained from the fall, and little Evangeline had a skinned knee, and they then only laughed, and taunted the pursuing landelinians with their handkerchiefs. The fugitives went deeper and deeper into the woods, and coming to a narrow ravine, hid in it covering themselves with foliage, so that the landelinians would not be able to find them. Soon the landelinians were swarming above the ravine. A score descended into it and searched every possible part but found no one.

"I told you they'd escape," growled one.
"Well I suppose you'dight in my disappointment," snarled another.
"Well what's the use of arguing over it," snapped the sergeant. "They're gone and we've got to make the best of it."
"Who were they?" asked a first lieutenant.
"The Vivian girls."
"The who?"
"The Vivian girls."
"The who did you say?"
"The Vivian girls, can't you understand?" impatiently. "The little snipe, whose names are, Violet, Jennie, Joie, Angelina, Catherine, Hattie, Daisy, and the guardian Jack Wynn with them."
"Oh I know now," said the lieutenant. "First time I've heard of them. I thought it was a man we were pursuing."
"A man was with them, a christian officer," said the sergeant.
"A christian officer? Ouch we have missed a good opportunity. If we at least got him it would have been a good capture. What was he like? Could you describe him somewhat?"

"He was a six foot man, not exactly good looking, but just the one a man having an interesting face, dark blue eyes, brown complexion, and red or dark brown hair. He is known as Colonel Jack Wynn."
"Oh the whole army knows him," exclaimed the lieutenant. "He's more dangerous than a thousand snipes. It's a serious mistake that we made that we couldn't catch him."

The captain was calling to them, and so the men left, all being greatly disappointed, that their fugitives escaped them so easily, after even riding on down upon them so suddenly without warning.

"Well Violet I guess they're going but yet we'd better be cautious just the same," said Wynn laughing. "But that sergeant certainly had some time to get the lieutenant to understand who you little girls were. He had to repeat it three times."

"Well I know you the best time," said Violet. "I guess it's safe for us to venture forth again."

"If we could only find the christian officer, all would be well."

On account of the old time fire, we were compelled to go far out of our way," said Catherine.

"There is more than one christian officer around," said Joie. "We may have the good fortune of running into one of them."

"I hope so," said Evangeline. "We are feeling unusual excitement these times."

They now crept from their hiding place, and reaching the brink of the ravine looked around carefully.

"There is no one in sight, but just the same we must use care," said Wynn. "Those landelinians are treacherous, and may be hiding behind the trees to fire on us, when we show ourselves."

For a time they stayed where they were, and seeing that nothing occurred, ventured forth into the woods. There were no landelinians about to their relief, it being so evident that they had returned to the camp in disappointment. The fugitives were getting hungry, and now set about to get something to eat. There was nothing to see however, but woods, woods, and woods, and Wynn believed that they were now lost for sure. The woods seemed of endless extent, but they were not discouraged, as they picked up walnuts and cracked and ate them. For over four hours they kept trudging through the woods, and soon came to a large break in the woods, and here was a large farm. A pasture was near, and in it were many cows, and a bull. In the little girls went through the fields, and pasture pasture defying the bull, but it did not do anything, as it was a gentle one, and soon they came up to a well looking farm house. Wynn knocked at the door. A woman came to the door.

"What do you want?" she asked.

The woman called her husband, who came to the door.

Wynn explained the situation.

"A soldier hey. And seven beautiful little girls. Sure come in good christians are always welcome here. No landelinian skunks shows themselves here."

Wynn and the little girls went in. Two children were playing on the floor, and looking around Wynn and Violet and her sisters saw religious pictures hanging on the wall. They got a hearty meal with the family, and then they asked to remain until the morning. The farmer's children were at first shy of the strange visitors, but soon got used to them, and listened what to what they had to tell the farmer, and his wife. They told him and his wife of their experiences, since the battle of little Virginia Francisanna.

"I'm always skeptical of them foires," the farmer said.

"There is always danger of them coming here. But we have missed them so far."

"You have not been bothered by the landelinians?" asked Violet.

"Only once," answered the farmer. "But they never molested us as the christian lines, unknown to them were unusually close, and they were taken prisoners, as it happened that many officers and soldiers belonging to the Abyssinians were in my house at the time, and the landelinians were taken by surprise."

The next morning Wynn and Violet and her sisters, after thanking the farmer and his wife, for the hearty breakfast, prepared to leave, but warned them to look out for the landelinians, as they were scouring the country for him and the little girls, and might come to their houses, and there is no telling what they would do.

"I'll leave before they come," was his rejoinder and then Wynn and the little girls hastened on. They had traveled a short distance along a river front, when suddenly the earth seemed to shake, and a thunderous roar almost stunned them. The fugitives were splashed all over with sticky mud by the distant explosion. Every once in a while a star shell burst in the air and in its lurid light the trees would be silhouetted, against its light like a lattice window. Then darkness. Then something shot past Violet's face, with a horrible scream and whizz. Her heart stopped beating as she ducked, behind a tree. Wynn hearing a noise and seeing dark forms moving. Another bullet cracked in the air, and the victims ducked, but a moan came from their rear. Their hearts stood still as they investigated, finding a graycoat lying on the ground, and by the aid of his flashlight, Wynn saw that he was pressing his hand to his right breast, the finger fingers being covered with blood. Wynn flashed the light on his face, and in its glow a grayish blue color was stealing over his face. He looked up at Wynn and said not recognizing him.
"Well sergeant they've shot me by mistake in the dark. I'm done done. For I was creeping upon Violet when the bullet hit me."

Then he was gone.

"Ouch we will have to hurry out of here," said Wynn. "They're still after us."

For a long distance their retreat was over a muddy road and country, the place being quite swampy.

The fugitives seemed to wash in mud, eat mud, and dream mud. They had never realized that so much discomfort, and misery could be contained in those three little letters; M-U-D. Even during the retreat the ground, the level ground, was mud. It was impossible to run without slipping down, and go a chute, the chutes, into the big Mc-Collector Run river so near by. It was cold, and raining cat's and dogs, mingled at times with hail stones, the thunder was crashing in deafening salvos, the teeth of the fugitives were chattering, from the damp coldness, especially Evans, as the little girls being used to the greatest coldness, felt it not, but Evans felt it from the damp coldness of his wet clothes, clothes, and the gale of wind then he blowing did not help matters much.

As they continued on a blinding red flare lighted up the sky in their rear, then thunderous crashes, intermingled with sharp whistling sound over their heads. A line of bursting shells, lighted up the woods, the din being terrific while the earth shook.

"What's up?" Thought Evans. "The flash flash of those distant guns, the screams of the shells through the air, and the flare of them bursting in a spectacle, that put's a Pains greatest display in the shade."

Then came the constant pup-pup-pup of machine guns, and an occasional deafening rattle of rifle fire, that gave the impression of a huge audience applauding the acts in a circus. Sometimes in the flare of a bursting shell, the bodies of thousands of approaching men, would be silhouetted, against the horizon like huge giants. Then there was a terrible crash of rifle fire, and bullets whistled around them. Then they realized that the shelling was done to light up the woods, so that their pursuers could see them. Every minute now was agony.

The fugitives knew they were running, but could feel no motion below the waste, patches on the ground seemed or seeming to float to the rear as the fugitives were on a treadmill, and scenery was rushing past them. Evans could continually hear sharp dynamite like crashes or glandelinian rifles in the air and in the rear, the crack of bullets in the air about him, and the little girls, caused by passing rifle balls.

Frequently to the right and left of the fugitives, little spurts of dirt would rise into the air, and ricochet bullet would whine on it's way. Evans and the little girls would continually fire in answer, and on his right and left, would stumble and fall. Some would try to get up, while others remained huddled and motionless. A glandelinian lieutenant about fifteen feet to the right front of the fugitives, turned around, and looking in their direction, put his hand to his mouth and yelled something, which they could not make out, on account of the noise of the bursting shells, and rifle firing.

Then as Evans fired, he coughed, stumbled pitched forward, and lay still. The situation of the fugitives was more critical than ever now. Danger even from the shells even threatened them, on all sides. queer looking forms like grey madantles were carrying in all directions oblique to their right and left.

One of the forms seemed to slip, and then roll or "hute that chutes into the river. Then Evans came to with a sudden jolt. Right in front of him loomed a giant form, with a rifle which looked about twenty feet long, on the end of which seemed seven bayonets flashing in the glare, in front of violet and her sisters, who suddenly ducked back in dismay. Evans lunged forward pistol in hand. He tore the rifle from the glandelinian soldier's hand, and shot him down with his pistol. Evans was then assailed by three other glandelinians, the bayonet from the rifle now missing, but he had clutched the barrel in both hands, and was swinging the butt around his head. The little girls could hear the swish of the butt passing through the air. One of the glandelinians gradually circled to the rear of Evans, it being a funny sight to see the glandelinians duck the swinging blow, of the musket butt, and trying to jab him at the same time. The gray coat circling to his rear relieved the butt of the rifle in a smashing blow, on the right temple, the blow, smashing his head like an egg shell. He pitched forward on his side, and a convulsive shudder ran through his body. Evans then got the other two, running his sabre through the throat, of the third soldier, who staggered forward and fell. Then something hit Violet in the left shoulder, and her left side went numb, it feeling as if a hot poker was being driven through her. She felt no pain, just a shock of nervous shock. A bayonet had pierced her from the rear. She fell backwards on the ground, not unconscious because she could see dim objects moving around her. Then a flash of light in front of her eyes, and unconsciousness. Something had hit her on the head. She never found out what it was. She dreamed she was being tossed about in an open boat on a heaving sea, and opened her eyes. The moon was shining, and she

saw that Evans was carrying her. All that day since it happened to her, they had been vigorously persecuted by the rascally glandelinians, and now it was nighttime, and though it was late in April close to the last of it nevertheless it was freezing cold, and the ground was white with several inches of snow. They had but progressed a short distance, when suddenly hell seemed to break loose in the form of rifle fire.

The music was hot, and the fugitives dropped down on their bellies in the shallow ravine, they had plunged into, the bullets knocking up the snow in little white clouds, and snapping in the air.

Then the shrapnel butted in. Then panting and out of breath they legged it across the stream, by means of a narrow bridge. Evans and the little girls tearing their hands and clothes frightfully, in getting through a barbed wire fence in a field, but at the time did not notice it, their journey being too urgent.

Then Evans gave the order "Down on the ground and hug it close." Just in time to, because a volley of a thousand muskets skimmed over their heads. Violet and her sisters could see the flashes of their rifles, in the darkness, but the bullets were going over their heads. Then in the full they got up and ran madly on. Again the glandelinians started firing. The bullets were hitting all around them, when bang, they ran smash into another barbed wire fence in the dark and a sharp challenge "Halt who goes there?" rang out.

Then they dropped, the flash of rifles came and then the fugitives lay there with caution. From the roar and explosions of glandelinian shells, it sounded as if raw meat was being thrown to the lions.

"WHICH ONE OF YOU IS CASSELY DAMN ME GET YOUR HELLS T OGETHER, WHEN I SPEAK. COME OVER HERE."

The man called Cassel started to say; "Yes sir." When the maddened officer roared "SHUT UP!" and it seemed as if the lions were once again fed. Judging by the roaring the glandelinian chief must have eaten him. In about two minutes several glandelinians appeared with sea sweat pouring from their foreheads, and their faces were the color of a beat. They looked like wet weathens. Then came the words;

"Of course you don't know anything about it. You are just like the rest. Ought to have a nursery bottle around your neck and a nipple in your teeth. Soldiers, by heck! You turn my stomach to look at you. Win this war when glandelinian generals sent out such simpletons as you Sissies, as I have in my brigade. Not likely. No sir! Tell me what you don't know about the affair, about the Vivian girls, or their guardian shooting down my horse, when I carried one of the Vivian girls off. Speak up with it. Don't be gaping at me like a poor fish. Spit it out!"

Some one stammered;

"Sir I know absolutely nothing."

"THAT'S EASY TO SEE." Roared the officer. "THAT DAMN STUPID FACES TELL ME THAT. SHUT UP! GET THE H---LL OUT OF HERE BEFORE I GRIND YOU UP UP FOR PORK SAUSAGE! BUT JUST THE SAME I THINK YOU ARE A BLACK FACED LIAR JUST THE SAME, AND ARE DEFENDING THEM DAMN LITTLE RAT TOADS OUT OF THE STINKING SWAMPS. BACK TO YOUR LINES. GET. BEFORE I TEAR YOU TO PIECES."

Then all was silent.

The fugitives resumed their flight had gone about half a mile, when a shell came whistling through the air, and burst about three hundred yards to their right. Another soon followed this one, and burst on the edge of the road, about four hundred yards in front of the men. Then the next instant there was a blinding flash, and a deafening report. All that four of the little girls remembered, was that they were flying through the air, and wondering if they would land in a soft spot. On the other side of the road Evans was sitting, rubbing a lump on his forehead, with his left hand, while his right arm was covered with blood soaked cloth, blown against it from somewhere by the explosion. Violet had an awful headache, she vomited, and the skin on the left side of her face, was full of gravel, and the blood was trickling from her nose. Near by an old abandoned ambulance, was turned over into the river and was perforated with big holes, from fragments of the shell. One of the front wheels was still swiftly revolving. The shells were still screaming overhead, but the battery had raised its fire, and they were bursting in the woods about half a mile from them.

Slowly rising to their feet, they felt themselves all over, to make sure there were no broken bones. But outside a few bruises and set scratches they were all right. Realizing that they were in a dangerous spot, and that at any minute a shell might drop on the road and finish them off, they started off across a wide snowcovered field. To their surprise there came a rushing toward them a big surge of glandelinians

Glandelinians, with bayonets glistening. They were Gargolian infantry, and in their regalia and respirators, they looked like some horrible nightmare. Evans and the little girls having secured ammunition, and guns from some fallen Glandelinians fired furiously. Evans had a small machine gun, which he used the Glandelinians going down in heaps, but now ones took the places of the fallen. Nothing it seemed could stop that mad rush. The whole gray line blazed like a furnace, bullets screaming a concert about the fugitives. Suddenly Jennie's head seemed to burst from a loud crack in her ear. Then her head began to swim like a top, her throat got horribly dry, her tongue protruded, her eyes stared, and a heavy pressure was on her lungs. The whole stretch of woods and fields, seemed to wind or float in the air. The noise was horrible, she sank onto the ground, needles seemed to be pricking her flesh, the blackness. At the same time there was a tremendous roar, that startled Evans, and the other fugitives, a screaming and whistling overhead, and terrific explosions. Four black clouds of dust and smoke rose up right in the middle of the roads and woods. The shells kept whistling overhead, twenty twenty four of them, and when the smoke and dust clouds lifted, the destruction committed was horrible. Overturned trees, limbs and guns, wagons smashed up, twigs lying all around, and flames spreading in all directions.

The shells had again been meant for the fugitives, but failed to reach them. The road and roadside were spoo spotted all over with debris. The other Glandelinians had continued their attack while Jennie lay unseen unconscious, twice the graycoats had almost reached them, but was driven back by Evans who manned the machine gun with good effect. The fallen Glandelinians were a ghastly sight in their horrible looking respirators. Then all of a sudden they thought hell had broken loose, shells started bursting in a sonorous salvoes, and all around them. Evans picked up little Jennie and the machine, gun and the other little girls following, they ran madly and blindly across across the fields, stumbling into muddy fields or holes, and falling full length over prostrate prostrate fences. Groping blindly they had last reached a village, or what used to be a village, before the concussion of the battle of Glorinda Franciscana razed it. For the sake of Violet and her sisters, two of which were severely injured, Evans decided to use peculiar cunning, to avoid all sentries, tents, and so on, not like those of the Christians, because if they were seen here by their foes they would face awful destruction. The thought of the impending fate made them sadder, the cold sweat coming out in beads on their faces.

At the beginning it was fun, now it was "Hell". On their left in the darkness, they could make out the shadowy forms of trees, crawling on their hands and knees, and crouching with fear at each shell burst, they finally reached an old orchard, and then again they started madly away, through a cemetery, falling over wooden crosses, smashing some, and trampling others under foot in the pitch darkness, while far behind them came the Glandelinians, with bloodhounds in full pursuit.

The fugitives now started on a madder race, down the ruined street of the village, amid the bursting shells, minding them not. Coming to a ruined house they halted to make a stand, and pup-pup-pup went the machine gun. Evans Evans had in his possession, and the front line of the graycoats seemed to melt away. The survivors wavered, but once more came rushing forward. Down went their second line.

The machine gun was taking an awful toll of lives. They again tried to advance, but the machine gun mowed them down. Dropping their rifles and their bombs the remaining pursuers, broke and fled in a wild rush, out of range of the gun. Being out of ammunition Evans had to abandon them the machine gun, and the flight was resumed. When they had just reached the middle of the village, they saw at about three foot intervals, standing a big Gargolian guardman with his rifle at the aim. The man in front of little Evangeline was looking down in his right. This fellow might have under any circumstances, been handsome, but when she viewed him from the front of his rifle she had by the goblins of child hood, mad imaginations relegated to the shade. Then came a flash in front of her, the flash of his rifle, and her head seemed to burst.

A bullet had hit her on the left side of her face, about half an inch from her eye, and it felt to her as if it had slashed her cheek bone. She screamed and put her hand to her face, and fell forward, hitting the ground and kicking her feet from the fury of the terrible pain. She thought she was dying. The blood was streaming down her face and the pain was awful. The bullets were cracking overhead. She staggered to her feet. Another bullet caught her in the left shoulder. It did not hurt much it just felt as if someone had punched her in the back, and then

her left side went numb, her arm dangled like a rag. She fell forward in a sitting position. She then dragged herself to her feet, and screaming rammed on soon reaching her sisters and Evans who had been looking for her, stumbling over wreckage, tearing her clothes to rags, and lacerating her hands and legs. Crack another bullet caught her this time in the right shoulder, about half an inch away from her neck. Then she fainted. When she came to she was soaked with blood, and a big flap from the wound in her cheek, was hanging over her mouth, and the blood running from the flap choked her. Out of the corner of her mouth she tried to blow it back, but it would not move. She tore off the strips of her ragged dress, and tried with one hand to bandage her face, to prevent the flow, having an awful horror of bleeding to death, and she was getting very faint. It was tedious to snare ludicrous attempts of bandaging with one hand. The pains in her wounded shoulders were awful, and she was getting sick at the stomach. All the while hell was loose. An intense shelling was on, and on the whole her position was decidedly unpleasant.

When Evans and the other little girls found her they were horrified, but he bandaged her wounds, and now he was consumed with uncontrollable rage, and cursed the Glandelinians. A Glandelinian wave composed of Gargolians a magnificent sight passed, all looking for the fugitives.

One young graycoated soldier leaped into a shell hole, where the fugitives were refuge, but Evans fired, the Glandelinian leaping into the air, the rifle shooting off his hands as it exploded, landing about six feet in front of him bayonet first, and sticking in the ground the butt trembling.

The Glandelinian made a complete turn in the air, hit the ground, rolling over twice, each time clanking at the earth, and then remained still, about four feet from Evans, in a sort of sitting position. A dark red smudge was coming from his through his shirt, right under the heart, the blood running down his knees, making a horrible sight.

Evans was unable to leave this refuge, and so had to stay all night, the little girls who were wounded began becoming unconscious. When they awoke they found themselves in a snowy white beds, lying by threes, as three beds were the only ones owned by the farmer, who had rescued them, when called upon by Evans, who went a long ways to find a kindly farmer.

It was difficult to say how long the fugitives had to remain with this farmer, who though a Glandelinian soldier in disguise, and a fugitive himself, from the Christians was a kind man, and revealed his character, for the injuries of the three little girls were not as severe as they looked.

Three days later however they were let off again looking for one of the Christian armies. But no sooner had they strolled forth, when there came from every side, news of Glandelinian surprises and alarms. The Gargolian Curdes rendered contemptuous, and desperate by Manley's great defeat at Anna-Maria G, Glorinda had not ceased their ravages against the Christian towns, and cities, and even after Anna-Maria, Glorinda, when their victory there made the Christians full masters of that section of Calvernia.

It seemed now as if the Glandelinians had mustered their strength for a decisive series of revengeful blows, against the Abbeinnians and Angelinians, and the war storm threatening at Francis-Atlanta, was more threatening than ever. In from the southwest they came, unseen, unheard, penetrating the whole country, striking without warning, often where least expected, and no one knew when a hand of graycoated Glandelinians armed for slaughter, might not suddenly appear as if by magic from the apparently solitary wilderness around. No families in the threatened towns, could go to bed at night with the assurance that they might not be aroused, before dawn by smoke, flames, earthshaking explosions, musketry firing, thunder of cannons, and by the unearthly shrieking devil yell of the savage Glandelinians.

Evans and the little girls had no sooner resumed their journey, than there came word by other fleeing fugitives, of massacres, and of burning of towns on the Calverinian frontier, and later came similar tidings from the Angeline Run valley, through which other portions of Manley's army was advancing toward Francis-Atlanta. That night Evans and the little girls sought shelter in an abandoned barn, and had no sooner laid down in the loft, when Evans heard a slight creak, from the door of the room below. He looked in time to see it swing open, and three graycoats appeared in the doorway, each one behind a rifle, whose muzzle was instantly turned toward some expected sleeper.

lying on the floor. Surprised into dumbness, his gaze turned toward the window opposite the door, where the oiled paper that had served instead of glass had been swiftly and silently cut away with a knife and three savage heads appeared above the window base, each shining eye directed along a different rifle barrel, toward a prostrate child, several of which had also been in the barn, before Evans and Violet and her sisters took refuge there. Before Evans could form a thought the six rifles blazed forth in concert, and in an instant later the room below was filled with smoke, screams of pain, and shouts and furious curses from the Mandelinians, followed by a terrible chorus of piercing war screams from outside the barn, which had showed that the Mandelinians who had crept up so silently, were in large numbers.

Evans awakened the little girls, who whispering to them of the danger, and he and the little girls started no longer, but sprang up into the loft, and ran wildly to a little window at the end of it. Evans thrust out his head and looked down. This little window was over the one through which three of the savage Mandelinians had fired into the room downstairs down downstairs. He saw three other Mandelinians aiming in through the lower window, while the first three talking in in whispers among themselves, were reloading their rifles.

Others were shrieking their warwhoop, and brandishing their sabres and rifles, with which they were to complete the work begun with the rifles. Up from the ladder hatchway, amid the noise of the heavy bodies falling, and of the refuge men inside rushing to their arms, and yelling and screaming of Mandelinians, came the sound of another volley, fired probably through the doorway. Evans drew his head in, while the little girls waited with wildly beating hearts, wondering what to do, and fearing to look back toward the hatchway.

hatchway lest they might see the savage Mandelinians rushing up after them with gleaming sabres, and upraised musket butts. But none came. The noise from the room below, indicated, that sabres, daggers, and guns had business enough down there as it were, and after what seemed a space of several minutes, Evans cautiously looked out of the window again. He saw now but one Mandelinian, and that one soon disappeared through the lower doorway, into the room where his fellow comrades were completing the assassination of the unprepared fugitives.

The hideous shrieks of triumph, that came up through the hatchway, told clearly enough that victory was with the attacking party, and that the bodies of the child victims were being slashed open.

Suddenly Violet's blood turned cold. A sound of sharp eager grunting detached from the general hubbub below arose, immediately beneath the hatchway. A swamy hand appeared through the opening, grasping the loft floor against which the ladder rested. The little window at which Evans and the little girls stood was neither glazed or papered.

Each went out through it feet first, one by one, hung for a moment by their finger fingers to the ledge, then dropped to the ground below, fell on their sides, scrambled to their feet, turned their back to the house of shrieking laughter, and ran across the snow covered field, toward the nearest woods. Though the direction in which they went took them further from the Christian lines or armies, they nevertheless did not stop or turn on reaching the woods, but ran straight on, as fast as the irregularities of the ground would let them, their only thought being to put the greatest distance, between themselves and the yelling murderers behind them. After a long run they stopped for lack of breath, and began to consider their situation, as well as the rapid beating of their hearts, would allow them to do. Their shoes were badly torn, their feet suffering from the contact with stones covered out of sight by snow, twigs, roots, and the rough bark of fallen branches.

Little Evangeline alone had been separated from the rest, in their hurried flight, and a slight sound close at hand that of an instant movement among bushes suddenly drew her glance. From a mass of laurel, near the ground, gleamed a pair of eyes, directly at her on a level with her own. She started back thinking they might belong to a wild cat, wolf or some other crouching animal, but instantly the owner of the eyes swiftly arose, and stood erect from the bush, a fearful Kurdish Omari.

Evangeline turned, and ran cowering back one look, in which she saw the devilish Mandelinian, hurl his rifle after her, having no time to fire, as the gun was not loaded. Evangeline fell forward on her face, just in time to feel the end of the gun itself, which flew through the air like an arrow or arrow directly over her head, and then lodged in a tree trunk in front of her. The Mandelinian abandoning his intention of remaining in the bush, for which he doubtless, had his own reason, now glided after little Evangeline who had not half risen, when she felt the Omarians

2668. fingers grasp her neck in a choking grasp, and saw his sabre describe a rapid circle in the air in preparation for its deed into her back. The poor little girl, with a despairing look, saw the Mandelinians implacable faces, when the stillness of the woods was suddenly broken, by a loud detonation. Something dug into the Omarians' soldiers' breast, a horrible grimace distorted his face, a fearful cry came from his throat, his dagger sabre blow wide, and he leaped clear over Evangeline, letting go of her throat, as he went. The next moment he lay sprawling face downward some feet away. He stiffened convulsively, and never moved again.

Evangeline, looked toward the direction whence the shot had come, and saw Evans and her sisters approaching on the run. They had now traveled a certain distance, without further trouble, when a man approached them, shouted to them a warning to be on the look out for the Mandelinians, giving an account of how a party of Mandelinians had shot fifteen refugees in an abandoned barn, had thereupon gone to the Campbell's Orphan Asylum on the Mc-Holleston Run, found him and other men there with hundreds of children, and first made their presence there known by a sudden deadly storm of rifle balls. In the smoke and confusion he had made his escape unseen for the chimney chimney, which he had ascended by great muscular exertions, while the massacre was proceeding in the rooms below. He had dropped from the roof, and fled to the Angeline Run valley where he had given the alarm, which he now was engaged in spreading.

Under the guardianship of Jack Evans the small party of fugitives turned presently from the road, into the pine forest, proceeding some miles in silence, and then emerging on clear spaces, skirting swamps, and advancing over ground, that became more and more thickly covered with the April snows.

At last in the midst of the woods Evans held his fingers to his lips and they all stopped, for from a distance came the sound of a coarse voice, singing in maudlin tones, a tuneless song.

Evans and the little girls walked cautiously forward, in single file, and soon a low one story building came into view, among the trees. Further back half a mile off was a enormous sea of tents of all sizes. The howling of the song came through a small unglazed window of which the glass had been shattered out.

"I will look through the window, and see what is going on," said Evans, and did so and crouching down beside the window, and motioning to the little girls to do likewise he whispered:

"There has evidently been a battle some where. Sixteen Mandelinians are lying on the floor with their heads, arms or legs bound in bloody bandages or rags. Another is lying near them dead drunk, as his position shows, an officer is sitting on the floor also drunk, it is he who is singing. Two others are playing cards, another officer is having his back to the door, a lieutenant is facing it. The keeper of the place is lying asleep on the bar, and his wife is behind it peering at potatoes. If we are speedy we shall only have the two officers and the woman to deal with, and as she has seven boys here, there is an opportunity to dispose ourselves."

"Then let us go in at once," said Violet. "I'm game and so are my sisters."

"Softly," quoted Evans. "Let us all understand what we are to do. I've plied my fingers on the battle fields many a time, and having been a pugilist can do all these men up in a fair fight or foul. A door is unbarred we can all burst in at once. As that Arabian looks the strongest. I'll deal with him first. I'll strike him down with my rifle butt, and you little girls can be ready to shoot if he attempts to rise. Then I shall take care of the rest. But keep your eyes peeled on the woman behind the bar. If I'm not mistaken she will be the worse of them all."

Then he and Violet each looked through the slit to get a view of the chosen field of battle. Then they stepped around to the door so softly. All made a move to rush but started back on being confronted by the captain and the lieutenant who alone stood with pistol raised doubtless put suddenly on their guard by the sound of footsteps.

Evans was the first to recover from surprise. He made a swift lunge at the captain who which caught that person in the neck, almost breaking it, and sent him flying back into the room. Evans leaped after him the lieutenant turning to shoot, the Christian officer with his pistols, but Evans waived himself of this moment to bring down his rifle butt heavily on the rascal's unkept head. The lieutenant did not fall, but after staggering a moment, during which Evans reversed his weapon, turned to shoot, the latter uttering a savage curse the while, he thus opened his mouth wide, and Evans thrust the rifle of his muzzle of his rifle

therein, and forced the "landelinian lieutenant" rapidly backward into the groggery to the very farthest corner, thereof pinning him therein with the rifle muzzle in his mouth.

"Drop the pistol or I'll fire you dirty "landelinian stunk." Cried Evans and the glandelinian officer perceiving his disadvantage, let Evans kicking the pistol toward Violet who picked it up. Jennie herself the 1 gallant little heroine that she was had been raining blows on the head of the captain, who now staggered, and gave up without protest leaving him free to draw the woman's attention from Angeline who was forcing one of her sons to change clothes with her, making him take them off from behind the counter. Of the sixteen prostrate men the drunkenest one sleep on through the fog, fray, the gory headed rascals, opening their eyes and looking on with apathy, while the proper men got down off the bar, and looked around for some weapon, all alike to take a hand.

At this moment Evans who continued to hold to the ferocious 1/2 lieutenant against the wall, felt something smooth slip into his left hand, he heard from Catherine "It's your to guard Evans dear." Evans saw at a distant glance that it was a small plan of a fortification, and thrust it into his waste pocket. The proprietor of the place had now picked up a fowling piece from a corner, and was aiming it at Evans, with a curse. It was knocked up by Hettie, who ten fell on it's holder, and was in a fair way to beat out his brains, when the woman seeing her spouse in danger abandoned her contest with Violet, and bounded phanter like at Hettie.

She lodged the point of her knife in the woman's cheek, and drew it out for a second blow, but did not need to as Violet brought the woman down with a bullet wound in the shoulder, and before she could rise Hettie had sent her the woman's husband reeling with a final blow, and had come to the aid of Violet, knowing that the latter had more than a match in the woman.

Hettie placed her feet on the woman's hair, which was lying about her head, and put the muzzle of the proprietor's rifle she had snatched, against the woman's forehead, and told her it was her custom to make short work of cut-throat she-devils, of camp following buzzards.

So she lay still, glaring and phanting. They now all had disguises on except Evans..... And Jennie entering the groggery, aimed both her pistols at the cowering lieutenant, and told Evans to disguise himself which he did. Then with rifles and pistols kept ready to shoot, they all backed out of the place, and then away they went scurrying to get away, before the two officers could run to the camp, to gathering party.

They had just left the woods when with great fury a "landelinian officer suddenly sprang from behind a tree, and would have thrust his sabre into Evans breast had he not quickly leaped aside. Furious in turn at so sudden and violent an onslaught, Evans caught the sword with both hands, near the guard wrenched it from the Glandelinian officer, and struck the latter heavily on the head with the hilt. The major fell leaving a curse unfinished and lay quite motionless on the ground. After a moment during which every suddenly appearing glandelinian, looked startled, another officer stooped over the fallen superior commander, felt his head and chest and said looking up

"He's done for. The blow has killed him."

Evans and the little girls had not waited to see the following issue, and sped on their way and had not gone far when they heard a shout behind them;

"Murder. Murder. Stop those fugitives."

On they went while the hue and cry gathered behind them, followed by a clattering of volleys, and a storm of bullets whistled about the fugitives. The pursuing crowd of glandelinians looked to Evans as he glanced back like a multitude and at its head crying stop that man, and the little girls with him louder than any other was general Federal himself.

All of a sudden a swarm of men armed with bludgeons rushed upon Evans and the little girls. Evans had no mind to make his bed in flat ditch, hence he met the middle rascal, with a violent kick in the belly, and getting instantly between two others, shot out both arms simultaneously, clutching at their throats. There was a sharp quick fight, and the rascals were beaten off. Evans and the little girls continued their retreat, without danger of further pursuit from the other glandelinians. But nevertheless their luck was none the better. Evans believed that they were over a hundred miles away from any christian army, and within the heart of the country in possession of Manloys armies. Evans in reality for the first time in his life was completely flabbergasted. He did not know what to do. The enemy was literally

hounding him and the little girls, and to make matters worse forest fires were between him and the christian armies. Advertizements were even sent to every village still in the possession of the glandelinians, about the escaping fugitives, and so it was not safe to approach these regions, and indeed in fact, and without any dispute, they were not really far from the christian line, but in the heart of the regions in possession of the wretched damnable glandelinians ever living.

WH WHAT FOLLOWS.

Violet and her sisters were becoming discouraged, and filled with despair, and it is probable they would have given up hope, if they did not trust in their guardian Jack Evans. They were now in complete disguise. Evans as a glandelinian captain, and the little girls as boys, who lived and wallowed in dirt and mud. But then there were many glandelinians who could read through the clearest disguises made, and so the utmost caution had to be used. The "landelinians" were bound to kill the little girls under any conditions to satisfy Manloys terrible anger, and so they had to be careful. They were now going through an extremely dense forest, trees on each side of the road, being almost only three feet apart from each other. It was a terribly dark night, bitterly cold for so late in April and a blizzard was setting in on the wings of a fearful gale.

Noticing the rising storm, Evans decided to again seek for shelter. They had traveled for a long time on reaching a clearing in the forest, and were going toward it, when all of a sudden a sharp challenge rang out; "Halt where you are. Don't advance a step or we will get killed." Said Jack Evans. "Duck behind the trees."

Violet and her sisters did so.

"Who goes there?" Again cried the sentry.

No answer followed the challenge and so the guard fired his musket in the direction where he had heard the approach of the fugitives. Several camp fires suddenly flared up and men were seen running toward the sentry who had fired the shot.

"I heard something suspicious." Said the guard. "I challenged, but got no answer."

"I may have been a wolf." Suggested one.

"No I heard voices as soon as I challenged." Answered the guard. "It was a man. I also saw the figures of a little boy, which disappeared before I challenged the second time."

"You don't say." Exclaimed another. "A boy with children out in the woods at this time of the night. It may have been that Jack Evans and the Vivian girls with him in disguise. We'll have to organize a searching party."

In a few moments a score of torches were flaring and knowing their danger Evans and the little girls, hastily climbed the trees, behind of which they had been hiding and just in time for the searching party came swarming all around.

"I see footprints in the snow." Cried a man. "It ends to this tree."

"This way men." Shouted the one leading the search. "They have climbed the tree."

"Chop it down." Advised one.

"No fire into the branches a all of you men." Said the leader.

"Take aim."

The men obeyed.

"FIRE."

There was a series of deafening crashes, from their rifles that resounded, in the woods in dying echoes, but no result came from the volley.

"Funny." Said the leader. "That they did not fall down."

"All the men fired with apparent good aim." Said a sergeant.

"I know it." Answered the leader.

"Climb the tree somebody." Suggested someone.

"Not me." Said another.

"Nor I." From a third.

"No need of climbing it." Said the sergeant. "They are the Vivian girls all right. They have the ability of climbing from tree to tree like monkeys. And that is just what they have done."

"Then it is impossible to capture

"Then it is impossible to capture them in this darkness." Said the leader. "Back to the camp every one of you. I'll have the woods raked for them in the morning. We'll get them never fear." The sergeant was right in his statement. Evans seeing that it was discovered by the tell-tale tracks in the snow that he and the little girls had climbed into the tree, and knowing the consequences that would follow, told the little girls to follow him, and they swung from branch to branch till they reached the large tree opposite the one they had climbed, and from there they had climbed down to the ground, undisturbed by their pursuers, and skipped away in the darkness.

"It certainly was a burrow escape." Said Evans. "Gosh, we ran into a Glandelinian trap for the darkness. I wonder!" "We will have to get out of the woods before to-morrow morning." Said Violet. "They'll scour the woods for us, and then we will be killed surely this time."

"We'll get out of these woods to-morrow before to-morrow never fear." Said Evans. "If only we could find our way to the Christian lines, all would be well. But the trouble is we are lost in a wilderness with the enemy all around us, in fact we are in the heart of the country fully in possession of the enemy."

"Oh Evans is not that a large town burning yonder?" Asked Joice.

"And do my eyes deceive me or what is that going on in front of a stone building?" Said Violet.

"It's up to me to find out." Said Evans, and advancing a few hundred feet he clapped his glasses to his eyes. He suddenly uttered an exclamation, and telling Violet and her sisters to follow him he darted forward.

Drawing close to the house they were driven to just an anger at what they saw. Jammed close up to the corner of a large door of the house, was a terrified child, a little girl dressed in a white dress, with blue embroidery on the di edge but now showing yellow in the glare of the distant flames. She had on a purple waist and a blue Calvinian bonnet and she was standing almost bowlegged from her fright and bewilderment. Standing close to the terrified child, with crossed gun was a fierce looking Quarian Curde, and Evans saw the doll belonging to the poor child sticking on the muscled bayonet.

The Glandelinian girl was pale, her face sticking in the bayonet, and the terrified expression of the poor child infuriated Evans to the highest pitch.

"Damn him for a human devil." He muttered dropping on his knees and aiming his rifle. "I'll send him to the home of his kindred."

There was a flash a loud report, and the Glandelinian dropped his gun, staggered for a moment, and fell headlong to the stone pavement, there was a convulsive shudder through his body, and then he lay still.

The child was so terrified to move, but felt relieved when she saw Evans with six beautiful but dirty looking boys approaching.

She saw his uniform which was gray, but the smoking rifle, and the puff of pug faced expression as he glanced at the prostrate body, made her realize that he was no Glandelinian.

Evans kicked the prostrate Glandelinian out of his way, took the doll from the bayonet, and then approached the poor trembling little girl. Violet and her sisters were filled with pity at the sight of the piteous little figure, and as Evans held her in his embrace, and felt the wild throbbing of her little heart, the child was fully convinced of his good character when he said to Violet and her sisters:

"Quick Violet and your dear sisters, let's get out of the town before the Glandelinian skunks come to investigate the reason of the shot. They'll get us sure if we don't hurry."

They all hurried off at once and none too soon for a swarm of Glandelinians appeared. A number gathered about the dead body.

"Damn that Jack Evans and the vivian girls." Told the leader. "This is his or their work. They have just fled the town after killing our general. After them. KILL THEM ON SIGHT."

"It's a bullet wound in the right temple." Said a sergeant. "Come boys I'll lead the chase."

"Quick whispered Evans who was carrying the still frightened child, who was now weeping. "You little girls run on ahead and see that your pistols are in good condition. Here I trust this child with you for if those Glandelinians come too near I'll have to deal savagely with them."

Violet and Joice took the child and they ran as fast as they could Evans bringing up the rear. The Glandelinians hopped by the light of torches were following fast, the sergeant in the lead. He saw the fugitives in the lead; and yelled:

"There they go boys-----" But that was all the further he got for there was a sharp report from the rifle Evans carried, and the sergeant fell dead with a bullet between the eyes. His fall confused the pursuing Glandelinians, but they recovered, and while some remained behind behind to carry the dead sergeant back toward the lines, the rest hurried on after the fugitives, and began to gain swiftly on them.

Suddenly there came eight wild flashes, eight reports as one, and eight Glandelinians, one a lieutenant sprawled in their death agonies. Again, and again, and still again came the sharp flashes and the reports and eight Glandelinians fell each time. Twenty eight Glandelinians were literally shot dead, with the other fall on, mortally wounded, and the survivors darting behind the trees, started a roaring fusillade in an endeavor to bring their dangerous fugitives down, but were unsuccessful, as they themselves had fired from behind trees at their Glandelinian foes.

"Good gracious such sharpshooters, and in the dark mind you." They heard a Glandelinian officer say. "Be careful men, work yourselves from tree to tree, and don't expose yourselves by all means."

"But working ourselves from tree to tree, will not do much good captain." Said a lieutenant. "The fugitive will do the same thing and more quickly, and only shoot our men down."

"How far distant are they?" Asked the captain.

"About five hundred yards."

"And shoot with such good aim as they did?"

"Yes sir."

"And I thought that there were only seven of the vivians?"

"There are six captives. They are disguised as boys."

"But who is the other little girl with them?"

"I did not see any extra little girl with them sir."

"Well I did." Said the captain. "She was attired in a white dress, with blue trimmings, pink stockings, purple waist, and blue bonnet. Her hair was brown."

"Why that is Francis Angeline Smith." Exclaimed the lieutenant in astonishment. "She was to have been put to death by that soldier whose body we found on the stone street, in the village. The refugees have rescued her curse them."

At this the captain flew in a rage.

"THEY MUST BE CAUGHT AND SHOT." He roared. "They must be caught and shot. Fire men advance from tree to tree. We can get them better, in this fashion than any other way. Those little green toad snakes, and centipedes, gutter-snips, and gull gutterslops, called the vivian girls-----"

A shot struck him right in the chest. He wheeled around, staggered backwards, and then plunged forward on his face.

"One of them shot me." He managed to gasp. "I'm done for. Revenge me, revenge me."

The lieutenant lieutenant stooped over him.

"Are you hurt badly captain?" He asked.

"Yes shot in the lung."

The lieutenant gave an order and seven men rushed forward to grasp the captain when again when again came the flashes, and the lieutenant and soldiers, sank to the ground severely wounded.

"Damn but this is the limit." Grinned the major brandishing his sabre.

"Hey you fools over yonder. We demand a truce until we go get our wounded officer's out of the way. Give us a truce do you hear?"

"Nothing doing." Answered Evans. "If we demanded a truce you would laugh in our faces. You dirty insolent rascals that you stinking skunks are to insult the vivian girls as you do. If you yourself even expose yourself I'll shoot you too. We mean to escape and shall you damn yourselves of little children."

"But-----"

"Don't yell for truce again."

"Ha, ha, ha." He heard a childish voice pipe out. "Getting afraid of us now ain't you. Asking us for a truce. We give none to those who murder and persecute the helpless. Ha, ha, ha, too hee." Then major fairly roared at this insult. But he knew that he and his men were caught at a disadvantage and so did not know what to do. But he shouted out:

"I'm going go! going to send a party out to the fallen officers under a flag of truce."

"Do so at your peril." Answered Evans.

"And we'll fire just the same." Cried Violet. "We know what you want. To send men back to the camp to get reinforcements."

"Oh ho-ho!" Said the Glandelinian major. "They have us at their advantage. We might as well go back."

"Nothing doing on that." Said another officer. "We are instructed by Manley to get them little snips, and if we retreat before eight persons, when our number is in four hundred we will be charged with stumped cowardice."

"Well then colonel Jansinia 'organ what shall we do then?"

"Promix Promix them their freedom if they'll allow us to get our wounded officers and soldiers away." Advised a lieutenant.

"Aho there." Stated the major. "Allow us under a flag of truce to carry away our wounded officers, and we'll allow you to go unmolested."

"You don't say." Same the answer with dr dorisio. "Why we don't need that privilege. We can get away in spite of all that. We only want to fight that's all and see how many of you we can put in the base hospital or in perdition where you rightly belong. No we refuse to comply with your request. It's only a trick to get the best of us. Don't ask us again."

"Advance men to the attack then." Cried the colonel. "Give them hell if they won't listen to reason. We'll show them."

THE TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH THE FUGITIVES.

Forward rushed colonel Morgan, and his advanced companies dodging from tree to tree, and right among them screamed the bullets from the fugitives. Forward without slackening the Glandelinians rushed, some scaling trees in order to shoot down the fugitives, at some firing from behind trees, but those scaling the trees fell struck by bullets, but lieutenant Montgomery Hendon, and Captain Dick Whither had almost gained on the fugitives, who were also dodging from tree to tree, when the two Glandelinian officers fell in death death before the volleys of the fugitives, while his almost triumphant cry "Push on my brave lads, the fugitives will soon be killed killed," still rang in the ears of his Glandelinians. Montgomery men had there upon retreated, and thus the fugitives warned of the very first serious movements of their foes were enabled to concentrate themselves behind still stouter trees, always keeping the little girl rescued by Evans close to the ground, so the storm of bullets from the assailants would not get her. Morgan's advance followed a curving course among the trees, man falling all the while while from the fire of the separate fugitives fugitives who kept on firing as they dodged from tree to tree.

Morgan's first lieutenant McWhither Humphreys climbed a tree to get a better aim at Jack Evans, but a shot hit him in the eye and he fell to the ground dying on the spot. Seeing the impregnability of the series of barriers, to his large force, and the rapidity with which that force was depleted by the terrible fire of the fugitives, colonel Morgan wondered and cursed. Captain Hendrick and Major Steele were clamouring their men to patience, and directing them whither to return the fire of the fugitives. Morgan ordered a score of men to climb the nearest trees, and fire upon the fugitives. Upon the fugitives, Hendricks Steele, Tom McAllister and many others rushed yelling savagely. Steele sprang behind a tree and aimed his gun toward the flashes coming from the fugitives but without firing, he suddenly stepped back with a sharp cry, and holding up one of his hands to look at it, centering his gun wholly to the other. Where three fingers had been there were now three crimson stumps. Hendricks and McAllister darted behind a ha trr tree. As Hendricks was about to shoot, a ball tore its way to his heart, he lowered his rifle took a swift look of pain, staggered a few feet backwards fell with half his body on a log and died there almost instantly. While the ball continued in the woods the fugitives fired a simultaneous volley, bringing down eight men at one time. Gate, Dearborn, and several of his men fell also and the Glandelinians seeing this desperate resistance now became discouraged. They now made a simultaneous rush expecting to overcome the fugitives, but there was a flash, followed by flashes again and again, and then the smoke arose Evans and the little girls got a distinct

impression of small gaps in the gray columns, of graycoated soldiers lying on the ground in various positions, some writhing and grimacing, some perfectly still, some pierced and bleeding, some with visible wounds. These all were looking astonished, and were trying to retain or recover the regular formation of their lines. Some of them fired furiously back at the fugitives, and this time with little effect.

Jennie was hit in the arm by a graycoated bullet, and she was skinned on the cheek by the same bullet, and Violet was slightly maimed in the right leg. Evans mechanically grasped the loaded gun handed to him by little Evangeline, rolled back his own emptied weapon to her and in another moment he was blazing away again at a gray coat. Then he himself reloaded and fired again, and after that was the broken gray line in front of him roll back among the trees, and dark men behind in a kind of disorderly condition, several of the graycoats falling behind and plunging a presently to earth and Evans and the little girl fired again. The Glandelinians charged again, but were driven back by the deadly marksmanship, that to aid this attempt, they set the trees on fire, but the smoke being driven northward failed to accomplish their purpose thereby, the fire burning toward them that the Glandelinians soldiers were somewhat impeded in the next charge by the bodies of the dead and wounded comrades they had to step over, that their officers had to do some threatening, and sword prying and striking to persuade them forward, that the following retreat was in greater disorder than the one before, and left the ground more thickly covered with dead and wounded, that they waited a long time before they began to make their last attack, that on the Glandelinian side there was much lunging in the attempt to dodge from tree to tree, that many became cowed and slunk away, that at each charge the Glandelinians occurred at the trees defended by the fugitives were similar to those of the Glandelinians, that the past attack left Evans and the little girls with little ammunition. The few remaining boxes containing the bullets were opened, and the bullets were distributed among them with instructions to make every kernel of it tell.

"If they are driven back once more they can't be rallied." Said Evans. "Remember he continued wait before the word, before we fire again. And you my little girls friends, put every shot to good use there is none for wasting now. Aim at their waste in hands, and bring down the officers. That pistol must be lowered Jennie when you come to fire, you Violet dear. With a warning look, with your finger ready to pull wait for the word I tell you. Be must be careful."

Then the Glandelinians Glandelinians advanced again to the attack they came on with a fury that it seemed nothing could turn back or stay, their whole movement being concentrated upon the fugitives. The gray swarm were only twenty yards away when Evans gave the word to fire. The column wavered at the volley, but recovered formation in a moment, and sprang forward with fixed bayonet without firing in return. Evans knowing he had fired his last round turned his weapon around to use it as a club. He was now at the southeastern corner of the woods the Glandelinians surging up to the southern side like a tidal wave, their front line being forced forward by the men behind.

A graycoated officer nearing Violet cried out; "We got the fugitives boys." And he pierced by the last bullet fired by Violet. Four other Glandelinians were shot down but there was no more ammunition for the men that followed. Evans brought down his rifle butt with all his strength on the head of the nearest graycoat. Before Jennie could throw a rock she had picked up she felt in her leg the violent thrust of a Glandelinian bayonet. She made a wild movement to clutch it but it was drawn away by its owners hand before it made any kind of a wound, voice having shot him the man falling forward on one knee, and a moment later toppled over a long log, and fell upon the ground upon the quivering body of a dying comrade. Then before the other graycoats came up, Evans grasped the little child whom he had rescued, in his arms holding her in a tight embrace and advising the little girls to follow, darted down into a deep ravine and out followed by the little girls, and the furious graycoats close behind. It was too late for the Glandelinians now to get the fugitives who had shot down two hundred and fifty of their number. "We can't catch them now." Said colonel Morgan, crashing his teeth in a rage. "And they've murdered over two hundred and fifty of you fellows. General Manley shall hear of this." "Oh what's the use of growling over it." Said a lieutenant colonel. "We made a mess of it any way for attacking those little desperadoes,"

If Manley hears of this his rage will know no bounds, but it will not help us any and he may blame us for it."

"And we thought we had them when their amunition gave out." Said a lion lieutenant. "They shot so many of our comrades down without a single loss to themselves."

In their meantime Evans and the little girls continued on their way, swiftly leaving the forbidding woods far behind.

The little girl who Evans had rescued, was now fully confident of the protection of the gray-catted soldier holding her so lovingly and clung closer to him and as they continued onward she finally lisped: "I love you soldier man. You are so brave to fight so many Tannalians."

"And I love you too you poor little girl." Said Evans pressing her closer to him. As soon as we reach the Christian lines or armies you will be safe. Here is your dear father and mother."

"In heaven with Jesus and his blessed mother." Answered the child. "And my name is not Francis Smith. It was what the Tannalians only called me. My name is Mary Jennings."

"How did you happen to be in the burning village?" Asked Evans.

"The Tannalians stole me from my aunt who they killed." She answered. "They had told the soldier who killed my dollie to cut me up."

"Well I'm glad I came in time to prevent it." Said Evans. "We must find our way to some Christian camp, as the Glandelinians are scouring the country for me, and the little girls with me. They have on boys' clothes which we hoped would trick the rascals but it did not."

"I know they are girls because they talk like them." Said the poor child eagerly. "I heard the Tannalians call them the Vivians."

"They are the good Vivians." Said Violet herself with love and pity. Beaming in her own eyes. "And he is a good man. He saved us many times and now he saved you."

"Ain't she a little dear?" Asked Violet. "I'm glad we saved her."

Thus they conversed together until across the field they saw a large farmhouse in the distance, beside two big tanks, windmills, and large barns.

"Maybe we can find shelter there for the night." Said little Evangeline. "I'm sleepy and hungry and she yawned."

They all hurried across the field, and reaching the door found a man suddenly open it. He was a farmer having heard their approach. He gave the strangers a hasty look, and then snatching down a rifle from the wall near by the door he cried:

"Get away from here you livery skunks. What do you mean by trespassing on my property you dirty Glandelinian dogs. Get before I shoot you down."

"I beg your pardon sir." Said Evans stepping forward instead of recoiling to the farmer's surprise. "But a gun never scares me never did, and only an angel of God alone can make me go. I'm colonel Jack Evans and these supposed boys are the Vivian girls. We are fugitives from the Glandelinians and so disguised. I rescued this little girl from one of them."

The farmer recognized him now in the light coming from the doorway. "A thousand pardons sir, but your uniform deceived me." Said the farmer. "I know you now, having seen your face in the papers many times. Come right in all of you. You are well welcome to stay."

"Thank you very much." Said Evans. And he and the little girls came in and took off their disguises. The true persons now displayed before him, the farmer was only too glad to give them the best resting quarters, and a hearty supper. It was late in the morning before Evans or any of the little girls awoke. It was thundering and raining again and from the warmth of the place they realized a sudden warm wave had approached. The little girl Jennings had been up before them and called Evans. As they came down the farmer had a good hot breakfast spread out for them, cooked by his wife.

"Did any of the Glandelinians ever bother you?" Asked Evans.

"No not yet." The farmer answered. "But I have seen them near here. The reason I'm not molested is because the Christian armies are here also when the Glandelinians do come. General Johnston is about a mile east of here. But close as he is he cannot be reached as a big forest fire is between here and me. It even is protecting me. I heard you coming last night, and so fast were you approaching footsteps, that I got out of bed threw on my bathrobe, and opened the door to see who was coming. Seeing your uniform I thought you was a Glandelinian captain and ordered you off the place. I would not give them skunks refuge."

if I died for my refusal."

"It's too bad we can't reach Johnston's lines which is so near." Said Evans. "The Glandelinians are scouring the whole country for us. We've been trapped by the forest fire, and then since the battle of Gloriana Francisco were pursued vigorously by the Glandelinians under general Darger."

"Well if you could cross the Union river east of here you may reach him in a roundabout way." Said the farmer. "That is if the blaze hasn't crossed it yet."

"I'm afraid the fire has crossed it." Said Evans. "It's a fire that even the worst rain storm could not check, let alone a snowstorm. We're lost in a wilderness that's all there is to it. Suppose general Vivian is worrying about us."

"He is worrying terribly about you and the little girls." Said the farmer's wife. "I have observed it in the papers, that he has brigades and regiments of soldiers scouring the country for you also. I can hope that God allows you the guided locust to be found by them soon. Arson is also worried about it, and fears you have perished within the enemy's regions. He blames general Vivian for not remaining where he was until you and the little girls could find him and his army."

"I guess God did not know that general Vivian was having men searching for us. But then don't see how they can find us with so many Glandelinians scouring the whole country for us. But I hope to God's help we will be found, or work our way to some Christian army before long."

"Maybe we will have good luck yet." Said Violet. "We may find our way to Johnston's lines yet is he is that near."

"With that forest fire between him and us?" Reclaimed Evans. "Why you made a foolish remark then that time. It is impossible."

"Well we'll stay lost then." Said Violet with an angry pout.

"Anyway I don't see why those nasty Glandelinians set the woods on fire for and other things they do. Putting up all our timber in such a wanton style, I hate Manley and even his sons. They are all alike, and so is butcher Federal the beast. They may have us in a disadvantage now but the worm will turn see if it don't."

This was the first time Evans had ever heard of any of the Vivian girls speak like this. But she was just in doing so and he felt the same about it. But he realized the impossibility of reaching general Johnston's lines in that location. After the breakfast was eaten Evans said to the farmer:

"I think I might as well leave for the searching parties of the Glandelinians may even come here in search of us, and if they see us here you will suffer for it even if we do escape."

The farmer seeing that this was really the problem supplied them with equipment, and then after thanking the farmer and his wife, heartily they sailed out. They traveled on for about half an hour, when they noticed that the air was still warmer getting warmer all of a sudden, and that the wind blowing from the south was melting the remaining snow with great speed.

"It's strange this sudden warming up." Said Evans.

"It's mysterious." Said Violet. "Though I can guess where it's from."

"I too." Said Violet.

"I believe myself that the forest fire south of us is going to pay us a visit." Said Evans. "We'll have to be on our guard now, and get into some clearing or wooded country before it overtakes us. If it overtakes us this time we will surely have some time getting out of it."

"Yes because before a high wind like there is blowing now it moves forward with the speed of a train." Said Jennie.

They hurried on and soon came upon the McColleston and abandoned hand car.

"Let's use it." Said Jennie. "We can make better progress on it."

They all ran toward it and mounted the platform, Evans grasping the handle to operate it. All morning the sky had been clouded over to a sickly gray, which had first they had supposed to be rain clouds, but now which they knew to be smoke from the distant forest fires. By the time they discovered the hand car it was growing darker, the air still warmer and the wind stronger. The fire storm was approaching their way and knowing it Evans said aloud:

"There is no time to lose now as she is coming. Mary you sit down on top of the middle of the platform like a good little girl so you won't fall off."

She did so saying "How fast is the fire coming?"

"Probably as fast as the train runs." Said Evans. "Or as fast as a storm."

He then started it.

comes. Said Evans. He then started it going and soon they were traveling at a great rate. The little child with them not understanding what the approach of a forest fire, and continuously looking around at all the trees wondering why she did not see any of them burning. A dull hoarse murmur was now filling the air and it was growing farfully dark as if some dreadful typhoon was tearing its way along the shore. The child thought it was going to rain but the others thought different. The forest fire was coming fast like a storm itself and now the wind screaming, yelling, and howling through the woods blew hot, filled with a pungent biting smoke, that made their eyes smart and water.

"I'm afraid the forest fires will catch up with us." Thought Evans.

As he worked with might and main to make the hand on a hand car go faster. If we could get into a large treeless plain all would be well. But this stretch of woods does not seem to have an end. And they are mostly those feared dreads conifers pines and evergreens. I wonder what would be best to do. Northeast of here there is a lake but how far I don't know. If we could but reach that lake all would be well. Violet and her sisters were apprehensive apprehensive of the same thing. They from their other experiences with forest fires knew that the fire travels like the wind sometimes, and at times can outdistance the fastest express train. They feared these scourges worse than anything else. Yet they had full confidence in Evans, and knew that since he had gotten them out of bad places before, he would do so again. Steadily it grew darker until it was almost like night and already in the south they saw rolling clouds of smoke of many hues and a faint glow along the horizon. The hot gale of wind was growing stronger, the sky was clamorous with the cry of fleeing birds, and wild deer and other animal were seen scampering about and through the woods for a lake margin. Even wolves howling dismally swept past the hand car without giving the least attention to those on board. The atmosphere was becoming gray with a swiftly blowing smoke haze, and the hoarse dull murmur was growing to a peculiar roaring, hissing and snapping sound, no doubt the noise from the flames.

The distant glow was steadily getting brighter lined at certain sections with so much rolling smoke of various colors, that it resembled thousands of giant volcanoes in their wildest eruption at a far distance. The smoke frequently peeped by flames, and the awesome sight became terrifying, and poor little Mary who clung close to Violet sitting next to her begged her to pray that they escape the threatening peril on coming so close upon them. Indeed the scene was truly awful. The wind was a screaming hurricane.

The trees swayed, withered, and bent low before the pressure of the wind, which tore the branches from the trees, and buffeted the fugitives almost like the actual blows of the fists. So fast was the storm of fire advancing, that Evans and the little girls were filled with ununspeakable horror. And to make matters worse a bright rousing lurid glow gradually but quickly appeared to the west and east of them, more brighter than the light in the south. A fearful thundering roar broke loose in the distance, it suddenly began to rain sparks, and blazing embers, and the long grass growing along side the tracks began to ignite from the embers. Evans feared that there was no hope for them now. The fire was only three miles off, and coming faster than the wind could drive it, it seemed.

"Oh for God's sake ain't we ever going to get out of this?" Wailed Violet. "Evans I guess we had better abandon the old hand car and make for some lake. We can never escape the forest fires this way."

"We might try anyway." Said voice frantically. "We can never get away unless we reach the lake."

Evans decided to do so, as he knew there was a large lake some where. So the hand car was abandoned, and off they started in the direct direction of the northeast. It was so dark that they could hardly see ahead, despite the glow in the three directions. They were almost prostrated by the wind, many times they stumbled sprawled and tripped over roots of trees, and several times each in turn fell sprawling. Suddenly before them something like an immense gulf yawned before them. It was black as ink. And it was the lake. The sight of which gladdened them all and close to the shore was a large boat tied to a tree.

"In with you little girls." He hissed. "We'll row across the lake and escape the fire."

They all piled into the boat Evans taking the middle seat, and in a moment more he had unfastened the rope from the boat by cutting it,

and was rowing hastily away from the shore. In a few minutes they were out in the middle of the wind tossed lake. Suddenly in the darkness they could see a large mass of flames coming from the shore, rushing through them at great speed, and drew the loaded craft toward them with such terrific force that it was dashed against the what appeared to be fishing stakes. Evans saw what was going to happen, and tried to ward off the impact, but nearly dislocated his shoulder in the attempt and all of them were soon struggling in the water. The little girls had

not realized what was coming and were thrown out of the boat into the middle of the current, but one of them managed to get a grip on the boat, although it was nearly torn out of her grasp. Violet who it was went under trying to force the boat over by floating it with her hands from underneath, but soon came up again having failed, and to see the others looking out for her. She crept head over head along the boat toward them, and Evans caught her and dragged her up with the aid of her sisters, who had managed to climb up on the stakes. Violet scrambled onto the stakes, and saw that the boat had been smashed in half by the blow it had received against the piles. They were nearly three hours on the stakes, witnessing the flames eating the wide stretch of trees in the distance, and the sea began to give way they thought they had better abandon all thoughts of ever getting to the other shore unless landlubbers in boats came to take them off and make prisoners, or kill them. The waves lashed by the wind was so strong to swim just now, but Evans saw that the stakes ran all the way across the water to the opposite shore, so he took Mary in his arms, and bidding the little girls to follow he started to climb along the stakes. The Vivian girls doing the same. The stake poles were very wide, and close together, and though they were very shaky they managed to work their way to the opposite shore, their clothes having been dried out, by the fierce heat felt from the distant conflagration.

Far in the distance the flames burst so fiercely, that the whole world seemed on fire. Mountains of fire rose thousands of feet into the air, a volcano of flame and smoke poured fiercely half way across the lake, sighing the air with the heat. A hurricane of sparks and embers flew across the lake, wide as it was threatening to ignite the timber on the other side. Evans and the little girls hurried along the shore, of the lake, watching out for the sparks and embers. They now were successfully outdistancing the forest fire, and the only peril they still faced was from the foe, who even in battles fought like savage animals, who never knows when they are defeated....

Little Francis who had been with them all the while since they left Wicksville lines, felt more safe now and so did Mary, and showed a more cheerful spirit as they continued on. They now saw a clearing far ahead, in the glow of the distant fire storm, and increasing their steps came to an opening in the woods. There was a solitary house of big size standing here.

GENERAL "AWLEY'S" HEADQUARTERS IS RAIDED.....

Evans walked up to the door and knocked. "Nobody answered." Again he knocked more loudly this time, and still nobody came. He then tried the door. It was unlocked. So Evans pushed it open. All was dark inside. Evans striking a match lit a lamp he found standing on a table. The little girls then went in.

"Here seems to be nobody here." Said Evans. "Maybe knowing the enemy to be in the neighborhood they have fled." Evans tried another door, and finding it ajar, opened it, and went in. It was totally dark inside, so dark that he could not see his hand before his face. He struck a match and lit the gas jets hanging from the ceiling. The walls were covered with pictures of great landolinian generals including, Federal, Manleys, and his three sons, and other great men of staff. Evans was fully convinced that he and his little friends had invaded the home of some landolinian farmer, or some officers probably.

He revealed his suspicions to Violet and her sisters, and warned the other two little girls with him to be careful..... They went through every room in the house, but found no one as yet. They returned to the bedroom and Evans producing his light, lit it, throwing its rays on the bed. It was also empty, but the walls of the bedroom was adorned in pictures of landolinian generals, besides

a picture of an man, woman, and two elderly children under which were written

"LOYAL SUPPORTERS OF DEAR OLD G LANDELINIA"

"Heavens help us. We have invaded some home of a blandelinian subject. Exclaimed Evans. And as they are enemies it would be no wrong to help ourselves to their property. Some left lots carry away every thing we can carry. He quickly secured a pillowslip, and started his raid. He threw in three loaves of bread, some jam, two jars of butter, prunes, bottles of milk and cream, and cakes carefully wrapped up in paper. They even took three whole chickens, glasses of jam, \$4000 found in rolls, and destroyed the picture, by ripping them with knives. Then as they went out Evans said: 'My won't they be mad when they find that their storage box has been raided by us christian dogs.' And he laughed. They hurried swiftly away, Evans carrying the spoils on his shoulder. In fact without his knowing it it was John Manley's temporal headquarters. He and the little girls had raided. He had his army of close by unseen by Evans and the children, and Manley returning later, was not only surprised to see lights burning in every room except his bed room, and saw what had been taken off by the raider, but that the guards that had been placed to watch the building were not in sight, and his madlin fury knew no bounds.

He immediately raided his headq. head the alarm, his father and brother coming on the run, followed by a body of soldiers and other generals. 'My place has been raided.' He fumed, as his father and brother came in. 'What means this father, and brother. Did I not tell you to place guards here?'

'They saw at a glance that it was true and did not know what to say. But 'Joken' Manley said:

'Your excellency I placed fourteen guards here.' 'Well it's funny where the guards went to he fairly screamed. 'If you set fourteen of them to guard this house, while we would be away, then where could they have gone. If you placed them here then they surely must have derse deserted their post. They ad you, the two of you are to blame for this, and those guard guards will be shot in di disgrace.'

Manley found it useless to organize a sapa persueing party, as it was two hours after Evans and the little girls left the place, that it was discovered. But he had a suspicion who was there; for a little girls hair ribbon ribbon was found on the bed, and this made him still more furious and he fairly chewed the ribbon in his ragr rage.

To think of being outwitted by the Vivian girls so many times and then this to happen was maddening. His face was purple with rage, and he raved around the place like a roaring tornado burning upon a small town blaming his father and brother for it all.

It was also discovered that the guard that had been placed there had been found dead, not far away, and this was also blamed on Evans and the little girls; when three gigantic Pumas had killed the guards. They had attacked the guards so suddenly that they did not have the time to defend themselves. Manley was never so angry in his life. He fumed and fretted, and ordered his generals out of the house and still blamed his father and brother a over it.

'This is the worse ever.' He roared in the most angry tone ever heard from any man. 'My best estates, stolen, valuable pictures rip ripped up, my bed torn up, shades torn from windows, my dining room and parlor left burning in every room. I won't have it I tell you damn it I won't have it, and I don't recognize the right's of the almighty to have it so. His He whose enemy I am. Those darned toadstools called the Vivian girls are a danger to the whole of Landelinia and I'll get them if I have to go through satens inferno to do so, and those the one to stop me I'd like to know.' And he shook his fist into the air as if he would like to rend the very house in fragments. His officers were half scared at his terrible anger and rage and covered at a distance. Evans and the rest continued on in the darkness that still remained, and then coming to the bank of a river stopped to eat some of the spoils.

He first nerved the little girls, and partook of some of it for himself. Little Francis was the most hungry of them all, and ate quite a lot.

'I'm wondering if we could not get to Lanstines army by directing our course southeastward after crossing this river.' 'L.' 'Said Evans. 'This

id is the Union river.'

'We could try.' Said violet as they now had finished eating. 'It may bring us luck to try.' 'Athis At this section of the ill usually river which rendered its name a or bridge crossed the stream. As soon as they were over on the other side they directed their course first eastward, and then southeast. They kept on till right fall, and then stopped to eat a little for supper. When they started started on again their way was lighted considerably by the far distance of forest fires. Coming to the town of Marlow, Evans bought a paper from a poor little nes neweloy who was shouting:

'Extra all about the big raid in Manleys lines.' And so on and as he glanced at the headlines he gave a start and then almost split his side sides a laughing.

'What is it Evans that is so funny?' Asked Violet with a smile and not noticing his humor.

'It was general John Manleys headquarters we raided.' He said still laughing. 'And we did not know it. The joke is on us as well on him. He certainly must have been mad according to the account written in this evening paper.'

'Let's see it.' Said violet. 'It must be very interesting.'

'But we must be careful not to excite suspicion in this town by any show of excitement on our part.' Said violet.

'That's right.' Said Evans. 'And we don't know this town yet.'

He allowed them all to look at it. This is what they read:

"EXTRA GENERAL MANLEY'S HEADQUARTERS AT MC-HOLMSTER RUN RAIDED BY VIVIAN GIRLS AND OTHER CIA GUARDIAN...."

This afternoon while within the camp on inspection, John Manleys headquarters was raided, by colonel Jack Evans and the vivian girls. Everything in food of best value was carried off, the rooms being left in a untidy condition, shades were torn down, the bedroom turned topsy turvey.

And even thogas was trurin turning when Manley came back. The whole country is being secured with redoubled energy for them. Look out for them.

Evans is d disguised as an officer of the blandelinian am army the rank of captain, and the vivian girls are disguised as bad boys.

They have two little companions with them, one whose name is Francis Schmidt and another Mary Jennings.

Look out for them two particular for they must be retaken at all costs. 'Manley accuses the Vivian Vivian girls of:

"VIOLET ANGLIS VIVIAN;

Great spy. Have caused blandelinia was a world of trouble. Blandelinian armies literally turned upside down in the endeavors to capture her.

JOICE VIVIAN;

The little snip, who recently assassinated our late King James Cannon precise Candandon. Also great spy. The most dangerous of the vivian girls. EVANGELINE VIVIAN. THE LITTLE WILDCAT.

Also great spy wanted for many things which cannot be related here. Aided the child rebels during the rebellion.

JENNIE VIVIAN? ANOTHER WILDCAT.

Very troublesome spy, spy, wanted for very same reason.

CATHERINE VIVIAN. THIRD WILDCAT.

A book full of evidence against her. Single reward offered for her destruction. HETTIE VIVIAN.

Almost as troublesome as her sister Joice. ACCUSES WITHHELD.

DAISY VIVIAN. AN AN ANOTHER WILDCAT.

Wanted for many depredations. Great rewards were promised time and again for the cam capture of these scamps dead or alive, but no one seems able to capture them or hold them when they are captured, so now the reward will be given to the first man who even kills one of them on sight.

After they finished reading, several officers in citizen clothes came up and said

'I'm sorry but I'll have to place you under arrest sir.' The children will be placed under my care.'

'It will take more than you and your party to arrest me.' Said Evans leveling his weapons at them. 'I don't go with you dirty blandelinian skunks. Envy. Out of my way or I'll sling you into the gutter.' And he swept them aside as a reed, and made a break for a dark alley

"You are to penetrate general Wienstien's lines in disguise as a farmer. The civilian girls are to follow, having escaped across the Onion River, and it is up to you to find the tent they are sleeping in, and go in and tear their little bellies open silently with a cutlass. If successful you will be rewarded. If unsuccessful through cowardice or carelessness, you will forfeit with your life."

GENERAL JOHN HANLEY:

"Did general Wienstien?" "See the note?" "Asked Violet."

"Not yet." "Said Evans." "But he will. I have requested him to take you little girls into his headquarters where it's more safe. He knows of the occurrence but has not seen the note yet."

"Show it to him it will be better." "Said Violet." "It might lead to the men's capture. And he may still be prowling around, waiting for his chance. He is a dangerous enemy you know, especially he will try his best when he knows his life pays for his failure."

Evans led the little girls to his headquarters, and gave them a good hearty breakfast cooked by his own hands. Francis and Mary were getting more and more used to their surroundings now, and admired the soldiers who were being lined up for their mess. The soldiers smiled at the children, as they passed and many stopped to talk to Violet and her sisters and even to the two other little girls.

After breakfast Evans and the little girls headed for general Wienstien's headquarters. Evans showed the note to general Wienstien who glanced over it carefully.

"That must be seriously looked into." "Said Wienstien." "This must also be reported to general Vivian. It must be stopped."

"He then gave directions to several officers, and then turning to Evans said:

"I believe it is best to leave the little girls with me, and stay here yourself. Here no skulking scoundrel can get in, for I have guards at every room for my own protection as well as for the officers sleeping in the same building. So here no one can get at them."

"That is what I proposed to do sir." "Answered Evans heartily." "I purposed to them about it."

"I see laughed the general." "And did they accept it?"

"Accept what?"

"What you proposed to them."

"Oh yes they did." "Laughing. They accepted my proposition." "And he drew Violet and another close to him. They went inside the building the kindly general following in the rear. They were shown a room opposite to that of the general's. Evans took the room next to it. After their places were all fixed up, they all went out to see the troops on drill."

Squad right, and squads left were mostly performed. Platoon drilling was also in progress, and general drilling besides setting up exercises. Violet and her sisters never tired of watching the soldiers on drill and knowing all the drilling themselves, sometimes joined for pleasure, never failing in any not even the most difficult, and excited the admiration of little Francis, Mary and even Evans who watched.

Sometimes when a drilling a squad of men for sport, the little girls would sometimes throw them out of rank for fun, and get them back in their right places, through a clever movement which not even the general could foresee, and wondered how they did it, and sometimes when they purposely threw the men out of rank, by either not holding the pivot, or following the man in front of them, when squads left or right were made, they nevertheless without stopping or pausing soon had each man in their places, which flabbergasted not even the generals but the men themselves.

But the little girls liked best to watch the men while drilling to the music of the drum and hear the shouts and commands, and see the signals of the officers. Platoon and regimental drills were the most grandest sights of all, and which the little girls liked to take part in, throw them out of place, and by their mysterious ways put them all back in a moment's time, by some strange astonishing movement.

All morning the drilling continued in the driving rainstorm that was raging. The soldiers did not mind the storm in the least, and as it was still warm there was no discomfort on the little girls. That afternoon after mass time the gale turned into a most violent wind and thunderstorm which grew so bad that further drilling was

suspended. The wind was blowing a stiff gale from the north west. Evans in the afternoon asked general Wienstien if there was any armies of the enemy a mile off from Marlowes.

"No indeed." "Said Wienstien." "General Vivian only requested me to guard this town until further orders. There is no enemy to oppose me yet, but there is no telling when one will come. I'm dreading the approach of general Germanias Vivian's army."

"That dog of a man." "Hissed Evans." "I'm still waiting for my chance to kill that fool."

"You will get your chance yet." "Said the great general. He is hated worse than any of the Landellinian generals."

Evans the remainder of the day directed the soldiers in throwing up fortifications, fortifications, and then in the evening directed the posing of sentries, and being suspicious put extra sentries on the posts. This time instructing them not to challenge in case they hear any suspicious sounds, but to fire on the spot. All the Christian sentries were always required to memorize the following:

"MY GENERAL ORDERS ARE:

1. To take charge of this post, and all government property in view. To guard as strictly, spies and prisoners of war.

2. To walk my post in a military manner, keeping always on the alert, and observing everything, that takes place within sight of hearing.

3. To report all violations of orders, I am instructed to enforce.

4. To repeat all calls from posts more distant from the guardhouse than my own.

5. To quit my post when only when properly relieved.

6. To receive, obey, and pass on to the sentinel, who relieves me, all orders from the commanding officer, of the day, and officers, and non-commissioned officers of the guard only.

7. To talk to no one except in line of duty.

8. In

8. In case of fire, or disorder to give the alarm.

9. To allow no one to commit nuisance on or near my post.

10. In any case not covered by instructions, to call the corporal of the guard.

11. To salute all officers, and all colors, and standards not cased.

12. To be especially watchful at night, and during the time for challenging to challenge no person, or animal, or object, and allow no one to pass without the proper proper authority.

I Between Retreat and Retreat, to turn out the guard for all persons designated by the commanding officer for all standards and colors not cased, and in time of war, for all armed parties approaching my post, except troops at drill and relief, and detachments of the guard.

2. At night after challenging any person or party to advance to the post, call the corporal of the guard, repeating the answer to the challenge.

In case of poor prowling times to fire without warning at any prowler approaching my post from the direction of the orange lines.

It was considered a grave offense if any soldier in the christian army through neglect or wilful laziness failed to learn those fourteen columns by heart, and in time of war the offense would be still more grave, and punishable by disgraceful discharge from the army and it was considered an offense of a heinous nature for any sentry especially during this great war now raging, to desert his post under any conditions, pre- preventable, also to fall asleep on guard duty, and he who did this would be court-martialed and put in front of a firing squad. The same punishment would also be given out to the post deserters in time of peace.

THE DASTARDLY ATTEMPT TO POISON GENERAL
WEINSTEN'S ARMY, IN ORDER TO MURDER PO R VIOLET
AND HER SISTERS:.....

Evans however gave extra instructions to the guards he had selected and even watched instructed them to be even more watchful for these very prowlers, who were even now probably waiting to get a chance to get at the Vivian Girls. There however happened nothing important that night, excepting that one of the guards announced that a branch of the great forest fire was observed northeast of them, "browsing a perfect sleep of light for miles. In the morning along the east the distant sky was enshrouded in rolling dense smoke all along the horizon. Sometime after breakfast, a while Evans was watching with awe, the distant clouds of smoke, a lieutenant came dashing up to him and saluting said:

"General Evans, the little Vivian girls are awfully sick! They were throwing up for almost an hour."
"You mean they are all sick?"
"Yes sir. All the little girls."
"What I'll be jiggered." He exclaimed. "I'll be there immediately to see them."

He was there in no time, but he did not only find the little girls sick but the general and his officer as too, besides the whole army, or almost nearly the whole army had thrown up their breakfast. All the officers were angry and excited. Weinstien was down and in bed seriously ill and Evans was at once suspicious.

He went to see to the little girls who were feeling much better now. They were of course ignorant of the whole army being sick, having wondered at their illness as they never knew sick in this manner before, as they were always careful of what they ate, and so were indeed surprised, when Evans did not show much alarm about it.

"We were very sick," Violet began when Evans cut her short.
"The whole blooming army is sick." He sneered. "Even Weinstien spilt his breakfast at his very table and is seriously ill. It's too bad you little girls did not eat with me, and you would have escaped this. The food has been doctored by somebody, and I'm going to find that somebody if I have to comb the world for him, and change his shape."

At this moment the army was moving for breakfast.

General Evans said: "I examined Weinstien's breakfast food, left unopened."

"It's been doctored by some mysterious person. Forty officers narrowly escaped death from it and are in a serious condition and so is Weinstien. I've ordered the chef to be held, and also the Kitchen Police. There is something wrong somewhere."

"I don't see where the army cook has anything to do with it, but it is good to hold them until investigation is made." Said Evans.
"But this trick was done by more than all our army chefs here, and by mandelins too. It was an attempt to poison the Vivian girls, and the

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people were bound to do so if they had to poison the whole army to succeed in their vile purpose. What kind of poison was it?"
"Sunach." Answered the doctor. "But too weak to kill any body. Though over two ten thousand men are in a serious condition. It's a blessing from God that your little girls' friends escaped as they did."

"I should say it is a blessing that they did." Said Evans. "But you see, Sunach was put in the food."

"Yes."
"It is a deadly poison, and it's a miracle no one was killed." Said Evans. "I'll go and see general Weinstien. He is in the room across from this one."

He knocked his head into something as he passed across the corridor followed by the doctor, and it fell to the floor. He picked it up and found that it had been hanging from the chandelier by a weak string. It shaped like a package which Evans quickly opened. Inside was a dirty cloth, and a slip of paper with wording on it. Evans glanced over it reading then:

"We have failed"

"We have failed many times to get the Vivian girls but won't this time you dirty christian dogs. You all may have to get a share of this poison, but we care not as long as we get the Vivian girls."

GERMANIA'S AID.

Evans showed it to the doctor, who read it. They then told the guard that they wanted to see general Weinstien and were admitted. Weinstien was in bed but Evans and the doctor saw that he was feeling better.

"It's funny that I got so sick all of a sudden." He said.
"And the little girls threw up?" even all over the floor in my dining room and I did so too. It's my and their first time that we were sick. I always do eat right, chew my food well and eat only wholesome food, and so do they. I don't see what was the matter with it."

"There was something serious the matter with the food." Said Evans. "I thought you heard about it. The whole army got sick about the same time. There's poison in the food. I'm going to have all the food stuff examined. Even that in the kitchen of the mess tents. We have disguised some enemies among us. I was it was another attempt on the Vivian girls, and the whole army got it."

The general was surprised.
"Is that so?" He exclaimed. "By Neptune we will have to capture those dope rascals by all means. Do what you can with you Evans."

"I certainly will." Said Evans. "They almost crippled your army by this dope trick, when trying to place those poor little girls. Little Francis and and Mary were the only ones who were not sick as they ate with me. The little Vivian girls wanted to eat with you, and so let them."

After a few more words Evans saluted, and leaving the room said to a lieutenant coming up:

"See that this building is strictly guarded. Have sentinels at every window and door. Then rake this building with your soldiers. There may be some accomplices in hiding. Also place extra guards over Violet and her sisters. Put four in their room even. See that no one who is a stranger get's in and search every man that leaves get me."

"S." "Yes sir." Answered the lieutenant saluting, and he sped off to do so, and he did too. Five guards with placed in the hall, two at the door of the room where the Vivian girls were in, and four inside, besides following out the other instructions, and succeeded in finding two suspicious persons in the building and holding them. Evans ordered other officers to dispatch men to examine the food in the baggage trains, and then going to a solitary spot with the doctor examined the bottles finding that its contents had been p.

Parafene.
"He then had the members of the Kitchen Police, who were held brought up to him. He piled questions upon them, gave them a cross examination, but none of them knew about the food being poisoned, and swore before the almighty God that they had also been sick."

"Well there is more than one man who did the trick." Said Evans strictly. "And they say as well own up, because there is no escape as the guards under my instructions will allow no one to leave

the camp even if they are officers. The culprits are not outside the lines, but within, and must be caught."

Five officers and two lieutenants were within one quarter of a block of the main headquarters, when a frightful concussion threw them to the ground. General Crocoringman, Colonel Sir George Smith, and Lieutenant P.H. Divens were at Anna and Francis street street, and general Hannon Lee Corbett at Viviani street, when they saw a man in purple dress disappear into an alley. General Mannigan and lieutenant general Bernard Mullog were standing still standing at the northwest corner of these streets, when the loudest explosion ever heard rocked the town. Glass from thousands of windows rattled down into the streets, and running to the main headquarters, reached the main entrance from which smoke was pouring.

On the side walk lay several officers, some suffering from serious wounds to the head part of which was blown off. The others were also in a dying condition. General Mannigan turned to Bernard Mullog and said: "Grab an automobile or anything you can, and we will get them to the town hospital."

One of the other generals who had witnessed the explosion was shaken and almost stunned. He saw a big cloud of dust, thinking then that it was smoke pouring out of the main entrance of Wienstiens headquarters, and ran to the box turning in a general general fire alarm. General Glass was crashing to the pavement from the buildings in the town, and then he saw a horse rearing, and staggering toward him. He thought the horse was running away, and grabbed him by the bit. His head was bleeding where a brick had hit him on the forehead, and the general had barely touched his head, when the poor horse sank to his knees, and stretched out dead.

Some one yelled that general Wienstien and the Viviani girls were killed. The general looked down again, toward the entrance to general Wienstiens headquarters. A man was dragging something down the steps. It was the body of a lieutenant ripped to pieces, and fiere a fierce furnace of fire had started among the wreckage. The dead lieutenants trousers legs were stripped off below the thighs, and it seemed that every bone in his body was broken, and the whole body was a mass of blood.

"Help get this other lieutenant away!" Shouted an officer to a private. He helped the officer pick him up. The whole side of his head was blown off, but he was breathing.

"Regular landelinian Glandelinian butchery." A man said as the officer and private straightened the poor lieutenant's body out, and a doctor bent over him. There was a third officer all crumpled up in a heap with most of the clothes torn from it. He too seemed to have had every bone in his body crushed. All the soldiers who were near the building at the time of the explosion, had seen something that looked like a cloud burst out of the main entrance of general Wienstiens headquarters. They could almost see the air shake. There was an ear-splitting report, and the next thing the soldiers knew they were sitting on the side walk or in the middle of the street, with a big thump that jarred their back bone all the way up to their heads. Several looked around half dazed, and saw forty or fifty others, men, women, and children then playing in the streets, also sitting or lying on the ground. Then the glass began to fall. The whole of Wienstiens headquarters rocked under the force of the explosion, as though an earthquake had gripped it. While Violet and her sisters who were playing, with little Francis, and Mary to make them happy, and forget their sorrows, stopped and wondered what had happened, as the windows of all the rooms crashed to floors and sidewalks in a deluge of shattered glass.

Then from the jagged windows they saw the tragedy unfold outside, the black smoke pouring from the main entrance, the pile of debris, and bodies lying in pools of blood, dead horses, women and children sitting or lying in the street, the crowds of people and soldiers running in all directions, the police and fire departments clanging down upon the scene, and the wreckage becoming a furnace of fire.

The corridors were filled with changed and excited soldiers. Violet and her sisters running out of the building to see what had really happened, reached the street in time to see the windows of St. Anne's church collapse.

"Look out little girls." Shouted the firemen, who were quencing the place as they ran into the street. A lot of glass began to fall from the upper floors of the headquarters itself, and in trying to get away from that, they were nearly run down by an automobile full of officers. Joyce was struck by a piece of glass that came from one of the upper stories. It was two feet square, catching her on the back of her upper blue hat, which she had put on to make Francis and Mary smile. In some manner the hat saved her. She bent forward

holding the place against the building, her neck unhurt, while two soldiers went to her aid. Glass tumbled all about Violet but she was not hurt. Evans directing the work of investigation, about the poisoned food heard the explosion, and saw the smoke in a moment, and as he looked at the town walls of general Wienstiens headquarters, he clenched his fist and gritted his teeth.

"This is the work of skunks." He said. "The war work of Germanias agents, who are attempting to assassinate the Viviani girls. It should not be hidden by new plaster and paint. Except for the repairs that are necessary this scar left by the stab of the enemy should remain as it is for the duration of the war. So that the Christians can gaze upon it, and strengthen their determination to fight the enemy here, as steadfastly, and as unrelentingly, as general Vivians men are battling Manleysskunks and assassins."

Wienstien was able to leave the building without support, while Evans had immediately sent orders, that the town itself though within the Christian lines, should be strictly guarded.

"Stop, and question, and search every one that leaves the town even children, and allow no one to enter unless he can prove himself a Christian messenger or a fugitive." Was the instruction that Evans gave. "I'll place a dragnet throughout the whole camp, and region beyond and comb, and comb, until the scoundrels are found. And Germania shall pay for this, the green eyes of the demons. I have it in for him and will pay my debts."

Evans decided it was best to keep the Viviani girls within, where he was sure they would be safer, and if any body tried to dope his food, or bomb his headquarters, there will be a torando like loose among the Glandelinian Glandelinian anarchists. Violet and her sisters despite it all were cool about the incidents, and were not afraid at all.

but indignant. "I defy them all." Said Violet, clenching her little fists. "Let them try what they will. I'm not afraid of them."

Evans knew that this was the truth, but their defiance would not prevent the wicked Glandelinians from trying to accomplish their vile purpose. They were determined to bring about their destruction, and would if he did not have them protected. All his orders and instructions had been carried out to the limit, and no one no matter who he is was, was permitted to leave the camp or town. Several more arrests had been made, the prisoners having acted suspicious, when seen later around general Wienstien's headquarters. The arrests were reported to Evans, and he issued orders that the prisoners should be held.

"Then they are all rounded up and caught, the shall face the firing squads." He said coolly. "It will teach other agents of that snake Germania Viviani a lesson that will never be forgotten. By them."

Evans made up every plan possible to cause the rounding up the enemies within the Christian lines. Even in the town a strict house to house search was made, no building whatever, churches, institutions, hospitals, nurseries, and other religious places were also investigated by police and soldiers. Those not able to give satisfactory answers were held.

Evans felt sure that he would get the scoundrels within a short time knowing that the rascal rascals seeing no escape whatever, would finally have to confess, and give themselves up, and then the firing squad for them. It went pretty hard for the whole whole camp when it was learned that no one was allowed to leave the lines, to go for the town under any conditions, or any one to leave the town, but it only made the soldiers and inhabitants boil with anger, at the enemies they knew were among them. Later it was rumored that general Wienstien was acting very suspicious, and when he was attempting to leave the lines was arrested.

THE IMPOSTER.

He killed three of the guards in the struggle, and when he was finally overpowered by the time Evans arrived on the scene, Wienstien came up from another direction at hearing the commotion.

"An imposter eh?" He roared. "A man trying to slip through the lines impersonating me. Search him boys. He's a spy I bet."

Evans pulled at the persons hair and they came off revealing the feary features of another man.

"Search him good men." Said Evans. "Don't overlook anything. Strip him if necessary."

The order was obeyed. Two envelopes crackling with its contents was found on him besides other articles, which on being examined proved that he was one of Manley's agents sent to make his way into the Christian lines and assassinate the Vivian girls.

"Where are your helpers?" Asked Evans.

"I'll not answer your questions you dirty stinking Christian dog."

Answered the Glandelinian.

Evans smote him to the ground.

"I'll Christian dog you you dirty Glandelinian snake." He said coolly. "Get up here. You know what we do with such as you. Away with him men he will be courtmarshalled to night."

"It's funny the soldiers weren't fooled." Said Evans. "I expected you from being stopped."

"Stopped from what?" Asked Wienstien.

"Why I ordered that no one would be allowed to leave the camp until the second day were found." Said Evans. "But, did not include you in you in it, and told the soldiers not to touch you."

"Oh I understand." Said Wienstien. "It was I who caused this commotion. I saw my likeness pass by my headquarters, and being suspicious had him followed. He acted very suspicious, and then when he attempted to get through the lines he failed. For I telegraphed to all the sentries, telegraphed headquarters and so on, to watch out for a man looking like me and seize him. I told them not to hesitate, for I had had no intentions of going out of the lines yet, and if I did I would have a party of officers with me."

They followed his advice closely and had nabbed him just in time. "It's lucky you saw him." Said Evans. "I just now got news that general Vivian is advancing to reinforce you. When he comes warn him to have his lines watched also, as the enemies may try to escape by mingling with his men also. We must catch them."

"I'll do that." Said Wienstien. And saluting his superior he rode off. Evans then rode back to where he had left Violet and her sisters, and Francis and Mary and dismounted. He did not say anything to the little girls as he did not wish to excite them too much. Later in the day ten suspiciously acting persons, were seized, two confessed, and observations soon proved that all were caught. Late that evening scouts came in with the warning that larger Glandelinian armies were encamped about five miles from Marlow north of them and that these forces were moving to reinforce the Manleys concentrating at Francis-Atlanta. The rumors were confirmed when the inhabitants of the town fled into the Christian lines. Evans went out scouting parties to learn under whose command it was. He went out scouting himself but could find out nothing. It did not look like German's army, because the uniforms of the soldiers in his army are of a bluish gray. The Glandelinians encamped before him wore ash gray uniforms. He however knowing the location of Vivian's army wired to him a warning. This answer came to him.

"The Glandelinian army encamped before you is Huebaum Manley's and look Germania Vivian is advancing south of you to reinforce Manley. Head him off if you can." VIVIAN NIA.

This made Evans realize that Vivian had seen the foe sooner than he had. And so Germania was moving on his rear. The battle threatening at Francis-Atlanta was becoming more threatening every day. Well he'd see about this. He must see Wienstien and give him directions as to Manley's to be worked. And then he would send word to general Vivian by wire. That general Huebaum Manley separated from Johnston Jackson Manley was advancing upon general Vivian, and to ask whether he should remain where he was, or advance to reinforce Vivian, or should advance and make a junction with Wienstien or retreat. Evans himself had no intention of retreating. He wished for battle and a battle that would settle the hands of the Glandelinians for good and all.

Evans telegraphed general Vivian, but it was some time before he got any answer, then this is what came:

"Huebaum Manley separated from Huebaum Manley three days ago, made junction with general Johnston Jackson Manley's army yesterday. In moving eastward another part of his army moving northward, the remaining southern learned general Germania is moving from Terwilliger and Maria Osborne in an endeavor to get around Manley's army at Francis-Atlanta. Watch out for him. An Alton Marlow and his lack to Terwilliger. Vivian must stand ground at all costs."

ROBERT VIVIAN.

He then told general Vivian that his little daughters were safe within Wienstien's lines, closely guarded. General Vivian advised him to watch every movement that Germania makes, for he just now was the main enemy of the little girls to look out for. Indeed all night long Evans kept scouting parties out, watching for Germania, while the main army fell back on Terwilliger with the plan of the burning team of Marlow as a back ground. True as it was neither Glandelinian nor general was yet aware of the presence of any Christian army, and were alarmed when they found their advance barred by armies greater than their own or the Anna Maria run.

Evans floating in the mortification of his abasement, and as a result sent a comical picture to all the commanders, by means of Glandelinian prisoners who were released for this purpose. The inhabitants of Francis and Terwilliger were surprised at the sudden approach of the Christian armies and wondered what was up. They did not see any of the enemy who was several miles away, but had halted.

General Germania cut off from making a junction with the Manleys, was driven to apprehension and desperation, who when he learned who the commander of the armies confronting him was and was at a loss of what to do. He dreaded both Evans and Wienstien, but Evans most. It had been his intention to make a junction with Huebaum Manley, but now he couldn't as Evans, Wienstien, and Francis Vivian were between him and the three Manleys, who were overpowered three to one by each Christian army simply. He dared not attack the Christian armies on such uneven ground, and notified John Manley of the state of affairs, stating that he was caught on bad ground, who his adversaries were, and that he did not know what to do.

Manley stated that he was in the same situation, and confronted not only by Francis Vivian but the two Vivian also. In the meantime with the captured would be assassins, courtmarshalled, Evans himself went off to see to their execution.

"Get the white livered assassins to the stone wall." He ordered with a sneer. "Curse them and the day they were found within our lines, spoiling the breakfast of the whole army, and bombing Wienstien's headquarters, in an attempt to murder the poor Vivian girls. It'll be you up against the wall, and a good job too. Get hold of them men, and if they make a break give them the bayonet, and sent it through the cowardly snakes. Hurry them up. We have been holding them long enough."

That evening before they had been taken before Wienstien who could get nothing out of them but:

"Germania will be avenged. Germania will be avenged. I dare you Christian dogs, and devils to have us shot and your heavenly father we defy to the last. I dare you and him to have us shot. Down with Christianity and all that formed it. To perdition with them all. They are only a mockery."

Wienstien utterly disgusted with them, sent them under escort to division headquarters, for trial by courtmarshall, charged with entering the lines with spying intent intentions, and an attempt to assassinate the Vivian girls. They shoot for any offense of this kind of treatment to any children in Angelina, Calvernia, or Abbievania no matter who the child is, and by this is a good thing to do to, to the rascally enemies of little children who torment and torture a then in any way. During their trial and cross examination they sat as one dazed but would put nothing forward, in their defense only an occasional:

"We dare you dirty Christian dogs to have us shot. And the very fiends in hell will revn revenge out our deaths."

The ir sentence had been passed. To be shot at nine thirty o'clock on the morning of April 27th 1915. This meant that they had less than twelve hours more to live. Then came the time for the execution.

"Squads-----Attention-----Number." "Squad the lieutenant, in command of the firing squads. There were four of them. "Right-----turn-----left-----Wheel-----Quick march." And away they went. They were being covered with snow as a blizzard was raging, and with the officer leading they must have marched over fifteen minutes, ploughing through the deep slushy snow, when suddenly the officer made a left wheel, and the so soldiers with their prisoners found themselves in a sort of court yard. In the white mark a few hundred yards in front of them they could make out a brick wall. The officer brought his squads to attention, and gave the command to order arms. Then giving at face he said:

"Men you are here on a very solemn duty. You have been selected as firing squads for the execution of these prisoners, who having been found guilty of a previous crime, have been regularly and duly tried, and sentenced to be shot at 9.30 am this date. This sentence has been approved by the reviewing party and authority, and ordered carried out. It is our duty to carry on with the sentence of the court. I have rifles given to you before we started out, one of which contains a blank cartridge, the others contain containing ball cartridges. Every man is expected to do his duty and fire to kill. Take your orders from me. Squads-----Attention."

They came to attention.

"Forward."

Soon they were close enough to the wall, and the prisoners were marched up to it, with hands bound behind them and blindfolded. A white square was pinned on their breasts.

"You are to fire at these squares." Said the lieutenant.

"Ready aim."

The men took careful aim."

"FIRE."

There was a deafening crash, in clattering roar from the rifles, and the gray forms sank into huddled heaps.

"Order arms-----About turn-----Pile arms-----Stand-----clean or clear." The stacks were reformed.

"Quick-----march right wheel."

And they left the scene of execution behind them. After marching about five minutes they were dismissed with the following instructions from the officer in command of them:

"Return alone to your respective commands and remember no talking about this affair, or Germania will make it more harder for us, and be more determined to get the Vivian girls. Dismissed."

And they separated going to their respective companies. The next day all was quiet. Evans took the little girls for sight seeing through the big town of Norwilliger. Hearing a fruit store, Violet and her sisters asked him to buy them some of the nice oranges that were displayed in the big store window. W Evans was willing to oblige and always wished to see them happy. He went in the little girls following.

"I want eighteen oranges." Said Evans. "How much are they?"

"Forty five cents." Answered the store keeper.

"Pretty high price." Said Evans.

"Buy them anyway p." Pleaded Violet looking at him reproachfully.

"Sacrifices for us and god."

"I'll do anything for him and you little girls." He said. "Give me eighteen." He ordered to the store keeper. The store keeper put a bag and started to slip the old good for nothing oranges into the bag to the bitter disappointment of the poor little girls. Evans noticing it seized him by the hair pulling his head toward the oranges on the top front row.

"Look see." He said fiercely. "I'm buying the nice big, ripe juicy ones on the front row--not the culls, and windfalls that you're trying to slip into the bag. I like to see clever sleight-of-hand work in the Vaudeville you Vaudeville, but not in the fruit business."

And he pulled his hair so hard that he howled, and to say he put into the bag eighteen of the best oranges in the store, relieved the money, gave back the change, and watched him and the little girls leave the store, with sullen fear and rage and disappointment, for he had been able to cheat many of his customers, but not Jack Evans.

"I thought something was fur funny when I saw him doing a cheating stunt." Said Evans as he handed three oranges to each little girl. "But he couldn't slip it over on me."

They all wanted to take him one, but Evans would not take an orange from any of them, and said he would sooner but buy some himself than deprive them of even one orange. It was late in the afternoon when they returned back to the Christian lines. Nothing important happened during that day. If Germania never attempted to do anything and did not even advance. Was he afraid of Evans? Or was he delaying for more time? Evans dreaded that Germania was up to something suspicious, and decided to find out something himself. Everything depended on obtaining exact information as to general Her Germania's designs, known deserters stories not being relied upon. He first held a council of war with Ianson and the other Christian generals, at which he was decided that Germania's camp must be immediately visited and carefully examined. The selection of men for this delicate and dangerous mission was confided to general Frankford. No common soldier or adventurer would do neither see select service men of any rank. Skillful skill-judgement-----coolness-----and professional training were necessary, and as no officer could be ordered on such dangerous service, it was clear that if the plan was carried out some one would have to volunteer. Frankford appealed to the officers, of this division and some others, but as it was a spy service, no such looked upon as disgraceful, at least by usage, no glory to be won, and as before all eyes arose a vision of an ignominious death following detection no one would volunteer. W So Evans decided to go on the mission. His offer to undertake the dangerous and dangerous service, was strongly opposed by his friends even the Vivian girls. But as no one else would join for nothing they could change his determination. He lost no time in getting out. Assuming the dress of a landwehr general and carrying himself as such, as he was a manly man, and taking with him the most needed weapons, and the Vivian girls as boy scouts of landwehr he and they penetrated the enemy's lines, first made drawings of their camps, with descriptive notes in Latin and fully succeeded in the object of their mission.

He had arranged a large group to meet him at Union river and his work being done, he and the little girls proceeded to the

place to meeting. A boat at approached the wharf and the little girls supposed to be the ones they were expecting. They walked down to meet it and not until the crew suddenly arose and point their musket at him and the little girls did he discover they did discover the mistake they had made. Evans however realizing what would happen to the Vivian girls should he give up ran refused to surrender leaping into the boat like a wild cat wildcat, upsetting it and dumping every one into the water, and swimming with the little girls to the other side before the landwehr recovered from their surprise. Evans then overpowered some landwehr men secured eight at sight of their horses and made off toward the Christian lines before any of the landwehr could be persuaded. To the joy of all he and the little girls reached the Christian lines safely and calling all the generals together showed them the drawings.

"It's Germania's intention to recross the river, and making a junction with general Hubaux Manley." He said. "He knows that general Francis Vivian's army with those of Generals Vivian and Hanson lie in the way of his army and those under the Manleys, but he intends at to cooperate with Hubaux by making a long detour, and if unsuccessful he will strike Vivian a terrible blow on the flank."

After they all examined the drawings he continued:

"It's up to us not only to warn general Vivian, but to watch every movement of general Germania's army, and strike him before he strikes Vivian. His army is quite large nearly equal to ours, and if he ever succeeds in making a junction with Hubaux Manley at it will be suicide to battle with them. We simply must prevent him."

The officers all agreed to this, and when should general Germania try to make any kind of movement, a battle of never character would surely follow. Evans himself revengeful over the Brigado affair resolved to whip Germania matter what the cost. He was over anxious to begin the battle, right away but Ianson did not think it prudent to do so as yet. After the council, he made the little girls happy by coming back to them telling them the success of his intentions and of the outcome of the council. Violet and her sisters, could not understand how he and they escaped so easily. They had feared exceedingly for his and their own safety. They knew that general Germania was a terrible enemy to face, face, and a cruel dangerous foe of children, and Christian spies. They even felt apprehensive of the coming battle threatening at Francis-Vivian. The opposing armies were under the most ferocious generals next to the Manleys who were also commanding the threatening forces, and even Federal was approaching

and he was the man who would fight fiercely before giving an inch of ground..... Evans was apprehensive of the people in the town of Terwilliger for the enemy made an movement that afternoon that made it seem that the Mandelinians were going to descend into it like a fierce swarm of murdering wolves. Germanias Mandelinians were mostly Me-Hollesstinians and Condennocinians and Condennocinians, and the fiercest Kurdish Mandelinians believed to be in existence, mingled with the Gargo J Gargollans.

TERWILLIGER IS BURNING...

So it was Evans purpose to warn the inhabitants to seek refuge inside the christian lines before it was too late. So at 5:30 that afternoon refugees streamed into the christian lines, and when it grew dark a fierce sudden glare extended along the southern horizon that aroused all the christian generals who saw it and even the civilian girls wondered what happened. They all realized that the town was on fire.

"Who set the town on fire?" Demanded Evans angrily. "I advise you to get your refugees to abandon it but not to set it on fire." "The enemy set it on fire." Said one of the men.

Refugees. They entered the town an hour after we started to flee. All did not get away. Thousands of children have been cruelly massacred. At this surprising news Evans was enraged. He had been frustrated in his attempt to save them all and he felt like biting somebody. He went out close to the city of the town, saw hundreds of buildings burning like furnaces, heard appalling screams in portents that was still dark, and the firing of muskets. Evans felt disheartened as he watched the dismal scenes. He wondered if it would be wise to bombard the town and revenge the assassination of the children or make a direct headlong attack right away upon General Germania lines. And would he be able to bomb the town without causing a general battle.

Not likely so he determined to stand his mortification, and wait until it would be necessary. He stayed there for about half an hour and then suddenly hearing footsteps, and voices darted behind a tree.

"It's funny that those darn christians got warning of our near approach so sudden." He heard a voice say. "We thought we could have gotten all the little christian brats living there. Any way the town is burning." "Yes." Said another voice angrily. "Maybe those gutter snips called the civilian girls must have given the warning; I would give anything to see them little centepedes strung up with their bodies gutted. They could deserve nothing worse."

Evans in the meantime perceived that there was only two men talking and in the glare of the distant fire he saw they were first lieutenants. He decided to take them to the christian lines so he darted out from his hiding place and leveling his revolvers at them cried.

"Don't dare make a break. You are prisoners."

An exclamation came from the two graycoats.

"Why it's general Evans." Cried the first lieutenant. "Why he is a darn christian...."

"I wouldn't finish if I were you." Said Evans with a yawn. "I am wasting time. I'm sleepy and wish to return to the christian lines, and go to bed. So please don't keep me waiting. And I'm in a hurry to see the little dears you called gutter snips and centepedes a moment ago."

"O But what if we refuse to go you christian dog."

"I said no delay." Answered Evans. "Either come with me or your comrades will find you dead on this road to morrow."

The Mandelinians seeing his determined look realized he was a dangerous adversary and obeyed reluctantly. Reaching the christian lines Evans had them placed under strong guard. Early the next morning violet and her sisters passed the guard-house, and came to the internment camp where the two prisoners had been placed. They saw Violet and her sisters approaching and scowled.....

"You dirty little scoundrels how dare you come near us." Said the one of them angrily. "Keep away I tell you or we will kill you, under

guard as we are...."

Violet and her sisters did not say anything but kept on, and another of the Mandelinians said.

"Oh what's the use of being so peevish now lieutenant. Leave the little girls alone. They ain't doing anything to us anyhow. So why threaten them. Anyway their guardian may come along and hearing your abuse put you before a firing squad."

"But I hate the sight of them." Protested the lieutenant. "Oh how my hands are itching to grasp them by their waists, the little green eyed aka snakes."

Violet and her sisters were hurt at these attacking remarks but succeeded in controlling themselves, as they knew it would be useless to say anything anything to the insolent scoundrel. But nevertheless to show the Mandelinians they were not afraid of them, they kept on their way ignoring the wild threats of their enemies who were in reality powerless to do anything not only on account of the pugnacious character of their guards but because they knew that to try to do anything to the little girls would be their undoing for the little girls would shoot them down without questioning. Evans soon came along and the Mandelinians quieted down..... Evans was suspicious that the Mandelinians had been saying something out of the way to the little girls and fearing that they would do something yet, had them removed to the guardhouse. "No one can trust those insolent wretches." He said. "When they talk like they did to the civilian girls and threaten, there is something wrong and its best to see that they are locked up until their entrainment

to the prison camp in Abyssinikile...."

"They are the most surly and insolent prisoners that I have ever guarded." Said one of the sentinels. "All day long, every day they are always growling, swearing, cursing, blaspheming threatening and throwing things about reckless when they hit, even among themselves. And when they are silent they are always scowling and give every one that passes that blackest look."

"They are a bad gang of prisoners, and must be watched closely at that." Said another guard. "That lieutenant early this morning raved so at every christian soldier that passed, that you would have believed he had gone mad."

"They are mostly Me-Hollesstinians." Said Evans. "And they are mostly always surly and hot headed. They are grouchy to the highest limit some of the most dangerous sects of Mandelinians to meet in battle and probably the most brutal to all hell-people christian children."

Evans now went after the little girls, and warned them not to leave the lines without a strong escort as both Mandelinian armies were more nearer and there was danger of their being slain.

"We are not going to leave the lines at all." Said violet in her sweetest manner. "We were looking for you."

"And I was looking for you little girls all morning." Said Evans
 "I have good news to tell you. Hanley it is reported is retreating from
 general Vivian your father, has been outmaneuvered, four times without
 a battle and is finally forced to retreat southward in stead of
 advancing northward as he has been doing before. I got this news by wireless
 early this morning. General Hanson is following general John Hanley
 and vindictive is watching the movements of Federal. It seems
 that there is going to be exciting occurrences elsewhere. Battles have
 raged at Fagin, Pinocile, Casey, Grogan, and Tanlonia during all
 last month. Fagin Pinocile raged at different portions of the lands
 on the fifteen-fifteenth and Grogan on the 19th. Tanlonia
 on the 26th--27th and all christian victories....."

"It seems all too good to be true." Said Violet. "And it's looking
 as if the war won't be raging much longer."
 "I hope so." Said Evans. "But let's be going it will be soon time
 for mass call and I'll have to be at my headquarters before then for safety
 sake I want you little girls with me."

They followed him willingly and huddling with him. Then desiring
 to see how the raided town looked Evans went out the lines taking Violet
 and her sisters with him and under an escort. They had not went even
 a quarter of a mile, when a party of glandelinian cavaliers rode down
 upon the party guarding the Vivian girls. In the frightful melee
 in which three hundred glandelinians fell in a minute, Violet and
 her sisters being always well-headed got away, Evans following. Then
 things commenced to happen.

The glandelinians yelling and cursing fiercely rode down
 like a whirlwind upon Evans and the little girls, trying to cut
 them down with their sabres. Evans unhorsed three glandelinians almost
 simultaneously, sabred another, shot three others with his
 pistol and cut the throat of a glandelinian officer. In the furious
 melee Violet and her sisters dashed on ahead still free. Several glandelinians
 seeing the little girls shouted, and the attack on Evans
 was stopped the glandelinians forgetting him and racing after the
 little girls fugitives. Evans knowing the flatness of the glandelinian
 horses, realized the impossibility of the little girls getting away
 and so determined to save them. He urged his horse on full speed
 suddenly riding wildly among the furiously galloping horses of the
 glandelinians. The glandelinians were stricken with panic at this
 sudden onset even though it was only from one man. Two glandelinians
 endeavored to urge their horses across the field out of the way
 of the madly charging enemy, but both horses stumbled throwing
 their riders headlong, the other horsemen dashing in many directions
 in panic one in his confusion, toward Evans, who fired and down
 with horse and rider. While three other glandelinians colliding with
 their horses tripping one another went down in a struggling heap three
 other men literally doing their very best to summersault, while
 four others rolled down a rise of ground horses and all, and three officers
 sprawled head over heels down another side of the rise. All this happened
 at one time.

Violet and her sisters witnessed it all, and had to laugh it
 looked so funny. Evans immediately joined them and the escort none of whom
 fell in the melee with the glandelinians at the first onset, and away
 they dashed toward the christian lines without further adventure. Violet
 and her sisters did not know what to make of Evans daring dash, and
 neither did the glandelinians ten of whom were hurled and maimed.

"Well I'll be blown if he did not literally fly
 among us." Cried the captain. "He is a regular devil I tell you. He could
 have killed all of us that way."

"Well we will have to put up with it." Said another captain.
 "But this must be reported to general Germania Vivian. That christian dog
 must be destroyed, and the little brats too."

Violet and her sisters themselves laughed a little at all
 the way back to the camp over what they had seen and spoke much about it to
 Evans.

"It was the only thing to save you little girls." Said Evans. "I don't
 know how the devil I did it myself and so successfully. I expected
 a furious shower of sabres, and not the confusion that came."

"You dashed among them like a swift runaway." Said Violet.
 "All I saw was something like a horse and rider dash like lightning
 among our pursuers, and then the wild a panic and confusion. They must
 have thought it was a legion of horsemen dashing among them. The way
 they sprawled and rolled. We could not keep from laughing it looked so
 funny."

"How many glandelinians were there?" Asked Violet wiping her eyes as she
 had laughed herself to tears.

"About four hundred and twenty six and unhorsed them all single handed
 at that." Said Evans smiling with a grin all over his face. "It was a
 splendid feat, and something I did not believe possible. I must be a
 marvel to the christian army. It's the greatest ever and I am
 myself amazed and even embarrassed by it. It seemed almost like
 if I was an angel rebelling the 'lands'."

Later that afternoon a soldier who had been on guard,
 brought up to Evans a large square sheet of cardboard paper. To his
 surprise his picture was on it and a great reward offered for his
 destruction. This was on it and he read it carefully to Violet and
 her sisters:

"A reward of \$11,000,000 will be given for the destruction
 of general Jack Evans, guardian of the Vivian girls. He is a herculean
 pugilist, able to lick any one that comes in his way, and early this
 afternoon with ten seconds time unhorsed thirty of the best Arabian
 horsemen drove the remainder into irreparable confusion and unhorsing
 them also just because they were pursuing the Vivian girls.
 He did this by riding wildly among them. This is his description:
 Very handsome, but pug-faced, also form like an ox, blue eyes, brown,
 hair and rings in his ears. The pursued were/
 Violet Mary Vivian;
 Joyce Katherine Vivian;
 Jennie Francis Vivian;
 Catherine Cecilia Vivian;
 Nettie Annie Vivian;
 Daisy Gertrude Vivian;
 Evangeline Celestine Vivian."

Evans was always troublesome to the glandelinian army and now is the
 time to put a stop to his nonsense. He has caused the loss of many
 battles and his interference must be avenged. And the Vivian girls are
 to be killed as soon as possible. They are amiable more than he is
 though they are my sisters. An extra reward will also be given for
 their destruction or capture whatever it be termed. I have been mortified
 by them long enough. These are what they did the little scamps
 as they are.

Interfered with child slavery.
 Killed our beloved King Proclis.
 Brought the christian armies on W Jennie Green down by spying on Picknell.
 Caused commotion and commotion during the capture of Julio Gallo.
 Destroyed tents worth millions of dollars, on many occasions.
 Killed many many officers.
 Stubbornly disobedient to masters when prisoners.
 Held responsible for the disasters to our armies at the first battle
 of Sunbr Sunbeam creek or Jennie Vivian.
 There are many others things that could not be written here.

GENERAL GERMANIA VIVIAN
 COMMANDER OF GLANDELINIAN ARMY."

"It would look more becoming if he would print more on the square." Said
 Evans. "But just the same this does look like as if he means business,
 so we will have to be on the lookout for his glandelinians/ and if general
 Huetbaum Manley would only start something I would be able to begin

begin a battle and crush Germania once and for good. But the trouble is we can't do any thing until Germania make a junction with him. And it seems dangerous to allow him to do so, for a union of armies is always dangerous. If we could only think of some scheme of sneaking in his headquarters and shooting him there."

"For our sakes don't try it," cried Violet frantically. "It's as dangerous as defying God before his face to strike you dead. You would succeed in killing him but not in getting away."

Evans did not answer to her plead but said:

"But anyway I defy him and hate him."

"Not good!" asked Violet reproachfully.

"No indeed, Germania - mean I will get him yet though I have failed several times. I have not forgotten that Brigano affair and never will."

Evans then cast the old cardboard aside and strode toward his headquarters. Violet and her sisters followed him. He met Wienstien coming out at the front entrance.

"I'm as afraid we are in bad," he said soberly. "A series of ravaging plagues is sweeping the whole of Calverinia. Cholera, scarlet fever, Bubonic, and many others including the dreaded Rabreia. Tens of thousands are dying every week. It's feared the plagues will strike the armies."

Evans was appalled at this news and at first couldn't find words for utterance.

"Read this paper," said Wienstien critically. "I'll flabbergast you."

Evans took the paper and read.

GRAVE CONDITIONS IN CALVERINIA. PLAGUES SWEEP WHOLE COUNTRY. TENS OF THOUSANDS ARE DYING.

General Johnston Jackson Manley, firmly determined that the Vivian girls must be slain, and seeing that the soldiers failed to assassinate them, but were captured and shot instead, had turned his guns loose on the great laboratories in Pouncee-Cee-Coolie, blowing the buildings into ruins and setting the germs of hundreds of contagious diseases free, after seeing to it that his armies by means of certain dogs would be immune from the plagues. Plagues have spread quickly among the Calverinians without warning, tens of thousands are dying and fugitives are fleeing from the threatened town in multitudes. There are already three hundred thousand cases, and there is grave danger that the series of plagues and plau plagues will come on among the Christian soldiers. If the plagues spread too far there is sure possibility of the enemy winning the war. It was Manley's purpose to do this so that Violet and her sisters would be victims and die. Doctors and sergeants are battling the plagues with all their medical skill but there seems no way of getting or of overcoming the awful plagues. Warning has been sent everywhere telling of the awful dangers.

For several minutes after reading the startling articles Evans was speechless for it was evident that Manley would resort to any vile purpose to gain his victories and crush the lives of the Vivian girls. A similar occurrence had been happening long before the battle of little Florinia. Frankie Anna but had failed. If the real extreme cold weather would set in the plagues would be checked at least most of them. But the forest fires raging over the space of hundreds of miles, a literal volcano of flame and smoke created such a warmth that now it being spring no cold weather was in sight and the April snow that had already fallen during the last storm was all melted away by the warmth.

"What will Violet and her sisters say?" Evans put in at last. "I'm sure they will be frightened."

He however knew that they would hear of it if he told them or not and so he went to them and showed them the paper with the startling news. They fairly blanched at the news. It was to them the easiest matter to escape the wildest glandelinians, but to escape any one of the plagues was right too impossible as it seemed. They were horrified and did not know what to say. Evans did his best to cheer them telling them that he would do his utmost to keep the plagues away from his army.

Day after day they had been horrified by news still more terrifying. Towns and villages crammed with thousands of the victims of the diseases men, women, and children, tossing in fever torture and torment were struck by the furiously advancing forest fires and no one able to help themselves perished in the conflagration the loss being 30,000 in slain by the fires.

The fires struck upon the towns and villages without warning. "Faid the news as Evans read it to the little girls after telling them about the plague. Over thirty thousand men, women, and children too ill to even get out of bed to flee, perished in their dwellings. The numbers of victims have increased and is now one million one hundred thousand, but none of our armies are touched as yet and neither the foe who seem completely nil from the plagues, the glandelinians being delighted in their scourged victims."

Evans after he heard this startling news was compelled to have every man in his army disinfected as often as possible, supplying each man with the germ killer so that they could disinfect themselves. All the soldiers were horrified and believed that their doom was near. This was one of the worse scourges the glandelinians had yet overinflicted. Evans feared for Violet and her sisters and going to a church offered ten thousand for the safety of the little girls and three thousand dollars as a donation that God would prevent them from getting any of the plagues.

They were never touched but little Francis nearly died as we will see from one of the plagues.

Knowing that the danger had grown more menacing Evans had now issued orders that no soldiers will be allowed to leave the lines, and even watched the Vivian girls and little Mary and Francis more closely.

Wienstien and Vivian and the other Christian generals were also worried. The conflagration of diseases had been spreading like wild fire and it seemed as if the whole of Calverinia would be wiped out. The horrible stories of helpless fever victims raked with pain, perishing in towns struck by forest fires was heartrending. Daily prayers had been offered for rain but none came. The fires grew only worse. Countless numbers of people not yet sick or struck by the plagues were fleeing from the towns and cities where the diseases already started to claim it's civil victims. Grave fear was felt everywhere.

Rabreiria was the most dreaded of all diseases and the most horrible. Another diseases going on then called in Calverinia Fennondencia or Rabid Leprius was also ravaging among the helpless its symptoms being horrible, and more horrible were the circumstances that follow, though curable. This disease was the most abundant.

Fourty thousand had it in Francis-Atlanta where Hanson's army was concentrating, and none survived. Thirty six thousands of cases of the disease Rabreiria were reported in general Vivian's command, and though sixteen thousand of them had died the number of cases were increasing like wildfire when the news and warning was given which Evans and Wienstien had been so startled by. Even hydrophobia, Leprosy, and other horrid diseases, diseases, such as scarlet fever, Cholera, Eilergera, Bubonic and Typhus combined together as one could not outrival the horrors of the worse plague of all Fennondencia. It begins like rabies in the first stage. Second stage is like full developed rabies, which subsides quickly without killing the patient. Then after the lull, which lasts three days the patient appearing apparently entirely well, the body of the victim becomes covered with various bright colored rash, which has a horrible strong odor, he then suffers the tortures of the damned, red foam pours from his mouth, tongue swells six times his its natural size and protrudes becoming orange to yellow color with orange and black spots numbering it, he becomes delirious and dies in horrible convulsions as apparent looked jaw ends the last stage. This frightful plague is extremely contagious, and the victim is stricken two days after being near a patient with the dread fever. It can be cured but only in the most favorable circumstances. Nine out of ten die. The treatment is simple.

Ice bags continually on head. Injections of germicidal poisons are used at times which proved effective though rendering the patient weak but the best treatment is to hurry him to a colder climate.

And then worse to tell it the greater number of cases had this dread disease and another breaking out called Rabria was now showing itself among Wienstien's army, which horrified Violet and her sisters who felt like fleeing and intended to do so, begging Evans to come with them.

Should it start in general Evans command also it would wipe

outnearly every one in the army. But it never did and the little did that did start among vivianians was quickly stamped out before it got very far thought the victims died. Evans realized the grave danger and all the soldiers that dyed had to go through a rigid examination. Another day passed and it was seen that the peril was growing more grave still. In the town of Jane Lee twenty miles northeast of Vivianians army there was discovered two hundred and fifty nine new cases of the varied diseases and Pennocondencia was the greater number. Those who did safe from the plagues were fleeing in terror from the town, but found themselves barred from the christian lines as no one was allowed to go in that direction on account of the nearer nearness of Huebaum Manleys army many of whom soon fell upon the poorfuitives in ambush regardless of the danger of catching itself themselves, not saving the people but forcibly driving them all back into the town, before any large parties of christians could go to their rescue. Hundreds of physicians came to Calverinia from Anticannia, to help battle the fearful plagues now raging, even many more doctors from other christian nations, red cross nurses swarmed by thousands into Calverinia, risking their lives to care for the sick, but few survived, for those not taking the diseases, were massacred by the wicked Mandellinians.

Evans already driven furious by the ravages of the plagues caused by the Mandellinians was aroused still more at these outrages committed by the savage Mandellinian solidi soldiery. A hospital filled with the sick suffering of the varied diseases, was wrecked by Mandellinian guns, many y mostly children being killed. Evans hearing of the various outrages committed by Huebaum Manleys Mandellinians ordered Viviania to immediately make a junction with him, before the plague starts among his men, and if Manleys Mandellinians commits any further outrages, he would see to it w that it was immediately atoned for, and in a way that would horrify heaven.

General Viviania obeyed orders and by the afternoon was up with Vivianians right, while now general Hanson's army concentrated in overwhelming numbers toward Francis Atlanta. The plague however was still more threatening and Viviania reported fifty six cases of Pennocondencia among his men. Evans found two scarlet fever victims, or Habria fifteen children and Bubonic cases and fifteen typhus cases within his lines, the report of which filled poor Violet and her sisters with te terror.

"It is here at last," cried Jennie in terror. "Oh please God save us from the courage and the army."

After that Violet and her sisters always kept inside not that they were cowardly but because there was dangerous danger of them getting one of the plagues. Evans would not let them outside and saw to it that they were disinfected often and given some medical medicine as a preventive. Francis and Mary received the same care. Despite all precaution within three days thousands soon became victims in his army. Francis herself became sick. She complained of a headache, and sore throat combined. Sometimes she felt as if she was strangling, and then at other times was almost prostrate because she failed to breathe for nearly three minutes.

Evans at once had a doctor called who on examining her declared that one of the strange plagues had got her and that she must be kept away from the Vivian girls at all hazards.

In the meantime while now the ravages of the diseases was increasing elsewhere it failed to increase within Evans and Vivianians lines. The thousands of cases that had the Habria and other diseases were reported now recovering or dying. Typhus was threatening the life of little Francis who grew worse hour after hour, in what the doctor said. Violet and her sisters were in constant dread. They were almost broken hearted also because they realized that poor little Francis was in a dangerous condition.

"There seems no hope of saving her," is what the doctor had said. And it was feared to be true. Evans was in constant dread about the Vivian girls catching some disease or other. Thousands of soldiers not recovering were on the verge of death, and danger now seemed threateningly near to the little girls. Evans was fairly wild over it all. And so was Viviania and the two Vivian generals. They kept the army doctors working to the utmost in an attempt to check the plagues but in vain. And now it was May. Three more days had passed and while poor little Francis lay dying, four hundred other cases were reported in Evans Army, and nearly eight thousand in Vivianians. Many stricken were officers.

General Hanson and general Vivian with their big armies confronting the foe at Francis Atlanta had escaped the plagues after all and did everything possible to move fiercely against the three Manleys, who had caused it all but the wicked rascals would not stand their ground, and mortified general Vivian by making movements that flabbergasted the christians.

Fearing that he would soon try and make a junction with Huebaum Manley, as it was reported many battles were raging furiously elsewhere, general Hanson and Vivian sent soldiers to general Evans asking him to strike Huebaum's hard blow, but through some reason Evans did not get the message and so general Vivian or Hanson could not get any communications with him. Evans himself tried to communicate with general Vivian in and finally succeeded in getting him, and getting his order. But on account of the plagues raging within his lines Evans found it impossible and stated the conditions to general Vivian. General Vivian was still sorely grieved by this news and almost wept. Evans apprehended that Huebaum and Germania would attack the christian lines while in this help condition, and so had extra sentries out day and night. Yet if these two Mandellinian generals did start any attack just now, that there would not be any chance of repelling them successfully, and a huge disaster would occur. And probably the Vivian girls would be lost. He never ceased in praying for the abatement of the disease, and neither did Violet and her sisters who were unmistakably terrified.

But so far as yet none of the Vivian girls took sick. Evans care and precautions seemed to be working with evident success. And he did not feel so apprehended as before. But don't believe because because he saw success, that he started to let up in his caution. Not a bit. And as attack came, and his calling the doctor doctors soon began to bring little Francis out of the danger also. Slowly but surely she began to recover, while outside the plagues among the mad soldiers was still increasing fiercely, spreading like wild fire.

And all the while general Huebaum and General Germania, though gloating over the situation among the christian lines kept their distance from his hostile enemies general Vivian and his brother. And why y why? And why didn't the plagues inflict the Mandellinian armies, like it did the christians? It is true the plagues did strike among the christian lines but the victims only numbered by the thousands, died by tens, while among the noncombatants the victims numbered by the hundreds of thousands, and the deaths by the scores of thousands. The whole tenth toll among the whole population in Calverinia, and among all the christian armies combined, was about 250,000 many who had burned to death, when help came to rescue from their burning dwellings, when the first fire dance descended upon the towns and villages. Evans felt more like smiling when little Francis was led pulled through, but nevertheless with her recovery the plague among the soldiers was at its height, and Evans feared that his army would be totally destroyed.

Indeed war is hell, and no mistake at that. Late that afternoon Evans was disturbed by the howling like dogs in the basement of his headquarters, which sounded fearfully indeed. A this moment a lieutenant came hurriedly up to him and said saluting;

"Four excellency general Viviania who is now sick also keeps five bloodhounds in the basement and some how t or other they have contracted the dreaded Habria. I would advise you to have them shot sir. Their howls are horrible and so unearthly."

"Maybe the trouble is that they are hungry and have not been fed," said Evans. "I hope you brave soldiers indeed are not getting the mad dog scare."

The lieutenant saluted and went out. If Evans had believed what the lieutenant had told him the occurrence that happened would have been averted, and the little girls would have been altogether safe to the end.

That evening Evangeline hearing a strange noise in her bed room, went to open the door, and met a figure, which once had been a dog, but now a scaly hideous wreck, with head hanging low and red and yellow mucus dropping about its breast. Its eyes were like fire and it appeared to be recovering from convulsion. With a ravenous piercing howl, it sprang at her but missed.

Missing its first spring the hound cowered sullenly, then like a flash at was at her throat, and had borne her to the floor fanging her tender neck, with keen teeth, while fanging while snarling smelling the blood the other beasts while too helpless to move even a foot in their condition set up an infernal din. Violet and her sisters hearing the clamor, and Evangelines screams, rushed to the spot in spite of the danger of catching the plague, but all their proddings and beatings, with sticks and even chairs could not make the infuriated dog let go. Evans hearing the agonized screams of Violet and her sisters, the sound of a desperate struggle going on, and the bell like chorus of the maddened dogs ran into the room with his sabre, and finally prodded the brute off the bleeding child, who desperately struggling with the dog rolled and kicked on the floor. Evangeline was quickly carried out of

of the room. A lieutenant who had come upon the scene at the same time, who while Evans held the infuriated beast at bay, binned the door behind him on the raving pack. Evans then was put into bed, her mangled throat being smothered with ammonia, and stroking salutions of Carbolic Acid all mixed, and then bandaged with almost a box of vasiline.

Evans then, his mind clouded with a great fear, which drove him into a frenzy of apprehension, drew his gun, and boldly entering the room fired load after load at the loose dogs. At last they sank whinnying and howling. At this moment the doctor appeared and examined the dogs.

"These dogs caught rabies, from some soldiers all suffering from the same plague plague." He said. "And I fear it is all of with the little Virginia girls despite all your trouble. The dogs are past doing further harm but the deadly virus or morbid rabies is poisoning the little girls veins, and no skill of medical science can check its rapid course."

These words filled Evans with silent alarm.

"Oh God, don't let this be!" He cried.

At this moment Evans' Virginia came up.

"What happened to the little girl?" He gasped.

"She was bitten by one of your bloodhounds." Said the doctor pointing to the dead dog. "The dog mangled her throat horribly and though she may pull through despite her injuries, she is in grave danger of the dreaded disease rabies." "It's the deadliest plague of all."

"I would see her kill her right now than let her suffer such a hideous death afterwards." Said Evans. "Oh God how could it be. What will happen next?"

"Don't lose your heart yet." Encouraged the doctor. "And yet how can we come the dogs to be in her room. They were too sick to come up here of their own accord. Anyway Evangeline must not be disturbed as she is suffering terribly."

"But can't I even see her a moment?" Asked Weinstien.

"No your excellency." Said the doctor. "If you disturb her now you will kill her."

Violet and her sisters were crying bitterly in spite of the efforts of Evans to comfort them. One disaster seemed to follow another, as it was now the dog. In the meantime to add to their misery, the flood of fire or distant fires, consuming wide stretches of forests with the speed of a fast express train was reported heading toward Terrilliger, and now a fearful gale was blowing so fiercely that no man outside could hardly keep his feet.

The night was indeed a time of misery. Evangeline was fairly writhing in misery, and agony, and calling constantly for a cup of water, which the red cross nurses refused to give, as the doctor advised that it must not be given, saying that cold lemonade or milk would be better. But where to get this was the question and Evans saw to it anyway that she got the water.

Indeed it was a sad sight to little Evangeline in a hall her misery. She constantly called for Evans, her father or her sisters, and indeed swooned several times, and the bandage around her throat was crimson with blood. In the meantime the advancing forest fires had become more menacing and terrible. A frightful sea of flames burned onward and onward, whirling high into the air in whirlpools of fire, with an ominous roar burning away everything. The flood of flames was burning straight toward the town despite the efforts of the fire fighters. Evans had sent out to check it and many of the poor victims who could be saved, when overcome while fighting, it were brought into the lines. Long stretches of trees all night long could be seen catching fire, it being a harrowing sight indeed. Violet and her sisters did not pay any attention to it, at all their sole thoughts being on Angeline. What would be the verdict of the doctor in the next morning. Would it be that she would really contract the deadly malady or was it only an attack of an infuriated dog inflicting a hurt at the presence of a strange person. No one could see sleep at all that night, lying wide awake and listening to the moans of poor little Evangeline in alarm, and praying incessantly that God would at least spare her, even if the dog had the frightful plague.

"Lord afflict me if need be put spare poor little Evangeline." Evans prayed over and over again.

General Evans, Weinstien, and the little girls were the first one of out of bed the next morning. And a few minutes later they met the doctor. "I cannot account for it he." He said. "Weinstien how came the dogs to be in their room. I have labored all night in my laboratory with my

best psychiana and found that the plague had taken hold of the dogs all right. My chief belief is that the dogs were brought up to their room by somebody, not to be trusted, and the one who was not to be

too helpless from the effects of the disease, to show fight against an invader, became enraged at the sight of her as she was a stranger to them. Bloodhounds bloodhounds when sick will go for any body who aroused by their sudden appearance anyway. It was my opinion at first from the infernal din, I heard that they had rabies. Come and I'll show you how they look."

The doctor led them to the laboratory where the dead dogs had been brought. There lay the dogs with the whitened skin, one eye being larger than the other, their bodies were covered with cancerous sores of all hues and thickropy slimy yellow and ran red foam and sticky stuff protruded from the bullet wounds, while from their mouths redropy saliva exposed itself. Their hearts gave a leap of horror. A Evangeline and her sisters even were in danger, as the disease was highly contagious at least while the victims were yet alive. Evans hastened out of the place to spread the alarm to the soldiers outside surrounding the building and to warn them not to come inside.

"Roy's." He gasped. "Little Evangeline was bitten by one of the six dogs suffering from one of the most dreaded of plagues. Keep away if you don't want to catch it."

A howl of fear rose from the throng, and they scattered. Evans returning went into Evangeline's room and found Violet and her sisters sobbing by her bedside. At his approach the little girls stirred.

"Come now cheer up." He said. "Evangeline may be in no danger, even if one of those dogs suffering from the horrid plague did bite her."

Little Evangeline indeed without even having the disease itself, was in a serious condition. The dogs indeed had been suffering from the dreaded plague, and if the other dogs had not been rendered helpless by the disease, they probably would have torn her to pieces, before help could have arrived. Two days had passed since little Evangeline had been bitten, and yet the frightful forest fires despite the desperate fight of soldiers and the Christian armies, more and more, while many more various diseases had broken out, the affliction being worse than before. Evangeline still suffered from her injuries, but the doctors chemicals had given out, and nothing could be done at all. The glandulars had certainly done their wicked work too well, destroying substances of every description, besides causing great forest fires and plagues. Sorrow and misery indeed was everywhere, and terror also from the ravages of the frightful plagues, and thousands of more dead added to the lists. If the forest fires would only slacken, or go in another direction probably something could be done.

But the forest fires only became more threatening. Terrilliger was threatened and even burning burning, and the worse affliction that threatened was from the plagues. Many of the poor refugees who had been sheltered among the Christian lines, tossed in mortal agony from the diseases, and if the forest fires drew too near, the army would be compelled to retreat before it, and probably leave the many sick and dying behind.

The next day when the forest fires could be seen from there very plainly, an eruption of smoke covering the skies above the horizon, Violet who was alone with Evans said faintly:

"Evans I don't know what is the reason, but don't feel a bit well. My head is aching something awful, and at times I get a violent shill and I have a strange pain in my chest also."

If there was anything that shocked Evans it

was this.

"You don't feel well?" He gasped in alarm.

"No, I vomited early this morning too."

"Why what is the matter?"

"I don't know she." She said. "But my illness fills me with horror, though I know not why."

Evans who was sitting by an open window with her said:

"If Weinstien and the others know you are sick they will get scared. For remember you came near dying the other time."

Violet did not answer but laid her aching head against his breast. At this moment the doctor who attended little Evangeline, came in, and noticing Violet's white face, and labored breathing, strode up and said:

"What is the matter, Violet. You look distressed distressed."

"She ain't well." Said Evans. "she compains complains of a

headache and a dull pain in her chest. 'Maybe it is a cold, no, cold.' 'No it is not so.' Said the doctor. As Evans ordered the nurse to carry her to her bedroom. 'I hope it ain't anything serious.' Said Evans following the nurse who carried her, and laid her as gently as an egg on her bed. 'I'm kind of scared though.' 'I wish my sisters could come to me.' She said pleadingly. 'Evans would you please find them.' 'I don't think it would be wise.' Said the doctor, who was examining her. 'She took sick all of a sudden.' Said Evans. 'I hope to God it is not serious.'

The doctor examined her pulse, and the interior of her throat, and said: 'She will have to be kept quiet for a while. She is going to have a dangerous disease, and no one can be by her unless without proper reasons as it is contagious. Evans as you are her guardian you better remain and watch. But you will have to be disinfectant every hour.'

'What is the name of the disease?' Asked Evans. 'I'm not sure until to night.' Said the doctor. 'You may give her a dose of this every hour.' He added. 'I'll have to go now, to my other patients, but if she gets worse, you send or come for me quickly.'

'I will.' Said Evans as he followed the doctor to the door. 'Do you think it is necessary to put her to bed?' 'It's best for her by an open window where she can get a lot of fresh air.' Exclaimed the doctor. 'But don't have her out in a close room.' It's dangerous. I know the disease but I refuse to tell.

Evans did as he was advised, putting her in a bed where there was a wide open window. Having been disinfectant her sisters were allowed to see her. And only three of them came and they were weeping.

'Jennie and Evangeline have the dreaded disease too.' Said voice. 'Violet dear we fear you have caught it from the those dead dogs too.'

'Were you all in the room when the dog attacked Angelina?' Asked Evans as he raised the sobbing children, and drew them to him with compassion. 'Yes.' Answered Catherine. 'And they saw that that kind of a disease is incurable. Oh why did she be so foolish as to go near those dogs, when she knew it was contagious. If they die I want to go too. We want the disease so we will die.'

'Come now don't weep so.' He said soothingly. 'Maybe we will all come out all right. It's a bad plague, but he is a liar who said it was incurable.'

'No I don't believe it is a lie even from them.' Said voice sobbing. 'Thousands of the soldiers had it, and died in two days, and the same was said about them. There is surely no cure.'

Evans felt the same about it as they did, but did not care to admit it.

'You must not disturb her he said softly. 'The doctor had said that she must have perfect quiet.'

It was a few minutes after the little girls had come, when Violet suddenly cried out:

'I'm choking. I'm choking. I'

Evans noticed that her countenance was becoming livid, while her breathing was hurried, each respiration being attended by a growling and a howling sound.

'Quick watch her while I go for the doctor.' Gasped Evans. With this Evans skipped off. The moment Evans was gone a violent fit of coughing seized her, then all of a sudden suffocation, and she made vehement struggles to recover her breath. Poor Violet presented all the symptoms of suffocation, a sense of impending danger seemed to seize her, and she grabbed the column of her bed as if for protection, while recovering her breath and at last she gave a shrill characteristic melancholic howl and whoop which filled the room with an uncanny sound.

'Violet's mad.' Screamed poor Daisy as Evans came in with the doctor. 'She's got hydrophobia. She howled like a mad dog.'

As the doctor approached she again began to cough, and choke, her voice became hoarse, and red frothy appeared on her lips, while she became restless, friv fretful and feverish. However her coughing was not loud and barking as it was before, being very much suppressed, her voice seeming to be almost gone, while her face became very pale, as her lungs pained for want of air, her head being thrown back as she seemed to

be coughing her tongue out. Her suffering for want of air became so. As the doctor reached her bed, Violet was seized with convulsions, apnea, and writhed and screamed in agony, while the suffering little girl kept further from her bed, drawing contact with that terrible morbid position, or virus that was tearing at her heart, and scouring the marrow of her bones. In a few minutes the convulsions ceased, and Violet was now in a delirium.

'It's Rabrirela.' Said the doctor hoarsely. 'Two of her other sisters are also suffering from it. How quick did this develop on her?'

'I don't know.' Said Evans who was trying to draw the three little weeping children from the bed. 'I'd hate to tell several Vivian of this.'

'It would be better not to tell right away until we know the end result.' Said the doctor. 'Evangelina is in a worse condition than her self, but don't worry as I'll do my best to check the progress of the disease.'

'They say Rabrirela is incurable.' Said Evans in a voice of despair. 'Thousands of the soldiers died of it already.'

'The disease is making fast progress being Rabrirela, or Pe Phenonedancia-Gallia-Pallia, one of the deadliest diseases known but if treated in time it may kill a soldier. It is said that there is no cure for such diseases, but I have had many cases that left me well and strong. I'm sure I can save the three of them before it reaches the third of high stage. If it reaches the third or what is called the eruptive stage there is no hope then. And there is liable to be a hemorrhage of the nose, with purging and severe vomiting, and if this starts in there will be hope. Her forehead is already hot, and her chest is growing as cold as mat marble. So it is up to you to place an ice bag on her head, and see that her chest is well heated by hot water bottles. That will prevent the disease from progressing too fast.'

'All right I'll do that.' Said Evans with emotion. 'But could you not summon more nurses. They are needed more badly now.'

'But how can they get here?' Said the doctor. 'Look at that wild flood of fire far off as it is. It's only worse and the only way the nurses can get here now is to pass through the enemy's lines, and they will perish in the hands of the AludAludians if they risk it. It can't be done.'

Evans realized that no one could brave either the enemy or the roaring flood of fire, and that some of the private would have to do as well. He stood by the window watching the smoke from the roaring conflagration, with melting holy eyes. He remembered the previous miseries of the poor little girls and their threatened deaths every time. Was he now going to see the best beloved friends of all he ever had, die a horrible death after all the escapades they had before? Was the disease really incurable, or was it that the doctor wished to kill the three little girls? If so would he dare? Or was it that the conflagration rendered him an helpless as the others, destroying his headquarters, his laboratories, and his best beloved ones? Was the disease really Rabrirela, or Hydrophobia? Or was it something else, perhaps worse? Or was it a dangerous delirium over sorrow caused by the pitiful plight of little Evangeline? Or was she pining her life away because she was so far from her father?

These were the thoughts that passed through his mind.

Then Twenty four hours had passed since Violet became ill and now she and her two sisters were redoubly worse. They suffered pain throughout their whole bodies, that made them writhe and moan, and chilliness and languor having affected the other little girls. Evans became more worried than ever. The heat in the skin of the three diseased Vivian children had decreased, and though Violet had been the third to catch it and Jennie the first, Violet was the worse of the three, and her face had assumed a scarlet rash, which had rapidly defused itself over her whole body.

The redness was vivid and like the color of a boiled lobster. Evans knowing where the doctor was, went and told him of the rapid change, that the disease had reached the eruptive stage.

'It's pretty alarming now.' He said after having looked into her throat. 'Her tonsils and throat inside have assumed a blackish red color, and her tongue which is purplish in color is spotted with numerous yellow points which marks its papillae which are presenting an appearance which is compared to the yellow seeds of a strawberry. Her situation is critical. It has reached the third stage.'

At this Evans had broken down. He staggered out of the room with his hands to his eyes. Jennie and her two sisters had been in there again, and they heard the doctors remarks also. In a moment more Evans and the doctor also were taking out three unconscious

little girls. They had fainted.

"So it's Rabrirein after all!" Thought Evans his heart aching to leap into his mouth. "And now her condition is critical." These words stung him like an adder. He had hoped that the disease if it really was going to be a disease would be a slight one. But no. It's Rabrirein in its most deadliest form, and three of the beloved Vivian girls were victims of it. These dear little girls who had borne much more misery than any one for the sake of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. And this is the result. The thought was maddening. How long he was in this trance I couldn't tell but when he suddenly came to he found that it was drawing toward morning. Quickly he strode from their bedroom. The doctor was standing between their beds.

"What then?" He began when the doctor put his hand on his forehead. "Hush." He said hoarsely. "They are worse. The inflammation in their throats had terminated into small abscesses, which was also in the plate of their necks which I had just finished removing. The inflammation has also extended to their cheeks, lips and eyelids, and Gangrene had threatened to set in. I fear they won't live for another twenty-four hours. It's the arising of the worse part of the third stage now."

"Oh God, don't say that." He exclaimed Evans. "It'll kill me!" He staggered toward the beds. Poor Violet Jennie and Evangeline were tossing in supreme agony. When the doctor opened Jennie's mouth, he saw that her tongue, and gums had been coated with a sickly yellow lemon color and were swelling.

"It don't take long for this frightful disease to kill." Said the doctor. "Death generally issues or comes two days after the disease starts. To them may live only till tomorrow morning."

Evans had seen in Angelina's throat and mouth also round whitish and a ash colored spots, mingled with the yellow color. "That coloring in the throat and mouth is the gravest part." Said the doctor. "It generally spreads gradually over the victims body, changing into various bright colors. If it fails to spread over their whole bodies, they will have a chance to win the battle for life."

It was two midnight that the three Vivian girls suffered excruciating pain in their eyes, back and lower loins, and particularly in the lungs, arms, neck, and legs, attended with a series of most violent chills, alternated with flushes of heat. Their pulse had quickened, their skin had become hotter, and redder in color and their faces and eyelids threatened to swell, while their skin turning to a crimson color began to exhale a sickening odor, supreme suffering having set in. But all yellow coloring in their mouths had disappeared. A few more minutes passed, and the three sick Vivian girls were in a delirium howling exactly like dogs, while they became writhed in violent convulsions. Their tongues which were swelling badly were loaded with a dirty purple color, and their mouths had become filled with a sickly yellowish white mucus thick like glue, mingled with a little green and red. Evans at once rushed for the doctor.

"Come quickly." He panted shaking with terror. "Violet and her two sisters are howling like dogs."

The doctor at once rushed for the sick room, while Evans rushed to look the door containing the other little girls. Then Evans rushed into the sick room expecting to see the victims of the disease attack him and the doctor in their wild delirium, but there they now lay still panting, and once conscious, and with their eyes open with a look of recognition. A slight smile passed over their faces.

"It's all over now." Said the doctor hoarsely. "The crisis has passed. They will live. The disease has passed. They will live too."

With the words thank God Evans threw himself on his knees beside Violet's bed and bowed his head in the blankets. The disease had passed. That they will live. Now he offered prayers of thanksgiving.

A week has passed, and the plague was abating every where. Day after day Evans had made investigations as how the diseased dogs had gotten into the bedroom of the little girls, all of whom had a touch of the disease. Evans suspected some trick from another agent of Germanian, but no one could be found guilty of the deed. Germanian and von Hushams army had been quiet all this time and now neither army was in sight.

They had not dared attack the armies for fear of the armies under Vivian and the two Vivians and as the pestilences had grown worse Germanian and Germanian seeing it at start among general Hannons army had become more exultant. Violet and her sisters to the amazement were recovering faster than any one had even been known to recover before. A Francis

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and Mary also sick were now up and around and things began to look more pleasant again. The forest fires were moving in another direction by now much to their relief and the peril seemed about past. The bodies of those dead from the plague were a burden to keep the plague down as far as it now was. The air was considerably smoky and warm and indeed it looked as if instead of a summer coming it was going to be a hell. On account of the smoke of the distant conflagration the sun had not shown for six weeks.

The air was dark and gloomy. It was dreaded that the fire storm would soon move their way, and Evans continually kept the fire fighters out by the hundreds of thousands. Evans was by the little girls frequently, more frequently than he ever was before. He was fully determined to determine the cause about the dogs in their room. Just an hour before the tragedy happened, he had seen to it that the dogs which he discovered after the lieutenant warned him had really the dreaded disease that they were securely chained to the large pillars holding up the roof of the cellar. And all the dogs were too sick to move, and growled when he touched them with a stick and looked pleadingly at him.

And then ten minutes later he had to run to the assistance of Violet and her sisters, who brave little heroines that they were were fighting desperately regardless of the terrible danger to save poor little Evangeline, from the dogs' fangs. And every one of the dogs were in the room, the chains completely missing from their collars. He had went down to the basement, and found the chains still fastened around the pillars. It was impossible to declare that they broke loose or broke their chains, for all of them except one were too far gone to even get up, and surely the other dog did not release them and bring them up into the room.

He had examined and reexamined the floor around the pillars several times and seeing only footprints he paid no attention deca declaring they were his. But then he could not feel so sure about it, and not trusting them he lit the light, and first examining the footprints carefully he placed his right foot on one of them.

"Not mine by any means." He said to himself. "The footprints are too large. He tested them all, and only found six that fitted his correctly. To make more sure about it he did his best to erase his own, and tested the other footprints again, and again, but every time with the same result."

"There was some strange person in here." He said to himself. And he must be caught if he did not already escape. I'll give the same order as before. No one will be allowed to leave the camp until he is taken."

But later to his disappointment he learned that a suspicious looking man had been seen trying to slip out of the lines and pass the sentries. Though fired at several times he escaped, shooting down two gyna guards, and wounding a colonel who tried to organize a pursuing party. It was of no use then of passing the law of having the camp so strictly guarded, or to forbid any one to leave, and so it was not given, though instructions were given not to allow any one no matter who he is, within the lines without without calling for assistance, and have him recognized. Evans felt mortified over his failure to capture the scoundrel, who had attempted such a bloodcurdling crime, but he had to make the best of it as it were. He did not say anything to Violet and her sisters however, as he did not want to frighten them.

The cruel persecutions of the cruel Vivian girls by the Glandelinian generals and their many agents during the whole war, is one of the most heart rending tragedies, before heaven and earth, one of those series of horrifying tragedies, which would even make a plain American (besides the Angelinians) with red blood in his veins, swear that he will put an end to the horrible system of the Glandelinian military Autocracy forever no matter if he had to go through the uttermost depths of hell for it. The maiden tribute to Ancient Athens to the Cretan Minotaur was not a more dreadful sacrifice of girlhood, than the treatment of the Vivian Girls by the Glandelinians throughout the whole war that was so bloodcurdling in its maddening fury and daminating horrors.

But what threatened them now with greater danger was that the startling news reached Evans that all the Calvinians reduced to the last stages of desperation had been either dissuaded or disarmed and captured by the Glandelinians, and the whole country was in possession of many mighty armies of Glandelinians. The reports being confirmed as true, and that even many bodies of Calvinians had even surrendered,

general Hanson and Vivian had been compelled to watch Manley at Francis Atlanta more closely. For Manley just now seemed to be out of the question for he was confident of shutting general Vivian in with the help of the forest fire and the Glandelinian army now come to his help under the other two Manleys and Federal, and Germania, besides the other commanders. Evans, Wianetien and Viviania faced great peril indeed and it seemed like suicide to contend with such a mighty foe of God. He openly called general Vivian a fool and a coward, for not fighting him right away, and defied God to cause any victories to be won by the Christians which showed what a wicked general John Manley was.

But as Germanias armies were the only ones nearest to him as yet, Evans decided to try his luck, and strike him down before the other Glandelinian armies come and place him in a trap. Germania was twenty mile southeast of Terwilliger, and so Evans started the advance order ordering Wianetien and Viviania to follow quickly and without delay as delay would be disastrous as to Angelina completely, and that if Francis-Atlanta come in possession of the enemy the whole struggle is lost.

S THE BATTLE OF ZIEGLER ZOE RAE.

In the meantime during the swift advance Violet and her sisters saw terribly in incidents threatening. Once during the advance on Gundraw Vivian was in a good engagement with a part of Germanias army at Ziegler Zoe Rae. It was a frightful battle raging all day in general and sang a sanguinary fury, and the foe having the greater part of the game despite the heavy losses made a tremendous onslaught, which checked Evans advance temporarily becoming considerably active himself that evening at Gunbeam Creek. He soon however made three successful pushes but in the meantime general Cannonias Glandelinians made a rear guard movement and though Evans was successful in beating back his flankers his left grand division was heavily assaulted, by overwhelming numbers, and during the fearful storm of battle in which three generals were killed on both sides the whole Christian line on his left gave way and Evans for the first time found himself licked and held at bay by Germania. During the night Wianetien being successful at another point of Gunbeam Creek came up and swelled Evans army with heavy reinforcements.

THE THREATENING STORM....

During the camping that night Evans placed a double line of sentries on guard under orders to shoot to kill when they hear any slight suspicious noise and that a further challenging would be prohibited for the duration of the war. Evans knew that he was face to face with Germania, Vivians army the opposing armies being within plain sight of each other, even within talking distance, and this placed Violet and her sisters in still greater peril than before. Germanias agents would make desperate attempts to get within the Christian lines to kill the Vivian girls, and so to avert it Evans had to give this grim order: "Shoot to kill when ever you hear slight noises. All challenging will be prohibited." Said Evans to the guards time and again. "The Vivian girls are in the gravest danger, while we are so close to Germanias lines and we must be cautious."

Toward nine o'clock when everything was pitch dark Evans went into his headquarters which he had selected out of a farm building, and where the little girls were confined to look over the losses reported to him by the commanders, who had been in the engagement. Violet and her sisters were gathered in an adjoining room playing and talking together. A Francis was sitting on Violet's bed studying some figures which she was determined to make out. She had completed it and looking up said to Violet:

"I have it. Ten and twenty are--"

She happened to glance toward the window at this moment and interrupted her answer to the figure with a scream of terror.

Violet and her sisters arose immediately having seen a face at the window.

"It was a Glandelinian." Cried Violet excitedly. "He saved himself by darting away in time. I was going to shoot."

Evans had heard little Francis scream and was in the room in quick order.

He saw Violet and her sisters around little Francis and tried to cheer her up.

"What is wrong?" Asked Evans pleasantly. "I thought I heard little Francis scream."

"A Glandelinian was looking in out window." Said Violet. "We saw a strange surly face in the window a few moments ago."

"He's the man who stole me." Wailed Francis. "I know he is after me. Please don't let him take me."

Evans did not say a word but went out closing the door after him. He at once sent for Captain Reynolds who came at the summons.

"Place a guard and a at every door and exit of this house and under every window also, and have the camp combed for a suspicious person." He ordered.

"There is an enemy lurking around here having been seen at one of the windows."

"Yes sir, will." Answered the captain with a salute, and he followed out his instructions. But over this occurrence Evans was enraged. Time and again without any cause Violet and her sisters had been persecuted by the Glandelinians. Evans had written down all the accounts of everything that the innocent Vivian girls had suffered, and as he once more glanced over them he fairly raved.

When Evans recounted them all, all the long working hatred of his very soul, toward the wicked Glandelinian officers, and even troops began to gather in a deep desperate and deadly form. Had not the Glandelinians treated the Vivian girls like the very devils to the souls of the damned, despite their braving them steadily, powerfully, resistlessly throughout it all. And oh God--didn't he find little Francis a bleeding corpse almost in that shed, and deserted by the Glandelinian Master Augustina St. Clare and his men when a conflagration was approaching despite all efforts to check it? Was not there a spirit in those rascals which ailed as it was, burned on him like the fires of perdition. And did not the Vivian girls suffer the tortures of the damned after the Brigano affair, and other horrible times?

"I HATE THEM I HATE THEM." Said Evans. that night as he sat up in his bed "I hate them. Ain't those little girls mine, to protect body and soul. Can't I do what I like and make them all happy, when it's my duty to do so? Who's to hinder I wonder?"

And Evans clinched his fist, and shook it, grinding his teeth as if he had something in his hands that he could rend in pieces. In the morning a long animated and thorough hunt for the sneaking spy was made which finally turned out successfully, and with grave ironic exultations the Angelinians dragged the rascal toward Evans tent.

"AY. AY." Said the captain. "You'll catch it now you snout girl. I'll bound Evans's is raving mad clean through. No sneaking out now. I tell you you will get it and no mistake. See how h you'll look sneaking into our lines with an intention to assassinate the Vivian girls and carry off Francis Schmidt. See what you will get."

"Well snake that you are." Said Evans walk ing up and seizing the Glandelinian grimly by the collar of his great gray coat, and speaking through his teeth in a fur furious pugnacious paroxysm of frightful determined rage; "DO YOU know that I have made up my mind, to build a slow fire around you, and kill you in torture?"

The prisoner did not answer but looked sullen.

"I have you dirty garter snake." Said Evans with a most grim and terrible calmness ever witnessed in an enraged man before. "Done---just---that---very---thing you snake, unless you'll tell me what you intended to do, within our lines, and why you was at that window?"

The prisoner was silent.

"DO YOU HEAR?" Said Evans with a roar like of an incensed lion and stamping his foot. "SPEAK."

"I refuse to give any information." Said the prisoner with a slow firm deliberate utterance.

"Do you dare to tell me you old black souled fake Christian Ye don't know?" Said Evans his face turning crimson.

The prisoner was silent.

"SPEAK YOU DEVIL." Cried Evans in a thunderous voice striking him furil furiously. "Do you know anything?"

"I know you Christian dog but the cause of Glandelinia has sealed my lips and I can't tell nothing no matter what the cost."

Evans drew in a long breath, and suppressing his rage took the prisoner by the arm and approaching his face almost to his snout in a terrible voice;

"Hark you---you Glandelinian fool, you think

because my soldiers around you are grinning, that I don't mean what I say

but I have made up my mind and counted the costs. These vivian girls have suffered a world of woe on account of you Glandelinian fiends, and now hereafter every Glandelinian that tries anything on the little girls I'll count every drop of blood there is in him, and take them one by one until they stop persecuting them, and foaming with rage. Evans smote his victim to the ground. Scenes of cruelty which is shocking to our ears committed to the vivian girls is to be avenged. Evans had always tried to conquer his temper but now he found it almost impossible. From the window of their room all of the little girls had witnessed Evans' fury toward their enemy, and felt it powerless to interfere.

"He's most gone sir," said the lieutenant whose men had been lashing the scoundrel furiously. "Pay away, pay away until he gives up. Give it to him. Give it to him." Shouted Evans. "Take I'll take every drop of blood he has unless he confesses."

The scoundrel being almost scourged to death, realized now the approaching fury of the Christians toward the enemies of God and the Vivian girls. He had to yell because he could not stand the tortures any longer. "Only---desist---and---and---and---and---I'll---confess." He gasped between blows.

Evans gave the command to cease striking and unfasten the man from the pillar.

"I---was---sent---by---Manley---and---his---excellency---Germania---Vivian---to---recapture---Francis---Angeline---Schmidt---and---and---and---and---and---and---the---Vivian---girls." He managed to gasp and sank in a heap unconscious.

"Off with him to the guardhouse," said Evans with a sneer. "The firing squad for him."

On the same day Evans had learned the facts were founded on the surrender of a large Glandelinian province, but neither Hanson or Vivian had retreated. The letters sent to him with general Vivians had not been original. That general Vivian himself telegraphed, that he never had such orders from Hanson or neither did Hanson have any intentions to retreat and that he or his brother had not retreated before the enemy at all and was concentrating against the enemy in full force and that a great battle was approaching at Francis Atlanta.....

Evans suspected a ruse had been attempted, in order to draw him, Winston Wienstien and Vivian out of the region of Francis Atlanta so that Germania could make a junction with any of the Manleys, and reinforce the whole Glandelinian army. This tended to still intensify his anger. He was anxious to strike Germania a blow and though early that morning there had been more activity at Sun Bean creek it had gradually subsided, being more like a squabble with a few harsh words than a general battle like the day before, and no heavy losses were reported. Evans realized that Violet and her sisters never would be safe as long as Germania and Huebman Manley were close to him and so decided to reported the situation to general Hanson and have him give his own advice. Evans wired report after report all day and in the evening got this answer:

"Take---the situation---in---hand---as---it---comes---and---don't---attack---unless---compelled---as---to---do---you---do---would---be---wise---Germania---unknown---to---you---has---received---heavy---reinforcements---and---outnumber---you---three---to---one---look---out---for---tricks---and---schemes---the---are---planning---more."

GENERAL VIVIAN COMMANDER IN NORTH
Near Francis Atlanta."

Evans decided to do as he was advised and not attack unless compelled to by suspicious movements of the enemy. Evans continually sent out scouts who were ever on the watchfulness, and every movement was reported to Evans or his staff. Evans was always on the alert himself, and all men trying to enter his headquarters were questioned and searched, by the guards. Even the strictness was so much in the extreme, that new guards were questioned and searched, for there was always danger of a Glandelinian posing as a Christian sentry. Each sentry was ordered to

repeat his general orders, which all the Christian soldiers knew by heart, and should one of the sentinels not know it, then he would be held for investigation. Evans was not going to allow any sneaking Glandelinians to find his way to the room of the Vivian girls if he could help help it and so strong armed men were placed at the door of their room to guard them. He knew that general Germania was bound to play the Vivian girls if he could get a chance. But he would see to it that Germania would not get the chance. The enemy were nevertheless advancing under cover of the thick wooded country in the vicinity of Terwilliger, and during Evans' temporary absence from his strongly guarded headquarters, the Glandelinians suddenly made a desperate assault without warning, and after fearful fighting for four hours in which men fell on both sides like grain before the tornado the surviving Christians were thrown back in the wildest disorder. Fresh divisions of Christians tried furiously to a check the mad onrush of the foe who were yelling like millions of demons but amid the dread of dreadful carnage the enemy came on successfully, driving a large part of the Christian line clean across the Sunbeam creek with the most frightful slaughter.

Finally large bodies of troops arrived with artillery which poured in a fire that fairly withered the enemy lines every time they charged and those lines were soon forced after an ocean of blood was spilled, fresh cannons and troops came up to the assistance of those driven back, and those soon fired on the Glandelinians the Christian fire tearing the huge Glandelinian columns under and mauling them.

The second day of the battle of 2419 Zoe Rae was something terrible. The suddenness of the enemy's attack only enraged the Christian commanders who witnessed it, and throwing their columns to the straining lines they reported to Evans about the situation.

The attack had now increased in fury, and a general battle was raging, and general Wienstien and Vivian received reports that severe and heavy firing was heard along the banks of the Sunbeam creek. General Sandforde's Glandelinians pressed on successfully even beyond the abandoned headquarters, in the face of a withering fire that tore his lines to pieces and laid him low.

A tremendous burst of chains of raw cannon was opened wildly and insalubriously upon the monstrous surging lines in gray with an ear-splitting crash, followed in salvoes amid the deafening thunder of the exploding shells and cannon canister adding to the carnage, the Glandelinians being cut down in hundreds of thousands recoiled in confusion, the Christians following closely and shooting myriads of of the retreating Glandelinians down at every volley.

Evans arrived to the scene within twenty minutes, intime to see Sandforde's line all whole line gapped and torn and recoil in confusion.

The fallen general was taken prisoner by the Angolians. "Forward" Ordered Evans amid the yells. "Drive them off before they can capture the Vivian girls, who are in the abandoned headquarters."

The whole purple line engaged pressed forward, attacking the Glandelinians, who were rallying to make a desperate stand. But it seemed as if the Vivian girls were in deadly peril because the enemy in possession of the ground on which the headquarters stood could not be driven off soon enough, as they were fighting with the fury of demons. The fighting was desperate, a sanguinary. Evans threw forward division after division against the foe in a desperate effort to regain the lost ground. General Heavens fell mortally wounded on the Christian side and each succeeding column was sent back mangled and bleeding, with their dead and wounded comrades lying in windrows where they fell. The enemy was driven back everywhere but here, and here they were holding their own with the utmost stubbornness. Evans was appalled over the situation and he sent a hasty messenger to bring Wienstien and Vivian. Those guarding his headquarters were surely all killed by this time, and there was peril that Violet and her sisters and the two other little girls with her would be assassinated. But Violet and her sisters and the other little girls were to be too clever. The building was an old abandoned castle, the tallest tower stretching high above a deep deep creek. Hundreds of Glandelinians were already inside the building really in quest of Violet and her sister sisters.

"The creek on the east side of the tower is our only means of escape now," said Violet amid the uproar of the struggle going on outside.

"Hurry up before they find us. Up the stairs of the tower tower we will go."

The only exit for the little girls in that tower was defended by iron bars an inch thick and so crossing one another that each open space was about but two inches square. There were six or seven iron gratings.

27II..II As Violet and her sisters came light up in the tower, the outer end of this open turn was far from the ground. Violet and her sisters turned from those openings in despair, but Joyce then stooping into the first place after putting out the fire, examined the interior of the chimney while while in the meantime little Jennie suddenly complained of a severe toothache. It was not very far from the bottom to the top, but the way was guarded by several iron bars and spikes securely fixed in what was

once hard cement but which now was softened considerably by moulding. They had the looks of being too difficult to unfasten than the bars in the windows seemed. So Violet and her sisters resolved to attack the obstructions in the chimney. They were soon at work in the old like rooms, the stone of the floor being so soft, softened that the first peevish pieces they succeeded in detaching of crumbled like dust, against the soft cement of the chimney. That were to they to do for an instrument with which to scrape free the iron bars from the softened cement in which they were set. Jennie's lucky star sent her an inspiration. She had a bad tooth to the side, which had been growing more intense and she tried to pull it out and use the root as a scraper. By patiently and painfully forcing aside her gums, with a chip of firewood, and by strenuous efforts of thumb and forefinger she succeeded in pulling out the tooth after several minutes excruciating pain and labor. Then with the tooth between her teeth she herself hollowed out a fagot and a place in which afterwards to set the root, which she then fastened securely in this fashion by means of a string tied to the top. She thus had a scraper so adjusted that she could apply her full strength in using it.

Violet and her other sisters had in the meantime unraveled the rope / violet had brought up with her, which she and her sisters tied at intervals small wooden bars to serve as hand holds, and footrests. Jennie simultaneously tied a heavy fagot sixteen inches long to the end of the rope, and by dint of much patient practice they finally managed to throw this end up the chimney, and over one of the iron bars therein, Jennie then swung the rope about to that it was so entangled with the rope as to remain fast with the bar when she put her weight on it. Armed with the scraper she then mounted by the rope to the iron bar, and loosed the ropes and the that had the fagots thus giving herself a double rope to cling to, and began work with the scraper on the cement that held one of the other bars, better than that over which the rope was thrown.

Hadid had thought the little girls to see in the dimmest lights, and their fingers to find their way in total dark darkness. To her joy, she soon found that the hard enamel of her teeth had effect on the softness of the cement. With what difficulty and pain they worked, each taking turns supported by the fragile rope ladder, compelled to brace themselves against the sides of the chimney, and often to find relief from their cramped positions by hanging to the iron bar is hardly to be imagined. When each little girl desisted she had to descend by the double rope then let go of one end, while the other would start up.

In less than twenty eight minutes after setting to work they had gone had opened a way to the chimney. So slender were the little girls, and so supple that they found they need not remove all the bars for they could wriggle between some of them and the chimney wall. Those they did unfasten unfasten they threw aside and estimating that they had nearly two hundred feet of rope, and that they had been told by Evans some time ago that the towers were nearly two hundred feet above the ground they decided to make their daring escape.

They seized the rope to the highest of the bars they had left fastened squeezed through between that bar and the chimney wall. Jennie attaching the ropes end to her waste waist and then each by turn laboriously worked their way up the rest of the chimney, with arms and legs rubbing the skins of elbows and knees in doing so. At last they emerged from the top of the chimney just as the glandelinians searching for them appeared on the top starry stairway of the tower and hearing the hues and cries they dropped to the platforms of the tower, Violet and her sisters having in the meantime drawn the full length of the rope after him them and shooting down every glandelinian who appeared through the chimney of in the fire place, and who tried to grasp the rope from them.

By the sheer force of will and by confining every thought and moment to their work they kept themselves from turning giddy at the tremendous height. Violet fastened the rope to the chimney, and threw the loose end over the battlement of a corner tower.

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The little girls believed that the rope would reach down almost to the ditch which separated the building from the north wing, this ditch being twenty feet wide and twice that deep, but was a gully bent dry as, along the inside of the outer wall. And along the outside of the outer wall ran a wooden gallery which was now paced by glandelinian sentinels, and was reached from below by two flights of steps. It was their plan to drop from the ropes end to the ditch, elude the sentinels, reach the top of the outer wall, and drop from there to the ground outside, trusting to their lightness and their luck to make this last fall an easy one. Violet first clambered over the edge of the rope took a good hold of the slender rope, or rather one of the wooden rounds knotted to it, and let down her weight over the edge grasping at the same time the next lower round with her other hand. Each little girl followed carefully in the same manner, but they had an instant of giddy dizziness and weakness as if the covery that the rope swung far out in the air the wall being overhung by a roof. They hardened their muscles and somewhat overcame this momentary feeling. But their arms trembled as they cautiously, cautiously disengaged one hand and sought the next round below. In this manner swaying in the air and feeling sometimes as if the tower was leaning over upon them, and at other times as if it were receding, so as if to leave them quite alone between earth and sky they gradually made the descent.

It began to seem as if the rope were endless, as if they were doomed forever to descend toward an earth that fell back from them as they approached. Not knowing it they had been three hundred and sixty feet above even the lowest roof of the building. But at last to her horror Violet's feet felt about for the end of the rope a rope but found none none below. She was at the ropes lower end to which a stout piece of wood was attached. Yet the little girls were still far from the ditch indeed they saw with dismay that they were a good distance above the level of the outer wall about nearly one hundred and eighty feet, which teemed with soldiers in gray, who started firing at them, and the ropes a perfect barrage of musketry, in an endeavor to kill them.

My how they prayed. To drop from such a height would be suicide. And to climb back to the top of the tower was impossible, their strength strength being almost gone. With hundreds of glandelinians firing furiously and irretrievably at them the little girls terrified now by their situation found it a time for desperate expedient expedients.

They had noticed that when ever the ropes swung close to the tower wall it swung back to a corresponding distance outward. They now swung in with all their might, with bullets whistling all about them and in rebounding each little girl struck her feet against the tower wall in such manner as to propel them further outward on the return swing, and this motion also luckily made it very difficult for the glandelinians to aim well and none of the shots many as they were even came near them now.

The little girls next guided themselves as to swing clear of the rounded surface of the tower, and yet so far as to kick the tower in passing and thus to gain additional space and force for their pendulum like movement through the air. Continuing this and describing a greater arch at each swing, they found themselves at last that their outward swing brought them almost directly above the outer wall.

At the next swing however a bullet hit the rope severing it apart, and through the air they were hurled far beyond the outer wall. For an instant they were aware of this and gave themselves up as dead. They knew that no human bones could withstand such a collision with so solid earth as they were about to experience.

They instinctively made themselves ready for the shock. It came with a tremendous splash, an immersion a gurgling, and a further descent through deep water, and they landed against something soft and arose again. They had descended into the wide Eulante river calm to the bottom and arose to the surface refreshed by the most greatest diving performance in their lives.

The three hundred and twenty feet of water sufficiently broke their fall, and they arose to the surface in a state of amazement. Had the water been even only twenty feet deep they would have perished. As there was no demonstration from the walls over which they had swung they had inferred that the sound of the battle receding northward had drowned the noise of their contact, with the water, for their splashes had made a crashing roar. They swam clear across the river in half an hour's time, clambered up the bank slunk along the shore and darted into the woods unseen by the enemy. Francis was not with them having been with

Francis and little Mary Jennings was not with them having been in Winston's headquarters at the time of the attack and so were safe.

Peering through the window of an empty house, Gerald Starring who had been pursued for days by the Abkissians saw forms approaching through the shrubbery from a small gate in the garden wall not far from the big and beautiful Eminie river. These were doubtless the last of a party whose foremost members were already in the corridor. What were these men, a Social Club club, a gang of murderers or a band of Conspirators.

In any one of these cases Starring felt that he would be caught in a trap. Manifestly the men were approaching the room in which he hid. They were already too near the door for him to escape unseen by the corridor. So he slipped into the wide empty fireplace with which the room was provided, and whose rear was quite in shadow. A moment later three generals entered the room. One he recognized as Evans, but the others he did not know. Each took from beneath his uniform cloak a bundle wrapped in cloth and laid it on a table, then sat down and waited. Other officers arrived almost immediately and the number kept increasing at short intervals until fifteen were gathered. Their conversation so far had been of brief remarks of the weather. They sat in a irregular semicircle facing the table. Evans arose and opened the bundles. The gray mark of the approaching storm clouds was gathering so a light was made which disclosed the contents of those bundles, as three swords and several pistols.

"Comrades," said general Evans. "The hour is at hand, or almost at hand when a mighty conflict will break out at Francis Atlatq Francis Atlatq. That all of us may precipitate in the intentions though but one of us may strike the blow I am to describe fully the plan agreed upon by the committee of the three Geminian societies as we have consulted. As each one of us is potentially the chosen arm of the Gemini in this venerable deed, it behooves each one to attend to every detail as if he were in fact already the selected instrument."

The officers sat in perfect silence their eyes fixed upon the speaker every attitude being of speechless attention.

"In this silken bag," continued Evans producing from beneath his uniform cloak that which he mentioned. "Are a very numerous number of very small envelopes. One of them is red, six are black, the others yellow or green. As soon as the plan of action shall have been made known, each general shall draw from the bag, a single envelope in the order in which his name appears on our list. When all have drawn and not till then, shall each man disclose his envelope to view at the table. The possession of the red envelope shall be God's choice for the performance of this holy mission. The general getting the red envelope shall choose one of these swords or pistols which differ in weight and size, though all have been blessed and devoted to our righteous purpose. Those who hold black envelopes shall guide and guard the chosen one both to protect him and to assure the Angelinian cause against the consequence of any possible weakness on his part."

The holder of the white envelopes shall not act in the present task but in the probably event of its failure, the whole cause shall assist them all if necessary as avengers against the member, who have failed as spies to seek him out, should he hide of hound upon his track, should he flee, as executioners to compass his death when he is brought before us."

There added "Is it agreed?"

"Agreed," said every general resolutely with clenched fist set teeth and gleaming eyes.

"The procedure shall be in this wise," went on general Evans.

"In an hour a carriage will be waiting outside the gate of this garden. The chosen man armed with the sword shall be conducted by six, each provided with two of these pistols. Two of the six shall enter the carriage, with him, two others shall take the place of the coachman, who will be dismissed. The carriage shall set forth at once. Then all seven shall in complete disguise as Glandelinian generals penetrate the enemy's lines under Germania vivian, the gentlemen of the black envelopes shall accompany him of the red envelope to where ever he goes their hands upon their pistols beneath their cloaks. Why this is to be done

I will tell you. Yesterday as you know we were attacked by the enemy who though beaten in the battle captured my headquarters before they were driven back. Well though the vivian girls had made a daring and successful escape they told me that the enemy were in possession of little Gertrude Angelina who had been retaken in the woods across the Eminie river and brought back to the house which is still in their possession, and now used as a Germanian headquarters. Well those again assigned to the venerable deed shall proceed to the house, and when the sentinels challenge the chosen one shall give the name of the treacherous general Wraynard and say that he must see general Germania at once. When the man enters his two comrades shall follow, the chosen one himself will keep his sword concealed until he is alone with Germania. He then shall boldly reveal his true identification to the snake demand Gertrude Angelina, to be given up, and if he refuses even once, he will thrust his sword into the Glandelinian general's body, as many times as may be necessary to assure its reaching a vital spot. So shall fall the unchristian chief, and thus God's holiest innocent servants the vivian girls obtain revenge and triumph at our own hands."

There were murmurs of applause, repressed exclamations, and other signs of intense enthusiasm.

"Then comrades, he whose arm shall have struck this glorious blow shall recover Gertrude anyway at any costs, and if successful hurry out of the enemy's lines, and return with his followers and the child back to the Christian lines. Gertrude Angelina must be recovered at at any costs and at all hazards, and if it turns out that this mission is a failure through carelessness or cowardice I will hold him for treason and he shall die. Each of you remember that the red envelope or a black one may fall to him. Are you still agreed?"

The expression of assent were as prompt and as determined as before and so Evans said;

"Let us proceed as once to the drawing."

"Fare up general," spoke another. "It is so dark that when we come to show what envelopes we have drawn, we shall hardly be able to make out the colors."

"Bring the candles then from the mantle to the table and light them," said Evans.

Starring heard under went a sudden jump. Two officers came straight for the fire place. Accustomed now to the darkness of the room both discarded his form vaguely and at the same moment.

"A spy," cried one.

Starring was immediately seized, handcuffed, and turned over to several privates who were summoned.

Then Evans said;

"Let us draw for the honor that God holds ready for one of us."

He held by the bag in his left hand after mixing the envelopes thoughtfully, and then allowing another man to mix them he thrust his hand inside, when he drew one he kept it closed and passed silently with the bag from man to man knowing without reference to the list in what order their names stood. Each man kept his hand closed on withdrawing it. When the bag reached the last officer there was only one envelope left. He did as the others had done. Then not a word being said Evans laid aside the bag and all pressed close to the table which they quite surrounded. Every right hand was laid out palm down on the bare surface and Evans was the first to disclose.

"God God a red one he cried. "That is something unexpected at least. Who has the black ones?"

Every eye turned with intense eagerness from the envelope immediately before it to the envelopes right and left. Six had them, and generals Wienstien and Viviania were among them.

"Come brothers," Evans was saying when Wienstien had at last looked up. "Choose a sword I hear the carriage at the gate."

Before he had recovered from his bewilderment Wais Wienstien was passing through the rain in complete disguise toward the gate, clasping one of the two swords tightly beneath his coat. At his right arm was Evans who carried one of the other two swords as well as a pistol in each other pocket besides two others at his sides. At the left arm was Viviania armed the same way. Two other men mounted the coach coachman's place.

Three hours later after great difficulty in getting within the lines, Evans was again in his old headquarters, but in the presence of general Germania vivian. He was a general of striking appearance, but with a fierce wicked expression, so noble looking, haughty, and stiff. The Glandelinian noticed the fierce look in the face of the intruder who stood before him.

with folded arms and recol recolled a step or two, and stood for a moment petrified, his jaws moving spasmodically without producing any speech. Then Germania recovered himself and with a premonition recognized Evans despite his disguise, and made for the door. "I forgot tell you that the door is locked." Said Evans sneeringly. "It is true, you might call for help/ you damn snake but if you did I should take the evident pleasure to kill you like the dog you are. Do not look so incredulous at me. I know that ordinarily you are a sovereign prince of Landelinia, and of the demons, with a large array of human toads and snakes behind you, and that I am continually a hunted man, but more powerful in your dominion. But at this moment we are on fairer terms with just what powers nature gave us except that I have two swords and four braces of pistols, and you have not even a weapon of any kind about you, having been careless enough to leave your weapons down stairs. So now Cousin Germania as I will call you though you are no relation of mine, and I would sooner have a rattle snake for a cousin than you, you & it is the weaker man that is my subject, the stronger man that is your prince."

"Germania looked at the door, the sword in Evans hand, his pistols in his belt, and at Evans magnificent mane. He looked bewildered. It seemed incredible that a great ruling Landelinian general higher in rank than Federal should be so helplessly placed in his own headquarters but a second glance assured him that this was no dream that the locked door, the sword in the hands of Evans, the pistols, his braces of pistols visible in his waist band, and the pugnaic expression on his face were very actual facts.

"Gertrude Angeline will never go free, and neither would by dastardly sisters if they were in my power." His highness Germania said at last. "Evans gave a short laugh of derision. "Can't I get it through your thick numbskull that I am the one to do the choking." He said. "You sovereign prince of Landelinia/ we are told have absolute power, but you seem to be very stupid. In my country we are quicker to grasp a situation. If you refuse to return Gertrude Angeline over to me, your staff officers will find something stretched on the floor. Hand her over. Where is she?" "You would not dare do it you christian o'ug gutter cur." Answered Germania. "Give up that little girl." Cried Evans. "I will not." "You will die then you dog." "I defy you and almighty god himself." Answered Germania. "And kill me if you dare. That won't help me to get them and you won't succeed that way even." "And why not?" "Because my army will prevent it." "I'll destroy it if they refuse to give her up." "Do." Said Germania with a sneer. "Attack my lines and my men will destroy even the vivian girls with their cannons. Come now how are you going to save them? that way! Tell me eh?"

Evans realized the fact. But he determined to avert it. "Well then." Said Evans coldly and drawing his sabre. "She shall stay a pros prisoner then, but her continued confinement will cost you h your life." "You are a coward to strike me unarmed." Said Germania. "Evans laughed. "You have forgotten the Brigano affair so soon? You attempted to kill the children with your blasted mines, and deserve assassination. You snake." He roared his face flushing crimson. "U." Since then you son of a bitch I have made up my mind to kill you, come what may and give you no means to defend your self either. But you can save yourself from my terrible revenge by giving up Gertrude Angeline. This is the last time I demand it of you." Germania hesitated. "This instant or you die." "My assassination will be avenged by the powerful free Masons." Said Germania.

"To hell with you and the free Masons." Said Evans. At this moment the door was burst open and a man came in with the little girl intending to kill her right before Germania. Evans ran his sabre through the assailant clean through his heart. Evans drew it out, struck again and again, and then knocking down Germania before he could interfere left the building with the little girl safely in his possession. Evans and his party were just passing successfully through a line of guards when a hue and cry arose to the ears of the sentinels. "One of our generals is murdered, assassinated." Stop those men stop those men. They are the sentinels. The sentinels were too late.

JOURNEY BACK AN INFERNO.

A rush of pursuers dashed up, mounted their horses, and set off after the fugitives. It was impossible to over take them, and general Cannonia ordered a double barrage upon the fugitives. The four journey of the fugitives became a night mare. First twenty times fierce Cannonia and his men rode furiously in a vain attempt to capture the fugitive fugitives. Then the double barrage broke, and it seemed as if there was an impenetrable curtain of shells between the fugitives and home. Huge min ewerfers made chaos at their very feet, shrapnell burst around them like a rain of stars. High explosives tore the air until the fugitives could hardly breathe from the overpowering stench of picric acid. Fortunately mistaking the barrage for a warning attack, a the Army's guns let go a perfect drum drum salvoes, that flared shook the air, and all the guns that could be made in this world seemed in action, along the christian line. This brought a slackening up of the Landelinian storm of shell fire and Evans and the others with him escaped unharmed. Evans and the fol, followers had been successful in recapturing Gertrude but and Evans had put an end to one of the main Landelinian generals at last killing wraggard without dispute.

Violet and her sisters then spying on Germania were full witnesses of the tragedy and were horrified beyond describing over the threatening outcome. They saw full well that the surviving Landelinian generals and especially Germania would revenge it. No attention was paid to them however as they were not seen. Cannonia at once telegraphed the news of the tragedy to all the Manleys and begged them to try their level best to capture violet and her sisters. The news of the tragedy startled and angered the three Manleys to the highest pitch and so was Germania furious, and Germania who had been their best and trusted leader also reported of the tragedy, and told who done it. General John Manley sent this message to Johnston Jackson Manley/;

"Your generalship Johnston Manley
"Dear father;

It is with deep regret that we hear from Germania and Cannonia that general wraggard had been assassinated. It is up to you to revenge it. Destroy the vivian girls at once if you catch them and make them suffer the tortures of the damned first. To get the vivian girls strike Viviania a blow at once. We must force our way through Francis Atlanta. GENERAL JOHN MANLEY.

General Cannon and vivian also heard of the tragedy and were astonished. They realized that Evans had meant to keep his word and now it was accomplished, and there was a great assurance that Germania would also get his soon. The whole on Gaverlni Gav Calvinian country was full jubilation over the news. In the meantime the dark storm clouds were gathering over Terwilliger. Evans and his followers had reached the christian lines with Gertrude Angeline by midnight, and prepared to move his army forward right away. A storm of battle was threatening. Evans learned of the danger of an assault on viviania at Terwilliger Evans ordered Viviania to assault the Landelinians in front of his last headquarters. "Go at them in overwhelming force." He instructed them. The vivian girls have gone there to spy on the enemy and are probably captured.

They must be retaken at all costs."

Poor Violet and her sisters though yet free did not know what to do. For them just now with the commotion going on it seemed impossible for them to escape the enemy who were a raving mad over the situation and the assassination of one of the wicked enemies of the Glandelinians. However they thought themselves would be murdered by the Glandelinians in revenge and so determined to effect their escape from the building with the captured planes and from the lines at any costs before they were discovered by the Glandelinians. They were utterly disappointed over the fact that Evans did not punish their wicked brother also like he did Braggard and almost wept also that their brother was so wicked. They had seen the capture of poor Gertrude who had been in the same woods they ran to. Though they had run a plump into a trap in making for those woods, they alone had escaped but she had been captured, for the woods had swarmed with the Glandelinians and though they had bravely made the most desperate attempts to get her way despite the fury of the Glandelinians she had been quickly captured and despite her struggle struggles brought her back into the captured headquarters and before Germania who had her placed in one of the rooms to make sure that she did not escape. But Violet and her sisters had told Evans of this and his mission had been successful.

But now despite the serious situation Violet and her sisters were determined to escape before they were discovered. They discovered for if they were they would be killed on the spot.

But how were they to accomplish it. That was a question hard to answer. The Glandelinians all around and the guards though handsome looking men had an expression in their eyes that showed that any trifling was exceedingly dangerous, just now and that to pass them without discovery was impossible despite their disguise. The Glandelinians were ferocious. And they knew it.

"Those Glandelinians despite their fighting in battles are a lot of cowards," whispered Violet to Jennie. "Anyway they show it by persecuting the children and cruelly murdering them."

"And yet bet it is against the Masonic rules for us to speak to them or try and bribe them but we got to do something," said Jennie. "No matter what you say to the sentries they will keep their mouths shut tight. We will have to try and overpower them some way."

"Yes the chickens have their tongues," said Evangeline. "But we may talk all we please you know but we must be careful that they do not hear us."

Violet looked up to Jennie and then going over to one of the guards asked:

"Will you answer a civil question?"

"We are forbidden to talk to any one under any conditions during guard duty," said one of the guards not recognizing her as she was disguised as a Glandelinian boy scout.

"That is what I thought a moment ago," said Violet indignantly. "And now one of you just broke the command. I'm going to report it. I asked you a question to try you and you fail to do for it."

The guards face turned crimson and he shrunk back looking at his two companions.

"Would you mind lending us your rifles," asked Violet. "We need them."

"At first the guards thought that the little supposed Glandelinian boy scouts were still poking fun at them but upon turning to face the supposed boys they were amazed to find themselves covered with a gun. And one of them started to advance saying:

"Give me that gun quick kid. You know Glandelinian children like you are too young to play with guns. You are only supposed to warn us when the Christians come with signals. It is dangerous to you and others."

"I know it is dangerous," said Violet. "And if you make a step toward me I'll prove it." She added her eyes flashing. "Give me your rifle and cartridge belt quickly too."

"But--"

"If you think I'm fooling and don't know what I'm doing I'll soon show you," said Violet. "I'm one of the Vivian girls whom you seek and if you hesitate another moment I'll kill you. Give me your rifle and cartridge belt or you will be a dead--"

You two other guards will not move toward the door," she suddenly added as she saw them trying to make for the door. "I can shoot fast and without missing too. Give me your rifles or I'll shoot. One--two--three--"

Realizing now that the little girl was one of the Vivian girls and a fact which they knew not a moment before, and knowing

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how dangerous those little girls are, the guards quickly obeyed, Jennie and Violet receiving the rifles and the belts.

"Bind and gag them," said Violet. "If they resist I'll shoot them no matter what the consequences." She came in here to get a plan and though we have the plan we have not as yet got out of the place. And this we propose to do before the Glandelinians get us."

Jennie did, with the uniform coat and shirts of the guards on each side. Then Violet cautiously opened the door seeing two guards on each side in the hall.

"I'll hit one and you hit the other," said Violet to Jennie. Whack. Whack.

Down went the two guards, and in they were dragged by the little girls, and also bound and gagged.

Violet peeked out.

"Gosh here comes Cannonia," she gasped. "Here's an opportunity to show him we are not afraid of him."

"Let him have it," said Jennie. "Pride cometh before a fall you know."

Cannonia saw the guards missing and the door open. A rifle butt descended upon his head as he entered and he went dazed at their feet.

Now for the break," said Violet. "The coast is clear." They quickly went out closing the door and locking it with the key which the little girls had with them having retained the keys belonging to the building when they escaped from it by means of the tower. They reached the main entrance and looked out. Two guards were standing there. Everywhere else the coast seemed clear.

CHAPTER TWO IN THREE PARTS.

THE OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT STORY OF BATTLE
The frightful carnage at FRANCIS-ATLANTA OR ANNA-MARIA
MAY 19TH TO 18TH.
THIRD YEAR OF THE WAR. ORGREATEST STRUGGLE EVER RAGING AT WESTERN
SECTION OF CALVERINIA.

"We got to pass them somehow." Said Violet "If we attack them they may set up a commotion that would bring their comrades to the rescue. The rain outside is pouring like a snowstorm and that may help our escape though it will give us a good n. draching."

"Couldn't we lure them in one by one and put them out and to sleep like we did to the others?" Asked Joice.

"Not likely." A Said Violet. "We must escape by a window." It seems our only exit."

Jennie went to a window cautiously raised it and looked out. Two Glandelinians were on guard below. Escape was cut off in that direction. They tried every window they knew of with the same result. To escape by the windows was impossible. So they decided to go out by the door way, and at any costs. Violet opened the door cautiously and picking up a paper flung it at the first guard, striking him smack in the face.

He uttered a sharp exclamation, and darted in but in the way of voice who brought her rifle butt down on the plate Glandelinian guards head. Down he went on the floor with a crash and lay still and asleep for several hours. The other guard hearing the commotion came in apparently on his guard but a blow from an unexpected quarter put him to sleep also. Out darted Violet and her sisters dashing through the gate and out into the dark woods on their left. Their work had been done so clever that by the time the Glandelinians Glandelinians who were knocked out recovered, Violet and her sisters were far from pursuit and were closer to the Christian lines than they thought.

Suddenly Violet seeing nothing in the darkness collide with an unseen object. At first once she felt her self grasped by the throat only to be set free again as the one who grabbed her discovered he grabbed a little girls necks.

"Who for God's sake are you?" Exclaimed a voice. "Cop oral of the guard number ten a child fugitive hurry." "Cop oral of the guard number ten."

And he repeated the words several more times until Violet and her sisters found themselves surrounded by dark objects.

"They are little girls." They heard a voice say.

"Yes and wandering in our lines in this intense darkness. Said another voice. "The poor little children. Bring a light and flash it on them so we can see who they are."

The order was obeyed on the instant.

"The Vivian girls." Cried the sergeant. "They have escaped the foe without even pursuit and have the plans. Thank God they were successful."

They were immediately brought to Evans and oh how he did rejoice in seeing them and he did not know they had been in Germanias lines either.

"How did you get into his lines and away again?" He asked. "By overpowering the guards." Said Violet. "We saw you kill Braggard and make a fierce attack on Germania. We escaped without pursuit but ran into the Christian lines before we knew we were there."

And her story was confirmed the next day when Evans riding to a tavern near by noticed this poster:

\$ 10,000,000 REWARD FOR THE DESTRUCTION OF VIVIAN GIRLS.

Those children known as the Vivian girls yester or yesterday assassin ated general Braggard, and seized my plane and escaped by climbing a two to three hundred foot tower by rope to the ground and after overpowering six guards, and knocking Cannonia down with a rifle, and binding and gagging some others. General Cannonia one of their victims is bound to revenge it and will resent the blow dealt by one of them. A reward of \$10,000,000 will be given for their destruction."

The inn keeper shrank back when they saw the dressed Christian (Everett Everett R True turn and face them.

"Who tacked that up there?" He demanded.

"No one answered.

"Now look here." Said Evans pointing to the man who managed the inn.

"S Don't you know who tacked that poster up there?"

"Why no one can recall that I have seen any one do it."

"You are like some more Glandelinian civilians that I know--- when you get in a tight place you have a very poor memory but a mighty good forgiveness." Roared Evans and he struck the Glandelinian inn keeper such a blow that he reeled several feet, and fell sprawling again at table knocking it over and everything on top of himself. Then Evans tore the poster from the wall with a jerk and tearing it into bits threw the fragments at them saying:

"Who ever put this there tell him, I tore it will you. And I'd like to meet him and all his accomplices here. You Glandelinians think you can bring destruction in on the Vivian girls, but I advise you to see how long you can hold a bunch of wasps in your naked hands, while they sting."

And with this he walked out. Evans returned later with a party of soldiers, but the Inn keepers and their fellow companions had flown.

Evans however raided the place, taking everything that was useful and then set fire to the place. Finding that most of the occupants of the town near by were Glandelinians civilians he sent them a warning that they shall pay dearly for it if they molest the Vivian girls in any way.

The warning only filled the subjects of Glandelinia with fear. They knew the fury of this Abbieannian lion as he was called, and fearing that he would advance against the town, they took what he belongings they had and fled setting fire to the town. Evans felt despondent over the loss of his headquarters, and despite the fact that Gertrude Angeline, a nd Violet and her sisters were safe he decided to get it back and show general Cannonia what a fury he could really make out himself. He immediately organized an attacking party and sent a sweeping assault against the Glandelinians in that location. The Glandelinians fought with the mad

ness of hell's raging demons, but could not stay that sweeping assault.

After resisting for four hours that evening with great stubbornness the Glandelinians retreated toward the abandoned town the Angelinians following. Fierce resistance was also maintained in the town. Muskets

blazed continually from all the houses in the town, men were dropping in the streets in thousands, but their comrades only hurried on to the

attack. After fierce fighting all night the town was captured and the Glandelinians retreated in confusion. But this action precipitated the great battle of Francis-Atlanta which this was the starting point

The battle of Anna-Maria of our Francis-Atlanta which was heard within picket lines started along the Christian center under Jennings, with the defeat of the Angelinians there with a loss of two hundred thousand dead. The battle began at Cutria and Francis Atlanta, other Christian forces being overwhelmed and driven toward general Vivian lines, the converging lines for four hours and a half along the front at Francis-Atlanta being obscured in the smoke of battle, while the score of bullet torn Christian banners, jeep jeered, and song to, battled for and pray prayed for resound fell amid the hellish carnage while seventeen monstrous waves of fray swung upward through the fiery storm of carnage, halted and melted away.

The glandelinian general Leuvason Palmer, who had always been a great military genius and who had dared to run an unheard of risk, paid his life for the temporary success of his shrr shredded lines, having deliv liberately weakened his center, to race his men around to crush general Walter Francis Smith's flank and only meeting a horroing fire of musketry and cannon, which tore hundreds of as extensive pray waves into flying fragments, with the loss of hundreds of their best officers, and general Palmer went down mangled and bleeding.

What a terrible toll indeed for the slight temporary success indeed. Twenty glandelinian battle flags torn and ripped were found soaked in gore.

FEDERALS FRIGHTFUL ONSLAUGHT, AGAINST VIVIANANNA'S LEFT FRINGE
WING AT FRANCIS T ATLANTA.....AND THE HELLISH STORM OF
BATTLE BETWEEN FRANCISIANA, AND MARE MARIS SOE RAE RUN.

Fierce as it was the assault of Federals army began as a furious and headlong surprise attack on general Vivians lines, and driving a part of it back suddenly struck a terrible blow on general Viviananna's left wing, a great turning movement having been made which while the Christian columns had been in confusion, caused general Vivian to change some of his positions in the center, and advise Viviananna to hold firm at all costs until reinforcements can be sent to his crushed left wing. Federals columns making a southern movement toward the Christian flank, crashed in it with fru frightful losses, causing terrible and con conf conglomerate confusion, and meeting general Melons forces which had held firm with general Penderons strong Abbieannian line soon met stronger resistance, these Christians repelling the assault with all their fury, while confusion and panic raged all around. Then Jennings Turner and trances Snyder on the Christian side were killed early in the terrible fight which had become so furious so quick the glandelinians driving to their columns into panic and confusion, and crushing their lines to pieces threatened the survivors with annihilation.

General Helms and Germania Vivians glandelinians as also came up taking an hand in the stubborn fight, cutting postelices army which tried in vain to hold its ground to pieces, the whole line of which still

stood its ground giving battle with all the fury ever seen in warfare, and the big force of glandelinians under general Joseph John Wane almost annihilated gradually retired the retreat soon becoming a panic with the glandelinians pursuing closely. General Penderons Angelinian troops had after sanguinary fighting been routed, and Grews Angelinians also being forced to capitulate while after other more serious fighting the glandelinians compelled the surrender of general Plus, with his few survivors, and sim simultaneously rolled up upon divisions of Abbieannians in horrible disorder. Hel Helso n made preparations to cut off

R Frank Cannons communications with general Hanson who hearing the terrific firing and cannonading was hurrying on his troops, but these glandelinians coming in constant with Abyssinkillians were soon checked with heavy loss. Had he succeeded Hanson would not have known of the serious disaster threatening general Viviananna's left, which general Vivian himself cut off from, and who still remained inactive, which would have been fatal to both generals. The slaughter on both sides was terrible, the whole Christian left was driven clean from their works, and a more frightful panic than ever seen in the war at sea or ever who he was on.

While the whole Christian line was retreating in confusion despite the frantic efforts of their officers to stem the inrolling

tide of panic stricken soldiers general Federal was moving forward extremely heavy forces, intending to make one of his well planned general attacks. He had intended to strike a general blow which he would deliver in a way to separate Viviananna and Manasoa from the two Vivians like general Manley did at Helantomburg. He had of course as ready and already predicted struck suddenly against the rear of general Viviananna's left wing having driven general Grenthearts forces back in a pandemonium of the greatest confusion. Great heart having been the main commander of the extreme left. At the time and amid the dreadful carnage and over a field extending over ten miles, where hundreds of thousands of glandelinians fell. Germaine person had made a driving counter charge against Flout lines glandelinians.

In an endeavor to cover the rear retreat of the confused masses while another wing of general Farrol Manleys Abbieannians had reached the base banks of Mari as creek and though repelling the frightful onslaught here with surprisingly great success, it failed to rally the confused columns about them. The glandelinians flushed with the evident success and victory that was facing them pressed on like an avalanche with adamantine yell and as the Christian officers watched the frightful confusion of their troops it seemed to stop the very beating of their hearts, and shells now exploded everywhere as thick as a fall of snow as it seemed. One of the liveliest waves of humanitr humanity had been headed toward the last holding life of Abbieannians the firing being annalline, fearful, more fearful than ever seen in an furious battle roaring like a hundred trillion guns in one simultaneous discharge the scared Christian officers talking to each other in hushed whispers and trying to direct the firing line.

This single wave of glandelinians seemed to be reasonable as one big vast multitude of soldiers in gray advancing to annihilation who opposed them darting every where behind all kinds of objects of protection as they advanced pushing a sea of smoke of musketry before them coming on with the ability of monkeys and a general thrill of horror passed through the watching officers as the foe set up their famous devil yell and increased it to a horroing sound.

Along the whole Christian line still remaining firm, the sea same awful firing continued fol, followed by the apparent withering of large parts of the human waves, but nevertheless the survivors continued to press on redoubting their great devil yell, attacking the Abbieannian line with the most indescribable fury, and continuing their bloodcurdling yells surged up against the Christian line, in that roar ing scathing inferno of fire extending fort forty miles, and though the glandelinians went down in twenty whole whole wedges, the Christian line was forced to waver and give way. The works, the christians fell back, and the Abbieannians before general Federals surges of human maddened fiends and never before in all the war was such a scene of panic, flight and confusion witnessed. The whole left wing was separated into huge fragments and scattered widely, and was now in a terrible panic retreating in a stampede, fleeing in a total rout despite the efforts of their officers and generals to rally them.

The Angelinians now swept by the watching officers like chaff, thick thinking nothing else of anything but of their terror, and flight and of escape from those frenzied fiends far behind them. All the ground once held by the Christians was now crammed with the fur furiously advancing graycoats in pursuit of the Angelinians retreating across the Mare Soe Rae Run. The victorious advancing Glandelinians were advancing rapidly rapidly spreading out and hundreds of thousands of Angelinians who were still soughting to escape were charged in the rear by a column of graycoats and the rout turned into a stampede the scene becoming appalling.

What with the hotly pursuing enemy driving through by them like a pair of officers in their rear, and an advancing army of death and destruction to their left the massive columns were thrown into such confusion that thousands trod upon one another, trampled each other underfoot, and filled the air with shrieks, curses, horrible outcries of mingled pain rage and terror mingled with the roaring surge of bayonet against bayonet. Clumsy clubbed musket butt against musket butt, and the awe inspiring clattering roar of thousands of musket shots fired at point blank.

General Germaine had in the meantime thrown his center and right against Viviananna's Stanoks main wave of Argolians while his left under general Francis Immmann repelled general Abyssin kille Johnston's Omarians in their endeavor to check the foe, and save the Christian left wing from being rolled up entirely, but though repelling the onslaught with great slaughter, they were soon shelled by the glandelinian batteries, which poured a drum fire of ten thousand shells in fifteen minutes and suffering excruciating losses.

were forced to yield their ground, leaving a sea of dead and wounded behind them. A glandelinian force of 19,000,000 supported by 800,000 cavarly and eight thousand cannon began the attack on the christian flank which had helped to precipitate the great confusion.

While the whole left wing was retreating in confusion and while general Federal was having a numerical advantage over the many Angelinian divisions he had immediately thrown into such confusion and giving them a good drubbing at that, heavy reinforcements from an unexpected quarters suddenly arrived. Rumors came that it was a part of Hanson's command, and now grew all alarmed. That is federal grew alarmed. However he still felt confident of victory for general Vincent Costello supporting the Abbiennians with his artillery amid such carnage and confusion, had been killed and also that a strong Abbiennian force of twenty million At Marie Zoe was gun was being hard pressed in fact the whole battle was raging here, while in spite of the heaviest support of artillery y Batemans Johnsons a whole Abbiennian army was cut to pieces the survivors being forced to surrender.

Francis Avian with a this forces had engaged general Hanson's whole Glandelinian army, the heavy glandelinian advantage of artillery, cavarly and infantry seemed to be about to win the hour everywhere.

but now more reinforcements under general Hero Apollon came up with Angelinian aid, and for four hours with the most indescribable fury contested the bloody field, with infantry and thousands of cannons over an extent of ten miles and at this point in spite of terrific slaughter, all along the line began to slowly regain the lost ground. Francis Vintenne and Hanson on the side of the glandelinians fell mortally wounded. On g Greathearts left near Francis-Ann a the glandelinian waves under general Mc-Holleston Cannon and Mc-Holleston Handley, were still advancing successfully, and reinforcements arriving at this point also, which from style of uniform proved to be some of Hanson's vilians army, and though greatly outnumbered by the glandelinians gave battle with the singular bravery and skill of millions of angels, against twenty million demons, but never theless it was going hard with them, because one of their main columns had failed to come up in time and now their losses were appalling.

Officers by scores sent messengers begging Hanson to hurry. Now there seemed to be a stupendous pandemonium of a roar in the direction of Greathearts broken and routed center, as if all the guns of all the nations of the whole world were in action in that one concentrated spot. This made it even evident that poor Greatheart had his hands full, and had at the beginning of Federal's attack been forced to fight without artillery support and if it had not been for the arrival of reinforcements with more artillery there would have been telling what would have happened, but now with the help of these reinforcements he was able to repel the foe's attack with indiscriminate fury, the enemy being held at bay now all along the line at this point....

General Hanson who was concentrating his main forces, saw this confusion, heard the frightful ear-splitting roar of the newly arrived christian artillery, and to defend the rest of Greathearts forces from being cut up and routed, he ordered general Fredrickson Hanson, with all related to advance to the support, and now while a goodly portion of the panic stricken columns were being rallied, there was a frightful storm of carnage raging for over twenty miles in extent. The other reinforcing columns had now been joined by the large Abyssinkilian and Abbiennian forces under general Hancock the battle raging with increasing fury toward Francis-Atlanta the enemy meeting fiercer resistance than before, the slaughter seeming to be a daminating horror between heaven and earth. And one gray wave after another swept forward, only to roll back with small remnants left.

The glandelinians under general Jeroman made the fiercest attack amid a titanic artillery duel of twenty thousand six hundred cannon, cranes attacking them in main center and left of the Abyssinkilian front carrying the positions to the right of Francis-Atlanta but failing to progress any further into that roaring seething inferno the Abyssinkilians contesting the ground so stubbornly and mowing the large multitude of the foe down in waves as if they were flies, and the surviving Glandelinians became appalled. The glandelinian surge extending for forty eight miles in length at this point, were reduced to mere fragments, and were compelled to flee. At other points of the line, Francis Atlanta came with thirty million men and twenty brigades of the best sharpshooters, and seeing the confusion ensuing among the routed christian troops, and seeing the foe's fierce advance, formed his men into a long line ten deep on a slightly sloping ground, each man far above the other, and waited until the glandelinian surge which was also ten deep and 10,000,000 strong should

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come within close range. Then his lines let loose a storming fire of ear-splitting fury, which smote the glandelinian surge like a cyclone would do in sweeping a cornfield, mowing down whole brigades, and tearing the line into hundreds of huge caps. Though cut to pieces and staggered, the line of the foe did not give way as yet, with their fragments of battle flags still waving continued the attack with such fury. That they were even cutting the christian surge to pieces. General Mc-Holleston and Thomas Hadley, two great Abbiennian generals tried frantic oiled frantically to check the maddened screaming surge but amid the frightful carnage fell mortally wounded their men going down faster than you could see words in a page or than numbers in the pages of an arithmetic book in a school. General Augustine Dun on the right of Francis divisions also fell amid this seemingly world wide inferno, the glandelinian surge sweeping on like a sweeping Abbiennian typhoon, heavily supported by immense square squadrons of cavarly, falling upon the stubborn christian line with appalling fury and with merciless ferocity capturing two hundred thousands christians as prisoners, cutting and shooting small the cannonners at their posts killing the horses in their maddened rage.

Indeed they went so far, that these christians also gave way in confusion, but however general Hanson's main line of batteries broke into action, and a storming counter attack of nine million christian cavarly,

finally cut up the surge of glandelinians and drove them back, with the loss of their generals Henry, Prue, James Bruce and Arthur Norton who were killed in trying to stem that overwhelming tide of christian horsemen. My what a sea of dead and wounded glandelinians were exposed to view. Over nine million lay strewn on the ground for miles in width and all along the line of that frightful battle surge. At the same time this was happening a large glandelinian cavarly surge about two million in number were caught in a destructive drum-drum fire of christian artillery along the Francis-Atlanta railroad stretch, a regular barrage of cannon which annihilated this whole column of cavarly.

Even now all of Hanson's batteries were putting in a strong barrage of artillery fire, which was kept up the entire duration of the glandelinian attack making a tremendous din heard for five hundred miles, and whose concussion was heard for three thousand miles. Fearful onslaughts were made on Meldon St. James forces, large bodies of cavarly, infantry, dragons, and bay battalions making a surge thirty miles in extent, attacking with such unbelievable bravery on the

face of a storming hurricane of a hundred thousand shells per hour mingled with a storm of grape and canister, that they forced a part of the line only to be crushed to pieces and annihilated by the hose like display of two thousand machine guns, while another surge was finally routed by the infantry and cavarly of the Abyssinkilians and Angelinian, through which the glandelinians despite their inferior numbers could not penetrate and being shot down in hundreds of thousands, the survivors fled in precipitate flight, the Angelinians pursuing and capturing multitudes of prisoners and putting that division of glandelinians out of the service entirely for the remainder of the war.

At other points the christian lines under Hanson the great glandelinian surge encountered a barrage fire of four hours duration on their leaders, Parisia, Reuel and Aldolph Johnston three brothers being badly wounded, and though this column was torn to pieces it rallied to the attack, and redoubled the assault against the christian line with the same marvelous heroism with which the other mangled glandelinian surges had displayed. This part of the christian line was desperately and continuously resisting with all their might and main the sledge hammer onslaught of the whole already mangled glandelinian surge, and for the stubbornness of which the christian troops were noted it was the only means that enabled them to stand the terrible punishment inflicted by the man maddened foe, though they outnumbered the assailants three to one.

Large squadrons of glandelinian cavarly and infantry finally not being able to withstand the terrorizing avalanche of damnation that mowed them down in tens of thousands gave way fleeing in confusion, the whole gray surge now giving way in confusion their losses being unspeakably terrific and fearful divisions attacking for three hours at Francis Atlanta, and though capturing the city against ten times their number finally suffered a crushing defeat his whole surviving glandelinian columns being scattered to the four winds. The city was terribly damaged by shell and shellfire.

Alfred and Henrique St. Clare strengthened the lines that were already badly played out, crushing fourteen main ones of the enemy and driving the survivors back in a horrible panic. Terrible was the loss of the best Glandelinian officers, many of them being generals.

A FORLORN HOPE INDURED.

Federal saw now that to break Vivian's massive lines, consisting of general Hanson's extreme right wing, was in vain, but however he determined on a forlorn hope indeed, trusting to the strength of his large remaining columns, though he knew that he was terribly overwhelmed by the Christians. He put Popowich at the next head of the next charging surge, sending it forward against Hanson's center between Francis Atlanta and Francis Anna while he sent Cannonias Germania, Vivian, and Tamerline with two other mighty surges.

The onslaught was terrific threatening to be successful on the center despite the big storm, the Glandelinians engaging the Christians in a hand to hand fight, but finally met all along theirs a heavy and bloody resistance, Popowich's divisions going into fragments the survivors being driven into confusion. Cannonias big surge simultaneously made a furious onslaught of greater violence, despite the artillery fire tearing up his center, for a time pressing back the Christian forces along his front, but in that mighty and extensive inferno of horrible slaughter, half of his surge was wiped out, he himself fell wounded, and appalled at their excruciating losses, the survivors finally gave up the struggle, and fled in the utmost confusion leaving their dead and wounded everywhere in their light.

Tamerline and Germania's surges were stronger than the others attack the Christian forces on their own front, and though the left of Germania's Germania's divisions were reduced to remnants, with the wounding of general Germania Smith and the annihilation of ten brigades of troops under Picknell and Francis Federal Johnston, who were also wounded, the large Marian divisions under general Rudolph Filian reinforced them and so amid the horrible carnage Tamerline and Germania made a grand advance which however by the curtain of artillery fire along the whole Christian line was soon badly cut up, the Glandelinians being thrown into confusion and panic. The time had come for retreat, and general Tamerline and Germania were forced to give the order. At first the retreat was accomplished with a great semblance of order and discipline but soon as the victorious Abheannians pressed on them, these two divisions of Glandelinians abandoned their arms and fled in a stampede toward Federal's lines.

A FRIGHTFUL SCENE OF BLOODGULF AND SLAUGHTER.

The victorious Christians poured down after the retreating Glandelinians, two of the cities already mentioned was on fire, and general Callahan was taken up from the sea of blood and bodies more dead than a live, being a very dangerously wounded Christian general indeed.

So furious was the battle that everywhere was scenes of heartrending scenes of desolation. Millions of trees had been shattered as if by a furious typhoon, flower beds with fresh way flowers were strewn three deep with the bodies of gray and purple and gray together, and covered here and there with intestines. Never before in the war was there such a scene exposed to view, the whole battlefield resembling the destruction of the world, whole towns being in ashes.

Indeed the night along along Hanson's whole line which was revealed during the short lull was a holy terror, and lucky indeed it was that poor Violet and her sisters who were in Michael's rapidly advancing army had not been there yet to see it. Hundreds of thousands of dead lay everywhere. All the wounded were writhing, moaning and screaming in terrible agony the scenes being like an earthly living hell as the greatest number was believed to have fallen here.

as the greatest number had fallen here. And it was reported that general Federal was among the badly wounded. All along the line of battle on both sides not a tree had its branches left, thousands were down completely, millions were split, crushed, or charred by fire reddened with blood, while the remaining branches of trees had mangled bodies or flesh hanging from them. For miles the ground was red with blood and seemed indeed paved in many places with intestines and torn and lacerated flesh.

Hundreds of thousands of badly torn horses with even the intestines wallowing out of many of them or protruding lay among the dead or wounded amid the multitudes of broken cannon, gun carriages, muskets, caissons and seas of shattered trees, foliage.

It was a perfect sea of devastation, and not even the devastation caused by Mt. Pelee's eruption, and the destruction of the cities on the islands could compare with this battle horror. Even the it was a perfect sea of dead dying and wounded, amid confused and tangled wreckage of trees. Indeed it was awful. During the lull in the frightful onset, general Hanson riding upon the scene met Greathart who was rallying

large portions of his command and rushing them forward toward the direction of the fearful battle.

"I'm sure this is going to be the greatest battle that has ever been fought," he declared. "Have you your excellency seen the conditions along my routed lines?"

"No," answered Hanson suddenly. "And I don't want to. It would only sicken me."

"The wounded on our side are too many," said Greathart sadly. "There will be no room for them in any of the towns or cities near here. This onslaught beats any I have ever seen."

"Yes but we have got to get to the field again," said Hanson. "Federal's onslaught is recommencing and we have got to hurry and get your routed divisions into order, and restore your shattered lines. Hear how the musketry is roaring. We certainly got to hurry."

ALMOST PRETERNATURAL FURY OF THE BATTLE ALONG GENERAL VIVIAN'S LINES. ESPECIALLY HIS CENTER. MY WHAT A FEARFUL CRASH AND UPROAR OF HELL'S RAGES.

The general engagement along general Vivian's lines began the same moment Federal made his onslaught on the left, large columns of the Glandelinians rushing to the attack every division of general Vivian's line on general Hanson's right also making frantic preparations to meet the herculean onslaught. Along general Vivian's line one immense wave after wave of Glandelinians rushed forward against the Christian line amid the loud irregular roar of millions of musketry and cannon which had swelled to a universal uproar, and so tremendous was the falling of the graycoats, that several of the nearest waves finally gave way, and retreated in amazing confusion. Several other main surges of the Glandelinians meeting cannon fire that killed scores of masses recoiled but were overwhelmed and trodden down, the roar of the Christian cannon sounding like the exploding of a million tons of high explosives. Most of the other shivered waves of graycoats heap hesitated, especially as the havoc increased among their ragged columns in a most frightful manner, but Stanley had issued orders that the Christian positions were to be carried at all costs.

and the cost was paid dearly indeed, without any success in the whole battle. For thirty eight miles the uproar of the stings of Christian cannon and long series of lines of musketry, stormed with frightful fury, widening the spaces indeed, between the Christian line, and that of the enemy, though mass upon masses of any size had been steadily reaching the Christian works, but melting away. As far as could be seen within fifty paces of the Christian works the wooded fields had been crammed with the attacking fiends in gray, but in a few minutes not one of them had been seen, all being stretched on the ground, dead or wounded.

A fearful carnage indeed.

All along the Christian line there was a noise as if three scores of Mt. Calverines were in their most violent eruption from the blasting roar of two hundred thousand cannon of all kinds mingled with the roar and rattle of so many muskets which sheeted the Christian lines in fire and smoke and withered thirteen of the big foe columns so

frightfully & that the survivors were glad to retire. By the torrent of high explosive, the Glandelinian columns seemed stopped in their headlong advance, but nevertheless the word was forward, and the men were pricked forward with the bayonet. At the time he was attacking his farthest, general Manley saw great columns of purple coats with a stream of cleaner bayonets weaving over the roads under a great cloud of dust, the advance of Francis O. Owens ninth corps moving upon his rear. Manley was indeed alarmed at this sight, and having large squadrons of cavalry near he spread them out as infantry, with two thousand guns waiting in the rear seemingly as futile as a ragged set of spread fingers to hold back rivers current. The flankers were coming on furiously indeed, and no time was to be lost.

MANLEY'S ATTACKING COLUMNS THOUGH OUTFLANKED, FIGHT STUBBORNLY
IN THE MIST OF A DAMNATING ROARING INFERNO, BUT TO
NO AVAIL. TERRIBLE IS THE SLAUGHTER.

In about an hour general Manley's divisions about forty, consisting of the main flank of the assaulting line were facing in the rear a frightful long undulating wall of rifle blasts. General Chambersburg seeing the assaulting columns were outflanked, sent forward of his brigades, of one hundred thousand men each, and ordered them to go to the rescue and stick to it at all costs. Long lines of the foe led by general Henry Cornscoe was advancing swiftly to the rescue of the division attacked in the flank, but Manley's assault having been repulsed was receding, and Chambersburg saw the greatest columns of purple coats in that ever advanced in a counter charge moving in perfect waves miles long and shrouded in many points in sheets of smoke from their own musketry fire. Cornscoe who was bound to check the progress of the Angelinians, who were counter charging, ordered his lines into action, and simultaneously as they came within range, a fire of almost preternatural fury broke out along both opposing lines, the odious and horrid roar of the firing continuing without intermission for four hours in general intensity, the Angelinian waves rushing upon the Glandelinian front, and though wave after wave went to pieces, and recoiled they rallied, and renewed the assault. At the same time Cornscoe's lines opened their blaze of fire, the artillery along Chambersburg broke into action, letting loose their hell of destruction, tearing to pieces the surges in purple at this point, but the assault of the Angelinians could not be checked, and the whole scene became a roaring inferno. General Costello's divisions of three hundred thousand Glandelinians, were cut to pieces, Cornscoe's central divisions, were crushed to fragments and routed, the works along his main right were piled with fragments of dead and dying, were carried, his left was caught on the flank, his main line was frightfully shattered, and already the Anh Angelinians had captured two hundred thousand prisoners, mostly of whom were wounded, and dressed in bandages, making a harrowing sight indeed to the Christians.

As the very inferno of hell's avalanches of damnation seemed to have turned the world into a fierce conflagration, the remainder of Cornscoe's divisions dreadfully shredded, began to fall back swiftly. That to be beaten beaten in this bloody manner by the Angelinians there is no doubt that the remains of Cornscoe's men were boiling mad, and Cornscoe and his officers cursed God and all in heaven and the Christians in volumes of blasphemies for every soldier who fell.

General Francis Chambersburg, was relieving and reading messe messages, and sending them, saw the great multitude of Angelinians pushing on with the fury and noise of a typhoon, and seeing his own lines sagging before the appalling attack ordered up Morton J. Kramers Gargolians, but the Angelinians were attacking with such pugnacious fury that general Morton was unable to hold, and send for aid. It was at this time that the roar of so many cannons and musketry was redoubled, seeming to rend the heavens from the din and defy God himself, and general Francis Chambersburg who was turning his head to right and left, in a eagle like glances watched his weaving and straining

lines of smitten Glandelinians, blaspheming and cursing all the while without ceasing, and defying God to cause him any further misfortunes and daring him to come down and fight his army with all his angles, when suddenly he fell from his horse, a shell fragment going through his head. He had been one of the best Glandelinian generals a favorite of Manley at that, and now the wicked blasphemer was

dead and before the judgment seat of the Almighty to receive his sentence. General Ritchie Patrick Johnston took Chambersburg place keeping up the grim resistance under the black billowing smoke of the battle inferno the last of Chambersburg's reserves had gone in to the support of the gasping surges of graycoats, which were now zig-zacking in formation from the pressure of the Christian assault, the din being heard for five hundred miles at even this point.

The Angelinians making the air ring with their own frightful yells, dashed upon the line of graycoats defying a knoll driving them out with frightful slaughter, and pressed upon them with great vehemence and taking many brigades of prisoners. General Johnston's Glandelinians took defense behind a stone wall but were annihilated after repelling with evident success, ten desperate assaults in quick succession. At all points of the front lines when the Angelinians came in closed quarters the Glandelinians not being as handy with the bayonet or pike, as the Christians broken into confusion, and though Morton's officers would stem the confusion and panic the Angelinians would pour over the positions at other points, and in his desperate attempts to keep his lines firm, general Morton fell mortally wounded. Morton's line now gave way with the utmost precipitation, the Angelinians following with the same precipitation, horrible scenes of the battle itself being revealed, which defied all description, and though the fallen may have shrieked from a agony, or called for succor, they were unheard, for the crash and uproar of the battle drowned every other sound. Hundreds of thousands had already been killed, and multitudes of wounded Angelinians were brought from the field, the scenes being hideous to all who observed it.

No one could take a single step anywhere in the region of battle without treading on the dead and even the dying and wounded, whole guns and hundreds of broken gun carriages lying half sunk in the ploughed mud and earth, and many horses and gunners were pinned under heavy calibers, disabled by shell explosions. A thousand wounded Angelinians lay close to the stone wall where many Glandelinians met annihilation, every single one having broken limbs, backs crushed and arms gone. The great number of dead Angelinians were found to have broken necks, frightfully mangled bodies, skulls crushed in, bodies torn open, bodies disemboweled, some vast holes on their bodies, and some only shattered trunks remaining. Thousands of other dead Angelinians, we who had fallen were killed with bullets, either from Glandelinians musketry or machine guns, and these lay thickly buried on top of one another in perfect windrows. The sight was fearful indeed, but what sight could be more fearful than to see the largest proportion of Fritze Patricks and Chambersburg's miles lying dead and mangled on the ground for miles his loss in slain being 1,900,000. Fifteen divisions and twenty brigades had all their field officers down, twenty companies of Manley's divisions were dead on the field, and in general Bruce's command, where fifteen color bearers flying a single rag for what was once a flag were killed, the general himself lost his life, in trying to flourish it. General Bruce's strong lines during the engagement under irresistible pressure, had been caught in bad ground, and this unaccountable, and inferno of killing, and also had been forced back by the parring Railroad crossing, Reynolds' Glandelinians facing Angelinian purple columns were almost annihilated their own dead lying like a field of grain cut by a scythe.

Angelinian columns however in the rear; Hatters Gargolians were cut to pieces by their counter assault, Windermine, on the Christian side was dangerously wounded, convention and case y Costello on that side also were killed, and the whole damning battle field along this line and ever even carries on which were involved in the frightful carnage, were smashed in the dead and wounded of both sides, Windermine's whole army alone having been held at bay were nevertheless impossible to be driven back despite the fall of their leader.

The whole line of woods and fields had been hidden in wreaths of smoke from the most dreadful in indre indescribable firing, which had ensued from both sides so long.

HANLEY DRIVES HIS SECOND DESPERATE ASSAULT, WHICH BECOMES GENERAL.....

Henry Fitzpatrickson on the christian side during the short lull saw thirty six divisions of general Gerald's divisions approaching in long waves to crush in his right, and having five hundred machine guns close at hand he opened these, simultaneously sending general Walter Evans to face general Gerald's Mandeliniens, whose first wave appeared to be thirty deep, and now so fierce was the battle that it seemed as if the whole world inside and outside and even the very heavens together were on a wild rapam rampage.

From the force of the frightful onslaught general Evans' divisions were cut to pieces, but as the first wave was also shredded to fragments by the fire they had met, the surviving Abi Abheannians strove to maintain their lines. The ten divisions of Evans' men under general Schlander Williamson being shelled to pieces by the distant Mandeliniens' batteries covering the furious Mandeliniens' onslaught and wavered, going down in hundreds of masses per volley. The Mandeliniens' wave waves delivered their blows with such vehemence that Evans could not hold his line of battle having broadened to ten times his front line having entirely disappeared for the distance of twenty six miles.

Fitzpatrickson's own left being hard pressed at all points as if by an avalanche, was completely broken up and though he was doing all he could to prevent the Mandeliniens from penetrating any further, and managed by desperate efforts to rally some of his demoralized columns, a regular torrent of bullets spreading the carnage still wider brought him down dead, and the Mandeliniens' batteries pouring a veritable storm of shells, and high explosives, ripped and tore up the massive christian columns so fightfully, and caused such indescribable scathing havoc, that the few survivors broke into confusion and panic.

The whole series of assaulting Mandeliniens were now in a frightful tumultuous uproar of yelling, many hundreds of companies of christians having been destroyed, and being hard pressed general Fitzpatrickson surviving Mandeliniens also being exposed to a terrible fire were yelping yielding ground, a scores in of a organizations retreating in order, some in panic, leaving a sea of dead and wounded exposed to view, mingled with broken cannon and gun carriages.

Everywhere there now there was a frightful mixture of purple and graycoats in a pandemonium of bayonet, pikes, or pistol duels hand to hand.

THE INFERNO SPREADS.

"Give up your rifle ye christian lad. The jig is up boys and you may as well surrender as we have got you now." Was the cry of many Mandeliniens who were taking in a big toll of prisoners. General 1 Fwell Hanson separated from his shattered command escaped by giving a fierce defense under a hail of iron shot stones. Large divisions of Angelinians, Abheannians, and general Vincentians, were advised advancing hastily to Fitzpatrickson's aid, general Licknell's divisions also coming directed by Evans who ordered the Vivian girls under pains of punishment to stay away from the horrible battle storm, the new christian forces now counter attacking with such incredible fury

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that both sides were literally losing one hundred and eighty thousand in a minute. A part of Licknell's advancing forces caught in the deadly conflagration of Mandeliniens' musketry halted and returned as fierce a storm of fire, the left fell back but the rest halted and showed terrible fury in their attack upon the Mandeliniens the christians now being nine million

million nine hundred thousand strong, holding the Mandeliniens at bay along their front but the divisions of Abi Abheannians and Angelinians under general Lony Phillipino and Johnston Brown had instantly counter charged with the most incredible fury that any one could imagine and would have certainly carried all before them and routed and destroyed the Mandeliniens as valiant assailants right then and there had they not suddenly got a veritable wall of roaring musketry and rifle blasts from the other Mandeliniens' waves which had halted in their advance. General Jordan Jackson's line of Abheannians fighting like cornered tigers, in that fierce and bloody inferno met complete annihilation, and general Kramer's divisions also facing the most murderous fire were being cut down in multitudes and threatened with destruction. But nevertheless enormous columns of reinforcements were being sent by Licknell under Evans' instructions, and the Mandeliniens' waves outnumbered and crushed to fragments finally staggered under the impact their main leader Licknell's Franklin being dangerously wounded.

The Angelinians now being successful a second time were pressing on with the fury of demons, and the whole of Licknell's Frank line's extreme line was torn to pieces, and swept back, general convention Kramer being killed, Meldon, convention being mortally wounded and also general Burns. Simultaneously the Angelinians pierced a portion of general Licknell's divisions' lines at the right while the firing was filling the very air with a deafening uproar, seventeen divisions of Licknell's army were annihilated, his left was enveloped in a smoke whirlpool, and his whole shredded front line faced an extensive inferno of smoke and fire from Licknell's advancing christians, thousands surrendering every fifteen minutes to save themselves from the terrible destruction! The yell of the Angelinians even after the firing lulled for several minutes was heard far and wide. It had been a second bloody crushing repulse for Hanley's army.

THE THIRD ASSAULT.

When the Mandeliniens made the third assault it was so swift and terrific, that the christians in the front lines did not have the slightest time for drill formations or to lie down and fire. The quickest thing to do was to use their bayonets bayonets, pistols, and pike pikes, playing multitudes of bayonets, against multitudes of bayonets, ringing in deafening ring of steel on steel.

The Mandeliniens pressed on giving forth their devil yell. Gusts upon gusts of hissing shells from the Mandeliniens' batteries blowing up in a continuous ear-splitting uproar, splintering the christian lines with fragments of steel and rock, ricocheting between the christian lines, and dealing inconceivable havoc among them.

The purple line however was steadily being reinforced as heavy reserves continually swept up and soon the crash and uproar was frightfully redoubled as the immense columns under general Walter Vincent attacked with terrible ferocity, their scene indeed becoming like a hell of fury, and as other columns were seen rushing to the support of the Angelinians, the Mandeliniens alarmed increased their attack with appalling fury. Vincent's center was in danger of annihilation, the whole battle line was wreathed in smoke, and Vincent's left being rapidly reduced stopped advancing, but though for an hour the christians held so stubbornly it seemed as if they would soon have to give way as already along one point the Mandeliniens were attacking with such incredible fury, that they had pierced the line, and drove the christians back with the most frightful loss. Despite this seemingly great success at this point, it was nevertheless that he was going to be and was the loser, for Vincent was sending frantic appeals for aid. Sixteen hundred cannons of heavy calibre had been dragged up in the meantime, which now opened fire at short range, seeking to shake down the very trees on the line of battle, and tear the Mandeliniens' columns to pieces.

Terrific indeed was the concussion of these guns..... Gathering gun s had also arrived, the assailants now receiving a frightful storm of shells, and doubled shot charges of canister, which was literally clearing the way for the exultant Angolians a terrific slaughter indeed for as columns melted away, they came on and came on but no nearer as they dissolved away one by one before they got within a few hundred feet of the christian works. Indeed indeed the carnage was fearful but still the infuriated landelinians persisted in their bloody attack, general Fowler falling, falling wounded his full name being Estrabro ker wouker, this soldier being taken prisoner by the Angolians.

A FRIGHTFUL FIRE ALONG THE ABHIEANNIAN LINE..... A FIRE WHICH CLEARS THE REGION OF THE ASSAILANTS.

At this moment general Hendon, SA Stank O'Rourke's Abhieannian division arrived, the million cannon like roar of the christian fire redoubling to fearfully, that the noise was appalling, and simultaneously the louder roar of the christian artillery was drowned out some completely at times by a simultaneous discharge of 11,000,000 muskets, but when the 30,000,000 christians fired volley after volley the din was a certainly ear-splitting and deafening at this point and general Vincent's men had by the impact of a furious counter charge been bent backwards, but O'Rourke's Abhieannians lost three hundred thousand in this counter charge and the landelinians coming back at them with the fury of an avalanche of yelling fiend fiends they were driven into confusion and recoiled before that appalling landelinian attack. Shells from the landelinian batteries were bringing down the christian gunners like flies and one of these shells killed O'Rourke as he was directing the desperate efforts of his men. His men were dismayed when they saw him fall, their ranks were being riddled, and were saying: However so fierce was the christian fire which roared so fierce enough to tear the world to pieces, the wide space in front of the christian position was at times completely swept clean of every landelinian soldier, and the Angolians redoubled their exertions soon held the foe at bay, at many points of the line. At other points the landelinians were white hot with fury and rushed against the christian line with the madness of fierce desperation and general George Francis hurling three mill on men and against the christian line along his point point, was killed and all his men were annihilated.

Along the center of the main extreme christian center the carnage had increased with the redoubled fury the large divisions in gray seeming to dissolve into fragments as fast as they came on, and though the survivors forced the christian line at one point far to the right was heard suddenly an indescribable roar of musketry, and in that location a landelinian surge twenty miles long and seventy deep melted gradually away into small fragments. Jammingburg led these troops in seeing this sight, ordered the survivors to fall back and general Foley having fallen a wounded the landelinians were finally driven into an panic that could never be halted among these columns.

Vincent was also killed by the Angolians sharpshooters who also mortally wounded general Vandley Antoine who had led a fierce charge against the thundering christian batteries. General Kerrigan, Ke Kerrigan Macolister, and War Warren falling also fell dead, but just now even the loss of their officers did not confuse the wicked landelinians who reinforced by general Brandon were resuming their attack with the fury they could muster into themselves, but again whole plains and lums, in front of the christian battalions christian line, was swept clean of all the landelinians, Vincent's main line now under General, Stank Ke Kerrigan was swept and torn to pieces by the christian fire, and large portions of it was

again in the wild confusion. Indeed as the landelinian leaders realized the Abhieannians had a position of great advantage, being protected all along the line by walls of rock, trees and earthworks, which the landelinians had to climb exposing themselves at murderous close range, always going down like grain before the scythe at every discharge. Whole columns of the landelinians by sixes and had dissolved but recklessly confident of the fact that come with seeing the ribbon on the rope in hell's tug of war drawing over to their side gradually, they steadily came on with the ferocity of the wildest demons and the struggle seemed now in full swing. The landelinians continually met a hissing tempest of grape and canister aided by the fire of the heaviest Angolians cannon belching broadsides of shells and shrapnel, but inspired by their new leader the brave hit but wicked landelinians redoubled their exertions threatening to overhelm Vincent's Kernell's Abhieannians but as general Stank Kerrigan fell mortally wounded, and spaces for ten miles were cleared of all landelinians in front of the christian lines the landelinians again fell back in confusion. It seemed now that they were beaten but not yet.

CHAPTER NUMBER FOUR

Other columns of landelinians under Hannis Ushorne Wals Washburne and Andeline Johnston had been thrown into formation and these knew where the line of least resistance was to be met with, and they followed this pressing on suddenly between sacramentoes advancing Abhieannians and Chambersburg Abyssinkillians to make another charge in flank.

"Zi! those dreadful black battled devils! Never know when they are licked!" Groaned general Vincent horrified at the horrible slaughter. The christian center was pouring a terrific fire upon the assailants striving again with all their utmost fury, to drive back this attack led by general Francis's sagot. Thousands of shells, shrapnel by tens of thousands and grapeshot was now hurled upon the flankers themselves, which though they committed much havoc as to lay out whole fields of landelinians it failed to check them. A firing along the christian line so loud that it seemed as if the very heavens were hurrying increased and continued to increase as more and more went into action, and now scores of Angolians boyscouts seeing the peril began to signal to sacramentoes and Chambersburg and Chambersburg for help as now the awful screeching surge of boyscouts were beginning to rain the rear of the left of the christian line, which had seemed to be dominated by the christian guns.

CHAMBERSBURG'S ARRIVAL AND THE ROUT OF THE LANDELINIAN.

At last Chambersburg himself saw the frantic signals for help and ordered his Abyssinkillians on the double quick and these furious furious Calverinians rushing suddenly on with the ferocity of millions of uniformed savages, crashed like a whirling tornado upon the landelinian forces, moving on the christian left flank, who being mowed down by the score of thousands per minute, on both their own front and rear in this fearful inferno gave way in panic and confusion, the pursuing christians delivering a withering fire that tore the gray waves to many fragments, the survivors fleeing like sheep. Simultaneously sacramentoes Abhieannians coming up made a roaring eye cyclonic charge amid the dreadful carnage upon the other flanking landelinian columns, routing them also and capturing four hundred thousand prisoners, generals Jennings, Padula, Tamerline, Henderson, Maltorf, Tangeline, and also many among them.

In the whole line of rout, thousands of fleeing "landelinians" fell riddled by bullets, the remaining christian columns fairly mowing the fields, with the dead and wounded praying. In rushed the Abbeismian line carrying all before them, shivering whole divisions that tried to make a stand, and annihilating several brigades of three hundred men, including ten squadrons of Cergolian newly, ten thousand Omerian dragoons, and two companies of "de-vollatinian" lancers. Thousands of ranks had been mowed down during the rout by the scathing fire of the christians the landelinians being almost without a single leader retreating in general confusion. Chambersburg men even clearing their own front, during the main charge reducing a landelinian division of three hundred thousand men to one thousand, and driving the landelinian attack back to its lair, where it they held against three bayonet charge attacks, and two by cavalry squadrons.

Indeed the landelinians payed heavily for working themselves between the armies of sacramento and Chambersburg, but truthfully they were or had been ignorant of their presence, and had the known of their presence they could have held them both successfully as they had outnumbered these christian columns three to one. It was a disastrous repulse indeed, the flanking columns having been almost annihilated in this engagement.

THE FIFTH ASSAULT ON THE CHRISTIAN CENTER.

Indeed there was no chance whatever of the "landelinians" winning the christian positions in this rocky wooded region, so well defended as they were, but Manley with the one same overconfidence that many fools always have insisted that the assault should be recently used and continued, and had sent forward over seventeen million landelinians to attack again, these being under general Caldwell, and so a fifth fierce onslaught was on.

Along the left of the christian center a large division of landelinians being cut to pieces by the christian fire became panic stricken but the other landelinian columns made a furious onrush charging through the shell stormed woods, into blazing brush, and among the boulders. Among those in confusion, many trod one over one another in their haste to get away trampling one another under foot while volleys of horrid outcries filled the air, mingled with cries of pain and terror cannon fire also breaking out seemingly over yonder to them, filling the air with an awe inspiring awe, mingled with muffled roarings of musket volleys also breaking out. Open spaces were bullet swept so that these unprotected spaces were difficult to face. All along the line a hundreds of thousands of saplings were cut in two by the hail of minnies, millions of trees were peppered by bullets, and incriminated by bursting shrapnell, while at close quarters terrible mists of canister marked and mangled large masses of landelinians. General "urns" landelinians were the first to reach the christian line, consisting of one thousand divisions in great gray, making a line forty miles in extent, but a gap twenty miles long was torn in this line, a thousand gaps being given in other parts of the same line and the line impetuous advance of the survivors was checked.

General Burns falling wounded and his surviving columns being reduced to mere fragments, retreated in amazing confusion. General "Pages" landelinians simultaneously had advanced his own forty miles line against a part of the christian front, one big surge making a rush here, another a rush there, and the Angelinians being under the cover of rocks and trees, poured a terrific fire that withered these surges, the few thousands of survivors retreating, slipping in the blood of their fallen comrades. But the surviving columns advanced with the fury and cunning of demons, the ten thousand three hundred fifteen Angelinian guns letting loose their own titanic concert of hell and out of a vast iridescent cloud of smoke smoke with the terrific storm of murderous shells which tore surge after surge of the landelinians into scattered fragments.

But still more massive landelinian surges swarmed into view and though the whole christian line stormed with fire, the landelinians came on, surge

after surge was ploughed through and through and went up to pieces but nevertheless the survivors came on. Hundreds of cannons after hundreds of cannons blew up on the christian side, and one cannon after another from being overheated, but nevertheless as the gray surges went to fragments to the last column, and receded in confusion, the christian "christian ye" broke forth in exultation along the whole. Along these other wing of the christian center the landelinians advanced in a most atrocious wave the full length of the opposing christian line, but regular regular multitudes of landelinians actually rushed to their deaths. One quarter of the surge which was forty and twenty miles long withered away, the other quarter went into scattered fragments, and the third quarter faced annihilation, but the remainder reached the christian line, and hand to hand over the positions scores of thousands leaped, the christian gunners being surrounded fought like demons, with hand pikes rammerstaves, and even stones. Now it was the turn of the christian officers to signal for help. General Johnston's Handrooks was on the watch and as he could spare general Carson Cooks twenty six divisions he ordered them to the rescue. They had not far to go and just like sacramento and Chambersburg turned the scale in the fourth assault, Cooks turned it in the fifth, but in a more animated fashion.

The landelinians at this point went into action, with one million seven hundred thousand men, but now had only nine hundred thousand men remaining. They retreated but still the landelinians did not fall back at every point as yet, for over ten million Omerians had gained a lodgement on the center of the christian line, where for four hours a drama of unspeakable horror proceeded among rocks and trees, and only when slaughter in terrible numbers, did the landelinians yield slowly as reinforcements drawn from the left had accumulated their strength against the assaults and now all along the line the foe retreated in confusion.

Smoke of battle enveloped the sea of warring wounded, and the voices voiceless dead, and the blackening blood-clots in woods hills and fields. Manley had already 19,515,700 down making the total losses altogether as 24,834,000 as at other points, the death list among the whole being 9,834,000. The christian loss was 8,950,000.

MANLEY'S SIXTH ASSAULT.

A lull of five minutes ensued and in the mean while three hundred landelinian guns concentrated on the christian line and along this whole line of artillery there broke out a tremendous frightful roar, which shook the whole battle field like an earthquake, and a terrific tempest of shells high explosives, and streams of solid shot poured among the christian lines followed by heartrending destruction among the foliage and terrible terrible carnage among the christians.

Hundreds of horses were dreadfully torn, and as most of the Angelinian guns were not long range cannons the Angelinians were not able to answer. But nevertheless the guns were dragged out of the enemy's range and as the rain of shot and shell from the landelinian batteries became fearful and the concussion of the artillery, and explosives of so many shells shook the ground like an earthquake, general Vivians own line of batteries far to the rear gave a very decided answer, and soon there was a pandemonium of thousands of exploding shells over a space of sixty miles in length and the landelinians striving frantically bit but in vain to withdraw their guns out of range of this inferno of shell barrages, fell in frightful numbers, and nothing was anything now but smoke and a sea of explosions.

One ammunition after another he blew up, cannons also blew up but by the thousands, and inflammable stuff of all description caught fire. Long lines of ammunition store houses blew up making worse explosions than that at Ghairity gun, and uprooting hundreds of thousands of trees by the concussion. Thousands of landelinian guns were disabled or silenced, and now seeing that his guns were unable to answer to general Vivians barrage, Manley ordered the infantry of general Spruders army to charge the christian center with all their force, and sent scout ing parties if possible to locate the deadly chains of christian guns.

Five hundred thousand christian guns had been concentrating upon

Manley's batteries, and the bombardment of the McWhirly McWhirther fortifications never made such a clamor as this as now nearly one million cannon were roaring and thundering in a terrible storm of salvos. 5 Zoe Rae Allengerburgers lines had concentrated their intentions to another point, reinforcing and bringing up fresh gathling guns and received the first section of the Glandelinian assault led by general Antoine Vandia-Allengerburgers who whole line was seemingly engulfed in smoke and flame for twenty minutes the noise of the battle roared with intolerable fury, the Glandelinian surges went into mangled fragments, the survivors tried to press on only to be decimated.

Other Glandelinian surges advanced with amazing fury, their main line was torn to fragments, two twenty mile raps appeared but still the foolish survivors though facing the annihilating fire did not halt but charged on yelling with earpiercing demoniac shrieks of rage. General Francis Rhymers division of Omarians and Gargolians encountered a fierce annihilating fire and fled in confusion, the survivors returning a storm of fire from under cover. Amid the dreadful carnage however Zoe Rae Allengerburger was killed his line broke into confusion, and the enemy became victorious along this point. At other sections of the Christian center the fury of the enemy's attack was increased. General 1 Flaivors batteries cut their massive surges to pieces the firing along the whole Christian line assumed a most blasting and annihilating form so that for the distance of three hundred yards from the Christian line the space was kept clear of the Glandelinians who fell as fast as they got within range. But the Glandelinians attacking Allengerburgers lines had reached the works in one simultaneous rush while his Christians were demoralized and driven into confusion by his death, and with maddened yells of frenzy and fury threw themselves among the confused Christians the dead and wounded piling in windrows rapidly.

With the fury of demons the Angelinians who kept cool strove to beat their frenzy stricken assailants back keeping up a storming musket fire at point blank shooting down many companies.

To thousands upon thousands of the Glandelinians under general Hortense who reached and poured over the Christian works and parapets were shot down a pandemonium of shot shooting, and bayonet and sword blows ensuing everywhere, the Glandelinians under general Brandon facing a bristling wall of bayonets dripping with gore, and while most of the Christian line amid all the confusion all around them stood as immovable as a rock general Hortense and Brandon fell mortally wounded, the numbers of the foe being frightfully reduced.

The fight at this section was a regular wholesale massacre hand to hand. The Angelinian cannoners though fired fiercely attacked by overwhelming numbers stuck stubbornly to their guns, cutting down masses of their assailants, but the furious survivors only mingled with them in a desperate hand to hand struggle. The part of Allengerburgers line which was in confusion seemed in the danger of a rout before the whirlwind, for in their confused state they only made a feeble barrier before the waves of gray, the Glandelinians threatening to carry all before them.

THE SIXTH ASSAULT REPULSED.

Nevertheless the apparently victorious Glandelinians with ineffable dismay beheld overhead overwhelming reinforcements that were rushing swiftly to the aid of general Allengerburgers men, and though any many of the captured guns were swung around upon the Christian reinforcements, they did not have a minutes time to use them, the heavy columns of Angelinians rushing forward with the frenzied fury of storm waves, there was a pandemonium of confusion, as if a great typhoon bursted forth, cannon roaring in terrific spasmodic detonations, detonations echoed back by the fierce and sharper detonations of Spokems heavy cannons blazing terrifically forth with the most intolerable roar and ear-splitting crash, trees went to earth with crash and uproar, bayonets by hundreds of thousands at once clashed in frightful tumult the air was clouded with the smoke of musketry and shell explosions, and the Angelinians swarmed forward like an onrushing tidal wave

carried all before them, and no longer did the Glandelinians think of victory, but to escape that horrible inferno was their ardent wish. The Angelinians with high universal yells, pressed on with fixed bayonets the Glandelinians again retreating in panic and confusion which gradually became a stampede. Thousands of the Glandelinians continually hearing the ear-splitting roar of cannons and musketry behind them fled in a mad panic, that all the attempts of the officers could not check, the panic stricken Glandelinians trampling recklessly over the fallen in their desperate attempts to escape the frightful showers of shells, which was added by a tempest of high explosives, which crashed among them splintering and crushing thousands of trees, splintering bur bushes and bathing the fleeing Glandelinians with a storm of destruction.

A series of mighty roars even from new batteries increased the panic the repulse of the sixth assault at every point of the line ending in a stampede rout, the panic stricken Glandelinians vomiting themselves forward toward their own lines, amid bloodcurdling yells of fear and terror and shrieks of pain. Many officers dreading that this retreat would turn into a disaster, tried to rally them but they fell one by one. Even at the longest range high explosives fell fast torrent upon torrent among the panic stricken Glandelinian columns, many thousands of which under general Shuman rushed into a deep gully for cover from the Angelinian annihilating fire, but large forces of Christians descending upon them took them all prisoners. General Cruder rushed his forces forward to check the panic but was killed amid the dreadful carnage cries resounding from all sides.

"Hap" "Help for Antoine. His divisions are being routed."

THE SEVENTH ASSAULT . WHO WOULD BELIEVE IT?

"Fall back slowly and keep lines together." Said general Charles Brown main commander of Christian center who had come to the rescue as he saw fresh Glandelinian columns coming to stop his victorious advance as he had come within sight of the Glandelinian front. "We must repel this second column at all cost and give up the pursuit." General Charles Brown had seen the danger of another assault just in time for heavy reinforcements had sprang out in wedge formation under general Castoria, and that sprucer platoon would probably crush his front and overlap his whole line and they all would be lost. His men were already abandoning the pursuit and Charles Brown rode up to a group of officers who were complaining about his orders, and said:

"We must retire or general Castoria and spruder will overlap us. We don't want to be annihilated by those black devils."

"But Antones divisions will get away and reinforce Antones or Castoria I meansaid general Cain."

"I know, but if we continue the pursuit the Glandelinians under Castoria will overlap us. Hark at general Vivian's storming batteries. They will hold them down until we reform. Not a moment is to be lost."

In fifteen minutes general Charles Brown's divisions were swiftly reitit retiring, several officers threatening to resign because Brown was withdrawing his forces from the pursuit. His divisions hastened onward the advance of Cs Castoria and spruder being terrific, the Angelinian batteries playing on them with telling effect but just now they could not be stopped. The left of the gray surge was torn, tottered, and bleeding, but amid the ear-splitting detonations of shells, all around them, above them, and behind the survivors came on giving vent to yell after yell, the air famous "Devil yell".

Charles Brown was encompassed with doubt and horror, for he knew that that another catastrophe was threatening the Glandelinians, and soon there was another awful hour indeed. New batteries of Christian artillery were opening fire pouring terrific volleys of shrapnell, that mowed the Glandelinians down in whole companies, shattering many columns mangling the main divisions and devastating the roads. One of the divisions of the Angelinians counter charging mingled with Westbrook

Headas columns, and after a deadly scrimmage in which the dead and wounded lay so thick that they almost concealed the ground, Headas was compelled to surrender.

Large divisions under of Angelinians under winning were reinforcing general Charles Brown and a Shives batteries of machine guns poured a tremendous hose stream of canister into the very faces of the Glandelinians, many columns of them shrank shrieking back from this new fire the smoke of battle hiding both opposing forces. Hennings batteries were heaping up the dead and wounded in gray, winning, Allenburgers men torn up by shell fire were recoiling, their leader having fallen, two of his brigades being surrounded and captured, and it seemed as if this assault was on the verge of collapse. But not yet. At other points the desperate Angelinians were fighting with the energy of despair to press back their furious assailants, but thousands of Christians were were dropping per minutes, the enemy hushing avenues in the solid purple lines but general Spruider and Mc-Holleser and Stanck caught in bad ground and surrounded by the Christians were forced to surrender with their commands.

Meanwhile Spruider's front lines being under a scathing fire were already thinned terribly, Allenburgers Johnston's whole line was crushed, their own dead and wounded paving the ground, and also surrounded he was forced to to surrender his Glandelinians being so filled with horror at the terrible slaughter, being happy to give up their arms and call it quits. Charles Brown's whole line had now been formed into a long impenetrable wave of men, Bernards had already reformed five hundred thousand of his men who had opened a telling fire, the Glandelinians finally falling back under the cover of their own guns, the firing now beginning to slacken though the dull thunders of the hundreds of thousands of Christian cannon fairly shaking the country and far distant hills and battering the enemy's lines for sixty miles could still be heard. Several of general Cammilla's Crowleys divisions who had met with terrible slaughter during the pursuit were marching to the rear. Even and anon the sound of far distant furious battering fire of more cannons made general Charles Brown hasten his preparations, as he knew Castoria's armies not having met the heavy Christian fire yet were advancing fast to make the eighth assault. Along general Hanson's Castings line all was silent many of his exhausted men hurrying to the rear. The new advancing force of Glandelinians were now close to the Christian line, where all was now silent.

THE EIGHT FRIGHTFUL ASSAULT. A VERY LUCKY STORM OF CAR
NAGE. DEATH OF GENERAL SPRUDER AND CASTORIA.

The Glandelinians were rushing forward with the most tremendous fury despite the hell fire of general Vivian's five hundred thousand guns, which had continued all the while since they first broke into action, setting batteries of machine guns letting loose their own rain of hell, but nevertheless the whole line of Christian infantry was still quiet. Spruider's advance and also Castoria's was magnificent, the fire of Castings batteries being unable to check them though his gun fire committed horrible slaughter. Thompson's Haners Glandelinians fell in perfect waves, and being unable to stand the withering fire in which there was no pause, they halted and fell back swiftly and silently. A large surge of graycoats striding fiercely across the already body strewn fields which became an inferno of shells, recoiled in confusion and panic. From some of the Glandelinian batteries now able to be in action hurled frightful numbers of shells, among Castings batteries but the shells fell a little too short, and though dead and wounded Christian soldiers were piled in ridges among the guns, the showers of shells crashing among the massive lines of Christians failed to cause confusion despite the terrible destruction all along the line, but also incurred the fire of the law Baldwin's great batteries of Christian guns storming away in fury and as the cannonading swelled to a warfare of titans, the surge in gray came within range of the Christian musketry, which had been silent all this while, and the whole line opened upon the whole advancing fifty miles surge with terrifying fury, a column of 1,910,000 men melting away with the deaths of generals

Randall and Messers division of one million three hundred thousand men were also annihilated with fewer totally and mortally wounded and the surviving divisions were in terrifying confusion. Generals Melval Wattson and Griefold Johnston being killed. The whole surge was badly torn up, a gap thirty miles long appeared, and general Jagg who had been placing large Glandelinian columns under general Puckney and Warden and Churchmannia with Heddas cavalry with an immense force of Argolians under general Krania in the plains of Francis Atlanta was killed by a cannon ball and all these other generals named being severely but not mortally wounded, with their commands all cut up and in confusion. The impetuous advance of Spruider's Lyman's surge, though not driven back was checked, Spruider Lyman had been killed, and the fire of Cammilla's Churchmann's divisions disconcerting the Glandelinians. The sudden disastrous collision into which they had come with the Christian forces was doubly terrible, and finally they retired on confusion. They retreated in regular human currents panic stricken.

The officers had made the most desperate efforts to rally the Glandelinians but fell one by one. Thousands of Angelinians had started to persevere but were recalled, every one of Spruider's divisions having lost their commanders who were killed or injured during the storm of fire on both sides. Along other parts of the Christian line, wherever Castoria's surge was advancing, resembling vast multitudes in line formation many companies of Angelinians had met annihilation for their brave stand. The main line of Castoria's assailants had come on facing a fire along the Christian line that roared like a hundred billion cannon, and as the carnage became more heartrending with many waves of men dissolving the Glandelinians under general Miller Mullan recoiled, but the other columns rushed on with piercing yells, up to the very Christian parapets, Mullan far in advance of them. Mullan and Chaner Crowley were killed in front of the Christian works and Flynn Shaner took his place only to fall also mortally wounded. However Chaner Johnston took personal command driving on with indescribable fury, but all the thousands that did swarm over the Christian works, were shot down. Shaner Johnston being riddled with bullets. Herdu Herdrudes and Prue though severely wounded were able to retain command but now as their lines were completely crushed to fragments they withdrew from the Christian works with the utmost utmost heat before the counter charge of the furious Angelinians who had repulsed them. A scene of greatest confusion and flight ever witnessed in the war on the Glandelinian side before now followed the whole line in fragments, retreating in a stampede. Several columns tried to rally against the counter charge of the Christians but an avalanche of bullets and torrents of canister swept them down in frightful numbers, and other columns who did not retire in such confusion and whose lines were storming with a withering fire, received suddenly broadside of shells miles long from Baldwin's guns and they were soon scattered like chaff.

Hundreds of thousands of the Glandelinians were terror stricken by this time, thinking of nothing but flight and escape, and general Castoria being killed the Glandelinians though meeting no gun fire except Baldwin's swept forward unchecked in their panic and rout, and the wheatfields became crumpled with purple and graycoats as they poured on in human torrents.

General Almarken's divisions of Omarians were closely pursued by heavy columns of Abhiscannians and Conventinians under general Genial who in spreading out rapidly in three directions simultaneously in an attempt to head them off, had finally surrounded them each column pressing on from an opposite direction the scene becoming more appalling than ever before in a battle.

Having been hotly pursued by an overwhelming force of Christians in their rear, and hard pressed by another force in their front and left, and then in attempting to escape another way, from four found their escape barred, after trampling and trampling over one another another throwing away their muskets in their hastily flight amid blood curdling yells, and shrieks of of terror, and cries of pain rage and terror, finally gave up the struggle, throwing up their hands in token of surrender, and accepting mercy at the hands of their furious Christian enemies.

The main portion of Castoria's shattered line was now retreating more rapidly, now without the protection which their batteries could have afforded them, for general Vivian's batteries were in the same spasmodic action pouring upon upon the Glandelinian positions that same six sixty mile barrage of shells, the Christian counter charge being at its utmost the whole elements of civilization seeming to be broken up, the smoke of the recent firing of musketry and cannon being still so thick

that nothing could hardly be seen at the distance of three hundred feet. A hundred thousand panic stricken men went by general Phelan Spruder who was trying to a halt his main shattered divisions, but shells and solid shot tore hundreds of caps in his lines, and soon his columns were joining in the rout. Along general von Brown's lines the firing was slowly slackening, but though Castor's lines were routed, all the attackers had not as yet given way, the enemy at some points facing the fire of two hundred machine guns having been only haulted, several of the enemy leaders had been sreading their columns but bewildered by the fire of Baldwin's guns they failed to advance. General Francis Waultz's Glandelinians were still advancing against the Christians, yelling like demons, but a sharp fire of minnies poured into their very faces compelled them to retire in confusion.

Allengruber Spruder had fallen wounded on the Glandelinian side when the general storm of fire had broken loose along the Christian line and general Henry Katellina, had taken his place only to fall wounded also.

The Glandelinians were now retiring at all points as general Hienze's postello fell dead, but as reinforcements were seen advancing to the aid of the retreating Glandelinians, and as also as Castor's shattered lines received reinforcements the pursuing Christians withdrew, the new foe pressing forward to make another assault the whole of the advancing gray line of newcomers being wreathed in smoke as they made battle formation the firing now being more intensified.

AN UPROAR OF HELL, PREVAILS DURING THE NINTH ASSAULT WHICH BECOMES A SEETHING STORM OF GARR CARNAGE!!.....

Clanterson's parks of artillery arriving also to the support of the Christians kept up a stupendous and reverberating roar, more and more cannon added to these until the very uproar of hell seemed to break loose but never

theless the Glandelinians continued to advance in four long surges twenty miles long but these almost melted away while the main line cut and torn into pieces showed evidence of terror and utter confusion though the others still advanced. Simultaneously the whole of the left wing of this assaulting column under general Logan Allengruber still continuing to advance outstrided the other series of columns while Henning

Hans Handerson's immense gray surge reaching general Waultz's Christian line closed with them and when the smoke of firing lifted an appalling scene was exposed to view. Only one sight of general Hennings Handerson's divisions were left out of six million men the few survivors being seen dimly in the battle haze as they were retreating, the rest being on the ground dead or wounded or as prisoners.

Logannia's allagert's main line however though having three time two twenty miles gaps torn in it had continued to advance. Genes divisions coming upon Schoeder's Glandelinian line where they also closed, but the same result was occurring, the waves of Glandelinians dissolved like snowbanks, and every where all along the line so many columns were mangled that Genes had only one third of his men left and also he himself was wounded.

Logannia's Allengruber had also been wounded and general Frank Archibald who took his place was killed at the horrifying slaughter, and wrote to Hanley that the Christian positions could never be forced at all.

AGAIN VICTORIOUS, THE ANGELINIANS CARRY ALL BEFORE THEM, COUNTERCHARGING THE DISORDERED RANKS OF THE ENEMY.

The rest of the Glandelinian surge was now coming nearer Faustlinia arriving with all his Abyssinkillians, and eighty batteries of artillery mostly all machine guns.

The carnage had now increased with tenfold vehemence and fury the fresh Christian artillery adding to the losses of the foe, but here but as the losses of the enemy were, many of the divisions of the Christians also melted away in the face of the Glandelinian fire

in the face of the murderous Glandelinian fire which seemed to increase a thousand times more fierce than that of the Christians. Everywhere for the length of eighty miles there was now a storm of seething battle, the whole front line of Archibald's Archibalds extreme right grand being suddenly shattered, torn, tottered and bleeding, but still the survivors advancing advanced and at the command of their officers held their fire. Like an avalanche of damnation the Glandelinians came on and one of the largest Glandelinian divisions under general Noble Fairbanks' postello's Abbieannian line attacking with a fury that threatened to bear down everything in their path but were smashed as a tidal wave is against the rocky shore.

The whole of Johnston's Spruders line had come up simultaneously only to also dissolve into fragments, and the main line of assault, coming up, and closing together suddenly dissolved into smoke, and all of a sudden the firing ceased. What was the meaning of it? What had happened? The Christian generals soon saw indeed as the smoke cleared away. The main Glandelinian surge torn with gaps miles long and numbered by the score was wavering at all points and hundreds of the mighty purple waves though also shattered just as severely, were rushing forward in a counter advance, and crashing down upon the Glandelinians who were retreating in confusion, with the fury of the avalanches of hell carrying all before them.

Archibald having attacked with over ten million men had been repulsed with the loss of over two quarters of his entire division, and along whole lines of pursued and pursuers could be seen the still desperate hand to hand fighting, the Angelinians cutting down the Glandelinians like grain. Again the firing showed signs of abating but now for a eighty miles everywhere was seen scenes of desolation, and seas of dead and wounded Glandelinians. This fierce attack made by general Archibald's Glandelinians showed indeed their beautiful courage.

THE TENTH ASSAULT. AND WHAT BECAME OF THE RESULT.

Many gaps had been torn in the surges of retreating Glandelinians, and general Yatch Yack, and Doc-Yack's divisions were shivered as they closed with Baldwin's infantry, but thousands of Christians in his command had been crushed and mangled among the wounded alone, and the Glandelinians under Howard constantly checked by the Christian resistance under Berry grouped under the probable shelter of trees amid the frightful uproar that shook the air.

Other forces of Glandelinians were still retreating, but a large force of Glandelinian Francis Mackenti Mackentire's countercharged Mackentire's narrow pursuing Angelinians with great violence, throwing them into a complete panic, but most of these retreating Angelinians had reached shelter where the main Christian center during the short lull was making preparations to meet the next assault of the enemy. The Christian positions being strengthened by new batteries, and the broken or disabled guns being withdrawn to the rear. When the assault was on again a frightful outburst of eleven million muskets broke brook loose all at once while the Glandelinians came rushing on in thousands upon thousands of columns. Pitiful indeed was the sight of the hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians in purple but they nevertheless were not daunted the millions of survivors swarming to the defense of their torn and battered colors, a mighty surge of Glandelinians being shattered by a most terrific fire ever met from the Christians, the furious musket broadsides rolling on in deafening ear-splitting crashes the whole line from the shattered stretches of woods showing plainly the havoc caused by the Christian fire.

The Glandelinians under general von Brown weakening in courage at the sight of their hundreds of thousands of killed and wounded comrades, which were mangled and brightly by the awful torrent of canister and grape threatened to become bewildered.

They hesitated and then fell back, with other Glandelinian divisions under Francis Mackenti Mackentire's divisions whose columns twenty miles long

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melted into fragments, and though the survivors pressed on amid the cries of hundreds of mangled forms, and the appalling wounded rolling and writhing upon the blood soaked ground;

"For God's sakes don't go into that inferno to us. It's suicide. We've tried that and look at us. It's only for the dead not the living."

But nevertheless they pressed on only to meet a fiercer storm of fire which covered the christian front or buried it in the fresh dead and wounded graycoats, and the survivors soon fell back horrified, as they had been shot down like the leopards are torn from the forest in a hurricane.

Twenty Glandelinian generals, whose names are, Souvenier, Gordon, Streeter, Package, Pilease, Choleral mercury, cocaine, Morphine, haritable, Fullsize, Pigeon, Fullsize-pigeon, prostrate, Philliblain, Posion, Ivey, Callous, Farache, Ezema, lies, and inflammation lay

prostrate near the christian works, having met the fierce storm of fire face to face, all these these officers with the funny names being either killed wounded and dying....

Munzeys Glandelinians advancing upon the christian center where the firing had broke broke with the same awful roar as elsewhere, making the very air hedious with the clamor, met such terrific slaughter that the very ground they passed, was gray with their dead and wounded comrades, the wreaths of smoke shutting out the frightful scenes, from the eyes of the christians. Almost three quarters of these assailants had been mowed down by the sweeping christian fire, which swept away every mass of men exposed to it, Hawkshaw with his divisions, and those under our Cudrey Costello, and Nenebi des being overwhelmed with horrid ying da disaster.....The survivors surviving

Glandelinians however reached the christian works only to disolve away, and the panic stricken Glandelinian survivors at this point became terrified and panic stricken, not being able to stand thisavalanche of fire, any longer, and threaten with annihilation, retreated in a wild confusion, everything all along the line of battle being obscured in blid blinding suffocating wreaths of smoke..... Theother Glandelinians however continued the attack in perfect billows of gray, but at every point the christians held stubbornly, and so many Glandelinian waves were cut to pieces that they were terribly confused the sudden awful roar of the murderous christian fire stunning the multitudes of the Glandelinians. General vera Bernard Munns Glandelinians were being surrounded by the christians they attacked their very lines seeming to be opened in many wide gaps, and seeming to be engulfed into a vortex of destruction, and so general Munns forces though captured managed some way to allow general munns to escape. All this while a most inconceivable roar of musketry and cannons was heard along the extreme left of the christian center the whole assaulting line being so terribly engulfed in the frightful carnage that the surviving columns were panic stricken, and soon again the whole gray surge broke and fled..

ASSAULT NO NUMBER ELEVEN.

During the eleventh assault the whole scene was obscured in wreaths of smoke from blazing musketry and cannon, the battles dreadful roar being the same as before, general Gandonias Glandelinians falling upon the stubborn christians under general watt son Wallenson, whose musketry and cannon swept everything before it. Barbie Caseys Glandelinians simultaneously crashed upon generals Neldon and Maurice Costellos, massive Abbiennian line who made the most serious resistance ever seen in the war before, and for the Glandelinians it was useless, and surrounding the christians as they did th they failed in the assault.

But at other parts of the christian line the Glandelinians werestill attacking with murderous fury, for among the Glandelinians there seemed to be a regular intoxicated rush of men headlong to a speedy result, without the slightest moment to think, charging indeed as it seemed deliberately into the jaws of death.

General warate Glandelinians, also attacked simultaneous the Angelinian cannon shelling the foe frightful y.....

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Everywhere now the Glandelinians were facing broadsides of shells and musketry and the batteries of Costellos guns, and frightful indeed to the ears of the Glandelinians was the scream of the christian shells over their heads. 1,000 gathling guns simultaneously let loose their concert of hell, added by cannons of heavy calibre hundreds of round shot ricocheting over the ground and among the Glandelinians like hat liners from ballbats, making thousands of men headless, opening up hundreds of abdomens per minute, taking off thousands of legs or arms and killing many and yet the Glandelinians only laughed being bound to win. For the extent of scores of miles the most murderous musket broadsides ever described for battles came ripping

frightfully through the surges in gray added by more terrific broadsides of shells mingled with canister from many thousands of machine guns shivering every gray surge twenty miles long like window glass falling from the tenth floor of a building into a cement pavement. General Hearats Glandelinians reached the christian works amid the uproar of hell's damnation, and general wagners Abbiennians before in fearful peril of annihilation withdrew before the Glandelinian onslaught.

The left of the main Glandelinian surge had been terribly reduced, and the survivors were compelled to give way. But the right and center kept up the fiercest attack, with the frenzy of despair, large divisions of infantry and artillery in front of the Glandelinians seemed to strike their last desperate blows against those yelling, cursing, swearing, screaming plunging maddened purple figures that repelled them in multitudes, the Glandelinian in their peril during the assault seeming to hang on the edge of a precipice with their teeth as it were. It was a perfect scene of horribly orgery and devastation, the very massive lines of christian infantry, yelling worse than the foe had ever done, continued continually undulated in ghastly lurid sheets of flame, and smoke, innumerable gaps were in the gray lines and hearted divisions relieving the full force of the christian fire gave way in confusion.

Furiously and steadily the furious fighting continued, the assailants pouring toward the desperate yelling christians, like immense torrents of men. General Nicholas wagners battery of two hundred cannon had only one gun remaining, a shell having exploded, a fragment opening his abdomen, but the brave general held his intestines in with one hand, while with the other he ran the gun forward, fired it and dropped dead with the discharge. The plateau along the christian line was fairly paved with dead and wounded Glandelinians but Hearst leading on his survivors into that frightful inferno leaped the works in front of the christian line, followed by one million, nine hundred fifty thousand men.

"Give those Angelinian dogs the cold steel." He shouted and the Angelinians amid a tumult of bayonets were thrown back by the fury of the Glandelinian onslaught the Glandelinians surging over the works with deafening cheers and yells of derision.

Hearst leaped the breastworks, laid his hand on a captured gun, of a disabled battery, while over his head floated the tattered, ragged flag of Glandelinia. Then Hearst dropped by pierced by a thousand bullets as the Angelinians reopened a withering fire, while sixty thousand men of his men like the summariners of an execution were shot down, the progress of the advancing Glandelinians being checked, while through the struggling christian line came heavy columns of christians in reserve at the charge. Now dear readers the angelinians were now the assailants attacking the Glandelinians with appalling fury. Baldwin's infantry also arrived and propagated the effects of their insidious fire for ten miles, and other christian divisions seemed to be swallowed up in clouds of smoke and though out of seventy one million Glandelinians ten million sixt six hundred thousand remained, and yet the survivors still maintained their desperate attack. Thousands of regiments of Glandelinians had been annihilated immense multitudes of Glandelinians lay everywhere and the line of graycoats under general Tanalions who began to savor looked like a to torn surge. Of his division of three hundred thousand men only forty men were left. Six million three hundred thousand five hundred of Francis Francis chaders nine million Glandelinians had been literally slain. The whole surge of Glandelinians now repeated, their eleventh assault having been a crushing bloody failure, the foe having even failed to turn either flank of the christian center as was intended. General Camillia tumors divisions which had no taste of the battle as yet was just reaching the field and so Tanley was determined to try again on a florid hope to make another effort to pierce the christian center

and though his officers declared that it was just as much folly as a man trying to walk the third rail he nevertheless he declared that he was bound to win the assault if he had to do just that very thing, not intending intending to march general Camillias' marmers, landelinians away in retreats retreat instead of trying them at the game and as they were so high spirited he was not daunted by his repeated failure.

THE LINE OF HEAVY TUG OF WAR DURING THE TWELFTH ASSAULT OF THE GANDERLINIANS.

On the christian side all the broken field pieces and other cannons were being removed and fresh guns put into their places. General Viviananna's lines of artiller' was now in general action, and Manleys feared indeed if he could not silence those thundering batteries there would be no use in attempting the first main assault on the christian center, where now all was silent. Manleys main batteries out of range of general Vivian's sixty mile barrage, were rapidly being placed into position. Already all the difficulties of the ground between the christian center and the point of attack was revealed. Large sections of woods were shattered as if by a thousand hurricanes the immense stream of the mainline was choked with the dead soldiers which almost overflowed the river and which retarded the movement of the landelinian artillery and as at Gloria in which soon followed, necessitated a fight with infantry against long lines of christian batteries. Manley knew that the christian center was also defended by many chains of artillery supported by five lines of strong infantry and cavalry forces and heavy reserves in mass arranged in many columns, and protected by rocks and trees, and barbed wire fences, while his landelinians when attacking had very little shelter of any kind whatever. During those eleven times the unfortunate landelinians had been compelled to charge over three miles of open open wreckage and body strewn ground, under the terrible fire of the christian guns. Even immense detachments of grenadiers had been thrown forward to support the artillery over 16, 120 cannon being stretched over a space of seventeen miles, along the central division of the main center, 14,000 on the right, and 20,000 on the left, while six sixteen batteries of the seventh corps were arriving consisting of 10 10 10 cannons of heavy calibre making a total of 52, 120 guns to be massed against the next assault.

Some of these batteries were under general Hendon stationed to support general Trimble's lines, Wilson's machine guns were posted in the fields of Catspaw run, and on his left was general Pett's heavy calibre cannon guarded by generals Wilcox, and Michael. Wartz's battalions of machine guns and motor batteries. General Viviananna now was also cannonading general Manley's center, with all his available centimeters Krupp and other great guns trying to hold down the next assault that was sure to come. General Viviananna could see that important movements was evidently taking place opposite his main center, the enemy as he realized were concentrating and placing a great number of batteries to in position to answer general Vivian's sixty mile barrage.

A few minutes had passed when Manley's long line of batteries sent in its rolling ominous message thundering through the air, and echoing and reechoing all over the battle field and throughout the whole mountainous ranges in that region in the volume of thunder of hell, the whole line of landelinian artillery being ablaze, and indeed it was the heaviest cannonading ever heard yet in the war, the hundreds of thousands of ear-splitting explosions succeeding each other so rapidly that it was as continuous as that many minkets in one continuous drum roll and shook the country severely like an earthquake for two thousand miles. To Manley's surprise, three hundred thousand five hundred sixty guns on the christian center, shot back in thunderous reply and soon there was not a single battery on either side that was not keeping up an unceasing roar like a million M. Silveries in violent eruption and it seemed as if the most terrific cannonading of the whole war was making down tons of rocks from the far distant mountains from the concussion, and though exposed to the murderous ravage of

the seventy five mile barrage of the enemy, the line of christian artillery remained steady, though a storm of semi volcanic eruptions from the high explosives were denaying many of the guns with terrific effect making the scene a regular conflagration of damnation. The landelinian troops that were to charge, were already forming Cannonball's madhouse big day, twenty in number were to attack in front where there was a bristling hedge of artillery and infantry, while Joy Lindernine and Paveson Archibald to charge in second third and fourth waves while Germaine Himble was placed behind the two supporting supporting divisions and now the hell storm of fury and damnation commenced. The gray line pressed on in majestic order like series moving walls of gray men, all the tattered landelinian colors waving over them and at the head of each regiment floated the national flag of landelinia.

THE FRIGHTFUL MASSACRE. A DISSOLUTION!

The advancing gray surge 20,000,000 a strong faced a terrible fire from the main batteries of general Viviananna's guns, the awful roar of three hundred thousand guns being directed toward them, mingled with the fiercer and sharper detonations of the exploding shells, the whole line of christian batteries blazing away in a terrific manner, making the death and intolerable ear-splitting crash of cannons fairly nerve racking.

And why was it that while generals Viviananna's and Vivian's batteries made the very ground shake before the ear-splitting crash of shells that the whole christian center was silent, not a shot being fired from there. The landelinians were now spreading out in separate waves and began to rush forward with tremendous fury. Frightful showers of round shot bounding up along, tore up the first wave of men frightfully shells scattered the survivors, while thousands of shells ricocheted among the second advancing wave of landelinians, exploding by hundreds a per second, darting flashes, before, behind, and overhead, and the wave that was torn to pieces recoiled in confusion.

Even vast volleys of high explosives tore right through every wave, crash a crushing and mauling columns by scores, and simultaneously a mighty roar broke loose to their right, with ear-splitting grandeur, waves of men dissolved by tens, landelinians faced annihilation, and withdrew in panic, terrible tempests of shells and solid shot fell fast torrent upon torrent among Camillias line shredding up his whole surge, and ear-splitting rattle of high explosives eruptions prosecuted thousand every foot by shell shock alone, which appeared among Himble's waves and his columns dissolved away in shameful numbers and he horrified them. Long lines of skirmishers on the May grass lying on their bellies, had suddenly arose within fifty yards of the advancing gray surges, withered one with a murderous hail of bullets ran on ahead, halted, poured a second volley, withering another column, and then continued firing as fast as they could retreating and halting at short intervals. A thousand columns of the landelinian landelinians were already shattered by the artillery fire of the christian christian batteries, a part of the landelinian surge catching up with the opposing skirmish line which retreated in confusion leaving many prisoners, the dead and wounded skinned and skinned themselves laying like grass. From more of general Vivian's batteries there broke forth a hellish fire, a barrage of the sixty mile length, being now directed upon the assailants, and the first surge which extended seventy miles at this point, lost whole brigades, gas to tens of miles being torn the smoke of destruction seeming to close the survivors in.

The very landelinian officers fell like grain before the sweep of the scythe. The dead and wounded lay in hundreds of windrows but the survivors pressed on though men fell in thousands at every step. Hundreds of thousands of landelinians were mangled by the furious rain of shot fire, which tore whole lines forty miles long to fragments, hewed immense gaps in the surviving columns and melted away general Camillias whole front, and landelinia still facing

the same annihilating fire retreated in confusion. Every Glandelinian surge in that hell of battle was decimated, there being no pause in the awful cannonading now mingled with the grinding and hissing roar of the shell torres t torrent and cannillia suffering the loss of fifteen million withdrew horrified at the frightful massacre and declared to Manley that he would not lead another charge without artillery support.

The thirti

the thirteenth assault has the same fury

b But despite that horrible turbulent domination of destruction the Glandelinian forces reinforced and supported by Manley's artillery went again to the attack with redoubled violence and for the length of the whole field of carnage the dead and wounded lay in many long windrows the shell fire once more tearing up whole waves, annihilating brigades and tearing the main Glandelinian surge to pieces. Even when the assaults not getting even within a mile of the christian center during the twelfth assault had recoiled, the roar of christian artillery had only increased in fury, all the five hundred thousand guns being concentrated on Manley's batteries during the last, but when the thirteenth assault

began most of these guns concentrated their whole fury upon the advancing Glandelinian surges. The Glandelinians now went down by the hundreds of thousands, officers of high or low rank were being fast swept away, general cannillia went down mangled and bleeding his whole surge was twenty miles long had a ten mile gap gradually torn in it other surges were decimated, and general Kindernine was killed. All the time the terrific cannonading of both the christian and Glandelinian batteries were now at their utmost fury the world seemed torn torn by myriads of eruptive volcanic eruptions and as the enemy drew in closer to the christian center which had been quiet dir during the starting of this charge also, the gathering guns greeted them with a murderous storm of canister and grape mowing down immense multitudes.

Here was a rush of hundreds of thousands that got within range of the christian center but a rain of canister mowed them all down, the storm of canister increasing as the Glandelinians continued on and the whole of Trimble's gray surge was frightfully decimated, and recoiled in panic and confusion. The whole surge was now close to the works of the christian center, from behind of which there suddenly arose, a long massive purple line, all the cannons along the works let loose a desolating fire, and simultaneously along the whole christian infantry line a long sheet of white smoke appeared pierced by millions of dull flashes, and as from the very mouths of hell there came a simultaneous exploding roar of musketry, resembling a hundred million cannon and all the gray surges withered to fragments general Crawford went down mortally wounded, and his whole line completely withered away. Thousands of volleys met hand on lines and his men went down in many multitudes and all the survivors broke up into utter confusion and retreated abandoning the assault also and Archibald being killed.

MANLEY'S MAIN DESPERATE EFFORTS.

This assault was led by Manley in person and the first of the gray

reached extrabrooks christian front which let loose a simultaneous withering roar of musketry and a thousands upon thousands fell in from the positions the solid surge in gray being fairly scathed and the foe retired in confusion and panic. Manley's main line of batteries were making heroic efforts to support the assault and now indeed it seemed as if the foe would be successful the roar of the

cannons increasing a thousand times louder the Glandelinian surges being torn into fragmen fragments in numbers too frightful to relate, but still the survivors pressed forward, as grand an army of Glandelinians could not think of allowing a retreat and tried to be made and the Glandelinians made themselves heroes ever in battle field glories. The whole front line of the assailants had already been reduced to fragments in surging upon the christian line, but never theless the brave survivors pressed on the long surges of Glandelinians reaching the rows of barbed wired fences over which it was the work of ten minutes to climb over or cut through, but in that short time the dead and wounded lay as high as the fences themselves the torrents of canister and minnie's threatening to sweep the surviving columns away, the screams and detonations of shells became more terrific, and the fiery storm of hell from the christian guns increased so terribly making an almost preternatural uproar amid the cries of the hundreds of thousands of wounded and dying, that the survivors retired in confusion.

Kindernine, who went down among the dead and wounded, there was a rush of trampling dead and the Glandelinian surges from the rear closed up behind the shattered and mangled divisions of Kindernine's divisions army and rallied them on. Gallant general Manley with his hat on the point of his sabre took command of the entire division which had been reduced from forty million to thirty million men and as often as the storm of hell made ten mile gaps in the still massive gray surges, the gaps closed the lines never wavered and only drew closer and closer to the christian position breaking forward now at a double time amid the terrific storm of canister and grape that whirled and whizzed through the air in death concerts.

On rushed the survivors toward the christian positions and now a hundred and ninety yards away a large flanking force of christians came forward on the run, halted suddenly, and opened a withering fire into the gray surges, which reeled and staggered, the right of this flanking columns pressing upon the central flank, bending the column of Glandelinians at this point two thousand deep, which wavered to and fro for several minutes, and then drew back from the assault in confusion, repelling repelling their flankers in a maelstrom of carnage, hundreds of thousands of muskets crossing just as many bayonet's clashing, men firing furiously to right and left, and front, into each other's faces, fighting hand to hand but in vain. The Glandelinians in front of the other assaulting columns fell behind their guns in hundreds of thousands which were piling up the windrows of Glandelinians almost in touch of them, and when the shattered torn, and mangled surges were within twenty feet of the christian position, three thousand Glandelinian guns all machine guns delivered their last fire shot to the muzzle, and one whole column of Glandelinians three hundred and sixty five thousand strong went down into mangled and bleeding, general Arabapple Johnston fell mortally wounded at the same time, and the last of the Glandelinian surges passed by, and Manley with his sword in his hand sprang over the breastworks touching one of the guns of a captured battery crying to a his man;

"Come on boys, come on for the sake of Glandelinia. We will give the christian dogs the cold steel. Come on, we haven't won yet."

But the center of the crippled main surge was already shattered and thrown back by the force and fury of a christian counter charge, the progress of the Glandelinians was arrested, and to make matters worse a fresh column of troops arrived to the rescue and threw themselves upon the Glandelinians, general civilian ordering the center to hold their ground to the last man. At another point however the Glandelinians were swarming over the works, but now the fall of their many generals became known, and back in panic from the flaming christian lines fell only a remnant of the heroic Glandelinian surviving forces which had performed the same such deeds of valour as they did in many other battle and which made the world wonder and marvel. From all along the line and two flanks seeing that the day was won the Glandelinians pressed on with

ardour of victory and the whole Abbiannian line pressed forward, the glandelinians faced about and retreated in panic the way they came still under the same murderous fire, fleeing in confusion across the body strewn fields, while Urpheys men (He himself having fallen) covered the retreat with grim skilful interference. Indeed the battle along these two wings had ended disastrously for Vanley, for though general F Raymond Richardson Federals combined forces had made a desperate assault and thrown the christian forces on the left wing into confusion by a vigorous turning movement, a serious disaster for the christians was prevented by Hanson's army which barred Federal advance and then threw these glandelinians back into confusion, it already being reported that general Federal was dangerously wounded for general Hanson's lines on the left and center had poured a four hours bareheaded fire, which tore the glandelinian columns to pieces despite their rallying again and again to the onslaught, and just on this point when Federal was making his last assault which had almost been successful he fell dangerously wounded, the explosion and explosion of a shrapnell shell having blown his horse to pieces, Federal sustained sustained two broken ribs, a broken hip, and a shattered leg and though he ever survived after this he was never in condition again for further service in the glandelinian army until the time of the battle of Virginia which followed in that coming November.

Between Federal and Hanson and Hanson, the engagement was the fiercest ever fought between them during their long services in the war. Two general Onslaughts each from three to four hours duration was made against Hanson's lines alone each of these assaults lasting several minutes having many withdrawals at certain points of the line and many rallies but finally with a general crushing defeat, with a loss at this point of 26,555,200 in killed and wounded.

Vanley's combat to force general Vivian's and general Vivian's center commanded by general Viviananna was still more violent, having delivered fourteen of the most desperate attacks ever witnessed outside of Virginia or Aronburg's run, only to see his columns crumple to pieces and routed every time. In the fourteenth assault the glandelinian loss was 36,000,000, of which 9,900,500 were killed and the rest wounded and prisoners. Vanley's total loss in that day four hours carnage along the center alone was over forty seven million in killed and wounded while the total loss of the whole line at that point was considered or reported as 107,555,000.

THE ACTION ALONG THE CHRISTIAN RIGHT.

Simultaneously to the attacks on the other two wings general Johnnie B. Shumanna who commanded the glandelinian right also made driving onslaughts of appalling fury but early in the action the first assault though partially crushing the christian line was shattered and hurled back. General Sumner side Johnston and congress Henryson also made a severe attack but encountered a grueling artillery fire of the greatest intensity the angelinians along this front holding their ground stubbornly, and though several of the glandelinian columns had succeeded in smashing up Ludolph's lines, and break through it and throw it into confusion, the surviving assailants came into immediate contact with Ludolph's second line and finally held at bay.

General Reeve had fallen wounded on the christian side, just as his guns opened fire, but though a second time the whole christian line was badly smashed up, the glandelinians were finally repulsed.

But general Com pressed glandelinians had finally arrived resuming the attack with the most appalling fury and when general Angell's were forced to retreat, general Johnston's were repulsed by general Richard Cortin was crushed to fragments, by Hennings graycoats and the whole main line was broken up and thrown into confusion, but just in time general Vordens divisions came rushing to their support and the glandelinians unable to penetrate any further were again hurled back. When the next assault was made the fury of the battle increased

frightfully the assaulting glandelinians being aided by Ashken columns who were attacking in very heavy masses and as the firing had increased and while the glandelinians had been pressing on furiously general From on the christian side was killed, his whole divisions was annihilated general Rudolph was mortally wounded his line shot to pieces again and general Cairns Fairbell who had come up and deployed his army in action, was in the battle for only ten minutes and saw his biggest commands cut to pieces and driven to the rear in the wildest panic ever seen among the christians before. The carnage had now become terrific to the enemy attacking with frightful ferocity and general Meredeth's christian surge was cut up and driven from the works, Tronia with his whole shattered command was again captured and slaughtered because they would not surrender, and the glandelinians were attacking with such fury that victory at the right of the christian line was safely assured for the enemy. Veldons works were also carried by the extraordinary fury of the glandelinian onrush, the trace of these works afterwards was not able to be found so thick was the dead and wounded of both sides. McPherson's large divisions of Abbiannians however were arriving to the rescue with four thousand cannon and now such a massacre of glandelinians ensued that the survivors were forced to flee in confusion. At other points of the line the glandelinians as were attacking with great success general Randall's christian forces being even hard pressed, but fortunately large columns of general Libemann's Abbiannians swarmed to the rescue and the glandelinians withdrew leaving four hundred thousand dead upon the field. Indeed the glandelinian onslaught had been more like the heavy storm waves that pound an unbreakable ship stranded on the rocky shore of an island. Everywhere Vanley's assaults finally were unsuccessful.

THE BATTLES SECOND DAY OF DURATI ON.

That night after the fearful carnage it was found that Germania army was a part of general Vanley's right wing, which had not been in much of the action that day, and that now he was taking personal command of general Vanley's main center in place of Federal who fell and was concentrating toward Groser Arden in general forces, and generals Vivian, Johnston, Nero, and Sonnia Veldonia Picknell after their long tedious march through flooded forest fields had at last arrived in time to take a good part of the action that afternoon when the battle started on that morning. When and where the battle ceased at eleven o'clock Picknell went to the front to see general Vivian bring ing violet and her sisters with them. Though successful as he was general Vivian was saddened by the sudden news of the concentrating of the armies under his wicked son general Germania, Vivian's son but at the news of the early arrival of Picknell and the others he did not lose heart, and had no fear of failure.

It had cost the angelinian nation up to one hundred sixty billion dollars to carry the frightful war thus far, money supplies were almost unblameably balanced, and general Vivian dreaded the sure loss of the war if the foe won this battle which was the main issue just as Gettysburg was between the north and the south in the great American Rebellion of 1861. If the christians would be vic vic victore victorious the war would have a speedy determination. But when would it end? Never?

Toward eight o'clock at night poor violet and her sisters with the other two little girls made their appearance at general Vivian's headquarters with wrens and I becoming acquainted with this new christian general they reported of their adventure during Picknell's advance in the flooded region.

"It's strange I never knew that you were thought lost in the flood," said General Viviananna. "Though poor Picknell never reported to general Vivian that poor little violet and general Vvann were missing, that your little sisters had went in search of you and were rescued during the flood."

"So it's true that general Germania has joined general Vanley at last," said general Charles Brown. "If I saw him myself I would shoot him down without mercy."

"What is papa going to do to Germania?" asked violet.

general vivian arose from his chair."

"I do not know," said the great general. "I don't know whether he intends to retreat or resume the battle against the first fresh armies that has reinforced him. But most likely he will fight some more. I presume."

Violet and her sisters felt sadder than they had ever felt before. They still yearned for the terrible war to come to an end but it seemed that they were to be disappointed. They faithfully hoped however that the other christian forces would help general vivian and knowing now that general Zimmermann had no enemy to oppose him Violet herself sent him a message appealing like a child can do, to come and help her father lick vanley and germania vivian, and bring the war to an end.

To general vivian however it was very foolish to retreat after already having won this first great advantage and he knew that if he retreated his brother general wanson who originated the war would lose it entirely and so wanson himself decided to consult all the chief generals on this serious matter.

The Vivian girls though witnesses of the council which began at eight thirty had no intentions of taking any part in it, but nevertheless seeing the wistful pleading and reproachful looks of the little girls as they watched him general wanson decided to cannonade the enemy's center like general vivian and viviananna did those frightful four hours of battle before, but to keep up the cannonade all night long, and attack vanley on the morrow.

Several of the christian generals objected to his first plans saying it would be wasting ammunition but as the little girls threatened to weep if he refused to follow it out he decided to do so, and win at any cost, and intending to support his left wing under wanson's, with all his light artillery and to assail the whole wandalinian front gradually in that one day, if not simultaneously.

And that night general vivian received a surprise note from general germania which was brought by a wandalinian dressed in white under escort of two purple coats which read:

"You dog an of schristian general if you dare to attack we will repel your attack successfully. We are strong enough to fight it out on even uneven ground without further help if necessary and let me tell you general vivian, if we win this fight we will butcher all the children left, and especially, your little green snakes, called your daughters, and the sooner us wandalinians get rid of the centipedes called the Vivian girls the better it will be for the whole world. All of my army are child butchers, as you call the just executioners, and as long as you are going to fight it out to the end just the same you may never win this battle, and you might as well yell the vivian girls up to us, and if you to there will be no more massacre of other children. Our fair wandalinian armies have been better since the old slobs are out of it, and if you do attack we have enough men to intervene against your movements. We have as you know won many glorious victories, have prevailed long against your mightiest armies, and though your dogish governments, have tried to put down child slavery, the result has been a failure, christian children especially the vivian girls are a regular nuisance, that is to be put to death when is unable to work work, is the best medicine for them. If I ever lay my hands on your little green eyed snakes again, I'll make for them a living hell upon earth, before I kill them, will compel them to work under the lash in my own country, only allow them one hour's sleep at night, make their work worse than that of the hardest laborer, and if they reel from overwork I'll torture them, the little gutter snipes. The whole world will be appalled when they hear what I will do to the littlerats. I'll make them work out in the snow in below zero weather without any clothes on and if they fall overcome by the cold, I'll have them scourged with the cat-o-nine-tails.

Yours truly, my christian dog,
of a father, and hoping you a
defeat I am;

Yours truly again,
P. vivian.

All who read the note were appalled, evans was stung, and picknell and the others generals were in a rage. All of general wanson's officers and general vivians threatened resignation, and even picknell and evans the guardian of the vivian girls if general vivian or wanson refused to attack on the morrow. General vivian, and wanson laughed heartily at their threats, tore up and general vivian tore up germania's note and threw it all about the maddened generals. Then folding his arms and assuming a fierce expression of face he glared at his brother Hanso wanson and the others and said:

"Do every one of you generals think that I am an old fool and a boob. Ha, ha if you officers resign now you will indeed be turning down a plan I never chance. I swore to you this morning, when the enemy started to attack, that our lines would hold without a serious break anywhere, and they did. Even when continually heavy reinforcements were massed again at us and we lost heavily. We'll I swear again now that to morrow tomorrow before this afternoon you will see my forces routing the enemy from their own works and I'll have the leaders of my army who withdraws from the attack no matter who he is, even my brother though he is my superlative superior punished with disgrace. I'm going to attack as I plan also and if you artillery officers obey my orders without blunder, we may win quicker than I propose. I propose to win. And do you think that old Free Mason, general germania vivian could like me because he has done so several times, now? NO SIR. And you Jack Evans here's your instructions; Keep behind the lines without going into the action, with the best of the machine guns with you, and when general germania appears within range of your hiding place, give him a dose of lead. We are bound by boys to carry this war to a success, and when we get the reason at our mercy they'll have to give up their swords, or perish for their recklessness."

General vivian learning that general Quebaum McWhirther had had scouts out all the afternoon when the battle of the morning ceased reported it to general vivian who immediately summoned him. And in answers of to his questions said:

"Yes your excellency I have even more of my scouts out yet, and those returned scouts discovered that you have excellent opportunity to make a movement around to the left of vanley's center under germania, and maneuver him into attacking the flankers, which will enable you to storm his batteries without their being able to answer, and descend upon vanley's whole line and crush it from its position."

"You are great in helping me to carry general vanley's neck center." Said general vivian happily patting Quebaum on the shoulder and kissing him. "Happily I myself have been a soldier since I grew up in manhood, and I have been with soldiers engaged in fights during the great wandaloo-Abbieannian war of eighteen fifty two, and should know without any dispute what soldiers should do, but I never met one like you before. I was my opinion that not even seventy million of my men ever arranged and arrayed for battle could carry the enemy's center without an artillery support and I feared that if I could not shell the enemy's batteries correctly the wandalinians guns would mow down all the most vigorous vigorous assaults I made. But you have seen the opportunity and I'll let you take a hand in firing the guns."

General vivian then went to general Dargin who was present and said:

"General do you think you could go over and pay general germania a visit and my best regards for my that note he sent me?"

"Those Germanians are stubborn, but nevertheless I don't think an attacking column would not care just now to do anything else." Said general Dargin. "They'll all fear for your little girls and think that the sooner germania is crushed by your chain of batteries

and infantry they will be safe. God I'm sure is with us in behalf of those dear little girls, and will surely help us to win. The Glandelinians have been reinforcing continually but we still outnumber their whole force five to one and nevertheless I will drive at them just as hard as I did against the Glandelinian armies at Cedernine. Especially I have a debt to pay to general Germania by myself."

"A debt to pay!"

"Yes his men during the battle of Erminie creek shot a little girl's friend of mine by the name of Angelina Aronburg and I want to pay him well for it."

Indeed to general Vivian general Dargin appeared very sanguine and thought himself in good luck to have the chance to lead the onslaught onslaugth in person. Then general Vivian indeed felt that he could not risk any delay whatever or let the attack suffer by any indecision on his part and that general Huebner McWhirther might know his intentions, he wrote to him this note on yellow paper:

"General Huebner McWhirther, when an artillery barrage fire is at its worse, and when I received no response whatever I shall order general Dargin to charge with all his might and crush in Manley's out center in-start your batteries in action at dawn dawn of daybreak, and have them in full sway in an hour."

General Vivian meeting general Dargin again said;

"You are to give the order to your officers to charge when the artillery fire seems to take effect."

"All right your excellency," answered Dargin. "It's not so hard to go to the enemy's lines as it looked to my officers, but the main trouble seems to be on staying there as the whole Glandelinian force seems to be there in a bunch, yet I am sure I'll win with the support of your guns."

General Vivian was almost jubilant over Dargin's confidence of success; and said;

"But remember I do not wish for your splendid force of men to be sacrificed too much general, so I have sent another note to general Huebner McWhirther telling him to watch carefully the effects of our artillery barrage upon the enemy's batteries, and that if after an hour of hammering and bang banging, he receives no response to notify you himself when to make the attack. General Jespine, senin and Francis Accountants have also been directed to charge with you, at the head of your line with a battery of ten thousand five hundred kruppt howitzers, fresh motor trucks to push pull them, and full caissons."

At this moment a courier rode up, entered general Vivian's headquarters, and handed general Dargin a note. It was a note an old copy of Violet's which one of the officers had picked up outside, a copy of the one Violet had sent to general Zimmermann. Dargin looked at it, bowed his head in assent, but did not say anything as he handed the note to general Vivian, who looked suspicious as he took the offered note and read it also. This is what he read;

"My dear friend general Williamshurger Zimmermann, if you are coming to our aid come at once, as papa has a big battle with Manley at Francis, Atlanta, -r Anna Maria Anna Maria Germania has joined re general Manley and there will be big doings to morrow so don't miss it. Papa has plenty of reinforcements, but I'm sure he can't win without you. You alone can give him proper support, for the enemy's artillery is going to be barraged to morrow morning at the first break of day. Your friend Violet Vivian."

General Vivian at once summoned Violet who came and taking her in his arms and folding her to his breast he said;

"If it was not for you my dear little girl, I would have lost hope long ago. If Zimmermann gets that note and comes and comes we

hope long ago. If Zimmermann gets that note and comes we will win sure."

Some of the officers feared that the note would get in the hands of the enemy but Violet said;

"I do doesn't matter if it does, for I have written the note in a way that no one but Zimmermann could read. I learned that in school. None of Manley's men can read short hand. It's like Chinese to them."

Then they all laughed. Zimmermann got the note all right and advanced.

DID GENERAL HUEBNER MCWHIRTER TRY TO BLOW HIS WAY INTO THE BOWELS OF THE EARTH, OR WAS HE CANNONADING GENERAL MANLEY'S CENTER TO COVER DARGIN'S ASSAULT?

All night long there had been a sullen silence but which was now suddenly broken by several cannon shots as a strange signal. The signals of cannons was repeated five times. A few minutes of more silence followed and then Violet and her sisters, Hanson, their father, and Evans, found themselves sprawling on the floor of the headquarters building, while once more the cannonading thunders of the Christian batteries echoed and reached over the whole region, for hundreds of miles from the battle field itself, every section of the Christian line armed with the batteries letting loose their ears earpiercing volcano of flame and din, and rapidly it became the most heaviest cannonading Violet and her sisters themselves had ever heard, and at first the little girls had thought that in the direction of the enemy's lines, they heard incessant dull booms by the hundred thousand, believing it the response of the enemy's artillery, but it was the sudden surprising explosions of that many shells, whose fiery burst succeeded each other so rapidly as to produce a continuous continuous roar.

Three thousand five hundred sixty two

Glandelinian guns started frantically to flash reply but were rapidly silenced, the Christian guns keeping up an unceasing roar, the most violent artillery fire ever directed upon Manley's positions opening opening up, and though Manley's batteries rapped at last with titanic fury their guns soon ceased firing, as the Christian barrage only threatened every battery put into place to respond, with complete annihilation. Manley was in grave peril.

Even while the Christian artillery was in full sway guns that grew hot were withdrawn to be given time to cool, fresh guns taking their places, fresh battalions of artillery were brought up, McKell's lines of cannons broke into action, and the direction of the enemy's lines was a perfect inferno of explosions. All of the Christian batteries had let loose their hell of damnation, and wide spread destruction while the enemy's lines seemed swept with sheets of flame from the long lines of explosions, and in the space of one mile six thousand and sixty shells tore craters, craters, rotors, ploughed up treasuries hundreds of thousands, and drove thousands of the Glandelinians insane from the noise and concussion.

All along the enemy's line as Violet and her sisters could see with their glasses, glasses, long barrages of uncommonly luminous clouds of smoke mingled also with blue flashes appeared incessantly, and even a rain of chain shot waxed fast and furious among Manley's lines, and men seem ingly out of range of the shells went down by thousands from the shell's shock.

General Germanian gunners strove vainly, frantically time and again to get their batteries into action or into position to answer the Christian fire and multitudes of infantry who strove to help them soon cumbered the ground, only to be ground to pieces by the shells.

Notwithstanding every precaution by the main line of Glandelinian infantry there was never seen such destruction the ground being paved with dead, and the gunners, who did get some of their batteries into position fell before they were able to fire them, the down showers of shells

and shrapnell sweeping like hail among the guns. The center of the main line of alandinian infantry were drawn back to cover the rear of the whole devastation sounding as if hell had been let loose the din of shells for scores of miles being deafening. More and more christian guns were being unlimbered and put into instant action christian dominatng the very din of the warfare of titans. As the christians opened more and more artillery the din increased a thousand times louder and manleys lines was completely enshrouded in smoke flashes and terrific explosions and it seemed as if the very insides of the earth was being torn out by the explosions so terrific was the din. Gladiolians fell in columns,....., big divisions were shattered into huge fragments fragments, and the barrage of shells bore down on everything in its path. Thousands of alandinian runners vainly trying to get their artillery into position to answer, were dreadfully cut up loaded war horses by the roaring thundering fire of shells, which increased steadily seemingly to be about to blow manleys whole center into the air. Such an uproar of artillery was never heard before since the war began thousands upon thousands of among the foe exploding with a roar of volcanic eruptions from the mountain in hellish regions itself.

Many thousands of war material material and gun carriages were shattered, and blown into the air the uproar of hell seemed everywhere lines upon lines of men in front of general Germanias headquarters were annihilated, and now above all the tremendous and stupendous and hell's hellish roar of shell explosions and crash of cannons broke the loud and reverberating crash crash of twenty big explosive explosions in Hanleys center which proved that his ammunition stores were blowing up for the crash of these explosions drowned out every other sound and twenty volcanic eruptions seemed to appear for a moment, the concussion almost wrecked general Ivanian headquarters and the very mouths of hell seemed to open in the location of those mighty explosions which shook shook down everything in Germanias lines rivaling in fiercer grandeur than the artillery fire or shell explosion, explosions. The christian cannonading was in full sway and general Ivanian and Hansonia, had to leave their headquarters for fear the concussion of the artillery a mile to their rear would shake the buildings down, the roofs already having caved in.

A No answer all this came from the enemy so it was time for general Dargun to charge and he rode over the order from general Debaum No further who rode up to him in person.

THE FIERCE ATTACK ON THE GUADELUPINIAN FRONT.

In half an hour's time the immense divisions of Margins forces moved forward, and firmly toward the enemy's lines, fresh christian batteries galloped into position to take the places of those out of commission especially for want of gunners, and hot guns were given time to cool. Thousands of rounds of ammunition were brought up, shot and shell and high explosives being arranged for prompt use. Margins line of assault in separate waves about four, each thirty miles in length making a line of forty miles altogether was the most splendid sight that any of the great christian generals had ever seen. General Ivanian and the others were thrilled with admiration. This great christian assault resembling Napoleon's in one of the battles when he made his famous charge. To reach general Germanian's line Margins line of assault had to cross an open ground for the distance of ten thousand yards, but nevertheless on account of the christian barrage fire upon his artillery general Germanian's division was ill prepared for the attack. Mc-Arthy's landline surged on the right, with the infantry forces under general Ussel Henryson and at a long angle with the main line was crushed to fragments by the violence of the christian charge, all their smallest artillery and machine guns were captured, the two landline generals were wounded severely and their lines were thrown into confusion. Germanian's division and Vienna's right flank with his many divisions in front gave the christians a hot reception but could not stop them.

Baldwin's whole line of artillery mostly fill field and machine guns sheeted in flame and smoke, follow followed by the deafening roar of seven hundred field pieces and though storm storms of shells and canister crashed heavily among the advancing christians there was an intolerable ear-splitting roar of explosions and hundreds of divisions went to fragments, multitudes went down by the score, whole waves were torn up

whole armies were manly mangled and the main line was ploughed through and through the landmines fire being of greater intensity than general margin had expected but still the survivors came rushing on in monstrous surges, and the foe became an apprehended

then broke the loud and intolerable roar of a thousand mighty explosions mingled with the deafening grandeur of Whilliam udolpho chain of artillery and at some points the Landelinian fire had to slacken. The surviving christian columns pressed on furiously, not the least affected by the ahh annihilating landelinian musketry fire, and whelans main divisions on the r' right pressed on with the most tremendous fury, poured fearful volleys scores of miles long at the flame created landelinians works on the enemy left wallsides of landelinians were shot down and the flame was the christian advance that the left wing of the whole landelinian army harassed also by the terrible tempest of shot shell and high explosives went to fragment, a hundreds of their own divisions being cut up, ten thousand switzerland fifteen thousand krupt were concentrating upon them and the whole line forced into the formations of a hail 8 or buckled up as it is called broke into confusion and recoiled in retrograde motion, then facing about fled in confusion from that roaring hell of death and destruction every fleeing column stric struck being scattered into fragments.

fragments. Excitement prevailed everywhere, the first heavy blow having fallen upon vanleys main left wing which still retreating were but tending more to their own left. All the captured Jendelinian artillery was turned to upon the foe, and vanleys center now in confusion recoiled, several of his main waves of gray seven miles in length melting into fragments an oblique fire of ten captured batteries being poured upon these torn tottered and bleeding lines in gray, and officers and men on both sides going down in terrible numbers. A scene appalling in deed. O it had in indeed been a desperate rush made by the christians both sides having lost ten million men already but the surviving christians though they fell in in masses before the insidious fire of the foe, leaped the breastworks and after a desperate scrimmage in which millions were engaged engaged were soon in possession of the Jendelinian artillery, not field pieces only, but the main batteries itself the christian artillery having stopped firing at this section now that the foes batteries were captured. On pressed the main christian surge general withers divisions encountering a simultaneous withering fire of great intensity all along the line and the survivors unable to endure this terrific storm of fire threw themselves flat, thousands throwing up their hands in token of surrender, and the rest fleeing in precipitate flight. All of general John vanleys armies about fifty million strong was completely cut to pieces, smashed up like a weak house struck by a tornado and was retiring every where in confusion, having lost over thirty million men in killed wounded and prisoners in that one hour of blood and agony.

THE STAND OF GENERAL JOHNSTON JACKEN MAILEY'S ARMY
TO COVER HIS SON'S RETREAT IS ALSO CRUSHED.

Johnston Jackson Manleys batteries were now opening fire with a perfect concert of hell, a regular fire of twenty five thousand field pieces, and machine guns cutting down the christians columns, but this terrible fire was short lived for the ammunition was exhausted, and as the assaulting waves of christians were not checked and Manleys endeavoring to cover the retreat of the remnants of general john manleys divisions was resolved to use musketry, rifle and bayonets. He ordered hundreds of his officers to move calmly calmly and composedly along the line and they did ordering their men to hold their fire until the christians were within easy range and then when the hostile christian surges came within two hundred feet of the glandelinian front a hundred thousand hells seemed to be let loose the whole glandelinian position blazing with a simultaneous fire ten of the waves in purple going to fragments.

At one point of the landmillian front there was a terrific fusillade of twenty six thousand cannon of heavy calibe resembling the titan thros of many volcanos put to gether, and the in describable withering fire itself along the whole of Johnston Manleys line seemed to mad make a noise as if a hundred thrillion cannon was let loo

The attack of the christian waves was extremely dangerous. Ambrose Fullers line was entirely broken, and the large forces of glendelinians under general Spencer or Ambrose Spencer who advanced to cover Ambrose Fullers left, met an annihilating fire from the christian guns, the christians rushing on in a headlong advance, and with extremely dangerous fury, coming on with the ferocity of a stampede the fury of their advance being uncontrollable. The uproar of the cannons in possession of the christians was frightful the fury of the battle becoming more terrible but the gray line was giving way though they opened fire with a roar as if the world was coming to an end. The survivors attacked the christians by counter charging but the Angelinians repelled the attack with such fury as to drive the Glendelinians into an uncontrollable panic.

JOHNST ON HAWLEYS RETREAT .

This wing was exposed to a blasting curtain of artillery fire from two sides simultaneously added by terrific art musketry fire the wing was shattered into fragments and driven ten miles from their second and first line of works, the Angelinian pursuers mauling furiously with the panic stricken columns and completely routing them, the Landellinian force of three hundred thousand men under Spencer being annihilated. Spencer was killed, two million Landellinian batteries were captured,

nearly a million prisoners and carrying all before them. The Angelinians literally pressed on with indescribable fury, swarming among the panic stricken survivors in a pandemonium every clandelinian division being crushed to fragments, and the survivors now broke into such a scene of panic and confusion as never witnessed in all the war. The whole throng of jacked-wings the center having having given way also was now in precipitate flight moving in a backward flow like a human avalanche with the purple columns tearing after them pell-mell cutting the foe down in such numbers that the retreat became a total rout. The clandelinian generals indeed made desperate efforts to rally their panic stricken men but amid the dreadful carnage they fell one after another the battle smitten pilans swarming with the panic stricken clandelinians in flight flight, several columns having rallied but failing to make a stand the Angelinians pressing on furiously. During the fearful rout of a force of Angelinians had clashed with Germanians cavarly germania. Vivian as it had been discovered, had the crippled Vivian girls in his possession how they had gotten among his lines was a mystery as they had been with general Vivian the night before. Jack Evans was the leader of the christian cavarly and in the scuffle got scotched he not only recaptured the Vivian girls but annihilated the clandelinian cavarly, Germanians first army of forty million having been crushed to fragments.

DANGING DISASTEROUS CHARGE AT GERMANIAS
LINES AND THE RESULT.

While the other christian armies had been crushing the armies of the two desperats Manleya pargins whole line with Adels-de-garbes and Accountantas was reserves had swept forward like a series of tidal waves against Germanias lines. On account of general Vivianunna's artillery fire being directed at his lines so many of germanias stores of ammunition had been blown up in quick succession each explosion resembling whole volcanoes b, blowing themselves to pie pieces from their terrific force that he had only a few rounds of ammunition left to repell the Angelinians with, and encouraging no severe fire of any kind the anglinians swarmed upon the line of landellinians whose lines opened fire tearing asunder the whole Bicknellian line. But nevertheless they were not checked and reaching the works in mighty surges millions mingled in a dense desperate hand to hand fight which lasted twenty minutes. So fierce was Germania's resistance when argin hurled his main line upon his own that hell and millions of damnation seemed to break loose and soon germanias line was overlapped, and though he received heavy reinforcements his flank was turned and his whole line thrown into confusion. While Evans on his horse was watching the charge from the captured germanian works and was reforming his cowardly force of

26,000 men a messenger rode up to him and handed him a note. He read

"Your guardian ship of the Vivian girls; Jack Evans; I saw the frightful rout of the Glandelinian divisions by the determined assault on wankles whole line including Germanias army which was routed but we inform you the Vivian girls are in the enemys army as prisoners and it is up to you to rescue them. We have even succeeded in driving the two wankles from their impregnable works and make them retreat southward and as Germanias line is badly shattered, and cannot hold the Christians back you now have your chance of not only rescuing the Vivian girls but of getting the ransom as well. But I advise you to do so right away before he gets away as every moment is precious. If you love them you will show it by going to their rescue. There is no time here to tell how they got captured, but you will find out how they got seized when they return. But for God's sake rescue my daughters before he kills them. Show if your love for them is really true."

GENERAL ROBERT ANGELO VIVIAN
FIRST COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

The adjutant general of the charging Christians suggested to Jack Evans to take extraordinary caution and not do anything right away, and wait until Germanias army was devastated. But if he must go to save a small group to cover a possible retreat.

"O General a reserve. The Glandelinians though retreating are a thousand to our one and reinforcements seem to be coming to Germanias aid."

THE POOR LITTLE SAINTLY FLOWERS;
SUFFERING UNTOLD MISERIES
SORROWS AND PERSECUTIONS
WILL SOON BE FREE OF ALL ENEMIES.
EVANS MADE CHARGE AND THE JUST DESTRUCTION OF GERMANIA
VIVIAN CAVALRY.

But gn general Jack Evans was the maddest man ever seen anywhere. Indeed no language could describe his anger. He would get revenge for the unjust cruelties to the little dears at last, and he would do so at any risk.

"Too hell with a reserve." He yelled. "Germanias secret service agents have since succeeded in getting the Vivian girls into Germanias lines and I take that this war was caused by God in order in causing me to fail in getting my chance to slip by. This is to be a death struggle, vengeance for the unjust suffering they went through. Forward is my command."

And another officers voice roared out:

"The sword of the Lord and of Iddison shall smite Germanias to day."

The Angelinians and Goncentinians were furiously moved when Evans shouted to them the truth and at the capture of Violet and her sisters they seemed indeed willing to abandon the advantage of their firearms and when Evans flourished his sabre and yelled forward, the whole column of horsemen like a living missile of such momentum that it once lunged forward, was beyond recall, hurled themselves forward with deafening mad yells, and now it seemed to stop these maddened hordes it would be possible to destroy them, and yet there was altogether too many to be destroyed, a hundred thousand horsemen crowded fifteen deep in a long yelling thundering line in the advance of the main column fifteen million strong pushing forward like a roaring avalanche dashing down a mountain side.

This line was nearly three miles long sweeping toward the Glandelinian cavalry forces who were retreating, like the first destructive wave after the Lisbon earthquake, clouds of dust whipping aside in dense clouds and disclosing the tossing manes, the distended nostrils, and the red eyes of the steeds, the flash of sun on lances, and scabbards, the faces of soldiers furiously moved. So swift was the dash of the Christian cavalry toward the retreating Glandelinians that the bristling red and white silk guidons snapped their swallow tails in the draught of wind while the heavy national standards streamed their green corbels behind them. Nothing else else in the world could compare to the deafening thunderous roar of four million fifteen million four hundred thousand pounding hooves

which drowned out completely the crash of battle all around in the distance, and of exploding shells, and tearing into the choas and coming into sight of a large force of Christian cavalry Evans caught sight of general Germania, Vivian and the little girls who seized the purple coats with Evans in the lead stretched pleading arms out toward him.

Germania ordered a retreat at the sight of this overwhelming column but the Christian column which had halted a moment now came on with an increasing rush while Evans brandishing his sabre shouted:

"Halt you devil or we will shoot you down where you are. You cannot escape us and we will recover the little girls."

"Your big bunch of Christian dogs can go plump to perdition and take the Vivian brats there too." Shouted the enraged Glandelinian general. "If you shoot me down my men will cut the children to pieces before your eyes you dirty Christian dogs. To hell with all of you."

A withering fire answered his assault and scores of hundreds of his men toppled from their horses, even those having the Vivian girls in their possession while Germanias horse staggered and reeled and fell Germania being severely wounded as a bullet had pierced his right lung. Another Glandelinian raised his sword to strike one of the Vivian girls, down but a bullet sent it flying, several other bullets piercing his body simultaneously, the reason falling to the ground around the horse dashing madly on toward the Christians violet clinging frantically to the reins and finally checked its mad pace. The Angelinians who were nearest had started to pursue the horse, and being unable to overtake it opened fire on the horse bringing it down. The other Glandelinians in their frenzy to escape the terrible Goncentinians abandoned the Vivian girls and dashed off at breakneck speed but could not avoid the engagement they wished to escape as the Angelinians pursued them.

The foremost Angelinian Angelinians quickly reached the little girls, Evans in the lead and they were surrounded. In the meantime the Angelinian column moving forward in a solid mass struck the Glandelinian cavalry in the rear and a crash that was audible above anything else, hundreds of thousands of swords clashing together in violent duels, streams of pistol shots were fired at point blank, and as the Christian columns madly dashed on, there was an indescribable mixup of purple and gray coats. Thousands of Glandelinians were trap trampled under the hooves of horses, hoshorses went end over end, the groans of wounded and dying could be heard amid the din of confusion and in the melee horses themselves went mad and reared on their haunches, screaming and nighing and fighting one another.

Blows with pistol butts and fists were swung at each other by Glandelinians and Angelinians, sabres sabres, men, and hats were tossed up like spume on a wave crest and nearly half of that column of Glandelinians amid the dreadful carnage were literally trampled into the dust, the purple column pressing on with the yell of Indians tearing through and among the rest of the Glandelinian columns with a roaring yelling and howling. The other columns however did not continue the retreat, when the Christians burst upon them but stood its ground and gave serious resistance, but the howling and screeching and hacking purple waves of cavalry pressed on like a scathing cyclone and again there was a terrible mixup, the Angelinians keeping up the attack with a yelling fury reducing the whole Glandelinian column to a mere remnant and scattering the few survivors in a frightful rout. In the meantime Evans and little Violet and her sisters, and the small party with him had started away, and as the din of the terrible battle had broken into full away again, Evans thought he saw fresh troops of Glandelinians advancing toward him, especially from an opposite direction.

"Strange direction for those Glandelinians to be coming from." He thought to himself. "I wonder who they are."

Soon he and the rest as far in the distance hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians approaching at a mad pace and realizing it was a new column of Glandelinians advancing, to the aid of general Germania cried army he said:

"I think since we have the little celestial children with us again, we'd better beat it, as too many Glandelinians is not pleasant with my main force gone on ahead in their attack, to meet with."

The Goncentinians started away in a mad gallop the men in with the Vivian girls going to the front to head off the range of the enemys fire, so the little girls would not be hit.

One of the Glandelinian generals saw the retreating group of men with the little girls in their midst, and soon a large regiment of cavalry were in swift pursuit led in person by captain Henderson.

Evans saw that they were separating and realizing that the enemy were trying

to place his little force between three fires, he wheeled his column in another direction and went on tearing down the road pursued by thousands of landelinians now, who opened a fusillade with a terrific roar....

Twenty of the Angelinians reeled from their saddles but the rest returning a fire that emptied fifty landelinian saddles kept right on, the Angelinians fearing indeed that the landelinians were not pursuing because they wanted to capture Violet and her sisters, but probably to avenge the slightly wounding of general Germania Vivian.

They were coming on dashing on like a swarm of demons a whole ten thousand now, and huge bullets continually whistled about the Angelinian soldiers and the little girls who feared that the savage landelinian horsemen would catch up with them and destroy them all. These landelinians were men of a very determined disposition, more determined than the disposition of Desperate Desmond, or Rudolph Rassendale put together, and they came on with the fury of an avalanche, the Angelinians seeing that the only means of escape being to signal for help. One of the men unfurled again a signal flag and started waving it frantically toward a large squadron of Abyssinkilian horsemen who were appearing far to their front the fugitives knowing that if the landelinians guineed them they would commit massacre.

IN THE SHOT ZONE OF GENERAL HANSON'S BARRAGE.
IN PERIL FROM THE STORM OF SHELLS.

The Angelinian soldiers did not fear for themselves, but for the little girls with them when the landelinians in their frenzy of fury would fairly cut to pieces. Yet their signal for help was seen, for the large body of Abyssinkilian dragoons, were advancing at a tearing rate themselves and soon reaching the fugitives formed into battle line, their number being about thirty thousand three hundred and fifty five. The landelinians seeing this big force of lancers abandoned the pursuit, but still the fugitives were in peril for they were in the region where the random shells from the still active christian batteries were falling like hail. The firing of the far distant battle was terrific indeed to take effect at such a distance, and fragments of the shells fell or flew so close at times, that the little girls thought themselves already prepared for the grave. A shell had just then burst right near a tree, branches and pieces of bark flying all about them some striking Violet and her poor sisters, the smoke of powder and smoldering foliage prevailing the air everywhere. The little girls and even the Angelinians with them were almost suffocated by the clouds of dust thrown into the air by shell bursts, and indeed the whole region looked as if a thousand Kansas cyclones of a days duration had passed through..... To flee through this shell curtain was suicide so it seemed, and they dared not proceed, and what could they do? The horrible sound of distant firing had redoubled, and was coming nearer, the region was massed with divisions of men hurrying toward the firing line, and most of these shells were high explosive, whole sections of trees being destroyed by a single one, a furnace of fire raged in the distance, among the foliage was wreckage, filling the air with clouds of pungent smoke.

They had already ridden a short distance, when there came the terrific roar of a high explosive, in the right of the column or their rescuers, half of their number fell, and simultaneously one of the officers guard guarding Violet reeled in his saddle. Then down went his horse, the unfortunate officer sprawling to the ground....

Evans horse even staggered, and fell throwing its rider headlong.

"CHRIST have mercy on us!" gasped Evans staggering to his feet... "Be careful of the vivian girls who are among you, for they might be killed or worse than that, injured and have to suffer all over again. Hurry up wailer and shreader or you will share the same fate. The firing is too hot for us here now."

BANG.

A high explosive burst right near them, and the horses Violet and her sisters were riding sank to the ground mangled and blood bleeding the little girls being caught under the horses but not injured severely though the little girls were badly scratched by flying fragments, little Catherine sustaining a sprained ankle and arm, while Jennie sufficed

from cuts, and bruises and from a sprained foot.... Though Angelina was badly bruised, on the arm, and had a badly skinned knee, the other little girls escaped a entirely unhurt, a score of horsemen rushing up to see extract the little girls from under the dead horses, but another shell burst in their midst with a deafening ear-splitting explosion, every one of them horses and all being frightfully mangled, and one of them was an officer.

"Good God!" gasped one of the other officers. "This region is a regular inferno of explosions. Gracious there goes a score of trees." Violet and her sisters were finally extracted and lifted up by seven men, and held as without the crutches, they were unable to stand alone. The little girls were almost frightened by the incessant salvos of explosions everywhere, and almost blinded by the smoke of burning trees, brush, and of powder.... The distant firing was more fiercer now, the gray line, was seen again to be pressing forward, the flags waving defiantly.... Poor Violet and her sisters did not know the meaning of this landelinian advance as they knew that the christians had been victoriously, having hoped that the Angelinians would surely win, but now it seemed that the landelinians were winning. They could hear the continuous roar of fresh

landelinian cannon, but fortunately for them the shell storm had seemed to lull. It was in fact the arrival of Joshua Manley's army, who were advancing against the christians to cover the retreat of the other two manleys, and who only got his own medicine in the medicine like Federal did before the end of the first day of the battle which had only lasted four hours. The little girls were being led hastily away by Evans and the survivors, the little girls trying hard to keep from crying in their despair and loss of hope of the christians ever winning.... For fear of the carnage overlapping again Evans hurried away with the little girls having also the fear that the landelinians would see them and pursue.... However he was not to get out of the shell zone so quickly as he wanted, for in his excitement he had ridden in the wrong direction, also being bewildered by the smoke and din.... He had ridden with his little girl friends and his men for three minutes, when again he faced a column of graycoats coming toward him. He also saw that the men were muttering something among themselves, then bullets began whistling about him and the others, forty of the Abyssinkilians going down dead or wounded.

Evans and the survivors returned fifteen withering volleys, that scathed the ranks of the landelinian horsemen, and then he and his surviving men, wheeled their horses and dashed off, surrounding the little girls in a thick circular column as they did so, firing again and again....

"I'll reckon you'll stop," cried one of the landelinian officers. "We want those children you've got, and you are to surrender as prisoners."

However fortunately, another force of christians suddenly reinforced the fugitives, who suddenly wheeled and charged their pursuers vanquishing them with great slaughter. Suddenly an enormous cloud of white smoke jotted far to the right. The next moment the whole region trembled and shook to a roar that exceeded anything Violet and her sisters had ever heard before.

G-R-U-M-P! A big shell exploded among some near by trees. Evans and the rest did not wait any more but raced down a road to do, and they had not traveled a few many yards when there was a dazzling explosion. G-R-U-M-P! G-R-U-M-P!

Two other shells smashed through the shattering trees half dazzling them as they dashed among general landelinians advancing batteries.....

THE THIRTEEN ASSAULTS AGAINST GENERAL HUBBAUM MANLEY'S ARMIES....

As Joshua's arrival and counter attacks had only aroused the heavy victorious christian columns they sheathed their lines in a blaze of firing which tore the landelinian front to pieces, and amid the awful stupendous roar of musketry, the christians rained the air with their own terrific yells going far above the yells of the landelinians, and then as the whole front line of the assailants dissolved away, the christians dashed forward like a thundering avalanche, and their most frightful torrents of canister which tore and mangled their columns, added by a fearful and righteous roar of musketry which none had ever heard

numbers the large columns of Angelinians under general Branton Jennings and Shrader with the support of advancing batteries of artillery which scathed the whole gray line with numbing volleys of canister, finally threw the foe into confusion and being unable to check their assailants the foe withdrew a mile and reformed to meet the next charge. All this while though retreating the firing on both sides was continuous, a million christian christians having already been killed and three million wounded.

THE SECOND ASSAULT DRIVES HUEBAUM MANLEY'S ARMIES STILL FURTHER BACK.

As the christian columns after reforming their own lines charged again the firing of the Landelinians increased with redoubled fury and a few minutes later the christian general Frank Phelanston who had penetrated into the gray line with five million five hundred fifteen thousand men had been overwhelmed by heavy reinforcements and though escaping from being taken prisoner his five million men were reduced to four hundred thousand before the foe finally gave way, the christian general having been wounded. Indeed it seemed impossible to check the advancing purple coats or even stop their wild progress, the Landelinians retreating once more for the distance of two miles. The christian christians suffered another loss of dead about the million point. General Phelanston having only fifteen thousand men left when the main christian column came up was horrified. The Landelinian fire had indeed been terrific, and at general Hanson's left grand division who had assaulted Huebaum with his forces had also suffered the annihilation of his first corps of Heedlessburg Americans christians who had been advancing across the field during the fiery storm of battle and also the eleventh corps and Day nobles brigades, which had also come up had a harder fight with the enemy than any of the other forces engaged in this second assault which indeed gave the reason why Phelanston's force was almost annihilated before the foe gave way. Archie Spence had been in command of the victorious christian on center, since Ludolph and Phelanston fell, Manley's whole line having been rallied again during the lull and now was holding his line more stubbornly against the sledge hammer assault of general Hanson's whole line.

THE FRIGHTFUL RESULT OF THE THIRD ASSAULT.

Two of Huebaum's main wings were posted along the Francis-Atlanta, and the others in reserve on the fields of Daisy and Ferns Run, and along the Roseanna Junction, Russell and Miller heard the ear-splitting and earth-rending cannonade of their fiery storm of hell extending forty miles in an inferno of vomit volcanic like erupting valleys, and general Laurencean Manionia himself joined in the fierce attack with guarantee, though finding that the firing along the whole of general Huebaum Manley's line was more horrifying and destructive than at first believed.

For an hour this awful firing continued or had continued the Angelinians attacking with utmost preternatural fury, under the support of fresh advancing batteries under Antoine, Callio, Usell and Miller's Abhianians, sweeping forward in a long line of roaring crashing infernos of damming destruction, Huebaum's right grand division was cut to pieces, and overwhelmed gave way in panic, while the batteries on general Hanson's left and right, under generals Joe Beck and Snyder Stanck opened a hurricane of shells upon the Landelinians in the center who were counter charging, undulating the whole region with a storm of shell explosions the whole line being honey combed with gaps and retiring in terrific confusion. Heavy forces of Landelinians under general Walton were annihilated, the very mout mouths of hell seemed to open everywhere, the roar of musketry seeming to rend the heavens and the whole christian line rushing forward with tremendous fury shattered the Landelinian columns frightfully but Miller, Shrader, Joe Beck and Usell were killed and most of the christian columns falling back threw the rest of the line into confusion, the Landelinian fire shattering it frightfully and all the officers apprehending the danger of a counter

charge should the whole line give way, could not think of allowing a retreat and tried to rally the panic stricken columns Hanson's right itself having been rolled up by counter charges of the Landelinian cavalry under general or Joe Beck the main commands of that right wing. Hanson's castle was mortally wounded. At other points of Hanson's line, lines especially along the center, unconscious of the confusion of their comrades on the right or left, were still pressing on so vigorously that along this point the enemy's stand was broken, and the Landelinian retreat along this point was the means of salvation for the rest of Hanson's and Hanson's lines. The long double line of freshly arrived troops met the counter charging Landelinians with all the stubbornness they could assume but the assaulting columns were breaking a part of general Hanson's main line also and a frantic appeal was made, which was answered by Picknell, who attacked the Landelinians with a rush like utmost precipitation, with cavalry, dragoons, infantry and artillery, smashing up the whole Landelinian front everywhere and forcing the Landelinians back in confusion. Huebaum's left grand center being threatened with annihilation. Major general Miller himself had not wanted to be seriously engaged with Hanson's until he had heard from general Hickey, but having been impressed with the importance of Hanson's line being held back he had directed general Harry Ludolph to counter charge, with cavalry and infantry, and force Hanson's assailants back at all costs. He paid the cost with his life and no success for reward either....

THE FOURTH ASSAULT OF THE CHRISTIANS IS ALSO SUCCESSFUL.....

The battle was now in full fury again along general Hanson's whole line again the firing along the enemy's front being so furious that it seemed as if there was a million pieces of artillery in action along this point alone, the Angelinians attacking again with awful fury, returning a most destructive and appalling fire, increasing the terrific carnage.

Huebaum's right was smashed by Miller Johnston, more than compensating for his reinforcements, Archie Spendon holding his ground while waiting for Wade Fort Maxwell was imprisoned between general Joe Beck and another army, general John breadth John Harry was killed, general Prentice Maxwell surrounded had surrendered to the christians and the fury of the firing and the battle all a, along the line was indescribable the struggle being so fierce now that the war between all the nations of Europe in lasting all these four years and a few months could not outrival the fury of this great battle.

Archie Spender was not observing the peril from the south and directed general Wenny to post Oldfield divisions on the Mc-Hollesper Junction, which he was about to do when general Sunday Usell's Abhianians appeared upon the desired point, and Archie Spendon being entirely surrounded now, and threatened with annihilation also, his army which was inflamed by musketry and artillery, surrendered to Joe Beck and his remaining command of ten million men.

General Miller holding had placed his batteries into a position which when opened upon the Landelinians compelled the surrender of general P. Phelan, Johnston, and Miller Johnston's one thousand guns roaring with fearful detonations tore up the Landelinian columns in his front with their terrible torrents of shells and canister and the Landelinians being moved down by the hundred thousand, finally gave way, general Huebaum's whole line again in full retreat, though the christian troops had lost two million more dead in these last two assaults, and six million wounded, a frightful cost for victory indeed.

THE FIFTH ASSAULT OF THE CHRISTIANS.

During the lull in the infantry action the long lines of christian artillery hammered away, still cutting the Landelinian columns to fragments. C Violet and her sisters indeed were exempted from witnessing such horrible scenes from their experiences previously described, the Landelinian guns fiercely responding, though one after another

of their guns were blown up..... The fifth assault of the Angelinians once began continued with relentless fury, the attack being so furious that all the Glandelinian who wounded, seriously or slightly who were yet able to fire a gun were placed behind the firing line with the instructions to shoot down any man who would attempt to flee without orders. The "lame" Glandelinian officers along this point were almost crying. They had sent appeal after appeal for help, but it did not come. This part of the Glandelinian division under the personal command of general Joe Stanley, had been three million strong when the fifth assault of the Christians started, now only ninety thousand were left, and still they were fast melting away. His front line long before this had entirely disappeared before the terrific Christian fire, and all his officers were either killed, wounded, or without horses. In the meantime general Anniss Anniss had advanced large forces from general Vivian's right, which struck against the center of general Huebaum's Manley's line, Baldwin's batteries simultaneously opening fire to cover the attacking columns, the storm of shells and high explosives fairly ripping and tearing many of the Glandelinian columns to pieces, added by torrents of canister grape, and musket bullets spreading the carnage all along the line, and causing such indescribable havoc that the charging columns were at last able to penetrate the Glandelinian front and crushing in it into fragments, driving it once more back in confusion. General Vivian's right wing was also inactive, the smoke of the forty mile battle line being so dense that it looked more like a great forest fire than a battle; the whole entire Christian line being in a tumultuous uproar, and never before in all the war, was there ever seen such a battle. Columns along the line of the Glandelinian left had been mowed down by the hundred, their whole line being rent and broken up and one more mile of ground general Huebaum Manley was forced to give but nevertheless reformed once more this time in a thick line of woods.

THE RESULT OF THE NEXT ASSAULT.

But nevertheless the next assault covered by a redoubled cannon fire of general Baldwin's batteries whose shells exploded by their hundred thousands produced a continuous dreadful roar, was completely unmanageable to the enemy, and amid the dreadful indescribable tumult the left wing of general Huebaum Manley's armies or extreme right, on Manley's left wing, was overwhelmed and gave way the Christians capturing the new wooded position and amid a maze of wreckage, caused by general Baldwin's explosive shells.

The impact at other points of general Huebaum Manley's left wing was so violent that general Manley's right also abandoned their positions, his center being surrounded. Piles and windrows of dead and wounded Christians covered the works, the Angelinians attacking general Manley's Manley's and Manley's center on all sides with utmost fury, and advancing like a raging avalanche of lava and general Manley in command of the center had to surrender.

General Orangeman tried to reinforce general Manley's lines but the advance of the Christians could not be checked and Manley gave way. Ten million of the assailants were pressing upon all of general Manley's lines of the left, yelling like demons attacking with such great energy that general general Mulberos one million Glandelinians being surrounded and reduced to fifty thousand, and encircled by over five million Christians and infiltrated by the Angelinians during their storming attack threw down their arms and hurriedly surrendered, general Mulberos committing suicide to escape being taken prisoner.

The struggle indeed along the whole of general Huebaum Manley's line was raging with a fury beyond describing the Christians attacking with tremendous energy the situation of his left wing being critical and being forced to withdraw. General Manley's divisions on general Manley's Manley's Manley's right poured an exceedingly severe artillery fire upon the Christians this whole line being lit such such a blaze that from the storm of exploding shells the battle field looked like a vast volcanic crater in violent action the firing of the Glandelinian batteries being exceedingly annihilating, making a

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murderous and appalling roar but nevertheless did not stop the Christian Christian advance. Huebaum's center had been shot to pieces and gapped again and again and as fast as their columns were reformed nevertheless the main line had to yield again the Glandelinians recoiling in confusion with ten of their best generals left dead upon the field a frightful result indeed for repelling this assault. Drake Johnston, Valley Henrysop

Robert O. Drake, Germania Huebaum, Harvard nonas Donaldson, Roche, Lydard, poste De-guecur, Bachelor Carters, Polman Kieff and Johnstone Edwards were the Glandelinian generals who fell and who were killed in this battle.

THE SEVENTH ASSAULT THINK OF IT.

The enemy's cannon during the lull of the attack had increased their horrible fire as they had received more guns from general Gillie

tearing the Christian lines who were reforming for the next attack into huge gaps. Mangling manions left, rending Jennings line to fragments and strewnug strewnug the grounds with multitudes of dead and wounded Angelinians but the surviving columns returned the fire, held their ground tensely and at the command "Forward" the attack was on with redoubled fury. Huebaum at this moment when the battle raged with the fury of a million damnations, received a message which read:

"Your excellency general Huebaum Manley; General Mulberos right wing of ten million men is annihilated the eleventh and twelfth corps are threatened with annihilation and your main left is giving way. If you wish the great battle to be won you must hurry up aid it is reported also that your right flank is turned."

S. Signed general Hopkins. Twenty third corps.

Indeed more than this, large forces of Christians were pressing heavily upon general Manley's front and this brave Glandelinian general being exposed to the full force of the Christian fire, his man forced him to lie down. The firing along the whole of general Huebaum Manley's line sounded like billions of cannon in a action, but just as appalling was the murderous roar of firearms along the advancing Christian front and the artillery covered their charge with tenfold violence fairly pounding the Glandelinian columns to an annihilation.

The Glandelinian officers of surviving divisions had sent many officers or messengers to general Huebaum Manley to tell him of their situation but they had failed to reach him. The Angelinians under general general Mulberos Lynn had mowed their way through all the Glandelinian waves which had held despite all the overwhelming numbers but now gave way the surviving Glandelinians retreating in amazing confusion and a panic.

Manley's right and left wing had also given way after a fierce fight of demonic fury which had raged hand to hand in which the muskets were used as clubs, bayonet against bayonet, and there also had been a brilliant display of sabres, daggers, pistols being fired at point blank and of even pikes were used so freely. After this withdrawal there was no lull at all fresh columns only coming on to take the places of those giving way and so the Christians still continued the attack this time without any lull whatever.

THE ALMOST INEVITABLE SUCCESS OF THE FOE,
DURING THE EIGHT ASSAULT MADE BY THE CHRISTIANS.

The fury of this christian assault caused voices of the Glandelinians to waver, but the right of general, Joshua Manley's left had delivered a most violent counter charge in perfect waves of men driving the christian back with frightful loss capturing a portion of the works in possession of the christians, driving the rest of the christian line into panic and yelling with rage and fury ploughing their way through the christian line killing thousands. While the Glandelinians were giving way at other points of Joshua Manley's lines the Glandelinians who were victorious still pressed on with terrific fury the Angelinians rallying and fighting savagely to drive them back or at least check them and reinforcements arriving the christians gave fierce resistance the Glandelinians recoiled and the christians again pressed on driving the foe back three miles further many of the Angelinians striving with might and main to reach general Jones who was surrounded by a covering square of Glandelinians a shell having landed in their midst however killing Jones and annihilating his body guard.

THE NINTH ASSAULT IN WHICH THOUGH THE GLANDELINIAN CENTER IS VICTORIOUS AND RECAPTURES ALL LOST GROUND TO THEM, THE CHRISTIANS FINALLY RALLY AND A RESULT IS THE ROUT OF THE GLANDELINIANS:

In the meantime general, Michael Walsh had been sent with his entire command by general Vivian to the aid of Hanson's right commanded by general Charles Brown and when these came up the ninth assault began, this assault being more violent than any of the others. On the Glandelinian right the situation of Hanson's line was serious the christians over their losses seeming to break out in paroxysms of uncontrollable fury plowing their way through his line amid the longest and most desperate hand to hand fighting ever seen during the war.

As the conflict became still more terrific general, Michael Walsh, all severely wounded but nevertheless the christian columns were thrown again the immense multitude of Glandelinians in the face of a scathing fire along an eight mile front. The christian heavily outnumbered the Glandelinians who met the assault with a storm of fury and general, Michael Perry or on the Glandelinian fell mortally wounded and general George Auston taking his place and restoring order in the line was killed by a shell hursting among a gun, general Wholers divisions of ninth corps being overwhelmed threatened to give way and finally did so despite the attempt of the slightly wounded to stop them by shooting many down. The Angelinians were swarming forward like huge torrents of human beings, Manley's whole right was again being shattered to pieces to pieces the christian assailants ploughing their way through the Glandelinian columns and never before was there such a mix up of men and flags, muskets crossing in deadly earnest, at a sabre clashing together, pistols and muskets blazing face to face, and the men even fought with fists and wrestled.

Though finally the two main wings of the Joshua Manley's army had given way once more, yielding two miles of ground the center had held its ground finally, these Glandelinians being assailed by fresh divisions and counter attacking with irresistible fury, despite the withering fire that tore their whole line to pieces, and being successful drove the christians into confusion mowing down large portions of the retreating line, and kept on, recovering all the lost ground the christians had won until it was stopped by a perfect hurricane of shells that crushed their right and left to fragments

and yet though stopped the Glandelinians did not waver and returned a fire so severe that it indeed was a miracle that the fleeing christians survived through such a storm of carnage. A little after this

happened general Vivian got this note:

"Your excellency general Vivian:
The eleventh corps under general McHollester, Vivian's almost annihilated their leader is dead, and though Hanson's right and left have been successful again driving Joshua's right and left back still further Joshua's center has received reinforcements and had so counter charged and Hanson's center is cut up and is retreating in confusion. His center must have aid or the battle is lost. It is reported also that Hanson is wounded though it cannot be confirmed."

GENERAL CHARLES BROWN
COMMANDER OF HANSON'S RIGHT WING

At this moment general Miller's artillery was arriving and soon being unlimbered fired charge after charge of canister and shells crushing and smashing the Glandelinian assaulting waves to atoms and driving them back. But amid the fearful carnage general Miller Stanley was wounded four times and now again a glancing bullet struck him in the head inflicting a serious and dangerous injury but for fear of causing panic among his lines he stayed at the firing line until the enemy withdrew especially only at this point, as they were still attacking elsewhere. At other portions of the christian center, the Glandelinians were fairly pressing through with such fury that the Angelinians were driven into a panic. But Miller's batteries were now also adding to the terrible carnage and the terrible cannon fire staggered Auston's line. In Glandelinians and though now they were halted they did not yield ground while other divisions of Glandelinians under Nathan now arrived with numbers pathing guns and soon a storm of canister was poured upon the retreating christian columns mowing them down in frightful numbers and again driving them into confusion. Simultaneously three large brigades of Glandelinians under general Charles Mitchell arrived to the aid of Joshua Manley and then came another battalion of artillery under general Shoop, John, Hartas, Knead and Ogden. Ogdens these guns opening a storm of fire, and a charge of Glandelinian cavalry drove Miller's guns back almost to Aronburg's pike. But Hardee and Ogden were killed as soon as their artillery opened fire but still the foe faltered not. Another note however reached general Vivian and he was trembling after he had read it:

"Your excellency general Vivian:
General Hanson's center despite his other wings being victorious is overlapped and driven from its cent position, despite the reinforcements you had immediately sent. The enemy have opened eight thousand cannon upon Hanson's whole center and the confusion and carnage is heartrending indeed. The assault of general Joshua Manley's divisions is destructive and tremendous and even many guns commanded by general Miller Francis Smith which had opened a withering fire has been driven back almost to Aronburg's pike by the enemies cavalry assault, under Shoop, John his line of infantry is almost annihilated, general Hanson is reported severely wounded but won't leave the firing line for fear of his whole center retreating if his injuries are known. Vivian's whole line is overwhelmed and will be captured or annihilated if more aid is not immediately sent."

GENERAL ABNER ANDERSON.
COMMANDER OF THE FIRST BRIGADE
BRIGADE ARMY OF ARABIANIA:

Indeed at all points the christian center was in confusion, Miller Francis Smith was mortally wounded on the christian side, while Shoop, John, and John Silvers and Katzmer were wounded on the side of the foe and fortunately on account of heavy reinforcements from Picknell it was

evident that the foe could not advance any further having only succeeded in driving the christian center back for ten miles, hundred hundreds of the ranks in gray being mowed down and Hansonia also receiving reinforcement under young Rhodes Frankerson and Whilliam scholar managed at last to hold his ground along the center and finally he wrote this message to general viviania:

"Your excellency general viviania!
I've received reinforcements from Picknell and can now hold my ground but the attack of the enemy has not abated in the least and has only increased in revenge for the check they received. The whole battle line even where my right and left has been successful besides the two wings of Hanson's army, has assumed an indescribable fury, he'll seem to have opened all along my entire line. I have ten thousand cannon of heavy calibre ready for action now, the roar of the enemy's guns are fairly shaking my men down from the concussion, millions upon millions of muskets are being used, and I am almost deaf from the din. My center has been shattered into a thousand fragments before the arrival of reinforcements as the fire of the enemy all the time is annihilating and the attack of the foe is still extremely ferocious. With a few more divisions I would be able to drive the enemy back and recover the ground they lost in this section.

Your assistant commander in chief;
General Hansonia.

Hansonia received reinforcements by the whole sale after sending general viviania the message and the firing of the christians became so terrific that masses of the grays were mowed down every second but still the glandelinian assault continued everywhere along the line. Soon in front of Hansonia's whole line the dead Glandelinians lay in windrows and all these dead Glandelinians became piled so high between the lines that at times the Glandelinian curtain of artillery fire hid hundreds of thousands of arms, legs, heads and fragments of bodies shattered human forms, and a storm of lacerated flesh and intestines back on the christians in their trenches. On the center of the main christian line under Hansonia the Glandelinian waves under general Harold Bell were attacking with stupendous fury though their whole line was riven with thousands of gaps again and again, so it became shattered. The enemy were indeed attacking with all their might, but now as more reinforcements concentrated upon them the Glandelinians being cut down in perfect waves finally became panic stricken, and soon the whole center gave way in confusion, Hanson himself capturing thousands of Glandelinian cannon millions of prisoners and recovering not only the ten miles of lost ground but drove the enemy still further back with heavy loss.

THE TENTH ASSAULT COSTS HANSON GREATER LOSS THAN EVER. TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER ON BOTH SIDES.

More heavy reinforcements under Hendon, disunited came rushing to the aid of the christian center also, and confident of his heavy numbers now Hansonia made another terrific assault, the fury of the Glandelinian fire was redoubled ten times and the christian columns fairly withered. The Glandelinians themselves however received such a tempest of shot and shell, that they were confused. Otto Van Hannish captured the wooded regions held stubbornly by the enemy on Warren's Run in the face of fierce resistance and also turned the Glandelinian flank shattering their surging lines. General Federal Doubleday was coming up the Aronburg and Costello roads at this time and these forces were thrown upon the Glandelinians under general Frank Ottoman Hannish, and as more reinforcements arrived the Glandelinians on the right of Warren's Run became panic stricken and retreated, Hannish the Glandelinians also being overwhelmed and retreating.

Along the main left the struggle was still in full sway and even increasing with terrible ferocity as still more reinforcements arrived but soon along the whole left the Glandelinians were soon wavering after thousands of volleys over the short space of a mile had been fired by the christians within fifteen minutes, but nevertheless general Costello's cannons artillery started to pour a rainstorm of shot and shell and high explosives upon the advancing christians tearing thousands of gaps in their main line, and even shattering to fragments their entire front columns but still the assault was continued with such force and desperation that though the lines were rent and torn to pieces the survivors swarmed up, forced the Glandelinians to flee and captured every one of Costello's cannons guns thousands of his men and the general's line. While this was occurring general von Johnston's Glandelinians retreating had taken up their position on Cemetery Creek and from here they opened a murderous fire of cannon machine guns and musketry upon a portion of the nearest advancing christians annihilating them all and within fifteen minutes this portion of the field seemed to be a wide smoke inferno, many of the Angelinian columns dissolved in dense gaps by secret were torn in their main line and the left wing was combed with shells, but advancing oblique in manner these christians soon had this fiery inferno surrounded on all sides and facing annihilation with Heller killed, the Glandelinians surrendered.

Manley Chamberlaine whose main positions were hastily erected on Erminia Junction Erminia Junction and whose line even extended from Hill number five, connecting with seven and four hill and from Sacramento and Chamberlaine hill, where his main line of artillery was drawn up, opened a fire on the advancing christians that made this three hundred foot hills of wide extent seem like volcanic eruptions annihilating every assaulting column in purple as fast as they got within as fast as they got within range but now Baldwin's artillery opened a curtain of artillery fire upon these positions making those hills untenable for the Glandelinians, Manley Chamberlaine and Aladden's men were killed, and moving his lines from his own new positions it had first held to a commanding point at Vivian's gun from which it was refused to a large wheatfield and so surrounding these deadly series of Glandelinian salients the christians compelled general McWolfeater Francis Stanck who took Chamberlaine's place to surrender, the Angelinians capturing twenty three million Glandelinians besides twenty three thousand pieces of calibre cannon, nine thousand machine guns and two hundred howitzers, besides a thousand krupp guns.

At other points the tide of battle rolled on with the most fearful velocity especially toward Hubert's Manley's center and dashed like withering tidal waves against the Glandelinian front the Glandelinians breaking into confusion. A fiercer and more titanic artillery fight commenced the Glandelinian general Gustapha was killed and another total rout of the Glandelinians seemed certain. Hubert's Manley took personal command of his central divisions at this critical moment placing brigades of artillery and giving orders for the Glandelinians to hold this point at all costs until general Hermann's reinforcements came or until the last man fell, but that there was no giving way under no conditions whatever, even for the Almighty himself if he should attack with his legions of angels and heavenly beings put together.

Riding hoofs batteries struggling up and tried to reach by the point in time, but White Wolf's divisions of fifteen men rushing forward like an avalanche avalanche came face to face with the Glandelinian artillery so quickly that they were not able to fire one discharge.

Riding word had enough artillery to stop a charging force of any size but he had not been quick enough and though he finally got a discharge before the christians swarmed among the guns that was equally terrible enough to stagger the christian advance, he was nevertheless in bad luck, for the Glandelinian muskets were emptied and there was no time to load and though the hand to hand fight exceeded all description the christian assault was just as easily stopped as a small

lawn could stop the crush of a violent tornado. General McWolfeater Johnston striving to rally the panic stricken Glandelinians was killed, Buell Franklin fell at another point, Hanson's army on his successful christian troops then Warren's German and Red Riding Hood of the foe, had to give way and the whole entire line of Hubert's Manley's retreated in confusion, his main line was cut in two by general McWolfeater's brigades by accelerating the movements of the Glandelinian Glandelinian center and retarding that of the wings,

and the entire line was completely rolled up with more frightful loss than what the christians had suffered.

ANOTHER HELLSH SLAUGHTER. THE SEVENTH ASSAULT. THINK OF IT THE CHRISTIANS ARE SO VICTORIOUS AGAIN.

The Glandelinians amid the hellish carnage and despite their main line being cut in two rallied once more, the main chain of glandelinian artillery responded with good and telling effect to the deadly fire of the christian artillery and prepared for greater resistance. The main surges of the Angelinians advanced furiously against Solomon Alseddian positions accompanied by sixteen batteries of Mortar artillery the frontal columns of the graycoats seeing today dissolve by the hundred in the force of the fire of mortars and being batteries, and while the survivors strung to their post positions stubbornly other immense divisions of Abheannian swarming forward charging in one vast multitude, as they spread out into a long line and though it was torn and mangled through and through, the line soon encompassed Solomon Alseddian line in a half circle.

But with an awful roar the firing of the Glandelinians increased, and though this one multitude began to dissolve away, whole surges more

appeared. Already four thousand runs were opened upon the Glandelinians this fire beginning to sweep the Glandelinians away in whole multitudes, the very size of the christian surges.

Division after division of the Angelinians were sweeping on to the aid of the christians, the Angelinians pressing on, thousands being slain outright, but the ravaging fire which streamed from the whole Glandelinian front failed to stop the christian charge and though the Glandelinian cannon increasing their roar in a fearful manner more were placed the christians were nevertheless winning.

Even from the enemys whole line of infantry terrific storms of minnies were poured, and in every direction trees were cut down by shell fire. But on and on streamed the massive christian line, one thousand more of the enemys guns along the center flashing frightfully through through the smoke, fresh volleys and the roar of explosions broke out anew, and the enemys line seemed to be one vast stream of flame and smoke. But now all of the Glandelinian batteries were thundering away with redoubled violence, hurling torrents of shells everywhere among the enemys lines the Angelinians covered by Baldwin's artillery fire pressing on relentlessly and coming in close quarters with them poured a terrible stream of destruction destruction upon them.

Innovation on the Glandelinian side, a great general point going down mangled and bleeding disconcerted the Glandelinians the str struggle having been something horrible. No before the foe gave way. The christians were were advancing everywhere with con temptuous fury driving the Glandelinians back a all along the line for another couple of miles and though once more victorious the christian loss was heavier than the enemys in killed and wounded.

THE TWELFTH ASSAULT.

During the fury of the 12th assault the Angelinians met a fire of terrific fury from Glandelinian reinforcements and while whole brigades melted slowly away, Baldwin's batteries increased their ever increasing roar, hurling shells like rain among the enemys lines stripping all the trees of their branches in that region. General Robert Costello had taken prominent place and ordered the Glandelinians to stand firm. The long brilliant waves of men in purple pressed on, the whole front of the christian line was shattered by the fierce collision but notwithstanding it continued the attack and also Glandelinian and Stanning and Fredrickson sweeping toward the enemys lines encountered

encountered an annihilating fire and were forced to recoil. General Wedge five million men, and catapaults three million men sweeping forward with tremendous fury saw their commands crushed to fragments, and Wedge Johnston being killed his men broke into utter confusion. Five thousand and fifty guns simultaneously opened an annihilating fire upon several brigades moving across the intersection of wolden crossroads and every one of the christians went down into mangled and bleeding corpses. So fierce was the carnage that logs and trees were catching on fire and burning branches fell everywhere.

For ten miles the christian columns melted away, but the survivors swarming over the abandoned salienta pressed toward the enemy, and now to the enemy at this point the thunder of fresh cannon to right front and rear, broke in a continuous roar so loud that it seemed as if the world was blowing to pieces, the firing of musketry sounding like a million cannon broke loose simultaneously, and to add to the terrible din other terrible volleys broke out from general Bavaria's line then came the deafening roll of fresh christian musketry from another direction, which blazed in a general fire heard at Angelina Agathia six hundred miles away. At some points these Glandelinian columns started to retire having been torn and mangled by Baldwin's batteries but found themselves surrounded, thousands of burning trees adding to the horrors of the great battle. The whole force of Glandelinians under general Bernard Snyder was driven and hard pressed on all sides, but other portions still held a silent tier musketry and cannon fire sounding like the exploding of millions of tons of dynamite sticks.

All the christian batteries at the same were swelling to tin titanic throes filling the air with a horrible roar heard for hundreds of miles and a hundred thousand Glandelinians trying to force themselves out of the christian lines had been a all moved down the few survivors throwing themselves flat to escape the merciless fire of merciless fire and finally general Bernard Snyder surrendered with his whole surviving command of ten million men. With irresistible energy the other parts of the christian line had attacked the main left of general Gustavus Manly's left and though columns after columns were swept away, and the whole of Manly's line was simultaneously crushed to fragments, besides six other surges of christians, who were also torn to fragments, the rest pressed on with relentless fury and now master Johnston's line though his first divisions were crushed to fragments managed to break the Glandelinian front, and attacked with such ungovernable fury that they gave way, the Angelinians also falling upon the rest of the line with murderous fury.

Indeed along this point it was impossible for the Glandelinians to stand at all before the charge of the Angelinians and general Henry Stanley's army being hemmed in by a maelstrom of carnage were compelled to surrender, Odder Warren and Henry Stanley falling mortally wounded.

The Glandelinian officers made the most desperate attempts to reform the confused Glandelinian columns, but such a hot fire was poured into their ranks, that to a reform then was utterly impossible and the Glandelinians retreated in confusion. The Angelinians were now swarming everywhere, attacking the Glandelinians who still stood a their ground all along the line, striving with all their might in this inferno amid thousands of shell bursts and hundreds of thousands of toppling trees to carry the rest of the position, the Glandelinian being hard pressed ever everywhere, their generals being Stanek Wilson, Wido Widrow, Wilson Jenningson, Galsen Perry, Perry Farm and James Wright, being wounded, the whole line of battle being simply in a hellish uproar and so intense became the fire of general Tribunan Tribunes Glandelinians that thousands of Angelinian regiments were mowed down. But Watson Costello was killed, his Glandelinians were driven back Wilson Padua two hundred guns were captured, besides thousands of his men, the whole of the enemys line was torn tottered and his blood bleeding, and parts of it gave way in a general retreat, thousands of their ranks having been mowed down, the survivors retiring in the greatest confusion.

Every column of Wilson's divisions were also swept back for three miles to the Maria and Marius gun, Perrys one million three hundred thousand Glandelinians encountering an annihilating fire when countercharging with the fury of an avalanche failed to reach the christian lines one million of their splendid division having been mowed down all of his Glandelinian divisions pouring across Wright's Run in panic under a hot destructive fire. Wright made energetic efforts to advance his columns to a counter charge but the fire of the christians was too hot, and so he had been compelled to give way and this assault was also won by the christians completely.////

THE HIGHEST FURY OF THE SECOND DAY OF THE BATTLE!
THE BLOODY FURY OF THE THIRTEENTH ASSAULT, AND THE BLOODY
ANGLERS.....

Baldwin on the christian side by this time had been wounded, a portion of his battery was silenced by the severe Glandelinian artillery fire but hearing that seven hundred thousand of Wrights men had been captured general Baldwin took courage. During the first part of this assault the christians had taken possession of the Glandelinian Glandelinian works, by overlapping the enemy's line, but at this point the christians met with such stern resistance that they could not hold onto the success thus gained, these christian infantry lines were crushed to fragments by a roaring counter charge supported by the fire of one thousand three hundred guns and while the carnage and din became so terrific that from the fierce uproar the very heavens seemed to be bursting the surviving christian columns gave way, the Glandelinians pressing on and bearing down everything in their path.

The Glandelinians resisting Baldwin's furious assault had managed to gain their ground, but they had fought stubbornly so long on till so few were left of that division of seventeen million five hundred thousand men that they that is the survivors never again entered battle. Though at this point the Glandelinians had retained this bloody angle general Edwin being in action elsewhere with Jackson Vanleys encouraged Hanson to continue the attack at Ushum Manleys lines. The Glandelinian positions to which Ushum Manley had retreated, was in the shape of three three long angles, the surrounding woods sheltering the foe, giving fine position positions for the foe in infantry but not for artillery and it was at this point that three of general Evans divisions had penetrated amid frightful slaughter, and then had been repulsed for lack of support.

The loss on the christian side had been dreadful more heavier than the losses of the enemy. Major general Adolphe had come in with his divisions, Imboden's McRae had been repulsed and general Hanson had a large force of infantry that had not yet been in battle. It was now when all of Hanson's artillery broke into general action the Glandelinians responding with their cannons and now Hanson's fresh forces resumed the fierce onslaught with full fury, one hundred pathing guns mowing twenty of the christian surges into fragments within fifteen minutes, the very abyss of hell again seeming to open open, the firing on both sides roaring like a million call cannon at once. Thousands of frightful volleys was poured upon the christians but as they pressed on undaunted the titanic roar increased with redoubled fury.

HANSON'S WHOLE LINE IS REPULSED AND THROWN INTO WILD
CONFUSION.....

Along the whole of the gray line under general Estre's direct guidance there broke a simultaneous roar of musketry and the christians went down in hundreds of thousands every fifteen minutes the whole assaulting line being fairly riven but at last the command of the line reached by the right of the Glandelinian position, but the Glandelinians under general John Silverhair, Janinga, came to the rescue, McCallen also arriving with his artillery and pouring a murderous line of fire upon the christians who were already swarming swarming over the works. The right wing of the assaulting line of christians began to give way, general Pitts patricks line was shattered into fragments by the terrific fire of the Glandelinians, and now the whole line was giving way in confusion but checked, the Glandelinians pressing on after them, louder rattlings of musketry

breaking out along other parts of the line then the whole christian line not as yet in confusion but checked, became all ablaze ablaze and the brigades of the Glandelinians met led away the uproar of the firing being almost unearthly there being such a deafening uproar that so terrific was the concussion that the people in the cities and towns hundreds of miles away feared to remain within their houses as they deemed that the shocks which they believed were earth quakes would level the cities to the ground.

The swift Glandelinian columns countercharging, came on in massive battle line now fully ablaze with musketry fire, the Glandelinians already holding by fierce reaction Hanson's main left in check and also driving it in a had succeeded in crushing general Hanson's left by superior numbers and by constant flanking, but had lost on their own center a severe brigade and ten battalions of artillery. General Prentiss Wallman's division had been in danger of being cut off and surrounded and so had fallen back before the Glandelinian attack, but later succeeded in closing up, at general's left, and rallying a part of general Hanson's line.

THE FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER OF THE WAVES OF GLANDELINIAN.

The whole of general Hanson's line unaided, shook in the red wings of the bloodiest of wars, the line that wavered before the sludge hammer hammer blows of a wild infernal enemy of God, stiffened and held once more, discharging Glandelinian waves by tens, crumpled and broke once more, before an assault raging with devastating fury, a line that rallied and formed again, mowing a gray surge sixty miles in extent into fragments, stood against storming assaults of redoubled fury, cutting all the Glandelinian waves down, and advanced again successfully once more retreated, turned and held again, it being a frightful battle indeed....

The Angelinians at this section were surprised and outnumbered, outnumbered, outgeneraled, outflanked, without orders, with aimless orders, with conflicting orders, broken, disorganized, confused, beaten driven back by the Glandelinian assault which was as desperate as the defenses was, unflinching, suffering horrible slaughter. This battle line was indeed a regular death trap.

On the Glandelinian side general Henry Darger Wells and Tontil John, were killed, Wilcox was wounded, David Gaudin was captured, the commands of these divisions were wiped out just like a child in school would wipe a slate with a rag. Even Hanson's two main commanders Francis Whelan Wallace was killed, and McCallister Prentiss was mortally wounded.

As the reinforcing came along to the scene of the surprise, they met the full tide of retreat, remnants of what had been armies, and divisions with frantic officers striving in vain to rally them. The reinforcing columns spread out in the fields to the right to left, threw out skirmishers, and advanced more slowly in line of battle, opening up their ranks, unallowing the broken and panic stricken troops to pass through, who reformed under shelter and followed.

Availing himself of the absence of specified orders, general Charles Brown used that knowledge well, seizing upon the strongest position of the battle field, where there was shelter of crust and under brush for the christians, while there was open fields and plains over which the enemy must advance. Barely had they taken their position when the foe came swarming through the woods on the far farther side of the fields and plains while from the christian center came the steady crescendo of thousands of cannon and millions of muskets, but immediately in front not a shot was fired. The enemy were waiting for a volley, while the christian commanders rode slowly along, behind the lines, ordering the men to lie down to reserve and hold their fire. The Glandelinians coming forward in a long yelling surge to the line strong were now only three hundred yards away and suddenly delivered a volley all along the line simultaneously, countless numbers of the Angelinians being struck and falling to the ground in all kinds of struggles as thick as rain, while further along the christian line some of the christian divisions gave a speedy answer, the Glandelinians there wavering for a moment before coming on. But again came the commands of the christian commanders.

"Ten-shant. Hannev your fire. Wait for them. Wait for them....
Steady --hold your fire.Steady wait for them....wait for them
 to comecloser."
 A battery of forty guns posted at this point under like instructions,
 to hold their fire was unable to endure the strain, and becoming panic
 stricken because they could not fire when they wished, they turned tail
 and fled without firing a shot. The Glandelinians closer now than before,
 yelled in a perfect uproar that was shocking and fired again with
 a tremendous rolling crash of musketry that stunned all who heard it,
 but the whole christian line unable to bear the strain any longer
 lost their fire with the same roaring rolling crash, their thousands
 of volleys fired simultaneously crashing out murderously at point blank,
 the whole Masonic line was frightfully shot to pieces, the second
 line was rapped and torn, but still on came the survivors.

Hundreds of thousands of gray forms lay still
 and quiet on the May grass, multitudes of forms limped, crawled, or
 staggered back, while all around through the frightful roar of the
 musketry fire, rose pitiful cries of agony to ring the heart.
 The whole Glandelinian surge withered and broke, was in great confusion.
 Hundreds of thousands firing incessantly rushed madly on, hundreds
 of thousands of others huddled together and fired, some stood or knelt
 alone and shot as coolly as at target practice, then in an
 instant like shrapnel in a fire they melted away also, the knots
 large or small dissolved in to dead or wounded, the survivors streaming
 back across the fields for the shelter of the woods. Then a second
 gray surge the same number in strength, came from the woods, opened up
 to let their fleeing comrades through, halted fired, reloaded and came
 on with dreadful swiftness yelling in one chorus which shook the air in
 deafening tumult.

Then a third gray army sprang up from the woods beyond, while an unseen
 battery began to hurl a storm of shot and shrapnel into the christian
 lines. Wave after wave of gray ten million strong each, rose shrieking,
 beat upon the christian lines, tore them to fragments, fell back
 in remnants before the horrible slaughter and rose once more, and went
 at it again and again every time with the most redoubled fury,
 fairly raising calm with the whole christian line. Above the titanic
 uproar of hundreds of thousands of thunderous cannon, crash of million
 millions of rifle volleys in an incessant roar, screaming shells and
 high explosives by the hundreds of thousands which seemed to hurl the
 earth into the air in horrible eruptions, flaming conflagrations
 among the woods, and battle smoke, clattering roar of titanic explosions
 hurrying columns of smoke and debris thousands of feet, above uproar
 and clamor like the whole world bursting to pieces, in millions of
 volcanic eruptions that could tear up the earth's crust, and turn it
 into a molten planet, through all the wild hellstorm of seething
 inferno of battle, and whole scale slaughter, pierced the shrill
 fury of the charging legions in gray, the dreaded Glandelinian "DEVIL YELL."
 The fierce Glandelinian cheering on her sons. The cleaved fields for
 scores of miles were thick strewn with great seas of Glandelinian dead,
 hundreds of thousands of wounded men rose there in their unendurable agony
 heedless of the leaders hail about them, or seeking to reload in its
 fury. General David Wilcox Manning was borne swiftly by on a
 stretcher, his army having been shot or carried away by a cannon ball,
 his whole side was dreadfully torn by a shell explosion and a splinter
 of bone blood-dripping protruded through the blood soaked hasty bandages,
 the despair and agony in that white face being pitiful.

Hannonia's whole line during this seething avalanche of hell's damna-
 tion, was outnumbered throughout the rest of the day, the only chance
 for the christians laying in the strength of the ground, of using
 every available means of shelter to the utmost, for to present
 themselves for long as a fair target for the wildly attacking and scream-
 ing enemy would be fatal. The first main Glandelinian charge had come
 when too many of the christians had been still deaf to all commands,
 drunken with frenzied victory, blinded to all sorts, except the apparently
 fleeing foe, or dazed at seeing his strength suddenly renewed.
 That assault though repulsed had cost them dear. The christian losses
 was frightful more frightful than that of the enemy, and it did seem even
 to many an Angelinian commander that flesh and blood could not stand
 the strain of the assault any longer. So the slow afternoon wore on
 in a long almost unendurable unendurable inferno of horror all along
 the line both sides strong as they were seemed to try their best to
 annihilate each other.

The bleeding Angelinians here, with their thinned and shortened
 lines closed stubbornly up for the dreadful task, knew nothing how

this most bloodiest of fights was progressing elsewhere, save as strugglers
 joined them, with news of black disaster all along the line. Hour by
 hour amid an inferno of firing of cannon and musketry all along a line
 of sixty miles, they were steadily losing ground hour by hour, that grim
 angle was bent back to a sharper curve, fighting bitterly for every
 inch with a foe of God and all his angels and saints and children that
 that seemed invincible, that no slaughter no matter how terrible and
 costly could daunt, no loss even in officers or men could blindingly the
 christians fought on tenaciously now without fear, as without hope,
 stubbornly gaining a vast morgue, losing, gaining again and losing
 most. This Glandelinian charge however the most ferocious of the day
 was already beaten to a standstill, but the christian left was sadly less
 lessened in numbers, forced to fall back again so that they might have
 less ground to defend the next time when the appalling attack
 was resumed and at it was at this time that the Glandelinian chief
 Huesbaum Manley felt seriously and dangerously wounded, and yet his men as
 now did not know it. Stuart and Capt. Johnston had been out
 flanked and driven back with frightful dissipation, Hannson's right
 was outflanked and dissipated, other columns were driven back
 in mere platoons of all that were left, Charles Brown was outflank
 outflanked and stood, Phelan Wallace Grant with them, amid all the fury
 of the bloodiest of all wars. But Wallace Grant had been killed his
 divisions scattered and so surrounded, though six of his divisions under
 general general putting attempting to cut their way out had made good
 their escape. In the fatal lull of the Prantice surrender a Glandelinian
 general, the breathless christian fell back closed up, that tremen-
 dous gap placed their massive batteries, and drew their lines to
 gether for the final struggle. A partial partial assault was replu-
 repulsed with annihilation to the attackers. And in the brief a
 space in that followed Hannson saw his furious staff officers
 officers forcing the drivers of ammunition ammunition and supply
 wagons hurrying down the hill side roads, down the hill sides themselves
 to give soon above for headlong cannon, new reinforcements
 and batteries, and to his joy the main forces of general Picknells
 came up with Virginia, Wisconsin, and Nevada divisions, and so
 the last desperate stand was successful.

A new storm of artillery fire was sweeping the blue ranks, concentrated
 deadly and unceasing, the low sinking sinking sun-gleaming through the
 battle smoke. Victorious, confident, steady the Glandelinians poured forward
 in a hundred great waves millions strong, their volleys sweeping the
 christian columns with terrible effect, and receiving only a feeble answer
 the gray host came on in a line of rebel formation, and now as
 another volley, and another shattered the purple lines, there
 came a frightful roar seemingly everywhere, the gray waves heaved shuddered
 melted to fragments, rallied came on, dissolved away away, in halted
 and fired, and in the awful der delirium of battle the wild high pitch
 of heroic madness, the unceasing christian fire withered a
 every wave, scores of them melted away and the survivors broke and fled
 in confusion. Picknells, Wisconsin, Hannson's and the rest
 of the christian forces, leaping forward in swift pursuit. The christ-
 ian banners reeled forward again again and again, for the christians
 the second day of the battle was won. The whole Galverinian country from
 coast to coast had been shaken like an earthquake by the tremendous di-
 astrophical of the second days battle, wino windows by millions in the scores
 of cities being broken by the concussion, though this great battle was
 being fought fifty miles south of the Galverinian boundary line in
 northern Angelinia. In Angelinia itself cities a thousand miles away from
 the roaring battlefield was vibrated at strong enough by the concussion,
 to cause millions of dollars loss in damage, not of only windows or
 dishes but in houses as well.

Under the cover of the night after resisting the christians until
 until nightfall Huesbaum's aid gathered the fragments of his army and withdrew
 taking with them as many cannon as had not been captured by the christians.
 Huesbaum had been successful long enough to cover the withdrawal of the armies
 under his father and brother, but had been unable to win victory himself,
 and now was lying wounded in an ambulance, and though not wounded enough
 to die was unable for further service for nearly a month.
 On the second days action the Glandelinian losses too terrific to be es-
 timated but the christians lost suffered the loss of 13,996,000 dead
 and 36,000,000 wounded.

Amid the inferno of flame and din, earth tearing explosions it was indeed a nerve trying journey for general Jack Evans and the poor crippled Vivian girls, who were almost blinded by the smoke haze, dazed by the earsplitting explosions of shells and the horrible prolonged roar of the frightful battle everywhere. The booming of cannons by the hundred thousand was almost driving Evans and the little girls mad, they could hear the frightful shrieking roar of the Glandelinian devil yell, during Huebman Manleys last onslaught, and the screams of shells over their heads was as constant as the shrieking typhoon. Another shell at this moment had landed among the column Evans was leading exploding with an earsplitting detonation, killing and injuring a whole mass of men and unfortunate horses and annihilating the rest.

As they progressed on now under cover, the almost preternatural up roar of the distant firing seemed to grow louder, and Violet seeing a thick wall of smoke haze far to her right, fancied as if in a dream that she could see the opposing lines writhing to and fro, batteries being placed and withdrawn and men falling in terrible and faster numbers quicker than she could count by the hundred.

Divisions of Angelinians and Nicknellians were now rushing past the little groups guarding the helpless Vivian girls, and now Violet and her sisters believed that from the way things looked the Glandelinians were doing the attacking. Never before had the little girls heard such an awful uproar since their short captivity by Baldwin Glandelinians at Gloria Francisman's great fight and so many wounded, all in frightful condition were being brought on stretchers or crossed guns, by soldiers carrying them across their shoulders, that the little girls could almost believe that all the people in the world had been injured in some great calamity.

It was at this time that the din of the battle had seemed to grow at its worse and showers of bullets spattered against the trees caused the soldiers with Evans to stand behind the thickest of them, Evans and the little girls doing the same, though at times when they managed to see the gray forms in the direction of the frightful battle.

They shot them down from their hiding places. A certain Christian officer was riding toward their hiding place of Violet and her sisters it being general Selgunary who had rescued them at Worms during the rag reign of terror there when a high explosive shell burst to the right of them hiding their view in the smoke and sending clouds of gravel and wreckage in all directions around the edge of the shell crater already dug. When the smoke cleared to the horror of Violet and her sisters they saw the mangled horse and the rider lying on the ground and Selgunary was lying over them both.

One after another of the soldiers firing from behind the trees were dropping lifeless to the ground, from exposing themselves recklessly to the random storm of bullets, and now only twenty men out of the thousand that rode with them was left, beside Evans and the little girls who crouched low to avoid the danger of being hit by the stray bullets. The very shells were dominating the open ground beyond these trees, and Evans and the little girls did not dare leave their shelter. Division after division of men were seen retiring in confusion, far to the right, many of the men in purple quickly summing the ground.

Three other generals, Hemmings, Baldwin Frank Sedwick, and James Dearborn were galloping toward the panic stricken columns within sight of Violet and her sisters a minute later there was an awful roar of explosions in that direction, a wall of shooting smoke belched forth in clouds, that rolled like an eruption, and when it cleared all that was seen of the former retreating column was mangled fragments of bodies, or bodies mangled and torn, scattered over y-where those generals having been blown to pieces with their horses, as nothing was seen of them afterwards.

The firing of the attacking foe and their batteries was indeed terrible to take effect at such a distance, and bullets began to spatter against the trees so incessantly, that the little girls thought themselves goners, and what if a high explosive shell would land among their refuge. There could be no Vivian girls afterwards to write about. But the little girls constantly prayed, as did Evans, and no harm as yet came to them. Far in the distance flags were seen and battalions were moving to and fro and several more Christian generals, Hemmings Bonville, and Henry Bantle covered with dust and debris from head to foot were riding toward their refuge, yelling to a force to advancing Nicknellians far to their left.

"Call the main column to go forward as we are winning, though general Rudolph Randolph is killed. Hurry for delay will give the foe

time to rally. There is no time to lose."

Three other officers were dashing madly in another direction, the forces of Nicknellians swarming forward at a double quick. Other officers were dashing about, the firing seeming to have abated considerably along this point, or otherwise these officers would have dropped!..... But nevertheless Evans and the others did not as yet dare to venture forth. All around in the midst of all the overwhelming to and fro rush of battle, the little girls had two twice already saw themselves surrounded by Glandelinians and Angelinians together, fighting like maddened demons, bayonets clashing everywhere, and as the Glandelinians were shot to win the little girls before they realized it were seized from behind and carried away. The little girls soon found out that they had been taken by some of general Quincy Angelinians who terribly incensed by the offering loss of so many of their comrades, were nevertheless bound to save the little dears from the clutches of the Glandelinians, who were surging forward like angry waves. Shells were still bursting with earsplitting crashes but the Angelinians with their fair charges and Evans in their midst were hurrying to the rear.

General Nicknell just came up and halting demanded lieutenant Walsh to turn the little girls over to him. He knew that if the foe captured them they with the Glandelinians would treat the little girls as spies and slay them..... The officer obeyed Evans remaining with the little girls.....

"What beauties!" Thought Nicknell to himself, paying no attention for the moment at the appalling Glandelinian attack. "Indeed I never saw them prettier in faint features and looks as they do now and look at their beautiful little arms. And thank heaven that I can see them walking without crutches and ride horses and they use to though they still limp a good deal."

Evans spoke to Violet, who answered and the turn of her head glancing in the direction of the enemy, some of her golden hair golden hair brushing her face.....

.....THE THIRD DAY OF THE BATTLE.....

All night long the opposed opposing armies lay within battle reach of each other Manleys armies having prepared to make a last and general stand though his whole army was shattered, and the success seemed never to come. All night long was spent in retrench work, fresh cannons were brought up and by dawn the foe were ready again to meet the Christian charge which they felt sure was to come. The Christian lines under generals Hanson and Vivian were still solid, heavily reinforced, by the arrival of general Williamsburger Zimmermann's army and his batteries were concentrated in the center. Behind the whole Christian line the shattered stretch of wooded country, which which just the day before had been in possession of the enemy, was still visible, the wreckage of the last two days battle.

The battle field had already extended sixty miles in length, and was thirty thirty nine miles in width....

On account of Huebman Manley's successive retreats, on the afternoon of the second day of battle which had raged seven hours, everywhere, the Christian armies had advanced pretty far southward, the shattered Glandelinian army was apprehensive over the new movements of the Christian army though everything was yet still and silent and preparing for an expected attack made a demonstration to try and convince the Christians that they were stronger than they were for facts and the result was a complete disillusion of the troops who made the demonstration for the Christian batteries suddenly opened fire mowing them all down to the horror and surprise of all the Glandelinian commanders.

At nine o'clock nine o'clock in the morning, an hour after this fatal demonstration on the part of the enemy, the Angelinians started to move forward again under cover of the same artillery fire which had not ceased since it began and which now seemed to blow everything before it. Four hundred thousand cannon being concentrated upon the foe and now the battle was on again in full sway..... Violet and her sisters

watched the columns go by talking to each other in soft whispers and the deafening uproar of the distant cannonade, the enemy lines in the distance seeming to be unaided by shell explosions. But to Violet and her sisters these great christian columns seemed to resemble a vast score of multitudes of soldiers advancing to annihilate them for they knew now that the foe would offer more terrible resistance than ever, the Glandelinian fire in the far distance becoming more intolerably oppressive than could be imagined. On pressed the christian columns, bringing speedy success at seeing the shell barrage tearing hellish devastation among the enemy lines but suddenly along the whole gray front there was a frightful roar sounding like the explosion of a million cannon which shook the whole entire country, horrified the vivian girls who heard it and proceeded by a blinding flash, the ten foremost waves of christians dissolved amid the heartrending carnage, huge gaps appeared in the main line and Violet and her sisters hid the scene from their view with their hands across their eyes.

But nevertheless the survivors continued on amid the crashing seething hell of fury the Glandelinians as their piercing yell being again heard above the uproar of firing the whole christian line being torn to pieces. Whole wedges of the Glandelinians also were going down before the fire of the christian batteries, a perfect barrage of shells and high explosives tearing everything to pieces, razing the wooded forest regions to fragments, and silencing many a Glandelinian cannon but amid this roaring inferno of flame and din which moved down thousands all along the line simultaneously, the Glandelinians gave vent to their most bloodcurdling "DEVIL YELL" returned blow for blow, with all their might, denouncing the region for miles and miles, and with avalanches of seething shrapnell, withering nearly the whole of the christian line, which wavered and recoiled, some columns stood, fast and fired, others threw themselves flat and returned the enemy's fire in a perfect storm of musketry that that was incessant, but finally dissolved away the Glandelinians pressing on after them amid a frightful scene of confusion. The whole christian line that made this desperate assault was crushed to fragments driven into panic and confusion and recoiled in scattered columns almost hidden in smoke shrouds the Glandelinian waves pressing on after the fugitives in a human wave and the christian officers who tried to rally them fell dead or wounded.

The whole christian column fell like chaff the advancing forces of the enemy seeming to appear like the very swords of the destroying angles of to thepanic stricken Angelinians, and in a very few minutes mostly all the the ground so dearly gained the day before was crammed with perfect waves of graycoats in pursuit of the panic stricken Angelinians as they retreated across the fields. Advancing rapidly the Glandelinian columns still giving vent to their dreadful "DEVIL YELL" rapidly spread out closing in on general Amos christian columns the panic being terrific....

"To little Catherine creak with all haste." Shouted Evan to the little girls as he dashed up to Violet and her sisters who stood almost paralyzed to the spot with horror at this scene. "It's our only chance to escape this seething inferno advancing toward us!"

General Kindernine fortunately had witnessed this scene through his through his field glasses and hurled great forces forward, with the instructions to their gnera generals to regain all the lost ground at all costs to check the infuriated assaulants and press them back until thepanic stricken lines could be reformed.

As the christian columns came up to the rescue the scene became appalling, the Glandelinians firmly cornered by the new armies of advance advancing death in front became confused, the scene terminated like a forty mile length of active volcanic craters, and the Glandelinians seeking to flee before the murderous assault trod recklessly upon the fallen, the very air was filled with the horrible yells of both sides, cannons by the hundred thousand volleyed and thundered in the most deafening salvos, the earth seemed to rise up in seething eruptions everywhere, the horrible misadventures, and tumults of bayonets added to the horrible pandemonium, thousands of the Glandelinians surrendered, and finally the main gray line rapped and torn drew back in a steady retreat across the flaming fields and plains appalled at the horrible slaughter.

KINDERNINE IS SEVERELY WOUNDED...

Kindernines whole surge pressed on as thousands of raps were torn in the retiring line of the enemy and victory seemed certainly immediately, but

but amid the deadly inferno which checked and threw back the impetuous advance of the foe, it suddenly seemed that thousands of gray lines opened up into blinding furnaces, Kindernine went down mangled and blood bleeding, his main columns were riven through and through, and the foe again counter advanced, pressing on like a monstrous wave, refreshed by others and Kindernines surviving divisions gave way before the Glandelinians who were coming on like a regular multitude rushing on to murder them all and yelling their famous war cry so furiously that the worse clamor of the wildest tornado could not do credit. The whole surge came on, shouting, singing, cursing, blaspheming, defying God, shrieking, howling, and yelling like the wildest demons and even the roar of the christian battery could not drown out the awful roar of the roaring devil yell of that screeching avalanche of Glandelinians coming on with the fury of a demon charge, the christians still giving way their lines reduced to remnants. The whole christian line had been torn to pieces the enemy now being overwhelming in strength, which a few minutes which a few minutes before had been terribly overwhelmed by their christian foes and now they poured on with the nose and fury of thousands of waves of yelling demons with the force of a thousand avalanches, at once, thousands of christians were riddled with bullets per minute, the confused survivors were half suffocated by the thick smoke and the ground was fairly paved with the dead and wounded of both sides.... A big force of christians had rallied behind a barricade, but the Glandelinians tearing on captured them all prisoners, strangled or shot many more who would not surrender, and bayoneted the others without mercy. Other columns of christians now barred the way, the fighting being still more fiercer, ten thousand Glandelinian brigades were shot, ten thousand of their best regiments were annihilated, thirty thousand of their cavalry regiments with all their horses were wiped out simultaneously, hundreds of their divisions were riddled with their ranks torn to fragments, and though the main line was checked large columns tried still to advance facing the seething extensive inferno like the brave men they were....

THE CHRISTIANS PRESS ON A THIRD TIME. THE SLAUGHTER GROWS WORSE. ANOTHER REPULSE.

General Francis Hansons lines, extending for thirty miles had entirely disappeared before the terrific christian fire, another Glandelinian column extending for forty three miles had been swept and torn to pieces their general Frangtonia was dead, and the main line facing a shrieking storm of millions of shots per minute, finally gave way again and now as general Roswell Juster, Johnston samies appeared the christians started to go forward amid the fiery uproar, and soon extending along his whole advancing line was an immense immense rolling cloud of powder smoke followed by a perfect avalanche of bullets which added by the storm of shells that ripped and tore through the retreating lines of the enemy caused such indescribable havoc that the Glandelinians became panic stricken, and this enabled Hanson to enable to rally his demoralized men and get them to press on also. All the christian batteries seemed to be in a tumultuous uproar the enemys whole line being rent and torn many columns were mowed down and such a sea of dead and wounded Glandelinians were exposed to view that this fearful unaccountable slaughter appalled them. Everywhere now the battle was raging with the most indescribable fury and amid the terrifying roar of firearms along the enemys lines that again and again blazed forth like the uproar of a million pieces of artillery, the Angelinian columns under general Roswell and Hansons pressed upon the enemy this time with a more awful fury spreading and expanding their lines amid the carnage and in a few minutes the christian waves scores of miles in length which were crossing the elsie lanes were caught in a seething roaring crashing inferno of fire and mangled fragments. The whole Glandelinian army thus engaged though held at bay were not entirely driven back as yet their main line hiding away in a great wall of smoke, from the most dreadful firing yet delivered by them.

But all of the cannons of the christian batteries christian batteries besides the many batteries they had captured and had in their possession roared with more frightful detonations pouring a great barrage of shells

upon the glandelinian surge the flashing of a cannon all along the line the being dreadful their main front line was torn to fragments, the advancing christian line dashed fearfully with their own musketry fire and finally the enemy wavered in general's front and the enemy facing vindernine's battalions also received a fierce fire of artillery which obscured all their ranks in smoke of shell explosions, also fell back it being another repulse of the enemy.

THE GREAT FALMS BACK ALONG HANSON'S LINES. BALDWIN'S BATTERIES BREAK LOOSE IN A TURBULENT UPROAR.

Along Hanson's whole line the struggle was still in full swing and even increasing in fearful ferocity the enemy encountering a fearful machine gun fire on the left and also wavered, and now Hanson's column rushed upon them, many of the glandelinians still still holding their guns and these let loose a shower of projectiles, which fell like hail among Hanson's most massive lines his front columns went down into mangled and bleeding and his main line was badly torn up, but still the survivors seeing the main gray columns wavering, swept on the trembling shattered gray columns with their own line bent and tore full back along, from all of the christian front leaving behind great numbers of dead and dying. All of the front columns of the enemy seemed to dissolve as the Angelinians with the cannon they had captured opened fire, yet in their withdrawal the enemy were not hastened though immense divisions of the Abbeasians and Angelinians pressed after them the whole of their many waves of men now charging in one terrible line spreading out in a long surge.

This vast surge was reared into thousands of pieces by the furious fire of the enemy's batteries but nevertheless the christian columns continued to advance pressing the glandelinians so hard that general Manley became apprehensive. The christian batteries were still pouring their terrific broadsides, the blood soaked ground being strewn with multitudes of dead of both sides, in deed, the whole line of battle seemed to be all of dead and wounded. The glandelinians were now in a panic stricken and retreated in confusion yelling and cursing as the long chains of batteries under general Baldwin roared like the Galverinian volcano in eruption. Hanson's columns, musters, and kinder lines despite the approach of a whole line of reinforcements coming to the aid of the panic stricken glandelinians hunched up to make a stand to cover their retreat, continued on in their fearful charge, this whole new line also being pressed back though both sides retain their murderous firing, and in due time that reinforcing line trying gain again, to make a stand suffered annihilation.

The advance of the christian line under general Hanson's puster, and those of vindernine was completely irresistible, and the enemy was driven back for over ten miles most of their designated divisions and columns being scattered, abroad. All the batteries under Baldwin were thundering loud enough to vibrate the battle field, and now for the foe all seemed lost.

THE DISASTER OF THE SUSTONIUS ONSLAUGHT.

All along the whole christian line the battle was raging with the most titanic fury and covered by the fire of general Vivian's main batteries the whole christian surge twenty million strong still strong under general Sustonius, wadice, atus, Gaul and Anglesay made a frightful on onslaught on the main glandelinian center the struggle being something terrible. Incessantly along the whole glandelinian center a perfect storm of death and destruction was hurled upon general Sustonius' divisions. The waves of men under general Gaul being reduced to remnants and Gaul being shot in

in the heart only lived a few hours.....his surviving columns falling like leaves in a hurricane from the trees, the glandelinians at this point carrying all before them. The armies under general Catus were simultaneously but hurled back with the loss of their leader, who was mortally wounded, and three quarters of their men. The other christian divisions were still attacking like a wild ocean of raging waves in a hurricane upon a strong breastwater, and general Galverine Hanson on the christian side was killed. Everywhere the crushing shells stripped the trees of their branches sent more trees crashing to the ground than a hurricane could lasting a week but amid the incessant ear splitting detonations of shell explosions all along the line from general Vivian's main line of batteries which made a sound like a million volcanoes in eruption the whole glandelinian center stood as firm as a Gibraltar, sweeping to pieces columns after columns and now general Anglesay received a mortal shot in the lung and fell.

It almost did seem that ten millions of these horrifying disasters and shower of death were not half as bad as the great battle of Francis-Atlanta or, Maria hundreds of their thousands of Anglesay's men were slain his whole line was threatened with annihilation and recoiled in confusion.

All of general Vivian's five to six hundred thousand cannon were in a spasmodic action now which had increased in a fearful manner, being fearfully violent, all of these guns pouring a perfect hailstorm of shell, shrapnell and high explosives upon the enemy, but all this terrific fire and he which dealt such terrible havoc to men by the hundred thousand and felling trees in almost the same number did not daunt the surviving foe who amid the screaming of the shells, and the tumult of titanic explosions, gave the christian waves of assailing men still greater devastation and now Sustonius had only nine million men left, but still he continued the bloody onslaught, the unbroken christian lines streaming on. Hanson's assailing columns having pressed over the enemy's works was now in danger of being hemmed in by the columns of the glandelinians and threatened with annihilation had to withdraw, and during the retreat which turned into confusion he fell severely wounded and the smoke of battle was becoming so thick that the retreating columns which rushed on through it, over burning barricades, through forests of burning trees, the swinging menace of broken burning branches, and tottering tree trunks became lost. But now the rest of general

Sustonius line had swarmed over the many glandelinian works when there came a salvoes of resounding million cannon like volleys, the whole christian advance was staggered, their entire line was in fragments, and gave way slowly all along the line the christian columns having went down into mangled and bleeding for the distance of nine miles alone point their main leader was mortally wounded and the surviving columns as more of the same volleys which outrivaled the heaviest cannonading in any volcanic eruption broke loose again, each as separate volley succeeding each other so rapidly as if to produce a continuous roar like if the world was blowing to pieces, gusts, and now the enemy pressed forward again the whole battle field seeming to be torn by the stupendous carnage. Falling trees were crashing everywhere about the Angelinians rending their way to earth the thick glandelinian wave which was now advancing, extended as far as eye could see, and seeing that these black battled devils were reaching out like several wings, and encompassing the retreating survivors general Vivian sent general Costello, Costello Francis Bonilian to the aid, but these could not gather in time and making a last stand, the Angelinians fought till their number was reduced to fifty thousand, Angelinian to doing his best to cover their retreat but he was soon hewn down from the field severely wounded. Long after this battle so many men had died in Sustonius command alone that it made a hill hills of grave stones with their names engraved upon them when buried decently. Out of that twenty million fifty thousand returned. The dead numbered 18,000,000.

Hundreds of thousands of columns of clear white smoke from exploding shells prevented the enemy from counter charging and now general Costello Johnston's lines of the same number in strength swept into view and made another frightful attack on the glandelinian center supported by general Vivian's batteries which pounded hell out of the glandelinian front, but this vast christian surge was also pounded to fragments, Angelinian, and Jennings Johnston being wounded. There was a terrible outburst of millions of musket volleys and explosions as everywhere.

all along the line which was succeeded by a simultaneous redoubled pandemonium of crashes like the exploding roar of a hundred thousand cannon and from the whole Glandelinian center there came an annihilating fire of the greatest intensity and amid the final outburst of volley

fi ring five hundred thousand Angelinians under general Estrabrook melted into fragments, Costello w Johnston was killed and the whole purple surge still almost withered in the face of the enemy's fire

recoiled in confusion.

But a fearful withering fire of christian cannon upon the Glandelinians made a sublime uproar from the spasmodic salvos of exploding shells like millions of exploding dynamite sticks, and a devastating barrage extended for seventy miles hundreds of thousands of shells being hurled upon the Glandelinians, while all of the christian batteries on the extreme right wing also swelled to the titanic throes filling the air for many hundreds of miles with the most tremendous uproar overheard in war. Another great force of christians forty million in strength was thrown against the Glandelinian center, but in one quarter of an hour five million five hundred thousand Angelinians were moved down, the survivors many as they were retreating in panic. The main columns however still advanced to the attack with seemingly the most irresistible energy and in the mean general Oswald master Johnstone whole left wing was swept away into inert obscurity, the whole of general Charles Brown's line was split into gigantic gaps twenty miles long, he himself lost all of his staff officers, who were all killed, and he was obliged to withdraw the fragments of his divisions which recoiled in confusion.

THE ENEMY APPEAR APPARENTLY VICTORIOUS AND THE INDETERMINABLE

.....CARNAGE.....

Shoeman and Dickson too on the Glandelinian side was killed their divisions were swept away to pieces and recoiled with the noise of stupendous firing behind them and the general Oswald master Johnstone fell as seriously wounded and was borne from the field in a dangerous condition. The Glandelinian general Benigan Johnstone, was killed and Costello's attack had to take his place. Shoeman's main army which still continued the assault was literally reduced to a mere divisions shattered to fragments, and these gave way in panic and confusion. But other christian columns spreading out with rapidity that was incredible resumed the assault with almost ungovernable fury, but general Costello's men could not any longer stand before the withering fire of the enemy, and hemmed in by hundreds of thousands of yelling, shouting, screaming gray-coated madmen, was compelled to retreat quickly but reinforced shattered the assailants that attacked him after resuming the attack himself. Hanson himself now commanding the main christian center, did not know what to do when he saw how his attacking waves, were so frequently vanquished with such appalling slaughter, but nevertheless he decided to attack in general fury once more. He drew his revolver and said:

"If it's death for us all if we do not force the line of these human tigers somehow. We in the first place were fools to retreat."

The Glandelinians were advancing now at a fierce counter charge, Kindermann's whole line being pressed back, all at first believing that the battle was lost, and were broken hearted and felt themselves over towards to retreat before an even enemy of God. Reaching the shelter of Lincoln gun Kindermann's officers ordered all of their men behind every object of protection just as the madly yelling enemy were coming within range. General Leveson of Scott general Leveson Scott who took Kindermann's place ordered most of the men to use the windows of dead for shelter also, and not to fire under any conditions until ordered.

The Glandelinian batteries were being trained upon this point however and though the range was as yet too short, hundreds of trees per minute were shattered or thrown down by the explosions of shells, and general Scott felt sure that he would not be able to hold. Germaine Cannon Vivian, Jamieson, and Wallen Jennings arrived with their artillery, and when the enemy came close enough a fire was poured upon the foe that melted away their columns one by one, but nevertheless they could not be stopped, and one stalwart Glandelinian crazed by the din and confusion of the battle rushed at Scott who was snorting commands, and shooting down Glandelinians with his pistols. Scott brought him down with several quick shots, the two opposing lines were now like mad armies of demons, the fields in front of the Angelinians being cleared as quickly as they swarmed with the Glandelinians, but the surviving columns amid the tone of toppling trees, which ran knocked off by the storm of bullets crashed among them, tried fiercely and with the fury of desperation to cut the position and general Scott sent an appeal for help.

The whole line of battle was now in a more tremendous uproar the firing of scores of millions of muskets at this section of Lincoln run becoming so intense that the shattered and torn lines in gray shuddered. Most of the main line halted but some of their main columns still pressed onward and onward, Costello's army was killed, and his gray surge annihilated.

But still the other columns as yet did not waver but rushed from field to field, through lanes to lanes, the fury of demons, but the most of general Vivian's short range guns opened a general withering fire which tore many of these reckless columns to fragments and the smoke itself along Scott's lines was so thick that hardly anything could be seen and the whole of Lincoln run was a horrible inferno of wholesale slaughter of Glandelinians.

Amid the dreadful carnage general Scott was killed, General Agricola was mortally wounded, but nevertheless the christians supported by one third of general Leona Bicknell's command still held its ground in that fiery inferno, though the enemy had even struck their left flank a terrible blow, and the gray line was terribly gapped and torn, and the Glandelinians were being driven down, and no many brigades utterly annihilated, that the Glandelinian surge quite retreating although still refusing to retire.

THE FRIGHTFUL STORM OF BATTLE ON THE PLAINS OF LINCOLN RUN THE FRIGHTFUL SLAUGHTER OF THE CAVARLY.

At this moment general Dargers, Dargins, and William Schloeders immense cavalry forces 19,000,000 strong made a roaring charge upon the assailants attacking Kindermann's leaderless forces, holding so firmly on Lincoln run, supported by Scott's infantry. But every line of christian infantry was swept back horribly gapped and torn clean to Tercians on every column was bended, buckled, or shattered, men lay dead in hundreds of thousands, and the two main Glandelinian commanders, Leodonia, and Leveson fell mortally wounded for the reward of their sudden success against the christians.

The immense cavalry forces however continued its maddening charge across the plains of Lincoln Run and it was a wonder indeed how this whole cavalry force survived the annihilating fire of the enemy's musketry and cannon. More than nine million one hundred thousand men and horses were either frightfully shattered or disemboweled

amid the awful carnage, through they succeeded in riding through the enemy's lines with a fearful dash, their leader Scholder and Schloeder were killed with their horses, and Dargers and Dargins were dismounted fifteen times as they strove vainly to rally Scott's fleeing infantry fugitives. A portion of the routed cavalry divisions found temporary refuge in a small lane of Lincoln Run which was smoke filled but all these meadows and fields in their immediate front and on the Evangeline at Blue railroad line for scores of miles were now gray with

scores of million pursuing glandelinians and they were captured it seemed impossible for the main line of cavarly to stand against even the glandelinian infantry. But great multitudes of fresh Angellian Angellian cavarly and Concontinians were pouring across the region of Lincoln Asylum near Gertrude Run like panic stricken herds, so swift was the charge of the enemy the firing, along the whole line cannons and musketry decimating whole waves of men and horses together. At one point the furious cavarly forces despite their most energetic efforts could make no further progress for a while, but at another point a large force of glandelinians trying to overlap the cavarly divisions suffered complete annihilation. While the numerous christian cavarly divisions were pressing upon general Costello's glandelinian columns who were fleeing Antonio's gunguis swept on with their forces from little Catherine Lincoln Run, to check them but in vain and so fierce was the tremendous cavarly battle, that all the whole fields for miles seemed again broken out into an inferno of slaughter hand to hand. All of the glandelinian guns before this had opened fire a withering fire of such intensity that though the onslaught of the cavarly had seemed to become unmanageable the glandelinian cavarly clashing with them like a legion of enraged angels and demons together annihilated them at bay, crushing each column after column to fragments, scores of monstrous windrows and piles of men and horses of the christians alone being revealed every where.

The front line of the christian cavarly, one million strong however, at the very first clash had been annihilated other columns had been crushed to fragments, and though each checked at last the christian cavarly was impossible to be driven back under any conditions, and the y had struck such a terrible blow that at this point the whole of the enemy's 51,000,000 men had been reduced to fragments never advanced again that day.....

THE ACTION ALONG GENERAL VIVIAN'S MAIN LINE OF THE LEFT AND CENTER ALSO SITUATED ON THE LINCOLN RUN? CAUGHT IN A TRAP AND THREATENED WITH ANNIHILATION. SENGUINE TO THE RESCUE OF COSTELLO.

The main christian line including Hanson's whole line and general Vivian's right and left were almost hidden in wreaths of smoke and flame and now the enemy along the whole line of battle, which seemed to be almost seventy miles long came rushing forward in successions of waves. For a few minutes the christian cannon only blazed away in an uproar fairly to blast the heavens, the violence of the battle now growing worse, then as nine million of the nearest glandelinians came within close range like a regular yelling army of demons, and direct for the Abyssinians, the whole line of other christian batteries formerly remaining silent let loose in a hell of fury, heaven and earth seemed to turn into a mighty conflagration and from the seemingly blazing heavens a frightful storm of shells shattered all the waves of those nine million glandelinians, to pieces and as the carnage became almost preternatural the Costello on the christian side was wounded, but nevertheless was still able to retain his command. From afar even with the naked eye Violet and her sisters noticed this terrible scene and she said to Alice:

"O If Hanson or papa fails to check the enemy and lets the foe get the best of them then after all this desperate fighting our cause will be lost. Costello or any of the other officers do not want to withdraw because if they do Hanson's whole line who is resisting the hardest may be destroyed."

"Can't we do something to save the christian armies from the awful defeat retreating threatening them?" Asked Alice impatiently as the uproar of the firing became ear-splitting. "Well crippled as we are we have got to do something at any cost." Said Catherine. "See how the glandelinians are pressing their attack!" Little Catherine was interrupted by a Evangeline who came limping up followed by little Jennie.

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"The whole christian line will catch it if general Vivian don't receive reinforcements or do something pretty soon." Said Jennie. "As for ourselves we can't stay watching them here much longer, if the christians do give away because we can't walk hardly yet sometimes without crutches and would be captured again. Yet I don't want to see general Hanson's army annihilated."

There was a roar of fire now like as if the heavens were were bursting and Violet and her sisters saw for truth that they were a good deal safer if they did leave this spot immediately as a large retreating column far in the distance was heading toward them, and that their own annihilation would follow when the foe came upon them. After going back many paces Violet quickly placed her glasses to her eyes and then said:

"Costello Vivian is at least rallying, for the retreating columns are going back, but general Senguine McWhirther is in danger of being inflamed and if we remain even within a mile of the spot were are now standing on, we will not be able to escape. And therefore there is no telling, there maybe enemies all around us and if we did not be cautious we would run headlong into an ambush."

The whole entire main line of Antonio's wicked army seemed now to abound in terrific broadsides of field pieces on Lincoln Run, besides gatling and machine guns, and tearing the whole assaulting wall of graycoats along their front to pieces, and while the very heavens seemed ablaze over the whole battle field, Nicknell sent a messenger to general Vivian and Viviananna to inform them of Hanson's danger, as general Hanson's main right wing in the midst of that dreadful dreadful Lincoln Run Inferno was unable after all to be weakened to send reinforcements, that Hanson's right was threatened with annihilation, and that their main commander general Santa Anna Damselanna had been severely wounded by a shell.

The whole line of batteries, all of general Vivian's batteries and all of Nicknell's incessantly threw volumes of shells, the distant hills were wrapped in smoke as if they were newly formed volcanoes in eruption, and though the numbers of the glandelinians were frequently reduced, they were added by others. The advance of the foe was fearful, portions of Senguine's army was giving way, the entire christian front was almost hidden in smoke as the firing grew more intense, but all along the line the enemy were pressing on throwing themselves forward with great fury.

The battle was now at its highest fury along this point. At this portion the earth was torn to pieces by the series of titanic explosions which resembled volcanic eruptions, the gently sloping valleys in the entire battle field seemed to be breaking out into a fierce conflagration, and the scene indeed was terrific.

THE WHOLE OF HANSON'S LINE GIVES WAY.

From numerous low hills, millions of cloudy puffy jets of smoke issued per minute, the glandelinian columns were going down, the very atmosphere seemed to be full of fire and smoke from bursting shells the vibrations of the cannons being indescribable. Heavy waves of glandelinians continually threw themselves with the most greatest fury upon general O'Hanlon's whole line and though surely, but slowly they were breaking through a mid the immense columns that resisted the, a line of one million nine hundred thousand men extending for seventeen miles came upon a portion of general Charles Brown's front rushing forward with the greatest fury, swarming up to the very muzzles of the christian guns and Senguine's columns wavering everywhere amid the constant and furious agitation broke into confusion.

Hanson's whole line was slowly giving way the large forces of the enemy the size of Hanson's division itself continuing on, and now there came an incessant firing of general Vivian's batteries the frightful volleys of shells withering the very forests, causing the earth to rise seemingly into space amid the incessant ear-splitting roar of a barrage of explosions the din driving a hundred thousand glandelinians insane. But nevertheless this immense wave of glandelinians deepened this increasing war

redoubled the energy of their advance and fell upon Hansonias retiring forces like a shattering storm of waves do upon a ship stranded on the rocks the whole line of Hansonias army being punched by the pressure of the assault, whole regiments that tried to stand melted away, Hansonias whole line went to fragments, Charles Brown and Bicknell's were severely wounded and Hansonias after the battle made the statement that a hundred horses were shot from under him before he fell severely wounded himself.

The whole entire christian line was giving way but slowly, and stubbornly, and the whole of Charles Brown's army was threatened with annihilation, his command consisting of Hansonias right wing, and the fierce Glandelinians attacking Violette's lines, those of Lindernines, Cannon Cannon, Jennings, Costello and Hansonias Johnston, swelled a welled their lines to an immense stream of graycoats, and fairly yelling and

roaring with rage swept on, crushing these christian divisions to fragments, and the survivors retiring heard the appalling truth, that their generals were wounded. A line of thirty million Glandelinians all horsemen simultaneously rushing upon general Penlighlin's forces with the fury of an avalanche down a mountain side, precipitated themselves upon a sheer wall of Abbeemians who in the death struggle slew nine million Glandelinian soldiers and horses, with their cannons, pithing gun, pikes and bayonets, it being awful.

A STORM OF BLOOD AND FIRE. SAME SITUATION?

These assaulting columns of cavarly were now drawn all to their center, during their wild rush, but nevertheless contrasted their flanks, and continued their mad charge, like a horde of savage demons, blinded, frenzied, and insane from rage, forcing their way through the solid christian columns in an inferno of fire, and simultaneously the whole surge of Glandelinians along the rest of the christian line continued to hurl themselves boldly against the slowly retiring purple wall, but their

dashes despite them being as swift as a fast as men and horses could go were not progressing as fast as the cavarly columns, their platoons were mowed down by the hundred, arches of smoke and flame sheeted all along Bicknell's retiring line, and it seemed at last as if the savage charge of Glandelinians was stopped, but general Violette's line was broken and thrown into confusion, and the Glandelinians giving vent to their mad "Devil yell" hurled themselves madly toward the still massive christian columns, and now already in all of these retreating christian columns 6,265,732 had fallen, Costello fell. Balhoff received two,

wounds which though slight made annoying pain, and unable to retain command general Hanson Evans to his place, and trying to rally the christians amid the furious mixup found that the enemy was curving and shattering the whole christian line, while the dead and wounded were being heaped up in windrows and ridges. Violette was killed, and Maurice Manian, and Francis were killed also at these last two generals being on the side of the foe.

HERCULEAN FIGHTING. W. WARFARE OF TITANS. HELP BUT NO CHANGE?

Now it seemed as if the whole battle field was becoming a regular morgue or slaughter ground, the depth of the assaulting columns being fifty men wide, moving against the christians like a regular shattering storm wave, rushing on in their very fullest frenzy, and the left column amid the furnace of battle at last came into contact with Bicknell's main right wing, but ten times amid the shattering of their twenty mile waves amid frightful slaughter, back were thrown the Glandelinians, their main lines almost withering away amid this warfare of titans.

of christian men massed upon them. At other points of Bicknell's lines, the Glandelinians still pressed on with the most dangerous fury, and now Costello Manleyson was badly wounded by a Glandelinian shell, and borne from the field..... Bicknell's whole line in retreating, was only playing off defeat, for while the main section was recoiling, another portion of his line was fairly closing in on the enemy's left, and now the scene became terrific both sides battling with all their rage. All of Bicknell's staff were either killed wounded or dismounted, and the big surge of gray rushing upon the opposing christians, and during the collision Hansonias after opposing the enemy, for an hour with herculean fury was forced back from the works, and another christian divisions of 8,650,000 strong was shattered to fragments and all of their officers were among the dead and wounded.

By the arrival of general Farnell Lindernine, Cannonias or Cannon Hansonias had gotten out of the inflade into which he had been hurled, but could do no more, his staff of christian Glandelinians, and all the christian officers who dared expose themselves to these Glandelinians were shot down amid the most dreadful of the carnage at this point.

Indeed the frenzied rush of the Glandelinians was now driving everything before it and the furious onrush of general Adele-de-garhe Johnston's Glandelinians though successful in forcing Bicknell's lines still further cost them the annihilation of whole brigades, to that of the multitudes of christians that were mowed down, the christian fire being so terrific that the surging wave of phoebos was torn into columns of woe. Wonderful fantastic shapes like exhalations writhing forward from the devil's house before of these mighty surges of Glandelinians seemed to stretch forth to seize the left of Hansonias columns amid all the fearful musketry and cannon terrapin fire, and volcano of turmoil and deafening roar of hell's damnation. The Glandelinian losses were indeed frightful, as their columns were being mowed down like chaff, but still the survivors came on furiously. Adele-de-garhe Johnston was mortally wounded, Jennings Jensen, Frank Smigtonia, Johnnie Johnston's Glandelinian generals were killed in this frightful inferno of flame and din, Accountants on the christian side was wounded, and accountants of the Glandelinian side was dangerously disabled, general Leavenand Francis his chief staff officer on the christian side was killed, and Penline Johnston though painfully wounded refused under any conditions to leave his command and command. Sherman on the christian side received a ball in the hand but wounded severely as he was he remained in the field though his staff of all ranks were going down by the score.

HANSONIAS WHOLE LINE IS THREATENED WITH ANNIHILATION. ANNIHILATION OF SEVERAL LARGE GRAND DIVISIONS....

A long Hansonias retiring front the Glandelinians with terrific demon like fury continued their insidious advance and pursuit, and now the whole army under Bicknell consisting of Hansonias center was fairly crushed to fragments and driven back there as a was a demonical orgy of sounds, cannons by the hundreds of thousands roaring as if all the mountains of the whole world were volcanoes and stationed together in this one battle field, machine guns, whirring and shrieking, and with their pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop-pop guns of knuppt and centimeters thunders thundering and roaring in millions of different scent accents, at once, the very atmosphere seemed to turn to smoke fire, it seemed as all the world were seized with a conflagration, and possessed with legions of earthrearing explosions, in perfect salvos the hill tops for miles seemed hidden in clouds of smoke of hundreds of thousands of giant explosions, that seemed to split the earth the valleys and wooded regions for scores of miles seemed seas of fire and smoke and undated by hundreds of thousands of explosions, the livid remnants of the earth, trees grass and everything visible seemed to wither and fly off in the fiery blasts of shells and shrapnel, the whole world whole world seemed threatened with destruction, and yet again over all this wild pandemonium of wild unearthly tumult dominated the frightful "DEVIL YELL" of the assailants as they rushed on into this blasting sea of musketry and barrages of cannons of all descriptions.

Contello, Picknell's Christian line of one million men had been annihilated in this fierce fiery conflagration of battle and also Cannon Jennings and Anders the same strength singly and these generals with one hundred and fifty others of lower rank from colonels down to lieutenants were borne from the fields seriously or mortally wounded together while sixty one others were killed.

Most of the purple coated columns on Hanson's left was a tumultuous mass of men that soon fell back in tremendous confusion and the huge extravagant stretch of withering, yelling surges in gray rushed furiously in pursuit the purple columns of Glandelinians pouring on seemingly indeed to complete victory the whole surge being impelled forward by the thought of success like a tremendous tidal wave of humanity.

The next Glandelinian generals to fall were Romayne Johnston, Melding, Kinderrine McAllister, and Benlipan McWhirther. Whole divisions and grand divisions being annihilated on both sides, and so terribly reduced was Hanson's whole army that it seemed certain to be dear destroyed, if the terrible advance of the foe was not checked, and Post-Elloes lines of two million, on Picknell's ragged center was almost hemmed in by the great columns of Christians and he was finally forced to surrender this surrender indeed leaving a big twenty mile gap in the line of the advancing foe. But fortunately it was at this moment that the jagged Christian lines still retreating was suddenly being reinforced, and an attempt was made by the Christians to rush through this gap the firing increasing to redoubled violent violence.

THE ENEMY HELD AT BAY AT LAST....

All along the line the battle was raging with utmost fury appearing indeed to be one of the most spectacular battles ever waged. All of the Christian columns were now rallying again, and along general Picknell's front the enemy seemed to be retreating, the Picknellians pressing after them, and pouring in a fire so terrific, that the multitudes of retreating Glandelinians became seriously handicapped and fell back in confusion, before the fierce advance of Picknell's columns but the rest of the gray line, except along general Hanson's, it left, which was still retreating, was at a stand still being held at bay. Along Hanson's main left not as yet reinforced, the Glandelinians under general Vivian

Germanie kept up their marvellous activity which had increased to a more fearful carnage as Christian reinforcements suddenly came.

From over all the fields, valleys, lanes, and meadows, fearful numbers of the enemy had poured with indescribable fury, but their many columns were now swept to mangled remnants and for a time the Angelinian reinforcements seemed to be having everything all their own way, but as fast as these Glandelinian swarms were swept clear from the meadows, fields and lanes, into dead and wounded, other surges poured across, but it seemed in vain. In vain scores upon scores of columns in one long line swarmed against the massive Christian front they were only rendered asunder or crushed to fragments by the raging Christian fire.

Many of the surviving surges recoiled panic stricken, across the bloody fields, lanes, and meadows, but still other columns of the foe driven insane by the brain tearing din rushed on with fearful hopeful dashes, and leaps toward the Christian line only to plunge recklessly to their deaths as they were all mowed down by the machine-gun force.

Surge after surge, column after column, of Glandelinians sweeping over these exposed regions were wiped out completely, but again and again the Glandelinian waves assayed with the fury of desperation to cross the Lincoln gun forming like monstrous packs of gray demons, but dwindled away into countless fragments the carnage being still more appalling. Time and again before these successions of violent onslaughts the left wing shuddered and staggered like a drunken man, tumbling into a post, but nevertheless stood its ground firmly, descending column after column, until their own line was riven to pieces by the continuance of the dreadful onslaught and the dead and wounded piled in heaps. But not a single part of Hanson's line ever gave ground again that day though time and again his left heavy with the weight of the pressure of the onslaught was bent backwards, but as reinforcements were continually arriving

the line that was bent back by the had long sweep of the enemy, was more like a slithering back, only to fly forth when released the onrushing purple columns fairly borrowing themselves into the massive Glandelinian surges arriving the field at the point of the bayonet, decimating whole armies with their advancing line of musketry fire, and sweeping the Glandelinians away like chaff.

THE MASSACRE COMMITTED BY THE CHRISTIAN CAVALRY UNDER GENERAL BAREMORE.

During the time when the enemy's assault Hanson's lines were jarred so wildly and when the Christian reinforcements arrived general Francis Jennings Baremore's cavalry of eighteen million men arrived, a portion of this cavalry dividing a large part of the pursuing Glandelinian army by the whirlwind line like maneuvers, caught Hanson's worse assailable on the main flank forcing it upon the bayonets of Hanson's men in front with terrible slaughter, and in another minute a whooping billow of Concentinian dragoons pounced like a roaring avalanche upon their central flank right along the whole length, and these unfortunate Glandelinians were borne before the Angelinian cavalry as if before a terrific cyclone of exceedingly great violence.

In the meantime another portion of the cavalry poured over the fields with their thunderous roar of horses hooves making another clean sweep of the enemy's flank. The gray line twenty million strong thus being closed in by the cavalry was shattered, many ranks of men being trodden down under the horses, each cavalry division striking the Glandelinian forces so tried to rally a terrific shock.

The Glandelinians were like a ship aground, another cavalry force catching them on the front center, and hurling them foremost upon the lances of the cavalry in the rear, the frenzied sweep of the Christian cavalry causing many columns of the Glandelinians to break into a panic. Most of the twenty million fought their way out but the sixteen million still encompassed fought stubbornly against the cavalry, forcing, breaking their lines again and again but it was in vain.

Their generals were going down one by one their many columns were broken all to pieces and all seemed lost.

But they refused to be taken prisoners and as the Glandelinian batteries were roaring with increasing fury, and seeing their own shells exploding among the cavalry forces, with ear-splitting detonations soon took courage and fought the cavalry furiously, amid the thunderous tumult but before their fierce attack one column after another of the Glandelinians were rapidly reduced, the cavalry time and again crashing furiously among their shattered ranks, the unfortunate and foolish Glandelinians indeed fighting until they were all literally slain. It was a literal massacre but it could easily have been avoided, if these foolish Glandelinians would have given up given up and surrendered. General Condonia with his army of sixteen million men were completely annihilated by the cavalry it being probably the fiercest scene of the battle with cavalry forces, and infantry, against each other, resembling a whole nation of cavalry, massacring a whole nation of infantry. In the meantime the whole of the enemy's army of Glandelinians which had previously assaulted general Hanson's and Vivian's and the other Christian lines so furiously had met thousands upon thousands of broadsides of shells which ripped through and through, and through the main Glandelinian surge but nevertheless it stood as firm as a Gibraltar and as general Vivian's fresh columns rushed on, they relieved avalanches of broadsides from the Glandelinian chain of cannon, which as the assault increased with redoubled fury added by general infantry fire which again became like the roar of a hundred thousand cannon, the thousands of Glandelinian shells in their shrieks making a noise like a screaming typhoon tearing over the Abbeysian shores.

The yelling of the furious Glandelinians was deafening, the very heavens seemed rent with the Glandelinian "DEVIL YELL" all the nearest columns of the Angelinians were being mowed down like snow melting on top of a furnace, while whole divisions were badly shattered and shot to pieces, the battle seemed to be at white heat, the whole ridges of woods were ablaze, the whole Christian line was yielding again and the titan thrice of battle, and the foe began to press on again, but as the Christian columns were falling back they met on all sides disordered groups, and were forced to make a stand to cover their retreat.

The losses on both sides was incredible, but the accurate numbers were not yet known, forest fires had been started by the musketry firing itself and so many millions of trees were split and broken by the crashing shot, shell, and high explosives, that the ground was strewn stream six to eight feet deep with foliage, debris and branches, and the region of Lincolnian and Lincolnians which were very extensive had hardly a tree remaining so many having been uprooted, by shells, or gnawed off by bullets during the firing of both sides, when in the battles raging in these regions long before all that was done to the trees was a slightly marring by bullets and shell fire.

The immense christian divisions on Lincolnian and Lincolnian had been annihilated making the christian loss at these section as 11,972,000. In killed and wounded while the Landelinian loss generals reported the christian loss as 39,900,000 making a combined loss of both sides in the battle in this section as 51,872,000 in killed and wounded.

GENERAL VIVIAN'S TWO HOURS DESPERATE STAND

It was already ten thirty and every bit of general Vivian's line was now reinforced. The Landelinians were still advancing and attacking, and retreating, and rallying, and retreating in series surges, storming the christian lines under every available commander I can remember, and all of the Landelinian and christian batteries were still in general action both sides seeming to be shrouded in flames and smoke, the roar of fire of cannons was redoubled as more was brought up, and the fury of the battle was also redoubled. But most of the christian infantry lines fired so furiously that it seemed as if the ammunition would be exhausted. In the next assault it indeed did seem that the Landelinians were advancing with a fury that seemed as if it would break through all obstacles, the screaming torrent of shells tearing through the Landelinian surges, ripping them to fragments moving down columns at every broadside, pouring the torrents of shells faster and faster the blasting fury of Landelinian firing assuming its most deadly and disgusting and destructive results, increasing the carnage and rendering more fearful the Landelinian losses.

As the Landelinians advanced on their dead and wounded, was fairly heaped up, every rank or column fairly exposed to the batteries melted away and thousands upon thousands of Landelinian columns, pouring across the fields were shot to pieces, but on came the survivors, mowing the christian works only to dissolve away completely.

But in vain did the stubborn christian cannoners blow them down, or try to drive back the assailants,...

SHOFMAN AND BICKNELL TAMERLINE DRIVES HARD AGAINST THE

.....CHRISTIAN LINE.....

But nevertheless the tip seemed to be seemingly uncontrollable avalanche of men pouring across these fields was before the main battery, fire of general Vivian's artillery, like the read before the whirlwind, the ranks of Landelinians were mowed down as fast as they swarmed into the fields, the artillery fire carrying all before it.

"Behold it is the advance of Shofman and Bicknell Tamerline's gray surges, coming on in overwhelming numbers like the black hattered devils they are." Shouted general Vivian himself. "Stand to your works at all costs and do not give way until given orders to do so. It's a trick in my mind to accomplish, and giving way too soon will blunder and cause a most horrible disaster. And I'll shoot the first who retreats without my orders, no matter who he is or how high in rank."

Fifteen large surges ten million strong mingled with the fifth corps under Shofman was rushing forward seemingly unchecked this night of attack filling the Angelinians with treacherable awe and dismay, but nevertheless they were unafraid and opened their machine guns on them,

though the infantry remained silent. Indeed the whole gray surge that was advancing stretched away as far as eye could reach but some of the columns were already shifting and wavering in their awful advance, though at every movement the main line looked frightfully ominous. All this while the christian fire increased in fury being echoed back by the fiercer and stupendous and sharper detonational uproar of the storm of exploding shells. The whole entire line of christian batteries blasting forth in a most terrific manner, making a most indescribable and intolerable clamor. Even in the city of Antwerp, many hundreds of miles away the concussion of the cannon fire shook all the windows out, of the buildings, roofs saved in, thousands were killed by falling houses and the people thought it was an earthquake that heralded the approach of Antwerp's eruptions..... Several of the enemy's main line of advance, trembled from their losses but the surges of Landelinian Landelinians were now spreading out into many separate divisions and began to suddenly rush forward with the fury of a frenzied multitude of demons, though the nearest columns became frightfully mangled, and the entire main line with an uproar of yells, sounding like a hundred million demons swarmed to the very musket range like a surging tidal wave, there was a frightful roar of musketry all along the christian line that sounded like one shot and which shook the earth a volcano of flame and din all along the line, and the waves in gray dissolved in three score like an execution, the nearest panic stricken survivors driven insane by the sudden ear-splitting crash of musketry, driving on madly, swarming over the works and among the christians fighting like madmen only to be hurled back in remnants, the whole line of waves being at stream three deep with the Landelinian dead and wounded, the main line was staggered, cut up, and reduced to a thousand fragments, Bicknell Tamerline was wounded and a frightful panic ensued among some of the nearest columns but Shofman and Leonia Bicknell with accountants and general mash in the head mash in the head tried to rally them with threats and commands the nearest columns in their precipitate retreat dashed madly, pressing furiously, crushing against the other or running blindly toward the christian line, trampling each recklessly over the fallen, amid yells, curses, yells of defiance and hatred toward God, gorans, horrible blasphemies, and sudden shrieks of confusion and rage. Through the avenues of shattered trees of Lincolnian, swarmed forth the immense crowds of panic stricken Landelinians, many fearing that the flight would mean a horrible disaster tried to rally their comrades, while there was yet time, some rushing into narrow orchards, some taking refuge in the Lincolnian, and other houses, and the parks, seeking shelter of any kind for

protection from the awful terrors of annihilation, but nevertheless the main line though staggered did not as yet retreat, but continued the frightful onslaught with redoubled fury, while cries and fiercer yells of derision, hatred, defiance and bewilderment resounded from all sides.

From christian officers came the wild cry: "The enemy. The enemy. They are beating the Angelinians in the extreme left wing back."

"There is no falling back along this line." Said general Vivian grin grimly shaking his fist in the direction of the enemy. "Slacken your fire boys, and wait until those screeching cursing, blaspheming fiends get nearer. Then give them another good volley."

General Vivian and his staff knew the dangers produced by this kind of a Landelinian charge, was which was probably the main one of the battle, especially if any parts of the christian lines once gave way in confusion, and by of the advancing foe in his front should they overlap his extreme left, and decided to stand like general Vivian and the rest if he had to destroy nature to do so. "We must stand. We must stand. Or we will be doomed to annihilation." Said general Vivian as lieutenant general William Bell was borne from that shocking inferno wounded. "We cannot retire now or we will lose the whole battle. Mark you crashing batteries and shell barrages. See you charging surges in gray coming on like a storming typhoon. Not a moment is to be lost. Hear their crashes of musketry. It sounds like a million crashing thunder rolls splitting the earth."

Some of the christian columns belonging to general Vivian's shattered command were moving forward with a threat to demonstrate or counter charge mowing down the Landelinian ranks in shameful numbers, but already so furious was the onslaught of the enemy's thompson's lines were still torn, that the christians started a clattering fire of great intensity

and violence, the officers ordering them to stop until ordered to fire. The angelinians were encompassed with horror at the first catastrophe of this appalling attack they had caused among the foe, the attack of which was now complete in fury it being an awful hour of slaughter indeed. The landelinians rushed forward with the same great noise and fury of maulin yells and blasphemies and curses, the fiercest of the main glandelinian surge pouring upon the christian line, only to entirely disappear when the christian musketry fire came in a simultaneous storm and once more in the midst of this terrific inferno the surviving gray surges torn to fragments, sprang back, the smoke of canister and shrapnell seeming to close them in and their two genera is, Frank astrabrook, and astrabrook wailen were killed.

The firing on both sides was now becoming general and more fearful than in any other part of the past two days battle, the dead and wounded being fairly heaped up in that smothering inferno, but the rest of the main line though staggered a second time still continued the attack, pallidians artillery mauling their columns until ten million lay strewn upon the ground.

GENERAL VIVIAN PRETENDS TO RETREAT!

In the meantime general had pretended to withdraw his main center and now confident of victory the Glandelinians pressed through the wide gap, eagerly intending to turn the other two wings of general vivian's army, but general vivian had now reformed his center, the other wings had almost closed up the gap, general vivian himself pressed forward in a roaring counter charge, gaul pauntletted the panic stricken Glandelinians in a sea of cannon and musketry fire, killing thousands every minute, and hewing gaps by the score, cutting down so many Glandelinians that confusion reigned everywhere. Hundreds of thousands sought vainly to hold back the onrushing purple coats their dead and wounded fairly paving the ground and their main columns already reduced to fragments, became panic stricken and fled, premeditatedly. Hundreds of thousands tried to rally under the shelter of thick clumps of trees the face of the fugitives being pale and harrowed, thousands surrendered, general shoeman was dead, and the remainder retreated in a conglomerate of confusion.

THE CRASH OF HELL, DURING THIS GENERAL ONSLAUGHT OF HAWLEY'S ARMY.

Along the whole lines of hanson's vivian's, hanson and robert vivian and the other others the clatter of musketry was abated, but the general crash and uproar of cannons was redoubled and knowing that this great fray was only the forerunner of a general onslaught which had started general vivian at general vivian's warning reformed his lines into an impenetrable wall of men, the firing of his own batteries of cannon becoming so preternatural that the retreating columns of landelinians who were ambushed could not be completely rallied. But as all could see hawley's whole army was advancing, hawley having thrown forward all his force forward at the beginning thus accounting for the terrible fury of the battle pallidians batteries continuing their vivid and booming roar committing awful havoc but now the landelinians were coming on in magnificent array that is those that had not as yet received the shock of the christian fire, like the other two main columns had, and during the whole battle now there was no pause in the awful firing of artillery, the roaring of the christian batteries all along the line being mingled with the grinding and hissing roar of hundreds of thousands of thousand exploding shells.

The glandelinian columns now moving against the lines of christians that had not received them as yet assumed vast and mighty lines of smoke striding fiercely in their herculean attack, shaking or rending the air

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with their most horrible bloodcurdling "DIE!" "DEVIL YEELS!" and bat battle cries in a general tumult that was deafening. As the smoke cleared all along the whole line of christian artillery, the glandelinian waves that were nearest seemed to vanish swiftly, but the other landelinian columns of this gigantic surge divided into two sea separate wings, the outburst of this onslaught striking with utmost fury against the heros christian front which held stubbornly though at first a portion of valiant gray divisions came near carrying the works on his extreme left, but without the protection which the main line of assaulting glandelinians could have offered them they could not hold the position they had captured and were soon driven back with horrible slaughter.

Along general vivian's and vivian's vivian's lines there was a such a tumult as the two forces closed that it seemed as if the whole elements of all civilized worlds in all the past and future were combined into one, the firing of distant cannons were redoubled, to ten fold fury, a rush of hundreds of thousands swept by general vivian's left grand division of batteries, many of these recoiling were wearied despondent and bewildered landelinians unable to see anything on account of the thickness of the smoke driving through and among a portion of vivian's batteries despite the storm of canister and shells dominating the region everywhere but finally realizing their danger and seeing no escape these landelinians especially of those who survived and surrendered.

All the mighty and deafening noises from all of general vivian's and hanson's batteries all along the entire christian line, their frightful torrents of shells, and high explosive, and shrapnell thrown upon the attack ing glandelinians and the hurst and awful billion cannon like roar, of the fiery and fierce eruption of thousands upon thousands of mine explosions and munition store blowing up seemed to redouble in fury again there was a conglomerate fury of hellish sounds enough to drive all heaven insane, but yet the landelinians came on yelling their same vehement devilish cries. Then all the christian machine guns let loose their hose like torrents of canister and millions of bullets, and the foremost portion of the landelinian wave was shot to pieces in no time, Jack vandine's gray line broke upon general Jack Evans' forces and positions like a storm storm wave in a typhoon, samuel francis palize, advanced to their aid and also james costello's regiment and the firing soon became so intense that the very planets of the whole heavens seemed to be in a seething uproar of flame and din extending also along wienstone's, heros, and vivian's lines, with preternatural fury and above the stupendous roar of millions of muskets, which drowned out every other sound, and reverberated among the distant hills, in millions of echoes, broke the crash and of flame and din from vivian's one hundred thousand cannon, and through all the awful cannonading and musketry fire which vibrated with the most horrible crash and uproar of hell, the glandelinians charged on, struck the whole christian line like the waves of the sea broke into thousands of fragments, receded, rallied so stormed on, struck the christian line a blow that staggered it, the firing swelled to a terrifying and most indescribable uproar, the glandelinian waves reeled back, rallied and plunged into the inferno once more.

Samuel Francis Palize on the glandelinian side was killed, his own men went down in many multitudes and the dead and wounded lay in monstrous windrows. Confusion was ensuing among a nearly the entire line of christians, shells from the enemy's batteries crashed through their massive lines, causing such havoc and confusion that horrible scenes ensued, but these retreating christian columns, were reformed and banged the enemy's assaulting columns to pieces, obstructed the way of the other assaulting columns, and increasing their mad musketry fire to terrifying fury, many columns of columns of the landelinians and even tens of surges receiving a furious fire, that tore them so that few fragments were on ly left, but still the surviving forces continued the attack, with a still their violence swarming on and on....

To add to this immortal carnage heros had placed ten million angelinians in front of francis-atlanta, and the same number of cavalry men in a large field, but at this point neither force could retain their position here the frightful onslaught of the foe disconcerted them, and the sudden

collision into which they came was doubly terrible, but nevertheless the retreat was slow, and the enemy received four times much more losses, than what they inflicted.

THE INEVITABLE FOLLY OF THE GLANDELINIAN ADVANCE. TERROR AND DEATH STRIKES EVERYWHERE.

The assault though hurried back at many sections was again resumed after a fourth rally, the two monster forces again contending with each other like two great armies of demons, both sides firing at each other so steadily steadily that the carnage was spread still more the enemy attacking in serpentine and irregular waves, rushing swiftly against the christian lines, that there was a fearful roar all along the whole christian front, there were sheets of orange and stupendous dull streams of cannon flashes, there was now a continuous exploding roar like a trillion cannon blowing to pieces, thousands of volleys tore the assaulting waves to pieces, the ground shook beneath the contestants from the concussion, there being a titanic uproar everywhere that seemed to tear to pieces the whole battlefield, a simultaneous trillion cannon like roar and crash of musketry resounded all along the line in front of the main surge completely withered, and many a column or division melted away. Indeed amid the appalling uproar which echoed and rebounded everywhere the enemy's solid line was fairly shot to pieces, their men were still falling in frightful numbers, but still the assault continued, the carnage increasing to tenfold fury, the fearful roar of the christian fire fairly increasing a further times louder, everywhere there was deafening detonations, the enemy's left withered, many more columns dissolved away, the whole line was shattered into huge fragments, and yet the survivors recklessly continued the assault, the christian shells bearing down on everything in their path, sweeping away whole fields of men, turning the whole battle field in a fierce fierce battle storm, and amid all this mortal folly, gave forth yells, of derision, rage, and defiance.

The terror of death seemed to strike everywhere, and though the shell fire opened large gaps in the christian line they were closed again. An unearthly uproar had already fallen upon the air, such an uproar that it sounded like ten million volcanoes blowing themselves to pieces, in the one battle field. Two of the main monstrous surges of the Glandelinians extending for forty miles, each singly wavered amid the increase of this awful uproar, recoiled, rallied, only plunged again into the fray amid a long continuous uproar of cannon and musketry the mightiness of which no language can describe, recoiled back in thousands of shattered fragments, recovered rushed on, fell back, shattered to remnants, and again rushed on crushing themselves against the christian line with the fury of demons, while over all the scene rushed forth another, and another, and still another volume of white smoke rolling on, another and another, and another and still another, and another such indescribable scenes presented itself and part of the christian line wavered and recoiled back, but still held, the foe receding again, only a little.

Desolation was everywhere, seas of oceans of dead and wounded, wounded Glandelinians paved the ground, lay piled up in mounds before the christian works, cumbered the lanes and fields, lay strewn in windrows or ridges all along the christian line.

The courage of all of general Hanson's men was beautiful to behold, fate favored them with victory for their daring, and defeat already stared Manley in the face. Hundreds of thousands of surviving Glandelinians were deafened for life, and almost blinded by the hellish deafening uproar.

Phelan Jennings was wounded, few of his staff were left, poor Nero was seriously wounded, three generals were all there worthless to Manley, and they more badly wounded than himself, who was as yet able to retain command and general Jennings reported to general Manley that one quarter of his own army was down. Whole lines of his men were now rag fragments, the enemy was still attacking and hell seemed to possess the atmosphere everywhere.

Most of the panic stricken Glandelinians who were still retreating, grouped in the shell shelter of ravines, amid the frightful uproar, and tempest of shells, others continued to flee, but the main columns continued on, the uproar of the firing now abating somewhat, until the foe again came within close quarters, then again came a most frightful burst of musketry fire, and the running waves spreading among the fields, arrested the divisions of christians who were in confusion, and the assailants driving in at the christians once more met the same terrific fire and reeled terrified at the gasping forms, of hundreds of thousands of the wounded, and by the splitting detonations of the shell shells....

THE FRIGHTFUL BATTLE PROGRESSES WITH INCREASING VIOLENCE AND REDOUBLED FURY...

The enemy however had rapidly recovered from the shock they received recoiled from the christian fire and swarmed forward a sixth time, the firing being in full sway. This attack of the enemy presented a frightful spectacle as they swarmed forward in roaring billows, and now all the lanes, plains, fields, and lanes, for sixty miles displayed the havoc caused by the furious christian cannon, the increasing of the carnage shocking the mighty multitudes of Glandelinians, never before were the faces of wounded men seen so a haggard, the whole battlefield was littered with seas of dead and wounded, and far forests were burning.

Through the whole surge of Glandelinians the musketry, shell and musketry storm tore, and now now as the enemy again swarmed against the christian works, there was one blinding flash of musketry after another, astupendous continuous trillion cannon like roar resembling a most awful terrific explosion blowing the earth to pieces, that seemed to rend the heavens to bits, and though waves after waves of the Glandelinians were shot to pieces, before this simultaneous volley all along the line, and recoiled others came on anew roaring in preternatural fury from their return fire, mingled with appalling screams, as many thousands of men per second were torn by the balls, and rolled and writhed upon the ground, then charged on, became galled through and through, away and gave way only to resume the attack with redoubled violence, the clouds of smoke from thousands of exploding shells being wafted far and wide over the entire region.

The whole region even behind the christian line was littered with their own dead and wounded, many of the prostrate bodies being officers, who did not escape that awful shower of bullets from the enraged Glandelinians. They lay dead or dying. The other columns of the Glandelinians still on, the same awful flash and uproar prevailed everywhere. Jet off fire seemed to shoot from the christian cannon under Baldwin his batteries pouring the same steady barrage of shells and high explosives, and almost half of the assault assaulting forces of the main line of the enemy along Vivian's front was dissolving into dead and wounded, but the survivors under general Jennings Haterine came on, recoiled in panic, rallied, drove on like wild deer, could not be confused and tore the christian line, only to be staggered back again with excruciating losses, and amid the dreadful carnage, and wailing cries of many of the fallen who did not escape the surviving Glandelinians continued to sweep on in gray billows, their own lines fairly blazing in an inferno of firing, sweeping down whole masses of christians, only to be crushed in return.

All along the whole christian line the assault was continuing, and again and again the enemy's lines were torn asunder, and wavered, hundreds of their officers going down, the terribly terrible booming sound of cannon and crash of musketry stunning the multitudes of Glandelinians, their lines seemed to open into hundreds of large gaps and seemed engulfed in a vortex of smoke clouds and flashes of exploding shells.

Along the main left wing of general Vivian's front the assault of the enemy was still fiercer, the awful uproar of the battle had redoubled the christian lines were obscured in thick wreaths of flame, the entire general christian line storming with a wild withering fire of the great east intensest intent, the christians themselves were enveloped in the smoke of exploding cartridges the large surge of Glandelinians came on relentlessly crashed upon the christians line and gaining the mastery denied the christian front, a winning a temporary advantage, but nevertheless failed to break the main christian line and though the line impetuous onrush of the foe was checked, the whole of the enemy's main line came into view, struck against the christian line like a tidal wave, and then only to reel back in fragments.

Yet the other surges came on, and though they were again shattered forced to recoil other perfect waves in prayer went to it with all their might, and it was well that the armies under general Vivian retained its ground so stubbornly, general Bicknell Barry more Glandelinians rushing again him, and thought first there was fearful peril of his men, being overwhelmed and annihilated, he stuck like a Spartan hero that he was, massing his hundred thousand can con upon the assailants in simultaneous action, with the christian musketry cutting the Glandelinian surges to pieces, annihilating general Jennings' columns, and destroying general Bicknell Barry's right wing, and his hurling his main line back crushed to fragments, and in the wildest confusion.

ANOTHER HERCULEAN ADVANCE CHECKED AND BEATEN.

All of his Angelinians had the frenzy of a single idea. They must stand shall check and throw back the appalling wild onslaught onslaught of the terrible columns of Glandelinians who still rushing forward like swarms of wild demons. It looked as if all the nations of the world had come together in wholesale carnage, whole forests of trees were shattered, but still the avalanches of Glandelinians continued to sweep on amid the perfect orgy of devastation, the distant fields at times flashing into ghastly lurid sheets, as sharp as flashes of lightning at night, the very hills covered with the christian batteries seemed to have broken out in eruption, the whole sky was enshrouded in smoke, and the din was more terrific than before.

Despite all this the enemy still came on, the whole christian front formed on along line of flame and millions of bullets tore one wave after another of the Glandelinians, but still the reckless waves of Glandelinians came on, pouring against the christian line like an immense torrent, many whole multitudes of Glandelinians continually cumbering the ground.

MORE TERRIBLE SLAUGHTER AMID THE FIERY CONFLAGRATION OF BATTLE.

For over two hours already the terrible attack had continued, both sides were enshrouded in the smoke, which was pierced by hundreds of thousands of vivid jets of flame, the ground in the christian front and everywhere within sight was now fairly packed with the dead and wounded purple coats themselves, but they struck to their works, the christian fire honeycombing the Glandelinian columns with gas gaps the assailants being thrown flying back, but nevertheless rallied again, and though the progress of their advance was for a time checked, the furious energy of the main columns became so great at other portions of the line of assault, that these Glandelinians reached the works, swarmed upon the christians with horrible fury, and pouring above poured in a fire, a great uproar was heard for the distance of fifty miles. Both sides delivered this terrific fire simultaneously, there was a nightmarish volcano of flame and din never described before, and the Glandelinians advanced in this terrific fire,

and intolerable havoc among their surging lines, began at last to give way slowly, but all the columns did not take to flight, but kept up the attack, the rest were rallied, and general Germanine Bicknell coming up with thirty million men the uproar again became so terrific that a thrillion cannon and muskets combined seemed to lose their concert of hell. Immense fresh columns of christians, that arrived just at the right time and formed into strong reinforcing lines pre-propagated the effects of their destructive fire for the length of their entire battle line, and by this terrific fire Germanine Bicknell's whole entire line was torn to pieces, many columns of the other lines dissolved, multitudes lay dead or wounded, and the rest seemed swalloped up in the smoke, but a seventh time the onslaught was resumed. Forty large divisions of Glandelinians were partly destroyed and the first line of the nearest assailants, coming within close quarters of the christian lines four miles in length, were honeycombed with gaps, hundreds of thousands of the graycoats had been killed, a proportionate number of small armies were almost annihilated or cut to pieces, and the discharge of the heaviest cannon checked the onslaught of the survivors only for a moment, then they came again with great noise and furtive fury, the whole line of gray itself emitting uncommonly ominous clouds of smoke and vivid jets of musketry fire, rushing on in perfect streams.

But now the firing all along the christian line became so terrific, that for some more moments it was able to stop the progress of the Glandelinians, though the first main surges had managed to break upon the christian line amid the tearing to pieces of their line, which like at Glorinda Francis Anna threw both them and the christians into a complete confusion simultaneously.

The main Glandelinian surge however still came on representing an awful spectacle, as a struggle in heaven with all the wicked, in hell on the point of victory, only to be hurled down into intolerable slaughter, but still the surviving Glandelinians pressed on with such vehemence that a portion of general Veldon's Schleeder corps were almost annihilated, for their brave stand Veldon and all his brave staff having fallen, Nelson's Vivian among them. In this furious onslaught the Glandelinian managed to break a portion of Baremore's fieldings line, but amid a furnace of fire at the same moment, the divisions under general Julio Padulacame to his support, and the firing along this point became so terrific that for a time the Glandelinians were prevented from penetrating any further, the battle increasing to still greater fury, Bicknell's main columns sweeping on as if intending to carry all before them, but his columns were by counter charge driven back to a distance of five hundred and fifty feet, the width of this charging avalanche of men being seventy deep and was reduced to ten deep, with the loss of lieutenant general Michael Francis Smith, who was killed, generals Gabriel Johnston, and Raphael Manning, being also killed, while generals Joseph Hadley Johnston, John Joseph Joseph, and Peter Baptist were mortally wounded. Violetta Baptist the daughter of Bicknell Padulacame's command was killed, his Glandelinian division annihilated and Padulacame himself was wounded, his army shattered and recoiling in the greatest confusion. General John Peter fell mortally wounded, in front of the christian works, his line in gray was shattered, general Paul colonel was killed, and lieutenant general Andrew James and John McWhirter, and John McWhirter were wounded, and major generals Thomas Fallon, James Thompson and Phillip Bernardson were killed. Of Bicknell's main right general Bartholomew Hargerson was killed, general Matthew Simpson and Simon Camp, and capt. Peterson Johnston, with Kempt Thaddeus were wounded. It was an awful loss of Glandelinian generals.

The fury of the battle was frightful, and all the columns that came on with their extraordinary violence and alacrity was decimated, and never was there ever such an uproar heard in any battle before and the enemy which was 81,564,238, strong continued the frightful onslaught attacking the christians all along the line with the fury of a hurricane. General Bicknell was killed, general Luther Barnabas was a hero shot to death, in the melee, general Luke Depie was killed, and Fatsbrook was wounded, while generals Stephen Colonel, general Vincent Lawrence, and Jenson Daniel Vincent were severely wounded, while Fatsbrook and Sebastian Colonel were severely wounded. It was awful the loss of so many Glandelinian officers. The attack of the enemy was in full swing, column after column hurrying to the attack and all the while along the whole christian line the extensive volleys of muskets and rifle

rifles, thousands of broadsides of machine gun s, was stormed upon the surging fray waves accompanied by incessant crashes of cannons and a most deafening thunderous noise which was compared to a continually firing of a hundred thrillion cannon firing off simultaneously, and more than that many pistols and revolvers. Johnston and Pauline Vivianaria, Glandelinian generals were killed in front of the christian works generals Cosmes and Panania fell almost in the arms of picknell Shoeman, generals Garvarie and Protase and el Sylvester Henryson were killed, with major generals Gregory, Ambrose colon el., Ambrose Ma for Augustine, Jerome Marten, and Nicholas Crowley, while general Antonio Anthony Sanders lost a hand and a leg, general Benedict lost his head, and both left legs and arms, while general Bernard Johnston had his very insides torn out by the fragments of a shell, Dominic and Francis Logannia were mortally wounded, Amosstead was slightly wounded, and picknell Shoeman himself had a bandage around his head. The Glandelinians swelled by fresh troops spread their surges far and wide continuing their attack with still greater fury.

FRANTIC EFFORTS TO CHECK THE ENEMY.

4 S. Eighteen million was directly advancing against general Viviananna's main center and amid the destruction of whole whole sections of their number, the firing making an uproar a million times louder than the worse eruptions of Mt Calverine, but still the great columns of Gln Glandelinians thr thr threw themselves forward, with great fury and a frenzy that seemed uncontrollable. But still the assault of the enemy did not stop. The attacking columns continued to advance sweeping up to the very muzzles of the christian guns with the greatest fury, only to meet with such terrific slaughter, that they were appalled.

General Adele-de-garbo Laytor is, on the Glandelinian side, fell headlong inside the christian works, his head being split open by a shell fragments, generals Thomas Mc-art, Arthy and general sergeant Johnston a with Jennings Frank Smith were also killed and general Joseph win Hennishi ones fell across rayr Laytor's, Noertine Smith was wounded, Anthony C Dressel, and Jackson Mc-art, were also wounded. Nevertheless the surviving Glandelinian columns continued the onslaught, the battle now raging in full sway the Glandelinian columns were shot to pieces time and again and general Harrison, Lester of the enemy fell mortally wounded. Kellerher Richardson, and John Jai Heithington were killed. Russell D.C. Andrew Mc-Huge McHerbertson and John H.C. Latchanford were borne from the field wounded. Major general Wehr Fern-coed and general Theodore Benna, and Johnston Joseph, Callen Lukazeurshe were killed. Edwin Knapp fell wounded immediately afterward, and Wendlen Musche and Louis A. Miller fell along side of him.

Along the whole christian line the Angelinians made frantic efforts to check the enemy, to stop their attack, the losses of officers among their lines was terrific, Angelinian waves were badly broken up, many columns dissolved and still the assault continued with unabated fury the vastness of their columns increasing the anxiety of general Viviananna whose batteries were already exhausting their efforts and a uniting a uniting but soon the steady losses horrified the assailants who wavered only a little this already being the ninth rally.

General Viviananna in the meantime had sent a message to general picknell to charge the retreating Glandelinian columns with all of his men not knowing that he was wounded, and his army badly depleted with its frightful losses...

THE CARNAGE RETAINS IT'S FRIGHTFUL FURY....

But thought recoiling the enemy they only rallied and came on once more with fixed bayonets. The living went to yell as deafening as the shrieks of a cyclone. The enemy's columns of advance

had now formed into a long line a sheet of flame swept their ranks there was a most terrible and awful stupendous roar of musketry, and then in brilliant long surges, the enemy fell upon the seemingly unvanquishing lines of purple coats, only to be crushed back with hundreds of their columns fairly withered, but simultaneously general Viviananna's already shattered line received a perfect storm of shells and high explosives from the enemy's batteries, which grew worse and worse every moment, but still the Angelinians would not yield their ground, but kept up their mighty roar of musketry but still the enemy increased the fury of their assault, pressing the assault with redoubled fury while simultaneously along general Viviananna's line under Viviananna there was suddenly an unusual roar of musketry, proceeded by awful flashes of all kinds of artillery, this terrible firing increasing minute by minute, and the din now could be heard for more than five hundred miles.

The vast lines of christians held their positions stubbornly and even spreading their lines to keep the furious fire of the enemy from picking too many of their men at once. But on and on came the broad lines of the enemy like an advancing avalanche overwhelming themselves with the most terrific fury upon the whole christian line, but more progress than before, their surges forming an average breadth of seventy men deep, and moving with the yell and fury of a tornado against a Kansas town across the shore swept open ground, and still and still on the Glandelinians came forcing their way through and over the log barricades simultaneously, tearing and cutting the purple lines frightfully, but again two of their best generals Mackenshire, and goose-canna Oosensia fell, and losing courage and filled with consternation these Glandelinians recoiled....

SOME OF THE FIRST OF THE DEADLIEST CARNAGE OF THE BATTLE!.....

Yet nevertheless the main portions of these advancing enormous columns under Ketrabrook, reached the retreating Glandelinian columns, thrown back by the terrible fire along the whole christian line, and now the enemy redoubled his exertions, striking in waves against the christian lines, and though again and again their waves were torn up and mangled, the survivors while hot with fury, continued the onslaught with the most frightful fury and though the losses caused by the increasing carnage was more enormous than we could ever imagine or conceive, fifteen of the largest surges of in gray rushed upon the christian lines as swift as they could, but again their divisions seemed to dissolve as fast as they came on. Along general Viviananna's entire line immense masses of Glandelinians during the furious increase of the frightful carnage, rushed forward in waves after waves, and forced their way up to the very christian lines, striking and closing with the fury of titans, the vigorous energy of the christians were redoubled, though portions of their lines forty miles in extent was bent backwards, by the impact the frightful firing mowing down one hundred twenty six thousand per quarter of an hour all along the line..... All of the Glandelinians were attacking scores of those awfully big columns advancing furiously to overwhelm the christian line, but every one were cut to fragments, by the terrible christian fire, every volley of musketry and cannon committing incapable damage.

The battle had redoubled to still greater fury, the incessant uproar extending all along the line of battle, but still more fresh divisions went into action, the Glandelinian surges withering, resuming their charge, hewing their way through the christian lines, again compelled to withdraw, again rally, recoil, rally, attack and storm with fury, general Viviananna's saying over and over again

"When will those blasted Glandelinian devils ever know when they are licked!"

The whole line of battle seemed to be in a blasting furnace of fire all of the Christians striving with their utmost fury to drive back the terrific Glandelinian assault, and it indeed did seem that both sides were intending to annihilate each other, the uproar of firing still retaining the same fury that made it seem as if the heavens and earth were being blown to pieces at one time.

DID CONTENDING ARMIES OF DEMONS, AND ANGELS EVER
FIGHT LIKE THIS, AND REFUSE TO ACKNOWLEDGE THEIR DEEPEST DEFEAT
AFTER REPULSE AFTER REPULSE!.....

Whole columns of men on both sides were dissolving, the surviving Glandelinians still attacking with the same untiring fury, and never before during the first two days of this bloody carnage, the struggle being now like a hell of fury, and a general hell tug of war, both the massive Glandelinian surges swaying back and forth like angry storm waves, and even the torrents of the hundreds of thousand shells exploded with an incessant ear-splitting crashing uproar, so that at times the nearest discharge of 100,000 cannon along general Vivian-Anna's line was completely drowned, and six hundred heavy calibre cannons had already blown up from overheat ing, out of a single battery of a thousand Christian guns, making a louder crash and uproar. The Glandelinian main line of advance which had shaped like two hideous gray wings, was now shattered to fragments, the appalling attack being crushed back, for the tenth time and it hardly could be possible that the war with general Lucifer, and general St Michael in Heaven could have been as terrific as the battle of Francis-Atlanta, or Anna-Maria.... The whole Christian line was again heavily assaulted, the surviving Glandelinians attacking on the eleventh time, this time with incredible fury the uproar of the devil yell this time being formed drowned out by a freer roar of musketry, which was far worse than any indescribable number of volcanoes in eruptive eruption. Although this one hundred mile line of Christians had now held their series of positions for over three hours since the general counter assault began and continually poured a storming fire the Glandelinian waves attacking the Christian line in the vicinity of Francis-Atlanta had rushed instantaneously with incredible rapidity and fury, against the Angelian works and would have certainly carried all before them along general Vivian lines on Lincoln Gun, and an annihilated both the whole crippled armies of general Hanson and Vivians and even picknells, had not general Hanson's large reserve forces permitted the enormous surges to rush into a deadly infilade, which crushed them back with intolerable slaughter, and with the death of general Shoemanna Johnston Jensen, and Caltonni a Hondros. But even this favorable circumstances did not in the least exempt general Vivians extreme left wing under general Jenting Anle, Anderson from the almost disastrous effects of a terrific shock from the Glandelinians under general C Calmannia Shoemanna.

A STORM OF SLAUGHTER....

The left of this almost irresistible Glandelinian wave which had crashed itself against the main Christian center, swept in forty-twenty mile surges against general Vivians extreme left, under Jenting Anderson with the same fury the most frightful tidal waves did upon the shores of the islands devastated by the eruption of the Krakatca volcano, the whole line of Jentings forces was swept and torn to pieces, and this millions millions of hell-damned and damned fury, millions fell, Jentings was morally mortally wounded and the rest of the line was thrown into confusion, before a rally staggered the enemy.

The battle indeed was raging at its whitest fury here, the enemy's forty columns or surges being also swept to pieces, but as quickly as they were confused, as quickly did they rally and return to the assault with utmost precipitation and in this frightful melee was the Glandelinian general's pursuit, Johnston, Lieutenant general Francis Johnson and Jennie-Anna were killed, each receiving a fatal shot in the head. The horrible scenes of this battle field exceeded all description. It was a scene of slaughter. Amid the incessant uproar of battle, no intelligible could be heard but the shrieks of the millions of wounded, sighs, groans, prayers, and curses. Hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands had been killed on the Glandelinian side alone and millions of wounded in only this mere fatal extreme fury of the herculean struggle along the left. Hundreds of broken ammunition wagons lay everywhere, with every one of the horses, their masters and cannoniers crushed under them. Even many of the unfortunate officers after the battle was found, with broken trunks, backs, shattered arms, lacerated a torso, and with whole bodies smashed and mangled. Many of the officers were even found, with broken necks or crushed skulls, or headless bodies, vast holes in their bodies, and their intestines protruding. Scores of officers riddled by bullets and cut to pieces by canister and shell fire lay where they fell, some with sides of body or faces torn away, and wounds of dead men lay in front of the Christian workworks almost buried on top of one another, and bathed in blood.

It was a regular crimson tide, the sight being too fearful to describe in long detail, and still the battle raged. The most fearful sight of all was of the largest proportion of general Hanson's army, which had lost over 11,566,000 in that fatal three hours in the afternoon. At no point whatever was the foe giving way, it seemed not only impossible to check the advancing foe but to even stop the enemy's progress in Hanson's location, though division after division was sent against them, and though the enemy would be forced to withdraw a few portions of the line they would only rally under support of the main Glandelinian batteries which gave the Christian lines great desecration. It certainly was awful indeed to see this.

THROUGH BLOOD AND FIRE ONCE MORE.

And where was general Williamsburger Zimmermann's army, which Violet had requested to come by note? Why did he not come? All now depended on him and yet no Zimmermann came. The Glandelinians had now resumed the assault with odious horrifying, and deafening barbaric oars. Devil's Falls the mouth of hell seemed to have engulfed the whole battle field amid the awful slaughter, and the Glandelinians rushing forward with the fury of a hurricane, struck again with such furious precipitation against the Christian line, that another unchristian front was shattered frightfully, but despite the furious charge the surviving instead of giving way, held firmly counter charging, forming deadly infilades, and storming with fire, again and again the Glandelinians broke through a portion of the Christian line only to be wiped out with great loss, and though things were becoming more complicated than ever, general Conventinian Aronburg made a counter rush with his divisions with a fury that was beyond description, finally checking the foe, and the terrific struggle was still fiercer, but he and Ricknell Thompson fell severely wounded, and were borne from the field. At many sections before Aronburg's charge the Glandelinians had given way before a new fire of cannon which shattered their line, and which mowed down multitudes, but the giant columns and the brown tremendous carnage only drove on again in the face of a withering withering fire. Cannon Ricknell and Aronburg's lieutenants on the Glandelinian side being killed, the twelfth part of the assault being at its height, the Glandelinians seemed to be attacking with irresistible force, but again and again their columns were torn to pieces, or crushed by counter charges, and meeting a perfect hurricane of bullets, the assailants saved for a moment only to rally again the batteries on both sides blazed with unwonted brightness, the shells crashed everywhere in a storm of explosions,

then to leave the region, threatening to go into the fearful turmoil if they did not. They reluctantly obeyed, Violet protesting that he never thinks of himself at all, but only of their own safety, and wished him and themselves with him in heaven right away. They loved him so.

A regular sea of dead and wounded graycoats, own exposed to the horri horror of the little girls, only a short distance away, the noise we even so far from them in the distance seeming to come from millions of volleys with a roar as if the whole battle field was a long erupting crater of some mighty volcano, and gladly from sheer horror and terror they left the frightful scene behind. Three hundred thousand landerlinian shells in the meantime had been poured upon the christian lines anew, multitudes of the christians were slain, their whole line was bathed in an inferno of blood and fire, and it indeed seemed impossible if they could much longer stand before the attack and despite their energetic efforts Viviananna's left had been overwhelmed twice by the glandelinians who screamed like millions of demons, and though hurling the overwhelming columns back the situation seemed critical, and all the officers were over anxious about Zimmermann's delay.

Along general Ricknells line under general Sandal, the attacking line of graycoats though galled through and through, a hundred times still seemed to extend beyond the length of the christian line, and tremendous, most horrifying and odious were the yells, screaming, and howlings of the glandelinians as they attacked with the same indescribable ferocity, recoiled with shattered columns, by the hundred, reformed, swept forward to be mangled again, and indeed Sandal had no idea of the almost preternatural fury with which these Glandelinians could throw in their frightful onslaughts and infuse in their deafening and appalling voices of fiendish rage, cupidity, and derision when giving vent to their famous "DEVIL YELL".

Thousands of columns tore at the christian line while yelling at the utmost top of their voices, recoiled with the only remainder, reinforced came on again, receded, resumed the attack, overwhelmed, and Sandal left in a headlong onslaught, went back in fragments, advanced to the attack again with their devil yelling rising so furiously that it sounded like a million hurricane forming into one, the full force of each impact, though each gray wave were swept back each time in pieces, was terrific enough to throw the christians into confusion before a repulse, whole lines of christians were either shot to pieces, or annihilated, the enemy's main lines were also ripped and badly torn, held at bay, and then resume the attack, became honey combed with gaps, recoiled in panic and confusion, the whole three wings of Sandal's three

grand divisions seemed bathed in a furnace of musketry fire, wipe gaps and seemingly networks of smaller ones appeared time and again in the very christian lines making the lines seem split to fragments, the very heavens were hushed for six hundred miles from the far reaching dreadful reverberating clamor, the enemy resumed the attack again and again, in thousands of monstrous masses, that was only swept back and no one can conceive of the almost unearthly violence of

this great battle, which filled all the hills and valleys hundreds of miles from the battle field with countless millions of deafening echoes. The noise of the battle was horrible enough to deafen those in heaven as it seemed, millions of glandelinians sweeping forward, only to fall in hundreds of thousands at every rush, the fourteenth section of the onslaught being as it seemed at its highest fury the christian fire piling the glandelinians down ridges high.

Fifty yards from where Violet and her sisters were crouching, watching the greatest of battles ever seen yet, a big explosive went off, with a blinding ear-splitting detonation, the little girls having been thrown head over heels by the concussion, their crutches being shattered by the storm of earth, loose stones, and debris scattered everywhere, their hair was filled with gravel, their clothes were dirtied, their ribbons were gone, but they escaped even the slightest injury, though the problem was how to get along now, without the means of crutches.

But Evans made them some rudely made crutches out of the bare branches of trees, which did them for a while.

Just before the whole line of the enemy came into sight of the christian fire, the battle became a great massacre, and then reports came that general Viviananna and all the other christian generals besides general Hanson and Vivian had been forced to leave their headquarters on account of the enemy's almost preternatural artillery storm, also had been driven from Snyder's barns by the near approach of battle, and then general Viviananna was reported to have received a severe but not dangerous wound, while the uproar of all the battle along the whole line, made it seem as if the world was coming to an abrupt end. But could this report be true!!!!!!

AN AVALANCH OF HELLISH FURY....

General Vivian had taken possession of a large barn in the rear of a half ruined brick house formerly owned by people known as the Schoeder, the woman's husband and sons and best friends being in the war on the side of the glandelinians, having been driven here by the near approach of battle and the deadly shell storm, the walls being unindented with pictures of children some whose names, read, Mary Glanck, Dolores McColister, and so on probably taken from Snyder's barns and brought here by the unknown owner after the battle of Gloria Francisanna. General Vivian had planned to check the enemy and his wild onslaught by making a counter charge in full force, overlap Federal Henryson's whole line and sweep the assault back, but most of his best generals in here with him, even the one who really owned those pictures, refused furiously to follow this without Hanson's orders to do so, saying that he alone could make out some means to check the enemy, with out it resulting in disaster and the loss of the stubborn battle.

In the meantime around the town and everywhere else to the surprise and alarm of them all, as constantly as thunderbolts in a severe and violent thunder storm, shells were also beginning to explode, the south wall of the western end of the shed was suddenly shattered to splinters, the roof was ripped away simultaneously, the glass in the windows shattered and door thrown out by the concussion. The first swarm of pictures at the same time had been sent flying out a side door by the crash, and two generals were killed, all the guards annihilated, and the rest forced to leave this barn also. They were all outside in an instant, general Vivian went about as if he had gone mad, all jumped on their horses just as they saw a cavalry force in purple dash past on fiery steeds, there was confusion and excitement, the barn and ruined house was becoming a furnace of fire, the ear-splitting roar of battle approached nearer, a shell exploded near Vivian's two of his generals dropped, there was a flash far behind a geyser of smoke and an ear-splitting roar that seemed to make the earth shudder, with horror, panic stricken men came rushing from all directions, peals of deafening rolling thunder from high exploded explosives, shook down the burning structures from which the pictures had been saved from the concussion, there was a wild gallop of a horse coming from an opposite direction amid this avalanche of hellish fury, and general Hanson came dashing up, as a shell burst killed a colonel, wounded two generals, shattering the blazing wreckage in all directions and amid the wild conglomeration of tumult he shouted

"For heaven's sake, the battle is lost though the reinforcements are coming.... Williamsburger Zimmermann.... is advancing.... with all haste..... I observed.... his army through.... my field glasses." "Well, I knew the enemy cannot do anything." Said general Hanson the owner of the rescued pictures, riding up and down along the rear of his own stubbornly holding lines amid that shrieking roaring inferno in a passion of joy, just as another shell exploded among the

turning wreckage of the buildings scattering blazing embers all around. "I was I who took violet's appealing note to general Zimmermann before it was taken by the foe, when the messenger she sent with it fell mortally wounded. I knew that if the foe got that note, we would be beaten, for Zimmermann would not come, as the foe learning Zimmermann's intentions would guard against his advance. I got back here an hour before Zimmermann arrived."

"God cried general Anson his face lighting with joy, and shaking hands with the brave Abbisannian. "Go and sent twenty boy scouts to signal Zimmermann our situation, and to hurry him before our main line is broken."

THE CONCLUSION OF THE BATTLE OF FRANCIS) ATLANTA, OR ANNA) MARIA.

Those twenty brave boy scouts went without flinching and general Vivian watching the frightful scene, and starting to go back to the firing

line was horrified a few minutes later, to see nineteen of the brave fourteen year old lads all beautiful lads brought back dead, and badly mangled and shot to pieces, and the twentieth lad Francis Vennith Casey mortally wounded. He was able to speak however and said between gasps;

"W-w-e-w-were-----unsuccessful. Th-th-the f-f-f-r-a-f-i-r-e of the e-s-enemy i s h-h-horrible. T-t-thousands of officers are slain. T-t-the G-g-g-landelinians a-a-a-are c-c-c-carrying our---w-w-whole center, t-t-the s-s-s-signal station w-w-we u-u-used was---b-b-b-blown---d-d-d-don---down---u-u-u-under---u-u-us-----and)---" He could say no more but fell back in a faint.

"Let us go and signal Zimmermann!" pleaded Violet.

"No indeed." Said general Vivian wheeling sharply upon them. "Evans you watch them. If they are killed or injured and in general will Vivian and Anson will hold you responsible with your life."

Violet and her sisters still insisted but general Vivian himself came up and hearing them said sternly and even angrily; "What is the matter with you little girls lately? Are you going crazy or do you want to commit suicide? No and don't remark about going again. We absolutely refused to let you go so don't say anything more about it."

"You little dears will have no chance to go anyway." Said Evans himself. "For my sake, and God's don't be foolish. Those boys as you have seen with their little lieutenant has been sent your uncle not expecting the tragedy and see the result. Had he known this to happen he would have sent men or gone himself. Why you can study on those dead boys. The station has been blown in the air by a mine as a witnessing officer told me, and every one brought back in this condition."

EVANS DOES THE SIGNALING HIMSELF!.....

Evans himself while Violet and her sisters were protesting with their father and other generals went to the nearest signal station, quickly ascended to the top though a tempest of minnie's moaned in furious concert around him, unfurled the signal flag and started waving it. A solid shot struck the staff hurling it in fragments out of his hand, but unfurling another he had with him, he waved it frantically, but a shell crashed through the side of the signal station ripping and rending the timbers, with a most dreadful noise, but before the inevitable happened, he got an answer for he saw in the direction

Zimmermann's army was supposed to be coming, a different flag waving in rotation which the meaning he read;

"Have seen signals before and know what situation you are in. Am coming slowly to distract foe toward your lines. Large forces of my army under Francellie moving on Vanley's flank. All will be well."

Just as Evans had descended after answering back a high explosive shell brought him sprawling to the ground by the concussion, the station was blown to bits and a crater dug where it lately stood.

"Gosh but - had a narrow escape." Gaped Evans staring to his feet and stumbling back to the region of the burning house and barn. "If I had stayed on it much longer I would have been killed."

He reported to general Vivian who was shouting and directing orders, about what he had received in answer to his own signals and Evans for this daring feat was looked upon by Vivian and her sisters as a hero hereafter.

THE FINAL ISSUE. THE AVALANCH OF SLAUGHTER.....

Many of the assaulting columns were still torn to pieces by the christian fire some were recoiling the main line had reached the christian works both sides seemed now to storm with a preternatural fire, that mowed down thousands upon thousands, all along the line, the whole battle line was hidden in smoke, the din of the firing seemed as if the molten matter inside the entrails of the earth was forcing its way through the crust in a titanic eruption on the whole battle field, the nineteen million assailants wavered, reformed, stopped the christians

as they rushed forward in a counter charge, the whole battle now became a blinding hellish uproar, the enemy's main line seemed threatened with dissolution, while most gigantic through out that awful carnage and the cannon and musketry fire which swept them like the most horrible storm of hell, the landelinians resumed the fierce attack, their whole line was cleaved to shreds, recoiled, but once more to the horror of the christian generals attacked, the main entire gray surge striking and plunging against their christian forces, though honeycombed with gaps, and raked through and through like a fine comb so does hair, still pressed on battling like demons to win, and over the works poured the surviving columns of the foe in violent agitation, but the death dealing christian batteries which had slackened their fire on account of being overheated cooled rapidly and again let loose their horrible cannonading thunders in a perpetual crash the whole gray surge pouring over the works withered, hundreds of thousands of others fell, the appalling circumstances of this immense line of batteries withering score of landelinian surges and throwing the survivors back in the wildest confusion. Even the horrible cannon fire along the other parts of the christian line was at its highest fury, but still the dense columns of the landelinians continued their assault with extraordinary ferocity, the fury of the continuous onslaught now being more frightful, the firing grew heavier, the survivors came on, more fresh troops swelled the landelinian armies, and general Vivian seeing the danger brought all his remaining forces into action, swept back the landelinian columns again and again, but still the landelinians retained their furious attack, our partisans Melrose and an ideal christian being among the wounded.

The terrible battle now seemed to be drawing to its highest fury, the Olandelinians though swept down by hundreds of thousands continued the attack, whole columns extending for scores of miles were almost annihilated as they closed with the Christian line, the very air above the batteries of cannon seemed riven by their heavy action the surviving Olandelinians continued the attack and now as all the Christian columns which had been in confusion were now rallied there came a fire as from the very insides of hell and there rushed hundreds of thousands of volleys making a simultaneous hundred trillion cannon like roar as before the gigantic columns of Olandelinians torn to pieces wavered, fell back, rallied rushed again at the Christian line once more reeled again, and resuming the assault while all along the line the fields were covered with fields of dead and wounded and never before except in Morinia which was soon coming was there ever such a battle fought which had swelled to such a frightful extent and the worse about it was that it increased and continued to increase without pausing a single moment now while before there had been a repeated lull.

Whole divisions of Olandelinians were repeatedly being shattered hundreds of brave officers had fallen the surviving Olandelinian surges continued the attack with stupendous violence breaking the Christian center into many parts, then after three hours more of preternatural fighting the broken center was reinforced the Olandelinians wavered in general, a general opinion thought it over, but again the assault was resumed the Olandelinians rushing forward in grand array the lancers, first, the dragons and cavalry battle lions next and the infantry, the carnage was still more fearful the purple line became a long stream of fire which roared and thundered with maddening fury, the whole of the main gray line was swiftly following the whole battle field became a worse inferno, the decimated Olandelinian surges were swept on-----to their deaths, the surviving

Olandelinian Olandelinian surges or crashed through the center of the purple line ripping it to fragments, general Joseph Popcorn was killed, Julia Pirrie was mortally wounded and the fragments of Olandelinian divisions were scattered in all directions the whole gray surge was wavering having been struck already by the flankers, Stanley mounted a second time but again was unhorsed, the onrush of the Olandelinians was being checked at all points now by the arrival of general Zimmermann's forces picknell Johnston was killed general Bennett Shearson was badly wounded, a Washington was killed in trying to rally a shattered Olandelinian division Cannoni was seriously wounded Murphy Marletoni was also killed, general,

general Gillie was wounded and John Joseph Jamption was killed while Federal Tamerlinia was riddled with a thousand bullets. S. Smith Pyne was wounded, a shell exploded near general Johnston Stanley, the fragments tearing his horse open thus dismounting him again the general was thrown a hundred feet by the concussion and he was slightly wounded. Bicknell Johnston and picknell Johnston who was killed was a general serving on the Christian side not the enemy, all his staff was down, Olandelinian columns were being driven clean back to their main line of works which was carried, he himself was killed his Christians driven into confusion, Shoemans Christian line was annihilated he himself was badly wounded, the fields were now ashen of purple Zimmermann's line of action was also shattered, he himself was dangerously wounded, the whole Christian line was being shot to pieces the main Olandelinian surges came on once more general Estrabrook on Zimmermann's right was killed, Adels-de-garbe Francis was severely and dangerously wounded, his whole side being torn away by the explosion of a shrapnell, but still the main Christian line held like a rock. Through her field glasses Violet could see that the whole attack was at its highest fury, she saw that the whole attack was at its most murderous fury the enemy attacking with all their irrefragable fury and the shells were exploding now like a storm of daminating destruction.

In the meantime general Jack Evans mounting his horse hurried to the rear rallying all the retreating Christian columns that he could manage, and then he came upon the preternatural crashing of the distant firing which was echoing among the far distant hills mingling with the uproar of the wild Olandelinian "DEVIL YELL." He had passed the first glen and started on the road to the ferry to bring them to the defeated Christian lines when he saw Violet and her sisters standing at the northern end of the glen watching the fight from the hills.

"You little girls in the worse of this battle regions and God help you if you do not take my advice and get away," said Evans almost sternly. "The battle is at its extreme worse now and you little girls are in a dangerous location. You must go or I will, though it hurts me to say it make you go by force to save you. Come now or if I'll take you rudely on my horse and go off with you immediately. And don't be foolish. Why worry we will win. Come. Come or I'll take you any way."

Even as he spoke there was a blinding crash of thunderous salvoes from a line of bursting high explosives or Olandelinian shells that seemed to shake the very earth and echo in all the mountain regions with awe inspiring grandeur, and Jack Evans and his sisters were hurled from their positions.

A TRAGEDY FOR OLANDELINIA.

"You little girls in the worse of this battle regions and God help you if you do not take my advice and get away," said Evans almost sternly. "The battle is at its extreme worse now and you little girls are in a dangerous location. You must go or I will, though it hurts me to say it make you go by force to save you. Come now or if I'll take you rudely on my horse and go off with you immediately. And don't be foolish. Why worry we will win. Come. Come or I'll take you any way."

Had it not been for the anxiety of the outcome of the battle Violet and her sisters would have enjoyed the outcome of the greatest battle they had ever seen. They had seen a battle like it, like its wild grandeur before, and they went with Evans not of their will either but because though he was a great friend of theirs, and their guardian and his words and commands just the same had to be obeyed by them.

Just as they all saw something like a long line of separate thousands of gigantic eruptions mingled with screeching detonations a shudder ran through the Olandelinians. Would this terrible battle battle never abate? Panic stricken Olandelinians were now seen flying in all directions peals of deafening thunder from more volleys of shell shook the ground the blinding flash of firearms was more incessant and in the midst of it all they heard the wild gallop of a horse suddenly coming up the road down which they were riding and springing up in his stirrups General Vivian saw general Vivian himself coming looking very pale with excitement and almost lit up with joy.

"What is up?" exclaimed Evans start stretching out his hands to him. "Are you hurt?"

"No Jack. Dear I'm not hurt." Gasped general Vivian. "But there has been an awful clamor among Stanley's army and now the whole command had struck against our whole line in the mightiest onslaught every seen seen or what could ever be conceived before any body, and his whole command is now in shreds whole fragments, and we are carrying a' all before us."

Another officer at this moment came up his parched lips seeming hardly able to articulate, his breath came in short gasps, and the cold sweat stood upon his forehead while his eyes stared wildly as if still seeing some awful sight.

"Come tell us what happened!" Demanded general Vivian.

"The storm of battle is sweeping your whole left wing back with mortal fury, and threatening it with annihilation, though they are doing their best to check the frenzied foe, and as I was passing that regions throw a horrible flash it blinded me followed by an ear splitting roar that shook me from my horse, the whole line gave way, Zimmermann's army is crushed to fragments, five hundred of his officers are down, Vivian is wounded, Maconia is wounded fatally and general Vivian is really wounded, dangerously wounded, and oh it was horrible. I shall see the looks on their dying faces till my last day."

"Here drink this. My two main commanders mortally wounded! Good God how can it be!"

"Yes and they say Zimmermann is more seriously wounded than any of these. No! Williamsonburger Zimmermann. But Francis Zimmermann whose side is torn as well as a shell, and you can see his horrible lunge and other entails. All of his officers are down, but Main Zimmermann cannot halt the enemy's advance at any point his army is dislodged into one quarter, the whole line under Manson is giving way instead of the enemy as you thought and the battle is really and has honor honestly to goodness and truthfully before God himself lost. We are doomed to annihilated annihilation for most of our army is trapped in a big ambush and cannot escape. Hanson Vivian your brother is also severely and dangerously wounded. General Jentien's army and Phelan tanks are annihilated and General Vivian's is being destroyed. Oh God but it is horrible. It is all the truth general for God can strike me if I'm lying before you and your beautiful daughters."

General Vivian stood white as death a look of unutterable horror and anguish on his handsome face.

"Oh God," he murmured. "The war is lost. If it had been some body else than Francis Zimmermann Williamsonburger and my brother Hanson Vivian. Oh it's horrible."

Then suddenly turning to General Jack Evans who still sat in his horse with down cast head he exclaimed:

"I will go back with you General Evans and try to rally them. Even if it has to cost our lives. My main center is still holding. I might be able to rally the rest."

"I think it is exceedingly dangerous for you to go back into such a storm of carnage," said Evans. "But if you intend to go or to do so, to do so you must have another horse. As your horse is exhausted already."

General Vivian tucked onto his new horse and soon went on out into the frightful storm of battle with three generals. On the horrors of the next few hours, the anxious almost hopeless attempt to rally the panic stricken columns, officers adding their number to the body strewn fields faster than the Glandelinians generals who had fallen, amid the thunder of hundreds upon the hundreds of thousands of shells, that seemed to dam up the battle field in a storm of destruction, the flash and roar of the ore cruel battle lines in gray, the lung lines and masses of great trees crashing to earth, the fury of hissing canister tearing tearing everywhere, breaking twigs and sticks, General Vivian's horse was prostrate by a shell, crushed and mangled at the foot of a crag with its intent intention protruding, but the great general escaped unhurt. But what good did it do. Was not the main main Christian commander the supreme leader of the whole army engaged in this mighty but battle down seriously wounded? The frenzy stricken officers shouted commands, rode a o among the panic stricken columns, trying to heat them back but two by two they dropped every minute, a tree crashed down near General Vivian unhorsing Evans but not injuring him.

If we could only get a large cavalry force, to charge into those panic stricken forces we could check this confusion," said General Vivian. "Could you sack my boy send for them?" "I'll lead for them in person."

"But it is suicide for you to point to that tumultuous conglomerate pandemonium," protested Evans. "I'll get the cavalry but let me lead them. I can do it better."

"No," said General Vivian. "I'll lead them, and that is all there is to it. It's your duty to take care of Violet and her sisters and ride them away from this region immediately so that they will be safe in case the foe wins."

Evans however did the opposite in secret but all the efforts of the cavalry could not rally them, and so Evans fearing a disastrous defeat went back to Violet and her sisters. But was Hanby Hanley really winning? Seventeen of Hanley's main columns under the highest generals had been overwhelmed and cut to pieces by the flankers sent by Zimmermann, his main line of assault 91,000,000 strong had been decimated so terribly that it seemed that only ten million survived, and that nine hundred thousand of the survivors were prisoners. The main commanders of the seventeen divisions were Germaine Cannon, Maurice Vivian, Walter Costello, Jennings Vivian, Louis Paliwin, Neiligan Maurice, Bel Benlipan, Fredrick and Jackson Fredrickson, Ricknell Benlipan, Adels-de-garbo Ricknell, Hendro Johnston, Franklin Johnston and Meldonia Jacksons who fortunately however had not been killed or wounded, in the frightful battle though the losses of these seventeen divisions under the fourteen generals in chief was about 38,000,233 in which 19,564,333 had been killed and wounded and the rest taken prisoners.

Indeed on account of this terrible slaughter terrible tragedy threat and Glandelinia should the Glandelinian armies lose.

"No Evans," said Violet at his serious question. "I'm not nervous nor am I low spirited. If it were not for you Evans we would never be perfectly happy."

"Why my dear little girl what a had made your little heart so sad? There is a great many things that make me sad, that make me seem dreadful to me also," said Jennie. "I would have rather died long ago than go through all the misery again which will come when the enemy wins. And they are already victorious. But yet we don't want to leave you as it almost breaks our hearts."

"But don't believe there will be any victory coming for the foe," said General Evans. "We have only got to hold our patience. And they saw it is only the main left wing of the Christian army that is driven into confusion of the whole of the army under General Hanson and Vivian in person and not the rest. And what makes you all seem sad?"

"Oh something down by this horrible battle. I feel sorry for the poor injured and dead who are fighting and have fought in vain for love them all dearly as they were all good and kind to little children. I wish Evans this terrible carnage had not happened and would cease, even no matter how it ends."

"So do I," said Evans. "But we can not stop it and dear little girl you are a too sensitive. I'm sorry you little girls ever saw the frightful battles. I ain't for the eyes of little children anyway."

"But dear Evans that cannot be helped," said Catherine reproachfully. "You want us to live happily and never have any pain, never suffer anything, not even hear a sad story, or see terrible sights, when millions of other poor creatures now having nothing but pain and sorrow probably all the time during the horrible war. It seems so selfish. And we can't help witnessing such horrors, and we can't help feeling about them. Such things have sunk into our hearts deep."

I've thought and thought about the battle now raging and how it was to end. Evans Evans is not there any way to have the broken divisions restored."

"That is a difficult question dearest," there is no doubt though that the army may be restored and reformed somehow but how, do not know. I heartily wish there was not a single war in existence, but then I don't know what there is to be done about it."

SLIGHT REPORTS OF WHAT THE BATTLE DID.???:

1 In the meantime reports had reached General Vivian that General Blominia's army had been swept by the same storm of battle and with frightful devaluation and that the terrific concussion of the battle had been felt with disastrous effects for about three hundred miles from the battle field, prostrating a number of cities, and wrecking thousands of villages. This gave rise to the fact that the battle of Francis-Atlanta had been tenfold worse than any battle in the war, except Aronburgs or Floridia which raged the following month of November. The battle all that frightful day as Violet and her sisters had observed had been terrific, the main swing of the battle having not extended toward Francis Atlanta until the

afternoon when it then raged on the region on Francis Hill, then every where the battle had become a veritable screaming tempest of hellish fury that surprised all the Christian general in the enemy.

And now it seemed as if the foe was victorious. General Vivian's whole line was rolled up, Vivian's army was reduced to fragments, Francis Zimmermann's ruined army was driven out, by the Glandelinian onslaught, where the battle raged with a din loud enough to wake the dead, and General Hanson's main entire Christian line, that is the entire army fighting in the battle seemed on the verge of giving up at all points.

Three days had passed since the fatal news of the disaster was received by general Vivian who had been at Ananaria when he met Evans and though the battle was still surging back and forth the situation as reports came was the same or worse. Many of the fragments of assaulting divisions was hastily abandoning the assault at certain points. Evans had sent off with a large force of Christians to leave the region with Violet and her sisters for their safety should the enemy win most of the time the small force double timing and forced marches had been made, and now the whole force of Evans escort soon came within sight of a desolated town called McWhirther the same town ruined by the commander of the battle of Alorinia. From a plain whose terrible ruins and forest fires raging in the same regions barred their way in any other direction. The city had probably been swept by a conflagration, for bricks, mortar and ashes seemed to be the only remains. Most of Evans' command were well tired out from their long fast travel but as there was no shelter in this city of death, and as the heat of the encumbering ruins was intolerable, they headed swiftly in another direction making a clean breach of the ruined city and listening to the roar of the distant battle. At turn general Jack Evans carried the little girls, who though able to walk now pretty good without the crutch crutches, and even able to run somewhat easily when one crutch was more fatigued than any one else.

He liked to do it for them, because he generally fancied he was carrying children of the celestial regions. They were not heavy for him in the least and he generally carried them two at a time for miles for a mile before resting. Violet and her sisters marveled at his super human strength for in truth as they were now in a healthy condition again the little girls were quite heavy. Late that afternoon, three o'clock they reached the ruined regions of what had once been known as a

Ogan. Though the ruins were passable they were yet too harrowing a sight to relate for such scenes of wars ravages and desolation are shocking to the ears. And heart. What typhoon is there or what tornado has any man nerve to face? What of these could outrun our primitive the ravages of the battles of the Alandoo-Angalinnian war? What even the millions of poor victims suffered a for a these years or war cannot be told us, even in our most secret chamber it so harrows up the soul. Thus was the ruins of Ogan. Roseanna Ogan. Violet and her sisters could hardly bear to witness it. Yet for short cut, and fearing the enemy would come upon them suddenly the Evans decided to try and make a passage through even with his cavalry forces, and there was no backing out now. The city was entered readily enough, and as they passed through one of the wreckage strewn streets they saw whole lines of desolated buildings all in total ruins as if shattered by severe earthquakes. It was a long time since little Alorinia Francisanna which ruined this city its concussion but nevertheless tons of debris lay beside these ruined buildings, or on the streets, many boards and sticks protruding from the brick piles. Evans began to have thoughts about seeking shelter for the little girls but none could be found in Roseanna. Now as every building was practically in total ruins. As the city was quite a size Evans decided to seek shelter in some house not completely leveled, but no such house could be found. Yet Evans was bound to see that the little girls get some rest somewhere and so a small halt was made. One of the soldiers fearing less something might happen stood on guard to give the warning. The May afternoon was very hot and sultry and quite stormy the rain falling in a drizzle. Suddenly the guard noticed a storm of red flashes in the sky toward the northwest.

"A fire sure enough," he cried. "I wonder if it is traveling in or toward this location?"

He was astonished and almost frightened at this moment for it suddenly disappeared. Far off could still be heard the roar of distant battle. He determined to keep his eyes peeled and did so but nothing unusual happened though the peculiar flashes showed incessantly all the time once covering the entire horizon. As the march was resumed and as they left the middle of the city the atmosphere became hazy with smoke and still more sultry generally indicating the approach of cyclonic storms. General Evans and the others who were well on their way toward three thirty noticed the very suspicious change and fearing that it was another sudden change in the course of the extensive battle line and knowing that they were dangerously close to it again from the nearness of the roar of the distant conflict, hastened to get out of the ruined city and so a successful

"Goodness! if the possibility of the typhoon of battle comes here again it catches us unawares and we could still be in this state it would be good day with us," muttered Evans to himself. "Wow!" They hastened onward climbing the wreckage of the trees at intervals and plunging through ravines choked with dust and wreckage. General Evans alone feared that his small division get out of the region before the battle surge would reach them and now wished a he and the others had not gone in this direction. However he did not mention this to

fears to the others but as it happened at about quarter after four the haze cleared away the sky became more blue and the atmosphere quite transparent. Not a cloud was in the sky, and the heat of the late afternoon became more intolerable. Evans now felt no fears and only the little girls felt it was something else than an ordinary hot wave. They noticed the transparency of the atmosphere, with unspoken suspicion and to their impatient feelings caused by the sense of approaching danger it seemed as there was no end of the region as they never seemed to leave it. In fact they were going back toward the raging battle and they did not know it.

Evans seemed to notice the worried look on the faces of the little girls and said:

"What is the matter little girls of mine? You all look as if you were worried about something. Are you still fearing that your freedom from your enemies and everything else will be a failure?"

"No-o-o-o," said Violet as she suddenly noticed a rolling mass of air in cloud formation which in this country bears like a thunder moving up along the horizon where the terrible roar of the battle could be heard. "I fear we are heading again in the direction of the cyclonic storm of battle. It may go on with us if we are caught out in it among the open plains."

"The horizon skies are suspicious alright," Evans remarked glancing at the heavy smoke clouds. "It looks though from those yonder clouds that it is from the distant exploding shells but just the same though those shells make black and white smoke don't like the coloring of that thick mass of cirrus. And at other portions I see gray smoke clouds. And I know because I've seen it so often often. That is surely from the distant battle, and the worse part of that. But what of it many of these ruined houses out here, or a ravine is safe for us to dive into at the first moment we find ourselves or ourselves among the battle again. Evans knew that the battle was still raging and was bound to get out of the region before any of the retreating columns no matter what side would come upon them. It was well on toward half past four now and the whole distant horizon had become as gray as the skies are before the outbreak of a severe snowstorm. More like the Kansas grayness especially like the grayness mentioned before the outbreak of the cyclone in the Wizard of Oz. Even the far distant ruins of the city they had left behind seemed to be of a strange gray color which made them seem more desolate and terrific and when that been the meaning of the distant red flashes. A terrible typhoon of battle had tore along general Vivians still firmly holding lines, but fortunately did not devastate any more cities from the concussion, though three hundred and twenty two towns and villages had been wiped off the map with great loss of life.

THE VIOLENT CALVERINIAN THUNDER STORM

The clouds after all were not from any battle. A terrific Calverinian thunderstorm was approaching, and was already sweeping the southern parts of Calverinia and progressing southeastward with all the frightful fury it could assume. Violet and her sisters noticing the strange grayness of the sky began to have fears that it was already close upon them as the gray color was quite quick and freakish, even seeming to effect the far distant landscape and the atmosphere. As the sensation of sulphur was in the air, and Evans noticing it also believed that after all the cloud may have come from Mt. Vivian he declared that the volcano may be in eruption, though at a great distance from them.

"But why don't askes 'all' then Jack dear," said Violet. "And

yet there is no breeze. That ought to be a real sign of a storm as you know now the old clouds are a storm. At Virginia is too far to be seen anyway. We can't get the effects of her eruption from here. She can destroy only at a distance of sixty miles. We are two hundred miles away from her now."

"But she can throw her sulphurous cloud this far," insisted Evans.

"Maybe that is so, but I noticed when these clouds first appeared they resembled storm clouds, and not from any eruption or not from the distant battle, and they are approaching with terrible swiftness."

"Well, maybe it is a distant typhoon then," said Evans exhibiting some alarm. "If she strikes here we will have a great time in saving out ourselves from its relentless fury. Violet, I hope your fears for the sake of you and your sisters are wrong after all."

"So do we wait," was their comment. "But Evans my dear you may be disappointed. My predictions are seldom wrong. Besides I can almost prove that we will soon have a severe thunderstorm."

"Oh, God, have mercy on us. Look at those black clouds. Evans! Black black as ink," gasped Alice.

Evans and all the rest looked and noticed ink dark threatening clouds spreading swiftly toward the zenith and along the north western horizon in many fantastic shapes at its advancing edges, and advancing with amazing animation while a stiff breeze was starting to rise cool and chilly. The ponderous glober avalanches of clouds grew darker and blacker, which though real purple in hue at first had not become the color of ink, or exactly looked like smoke.

Nevertheless they hardly yet believed it was a thunderstorm. Thunderstorm, thunderstorm or a coming but in a few minutes from the straight not northwest there began a furious headlong race of amber cloud clouds and others black as real ink, others white and blue whole above their heads the swift canopy as black as a pit in a terrible treacherous cavern had already passed, the distant gray or greenish gray cloud was intermingled in quick secondary successions of sheet and shaft light lightning.

The whole distant ruins of the city of Fort Jones Anna Hogan was in death, like silence repose, and the houses appeared almost black in hue, while the foliage of the far distant trees, in the country regions, now visible in the distance plowed with a weird spectral green and spander in the growing darkness. Puffs of cool wind swept through the fields and isolated heavy rain drops so large as to make splashes the size of plates clattered against the windows. Watchers... watchers...

Indeed extra canopy of black approaching clouds spreading over the sky near the zenith with amazing rapidity resembled like the approach of the judgement day, and hell's immense clouds at the same time and far to the northwest the section of the cloud spreading there seemed to suddenly turn into a sheeted black line of streaks, the approaching thunder rolls seemed to roar in relentless rage, to defy even the heavenly bodies to stop it. It's indiscriminately wild progress. Evans and the rest believed they were going, but nevertheless they took caution enough to dive into an open valley called way of an old abandoned farm house not far away. Violet and her sisters with fright huddling around Evans in the darkness of a corner and he could actually hear the wild thumping of their pure little hearts, the little girls thinking it a wild typhoon typhoon coming. Evans stood near enough of the opening to survey the approach of the thunderstorm. And noticed from the action of the clouds that it was indeed one of those wild Calvinian thunderstorms that sweeps the country in May.

The immense cloud had already passed over the southern and eastern horizon, the darkest part having become of a crimson brown color the horizon being lit up by a sudden intense lurid glow from the distant town as that were burning which almost surrounded the ruins of the city of Pleasant Roseanna Hogan.!!!!

The whole ruins was the color of a strange red darkness. All of a sudden this red darkness increased then faded gradually away as it became lighter again while in the distance the battle still raging there seemed to be a terrible shrieking noise which seemed to echo high up into the sky even, resembling the far away howl of legions of demons. The rain falling was now so thick that nothing over fifty hundred yards could be seen unless it was revealed by the increasing incessant flashes of lightning which was now preceded by a constant cannonading of the heavens. It was growing dark.

Suddenly there blashed a blue bluish flash of lightning hurl burning the eyes of all behold it like pepper and terrible indeed was the detonation of the thundercrash whose concussion shook down scores of ruined buildings and made all the trees quiver. Then gradually the sky

afire with lightning the thunder began to roar like a salvoes of violent cannonading all with surprising rapidity followed the vast columns of water precipitated from the sky.

The sound was now changing almost metallic in their ring then there was a rattling and a clanking and a terrific explosion of thunder that sounded like a million cannon in one long rolling report.

The earth trembled as if there was an earth quake the air though yet still grew cold cooler then all of a sudden there was a blinding flash of lightning proceeded by a thunder roar that seemed to rend the heavens and earth all simultaneously, and which again caused the ground to tremble severely and down fell the distant ruin everywhere echoing through the streets in response to the thunder thunder roll. Another flash followed a moment after its forked streaks seeming to blast and singe the air many of the streaks being like lanes of skyscrapers. Another thunder roll came with tenfold vehemence and from the shock of the concussion scores of half ruined ruined buildings utterly collapsed with a roar heard far and wide and reverberating through the streets in deafening cadence deafening cadence.

At every pause of the thunder crashes the dull howling roar of the distant battle could still be heard growing louder and louder at times, and now again a searing river of lightning which seemed to fill the black cloud with millions of streams seemed furiously to stab the darkness. The report of the thunder crash sounded like a million cannon once more going off in one long roll.

How long the tremendous uproar of the storm continued no one can say but during it all Evans and the rest were soon witnesses of the distant battle once more shells sending amid the storm of rain and thunder swirling on high into the air columns after columns of assaulting landelinians still going to pieces amid the worse ear-splitting roar of the battle which drowned out the noise of the severe thunderstorm. How long the tremendous uproar of the battle continued and the shrieks of the millions of injured left at the mercy of the wild storm it is hard to tell, but the crashes of a redoubled number of shells explosions as the christian cannon rended the landelinian armies to pieces actually made the ground tremble worse than the grashing thunder did, and within twenty minutes now nearly all of the landelinian columns within sight may have turned into a maelstrom of destruction of lives, but still the attack only redoubled in fury, but the tremendous counter onrush of the Angelinians was like a terrific typhoon clearing many of the plains of the landelinians by carrying all before them, and now it did not look to Evans or the little girls as if the christians were losing the battle, and indeed they were not losing, anything so far as that is concerned, the enemy not having won a single assault. The atmosphere was blinding with shooting clouds of wreckage mud, amid the explosions of shells which incessantly roared and crashed, drowning out the monstrous screaming howling roar of the christian yell itself.

In a second more the remaining landelinian column had increased the fury of their assault the whole battle being still the same roaring hell of destruction and not even the worse uproar of all the elements and volcanoes in eruption could be combined. All the landelinian columns that dared charge into that damanting inferno went to pieces or faced annihilation the air was still thickly clouded with debris and smoke, the battle raged on with redoubled fury in all that it shot torrents of pouring rain, and the yell of the landelinians became so fierce once more, that when it was added by the answering yell of the Angelinians it seemed that hell and all its damned began to possess the air once more and were venting their savage rage in the most horrible unearthly sounds even louder than the screaming of a million shrill whistles. Column after columns of the landelinians were rended to fragments so frequently now that they became confused the dust and clouds of smoke poured everywhere thicker than the rain the savage fury of the battle continued steadily in a paroxysm of rage that increased with tenfold vehemence the storm of battle now raging at its greatest fury.

A week had passed now since the battle of Francis-Atlanta, and the broken fragments of vanleys armies were still retreating in confusion.

"Phew but that was a narrow escape for the christian cause," said general Hanson that evening when he could find voice to speak to Evans.

"I thought we and the christian armies were goners. My how the enemy did throw their fury into us..."

"It was God who saved us," said Jennie. "It had been a terrible battle storm, and if it had not been for the brave holding out of the christian lines we would have all been killed without a chance of saving out ourselves."

"You little girls seemed mighty scared and sad for a while," said Evans. "And I told you your misery was all for nothing. Well the fact is, Hanson wants to camp here for to night. We can't go through this damned city of St. Francis in the dark."

Hanson however on account of his armies being far ahead by this time many miles away, decided not to after all declaring that he did not believe it wise to do so, that the pursuing armies had went on ahead, and he did not think it wise to cause any delay whatever, and as the little girls though tired and sleepy had the same opinion Evans thought it best too and the journey was continued in the dark, Evans having the little girls close closer to him than ever, guarding their every footstep.

footstep, though it seemed to him at times as if they were celestial children who were guarding him.

They had traveled on for an hour when they suddenly began to see the country again, and a good portion of a house near by which seemed good and entire.

"Let's stop here for a while," advised general Hanson. "A good rest may do us good after all. Any how as we have reached the outer limits of the ruined city we may as well have some sleep for the sake of the army which I know has halted."

Hanson was the first to enter and gave a cry of dismay. At his shout of horror Evans and the little girls followed quickly. They were horrified at what they saw. The whole ceiling was down and mingled with the wreckage on the floor, were several horribly mangled bodies of little children, two fair beautifully formed little girls, but stripped naked. General Hanson stepped inside and lifting a large beam drew out the armless and legless body of one of the poor little girls. Her body was rent and torn frightfully and besmeared with blood. Her head had been crushed and her eyes which were bulging were half out of their sockets, her neck was lacerated as by a butchers knife, and the windpipe was protruding.

"Gracious this is no place for us," Ecla exclaimed. "Those bodies look as if they had come through a number of butcher's shops. Some better in the open than here!"

As Violet and her sisters of course had not gone all the way in the they did not know what was up. As they saw general Hanson, Baldwin, and Evans emerge from the room with pale horrified faces, they realized they had witnessed some horror in the place and shuddered. Evans who had been with the two high generals refused to reveal what he saw as he did not want to distress and horrify them. They begged and pleaded, but he would not yield, so they gave it up but nevertheless he knew they suspected something dreadful as he saw the look of horror on their sweet faces.

"Burn the damn house," ordered Hanson to his nearest rank of solid soldiers examining an envelope he found in the same room. "Children have been murdered by the dirty rascals and hidden in the house. As intestines are dangling out of their bodies we cannot bear the time it takes to bury them."

Then opening the envelope drew out a sheet of paper which started him as he read the words:

"The joke is intensely on general Jack Evans of the dirty pig dogs called the Angelins. The general he shot and wounded was not Germania Vivian, but Germania Vivian, who resembles him a good deal. But Jack Evans's dastardly trick is known all over and he showed a sample what he will do to the Vivian girls when they are captured. His army did not arrive to join Stanley. It was Germania Vivian's army, as general Germania Vivian is still at Bremer Anderson. For that, Jack Evans had better beware for his doom is nigh. His men will get the dirty Vivian girls or we will know the reason why."

GOOD day Mr. Poodle-Dog
who ever you are
who finds this letter.
Sergeant John A. McKlin.

Hanson turning to Evans and handing him the note said: "Jack my boy you failed to get your man. I hope you better luck next time."

Evans was astonished but after reading the note he said: "I should worry what is said or what written in this damn note. They will have to kill me first before they can get the Vivian girls or save him from what is coming to him. I bet a million dollars that some day Germania will be facing me for his sent sentence."

They now proceeded onward into the open country Evans having Violet and Jennie by the hand on each side of him. He could not restrain from drawing them to him and kissing them. He had become more like a brother to them, than a mere friend or a guardian and the little girls seemed to realize it...

THE DESPERATE FIGHT BETWEEN JACK EVANS AND GERMAINE VIVIAN

They loved him as much as their tender hearts could show, and though they acted like dear little sisters to him he nevertheless always had that strange feeling of awe which frequently made him wonder. That night when all did find some shelter he lay awake for hours thinking of them, and with that same strange feeling of awe. Could they really be flesh and blood he often wondered? He vowedly swore that he would protect them in any way from Germanias assassins, would be as kind to them as his heart would permit and satisfy them in any way that was not injurious.

It was early in the night and he was still thinking when suddenly glancing sideways he noticed something white and tall stooping over him. Thinking at first it was Violet, he had the impulse to draw her suddenly within his loving embrace, then suddenly he noticed the size too tall for even a man as it seemed, and suddenly having the sense of impending danger he quickly drew his gun and blazed away.

In his excitement he missed his aim, and the form what ever it was sprang at him as he jumped out of bed, and at once the scene was one of the greatest confusion. At Evans first successful onset the intruder crashed several chairs through the windows in an endeavor to strike down his powerful assailant, but Evans charged furiously upsetting the table which stood in the middle of the room, which fell with a shocking crash, and landed a stinging blow on the fellow's jaw that sent him staggering against another table upsetting it with a resounding crash that shook the room, and brought down the chandelier and plaster of the ceiling.

Recovering quickly he strove frantically to stop Evans by brandishing the table in front of him but Evans sprang like a maddened bull striking a blow which sent the intruder sprawling head over heels, the table almost knocking Evans down as it crashed against the opposite wall. However he was not hurt in the least and springing forward again grappled with the intruder, the two wrestling like acrobats knocking down everything they crashed into with a resounding crash.

Flows were rained at each other like two fiercely combating prize-fighters, and generals Hanson and Baldwin having heard the shot and the crash of falling furniture, had been aroused at once, but the stranger had fastened the doors of their rooms with bolts and they failed to get out. However Hanson threw himself against the door of his room with terrific force sending the door crashing against the opposite wall. Baldwin also managed to kick the door of his room from its hinges and the two hurly generals instead of calling for assistance of the soldiers which generals always do when intruders enter their head quarters immediately pitched upon Evans powerful assailant, and overpowered him just as general Vivian came in from another doorway, the one to his room having been made of iron and couldn't be forced.

However the man was overpowered, the white sheet being torn from him while at the same time the fellow dropped a large sack to the floor which he had intended to hit Evans with.

Hanson though he did not recognize the mans face in the sombre pall of the room saw nevertheless that Jack's assailant was a man about Baldwins size and height, well formed and graceful in motion, but by the glare of his eyes they realized he was a scowling fiercely

and pugnaciously and showed his teeth at Evans. So a seven little white robbed tobed figures at this moment appeared they being Violet and her sisters the little girls having been aroused also by the shot, and the confusion of the struggle.

"It's one of general Germaine Vivians assassins I presume disguising himself as a ghost." Said Baldwin with a grin. And he picked up the sack.

"No doubt he has stolen something here." Said Evans. "I'll look into the bag." lag.

"What had you any business here for anyway?" Said Hanson in a hoarse strange voice, and with a flash of his eyes. "To murder Violet and her sisters I presume!"

"It is those little girls whom you rascals are wishing to assassinate." Sneered the stranger.

"Oh is that so." Said general Baldwin with a deadly scowl which the intruder returned with the look of knives.

"General Hanson just look what is in this bag." Said Evans handed it over to him.

At this moment the intruder was about to make a break but Baldwin grabbed him rudely, general Vivian trying the mans arms and saying hoarsely:

"Don't dare make a sound and don't try to force your self free either as we are crackshots take a break and we will shoot you down like a dog."

Nevertheless while Hanson was examining the contents of the bag he did try frantically to free himself of the ropes but general Vivian had tied them too firmly and it was in vain.

"There is no getting away with you now." Said Baldwin with a sneer as Hanson was still examining the contents of the bag. Good for you general Evans for arousing us. No telling what he may have done. He would have cleaned us out of everything we had."

"Well I'll tell you one thing." Said Hanson cool coolly. "This fellow did clean me out alright that's a cinch. All these things in the bag belongs to me. It's lucky Evans was awake and saw him. How did you discover him my boy?"

"Why I did not sleep a wink to night as the Vivian girls again overawed me." Answered Evans. "Well I laid down for several hours thinking about them, thinkin' thinkin' what I would do for them and so on, and while my thoughts were at their height, I turned my head noticing a white figure standing beside my bed. At first I thought it was Violet, but suddenly realizing its size and height, had no sense of impending danger, and drawing my gun I fired and missing him he grappled with me, fighting hard to get him fearing he would get away at being discovered."

"We will have to turn him over to the soldiers." Said general Vivian. "As we can't keep him in here during the night for fear he will get away and do further mischief. But let's take a look at his face and see who he is. His shape is familiar. Get a light somebody."

A lighted candle was brought into the room and there was an exclamation from the generals, the little girls, Evans, and from the prisoner as recognition was the real result.

"Why if it ain't Germaine Vivian." Gasped Hanson and the others. "And if it ain't father, uncle and my long lost friends God can accuse me of lying." Said the would be prisoner. "I-I-I-I-I thought you were Glandelinian generals as I failed to make you out in the dark."

"By God I did not know you were here. I and my brothers were prisoners in the Glandelinian camp since captured at the battle of little Gloria Francisanna and only the day after the battle of Francis Atlanta broke up Manleys army I and my brother managed to escape, though despite the foehing worsted Glandelinians are roaming the regions looking for us. We separated in order to escape better, and reaching this place during the last hour entered your room, noise believing you and the others were Glandelinians took your weapons which I placed in the bag."

I locked his and Baldwin's door on leaving, and accidentally entering Jacks room in my disguise as a ghost, (As Glandelinians are fearful of the these imaginary creatures) saw him there and not recognizing him in the dark, bent over him to see what Glandelinian general I supposed supposed him to be. He of course fired then, and being bound to make my escape when discovered attacked him and almost had him at my mercy when you two generals came to his assistance. I'm sorry I created such an unnecessary disturbance but you know my nature when cornered by Glandelinians and even those whom I suspect as Glandelinians. If I had thought of my weapons and had you been real Glandelinians or not, it would have been the fine finish of all of you for you know what a crackshot I am. But I'm now glad that I did not get the chance to use my forty fours which I still have with me as you had not searched me as yet."

"My long lost son is back again!" Said the happy general Vivian, unfastening the cords and embracing him. "We all thought you were dead."

Indeed all were rapturous over his return especially Violet and her sisters who were embraced by him again and again. Evans and all the rest excited over his return and reassured that Jimmie Vivian was also safe somewhere else among the Christian lines could not sleep a bit more than that no night which was quite stormy and windward toward two o'clock. When morning dawned back and stormy, the generals seeing the condition of the weather did not feel like going but but stayed for a while but however toward nine o'clock the storm only grew worse and impatient with waiting they set out though they were fairly soaked by the rain which fell at intervals. Evans stayed by the little girls but talking to Germaine Vivian now and then on some subject and over the great scrap that night before, and then learned how he had escaped with his brother. He and his brother had been with Manleys army during the battle of Francis-Atlanta and taking advantage of the confused retreat after the battle was over, slipped away, though pursued for days even by blood hounds until reaching the Christian lines.

The day indeed was so dark and stormy and the wind so high that it was blowing with almost the vehemence of a hurricane. Hanson and the rest buffeted by the wind could hardly keep to their feet. Fields once filled with corn and wheat were exposed to their view all flooded. They were also dull and bare the retreating enemy desolating the country behind him. Not a cornstalk reared itself above the fields, not a sprig of green was anywhere, and the ground had the appearance of having been ploughed with some immense comb with which thrills of large teeth. The wheat fields had also been stripped of the grain but nevertheless was strewn with pieces of timber and other wreckage from farm houses and barns blown to pieces by the storm of shell fire. Violet and her sisters from their markings remembered these farms, because they had passed here sometime before the battle of little Gloria Francisanna. It indeed was a scene compared to what it looked then. The enemy in their retreat had devastated these fields with cruel fury as they had spared nothing whatever long rows of all kinds of fruit trees having also been cut down and even burned. Far in the distance through the driving rain Evans could see something blue mingled with long white moving lines and using his field glasses saw what it was.

"We are only a mile from the flood." He said to general Hanson. "I can see it here with my glasses. But it must have increased tremendously as I could not see the further side."

Hanson looked through his glasses and then laughed.

"Indeed it is a flood." He said. "It's a flood that covers many thousands of miles. It's the Angelinian sea. The ordinary flood in Germania is too far south of us, being in the middle of the country and that yonder is the sea."

As a matter of fact it was the Angelinian sea as Evans soon discovered. After they had traveled for several minutes Evans could dimly see the form of the tall fiery Vivian volcano which was about thirty miles as yet. After a quarters of an hour marching they came to the beach where Evans beholding the vast sea with awe. The sea was furiously rough as the high wind had only increased, it being a hurricane now. Long surges or breakers rolled in far up the mile wide beach with an incessant roar like cannonading, the waves appearing to be about thirty feet high. General Hanson however from fear of the hurricane breaking loose with full strength and catching them at an unhandy spot did not care to tarry long in this vicinity and so they started onward again following the tracks of the Angelinian railroad, which were clear at this point the armies marching swiftly past, and cherishing the little girls and the generals as they swept by in full time.

"These tracks leads to the vicinity of Mt Vivian." Said Violet. "Maybe we will have an opportunity to see down into the depths of the crater."

"And it maybe a long time before trains can run here again." Said Evans.

"I don't think so." Said little voice. "The tracks will have to be cleared as soon as possible so supply trains can run. You know all the people of the ruined cities wrecked by the concussion of the battle of little Gloria Francisanna cannot be removed to the east. There is no room it is not only the injured who were removed and there is peril too for there is no telling when another storm of battle would rage where they are while they are still without protection...." "If we could only secure a hand car we could make it quicker." Said Evangelina. "It is so slow to walk, especially so tiresome for us even when riding in carriages as we are doing now. The enemy must carried all

of the hand came away. And it might take more than a week for the 'anleys to reform their armies, and there is no telling when our armies will be in sight of them again."

"So the forest fires are the main things to be tackled," said Evans. "And they are the main dangers to be avoided."

Evans indeed feared the approach of forest fires and he fancied he could see despite the shroud the rain made clouds of smoke in the sky toward the extreme southeast, for what he saw could not be read as a thunderhead of an approaching thunderstorm of a typhoon. But of course he was not absolutely sure and did not say anything to the little girls though he constantly kept his eyes peeled in that direction. It was already well on in the afternoon and all could noticed that the heavy clouds covered the sky as far as the zenith and as they watched it grew increasingly bulging in convoluted globular convolutions. Violet and her sisters noticing the approaching change became restless and the whole army fairly raced along, but they could see that the supposed storm was fast approaching and would catch them before they reached any shelter.

The wind blew furiously and presently a gust of wind almost threw general Vivian from his horse. The Christian armies were now cutting and plowing their way through fallen trees which lay as thick as straws which had been cut down by the enemy, Evans having a notion that it was the prospect of trees that were turning in the distance.

But how fast the confederate army was advancing he knew not yet his fears were needless. What appeared to be smoke of a forest fire to him and storm clouds to the others and even to the army of soldiers spreading in whitened masses against the blackening skies was only the vapor clouds of a far distant eruption for Mt Vivian was in action.

In truth there were forest fires raging far east of them so far that they could not be seen but nevertheless these fires were the main things to meet. The wind was blowing considerably not but there was a strong smell of sulphur in the air while there was continually a strange thundering sound in the direction of Mt Vivian which was withal a thin plain sight now as the rains had ceased. But only her bare or bare could be seen as all the rest of her was obscured in thick rolling clouds many with the shape of gigantic thunder heads spreading far across the sky. Indeed to state once more all were indeed glad to see general Germaine Vivian and the scenes of joy that had ensued can not be described. Germaine and Vivian had not died after all and before this advance had been resumed all had knelt down and offered a prayer of thanksgiving to God.

That day general Vivian and Hanson had made up their mind to pursue general Vanley and force him to retreat clean to Jatrava and during a halt near Mt Vivian spoke of this to all of their officers. Hanson however had refused to comply to the demands of one of the generals laughing at him and saying:

"Why sir just because we have been winning right along now you are getting overconfident. Don't be a fool. I've vowed myself that I would never allow any of the Vanleys to landelinnian before they surrendered, and as you say you want wanted me to go and besiege that Glandelinnian capt capitol right now! Why to besiege that Gibraltar with Vanleys armies defending it would be the same as if we turned into devils, and besieged God's home with hell's legions. And to capture Glandelinnian capt capitol with the Vanleys defending it would be just as easy for us to try and capture the moon."

CHAPTER. 12.

The maddest

THE FIGHT WITH A YOUNG BLENGLIOMENNA A SERPENT. II

THE MANY BATTLES RAGING IN THE WEST.

"Oh Poul," said the officer, "What are you afraid of. Don't act like a coward. God is always with us."

"Whose coward?" said Hanson vehemently. "I'll go where ever you go and that is all there is to it. And not go back unless you do. You may call me a coward or the whole world may call me a coward, but furthermore, suppose we press Vanley in a confused retreat all the way to the Glandelinnian capitol which is now our goal. It is attack it, and a few months later after all our progress, retreat out of Glandelinnia with a crushing defeat on our hands, and the Glandelinnians once more swarming into our country vast victor victo as you would it look to the eyes of the world. You my dear sir will be foolish to refuse my advice and plans. We are the winners now, and the sooner we bag Vanley the sooner we will end this most rabid raging of war. But him and his two sons we must get first and not the Glandelinnian capitol the city of Mc-Hallister."

"Well just as you say general," said the officer. "But how are we going to capture his army. I'd like to know!"

"Catch up to his army in a forced march and attack the fragments of his army before he can get larger forces to join it. I'm sure Vanley is no fool and would rather give up his sword now than see his remaining army ruthlessly slaughtered."

"Well I'll agree to the plan and so do so then," said general Glandelinnian. "We can catch up to him by tomorrow morning and attack him furiously. Will that do?"

"Sure," answered Hanson. So the matter was settled.....:!!!!

In the meantime Violet going out alone had a most thrilling experience. She had put on a grayed-out horse and uniform just for fun, and climbing a high pile of hardened lava near the base of Mt Vivian, probably from a recent lava flow to get a better view of the scenery when she was startled by a tremendous snarl and turning snarl she saw to her horror a young Glandelinnian serpent of Crimean type floundering vigorously alongside of another badly wounded by apparent gunshots probably done by attacking grayed-out brutes who strove to kill the unfortunate creature when it was down and out. Mistaking her for one of the rascals its rage was fearful to behold and hounding the Glandelinnian to earth with several sweeps of its wing the left one, it wheeled with a cry apparent of distress, and clawing first in the lava made a furious dash at her, but she avoided it by taking a dash down the side of the lava while as fast as she could screaming frantically for Evans. Her clear sweet childish voice,

stopped the charge of the monster, it hesitated, whinned, with large tender droplets. Its eyes, which had been so touchingly distantly, and plainly, but again deceived by her false uniform, it now made for her with terrible fury, twining its tail around her throat in an effort to bring her down, but frantically she wrenched it loose screaming again, and Evans hearing her piteous shriek and seeing her danger yelled:

"Oh run Violet! It's a Grimecian! It's a Grimecian! It's your uniform that is making it attack you!" Off with it if you can.

Indeed poor Violet could not run very well yet and fell several times sprawling the monster making a headlong swoop but missed her in its rush though a terrific hit its right wing ripped the entire coat off in the back clean open, the remainder sticking to the skin. Violet lay prone for several minutes too scared to get up but when the monster again hesitated, she arose to her feet, and made for Evans slowly, the Grimecian once more resuming the attack, flying after her, rushing around her in a circle, trying to bang her with its wings, and raining a general commotion. Once it almost had her the wind of its brush cart carrying away her hat and revealing her long flowing golden hair. But did this did not convince the enraged Pteridomane that she was a only a harmless child, and it made for her with redoubled fury, the poor little girl making a dash for a high pile of loose rocks and stones, Evans fast behind her.

Evans noticing a good sized seal floe floating on the sea seized it quickly by the tail in a firm hold and taking wood and buried it with all his strength at the Grimecian. The seal landed a rainier the left wing of the pretty dragon beast and though it did not hurt him in the least it checked its furious attack on Violet. Recovering instantly it eyed Evans in a peculiar manner and refused to go for him on account of his purple uniform, but nevertheless it watched Violet closely and then seeing an opportunity made for her like a flash, and would have had her in a death grasp had not Evans vigorously scattered broken timbers about him, and seized an iron pipe, and stood his ground checking every charge the monster attempted on Violet, at the same time yelling to Violet to discard herself of the gray uniform for a moment. But it seemed as if she had not time to do even open a single button before it managed to pass Evans and attack her furiously, just missing her about an inch, as it bounded out at her with its right wing and tried to gore her with its basket-ornaments or horns. Once again it had its tail around her throat nearly strangling her, but Evans forced it loose.

"Look out for its wings by all means," yelled Evans. "If it hits you you are a goner." Violet made for the sea followed closely by the Grimecian, who circled around her again and again, descending and ascending at intervals, keeping up a most deafening clamor. Aroused by the tremendous volume of sound general Vivian and Hanson dashed toward the scene to see what was on.

"Gosh we will have to go to their rescue," shouted general Vivian. "We will have to stop its wild attack or she will be killed."

"killed. It's that gray uniform that deceives it," said general Vivian to one of the lieutenants who also came up. "Get them while we can, and general Hanson checks its course. Hurry."

And with these words they dashed to the rescue of poor Violet yelling for her to get at least the coat off, it ahead to tear it off altogether. Attacked now by three persons the Grimecian was still more infuriated; infuriated and now despite the uniforms made a dash at the three generals almost simultaneously, giving forth a tremendous barking roar, as it lunged furiously at general Vivian. General Vivian was knocked sprawling by the wind of its huge body as it passed within a few feet of him, one of the talons of the wing catching the general's long coat which was ripped off completely off from him, the whole coat remaining in the talons. Pouncing in its attack the monster plowed at them, rose once more into the air and made one terrific swoop, and if its dash had not been broken it would have borne them down in its path. At the same time it charged it sent forth a thunderous roar that was heard far and wide, and echoed for several minutes by many of the distant mountains, the dull thunders of its vivacious eruptions seeming to be hushed by the horrid sound. It now stopped its attack, but nevertheless remained motionless on the ground, watching every move and snarling furiously, and Evans suddenly grabbing Violet, hastily unbuttoned the coat, and tore it from her, throwing the trousers revealing to the monster astonished eyes, her natural condition.

which had been under the uniform she had on. During the entire time of the attack Violet how it came that the animal attacked her so suddenly. "I was observing the thing on the ship of lava and hearing a sudden noise and snarl turned in time to see what it was. Grimecians were attacking a wounded mate, and thinking I was one, made for me after laying the others low."

"I thought it very strange," said general Vivian. "The Grimecians alone would never attack even a Grimecian without serious reasons. It's a good fortune it was not the large one. Since our assailant has now fled away I believe we will go and investigate. Oh, I wonder what those Grimecians are doing, there now. I mean to see. Get a platoon of men and shoot them."

He quickly rushed toward the dune followed by Evans the general the soldiers and even Violet. Reaching the top they saw a score of rascally Grimecians trying to bayonet a wounded old Grimecian (which groaned and whined at the cruel treatment it received, while the same mate was circling overhead raising a great clamor of distress and giving forth signal roars).

"I laughed," Hanson. "The main one will never need to come to your assistance you poor beast. Boys shoot the dune down. Don't let a rascal escape, who caused all this harm. Fire!"

At the approach of the Grimecians the Grimecians had scattered, firing a random volley, but though some of the Grimecian soldiers dropped, the rest answered with a resounding volley, mowing down thirteen of the rascals at one time, and by various maneuvers and furious firing managed to capture the rest, and gived them the worse clouting they ever received. Then considering them severely they took the culprits along as prisoners, Hanson and the others turning their attention to the wounded Grimecian serpent.

"Can't we do anything for the poor thing," said Violet with tears in her eyes. "Then she added. 'I see why I was attacked. This was a mate and the other was defending her against the Grimecians, and thinking that I was one also, and meant it harm made for me. It had killed the others it had knocked down.'"

"Push to the ambulance and get some bandages and vasoline," said general Vivian to Evans. "Hurry quick."

Evans darted off like a flash and soon came back with the required articles. It was easy enough to find the wounds, discovering most of them badly disfigured and Hanson said:

"The poor beast is seriously wounded and may have lain here for a long time. But there are no accidental or natural injuries, but wounds inflicted by gray-coated scoundrels. The other wounds are from bullets and bayonets. I'm sorry indeed it was not one of the big fellows instead of the little ones. There is nothing that can injure the mightiest Pteridomane serpents, when in full growth, and had it been one of the large size they attacked, they would have been worse off than snuffed in the Vivian lava fires. We will have to do something to bring it to recovery."

General Vivian applied the vasoline and Hanson applied the bandages, while Violet leaned it her pretty head against its own, stroking it with loving hands and murmuring it by coaxing words. The poor Pteridomane groaned and groaned, as the wounds were bandaged, but it had a knowledge what was being done, and acted grateful, the mate now by being on the pile watching every move with grateful eyes, and look of forgiveness toward Violet who was dressing the injured serpents head lovingly and saying kind words.

"We will have to refuge it on a large farm flat wagon, and take it along with us until the big ones come for it," said Hanson bitterly. "I believe us three can carry it. The mate I'm sure won't object, what we do, when we only mean kindly kindness."

General Vivian attempted to lift it and Hanson and Evans helping found it quite easy. As the other one showed no signs of objection they lifted the injured one carefully and with the help of some of the soldiers soon had it on a large wagon covered thickly with hay and straw. Both Pteridomane seemed grateful and showed their gratitude especially the one who had attacked by rubbing its head against Violet's chest, and allowing her to caress it without fear.

"I wonder if the big one will come," asked general Vivian. "We had better wait and see. It is now dark and it is too late to have done to one of the young and will probably also show gratitude when it discovers the truth."

The whole morning of that day wore on, and at 11 no signs of the larger one. The colors of the two mates were exceedingly pretty, the wings themselves having the color and form of butterfly.

but when not in use were folded like birds. To the colors on their bodies were too many to be imagined here, but yellow and two different blues were the exceptional ones. However toward noon when orders came for the march to be resumed, those who had been out with Evans returned with the statement that there was the biggest Blanglomenian serpent within the lines that she had ever seen, one of them lying close to a large wagon where a wounded one was reclining among straw with limbs on one wagon wheels a wounded one was reclining among straw with limbs on one wagon wheels a wounded one was reclining among straw with limbs on one wagon wheels

It. She said that they at first resented her approach to the wagon and that she left for fear of arousing its anger. Every one approached the spot eagerly but cautiously, but seeing the purple coats with the almost celestial like children in the land, the men's appearance less disturbing and finally the wounded one was carried gently away one of the largest remaining.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN.

THE REWARD OF THE BLANGLOMENIANS.

Violet and her sisters noticed something familiar about the huge Blanglomenian which looked at them with steady eyes. There had they seen the beautiful creature before. Surely it must be the old time Blanglomenian friend called Rover. At least it looked like him for its features were the same, the wings were the same color and shape and its very head was of the cat like image. Nevertheless as it seemed to have a ferocious like aspect they dreaded to approach it though Violet called the name "Rover" timidly. At the word "Rover" it flinched and looked straight at Violet and her sisters and all approached almost motionlessly but without any intended harm. Hanson warned the little girls to be very careful, he not believing it to be Rover, who was in the Mt. Salverino region.

"I'm sure it's Rover but he does not recognize us," said Violet to Evans with fear. "His threatening aspect almost makes me feel like screaming with fright. We are not for the Blanglomenian savages, but before him we are utterly helpless if he gets angry at us." "Be careful then of what move or word you say," said Evans. "He may be the one you know, but so long has it been since he last saw you that he fails to recognize you."

Indeed the little girls did not know what to do. He kept his eyes steadily on them never moving appearing as just as a statue, then little Jennie screamed.

"He is never to know it by the mark on his two horns which I made to identify him with. He does not recognize us though for it is so long since the eruption of Mt. Salverino when we last seen his baby serpent."

They were all surprised to hear the Blanglomenian serpent give a grunt followed by utterance of wings which ended with their flapping back to their place once more. It gave Jennie a fascinating look, then suddenly let loose a deafening thunderous roar that appalled them all, and immediately five moderate sized Blanglomenians appeared and the little girls were at once surrounded.

At first some of the little girls were the object of this but nevertheless there was no impending harm for the little girls fell a mysterious rapture attending over them. Then suddenly every one of the serpents disappeared leaving the big one at its facing them. But nevertheless general Hanson picked up a parcel that rolled at his feet and opening it he saw within lettering which he could not read, but general Hanson was glancing at it in great amazement that he could read it so he took the offered roll in his own hands and intrinsically it read as follows:

"This is not Rover you are facing but one of the little serpents last seen during the eruption who has come to this business also. All failures of the Blanglomenians do to do harm to Violet and her sisters is on account of his secret protection. No more harm can come to them now and through the help of the 'angels' will come most their punishment, and no matter how often seen now there will soon come the moment when Blanglomenians will be in possession of the Blanglomenian themselves for the sake of their intervention in coming."

It was at general Hanson's orders that one of the serpents had been wounded by the wicked Blanglomenians for this serpent he learned was on its way to find the Blanglomenian girl who had been wounded. The next afternoon a man near to them, saw the attack and tried to defend the wounded man against three of the wicked Blanglomenians but was unsuccessful in stopping the cruel and sacrilegious. It was the gray boy scout uniform that deceived the serpent when it saw violet a approach and thinking her a Blanglomenian boy scout, the Blanglomenians worse enemies, unfortunately attacked her by mistake. Great was great gratefulness is shown by all the Blanglomenians serpents for this kind treatment of the wounded man and now for reward the Blanglomenian girls will be protected to the utmost by any of the Blanglomenian serpents and it will be seen also that their kind and loving guardian Jack Evans will settle with that one or brute general Hanson's Blanglomenian and from on no more suffering will be experienced by the Blanglomenian girls at the hands of the wily foe their protection will be tenfold and any rewards that try any more attempts on them hereafter will be shown by the power of his majesty our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. U

Baldwin then looked for the the serpent but he was still there there staring straight ahead of him and violet and her sisters feared feared him no more and were at the animals side in a moment.

At first general Hanson had expected it to be leaves but even when the arms were well on the march the serpent remained walking faster than the soldiers could run but halting every now and then to watch them go by. During the evening several rascally men managed to slip into the Christian lines without being detected, and also a into the sleeping quarters of Violet and her sisters Evans being with general Hanson just then. They found the little girls sound asleep in their beds and producing those horrible strangling instruments which Evans had taken from a same kind of rascal already previously told, which one slipped around a victim's neck slipped it around their necks and with quick left the place.

An hour later Evans returned and went to see the little beauties and found them all sitting up with a pair of Rosary beads in their possession.

"Where dear little girls where did you get those beautiful Rosary beads?" said Violet.

"On now Evans don't make off that you don't know," said Violet reproachfully. "It was you surely who slipped them around my neck or our necks when we were sleeping."

Evans was flabbergasted at those words. How did they suspect them of this kind deed.

"But my dear little Violet I'm really not fooling you at all," said Evans. "Why even your father could tell you that I was with him all this time."

"Well we were all as asleep," said Violet and felt someone putting something around our necks. It kind of tightened at first, and then, first awakening completely, found these on my neck, and saw my sisters with the same kind around their necks. If you did not give them to us then who did?"

"It's a mystery my dear," said Evans. "Maybe it was your brother."

"No," said Jennie. "He is sound asleep."

Evans looked at the little girls all so and then examined the Rosary beads. Never before had he seen anything like them, but was also astonished to find seven of those instruments resembling back collars, which had so horrified them, laying on the floor, only one which was whole, the other in fragments. Immediately he realized the truth as he had picked one of the good ones up. He examined it carefully and said to himself:

"I know the reason now. These were placed around their necks,

by some sneaking enemies but on account of the firmer protection failed somehow to work the fragments being transformed into beautiful Rosaries. God has certainly worked a miracle. I'll remain here and wait for their return as I know they will expect to find them dead."

He bade the little girls good night, and pretended to leave the room, but nevertheless when the little girls laid down to sleep more he stole in softly and hid in the darkest corner. Three minutes later three strong men entered the room and hovered over Violet's bed. A low exclamation came from them.

"We did not put those beads there," said one. "How does it now failed?"

"Oh don't put those beads there," said another. "A strong knife may have cut those stranglers off. We can with our hands!"

Evans was almost blinded by something that looked like searchlight entering the bedroom window flashing full upon the rascals. At once Evans was among them, with leveled pistols at their heads.

"Who ever enters the bedroom of my best little girl friend friends without good intention never comes out a live." Said Evans enraged beyond endurance over the dastardly attempt. To that thought he attempted had failed. "You will go with me to general I--"

A loud barking thunderous roar that shook the building shook and aroused violet and her sisters and him also and glancing toward the window he saw the plengiglomenian serpent looking in his eyes lighting up the whole place with the glare.

"Oh I'll be relenting and allow you rascals to go free." Said Evans. "As I'm afraid you rascal rascals are too well protected, by the evil ones. No not by this door. By that window."

"B For goodness sake boy you are cruel." Cried one of the rascals. "To turn us over to that monster. Let us out by that door and we will reward you."

"Don't try any of that reward stuff on me." Hissed Evans, and don't boy me. "You attempted in the most cowardly manner to strangle the little girls and failed. I found the torn up instruments on the floor and know it was no human power who did it and trans formed some of the dangerous instruments into serpents. I laid in wait for the return of you rascals and got you now. It's either that window you three will go or my pistols will do what the plengiglomenians most dig delights. There is no escape from your punishment even if I let you out the door. Go out the door if you like. I'll allow you to go. ONE or so if you are really brave men as you try to make believe its the door or the window you will go through."

The rascals first strode toward the door and then the window but could not summon the courage to leap out for the monster. By the window and another by the door. They finally decided to risk the pistols than the fearsome creatures outside, and strode toward another doorway only to find Evans gone and their path blocked by another serpent which strove to thrust its head in at them, without breaking the room down. The rascals screamed shrilly with fright the monsters set up a terrific clamor, which awoke the little girls once more. The men saw the little girls sit up, and at once confessed to them what they had tried to do, imploring that they forgive them and save them from the plengiglomenians, and that they would never molest them then again, and lead better lives here after. At first the little girls were bewildered and seeing Evans, standing by their bed, wondered what it was all about. Evans told plainly what the rascals had attempted, declaring that probably their promises were only to get themselves free from the punishment, and that they did not mean all they said. Violet and her sisters knew that all glandelinian rascals hated like poison plengiglomenians, and that they would rather die than do so, and decided to put their promises to a test, for if the glandelinians were not sincere they themselves could not under any conditions save them from the peril they were in.

First violet asked:

"Who sent you men to assassinate us?"

"Germania vivian did." Was the hasty answer.

"We were forced to do it or lose our heads." Said the second one.

"What are you going to do then?" Asked violet. "You are placed between three fires. Two of my serpent friends want's you men for your attempt to strangle us, and Germania will put you to death for your failure. Who would you rather face? Germania or the plengiglomenian serpents?"

"I would rather face him." They yelled. "Oh please hasten."

"Well there is one thing that you glandelinians hates to do even to save your lives." Said Violet. "You know us well enough though. You only heard of us, and saw us only this once. There is only one chance than can save you three men, as we ourselves cannot do it under any conditions, as we have not the power to do so. And that is love us from your hearts, not merely from the lips, or because we are so pretty."

"No matter who they are I always forgive their wicked deeds, even Germania but if just punishments await them, and they are unrepenting I cannot save them then and neither can my sisters, though we forgive. Embrace us and kiss us in our hearts and you are safe from the wraiths of the monsters. Remember not merely doing this just to save yourselves yourselves for it won't work that way as the serpents can read every feeling on our faces, and they know whether it is sincere or not. It must be from true love. Otherwise so please to us in vain to save you."

And she stretched her beautiful arms toward one of the glandelinians. They at first hesitated, but nevertheless they had really been sent on the errand much against their will, had been glad that the instruments did not work, and though at first threatening to choke them with their hands the three men nevertheless and after having put the instruments on they had left, because they had been unable the horrible scene they expected would ensue. To them then violet standing on the bed with her arms outstretched looked like a small guardian angel beckoning the wicked sinner to repentance. They were intensely touched and picking up the scattered fragments of the things on the floor and taking from their possession others they had, they hurled them into the fire on the grate contemptuously and in a moment more had the little girls in a fond embrace. This scene touched Evans and he put away his pistols and noticing darkness found the most monsters gone. But even this relief did not change the repentant glandelinians who fairly embraced the little girls like loving parents and held them fast for a long time begging Evans to also forgive, then promising with a faithful vow that instead of going back to Germania they would help him to get the rascals and Germania and put him out of the way. Still holding the little girls closely two at a time, the glandelinians told him all about Germania, who he was where he was, how strong his army was, and of the easiest way to get the rascals. They also stated that if unrelenting armies were once cornered they could easily be captured or destroyed. How long they held the happy little girls in their true loving embrace it could not be told but Evans noticed that they were deep in the land of dream, and telling the men they placed the children on the bed and went out with Evans now friends for good. Three days had passed since this occurrence but the men were dead having given up their lives in the unsuccessful attempt of helping Evans get Germania. The rascal was not injured and his whole army during a frightful battle at Gromer Andean had been victorious.

CHAPTER FOUR

THE DISASTEROUS BATTLE OF GROMER ANDREAN, AND THE ROUT.

June 4th 1915.

Section 4 1917

At Gromer Andean general Jack Evans had been the main adversary against Germania vivian, general Robert Vivian having sent back Evans with a force larger than Germania's ten times his size with instructions to attack the foe and give no quarter until Germania was either killed or a prisoner. Violet and her sisters had accompanied him with general Vivian's permission. It had been a long march but never before general Jack Evans army arrived in the morning, and discovered that the main body of the German forces were at the lower portions of the village of Etrecia the advance guard being ten miles away on the west of the Gromer Andean junction, while to the east of the junction beyond Gromer Andean stood a spacious or orphan asylum built of wood, while opposite the orphan asylum in a field lay a strong concealed battery of over ten thousand machine guns. According to the plan of attack general Jack Evans main brigades, forty divisions under general Francis Wayne and reserve corps under general Joseph Sterling, were to march down the main axis and attack Germania left wing with the force of an avalanche, while simultaneously general Francis Armstrong with forty other divisions was to pass down the McColloster Run roads and capture the two villages falling upon the enemy's left and rear, general Francis with Stephen and McConwell with thirty divisions and a hundred squadrons of cavalry to attack the main right wing of the glandelinians, while generals Smallwood and Maryland and Francis German brigades were to make a circuit and attack the enemy in his main rear. The attack was to begin at all quarters at daybreak, many of the brigades having three days and nights march of it over rough roads to reach the scene of action, and when it began the smoke of firing was so fierce and thick that it resembled a heavy fog, which was only partly dispelled by the sun. The first attack fell upon the concealed batteries, Evans brigade with cavalry forces holding a good position and supported by Francis Wayne's divisions repulsed two general onslaughts of the enemy, and made a fruitful counter charge, Wayne attacking the foe's main wing, cutting it up, throwing it into confusion, and driving them back in panic.

They rallied, recoiled, rallied, and counter attacked, though the gallant christianians assaulted them with great fury resisting with ferocious gallantry, but at last again gave way and retreated, pursued hotly by general Francis Wayne. It was a terrible noise, the fog of smoke together with terrible explosions, and the crash of cannons and musketry making it almost as dark as night. Wayne pushing on for ten miles the whole of the enemy's advance being driven from its camping grounds leaving all their tents standing with all the baggage, the air becoming thicker and thicker with the smoke, scores of thousands of cannon roaring, musketry crashing like a million cannon, while the shouts of the soldiers, the swish of hundreds of thousands of sabres, the crack of multitudes of pistol shots, and the roar of mighty explosions helped to swell the tumult.

General Jack Evans was at the head of his main forces, cheering cheering them forward, the christian cavaliers being in the thickest of the hot bloody fight, germania appearing and urging his horse, full speed at Evans, their two swords coming together with a clash, ringing together with a tumult followed by a shower of sparks. Germania was nearly unseated, Evans having a wrist of iron, keeping his seat as though pinned to it. Evans recognized his assailant, and seemed to determine to get him now, the mishap of the poor little girls at Brigano, still rankling in his breast, and thirsting for more revenge, he quickly wheeled his horse making for germania once more their swords ring ringing together again and again, sending out showers of sparks, and with a clever turn of the wrist, he sent the villain's sabre flying out of his hand, and would have cut his enemy down in another instant before he had been able to draw his pistol but a rush of cavaliers accidentally intervened and in the melee germania escaped once again. In the meantime nothing could stand the impetuosity of the christian chivalry charge, the christian cavaliers dashing on slashing right and left, firing volleys, and keeping straight ahead, the enemy breaking into greater confusion and fleeing.

Nothing could stand that fierce onslaught the doughty general Black at the head of forty divisions of infantry three times tried with the fury of desperation to stop the wild progress of the christians but his army was annihilated, the others were scattered like chaff, forty other Glandelinian divisions were cut to pieces, and scattered, and the veteran general deeply chagrined found himself undone and his army caught in a trap, and so he was compelled to surrender. Above the hideous din of frightful battle, arose the triumphant war cries of the christians, wherever their banners waved, wherever their cries were heard, there the enemy fled in confusion the christians dashing on in their magnificent charge.

But just what happens to turn, what would have been a victory, into a disastrous defeat will perhaps never be known, as accounts always differ, and all the causes that were given were conflicting, but nevertheless such things always happen in war when a blunder occurs.

The charge of general Evans's army was most brilliant, the impetuosity of the great attack made by the various divisions, had in the beginning a great effect upon the wicked enemies of God, who had wavered and fled in sudden confusion, and through the fury of the battle, and the thickness of the smoke, and bewildered by the horrible din, strange misunderstandings ensued, a singular panic seeming to seize nearly the entire of general Evans's army, and at the very moment when victory seemed certain it was turned to rout and defeat.

In the first place general Musgraveton, fleeing before the victorious Abheannians had taken refuge in the abandoned orphan asylum barricading the doors and windows, a portion of the right grand division coming along, Musgraveton's Glandelinians at once opening fire upon them. Some of the christian officers were for pushing on and ignoring Musgraveton, but general Brothia upon objecting however, had a flag of truce sent to the orphan asylum with a summons to surrender, but the flag bearer was fired upon, and received a mortal wound, which made the christians furious and who cannons did the house, but being of both wood and stone it withstood the assault, and an attempt made to fire the basement at the same time was frustrated the soldiers being shot dead. A whole hour was spent in vain, and at last a division was left to guard the orphan asylum while the remainder of the force pressed forward, this delay however having disconcerted the attack, the division being separated into many quarters, and from each other, by the skirmishing attack upon the orphan asylum could not be reunited, the fog of smoke preventing anything being seen at a distance of thirty yards, and one part of the army mistaking the movements of the other, friends being mistaken for enemies, and a perfect

panic ensued large numbers being shot down by their own comrades by mistake. Francis Wayne's division which had done noble work, became alarmed at the approach of a large body of Glandelinians which it mistook for foes in the haze of thick enemy smoke, and fell back in frightful confusion, in defiance of every effort to rally it everybody seeming to lose their heads, and the enemy recovering from its first surprise surprise had now advanced, general Grey bringing up the left wing, and pressing upon the christians as they receded, the whole christian army actually fleeing from its own victory. The reader who who has followed Evans's career in this bloody war certainly must know how chagrined he must have felt when he was compelled to sound the retreat. He did not really know the cause of the sudden defeat neither could he understand it any more than many others, but was obliged to yield to the force of overwhelming circumstances. General Wayne now rested upon his arms and turning his cannon upon the enemy committed great slaughter, the enemy being brought to a standstill at the same time that general Greenburg was keeping up a general running fight with them, and now for nearly five miles the retreat was continued while it continued. At other points to a distance of nearly twenty miles before most of the far scattered divisions were rallied. None of them could be rallied until they regathered until three days after the battle.

"What is the matter Evans what does it mean?" Asked Violet.

"I don't know I'm sure Violet, I cannot understand it."

"I'm sure I'm not supported and that now we could not contend with one half of the opposing army."

As far as it went up to now the losses had been inconceivably severe on both sides but the christian losses were twice heavier. Two of the christian generals Wayne and Green had been killed. Green had been severely wounded, and though now Evans was able to check the wild onrush of the victorious foe but there was no possibility of winning a victor victory now. Even after this severe defeat at Gromer and a general Jack Evans and his army had been attacking and harassing the foe, only to be forced again to attack in general before he wished to do so, owing to the fact that strong reinforcements were coming, for the sadly depleted Glandelinians the result being another severe and crushing defeat, but nevertheless learning from scouts that Vanley was moving toward him with his main forces Evans seeing his danger intended to head his new enemy off if possible, and bring about a general battle with him, as he was sure he had an army large enough to cope with Vanley, but in order to make sure in doing this and to bring

Vanley to speedy terms he realized it would be advisable to secure the co-operation of general Hanson and Vivian his superior superiors, and Evans had written a letter of Mayford ordering him to get around and head Vanley's army off and get Rudolph Maro Marionia to help him and he asked a volunteer who would carry the letter and deliver it to general Mayford. The scouts who had brought the news regarding Vanley's army had said that the country all around was swarming with Glandelinian boyscouts, that it would be hard and dangerous work to get through them, as they were thicker than fleas on a dog's back and so now when a general asked for a volunteer to carry the letter there was no response, the men looking at one another inquiringly and as no one spoke, or offered to volunteer for the dangerous service, general Evans looked a little around him inquiringly, and still as no one spoke or seemed all eager to offer their services he looked disappointed.

"Men!" He said "I know that this is a dangerous service, that I wish done, and for that reason I exceedingly desire to select any man and order him to do the work. And therefore I have asked for a volunteer as I trust that this letter should be placed in Mayford's hands at the earliest moment."

Still there was no response the soldiers only looking at one another but no one seemed willing to offer his services. The greater number looked somewhat shamefaced, but it was evident that not one cared to undertake such dangerous service, evidently being more willing to take their chances of being chosen by lot than to offer their services freely. Again, and again Evans swept the faces of his men who still remained silent, and in a disappointed tone of voice he asked: "Will no one volunteer?" The soldiers remained silent.

"I exceedingly dislike to do such a thing," said Evans gravely. "But if no one does not wish to volunteer it shall be under the necessity of appointing the vivian girls who would shame you all!" There was no response.

"Very well," Grinly. "I was only fooling about the vivian girls. I shall at once proceed to select one of you lieutenants by lot. You—"

"Wait Evans." Spoke spoke up Violet suddenly entering. "If you are willing I shall be glad to carry the letter to general Mayford."

Evans whirled toward the open doorway staring at her in amazement her eyes shining with eagerness and excitement. Indeed Evans was pleased with his little girl, but though he hated to take the responsibility of sending her and her sisters on such a dangerous journey nevertheless the letter must be delivered to general Mayford, if such a thing was possible and since none of his men were willing to undertake the dangerous task, he was inclined to accept her offer, knowing it was more perilous for the foe, to tackle the wily Vivian girls as it was for them to tackle the enemy. After pondering a few moments he said:

"My dear little Violet, you and your sisters are brave little noble hearted girls, and while I dislike to dispose of you and your sisters to such dangers, as will be your position when you go on this journey I think I shall have to accept your offer with thanks. But for fear you little girls may be taken prisoner on the way though I know you could escape with your clever ways, I shall tell you the contents of this letter, and then in case you should be captured or threatened with death you can destroy this letter, and keep it from falling into the enemy's hands, and also to blow this whistle which I will give you three times. It will surely insure your safety. I'll bring you an amount of longionsan serpents you want."

Then he told Violet the contents of the letter, and she said she would remember it and if the need arose would destroy the letter or blow the whistle. She placed the whistle in her breast pocket and the message in the bosom of her dress and with a cheery good bye to all she and her sisters rode away. Nevertheless the little girls had vague feelings that danger was threatening the moment they were far from the Christian lines. Violet felt of the letter in the bosom of her dress and decided that if the need arose she would manage to destroy the tell tale document. Presently they came to a dry swamp through which the road ran where undergrowth and bushes were thick, and the little girls felt that if there were any Glandelinians boyscouts in the vicinity, here was where they might expect to meet them. Closer and closer the little girls drew to the crossroads, and deeper grew the feeling that some danger threatened and they prayed.

But nevertheless Violet and her sisters were sensible little girls and they shrugged their shoulders and tried to dismiss the feeling, but still it clung to them and they could not shake it off. They spoke to their horses occasionally for they wanted to hear their voices in the swamp, as this swamp seemed to be a very lonesome place indeed. Then Violet hummed the air of some song, that her mother used to sing to her, and though this seemed to divert her mind a bit, the feeling of depression remained with her.

Presently Violet and her sisters caught sight of a house standing over on the edge of what looked like a large river, while they also saw that there was another road crossing the one they were traversing. And just as they noticed this fact, six gray coated soldiers instead of boy boyscouts leaped out from behind some bushes, followed by some others, surrounding the little girls and stopping their horses. Violet realizing that they might get the letter written by Evans tore it into bits, swallowing the fragments of paper in her desperation, and when the men made them dismount and search them they found no evidence, and then suddenly the little girls broke away from their captors mounted their horses and tried to escape but the soldiers made a rush to stop them but the little girls fired a volley without much expectation of hitting the Glandelinians but they were successful in bringing down every man that was nearest the survivors rushing for shelter.

None of those shot were killed, however, and terrible groans of pain went up from the wounded men as the little girls dashed on.

A few minutes later when the little girls had gone on for about half a mile another gang of graycoats leaped out in front of them stopped their horses, and jerked the little girls out of the saddles making them prisoners in a jiffy, though the little girls struggled as fiercely as possible biting and kicking, but with two men each having hold of them the little girls were powerless and had to give in the rascals hustling the little girls along through the timber one of their number bringing up the rear leading the horses, and half an hour of this brought them to a large Glandelinian camp which stood on the bank of the same stream a low house being close to the water's edge and here the child prisoners were brought the little girls being told to sit down. The little girls did so surveying the men with interest, and deciding that they were as about rough mannered Glandelinians as they had seen

in a long time. They surrounded little Jennie in particular after having taken Violet's whistle from her, glancing at little Jennie nervously. The leader who was a blue lieutenant shaking his finger at Jennie and saying:

"You have got to answer a few nagging questions."

"Ask your questions and then I'll see about answering them." Said Jennie.

"All right but don't get snappy young kid." I want you to know where general Vivian's army is?"

"I couldn't tell you."

"You mean to say you don't know?"

"Yes."

"Bah you simply have made up your mind that you are not going to tell but you had better, or you'll wish you had."

Jennie said nothing.

"Is general Vivian and his army coming down toward Crosser Andean to help general Jack Evans worse Germania or capture him there?"

Jennie shook her head.

"I can't tell you a word." She said.

"You mean that you won't say?"

"Yes you can have it that way if you want to, for it does no good for me to say anything for I see you have made up your minds to assassinate us the moment I or my sisters spoke up."

"And with good reason you little gutter snipe. But whether we kill you or not, you have got to tell me all you know, about general Vivian or his army or we will pull your entrails out of you alive."

"I have nothing to tell."

You mean it?"

"Yes."

"You had better think it over a while before deciding positively you little fool and centepede."

"I don't need to do that. I shall tell you assassins nothing."

"You'd better."

"NO."

The lieutenant turned to his companion giving an order, one bringing a rope the leader rigging a noose in one end and placing it over Jennie's head the other little girls making no attempt to keep him from doing so so or Jennie either, as they knew they were helpless, and it would be folly to try and offer resistance to the others' actions.

"That is sensible to sit quiet and make no fuss." Said the Glandelinian officer apparently and approvingly and as he threw the loose end of the rope over a beam that extended across the room, and handing it to some of the men told them to pull it taut and stand ready to haul the little girls into the air when he gave the word and they pulled the rope taut.

"Stand up kid I want to see your neck." Said the ruffian to Jennie.

Poor Jennie obeyed.

"Are you going to tell me what us Glandelinians want to know?"

Jennie shook her head.

"I have nothing to tell." She said quietly.

The ruffianly graycoat glared at her.

"Maybe because you think because you got the guardian angles to protect you we don't mean what we say." He growled. "Maybe you think we don't dare to hang you, hey you little snakes and centepedes!"

"I have no doubt but what you are capable of an alone at almost anything unless the angles help me, and they can if they want to or are ordered to. You may hang me and my sisters because I won't tell you but though I don't want to die that way, I must say again that I have nothing to tell you."

The ruffian gave utterance to an exclamation of rage and vexation.

"Pull the little centepede onto her toes." He commanded to his companions. "Give her a taste of how the rope feels, when it's chok checking the breath out of her body."

The ruffianly Glandelinians pulled slowly and steadily, dear drawing Jennie onto her tip toes, and only when he made a gesture did the ruffianly Glandelinians stop pulling.

"Can you talk?" Asked the lieutenant.

"A little." Replied Jennie in a rather choked voice.

"Are you ready to tell us Glandelinians what we want to know?"

"I have told you several times already, that I have nothing to tell."

An angry exclamation escaped the lieutenant's lips.

"You are about as stubborn a kid as I have ever run across in a long

long time. "He cried. "Pull her clean off from her feet about ten feet off the floor. "He cried to his men. "But soon if a good chocking will make her open up and talk some."

The ruffians pulled poor Jennie clean off the floor to the height of ten feet and she hung there a few seconds, gasping and struggling the sense of strangulation being upon her, and it was a terrible one indeed. A gesture from their leader, and the men lowered Jennie till her groupin feet touched. She was still coughing and gasping however, and the head ruffian stepped forward and loosened the rope, so Jennie was able to recover her breath....there being a dark red spot or streak around her little neck it being the imprint of the rope.

"Will you tell us now?" Asked the lieutenant.

"No!" Screamed Jennie as she saw the distressed look of her sisters.

"Do your worse you cowardly scoundrels. And let me tell you something you devils. You will be hunted down and killed like like dogs for this murder. I and my sisters have friends and comrades who think much of us and only the lives of every one of you devils will satisfy them."

"Bah you centepedes can't scare us." Sneered the lieutenant. "We ain't afraid of your friends or comrades and never will be. If we were afraid what do you expect to see us in the army for. Ho the very god in heaven you worship has our defiance. And he has no power to save you centepedes, and if you ain't going to tell us what we want to know then it's up you will go again with your beastly sisters also, and this time to stay. Quick are you not going to tell us especially where you and the other little girls were going when we nabbed you?"

"NO."

YOU ARE NOT!"

"I SAID NO!"

"UP WITH HER BOYS." Yelled the ruffianly lieutenant.

Chapter 15

God CAN SAVE VIOLET AND HER SISTERS.

But just as the scoundrels were about to surge down on the rope and pull little Jennie up into the air, there came a terrible roaring of wind outside there came a sudden quivering of the cabin, as even to the floor of the earth, and then with a suddenness that was bewildering, as if it was terrifying, the cabin floor of earth, and all were sent tumbling, sliding, grinding, crashing down into the whirling waters of the Eryine, un u niver, a few yells of consternation coming from the Glandelinians as they struck the water and went under, their cries being promptly smothered. Jennie went down with the others, she of course being in much worse condition than they for the reason that her arms were bound together behind her back, her sisters as the house went to fragments being carried and rolled into a ravine by the cyclone, which blew all the tents of the camp away, scattering the contents, cannons and soldiers, killing thousands, and wounding scores of thousands. Jennie with the rope around her neck went into the water up to her waist at the crumbling dirt pouring all around her holding her there fast embedded in dirt to her arm pits while on either side of her, were logs which had also failed to float away only a portion of them being in the water.

2 Amid the deafening uproar of the screaming tempest which was hurling the trees down by the thousands per second, came gasping purlin gurling cries for help, while suddenly as a tree fell near her, the thrashing her severe ly with its wildly writhing and squirming branches, swishing back and forth, and vibrating like wires, in the force of the hurricane, Jennie felt as pull at the rope which was still around her neck, the pull tightening the rope and choking her somewhat. A feeling of horror came over her. Was she to be choked to death after all and in the midst of this shrieking screaming hurricane? She even wondered if a human being had grabbed hold of the rope or whether a log had got got wrapped up in its folds. Harder and harder came the pull on the rope, and so tight grew the noose around her neck that she found it hard to draw her breath. Suddenly a bright flash of lightning enabled her to see that two of the ruffians had hold of the rope

and who were struggling with each other over who should retain hold of the life line, and both lost their hold locked in each others embrace struggling fiercely and they went floating down the stream. Slowly the time rolled on, the hurricane increasing so wildly that the din almost deafened her. One, two, three, four, five, and six hours passed. The storm was a screaming fury it was raining and hailing in torrents and then an unpleasant surprise aroused her for the water of this treacherous stream was rising, it having been first up to her waist, but now it was nearly up to her arm pits. It was only rising slowly, but slowly surely. Jennie saw, and at the rate it was coming up that it would be over her head in about three hours. The horrors of her situation struck her with full force and for a few minutes she was almost paralyzed and though she struggled fiercely to work herself loose, it was to no avail-----she could-----not do it-----and even to dull for help was useless for who could hear her---amid the screaming of the wild screaming of the hurricane raging about her and now at its worst?

And indeed it would be a terrible death to be forced to die. Buried in up to her nupts in dirt and water, with her arms bound together behind her back and a rope around her neck, it would be a death far removed from any she would have chosen. Had she known she really had to die. Death in battle or in any other way would not be so bad. But this kind of death was something terrible.

Despite the thought that she couldn't be heard, she was like a drowning man clutching at a straw, and she screamed loudly again and again for help. But only the lashing of the water, the crash of falling trees, and the screaming of the wind was all that she heard. Slowly the waters crept higher being now almost up to Jennie's shoulders. She frantically kept working her body back and forth, in the hope that the water would soften the dirt and make it possible to extricate herself but to no avail. And again and again since the storm was abating now, she called for help her voice ringing out loudly, but then she realized that no one even if they heard could stand up to face that screaming gale, and realized that all was surely lost this time. Jennie as well as her sisters had been in many tight places before, and she was not disposed to give up all hope even now, when the chances of her being rescued were so slim as to be scarcely worthy of consideration. The storm was almost a lull by this time and again she lifted up her voice and called out:

"For God's sake, have pity on me someone. Help! Help! Help!"

Then she listened intently eagerly but there was no response and she realized that at this hour when the storm had committed such devastation, that there was not one chance in ten thousand that any one even

a Glandelinian would be abroad, the Glandelinians evidently having been all drowned, or else having been carried far down the stream and had not thought it worth while to return in the face of such a screaming gale now past, knowing anyhow anyway that the cabin had been destroyed, and the camp with all its contents swept away by the wind.

Jennie had about made up her mind that she was doomed but with the tenacity of desperation she would hang onto HOPE, to the last moment, and again she called out loudly desperately:

"HELP. HELP. HELP."

Suddenly her heart gave a great leap, and then stood still a moment to go churning along again immediately afterwards with renewed vigor, for standing on the bank were her dear sisters on their horses, one of the little girls having a rope in her hands.

Jennie shouted aloud with joy:

"Thank Heaven." She cried. "I'm to be saved by my own dear sisters."

"Look out sisters she." She called out. "That bank is crumbling, and you will slide down into the river."

"All right we will look out." Cried Violet in answer. "Are you in quicksand?"

"No I'm imbedded in dirt and water up to my shoulders, and as my hands are tied I can't dig myself out, and the water is rising fast."

Violet and Joyce came carefully down the loose dirt straight toward Jennie, and soon all of her sisters were tearing away at the dirt in an effort to get their sisters arms free. They kept tearing a way, telling where the wind had thrown them, and soon their combined efforts had the dirt dug out and was able to pull Jennie. Jennie's arms up and then untying it and taking off the rope from her neck and arms began to tug and pull, Jennie her arms free helping all she could, and they soon had the satisfaction of knowing that they had gotten her body pretty well loosened, the little girls standing with their feet on a couple of the logs that had not been washed away, and having Jennie under the arms, and as Jennie helped all she could they soon had better

success her body coming up several inches. Again and again they exerted all their strength and thistle her body came up a foot or more, and as the little girls pulled and tugged with all their might night again, Jennie succeeded in getting free, and proceeded to climb slowly and wearily up the sloping embankment of loose dry dirt, the little girls going with her until they reached the level ground and then Jennie got on her horse almost exhausted, and covered with mud and slime and once more they resumed their way still undaunted by their second experience.

Joice had been the one who removed the noose from Jennie's neck. After traveling over debris strewn roads for about a mile or so, the little girls suddenly heard the sound of footsteps and whirled to find themselves almost in the clutches of a regiment of Mandelinians mostly German scouts who had been close at hand, and who had rushed forward on hearing the sound of tramping horses.

"Surrender yet me hands." yelled the leader of the graycoats. But the little girls were not of the surrendering kind, and they wheeled their horses quick as a flash, and dashed away the Mandelinians suddenly fell delivering a ringing volley that brought down every one of the horses the little girls were riding on one of the bullets whistling so close to Violet's ear that she felt the wind, and heard the whistle of the ball and the Mandelinians yelling triumphantly being almost upon the little girls, who leaped in among the foliage darting from tree to tree, the Mandelinians firing continually but in vain.

Then in the pause the little girls took aim at the nearest approaching graycoats, their aim being straight to the mark and seven of the graycoats dropped. Frightful volleys were fired by the Mandelinians in return, and hundreds of bullets slipped, and thudded in the vicinity of the little girls one bullet hitting the tree behind which Jennie stood. Then in the next lull of the firing the little girls dropped on their hands and knees and made all haste possible and when they had gone about thirty yards they arose and darted away, on the run hoping that their retreat would not be discovered for a few moments, but their hopes were not as yet realized, for sudden yells and firing was heard, and glancing back saw them coming.

The little girls ran as fast as they could but the pursuers were not close enough to do any damage with their muskets and pistols and after the chase went on for several minutes, the Mandelinians were amazed to find themselves losing ground on mere children, and finally becoming winded they dropped back the little girls having escaped the Mandelinians a third time. For the rest of their journey Violet and her sisters met no more disturbances, the Mandelinian boyscouts knowing them well, and not daring to interfere with their journey and toward evening of the next day after traveling and all day they came within sight of general Mayford's lines.

The sentries never saw these human celestial beings, one of which was covered with dried mud, and at first mistook them for their own guardian angels in disguise, but learning soon that they were the Vivian girls they were so welcomed so heartily and requested that they remain over night.

The little girls were brought before general Mayford, who of course did not know them, though not mistaking them for celestial children, as the sentries did. Nevertheless he received them warmly, thinking they were little child refugees fleeing from the enemy but Violet said:

"We were sent by general Evans to tell you that the Manleys, have escaped general Vivian's armies, and are moving upon Gromer Andream to reinforce the besieged Mandelinians there. He wishes you to intercept the three Manleys, if possible until general Vivian can come to give battle, and keep them from reaching Gromer Andream."

The great general marvelled. He couldn't conceive how mere little girls could expose themselves to such peril when it was known on all over that the Mandelinians would butcher little children on sight.

He even wondered how they even managed to reach his lines safely when the foe were scouring the whole region, in an endeavor to capture or slay the little girls called the Vivian girls, and not knowing that they were the Vivian girls who stood before him he said:

"You little children must have indiscriminate nerve to go through all the peril you did. And were you not afraid? And did you see any of the foe?"

"We were captured once but not away from them." Answered Joice.

My name is Joice Vivian, and there are my sisters. We are known known as the Vivian girls. S. S. Girls."

General Mayford gave an exclamation of pure surprise. It was the first time he had ever seen the Vivian girls though he had heard lots about them. He felt awed in their presence, but nevertheless he learned from all them all they had experienced, and told them that if he could help it, the Manleys would never reach Gromer Andream. Early the next morning the little girls under a strong escort of soldiers left the camp to go back to general Vivian's army, which was now rejoined in the morning after having been unsuccessful against Germania. The little girls finding Jack Evans, and then heard from him the whole story how the battle of Gromer Andream which had started on May 10th had raged so long. In the meantime the thirty first of May was drawing near, and hearing of a great procession that was to be held among the Christian camps on that day in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mother Violet and her sisters decided to join. Violet being the one to crown the head of the statue of the Mother of God. Violet was happy when she was appointed, and though the next day was to be the last of May she felt that day would never come. Many Manleys had in the meantime arrived within the location of Gromer Andream with his greatly reinforced army of what had been once his and depleted army, and though finding himself between three fires, Manley was not the one to run and thirsting for revenge over his bitter success of defeat at the battle of Francis-Atlanta he decided to harness his way out of the trap he had run into, and hearing of the May Day procession that was to be held Manley decided to see to it that the Blessed Virgin should never be crowned by any of Violet and her sisters or the Christian dog as he called them, and also to wait until the procession was at their height, kill all in the procession, with his far reaching guns slay the Vivian girls and priest if possible the latter which may be of offering Benediction at the time, destroy the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and launch a sweeping assault while confusion reigned over the tragedy. He knew that it would be wiser to attack simultaneously for he knew the sacrilege would enrage the Christian generals to the highest pitch, and so terribly that he would have no show if they went on the rap rampant first.

Jack Evans went out scouting that afternoon and was discovered by the Mandelinians and chased for twenty miles, without the slightest success in even gaining within pistol range of him, and suffering heavy loss in the bargain at the hands of the general who shot them down one by one with a musket he had with him at the time.

WAS EVANS A HUMAN FIEND TO THE MANDELINIANS,
OR WAS HE TOO MUCH OF A GUY FOR THEM.

They never saw such a desperate fugitive before, even Violet and her sisters were not like him, and though they chased him over bridges, roads, and even hills, and through a town, they finally managed to overtake him, only to find themselves prisoners in his hands instead, the general suddenly surprising them, and making prisoners of all of them, single handed, and marching them back to his own camp under cover of the two thrifty forty fours.

"You are what they call a Christian dog, but nevertheless you are more daring than the Vivian girls and deserve my friendship hereafter for your cleverness and bravery." Said one of the lieutenant lieutenants with admiration. "Here we are thirty to your one, and yet you capture us when only a fugitive at our hands. We certainly call that bravery and no mistake. This shows that God really protects you faithful servant of his and hereafter if we are free again and see any of our comrades pursuing the Vivian girls we will save them if we have to assassinate the brutes to do so."

Evans knowing the character of this man from these words and his face at once set him free, for reward, praising him for his bravery and perseverance in trying to catch him but the others were so scared and so as they only scowled and threatened he marched them hastily into camp.

It was during the same afternoon after two o'clock when Evans again went out scouting undaunted by his first experience, but having a party of men with him this time, and hearing such suspicious sounds like horses approaching, Evans hearing being most acute, he ordered his

his men to draw up, under under the tree s of the road, the order being quickly obeyed. The men keeping themselves back far enough so as not to be observed and yet close enough as to be able to make a sudden dash when the body of horsemen advancing should appear, and they drew back until they were pretty near hidden, so that any body of men coming along at a rapid pace would not be a pt to see them. If they came at a moderate pace however, they would likely to discover them. Having disposed his men in this manner, Jack Evans rode ahead cautiously, presently beholding a column of Glandelinian (Gargolians), approaching at a fair speed, there being more than two thousand of them on horseback, under general Mc-Federalson.

He rode back and reporting what he had seen, decided to capture the entire lot, and took his place beside Captain Dick Slater and lieutenant Estrabrook. The tramp of the horses was soon plainly heard, and soon in a few minutes the flash of their brass and golden golden accoutrements could be readily seen, the hooded Glandelinians riding in a solid body four abreast, making a good appearance, and having no suspicion of the danger that lurked so near them, they came on entering the two lines of the Alliance cavarly.

"FORWARD," cried Evans.

The christian soldiers immediately advanced, till they were in plain sight of the Gargolians, the two lines extending ahead of and behind the graycoats.

"HALT!" cried Evans.

The two lines paused.

"Take aim in the rear and front."

Three thousand three score of muskets were leveled at the astonished Glandelinians, while across the road in front of them were three hundred other christian horsemen in red uniforms, these being the same number as those blocking the road in the rear, the graycoats halting suddenly with curses.

"By jove we must cut our way out," cried lieutenant general Nolan Stanek in charge of the cavarly division.

"HALT!" cried Evans. "I'm general Jack Evans of the twenty fourth cavarly and infantry divisions of Conscientians. I suppose you have heard of me. So if you are unwise enough to make a move you will all be cut down. Us Conscientians don't fo' fool with you child butchers."

Then Jack Evans advanced.

"By jove you christians are daring fellows," said the lieutenant general.

"Don't you know truth truthfully that there is a force of one hundred one hundred fifteen thousand more not a quarter of a mile away, on another road coming the toward us?"

"Ho," said Evans. "Neither do I believe it. Up with your hands every one of you! I don't think you want to be slaughtered."

Up went every hand in the troop and every man was quickly disarmed.

"Ready," said Evans. "Two abreast general. Close in on both flanks. Forward quick march."

The graycoats rode between a closed line of Allianceans, with a solid body before and behind, the whole troop dashing on, taking the captured Gargolians the fiercest of all the Glandelinians with them. The capture of the Gargolians had been very cleverly managed, having taken a very little time in its accomplishment, being altogether a wonderful affair, for not a shot had been fired, and not a blow had been struck, the surprise having been complete.

EVANS MEETS THE HANLETS AND CLASHES WITH THEM FACE TO FACE TO FACE.

Stopping for a moment to enter a tavern Evans was suddenly confronted by general John Manet, and his father and son, who tried to capture him, but Evans seized a heavy rocking chair in one hand and smashing out one of the windows, and then hurling the chair from him toward the door where the three general generals stood, and down went the Glandelinians chieftains on confusion and in a confused heap, upon the floor. At the same time the door was thrown open, and in hurried five other generals, including Mc-Whither with them, only to be accidentally overthrown by the christian officers as they slipped.

floor Evans having escaped from the front of the broken window and fell onto his horse and leading away Francis column, a party of Glandelinians on the other side of the house, seeing him and dashing swiftly toward him. They were sure they would speedily overtake him, the Glandelinians urging their horses to their utmost, resolving not to let him escape, but suddenly his men saw them coming and then all at once the overconfident Glandelinians found themselves opposed by a force three times their numbers, and were thrown into confusion in the melee, some of their horses dashing straight on, some swerving to the right or to the left, and went jumping into the ditches or over the fence. The others were gotten under control and away flew the astonished Glandelinians now doing their best to save themselves instead of trying to capture Evans. The enemy were in such haste to escape that Evans actually pursued them for half a mile alone before they discovered it. Then he paused, and then as he wheeled and started back he laughed until he nearly fell from his saddle. The house was surrounded by the party of christians, but the general officers had also gone so they all went back toward the camp. For a time now nothing else happened and Evans's column with their ten thousand prisoners, rode on at a hurried pace, with nothing to worry them, but just as they reached the top of a hill lieutenant art said suddenly with a salute:

"Look there general Evans. That looks like a large detachment of

Omarian gurdies."

"So it does," said lieutenant art.

At the foot of the hill a road intersected the one they were on and riding along this road but still at some distance of the crossing was a troop of Glandelinian horsemen nearly twenty thousand in number, their peculiar green uniforms which was easily seen at that distance showed them to be Omarian gurdies under general Francis Ferner.

"Forward all of you, and guard to the prisoners in the inner column!" shouted Evans. "We must reach the crossing ahead of those desperate Omarian gurdies by all means."

Down the hill charged the whole christian column their steeds snorting with excitement, and the Glandelinians seeing them coming, and knowing it to be a triumph to head off the christians, dashed for the crossing, urging their horses to the utmost. Evans calculated the distance with his eye and saw that the graycoats were somewhat nearer to the crossing than he was, but nevertheless his men were going at a faster pace.

"Forward faster he shouted."

Down the hill they raced, the Glandelinians doing their best to reach the crossing first, so as to cut them off, and if they reached the crossing, even if they did not stop there, they might do some mischief as the christian troops swept by, and now it began to look as if the two parties would come together.

"V Charge," cried Evans. "Fire as you pass them."

The Glandelinians were now drawing their sabres evidently intending to charge upon the christians, the two detachments dashing on, each column reaching the crossing as at the same moment.

"Fire," roared Evans.

As they swept by each cavarly man swung half around on his saddle, and discharging his piece, the volley being a tremendous one, every man hitting his mark, and three thousand saddles were emptied, simultaneously scores of others wavering in their saddles. The Glandelinians had evidently not expected that the christian troopers could fire while dashing on at such a terrific speed, and before the surviving Glandelinians recovered themselves, the Angelinians were gone, the graycoats having been unable to make their charge as they expected.

They followed on behind the christian troopers hoping to do some execution to pay for the blow received, but as Evans did not care to engage in a struggle at that time especially on account of all the prisoners he had with him who would escape during the melee, and being satisfied at having escaped so well without a single loss he resumed his retreat, and soon all that the graycoats could see of them was the dust they left behind, and abandoned the pursuit. Evans, nick Slater, lieutenant Patrabrook, and Captain Gero George riding far ahead of the main column, leaving them about a few hundred yards behind, suddenly turned a bend in the road and came upon four Glandelinian generals riding along leisurely, the two parties halting in front of each other.

"You are out scouting no doubt!" said Evans.

"I do not discuss my affairs too christian down," said the leader of the party so curtly.

"But the christian does as you pleased to call us, may I take you prisoners if you are not more civil?" Said Evans.

"What an equal number of christian dogs capture a party of Glandelinian soldiers! Impassible. Why you would need ten times as many."

"Well we have more than that not far away." Said Evans. "And if you will wait a few minutes we will accommodate you."

The Glandelinian generals looked greatly surprised, and Evans at once knew that this was all of the party.

"You will have to catch us first." Said the Glandelinian officer.

"Halt." Cried Evans as the officer started to wheel his horse.... the other christian officers drawing their pistols in an instant. Lieutenant Estrabrook and the rest knew just what Evans would do and the instant he spoke they drew their pistols.

"Make another move and you are dead men." Said Evans. "I will show you that half of us, or one of us even can capture your whole band."

The faces of the four generals turned sickly yellow as they found themselves looking into the muzzle of the four pistols.

"Put up your pistols boys."

The christian officers obeyed.

"Get off your horses." Evans said to the Glandelinian officers. He being able to hit at least two of them at once, and none of them knew which one it might be, and obeyed promptly.

"Come out here and throw down your pistols."

The command was given in a tone that demanded instant obedience. The Glandelinian generals threw down their weapons.

"Now go and stand at the side of the road, and if one of you runs he will get a bullet into him."

The order was obeyed.

"Take the reins of the four horses captian later." Said Evans.

He then whistled sharply and in a minute the party with the prisoners came up.

"Here are four Glandelinian generals whom I have taken boys." He said. "Do we want them?"

"No." Was the universal answer.

"You see we have no use for you generals, as we have too many prisoners already." Said Evans. "Next time you will have a better opinion of christian soldiers, if you can get rid of your overwhelming conceit. You may go but we will retain your horses. Forward boys."

Fifteen minutes later the christian force reached the main line with their prisoners, Evans turning them over to general Vivian. That evening Jack Evans learning that the Glandelinians had erected a line of fortifications within plain sight, for some suspicious reasons, was alarmed over threatening danger hovering over the vivian girls and decided to capture them before they were half finished. He led forward a large force of christians about 40,000 in number and his assailing parties were well upon the outworks before they were discovered by general Moltes Glandelinians. There was a fierce skirmish with the pikets for a while, then the Angelinians charged with the bayonet driving everything before them, the pickets discharging their muskets and arousing the garrison, there being a terrific uproar in an instant and a battle equal to the battle of Bull Run in the Civil war raged. The works were manned very hastily for there was no time to be lost, hundreds of great cannons began to thunder, and the musketry to crash and roar, as the christians advanced charging with the bayonet. Though thousands were mowed down in killed and wounded, the survivor only rushed on with great impatience, carrying everything before them, surmounting every obstacle, nothing seeming to be able to hold them back. At the inner abatis where the firing upon the Glandelinian position was unspenkably terrific and deadly, general Evansville Wayne who was with the right column received a mortal wound, Jack Evans himself received a contusion on the head from a spent ball, and Captain Glaser was killed. At the same moment general Flattery entered and struck the Glandelinian flag, and fell headlong with a bullet in his hand.

Genr General Honey sprang to the ramparts and as he shouted

"Hurrah the fort is ours." Fell mortally wounded. The desperate attack received a bloody repulse, ten thousand christians having fallen within one hour and a number were the best officers. This is known as the battle of Fort Molten. Though General Jack Evans was injured, his injuries however was no not severe enough to hinder him and that evening he was with the little girls again, with a bandage around his head.

At their inquiries Evans told them about the engagement at the fortifications, that were being erected within sight of the christian lines, and though they felt saddened over the failure, they quickly overcame their sadness and turned their attentions on the more

OVERCAME their remorse and turned their attentions on the more morrow. It was from this fortification that the morrows horrible sacrelege was committed by the Glandelinians.

"I hardly can't wait until to morrow morning." Said Violet nestling her head against his breast. "I think it will be the happiest moment in our lives."

Evans felt the same and decided that they had best retire early and go to sleep and that would make the day come closer.

..... *Chapter* THE HORRIBLE SACRELEGE! *l.k.*

Morning dawned, bright, calm, and sultry. There was a peaceful stillness in the air, a stillness unlike anything before, not a cloud was in the sky, and the scenery of the green meadow, the blossoms on the blossoms on the trees, and in the fields made it seem as if there was no war raging at all. It was May the Thirty First, and the morning the procession was to be held as there would be no time for it in the evening.

Everything had been placed in readiness, the statue of Our Blessed Mother had been put in the desired location, and several rude altars had been hastily erected. Violet and her sisters waited almost impatiently for the approach of the hour it was to start. They looked for Jack Evans that morning at four o'clock finding him with general Hanson who had come from his lines to see his brother about the situation at Cromer. And at their approach Evans bowed himself from the presence of the two great generals, and walked with the little girls down a road having Violet and Catherine by the hand.

"Who is going to carry the banner during the procession?" Asked Catherine.

"I was requested to." Said Evans. "But if one of you little girls would like to--"

"Oh that's all right." Said Jennie. "We wanted you to carry it. We are going to do the singing with the sisters and other children that will be in the procession. We just wanted to know, for if you did not carry the banner we would wonder who would be doing it."

"And who is going to do the crowning?" He asked.

"Violet is." Said Catherine. "We voted that she should."

"Won't that be grand?" Said Evans. "I'll be present to witness it."

They continued their stroll until they reached the heart of the christians line and then coming to a long log they all sat down, Evans in the center. Violet herself was sitting next to Evans and said:

"I heard you were chased by a party of Glandelinians yesterday, and captured those who chased you single handed. Is that true?"

"I am sure I'll have to say yes." Laughed Jack Evans. "Besides recaptured a whole division of ten thousand Gargolians with my three thousand three score of men, dashed past a division of Gargolian Cavalry who tried to reach ahead of me to intercept me and made four Glandelinian generals give up their pistols and horses single handed also. I also had a brush with the three Glandelinian leaders. And I mean they won't forget me in a hurry. I knocked them down with a heavy club."

"You had better look out for them or they will get you yet." Said Joice with a warning look. "Those three Glandelinian chiefs mean business when aroused."

"I would have mean business myself if a troop had not pursued me from around the house." Answered Evans. "I would have taken the Manlyes along with me and then their armies being leaderless would have to give in."

"I believe you are too reckless." Sighed Violet. "You are doing it all on account of us no doubt. We are nothing but mere children children and besides--"

"You are more than mere children." Said Evans grabbing her in his arms. "With your pure hearts, and beauty you little girls imitate the blessed Virgin herself. So why shouldn't I do it for you little girls?"

"Do what?" Asked Violet.

"Just what you mentioned."

"But that honor is your and not ours." Said Violet. "We did not do it." Evans laughed.

"You don't get what I mean." He said. "I meant what I did. Capturing the troops, felling the pursuers, and taking things away from the wicked Glandelinian generals."

"But why did n you not capture the Manleys?" Asked Daisy. "You had your squadron with you, and could have captured those persons."

"I was leaving the house alone at the time during the excitement itself," Said Evans. "My squadron at the time was quite a distance away and when a hundred of me my men surrounded the house my birds birds had flown the coop."

"Maybe papa will capture them or make them surrender," Said Pettie. "But I hope they will soon see the error of their wickedness and repent. I don't doubt about poor general John Manley of course, but I do despise his brother and father whom I almost know are far beyond beyond repentance." Federal is the worse enemy you little girls have and if he is gone out of the war all will be all right," Said Evans. "He is your main persecutor and soon God may withdraw him out of your way."

"We can feel a sorry for the poor man anyway," Said violet. "He was once a good man, but turned against God when his wife and little girl were killed by a tornado. Then I for revenge revenge he did all he could. We may be freed from him only a short while but just the same Germania and the other generals and the wicked Manleys are more powerful than he was, and we have them yet." And we have braggard, and the tamerlines, and their men to look out for too," She added.

"That is right," Said Joice. "They may not be as wicked as the Tamerlines or the Manleys I mean but just the same they would be glad to put us out of the way if they could," Said Evangeline. "They themselves will be put out of the way before they know it," Said Evans. "They have me to reckon with."

They sat there for quite a while then finally as it was approaching close to breakfast time they decided to return to general Vivian's headquarters. It was now quite hot the rising torrid sun making the temperature fairly sizzling, but they seemed as unconcerned over the heat as if it was only a cool day, and reached the place after a brisk walk.

"General Viv Evans," Called general Vivian when Evans approached the main veranda with the little girls.

"Yes sir your excellency."

"Come into my room I want to see you alone."

Violet and her sisters waited on the veranda for nearly half an hour for him after he went in, and when he appeared he looked sober. "What is the matter dear?" Asked Joice. "Have you done something out of the way?" He was kind of rough when he spoke. "Oh I'm all right," He said furiously. "But Hanson had told him while I was gone that old old Manly intends to break up the procession, and commit a horrible sacrilege in the Bargian. He intends to have the procession held at another location, but I cannot bear the banner for your sakes. I'm under instructions to watch out for the would be sacrilege committers, and if they attempt to do anything out of the way to shoot them down like dogs."

"Oh Evans don't let them do it by all means," Said Violet with a sob. "It's our doing and not any concerns of theirs. I don't want to see why they want to break up the procession, and if Manley succeeds in the attempt I'll hate him." "The attempt won't succeed if I can help it," Said Evans. "I'll shoot the first fellow who tries to fire at the blessed Sacrament. I'll be hidden in a thickly foliated tree, and I'll shoot to kill."

The very officers were all talking over what Hanson through his spies had learned and all eyes were generally directed toward the fir fortifications, which had held out against the attack the day before after an all day battle with Evans. They realized that if any attempt would be made it would come from there, that it was the purpose of the Glandelinians of building it, and so long range guns carefully hidden in foliage were trained upon those fortifications, the gunners having the instructions to blow the fortifications to smithereens and meantime if any shots interfering with the procession or services proceeded from there. Toward seven o'clock everything was in readiness. A crowd of soldiers gathered to attend the services, and to watch the Procession and the crowning of the blessed Virgin. At seven thirty the time appointed, a flock of pretty children came from the rear by twos, little girls with white clothes, and wreaths of flowers on their heads, and little boys dressed in their best,

all formed into line by squads. One of the little girls was detailed to carry the banner, Jennie being chosen by lot amongst all the children, and the rest with the children to do the singing while they marched. Violet was to crown the blessed virgin and to lead the singing chorus. Thousands of boys and girls volunteered to join, besides large numbers of soldiers and officers, even some generals. J Knocing of Evans intentions to attend they were surprised when he did not appear, but no one said anything, and the little girls did not want to tell the reason for fear of causing alarm.

Violet and her sisters were dressed as little Virgins with white veils covering their heads, and hanging about them with wreaths of lovely red and white roses on their heads, heavenly beautifully colored bands on their shoulders, and with flowers in their hands. Violet had the crown of beautiful flowers she was to place on the head of the Blessed Virgin, and she also appointing Jennie to carry the banner who was to lead the May Procession.

General V Hanson and Vivian rode back and forth among their lines and among the crowds, anxious of the following proceedings, detailing thousands of soldiers to swarm every road lane and field the procession would pass on its march toward the status, and to bring down any sneaking sniper they would see without mercy.

"If they think they can break up the procession then I can cannot commit a mortal sin and escape Hell," Besides. "He blessed. I I don't threaten this horrible sacrilege. Well anyhow Evans will do some sniping of his own. I depend upon his sniping."

The sight of all the children gathered for the procession, was the prettiest Evans had ever seen from the time he was sheltered in, with his long range rifle, and as the priest came carrying the Blessed Sacrament, he shuddered when he thought of what might happen.

He saw the prettiest sight of all, violet and her sisters, in the lead, Violet with two wreaths on her head, and Jennie with the banner held firmly in her pearl white hands. The sight made his heart leap. What if the rascally snipers would aim at them? Oh God let it not be so that they will snipe at all. If they were shot and killed and the blessed Sacrament insulted, he would kill Manley like a dog if it cost his life for it. Indeed the little girls and boys made the prettiest sight he had ever seen to look off and from his perch Evans watched with great admiration, and feeling of danger at the same time.

The procession started slowly, followed on two sides by swarms of soldiers and the singing of hymns, salutes of officers, and prayers from the troops. Jennie and Violet were in the lead of the procession, but nevertheless a squad of soldiers were on each side of her, while a troop of conscription men were several yards in front. Liked as all the other children were strongly guarded, and it indeed seemed impossible that anything could happen to them. The procession made its way up the road at a slow pace, and almost nearing the destination, the village of the soldiers grew strikers. But as yet nothing happened, though from where they were those treacherous fortifications, were in plain sight.

"Watch those fortifications," Said general Vivian to a leader of a force of Dragoon Dragoons. "If there is any attempt to be made on checking this procession, I'm sure it will be from those fortifications and not from any snipers, who are too cowardly to get too close to my army. If anything happens be ready to me."

Then he rode on with the procession his distant hands playing "ON THIS DAY O BEAUTIFUL MOTHER, and other May Hymns. As the procession continued general Hanson came riding up.

He had just issued orders to have the fortifications watched also.

"There is suspicious movements among Manley's lines," He said as he rode up. "I have already instructed the officers to keep watch. I'm suspicious of an attack."

"Is that so?" From general Vivian. "I see it all now. The wily rascal intends to commit a sacrilege, by having the Blessed Sacrament fired upon, and during the confusion launch an attack upon our lines. Well for once I'll frustrate him. It's from those fortifications that I expect the incident to come, but let them try it and they will be all buried into in eternity."

"I know what you mean," Said Hanson. "I have given the very same orders myself. So if the sacrilege is committed by any one in that line of fortifications, there will be no trace of their site afterwards."

The two generals watched the procession for several minutes, and then dreading that the attack would soon come, Hanson rode back to his lines to watch the movements of Manley's big armies. In fact he was really wishing that Manley would make an onslaught, for if he did he had a good chance to crush his whole line, of assault to fragments, and hurl his whole army back toward Groser's army. AND when it is before it is recovered from the shock.

His wish was granted at right, a good sign of God's vengeance for the sacrilege he did succeed in committing.

The procession at this time had halted at the foot of the statue of the Blessed Virgin, and at once the virgin girls struck up the pretty May hymn "Bring flowers of the forest." The wording of the hymn sang by Violet and her sisters, and chorused by the other children were as follows:;

1

Bring flowers of the forest, bring flowers of the fairest;
From garden, and woodland, and hillside, and vale;
Our full hearts are swelling, our glad voices telling,
The praise of the loveliest rose of the Dale.

2

Our voices are ending, in harmony, blending/
Oh thus may our hearts turn dear mother to thee,
Oh thus shall we prove thy love, how truly we love thee;
How dark without Mary, life's journey would be.

3

Oh Virgin most tender, our homage we render;
Thy love and protection, sweet Mother to win;
In danger defend us, in sorrow befriend us,
And shield our fond hearts from contagion of sin.

4

Oh Mothers the Dearest, Oh wilt thou be near rent;
When life with temptation is darkly replete;
Forsake us oh never, Our hearts be they ever
As pure as the lilies we lay at thy feet.

CHORUS

Oh Mary we crown thee with blossoms to day,
Queen of the angels, queen of the May;
Oh Mary we crown thee with blossoms to day,
Queen of the angels, queen of the May.

The sound of the voices of the virgin girls, with all of the rest of the children singing in unison, with the chorus was like the very angels singing. When the chorus started after the fourth verse was sung, Violet ascended the stepladder placed at the right hand of our Blessed Mother, and placed the crown of roses on her head, while Jennie strew her feet with the choicest lilies.

At it was at this moment that there came a series of frightful crashes, violet and Jennie were hurled sixty feet by the concussion, and a wall of rolling smoke clouds enshrouded the region for several minutes. The statue of the Blessed Virgin was blown to bits, over one hundred of the children were frightfully mangled, the Priest was killed, the blessed sacrament was picked up in fragments under general Vivian's mangled horse, twenty of the soldiers were killed, and over sixty wounded. Violet and Jennie escaped uninjured, but were heartbroken and angry besides. This had occurred before Hanson had reached his lines, and hearing the frightful crash he wheeled his horse and came back in time to see a hundred mangled bodies of children laid in rows, with their grief-stricken parents almost prostrate beside them. The other children were terrified, enraged, or ran addled, the soldiers were wild with fury, and cried for vengeance. The fortifications had been blown up but the rascally runners had escaped.

"So-so," cried general Vivian, flourishing his sabre and riding among the excited crowds. "General Manley shall pay very dearly for this bloodcurdling assassination of little children, right under my very eyes. He not only committed a double sacrilege, but murder as well."

Hanson at this moment rode up with a ashen face meeting his angry brother.

"Well it's done general Vivian," he said. "Anyway will make the attack now I'm sure and if God don't repent this offense then I'm useless unless before him myself. This is certainly terrible. I know of the sacrilege, but this assassination of children was unexpected. And two hundred of the children are even now washed in blood from where did the shells come from?"

"From the fortifications," thundered general Vivian. "The devils escaped before we had blasted the fortifications into the air."

"How soon will the assault be made?" asked general Vivian.

"The sooner the better," answered general Hanson grimly. "When it comes they will receive hell and no mistake at that."

He was forced to leave the harrowing scene, Benediction had to be abandoned, and violet and her sisters were grief-stricken. They however tried to control the wild grief of the poor parents, the fathers of whom though civilians grasp grasping guns and rushing to the works to kill every Glandelinian they could see, when the assault should come.

THE RESULT OF THE SACRILEGE MANLEY'S FRIGHTFUL DEFEAT AT THE BATTLE OF LATRUVA.

Indeed the Glandelinians did make the long expected assault, and a frightful one at that. The assault made by the Glandelinian forces started about eight fifteen, general Manley having taken advantage of the sacrilege, and believing a good portion of the Christians to be in confusion, launched the heaviest forces forward, in a headlong driving attack of the greatest violence. Manley was confident of winning the battle though the Christian forces outnumbered his two to one, confident of cutting his way through one of the three Christian armies overlapping his, and of saving his from the capture it was threatened with.

He was also bound to prove that he could see to it, that neither general Hanson or Vivian could revenge the sacrilege committed, or either atone it, and also he was bound to prevent general Vivian and Hanson from moving toward Gloria.

Indeed the frightful attack led by general John Manley in person had the same effects as the great tidal wave did upon sweeping upon the city of Angeline during the Mt. Calverine eruption, the whole Christian line in that location was crushed to fragments, but their assailants there were dislodged, other surviving columns of the foe were thrown into confusion, thousands upon thousands of guns roared and rattled in salvos of wild cannonading, the succeeding vast columns of the Glandelinians precipitating themselves against the Christians while the sound of clashing bayonets became an almost

mete'ndin their ring. Everywhere the solid "landelinian surges were horribly gapped, and torn, columns columns halted, and fired, finding it impossible to make their way in the face of this volcano of flame and din, the earth shook as if there was a succession of earthquakes as the terrific explosions of millions of muskets all along the whole christian lines increased to their fullest fully, these columns also dissolved, the main line halted, and returned a fire which roared and crashed and reverberated far above the din of the christian fire, the flash the flashes of guns turning their eyes like pepper then the surges moved forward again through that sea of smoke and fire, and then it with a yell of fury the opposing lines closed and grappled, and the way the assault was going, Hanson knew that it would fail to strike general Vivians line in time to make it a success. And when the surges did strike general Vivians line, armies after armies in gray went to scattered pieces, general Vivians line was in a blinding ear-splitting uproar that shocked all who heard it and within twenty five minutes the whole scene was like a destructive hell, the landelinian surge was gapped hundreds of times, the whole stretch of woods became a meadow of wreckage from the great storm of shell explosions, and still double lines of reserves swept to the assault in redoubled fury, the whole scene being a chaotic destruction being as if the judgement day and hell's immense fury had been broken loose simultaneously, and ten times Manley's hundreds of shattered columns, reeled back appalled at the frightful slaughter. But Manley only hurried fresh forces to the assault under cover of hundreds of thousands of cannon these columns going at it with no might and main, their yells of relentless rage seeming to defy anybody, else even heaven and its inhabitants, the din a pain wounding as if a hundred million demons, had possessed themselves of the air, mingled with all the damned and were again venting their savage rage in the most horrible unearthly sounds, even louder than the screaming of a hundred million steam whistles and again and again, and still again the blinding flash of musketry, streamed along general Vivians' whole christian line in a thundering roll like legions of cannon, seeming to rend the heavens and earth simultaneously, causing the ground to tremble more severely, and still the yelling and firing of the landelinians echoed through the air in response to the christian fire, shell bursts seemed to blast and singe the air, the firing swelled and broke to full fury and the battle was fearful.

The tremendous onrush of one great gray wave after another, cleared many portions of the christian works all along the line, but the firmer firmer purple lines went to pieces so slowly that time was given until until reinforcements could arrive to crush back these scores of human waves in indiscriminate slaughter, the atmosphere seemed blinding from the frightful storm of firing, and thousands of explosions per second, blizzards of wreckage at times being hurled about by the hurricane of explosions, which showered the assaulting columns. But amid the crash and uproar, the onslaught was only resumed with still more more redoubled fury, the scene again being a roaring hell of destruction, the savage fury of the landelinian onslaught continuing on and on, the assault raging at its greatest force.

At the point of Hanson's line the landelinian assault was first repulsed. Indeed no matter what general John Manley tried it was all in vain. His whole front line of assault nearly forty miles in extent and ten million strong, suffered a frightful and terrific dissolution, his main line suffered indiscriminate losses, and as the christian line was still firm, the surviving assault assailants finally withdrew in confusion, John Manley receiving a serious wound, just as the retreat commenced.

This desperate assault had raged over four hours, John Manley having thrown a whole force of thirty million against the christian line, and within those four hours, after he had withdrawn, he left over two quarters and a half of this splendid force, in the fields dead, wounded, or dying. The wooded regions hovering along the christian lines resembled the desolation caused by some terrific typhoon, and the scene of slaughter had been frightful. The fathers who had suffered the loss of their little children killed, by a sacrilegious explosion, killed every landelinian they had the chance to shoot, and escaped without a scratch.

The christian losses were also unspeakably terrific, but not near so heavy as the enemy suffered, and no generals of any rank on the christian side had fallen, while ten on the side of the foe had been killed, and forty wounded. It can hardly be ascertained that they had ever before since Francis Atlanta seen such slaughter,

in such a short time especially among the enemy, the christian loss being over seventeen million in killed and wounded along no one being taken prisoner this time, not even landelinians were taken as the enraged Angolians, when terrified or unarmed landelinians held up their hands in token of surrender, shot them down. This was to repay for the murder of children, and the sacrileges that were enacted within their very lines by Manley's guns. The frightful carnage had raged within sight of the very children, who had survived the tragedy, the little children looking on in wonder and awe at the appalling attack, some terrified by the terrible clamor, and others hoping for the christians to win, and clapping their hands and yelling with glee, when the enemy were finally vanquished. Evans had also been in the thickest of the fight, and it was he who had severely wounded general Manley inflicting a bad bullet wound in his arm. Evans had also shot ten of the forty generals down, wounding wounding three of the fatally.

He also killed general Johann Me-Wollsterand mortally wounded general Francis Phellinia Tamerline, who had been leading an appalling attack at the time. Evans also proved his marksmanship by bringing down three colonels, five captains, and six sergeants, in a very short time, and spared general Me-Indon to death in a desperate sabre duel. Evans was also handy in almost mortally wounding general Johann Manley who was also in the fighting, and if the wound was not mortal it was a shot right between the heart and the left lung. Evans having intended to kill him outright, and cursed the luck when he saw that he had only dangerously wounded him.

Who Violet and her sisters heard of the officers that were shot by State. The little girls did not know what to make of it, and they flatterly tormented him with questions, but he answered every one like a politician, and told of the special officers he had put out of the service for a while anyway. He had never had to fire two shots to bring down his man, and not a scratch was on him, though his uniform coat had been torn by the branch of a fallen tree as it struck him.

In half an hour Evans had brought down fifteen landelinian generals, and fourteen officers of lower rank, making twenty nine officers altogether. It had been general Johnston Manley's plans to have the whole of general Vivians, and Hanson's army attacked simultaneously and in full force, and had it worked it would have been a great success in spite of the sacrilege. But the assault along general Vivians line had been a whole hour late, and though the battle raged the hardest here, it was only a small portion of Hanson's line which had been crushed, but nevertheless the assailants that crushed this portion had met anihilation, at the same time, and general Vivian had smote the enemy so ruthlessly that Hanson's army was saved from disaster, and the enemy's whole line was rolled up in confusion from the field, the assault having been a disastrous bloody failure on the landelinian side, and Manley had been badly outwitted.

But nevertheless this defeat was only temporary. Manley as yet did not count himself beaten severely wounded as he was, and decided to have his father give general Hanson full knowledge of the fact within another hour or so. He was aching to repay general Hanson and Vivian for the frightful slaughter suffered among his lines during that four hours attack, and for the wounding of himself, and his brother, at the hands of Jack Evans, which enraged him. At first he did not know that it was the guardian of Violet and her sisters who had shot him and his brother, but many of the landelinians who were eye witnesses to the fact, told him about it, and his rage knew no bounds.

He vowed that the Vivian girls must be destroyed, and that their guardian must be captured dead or alive, and if captured, to be crucified for the shooting of his brother, and himself. He decided to renew the assault as soon as he could get the fresh forces ready, but also to concentrate the heaviest fury of the assault, upon the christian line, where the Vivian girls and their guardian was supposed to be, Johann van Johnston Manley and Johann Greenburg Me-Huge to lead at this point.

Greenburg was instructed to have many of his men hidden in the trees near the christian lines, and when the opportunity came to shoot the Vivian girls down on the spot during the confused chaos of the battle. He was also instructed to have many of the best cavalry men watch out for colonel Jack Evans as he thought he was a colonel, but just the same to capture him at all hazards.

THE SECOND OUTBURST OF THE TERRIFIC CONFLICT.
THE RESULT..

Chapter 17.

But man imposes, and God disposes. It happened to be when the terrific onslaught was on, Evans and the Vivian girls were at another point of the main Christian line, far to the extreme rear, and though under orders Evans finally was within the firing lines he always managed to get the sharpshooters, before they shot the little girls, bringing them down one by one, his gunners shelling the trees, and preventing their dandastardly intentions. The assault was general all along the line, but general Greenburg was driving his wedge with might and main, reeled back twenty times, and then only came forward once more and it seemed likely indeed that the Christian position would soon be forced.

Evans when not in action watched the appalling attack at a safe distance with violet and her six sisters, and Violet noticing that the foe seemed to be getting the better of the Christians suddenly thought of a plan to outwit the wily Greenburg. She told the plan to Evans asking him to carry it out while he had the chance. The battle by this time was terrific in fury, the whole of Manley's army attacking in full strength, and Evans pondering on the plan saw by close examination of the shape of the battle line, that it could be carried out with disastrous consequences to the enemy. To carry out the plan Evans would have to act temporarily as a general for scores of the Christian generals had fallen in that fiery storm of battle. He rode along the rear of the roaring battle line, examining every formation closely and then riding along general Hanson's extreme right gave the command:

"Right grand division, recoil. Left center advance and buckle too!"

This was obeyed he doing likewise to the other commands, to Hanson's greatest amazement, and wit within half an hour general Greenburg's whole command was almost surrounded, by a blasting inferno of musketry and cannon, his men going down in thick numbers than there could be fleas on a multitude of dogs. The slaughter was

terrible Greenburg being shot dead by Evans himself, the Glandelinians were thrown into panic and confusion, and though columns after columns for a time renewed the assault with terrifying fury, they finally broke and fled from that fierce conflagration, being in the wildest stampede the victorious Christians pursued pouring after them like a tidal wave cutting them down and routing the survivors on to the way to the main line, even carrying a good portion of the Glandelinian position, where all attempts to retake it were disillusioned in a horrible manner. Evans explained the movement to Hanson. Every division that recoiled under his orders, was only a withdrawal, withdrawal in a newly arranged direction, in the shelter of thick woods, this movement being made obliquely at all points, tending to cause the formation of three quarters of an extensive circle in Hanson's extreme right, which closing on Greenburg's assaulting columns mowed them down terribly and cut off using the frightful rout. At first Hanson was going to congratulate general Evans, but he said:

"This honor belongs to the Vivian girls and not me. They thought of this plan explained it to me and I executed it. The honor goes to them. They won the field not me."

"That's true too," exclaimed Hanson. "But you had the same cause for honor as they did. They planned it. You executed it. So you all deserve the honor. You and the little girls won the battle and not us."

"But --"

"Not buts about it. In --" Laughed Hanson. "There are the little saints!"

"They are somewhere near," said Evans. "I'll go and find them!" In the meantime the Glandelinian onslaught on the rest of the Christian line was indescribable in violence. There was such a concentration of Glandelinians that it seemed that all the guns mowed upon them, and even the severest musketry ever poured in any battle whatever for that space of time, could not stop their wild onrush.

General Vivian was everywhere along his lines encouraging his men and begging them to stick it out to the last. The uproar of cannon was so terrific that it seemed as three hundred million tons of dynamite were exploding continually, the roar of hundreds of thousands of shell explosions shook the earth again, and the crash of musketry was the worse of all.

The furious second battle of Gromer Andean had centered toward the truce with indiscriminate ferocity, the heavy Glandelinian columns surging on in monstrous human waves, and then though cut to pieces, and driven back they only recovered, and added by fresh forces, resumed the frightful onslaught, again, and again, giving vent to their famous "DEVIL YEA" "DEVIL YEA!"

So violent was the assault that it seemed as if general Vivian's lines would be finally forced. Manley's extreme right wing however, had been disillusioned, the main line was suffering from frightful losses, and Hanson concentrating parts of his force against general Vivian's assailants, shattered Manley's main line of assault frightfully, causing the whole line now, while horribly gaping and tearing it again and again, to reel in utmost confusion and panic.

Manley suffered horribly from his losses, and being outflanked by general Evans, whose troops poured upon his rear from the direction of Gromer Andean, after capturing the nine million besieged Glandelinians there, the Glandelinian's general seeing, general Vivian's forces pouring after him, with the other armies under Vivian's closing on his left, Manley rallied his command, and showed furious resistance for five more hours, causing the Christians frightful losses, mowing down the waves in purple as fast as they came on, but his rear was so horribly hammered to pieces by general Evans and Vivian that he was compelled to resume his retreat abandoning many of his batteries, and ammunition stores, and retreating toward Gromer Andean in a perfect rout. The Glandelinian losses were terrible over 30,000,000 having fallen in dead and wounded, making a total in 47,000,000 in all that fell in the whole nine hours battle. Indeed general John Manley and Johnston Jackson Manley and his son were stung beyond endurance by their second bitter defeat at the truce or Gromer Andean, and by the failure to destroy or cause the destruction of the Vivian girls. Yet he did not know what to do. One quarter of his army was so frightfully disillusioned by the recent frightful battle of Anna Maria and Francis Atlanta, and this one, already raged, was now more frightfully depleted despite the reinforcements he had received, before he fought. Other Glandelinian armies were the next month, retiring like a stily into southern California and one of his own under Leonia Meldonia Nicknell was partially surrounded by the army of Abbeasians under general Leonia Meldonia Nicknell.

His terrible misdeeds had been his undoing and he now realized it. That night his armies had shown more sterner resistance, south of Gromer Andean on June 19th, south of Gromer Andean, and even all the rest of the next day inflicting untold losses upon the Christians assaulting him, but the overwhelming onrush of the Christians forcing forward like the floods did upon Jamestown, caused the surrender of a part of general John Manley under James Nicknell that doughty general however escaping by hiding under a wood pile.

The slaughter of the Glandelinian columns was terrific, the armies under general Cordial being crushed to fragments, the survivors were even disillusioned, two of the remaining remnants surrendered their commands,annonia and the others escaped, but their commands suffered an annihilation also.

It was after this great battle that Manley found his remaining armies in this thickish position. Federal was half surrounded by the Christian army under general Maurice Costello, with the Christian guns pounding him night and day, with Gromer Andean and the truce in flames, and forests of trees burning along his only avenue of retreat, Federal being in the worse situation. Yet this general who was recovering from his wound received at Francis Atlanta, determined to show that it would take more than St. Michael and all his host to make him surrender. He decided to cut his way through the Christian line, for though his own losses had been unspeakably, unspeakably terrific he still

was confident of victory though general Vivian outnumbered two to one. This time he decided to fight with the fury of desperation, to throw all the vehemence in the attack, under cover of a spasmodic artillery fire of all his batteries. He determined to use all his most desperate efforts to cause the destruction and of the Vivian girls where the Manleys had failed and that evening after the firing of the first two days of the third battle of Grover Andreas had lured or fourth battle mean, general Federal sent scouts out everywhere to find out the location of the Vivian girls whom he now suspected were in rapture instead of misery and sorrow, as he wished them to be. As it happened to be general Vivian had sent scouts out also in numerous columns at that, and Evans was leading a scouting force himself. He came upon a large squadron of Omurian cavalry, who were about to raid an orphan asylum filled with children, and had within a very short time brought these Glandelinians to the lines as prisoners, and stationed a hundred thousand men armed with batteries of cannon to protect the orphan asylum from the assassins.

Evans had also discovered the many scouting parties, and he managed by threatening intolerable torture to force out of one of his prisoners the reason of it.

"So they want to discover the whereabouts of the Vivian girls and destroy them?" He hissed. "Well, why hunt them down like dogs? Why not me first? With me in the way he has just as much chance to destroy even their happiness as he would when I would be the very guardian angel himself. If the intentions of the Manleys during the one day battle of Latruva failed. What they failed to do Federal also will fail to do."

He reported to general Vivian that numerous scouting parties were out spying on his lines to locate the Vivian girls, also reported about the affair at the orphan asylum, and of the capture he made. General Vivian was surprised at his discovery, and set out with a large force of cavalry, to find out the situation himself. He saw many squadrons of the Glandelinian cavalry at separate locations, maneuvering about and decided to surprise the Glandelinians by dominating the region with a sudden storm of shell fire. He returned to his lines after a sharp brush with three parties of scouting Glandelinians, had his batteries drawn up into position, and let loose a terrific hail of shells, killing scores of the scouts, and sent the rest scurrying for shelter. The men who were captured were shot as spies at midnight. The next morning the attack was resumed almost unexpectedly at that, being delivered with the most tremendous fury, and force ever imagined. Parts of the Christian line was driven into confusion by the suddenness of the violent attack, but general Vivian happened to come up just in the nick of time, and tore general Federal's whole line of assault to pieces delivering such a violent counter attack that the Glandelinians along this point fell back in panic, the Angelinians shooting the fleeing fugitives down in tens of thousands, captured hundreds of thousands of prisoners, and fairly crushed the surviving columns back all the way to the main line. Federal's Federal's extreme left though driving against general Vivian's main right with might and main was equally unsuccessful. The fire along general Francis Schmidt's Christian line was terrific, tearing column after column to pieces, the whole right was cut up and thrown into confusion, and finally the Christian forces dashed upon them precipitately, the Glandelinian forces gave way and retired in confusion. At no point of the field was Federal successful.

Though one half the size of general Hanson's army before, Federal was now outnumbered five to one, so frightful had been his losses. Many Manley himself was really in a desperate situation, and the little child rescued by friends before Francis-Atlanta whose name was Francis Smith, had unfortunately in for the first time in her young life, witnessed the great battle of Latruva, and this one now raging, having seen with horrible during the battle with Federal's, the frightful onslaughts of the Glandelinian army, which though repulsed in general as it was, was resumed with redoubled violence half an hour later, and the fury of the struggle was still more fearful. If a hundred gigantic thrashing machines, was thrashing wheat in a large field of grain, at one time, it could not do all this as fast as the Christian fire was mowing down the Glandelinian soldiers. Though falling faster than raindrops in a thunder storm, the Angelinians nevertheless struck to their position, their lines flanked north their most destructive volleys. General Crowley's divisions of 300,000 300,000 Glandelinians assaulting the Christians with a host of poor

little Francis but suffered annihilation, Crowley was killed, and

the main line of assault coming up afterward under general Harper, Johnston and Scholander Francis, melted to fragments, and recoiled appalled at the horrible sea of dead and wounded. The noise of the battle was now ear-splitting, the Glandelinians all along the whole line assaulting with the fury of desperation, and columns of men in gray thick enough to fairly crowd the piers of Lincoln Park came swarming upon general Hanson's left wing, only to go back in few fragments, which were left to tell the horrible tale of the massacre.

Trer Treas were crashing down everywhere, cannons still roared like millions of tons of dynamite exploding continually, and still the assault continued with horrible fury. Manley's main center was shredded and torn, his main left was gapped with ragged ragged avonuses, but despite his awful loss, he was bound to fight his way out of the ring if possible. The burst of high explosives made cumulous clouds of smoke, rolling in sky, over plains, and among woods, woods shattering thousands of trees, and make a making a terrible racket.

The time the assault was delivered with utmost desperation and so many made the assault each time that it seemed as if the whole population of Chicago, men, women and children, together, were rushing rushing forward in eagerness to be slain for the fun of it, and though each time the shattered lines recoiled in horror, at the blasphemous slaughter, they were driven forward again by their generals, and reinforcements, and Hanson witnessing the assault, and knowing what a determined general Manley was, doubted whether the Christian line could hold out against this raging hell, of screaming, yelling, shrieking, cursing demons, much longer. It was almost another Francis-Atlanta, or Anna-Maria. General Vivian himself was appalled at the frightful attack, and though all his reserves were thrown in it seemed as if his whole line must yield at last. His two sons in command of new forces had the opinion, and so did Jack Evans who was in the thick of the attention action.

"Curse on the luck!" He muttered as he shot general Kramer from his horse. "I'd give anything if that dog of a general Jon John Manley would show himself to me just once again. Then I bet I'd end this terrible battle in a hurry. I'm just aching to shoot him."

Fearing that something would happen to Violet and her sisters, he left the line ordering the men to fire from the foliage of trees, and went in search of them going across a field in plain sight of the frightful battle, he suddenly came upon little Francis Smith looking on with eyes dilated in horror. He immediately checked his widely galloping horse, and halting along side of her said:

"So I see the way you look you don't think much of our shooting do you?"

"I think it is awful." As she gasped raising her pretty face to his. "When will the gray coats stop?"

"Not at all I think." Said Evans. "All my superior generals think that we will have to fall back pretty soon. And I think you had better go somewhere else for safety. Do you know where my friends the Vivian girls are? I'm looking for them."

"Yes I can take you to where they are." She cried.

She led him to a glen and there he found them in a tree, watching the battle from the highest point. Hearing the approach of a horse and the familiar voice of a child talking, they looked down and seeing Evans approaching hastily also climbed to the ground. "I'm afraid the onemys going to win." Said Ronnie. "It's too bad and we almost have him too."

"It looks that way." Said Evans. "But fate may favor us yet. Their losses are heavy and we may throw them off yet. The final crisis of a battle can't be won at once."

"Why don't general Hanson flank the assailants?" Asked Violet. "From the tree we saw he would have an easy chance if he would only do it. The whole region is open to him."

Evans climbed the tree, and examined the situation. Then he descended. "A flank attack is what will do it." He said stepping along side of little Francis. "Somebody will have to notify him."

"I'll go." Said Violet.

"Go where?" Asked Evans.

"To tell Hanson."

"And get killed. Nothing doing my little fairy. Why the bullets are flying about like snowflakes in a blizzard from the enemy's masonry

fire and our comrades and fir friends are going down faster, than you could count by the thousands. I'll go myself. I can do it too without getting hurt."

"All right Jack," said Violet. "But remember you will break our hearts if it isn't a success."

"I know it will be a success," challenged Evans. "It will be a success if I have to lead the flank attack myself."

Evans was gone for nearly an hour, and still the assault was continuing. But Violet who had climbed the trees, or once more, came down more hurt and wildly with a scream of joy.

"We are winning!" She shrieked dancing around and clapping her hands gleefully. "The glandelinians are going back!"

As quick as monkeys her sisters climbed the tree, and saw that it was true. The enemy was giving way at all points, the assault was over and the christian waves, were pressing forward in a solid mass, and a lot of the little girls were rapturous when they saw this, and Francis herself though not so excited showed her joy nevertheless.

They waited patiently for Evans but it was not until they started to look for him, did he come racing up to them.

"I don't want to be much of a braggard," he said hastily; "But nevertheless it was I who led the flank attack. A sudden assault as I could not get near Hanson's lines to tell him of the chance. I acted as his general Hanson himself, drew a considerable number of divisions from general Francis Schmidt's army and marching clean clear around struck the enemy on the flank. The result was instant confusion, and no doubt the main line seeing the commotion pressed upon their assailants and drove them back. The battle is still raging but just now Vanley's and Federal's armies are the ones being assailed."

"And he won't be able to hold out long," said Violet. "At least I hope so. I want to see the end of this war."

"I too," said Evans. "It will end sometime. It cannot last forever."

"I know it," said Violet and her sisters.....

The morning of July 4th dawned dark and stormy. All was still between the hostile lines now concentrated near Glandelinia, and all the christian generals wondered what would come next. They expected the glandelinians to make another attack or start another battle since the great one at Cromer Anderson's on June the 15th but nothing happened except that the work in burying the dead and wounded being carried on had continued since the series of great battles had started since Francis-Atlanta. The army concentrated before general Vivian now was general Franklin the Vanleys being far away near Aronburg's guns.

Late in the day of July 4th general Vivian went out scouting to see what was going on, but the darkness and rain made him unable to discover anything. All that long time Evans was with Violet and her sisters, and during the time while all was quite since the last great battle, he took advantage of the months lull, and did all he possibly could to "keep up the happiness of Violet and her sisters....."

Meanwhile during the month of July affairs were going still better for the christians elsewhere. In eastern Calvernia, general Thomas Francis Vivian after raging a battle from May 4th till now to July 4th defeated general Thomas Francis Vivian Crittenden at little Gloria. Francis-Atlanta capturing his whole army, and the other glandelinian generals as well. A local brigadier general Phelina Frederickson Fredrickson observed on July 11th that the enemy were in strong force at Geraldson gun and the Zaneustophilian forces the strongest positions ever held by Glandelinians, both impregnable and being less able to resist the temptation than commanders of a stronger self restraint.

Fredrickson went without orders, and after a series of frightful battles, about twenty, took those places with an informality varying upon rudeness, forcing the glandelinian armies at these locations, with their commanders to surrender. This battle had also started in May on the same date and ending July. Soon a general Francis Smith drove nearly all the glandelinian forces after ten desperate battles from the region of Ansell in April, followed them further southward, toward Geraldson, and defeated them after a four day

four days battle beginning on June first at Davidson ridge. On almost the same date the nations fighting in the balance for good since the beginning of the last twenty eight weeks of the war.

Already the horrors of Francis Atlanta, Ziegler's gun have already passed, with the proceeding battles of Cromer Anderson and Letruvavor glandern. It was apparent that at the war had reached its highest fur. General Viviananna had already won his tremendous battle at Anna Maria, Evans and Vivian had captured Anderson and Vanley had been defeated at Letruva and Julio Gallio and Vivian Wickey was already open for the advance of the three mightiest christian armies that had ever been mastered. Viviananna moved westward while Constantinian Aronburg and others moved up from the south and general Hanson realized that he was going to receive aid at last which would result in the speedy fall of the city. While the three armies were marching on toward Vivian Wickey stirring events had been happening in the water courses of the Mic-Holleston and other big rivers running through Vivian Wickey. Near the mouth of the Horns Run River on the time that the big battle of Letruva was raging an enormous glandelinian merchantman trying to run through the christian blockade, a vessel of over 21,567 tons and valued at 10,150,000 dollars was on her way from a port of Glandelinia to Vivian Wickey in perfect ballast, commanded by Captain Andorn, with a large number of officers and crew a 11 told two thousand one hundred and twenty men. In Wickey Bay and in latitude 49. 6. north, longitude 9. 52. West she was brought to by the Abbeismian battleship, PANDORA, and boarded by officers and three boats crew who took the crew of the Glandelinian blockade runner on board the Pandora took everything from the vessel of value, and provisions also, and then blew it up the explosions setting fire to the vessel, the commander Turner Hanson, watching her destruction from his own deck with scorn.

However in some instances it was not always an easy matter to capture blockade runners. Ships even tried to blun the noses that were of other nations but this cannot hold as any excuse if they happened to have provisions for the glandelinians. An incident of this kind was an engagement between the Mormonian blockade runner Veronia, Commander Evanton, and the Abbeismian citizen gun ship Sacramento, and the gunboat St John. The captain of the Mormonian ship finding that the big Abbeismian ram was going to run into him when he would not stop put his steamship which was armed in such a position that in being damaged he could spray it to the Abbeismian ship with interest. On came the gigantic ram all clad with iron about the bow and tops like a floating breastwork and hit the Mormonian ship straight in the port waist, cutting and crushing in her side. She immediately dropped alongside as the steamer let go broadside, and though badly damaged by the Mormonian fire cleared out to butt the ship again. She hit the Veronia a second time with dreadful effect, and while in a sick sinking condition the Veronia poured her nine inch shells into her so fast that the Abbeismian ram was shattered and driven on shore. The gunboat then attacked and brought the Steamer to lower its flag and run up a white one. The captain was taken prisoner with his crew but later on released. He complained to his government later but received little sympathy the Authorities of Mormonia saying that he had no right whatever to sent or take provisions to a wicked enemy like Glandelinia who also is an enemy of Mormonia and therefore it was his own fault and no one else.

CHAPTER 18

MANY INCIDENTS DURING SIEGE BY WATER. MANY DISASTERS TO BLOCKADE RUNNERS. EXPLOSIONS OF MINES UNDER CHRISTIAN SHIPS. BIG BATTLES AND ARTILLERY DUELS.

At the time the blockade runners were trying desperately to get through the blockade to give provisions to the enemy a perfect field of infernal machines were discovered by Captain Jancinia of the Warship Abbie-Ann and which was believed to have been designed to blow up the besieging christian fleets and which had been set adrift near the mouth of the Sumbroon Stream. The following description sent to Mansion was:

"10,000 large eight hundred gallon oil and T.M.T.M. T.N.T. casks, perfectly water tight, acting and looking as harmless as buoys, connected by twenty five thousand fathoms of three to four and a half inch electric wiring and cabled ropes buoyed with large things looked like large squares of cork but which were cushion caps, every two feet secured to large casks by iron handles. Heavy bombs of boiler iron, and big mines wrought and large fitted with strong knots and brass taps, and filled with T.N.T. was suspended to the cask casks six feet under water or much less. On top of each large cask were iron things like boxes also filled with explosives with fuses in long lines. In the centre of what looked to be corks were platforms with great lengths of what looked to be fuses coiled away occupying the middle of each cask but when these were examined it was discovered that they lead out in long lines toward the shore where Glandelinian electric batteries were hidden. By means of the fire of several warships these machines were blown up with the result that mountains of water were thrown thousands of feet into the air, and resulted in wave action that tossed and rocked the ships of siege as if there was a typhoon. If they had not been discovered in time any number of ships could have run into them and had been blown into the air."

Usually soldiers and marines from the besieging ships would even land on the shore to go out on scouting tours which always resulted in a scene of short but bloody and sanguinary skirmishes in which many of the scouting parties suffered great losses in killed or wounded or captured. During many of these scenes so many christian ships had occurred that for both sides thousands were killed at different times, by thus venturing into dangerous places near the rebel shores. Great forages also occurred made by the enemy and the forages in many cases were always successful bringing back with them all kinds of plunder secured from the christian lines, such as cattle, pigs, chickens, and provisions, and sometimes capturing wagons full of ammunition. To help press the siege on land many long Angelinian railroad batteries had been constructed each armoured car being built of six inch boiler iron and was proof against the best rebel cannons and musketry at any distance. The sides had fifty cannon turrets, and one thousand rifle holes and at one end was a gigantic ten ton pounder cannon, which moved on a gigantic pivot with a gun carriage complete. Each car could accommodate nearly six thousand men without crowding it, and was over six hundred feet long. The cars were built usually to assist working men and Angelinian engineers to rebuild bridges across the rivers near the city, and also used as a bombarding car in time of necessity. It took five engines of big locomotive sizes to pull a long train of eleven armoured coaches.

The Glandelinians at Julio Gallic during the siege were making great efforts to prevent the Angelinians from capturing any of their provisions.

At the failure of General Manley's army to prevent the capture of Letruva works the Glandelinians were forced to abandon an immense arsenal containing a large quantity of war machinery, and guns and munitions. It was garrisoned by quite a large force of Glandelinians but having received the news of the approach of a large overwhelming army of the big force of besiegers under instructions from

General Manley to seize the arsenal the commander General Hooker Handenia, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Abbieannian Nationals or Federals, set fire to the thousands of buildings which were not only made of flames, but looked like hundreds of volcanoes exploding as the ammunition blew up. The rebel commander led his men in flight across the norma gun into Vivian, Wiky and reached Julio Gallic safely about eight o'clock at night while the sky was red for miles from the conflagration he had made. The Glandelinian government at Vivian Wiky highly commended the general for his judicious conduct, and promoted him to the rank of captain general.

One of the hardest fortifications for any fleet of ships to assault was the fortress of Gertrude Angelina on St Martins Island in the mouth of the Mic-Holleston river. This fortress was made of heavy concrete with an addition of enormous amount of seasoned work of the first class. Its walls were about sixty feet high, by twelve feet in thickness and was six six hundred feet wide and a mile long.

It was embossed of many tiers of enormous guns which were placed under bomb proof cases or enormous strength. The many thousands of guns from the work radiated from every point on the river and of every point of the horizon, with deadly destructive flank and infiltrating fire at every angle of approach, and also was able to infiltrate a good part of the shore of the river. The fortress was erected by the Abbieannians in 1843, and finished in 1896, at the cost of nearly one billion dollars. Now it garrisoned over one million two hundred thousand Glandelinians and from the total armament of the work, consisting of 10,000 guns, six thousand six hundred three of which were centennials made it almost impossible to approach at short range. Thus why three attacks made on it was a bloody and destructive failure. Even during the time the fleet had been attempting to storm it it also became evident from some of the Angelinians on the south shore of Mic-Holleston river mouth that it became evident from the magnitude of military actions going on of the enemy elsewhere and other indications coupled with great significant threats in the Vivian Wiky Glandelinian Convention and out of it than a forced occupation of the south land side of the river by strong force of Goodler Glandelinians was mediated. The general in command there then decided to anticipate the Glandelinians of Goodler in their contemplated manoeuvre. Accordingly on the night when the battle of Francis Atlanta had just closed three hundred miles south of Vivian Wiky with a christian victory, and at the very time the Glandelinian Commissioners had arrived in Angelina Azath to demand the withdrawal of withdrawal of the besieging christian armies from Vivian Wiky, the Angelinians on the south river shore evacuated the fortified works after spiking the hundreds of guns and providing for the destruction of their carriages and blowing up the ammunition dumps and arsenal works and other materials by fire, and after a all this storm of volcano of flame and din and big fires, with the aid of three warships and six transports near by successfully transferred their numbers to fortress St Elbun.

It was decided by Admiral Jimmermann to establish a large naval rendezvous where vessels of christian ships on the way or to blockading squadrons could coal and take refuge from Glandelinian fleet as it was therefore decided by the Angelinian authorities to capture the entrance to Port Mic-Whirther at all costs whatever, this place being situated south of norma gun. A large expedition of ships from the main besieging fleet was therefore sent out, and after a heavy bombardment of sixteen hours, in which the roar of sixteen thousand guns shook the air like Mt Kratoa in eruption, signal was given that the rebel fortified works and six forts near by had been abandoned. As strong bodies of Angelinian troops from the transports landed, but as they rushed forward expecting to gain the forts and works easily they were met by a fire from unseen sources that cut their ranks down by the hundreds. Three charges were made however in which the last was successful and when the rebels were driven off the Angelinians found awful numbers of Glandelinians dead and dying amid dismounted guns in all directions, and sixteen army horse ital buildings of the Glandelinians shot through and through in hundreds of places, and filled with groaning gazing dead and wounded. The loss of the fleet was eight hundred and eighty eight killed and twenty three thousand wounded and ten ships lost. The loss of the infantry in killed and wounded was nearly three hundred three hundred thousand.

Indeed also at Vivian wickey no one probably could make a perfect sketch of so many of the loyal christian inhabitants of many parts of Vivian wickey who had succeeded in fleeing from the relentless barbarity of the Glandelinian Condemned Confederates or make a more appalling picture of the horrors of the seizure--the misery and destitution of those hundreds of thousands of survivors unhappy people of all ages, from the white haired old man to the infant, from the besieged town to the shelter under ground or in cellars from the shelter of the besieged town to the ferocity of Glandelinian soldiery. In the very first short season of the enemy possession of the city men and women of all substance had been stripped of all their hard earnings, and belongings, their household goods, their little children, and everything trampled in the dust, their houses and barns, their sons and daughters young or grown, murdered in a way too horrible to describe for the sake of humanity, and women and men outraged. The track of Glandelinian cavalry was not told by its victories, defeats or desperate battles, but by its wanton horrible devastation throughout the whole of Galverinia. No Jacknawright ever had the means to roll through any land with a more pitiless tread than that of a destructive Glandelinian army which unfolded upon its wicked lying banner, that they were fighting for their own alters homes and for freedom, and for the hopes of maintaining the children slaves in denier of being set free by the Angelinian federal governments. And worse of all nothing had a more fitting description than any picture which could ever give of the distribution of the clothing and uniforms of captured Angelinian soldiers among the Glandelinian murderers, robbers and criminals of all sorts. As one of the members of the Angelinian Authorities said "This is adding insult to God and man. You first induce child slaves to destruction, induce our once loyal Galverinians to oppose us whom we fight for, and then you clothe your worse criminals and vandals in the glorious uniforms of Angelinia." It is needless to add that no insult was intended. It was simply intended as a blasphemy against Heaven and humanity combined. The activity of the Glandelinians on the mouth of the Rio-Mic-Hollester and Norma Run rivers and their confluence rivers was almost incredible. During the seizure it would have been that in one single night some point hitherto defenseless was made to bristle with hundreds of cannons, and the first intimation of its locality was a leaden messenger at storm winging their way on to their mission of death and destruction. A part of Angelinian troops while out scouting through a small but dense woods would always suddenly come upon such a point and there behold the Glandelinians at work upon an almost completed river battery which had sprung up indeed with magical rapidity.

This battery was protected by sand banks erected of sandbags and plametto logs. Work on the river front was determined a strong lunette and mounted hundreds of guns. To the right and left of this lunette were small salients mounting fifteen guns each, and elsewhere a small line of works like a redan mounting two hundred guns please. Also discovered in the works were large magazines which when discovered by these scouting parties contained five hundred thousand rounds of fixed ammunition, and in the wet ditches before the works were large quantities of small water mines, put there by the Glandelinians in an endeavor to blow up while lines of christian troops should they scale the walls of the works. The scouts discovered that these fortified works were about five miles long, extending from Turner Hill to Turner Run and to the Mic-Hollester and Pandora Railroad, but the scouts saw that they were much stronger than any one would have supposed though they could probably have been carried by storm if the assaulting force was supported by heavy artillery.

At the time that the great engagement at Logan Zoo Ras Run was raging, one of the nearest battles near Vivian wickey an enormous Angelinian motor fleet and six hundred big guns boats, merrimacs, rams and thirty seven dread-naughts and nine big transports moved forward with the motive of bombarding Fort Gertrude Angeline Again. This fleet was accompanied by three hundred big boats. On the approach of night they all circled the fort at apparently a safe distance and then every ship opened a simultaneous fire, which instantly was returned by the batteries of the fortress. This contest continued for several days and nights without

a moment's abatement and from the volleys of cannon of both sides it was certainly peculiar both the clouds or volumes of smoke rolled and freque frequently split out when the shells passed. The shells could be seen easily at night during their entire flight, their fuses having the appearance of huge skyrockets, which appeared and disappeared when the shells rolled through the air, very like the twinkling and reappearing of immense celestial orbs. The explosions of so many of these dreadful shells were a magnificent and most fearful sight, sending glows of surpassing brightness like lightning or as if some thousands of worlds of combustible light had burst one after another. The fortresses however. Outside within the christian lines the many Glandelinian prisoners who lounged about in their internment camps presented a state of haggard wretched misery which indeed for them seemed to have taken all the romance out of rebellion and made it seem the horrible thing it really was. Many of the prisoners had the double aspect of wretchedness, that of their sullen countenance and of the garb, many being in ragged uniforms, on in trousers too large for them, or clothed in literal bad clothing, blankets pieces of carpet and even had shi sheets and pieces of pillow slips and ticks from mattresses. They were dressed in this fashion in the efforts of the Angelinians to prevent their escaping.

About three o'clock in the same day but on the land side the Angelinians were seen advancing in large forces across the Sun Br Beam Creek near the Mic-Hollester and Pandora Railroad station near Norma's Bridge close to Julio Gallo, where general Federalist divisions of Glandelinians were stationed. Placing their immense lines of artillery and trying to place them in the rear of the Glandelinians the Angelinians opened a fierce and most steady fire to which the Glandelinians replied from a good length of the Norma Run from the vicinity of the railroad station to Norma's and Norma's Bridges, and soon the uproar of so many cannons seemed deafening for twenty miles. For three hours and a half a fierce artillery duel and infantry fight raged and simultaneously with the greatest fierceness the Angelinians attempting a great flank movement, and hurling big bodies upon the bridge, but which assault was defeated with great loss. Toward eight o'clock in the evening general Mortine division arrived on the ground, and marched straight forward on the Angelinians in spite of the storm of hot shell and grape, and musketry poured upon them along a line of two miles.

As soon as general Pilsonia of the christian side could bring up his own batteries of guns to repel the Glandelinian wave of assault they were unlimbered on either portion of the battle line and opened upon the Glandelinian batteries and assaulting columns combined. Beyond the Norma Run river straits had a broad plain the further end of which sloped gradually into an irregular embience toward the enemy's main positions, and along which the enemy had planted its longest line of artillery on its further side, and in the neighborhood woods its main assaulting troops were being engaged with the christians north of that location, but out of range of the fire of artillery of both sides, and with the big river were safe as they supposed. It was soon found by the Angelinian commander that the distance here was too great for the guns. General Averale who was in advance and scouting the position with a soldier's eye saw that the river had a bend toward half a mile beyond the Norma Bridge, and sent one of the strongest batteries to a high rise of ground on this side, which soon flanked the assaulting columns of Glandelinians with a galling fire, and at once forced them to withdraw to their more secure position.

This desperate battle so close to the region of Norma's Bridge again between the Glandelinians on one hand and the divisions of general Franklina of the Angelinians on the other was fought more fiercely and in general on the following morning at Emersons Creek a little stream between the Norma Run river, and Gloria's Bend where later in the same day another and more fierce fight raged the fierce storm of combat being closed in the evening by the deadly but drawn battle of Turner Ridge. At Emersons Creek it resulted in the defeat and withdrawal of the christian forces to their former positions.

The engagement at Gloria's Bend was dreadful to behold. At seven o'clock in the early morning, each christian division brigade, regiment gun and everything else was in place. Some were in the dense broad open fields, and others under cover of the woods. The day itself was intensely warm, and many of the poor soldiers worn out by their previous day's hardest fighting, lack of sleep, and toilsome marching back and forth, had already thrown themselves upon the ground in this locality, and were ending in a very short slumber, when a sharp storm of volleys and a roar of thousands of cannon announced that the glandelinians had immediately opened the fight to drive them further from the vicinity of Norma's Bridge which Hansons army had captured not long before. The shelling storm was fierce that the bombshells and grape burst in front of a farmhouse in which the general in command of the christians here had made his headquarters and he and all of his officers in the building were killed when it caved in. The long lines of christian batteries after some delay, replied with vigor, and for three hours this artillery duel and the shelling of the woods plains and fields continued with dreadful violence. It was not until eleven o'clock in the noon, that the big engagement of Gloria's Bend became general, and then the battle raged all the rest of the day with unexampled ferocity. The enemy in that one afternoon threw forward heaviest columns to the charge and were repulsed with dreadful loss. However as though by common consent or otherwise there would be a pause once in a while but it did not last long, for for every repulse the enemy received heavy reinforcements, and the whole christian line extended across Gloria's Bend was reattacked with vigor that showed that the glandelinians who made it every time were fresh troops. To prevent defeat, general glanser of the Angelinians who took his main chiefs place, sent for reinforcements, for under the additional pressure of the enemys assaults the Angelinian troops were continually at every attack of the enemy to give way more and more. Fortunately general Glennens division came to his rescue, and with it generals, Mac-Gallens, Stanch and Beppe Evans of the Angelinians with their brigades and batteries and two divisions of cavalry were able to change the character of the desperate struggle. These gallant millions of fellows under these still more gallant generals, with coats off and sleeves rolled up, charged the enemy in the face of a dreadful fire and drove them back with great loss. General Ned Fred's men also went in with the greatest valor, and finally the glandelinians rolled back like a retreating wave broken in pieces by a breakwater. This was a close of the days fight at this junction. Toward the end the Angelinians had fifty four divisions on the field, numbering about thirty six million men. On the night a large force of christians crossed the Norma's Bridge now in their possession to assail this rebel position and of the one million nine hundred thousand men who crossed that stream that night, but a sad remnant retreated to the christian land side of the river on that awful night. In the engagement half of the force was destroyed, upward of fifty thousand were taken prisoners, more than one hundred thousand were drowned, nearly the same number were killed on the field or shot in the fatal retreat, and upward two hundred thousand were wounded. I must shrink from detailing all the horrible incidents of horror which marked this most disastrous action of that fatal night, and of the retreat. It was a most fearful blunder from the beginning to the end.

The exciting pursuit of a large force of the enemy commenced after the repulse of the bloody attack, when the first dreadful collision of the retreat and pursuing forces occurred near the entrance of the Norma Bridge, to which place the defeated Angelinian troops had fallen back upon hearing a glandelinian force was rushing forward to intercept them. In this retreat the most formidable and daring Colon Colonel Hendricks Ashby the "Marat" of the Angelinians, occupied the first post of danger during the retreat, dealing fiercely against the Glandelinian troops whenever they pressed the retreating christian too much. At eleven o'clock in the night before the bridge had been gained the first Gargoylian cavalry led by Heder, and the Angelinian soldiers under Ashby had a desperate and bloody skirmish, in which the Angelinians were driven back with considerable loss. General Banturn who was in charge of this remnant of troops now now on the retreat was compelled to halt his retreating army until it was reformed and then the retreat was resumed in which the glandelinian cavalry and Ashbys Angelinians had another dreadful and desperate skirmish in which artillery even was used. That night the enemy almost reached the entrance to the bridge before

the retreating christians did but the christian batteries on shore prevented this. A close was the glandelinians advancing on the unfortunate retreating christian before they could reach Norma's Bridge. Entrance on the enemy shore side, that general Banturn bravely when they entered the first section of the bridge captured the Angelinian "Marat" Glandelinian provost marshal and three hundred Angelinians. After the army was safely passed from the bridge, general Ashby of the Angelinians by Hansons orders, after seeing the rear guard safely across the enormous bridge attempted to fire the wooden sections of the structures but these men were first on so fiercely by enemy snipers that it could not be done and parts that were enveloped in flames were put out by rebel bombs hurling hemicals. In this engagement general Hemo on the christian side was killed and general Larreter on the rebel side.

And also the reader cannot fail to faden one of the grand facts of a mad carnival at Livian, which one of the best ever held. It happened the same night, when general Robert Jowens divisions of general Hansons grand army corps was advancing from Gloria Bend to the support of the engaged troops there. The whole army train of wagons following was caught in mud of a bog near Sunbeam Gre Creek bottom and all desperate efforts were made to pull the cannon and wagon train through but the mud and quick sands were too deep, and the result was that in a few hours the whole region was filled with a jam of scores of thousands of wagons, mules, and cannons, hopelessly mired and were compelled to wait for more dry weather to be dug out.

At Turner Hodge the engagement was also fierce and raged with the assault of glandelinian forces, marines and rebel ships. While the battle raged on the land side between the opposing forces the rebel fleet steadily moved up and gradually closed in toward the christian batteries on the shore. The lower fortified works seemed to have been abandoned by the Angelinians, and a force of marines was dispatched to it, but the christian batteries soon opened upon them. The fire of the rebels was returned with great effect, the magsins of one of the ships exploding. Having proceeded to a extended line as far as the obstructions in the river would permit the signal was given to follow the movements of the flagship, and the whole fleet of rebel ships advanced in order, concentrating their fire on the fortified works of James-James Thompsons brigade. The works mounting seventeen big guns and fifty six rifle ten pounders and ninety machine guns, on which rested the christian land defenses, the army having gallantly driven them out of these defenses poured on then toward the main line of christian works.

It was now a desperate bayonet charge which soon drove back the Angelinian federals from these works, but the glandelinians were so exhausted with their losses and victory beforehand, the main movement was abandoned, and the captured guns of the front works were brought forward in advance to try their effect upon the main christian position before renewing the project of a general assault. The artillery fire of two hundred guns did not produce the lightest effect upon the main christian line of works, and as its storm of shot shell and grape bombarded the captured positions it rendered the rebel line very insecure and it became necessary indeed to recur again to the old plan of assault and reconnaissance at the same time, and to attempt to reduce and capture the main line of works by desperate assault. The glandelinians supported by the Mic-pollestinians, Zimmermanians, Gargoylian and Scodler infantry and the fire of artillery from the captured works rushed to the assault in most monstrous wedges. The glandelinians as they rushed forward were met by a murderous fire of grape, canister and shells that fogged their advancing wedges with smoke. Two brigades only reached the front, melted away, and the others much cut up pushed on, but the right of the assaulting column meeting an annihilating fire, broke and scattered, while the Scodlers and the Gargoylians did little better. The latter two however went far enough to capture a portion of the line and drove the gunners and the infantry from the guns and works, some brigades even mounted the long sedan like parapet, and some other brigades even penetrated the works, through a scene of inferno and like a Valley of Ten Thousand smokes, but the other columns of assault, there being others besides these named, not being able to rush up to their support on account of a force of christians counter attacking them, the remainder were obliged to retire after having really held the works for twenty seven minutes.

then Angelinian forces then advance to counter charge and at advanced rapidly in heavy force to make an effort to regain the works they had lost. Seeing the danger coming with the preparation for counter attack general Altorf was instructed to place all his men in the left of the position on the ground occupied by general Goldwells brigades, which had been thrown forward the previous morning to observe the movements of the christians. He however was directed not to advance beyond the point, and if attacked by the Angelinian Federals to defend his captured position, and send back timely notice that the Angelinians have counter attacked. The artillery of the Angelinians all along the line was opened a early in the afternoon but made no effect or advance or result untill nearly two-o'clock at which time a few opposing lines of great strength were thrown forward on each side under cover of the heavy clouds of smoke produced by cannon broadsides and the exploding of whole volleys of shells and brapnell and grapeshot. The Angelinians pushed forward a most strong force in the rear of the two other lines, and fiercely advanced to the attack. Soon the engagement was furious and unceasing. One of the glandelinian generals with a new brigade arrived on the scene half an hour later and found the action raging furiously for the extent of seven miles. The infantry fire and cannon fire of both sides was incessant severe and very destructive. The glandelinians however were holding the position they had taken early in the morning though their losses were very heavy. General Crickets divisions of Scoodlers was immediately pushed forward, and occupied the right of the heavily assaulted positions, the brigades of Caldwell and purchers being directed to change their own positions from the left and mass themselves in the centre. Before this great change could be accomplished however, it was quite frustrated by a general assault of the christians simultaneous all along the line, the artillery fire continuing at short range without intermission. The artillery fire of the rebels however was most destructive, and was readily observable in the tremendous numbers of dead men and horses, and broken gun carriages of the christian batteries, which had been advanced against it.

The christian attack however was renewed and pressed with great vigor, by the advance of a large wave of Abbieannians, extending quite lengthly across the whole country, with dense forces of cavarly on each flank. The glandelinians at once repelled the assault, while all the glandelinian signal officers on their several hastily erected stations waved their scout flags. The Angelinian Federal wave of assault, was formed with general Mic-Fern, of general Mansions left corps on the extreme right of the line of attack, generals Gansey and Gale took up the main centre, and on the right were the remnants of those who assaulted earlier. The whole line dashed forward within fifty yards of the enemy and opened a tremendous fire of musketry. Simultaneously the left of the line advanced, and all of the Angelinian troops behaved wonderfully, in facing the rebels boldly where ever he appeared, and pouring deadly volleys into him all the time. The assault finally ended with the recapture of the works and the glandelinians were finally forced to retreat, and by eight-o'clock in the evening, they had crossed Wonderland Bridge and Red over the Snow White and Rose Red Creek after destroying the bridge and warding off the repeated fierce attacks to which they were subjected throughout the evening. After crossing the creek and the bridges the glandelinians had been quickly formed into a new line of battle, general Peacocks forces being on the extreme left wing, while general Panzel Gornor occupied the main left, and Francis Hansons the intervening spaces. The successful advance of the christians was temporarily checked by the destruction of the bridges, and when the troops reached the two creeks, Snow White and Rose Red they found all the approaches well defended by art artillery. The Angelinians with their own artillery opened upon general Peacocks forces and made repeated and most desperate efforts to rebuild the bridges under cover of heavy artillery fire, but were every time repulsed.

While this was going on general No Horner and Siller had come upon a portion of the vast glandelinian force at a juncture two mile miles and a half away, called the Colonelly Farms gun. Here stood the divisions of Geeser, Lester De Pester and general Jiggs on the extreme right, Georges Calls somewhat in the advance toward the main centre, and general black Brooks on the extreme left. When general giller found this big force of glandelinians arrayed against him he waited for reinforcements to come up, and it was nine o'clock when he commenced the attack. Georges Calls left was first assailed by general Henry Scoodlers brigades, which was met by the Gargoylian and Scoodler reserves under general giganore, who after a most bitter fight drove the Angelinians back into the woods with a loss of two hundred and fifty thousand killed and wounded, and about twenty thousand prisoners. Fresh troops then enabled the glandelinians to resume the attack and finally drive back the glandelinians, who in turn lost heavily. General giller and Horner now pressed on, and the conflict became a most severe severe one along the entire front. One point after another was vainly tried in the desperate and determined effort to break the rebel line. At length general Wilcoxers Abbieannian division consisting of four big brigades rushed across an open field upon Calls left, directly against general Handallers glandelinian glandelinian battery, which poured upon the Angelinian assailants a most galling and destructive fire. Nothing daunted by their wholesale losses in killed and wounded they moved on even more fiercely and finally engaging in a most desperate hand to hand fight first captured Handallers battery, and afterwards Herdrude Jensens Scoodler battery, which also had been doing such terrible execution. A charge was then ordered by the glandelinian leaders for the recapture of the guns. The Angelinians bravely met all the severe attacks that now followed. A still more desperate and final hand to hand struggle took place for the possession of the lost batteries and works, which were finally recaptured after both sides suffered dreadful losses. By dark the Angelinians had retired into the woods, and the glandelinians remained on that position and that portion of the field, which they had lost earlier in the action. In these three battles raging ten miles apart from each other, and on the very same day, the glandelinian loss was about 11,800,000 in killed and wounded, while that of the Angelinians was over 22,000,000. All of the commanders all generals mentioned in this battle on both sides were both severely wounded, while on the enemy side general Georges Call was made a prisoner.

One of the saddest parts of the latter desperate battle was at Jennies Ford of the discovery of general Lotten Carricks who had been killed on the glandelinian side. After the Angelinians in one of their assaults had crossed the ford general Carrick had against an endra endeavored to rally his men when the Angelinians were capturing Handallers battery, the unfortunate general standing and waving his hand on a most exposed point near the river bank. Three rebels or Angelinians mean near by in a tree fired at the same time and the general and two companions he had ale with him by his side fell at the first round. The men then climbed down and fled and the glandelinians rushing forward and on turning the body discovered it was one of their best generals who had add the penalty to the Angelinians, he having been shot through the head.

Several of the rebel soldiers took care of the dead general, one of them closing his eyes reverently and then both carrying him to a grove near by the battle field, where they finally laid him down, taking care of his sword, two guns and some letters he had in his possession, to be sent with his body to his family down in glandelinia.

During the time the glandelinian fleet was covering this assault by water a fleet of Angelinian iron clad gunboats steamed up to drive away the glandelinian fleet. In ten minutes each opposing ship were alongside of each other, and the conflict commenced in earnest between twenty gunboats and iron clads. The glandelinian ships commenced with their big bow guns, each ship striking their christian her christian opponent with a rapidly rapidity and precision, which the enormous strength of the iron plating alone prevented taking immediate effect. The Angelinian ships in turn used their rifle and smooth bore guns with terrible effect on their enemy ships, some of the shots going straight through the rebel rams. However seeing the inability to cope with such rebel ships in this fashion the captains of each christian ship or gunboat ran alongside the rebel merrimacs, and grappled them.

The order borders away was instantly passed in each gunboat of the Angelinians, and the crews of the Angelinian menhans speedily mounted the decks of each adversary. However when there they found no foes to engage at all. The crew of each glandelinian ship had finally retired below, and as the iron hatches were closed and locked on the inside it was utterly impossible to go down and continue the action and so they returned to their own ships, tipped anchor, and slowly steamed back down the stream so strangely repulsed by an inferior rebel fleet.

At Jennie Bridge two miles further down the norma gun river near Mic-Whirther itself became the scene of a desperate fight between the Abbeaunian winkies and general Hollow Gargoylian and Wheeler Gary cavarly. When this rebel leader and his cavarly arrived to scout on the main christian lines on the west side of norma gun river on the same night of the battle of gloria Bend he found Lieutenant Colne colonel James Sanderton a brother of the general Sanderton, with a hastily gathered force ready to oppose his attempt to get across the bridge. The splendidly mounted Gargoylian force having the horses of the wheel wheeler glandelinians were however too much for him, and after making a most gallant defense for two hours the glandelinians forced their way across the big and long bridge, killed a large number of the Abbeaunians, and captured six cannon. The Angelinian colonel was killed, but forty of his arriving troops managed to make good their retreat to the main christian lines and fortified positions which were in a perfect panic at the nearness of this terrible glandelinian christian.

In the meantime during the siege the most perverse ingenuity which the glandelinians showed in obstructing many of the channels which led to their strongholds of the water courses was only exceeded by the persistent ingenuity with which the many Angelinian officers removed them while even under fire. The glandelinians in particular obstructed one of the channels of Jameson Island of the mouth of the mic-jollesster gun river by sinking one thousand big and small scoomers in a perfect long line, but under the superintendence of General Haydenia of the Abbeaunian and Pandora gulmarine engin engineering Co. Company they were all removed by continual blasting. The shocks of each blast was perceptibly felt for a large distance, and it was indeed some time before the water resumed its natural appearance.

A most disastrous action two days later happened at Whittington Dam. General Double Handons main brigades consisting of the Forty fifth Abyssinkilian Winkie corps were ordered to make a most strong reconnaissance on the rebel side of the stream. Crossing over at Whittington Dam which was about six miles northeast of Norma Bridge in a straight line from Latrava, and six miles south from Jennie Bridge, they had hardly landed, when a most murderous fire was opened upon them from a whole division of glandelinian Scoodler army, every volley of musketry and cannon of which told, as they had the Angelinians completely under range. The Angelinians made a most desperate resistance, but they were compelled to retire before superior numbers, and retreat in moderate order across the river.

At Ten o'clock in the morning the Angelinians being reinforced were determined to revenge this disaster. They therefore formed in front of the glandelinian rifle pits, and soon from the cover of the woods and abatis, the engagement recommenced by a rapid fire of musketry and cannon along a line of two miles. It was plainly seen that a great disposition of the men were being made by general Sanderton to repel the Angelinian attack on the main left, and thinking it a most favorable hour the glandelinians made a most desperate attack on the main right. This was made by an Abbeaunian Abyssinkilian brigade, and an Abbeaunian division. The assault was led by general Diamond Jack and he died for his daring daring. The general of the brigade was wounded, and the two other highest officers a both colonels were also wounded and taken prisoner. The newly formed right wing of the Angelinian line of assault rushed from the woods in the most most splendid order, with all their thousands of ranks apparently full when they appeared within a thousand yards of the rebel position their advance was a double quick, all pushed on with desperate courage, to meet resistance not the less furious and desperate.

With a torrent like storm of grape from the glandelinian artillery, and a tempest of balls from the musketry they were met and moved down in platoons for every volley, but the survivors never faltered, and it was only when they sprang on the breastworks and were met with two bayonet and a shower of grenades, that they fell back, the field for miles strewn in a short time with their dead and dying. After a momentary struggle on the breastworks the Angelinians the whole whole Angelinian force broke into disorder to and fled to the shelter of their own positions.

On the centre during the afternoon the Angelinians resumed the assault and finally carried a portion of the enemys works after an obstinate contest of four hours duration and a loss of about fifty five thousand in killed and wounded. The Abyssinkilian winkies then crossed the works at other points, and finding the enemy drawn up in new battle array under cover of their own main positions advanced in line of battle on their new position, about half a mile or a distant. The ground over which they were compelled to advance, was plowed and wheat fields, the latter very difficult and tiresome to march in owing to the furrows of the ground the ground caused by the exploding of many shells. The enemys guns at this point fourteen hundred in number kept up a terrible drum drum fire on the advancing christian line, which never wavered despite their losses, but slowly tolled along, receiving shelter however when they reached some hollows. They were then halted to rest a few minutes in the hollow nearest the enemys position, and then were ordered to charge. As they did so and came upon the enemys second line of positions they received a dreadful withering fire from a large force of infantry behind a wall of sandbags about one hundred feet in front of the enemys batteries. The while christian line of charge was dreadfully cut up and decimated, but the survivors pushed on and gave the rebels some dreadful volleys in return, and then went on with the bayonet. The glandelinians here did not stay long to contest the ground, and although three to one, broke and ran leaving their guns. No one can conceive however how at this battle a the nearest portion of the town of Mic-Whirther or that section of glandelinian wicket known as Mic-Whirther was terribly exposed, situated as it was almost between two fires, for however anxious the christian and enemy generals might be to spare that section of the town it was impossible to prevent many of the shot shell and even high explosives from falling into its midst. In the cellars of many houses were congregated women old men and helpless children all wellbound with horror and terror as they listened to the terrible thunder of the series of battles going on around and near all of glandelinian wicket day by day. They could tell by the horrible cyclone screams and the awful frequent explosions every now and then how near to them was the terrible work of destruction, and their terror rose many times to perfect agony when the shells exploded before one of the opening of their cellars and gave them a dim light and waste the chief means of ventilating their chambers of horrors. However against the enemys second line of positions the Angelinian movements were well executed and also admirably executed in the face of the well directed fire of the glandelinians, who for that time had the advantage of position position and could not contest almost every inch of their strong steep roden like positions, and almost every inch of the steep wooded and rocky approaches to it. By four o'clock the bloody engagement became more general as the rebels strove to retake what they lost, and the entire ground for ten miles was most vigorously contested until a portion of the works was regained, and darkness to put an end to the desperate fight. In this engagement the total losses on both sides in killed and wounded was nearly three million. General Jesse Morenio of the glandelinians was killed at the head of one of his commands, and was replaced by general Tamerine Jensen, generals Hatcher Eggton, and B. Bairdberry being severely wounded.

Elsewhere during the siege I could describe so many acts of daring which have raised the besieging Angelinian soldiers to the highest positions in any military world, that it could have filled a million volumes like these. At one time the Angelinian generals at the orders of Magnuson wished to secure possession of a small outpost town not far across the norma gun close to glandelinian wicket and pontoons had to be erected to cross the river at this point. The enemy immediately opened fire on those constructing the boat pontoon bridges from every house, and every place beyond. Artillery was concentrated upon these sharpshooters without effect. The officers had ordered a concentration of all the christian guns upon this small little town to batter it down and dislodge

those tens of thousands of dangerous sharpshooters. The reader may believe indeed that they were not loathe to obey. The artillery of the left eighteen batteries was commanded by general gunners, and seven colonels, while on the right centre, they were consisting of eleven batteries, under many other officers, and left centre and right grand centre each seventeen batteries. In a few minutes these many batteries forming a total of one thousand one hundred and sixty five guns, ranging from Centimeters, ten pounder parrot guns, and 11.5 stone gun, posted along the convex side of the main circle formed by the bend of the big river, and the land opposite that town, opened upon the poor little doomed town. The effect was terrific beyond the extreme, and regarded however by the Angelinian officers as merely a part of the great phenomenon, and was among the most awfully grand and inconceivable.

Perhaps what will give us all the liveliest idea of its main effects in a succession, absolutely without intermission, of thousands of the very loudest thunder crashes. It lasted thus upward for three hours, six hundred and fifty rounds being fired from each gun, and no one could know how many tons of explosive shells and grape, and high explosives were thrown into the little town. The many congregated Angelinian generals were completely transfixed, mingled satisfaction, and awe indeed upon every face. But indeed what was very tantalizing, was though a great deal of thundering, booming, and banging, clanging noise, and tumult and uproar beyond description could be heard and felt like a volcano eruption and earthquake at the same time, nothing could be seen, the city being enveloped in the smoke of exploding shells. On y however pillars of denser smoke defined itself on the background of the smoke fog from bursting shells, indicated where the town of eleven thousand houses had been been fired by the hell shells of the Angelinian batteries. Soon another and another column of smoke showed itself, and they presently saw that many dozens of houses were on fire. Toward noon when the smoke was lifted by a sudden breeze of a wind spring up, they saw that it was indeed so. The town of Mic-Whirther Post inhabited by thousands of glandelinian sharpshooters was in a conflagration. Transcendental and inconceivable though this cannon firing had been, and terrific beyond describing though its effects obviously was on the town, it had not at all accomplished the main object needed. It was found utterly impossible by the many gunners to obtain a sufficient depression of their pieces to shell the front part of the small city, and the thousand thousands of glandelinian sharpshooters were still comparatively safe, behind the thick stone walls of the houses.

Finally when the fire from the enemy and their rifle pits in front of the houses, and from doors and windows of the very houses became a deadly that those making the pontoon bridges could not carry on their work, one of the christian generals was compelled to call for one thousand and sixty thousand volunteers to cross and dislodge, at the bayonet point, the many thousands of concealed glandelinian sharpshooters. Thousands more than ordered sprang forward, but however only the number required was chosen. These consisted of men from the Abyssinians, pondobians, Abissinians and Concaninians. With the utmost alacrity this gallant column, sprang into the boats, and on reaching the other side, drove the glandelinians from their posts at the point of the bayonet capturing three thousand three hundred and thirty seven prisoners. Six hundred men were killed and five thousand wounded in this most desperate of duties of the siege. However the bridges were soon finished, and a sufficient force passed over to hold the town until the main army would cross over.

Elsewhere down the river Lt. Lieutenant Harding commanding the Glandelinian warship Glandelinia, of the rebel fleet stationed near the mouth of the gun Br-Bum Creek learning that the Angelinians had fitted out six large schooners in Mic-Whirther Quimbia or Look Out Creek, and from the main army had collected a large or considerable body of troops to there with the intention of assaulting the bombarded town from the rear to dislodge the sharpshooters, determined that the vessels should be destroyed and the plot frustrated. He accordingly organized an expedition at once, and with one transport and two big merrimacs, he boldly entered the mouth of the little creek on the afternoon of the same day. The six schooners were discovered some distance up in charge of a large force of guards, who assailed fled after firing some volleys and gave the alarm. The six schooners were immediately boarded, and all set on fire, and

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when their destruction was rendered complete, these glandelinians under Lieutenant Harding returned to their boats and pulled again for their war crafts. Their position indeed was fully revealed by the light of the burning ships, and they were fired upon continuously from both banks of the narrow str stream, but not one of them was injured, though their uniforms in many places were perforated with bullets. The success of this daring enterprise was complete.

One of the most peculiar occurrences of the same time was the destruction of one of the most famous river Angelinian Privateers called the Santa Mata in the same river not far from the town. This ship being of enormous size was observed by some of the rebel gunboats lying near the town under fire from the christian batteries, to be in motion above a christian battery known as Fort St. Peter. A dangerous but successful reconnaissance immediately made proved that the ship in moving up the river was engaging in trying to throw hell shells into the town by the rear. Believing that he could by approaching close to the nearest christian batteries, reach and destroy her the commander of one of the rebel gunboats, moved up at noon, accompanied by a fleet of rebel ships in these waters. By moving up as close to the obstructions as possible, he and his little fleet were enabled to although under heavy fire from two christian batteries, to approach the Angelinian Privateer, within the distance of fifteen hundred yards. A few broadsides of well directed fire bombs determined the range, and he and his glandelinians soon had the satisfaction in striking the ship, with eleven and fifteen inch fire bombs. The other gunboats and ships of the glandelinian fleet maintained a dreadful fire from an inflating position upon the two christian batteries, and the Angelinian Privateer at long range. Two glandelinian ships were torn to pieces by the fire of the batteries, and six more sunk, and disabled but the main commander had however the satisfaction of observing that the Angelinian Privateer Santa Mata had caught fire from the shells exploding in her in many places, and in less than half an hour or more, he was a mass of flames forward, aft and amidships. Simultaneously a large pivot gun mounted abaft her foremast struck by a shell exploded, her smoke chunnys went by the board, her big gun turrets blew up, and a little later her big magazine exploded with most terrific force, shattering her into smoking ruins. Nothing remained of her, and only through coolness and cleverness did the crew of her succeed in escaping to the christian side of the shore without a loss. The two batteries kept up a continuous fire upon the glandelinian ships, striking two others five times, but doing no damage whatever and soon having accomplished its purpose the rebel fleet withdrew.

During the great siege of giving wickey the greatest evils of the Angelinian army was the practice of straggling and hulking and so forth. This had however finally decreased under the elevating process of the greatest discipline, but many an Angelinian officer would agree in declaring that they had seen during battle at the siege, nearly one fourth of an Angelinian regiment, even including officers, drop dropping off one by one at convenient opportunities.

In many cases this may have proceeded from sheer exhaustion or severe wounds, but generally it was for the purpose of cooking their rations, taking a nap, or for shirking a battle. The discipline among the wicked glandelinians was very lax in this respect, and indeed more stringent regulations were imperatively demanded by the higher glandelinian authorities. The Angelinian generals knowing the seriousness of the wicked glandelinian cause and the stake the Angelinian nation was in, treated all kinds of stragglers without the slightest mercy, and thousands, nay scores of thousands of these miserable men during the whole siege were cut out or shot down by their own officers, or even comrades in their attempts to evade the stern necessities of battle. The result was that the Angelinian troops always fought with a desperate determination in any other kind of warfare. One officer from a hill at Mic-Whirther Post during the battle there with the rebel infantry after the town had been bombarded and captured, had a capital view of the tremendous battle and saw many instances in which some mounted Angelinian officers rode amid a body of stragglers, and forcibly with sword and pistol drove them back into the conflict. It seemed to be the most cruel of examples but was completely necessary on a situation like this.

While the Angelinians had pushed on into the village a grand skedaddle of the glandelinians ensued and the terror both in cutting small towns also was very great. Despite the fact that general Purgatorian had sent to this location thirty million troops, and whose many immense columns was stationed midway between the two outlying towns restless desire for the glandelinians there took possession of scores of thousands in no time, and for three days the roads to the interior toward Jivian wicker seventeen miles away were crowded with as miscellaneous a group of soldiers as that which may have marched into Noah's Ark. Wagons artillery and everything crowded the roads and such a jam could never be properly described. It was however called the "Norma Run skedaddle by the persuein Angelinians.

The Angelinians on the following morning met the rebels rallied under general Pemberton Federal with the whole glandelinian army of Purgatorians at Snow White Creek and after a sanguinary fight managed to defeat him with a loss of six hundred and twenty nine pieces of artillery and four million men in killed and wounded, and cutting his right wing off from all hopes of relief from Julio Gallio. Pressing rapidly on, the Angelinians overtook him not from from Jennie Bridge and in another battle the next day again defeated him with a loss of two million six hundred thousand thousand men, and seven hundred and seventeen guns. Purgatorian then retired into the city of Federal.

During this struggle, lieutenant Jennie of the Angelinians who served one of the guns which bombarded the town at the battle of Mic-Whirther Post hearing that a desperately bold glandelinian general and a colonel with a flag in hand endeavored to rally a glandelinian company resolved to capture him, riding up to the glandelinian officers in the face of their company of men, the gallant Jennie pointing a pistol at both of them, demanded their immediate surrender. A glance at the flying glandelinians convinced the General and his colonel that the day indeed was lost, and both gave up their swords to the brave Angelinian lieutenant. Six banners also were taken, one made of red yellow, green, and purple silk, elegantly fringed with this inscription: "When conquer the christian dogs or die, for our cause it is just" with "victory for glandelinia or death" in the centre. The other flag was of all red bunting, with the simple but horrible inscription: "Death to christian dogs." The name of the glandelinian general thus taken with his colonel was Avery Musheald, and the three hundred of his company were also captured at the same time.

The glandelinians though driven back as they were made a stand by a peculiar looking edge of rounded hill's each looking like a large crater, and also took positions relatively to the surrounding points. The glandelinians held it for firmly and the glandelinians unable to use artillery on account of the Angelinians bearing their own guns upon it, the glandelinians fought desperately until a general charge caused these works to be carried.

However no attack was made upon general Purgatorian's main position near Federal town until about half past four o'clock when at the order of the general the Angelinian forces began a most general advance against each flank of the glandelinian army, while fierce and strong demonstrations were being kept up against Purgatorian's main centre. Owing to the bigness of the christian forces and the nature of the ground the attacks were not made simultaneously as the Angelinian generals had intended they should be. General Gainesburg by sending general Planders force against Purgatorian's left, then held by general Warden, of Bernard G. Dunn's division, whose seventeen brigades extended their line from Little Mic-Whirther Post, across the Glendale Pike, to and beyond a large Apple Orchard along the Mic-Hollester and Pandor Pandora Railroad. This left wing of Purgatorian's army was driven back after a most bitter contest, and before general Hanson couldson who stood next in line with troops and artillery could give him or his troop any assistance. Upon turning general Bernard Dunn's left, these Angelinians fell upon the flanks and rear of general Hanson couldson leading part of their forces between that portion of the battle battlefield and Meldon's Hill Top, while general Law givers, with general Ralph Henderson's support, was assaulting general pond couldson's centre. The attack was made with such vigor that couldson called vehemently for reinforcements and general Joseph Burlington's brigades of Jennie Jaspers division as well as six

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brigades of Hanson Dunn's division under general Tillton Milton, and Abie Kahbble, were therefore sent him. A terrible struggle then followed, and the ground was contested bitterly at all points. At some point the Angelinian Angelinians made an attack with such overwhelming force as to force the glandelinian army back to the second line at the junction of the Seiden Railroad, the Glendale turnpike, and the railroad from Pandoras and A.B.C. Lines. The fighting here took place with great violence and though the rebel forces were routed from their positions and sent to the second line they were reinforced, and the attack of the Angelinians was finally repulsed by a consummate generalship and the not resolute bravery of the glandelinian troops.

At Purgatorian's left, after the Angelinians had carried the fortified works they pushed along the reach of the Mic-Hollester and Pandora Railroad lines in pursuit of the a slowly retreating glandelinians. However before it was expected the glandelinians managed to suddenly throw a fresh and more heavier force in their rear, cutting the christian force there off from the remainder at Mic-Whirther Post, and began to reassemble bigger forces of troops on their front and left flanks. Then rallying they counter attacked, and immense columns poured upon the surprised and apparently victorious Angelinians and pushed them back down the hill to the plains above the town and opposite Jennie Bridge, recieving at every point they attacked the Angelinians a dreadful fire from Angelinian artillery beyond the river of the main batteries which had bombarded the town. Unchecked by this however they rushed on general Herdrude Franklin's christian line, which however repeatedly repulsed them with great loss falling back however to Snow White Ford which they crossed by fording and wading and by small pontoons. At the same time a long line of works was retaken by the enemy elsewhere, and the glandelinians passing between them and the river in columns attacked general Turner's troops, which extending in a continuous line met the shock and drove it back.

During this time one of the most daring and desperate attacks on water occurred at the mouth of Maya river near Norma Catherine in battle with a glandelinian fleet under Admiral Turner Gruder and a portion of a blockading fleet under Westerner and Captain Aider. Sixteen Angelinian ships all big rams and merrimacs and one gigantic floating battery were attacked by only five glandelinian block blockade runners protected by double rows of bales of cotton and sandbags and loaded with provisions, troops and armed with rifles, cannons, muskets and so forth. It was backed by ten glandelinian warships of the dreadnaught type and each ship sixteen hundred feet long. The first Angelinian ship was blown up by an explosion of a shell or mine under her and another big ship was captured by boarding, after about all her one hundred officers, including two captains, and Lieutenant Commander Zimmermann and a crew of one thousand-one hundred and thirty had been killed by mucketry and artillery from the glandelinian block blockade runners. The other Angelinian ships were also fiercely engaged and managed to ram two rebel ships and sink them and set fire to another and then escaped the former losing no men and no wounded. The rebel fleet lost one thousand killed, and fifteen thousand wounded and drowned. Two big bark ships also loaded with provisions and fuel fell into the hands of the desperate blockade runners. Another Angelinian ship known as one of Zimmermann's flagships was not at the time engaged, being in another channel. Her crew were transported to other ships, and the captain in charge fearing she would fall into the hands of the Angelinian insurgents blew her up.

By some mismanagement however or accident the big explosion took place before a boat containing the captain, two lieutenants, first and second, and the boats crew got away, and they were blown up with the ship and the men killed. The glandelinian force was estimated at fifty five thousand, under the command of Admiral Graves. The Angelinian land force on the opposite sides of the river banks under the command of general Bur gueler did not exceed three hundred thousand men, the residue having not disembarked at the time of this river fight. The total christian christian loss was two thousand six hundred in killed, killed, and twelve thousand wounded, and six thousand taken prisoners. The Navy of this section suffered the most. The glandelinian loss was much greater, as the Angelinian guns were firing grape and canister continually in their midst.

Two weeks after these series of engagements mentioned a battle of terrible character occurred with the extreme main wing or left wing of one of Mansions main besieging armies near Julio Gallo White House on the outskirts of the works near the region of and hence by deep ravine which was studded on its tops with scores of thousands of peculiar ridge huts, intramurals and fortified works, burrowed in the earth here at the region of the Julio Gallo White House well riddled with Angelinian shells were at the time bivouacked general Leggoes Angelinian divisions of the Mansions main left wing of the advanced siege lines. To the left of the

Julio Gallo White House an large opening in the banks showed the entrance to the main main covered way by which the Angelinian works could be approached. The attack of the enemy was fearful in force and fury and the odds against the Angelinians were terribly great, but in the face of the most heavy losses, they fought with a bravery and resolution never equaled before. After four hours of fierce efforts the glandelinians were finally beaten back from the face of the long line of christian siege works, but passing along the ravine, they penetrated between both the White House works and a section of a railroad line, thus flanking the Angelinians. The conflict therefore was renewed more bitterly and more desperately than before. The Angelinians along the front line fired so furiously that they not only torn tore the assaulting waves to pieces but exhausted their ammunition for artillery and musketry, but the bayonet as usual was once more made to play a most effective part so that after two hours more of it the glandelinian assailants had entirely withdrawn from the assault for the present. What general Graceina the main main christian commander here had deemed it to be, and what it really was at that juncture the most important outpost positions of the besieging lines had been successfully held and main maintained, though at a frightful cost of life. While a portion of general Purragatorians army was operating against this position near the ravine, general Emery Page made a fierce attempt to carry another section of the position at the centre, after opening upon it with heavy artillery of two thousand cannon from Brn grenonia hills. He however though he made six successive assaults was completely beaten back, and compelled to seek his main original position before darkness fairly set in.

At another section of this tremendous siege battle the fort fortified works under general Jacksona Indermann which position was known in military parlance as a star fortie fortie fortification, with four immense angles two on the river and two extending nearly to a morass was also heavily assaulted by rebel troops and a big glandelinian fleet simultaneously. In front of the immense eastern angle what was what looked to be a cluster of small houses, into which it was apparent the Angelinians may have thrown their large number of sharpshooters, and from which a most galling fire was poured upon the assaulting glandelinians under general Powder, which stormed them and carried them by assault. As soon as the apparent sharpshooters retreated from the cluster of small houses, houses there was a roar as if a mighty series of volcanoes suddenly erupted and all these glandelinians were blown to enterity by the mine traps set for them. However at other sections sections the assault was completely successful for the time being in spite of the fact that the glandelinians charged in the face of overwhelming numbers. At the signal given the many splendid brigades of glandelinians rushed on with their dreadful well known "Devil Yell", all of the hundreds of thousands now floundering like immense swarms of bearded horses in the morass, then pausing to dress their lines as if on parade, and anon charging forward again, regardless of the enormous storm of grape and shell, shot and canker and even high explosives, and exploding mines, that pitilessly tore huge gaps in their immense columns and killed and wounded men by the legion. For three to four long hours in that inferno of "Hell" they desperately fought ere the other small houses and outposts were finally carried and made a screen for a large number of the glandelinian troops. All that while from the port holes of the redan works and fortifications and from artillery and the main infantry line a dreadful fire was picking off the glandelinians like leaves blown down in an autumn storm, the Angelinians from their secure places of hiding and defenses picking off officers and men alike, while many in

powder and other big cannons and Parrott guns were sending their broadside upon broadside of hissing mass messengers of death and destruction through the immense lines of the devoted glandelinians, crushing its bones, splattering its brains, and straining its path with countless mangled corpses and dying men. At last the long line of other out houses were gained through that seething storm, and occupied by the Winkle Glandelinians and ginkins which had with the Zimmermannians and Mic-Hollesstinians and Mic-Hollesstinians and Scoodlers had fought for them so gallantly and desperately.

But from the houses thus gained the situation could not be described, of the following but terrible and fruitless assault made upon the main line of fortified christian defenses. After the capturing of the line of houses, the rebels relieving reinforcements made a most tremendous assault on the grass and sand bag sandbag covered fortified works held by the Winkle and quadding Abyinkilians supported by the Abbeaminians and Angelinians. These works consisted of a chain of tremendously long forts or redans thirty feet high, about eight hundred yards apart and each half a mile long, and connected by deep intramurals and extending for seventeen miles or more entirely. General Lawless brigades rushed up in enormous lines from the houses in the face of a deadly cross fire, and with the heaviest loss planted their flags on the edge of some of the parapets, but the Angelinians gathered there like purple and red coated demons and hobgoblins so fierce they looked in their battle excitement and fury, and the glandelinians though fighting with superhuman strength were soon overpowered. General girtons brigades and ninth corps finally came to the relief, but were shot to pieces and scattered. General Purgatorian ordered up general Bentonla Barclay, and Baidenbrider on the extreme right. General Shoosmia Shoosmaucher and Heller gimmer ton also advanced and at point after point through that seemingly volcanic fissure eruption the glandelinian flags fluttered while over and on the works. On the extreme right general Shields divisions who had fought so desperately at Worma Run but now under general Gollerdrige, with plain Nightlinger gurners on his right, advanced furiously as the christian line still pouring in their deadliest fire fell steadily back, and like the others could only display the tremendous bravery of the men.

Governed by tremendous ravines filled with floodin water and mines, which intersected the ground, the glandelinian troops though falling as fast as men would rush up to see a fire would get near the works, and would make a most gallant rush onward, reach the parapet, yet when the edge of the redans were gained, the interior was swept by an inferno of fire from rifle pits in the rear and large partition partitions of breastworks made of boards, fences, and old wagons, and every device to think of, so that the glandelinians even when in the fortified works, were almost as far from victory on the so called "CHRISTIAN DOGS" as before.

In one case a brigade of Omarians led by general Griffithen Griffin took and held a long Redan, but all finally fell under the withering fire of their assailants except general Griffin, who with musket and revolver, captured fourteen Angelinian officers angle banded and nearly a hundred men, who had discarded discharged their pieces and brought them off. The hand to hand conflicts was most desperate and it looked for a while as if all the souls in Hades and the fiends were at war with each other in the everlasting fires so dreadful was the slaughter.

Closer were the lines drawn to the Angelinians, and many times the glandelinians and Angelinians at face to face used hand grenades, which they threw at each other as if playing baseball and catch, or rolled rolled down on the assaulting assaulting parties or columns in the ditch or clinging to the sides. Even ladders by the thousands were used, at at one time a hundred thousand men fought a bayonet duel at one single moment. Flags were torn to shreds by the storm of bullets, and many men were literally riddled. This dreadful day swept away millions of unfortunate glandelinians. It was apparent at last that no army could stand such losses. The big mines even began their work, and the fortifications were assailed from even beneath.

In this terrible assault of four hours duration the glandelinians lost six divisional generals, ten acting brigadier generals, who by a singular coincidence fell at the same time, and within a few feet of each other. In addition to these generals, they lost five other generals. One of which was killed while planting their glandelinian flag upon the parapet of the fortified works, from which the glandelinians were finally repulsed. This onslaught was on of

most sanguinary in proportion to the numbers ever engaged, that occurred against the main line of siege, and as written before was contested on both sides, with great ferocity, valor and skill. The Angolins who held these works were generals Herdrus Ross, Amiel Motens, and Nic-Lobner Hanson.

At still other points the attack was pushed on with as great vigor but with not such good success at the beginning. The line of the enemy seven deep, and a three miles long moved over the low hills and out of the woods, in their fierce onset against the christian lines in a rocky pebble strewn field. The fire that met the glandelinian attack was so hot and deadly that the glandelinians at the left of their wing of advance forced them to waver and then make a quick recoil. Seeing this the christian generals ordered a general advance, in which the remainder of the christian force on this line of battle took part. After another dreadful contest the Angolins succeeded just after sunset in driving back the glandelinians, nearly up to their lines of reserves, and in retaking the guns and line of works, and the houses that had been previously captured. Thus ended the engagement on the left centre near or by the St. Star fortress. A new line of battle was then formed with the divisions of general Hanson Killjoy, and Robertson Crusoe, and by part of the Angolins Twelfth Corps, then under general William Schille Scheller who had taken general Irkones place, when the latter who had assumed command of the right wing of the works was wounded. Contrary to general Purgabrian's expectation, general Emory Page on the extreme glandelinian left did not advance his attack against the christians until quite a while, after the main attack had been made up upon the St. Star shaped fortress, and repulsed with such dreadful slaughter. General John Henry Gordons glandelinian force crossed S. Rose Red Creek and with his extreme right, moved against Wadsworth and Green Henryson Gale, the latter being the only Angolins brigade at the weakest point. But at no point however was the glandelinian assault successful.

One of the most interesting scenes of the battle that afternoon was the repulse and check of the glandelinian heeler cavalry of the glandelinian by the Abyssinkilian Winkie Regiment and the Abbeismian Company L. of conscription. They were only separated from the works of the glandelinians by a small stone fence, briar bushes, and a long straw and black berry patch just early grow. Indeed their daring and most heroic resistance against such forces yet yelling hooded gray demons was never surpassed in any battle field yet in this war, some of the men of the Abyssinkilians and Abbeismians even climbing the stone fence, or swarming a little beyond the berry patches to meet the headlong dash of the wheelers as they rushed madly down upon the little band of christian infantry. Not only this but they had the whole entire force of the main glandelinian cavalry and five big divisions of rebel infantry, of goodlers and artillery to fight, but not within standing this vast odds against them, they held their position and cut down the rebels by scores of hundreds per volley until big forces of reinforcements finally reached them and drove back the whole glandelinian tidal wave and storm. This little band of christian soldiers was composed of two colonels, both of whom were severely wounded, and they had all their other commanders down, and out of eight hundred and ninety men with which they went into battle, they had less than two hundred surviving in that half an hour's engagement.

General Pleania of the Angolins who made a counter charge with his troops drove the glandelinian infantry at this point back to their main works, and general Papercut with an Abyssinkilian force came upon general Hansens glandelinian battery of artillery of eighteen guns, which he charged three times, himself at the head, and the third time took the guns, limbers, horses and men combined. His horse happened to be killed by a round shot under him, which would the general in the leg badly, and killed three soldiers behind him.

On the following morning the battle was resumed with as much vigor as hitherto unparalleled in the great siege and war combined. By eight o'clock in the morning general Hansons glandelinian corps had pushed secretly and quietly up to the main christian rifle pits, and to within twenty or thirty yards of the long lines of bastions. By nine o'clock in the morning the attack was begun with great vigor, but the Angolins having found that cannon at such sudden and close range had become useless to repel the assault of the Zimmermannians threw a storm of lighted shells and grape shot over the line of parapets on the glandelinian forces and suddenly received in return twenty three thousand hand grenades

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in hand grenades, a lot of which exploded driving the christians out from that position of the works. The glandelinians then pushed the attack with still greater fury upon the main position of the christian lines, with the tremendous battle cry of "Charge and remember to hold your own way even unto hell" and at the advance of the enemy in three immense ten mile long lines was made with such impetuosity and ferocity, that in a short time the whole glandelinian surge was in full possession of the first line of works they had fought so desperately and in vain for the day before, and from which the Angolins had been finally driven from with dreadful loss. No time was lost in crowning that eminence of works and redans with all the heavy artillery available, and as soon as the captured artillery could be made to play with dreadful effect upon the christians, a charge of great strength was successively ordered upon the second line of positions held by generals Flanders, and Simmer both of whom were supported by the divisions of August Whillmans Darguin, and Whip Poor Tor. After a most severe struggle the glandelinians also succeeded in capturing the second line of works, where the Angolins had posted more artillery, and in a turning the latter upon the Angolins who soon had to fall back to their third line of works to prevent annihilation. The glandelinians like mobs of demons followed close upon them, shooting them down in tens of thousands, and then made charge after charge in order to capture the new positions, but without results, and when reinforcements arrived from general Hansons centre they were forced to abandon the attack and recoil to the lines of works they had retaken.

The Angolins then having thus received reinforcements made a most deliberate and desperate attack upon the rapidly increasing forces of the enemy to recapture their lost works. Two strong batteries of two thousand guns each which were in possession of the enemy committed damage beyond description among the christians charging christian columns mowing them down in whole lines nearly a mile long, and it was finally determined to send a force around secretly to assault them by the rear, also attack in front only waste cause annihilation of any number of assailants. After a long delay they were both retaken by the Abyssinkilian and Winkie Abbeismian divisions after a fierce hand to hand fight with the rear line of the Glandelinians and the whole rebel line then withdrew to the first line of works they had captured. These were assaulted by an enormous tidal wave of Angolins troops but the first three immense wedges of troops headed by three mile long lines of men, were all mowed down within half an hour, and the survivors coming on meeting such a fire that tore their lines to fragments they had to withdraw in confusion horrified at such awful slaughter. It was evident by such an annihilating fire that the Zimmermannians had received fresh reinforcements from general Purgabrian, and the want of main supports from Hansons line prevented even the works retaken of being held any length of time. The glandelinians screaming like a tornado charged in three double lines, ten miles long, and struck like a series of tidal waves gradually but surely all along the line, and after severe resistance the Angolins had to again withdraw, and remained under cover of the artillery still retained by them until joined by a part of general Glide Quindies division of conscription divisions commanded by general Marcellious Antoinis. Another advance was no longer ordered, and while the rebel right was thus engaged, general Zoe Rae Logannias divisions attacked the left. These other wedges and six lines of Abyssinkilian troops nearly eighty thousand strong were mowed down by a hurricane of grape and canister and musket balls and shells from the guns held by the enemy but the main line had pushed on like a cyclone up to the works and succeeded in flanking and forcing the rebels back in such a manner as to completely isolate for a while the whole of general Herdrus Johnston's Divisions of Goodlers which occupied the extreme glandelinian left in possession of the captured christian works. The attack of the christians was so fierce, that general Stevensons line of Zimmermannians became completely demoralized, and yielded in turn and by six noon the glandelinians were again in full retreat to the first line of captured works abandoning the second in confusion. Just then the other division of general Zoe Rae Logannias main ninth corps came up to the horrible scene, and a charge upon the other line of works was ordered. This third attack lasted for an hour, and though it resulted in the capture of many prisoners and arms the enemy still retained the works. The killed and wounded of the christians so far during these assaults was about four million, all in one morning.

Seeing that they had succeeded in repulsing the Christians the enemy after an hour's lull in the dreadful death struggle reattacked in greater force, but the long line of Christian batteries now kept them at bay supported by the long lines of musketry fire. A slight lull then again occurred, while a division of troops was sent to hold Glander bridge and a small bayou on the skirts of the woods near Norma Run. This they did, and at last by their generals' order advanced furiously until friend and foe were so mingled in strife that cannon could not be used, but finally an Abyssinikilian division, with a brigade of Concentinians, and an Abbaumman caviary force who came to its aid fell back, the many divisions losing every general and officer they had. So dreadful was the carnage. In this dreadful retrograde movement the enemy mounted Gargoylian wheeler infantry surrounded one of the Winkie Abyssinikilian divisions. Two other Christian brigades tried vainly to save them with a section of the Concentinian battery, but the glandelinians closed around them so that they had to spend their fire for fear of killing their own comrades, and the general of the Abyssinikilian division, and the commander of the artillery, with all their men were compelled to surrender to the enemy.

One of the greatest caviary conflicts at Jivian, the key was the big caviary engagement far to the right of the main battle line. General Concentinian Evans of the rebels was endeavoring to cut off the Angelinian trains of wagons from support to general Mansions but was attacked by the caviary forces of general Mayre Gordenia on and both these fine and daring caviary officers at first fought with their men dismounted, the glandelinians repulsing the Christian caviary forces, and capturing a large number of prisoners and wagons.

The exploits of the glandelinian caviary would fill a volume many times larger than these already written. Among the many gallant glandelinian caviary charges during the siege, there were always a few more brilliant than that of other battles already written in the war, where they rode with out drawing reins right over the Angelinian works, scattering all before them like a tornado does in sweeping a corn field. The caviary forces were not less than ten thousand at the most but they charged up the steep hill in the face of a terrific fire near Julio Ca. lillo White House and though they lost in killed and wounded nearly two thirds of their numbers, they captured almost the entire force of Christian soldiers they dashed again against with battle flags artillery and all.

The first worse kind of a caviary fight, and a stand up one at that on a large scale took place at Jemina's Ford near Julio Calilo White House on the early noon hour of the great battle on the second day. To the Angelinians general Mansion himself leading the caviary in person, and the daring glandelinian general Purgatorian belong to the chief honors of this brilliant though very bloody affair. Indeed the glandelinian caviary had strove to make a charge against general Mansions left wing in force of hundred hundreds of thousands all using the swift horses, the troopers of the enemy being, Gargoylian Kurde, the Hooded Woodlers, the dreaded Hammer heads, the Hooded Terror and Ku Klux Klans and the wheelers, supported by the fierce Zimmermannian and Mio-Hollensteinian caviary and dragoons. It was a perfect regular caviary fight on and fore for once during the war there was a fair and most desperate caviary fight. The forces opposed to each other were about equal in numbers and similarly appointed and equipped. The glandelinian generals made desperate by the news of the advance of Concentinian Aronburg with three immense armies toward Jivian Wiskey, and of the awful glandelinian defeats, at Jastruva, and Francis Atlanta, and also in alarm by the advance of general Mansions main line of siege batteries and upon the soil of Jivian Wiskey which they had sworn to defend with the last drop of blood, charged fiercely for the Christian works with the intention to carry it by storm and support the rebel in infantry to regain what the Christians had recaptured from them. To outwit them general Mansion took full charge of his own full caviary force and taking a short route met the glandelinian caviary right at Jemina's Ford and fighting like demons, the most desperate kind of sword, and pistol duels both sides disputed every root of ground. Again and again the glandelinians yelling like a storm charged upon the Christian lines, formed on echelon and as often were they repulsed in the most gallant manner. Horses and men dead or wounded strewn the ground like grain. When the Angelinians charged upon the enemy's lines it was done with such impetuosity that successful resistance against the onslaught was impossible.

Sword in hand they dashed wildly upon the Gargoylian and Zimmermannian foe, who after attempting to stand up against the first charges, doggedly retired before them. Later in the afternoon the last two lines of Christian works were finally captured by the strong glandelinian forces under general Purgatorian. The attacking forces issued from the works and the Angelinians being overwhelmed fled from the works on the approach of the immense swarms of glandelinians leaving considerable camp equipage, and large amounts of commissary stores. The glandelinians under general Purgatorian pushed forward to assault the fourth and last line of works where stronger fortifications had been erected, but instead of offering resistance here the Angelinians only continued the flight. As he camp up the Christians were hard pressed, and more fiercer engagements occurred, resulting in the capture of several thousand prisoners, and a small wagon train. When reorganizing themselves the whole force started for Mansions main line of works two miles distant hotly pursued by a Christian caviary force who hoped to save the works but the glandelinian column had the lead, and at four o'clock in the afternoon the glandelinian batteries opened upon these works, which replied most vigorously with three batteries of its heaviest guns. The desperate and loud cannonade continued for over two hours, when general Purgatorian coming up with the rest of the forces ordered the whole line to charge the Christian rifle pits, and redans there and to storm the fortifications. The whole line of insurgents then charged over the deep ditches, and poured through abatis two miles long in the face of a galling fire, and within twenty minutes after the order was given half of the left wing of the assaulting column was wiped out, general Purgatorian was mortally wounded, and general Francis Smith disabled by a cannon ball.

Simultaneously the glandelinian column under Swellian attacked general Warren's main Abyssinikilian brigades as he moved swiftly by the flank through the woods, and general Grantlin and Hoader's gunners, supposing this to be an attack of a simple rear guard and unsuspecting of the close presence of the main glandelinian columns. Near the main works ordered general Sigmore to come up and go to Warren's aid but before it could be accomplished the rebels under Swellian had inflicted a loss of three million upon the many corps of Warren. General Grantlin being ready to accept the enemy's headlong attack here, ordered Sigmore then to immediately join general Warren's right before it was annihilated and general Mansonia was summoned from the centre. On his arrival he promptly resisted the attack of general Grantlin's column and finally repulsed a portion of the rebel line. The glandelinians then determined to turn the main Christian left at this position and throw the main Christian line back upon the Eminis gun pier beyond. The glandelinians who had therefore assaulted assaulted Grantlin encountered the reinforcements under general Blacklin and therefore the counter attack of the Christians drove the rebels back over a mile down the ground they had won, where the rebels at this line of the assault stopped for an hour to rearrange themselves for a resumption of the attack. While thus pausing and awaiting the arrival of general Hibernia Streator, whom they wanted to place upon the left of the Christian line this same very general and his troops came up and the attack was resumed and with such suddenness that a good portion of the Christian line was driven back from all the ground won. Here the Angelinian generals rallied their men, and hearing of general Purgatorian being mortally wounded, the violence of the glandelinian attack finally began to subside. Late in the afternoon however the glandelinians again attacked the whole line of upper positions but were repulsed. The action however that day ended either as a draw or as nothing decided. The Angelinians in the two days battle already lost fifteen million men, and the glandelinian loss was over 80,000,000 in killed and wounded.

On the third day June 1864 the battle was again resumed. This time having gained four positions of works, the enemy now directed their intentions to take Julio Calilo Court House, and thus break the line of siege. The direct and only road route to Julio Calilo Court House was the railway right of way of the Mio-Hollister and Pandora.

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 via Jennie Turner Tavern. On this road the main fifth and sixth corps of general Snider were ordered to take the advance, and by a rapid onslaught overwhelmed numbers to seize the Julio Gallo Courthouse. General Henderson's corps and other divisions were to follow on the same line, while general Siller, and James Turner were to move on a most exterior route by way of Jennie Bridge and Jennie's Ford. The vital interest of this big movement centred on the attack of general Snider to seize Julio Gallo Courthouse. These big corps advanced to the attack at 9 P.M. on the seventh of June. Reaching the vicinity of Jennie Turner Tavern he was delayed for two or three whole hours and a half by the fierce resistance of the big Abbaemidian force drawn up there to meet him under general Gander who blocked the way. He endeavored to push on and finally succeeded but at twelve o'clock noon he was again detained by the Abyssinians cavarly under general Jack Horner and other cavarly divisions of general Snider who engaged him in a frightful manner and blocking all advances of the railroad right of way, and barring further advance. He then after two hours of desperate but ineffectual effort gave way the troops falling back to general Siller who was advancing to clear his own path. He advanced divisions under general Robertson Crusoe were then deployed in long lines of battle, while the remainder of the forces followed in columns. At two o'clock these corps and columns emerged from the wooded region into a big clearing near the courthouse two miles north of it, the Angelinians in the meantime under general Jack Horner had arrived at the same place, and a sharp and bloody engagement of great violence soon ensued, when however the wooded region on both flanks of the glandelinians were soon cleared of the Angelinians. General Snider waited patiently for general Gander to come up with his reinforcements but they were of no avail and already in consequence of all these successions of bloody incidents general Jack Horner had managed to place himself against the path of the advance advancing glandelinian army, and having drawn upon the Julio Gallo ridge a long bulwark of defense, he was unable to hold the glandelinian army off of attack in check.

Indeed the writer must confess that the christian positions in these very locations were completely wild in looks and nature, where nature nature itself revels in producing the most fantastic forms, and piling rocks upon rocks, forming for the christian besiegers one of the mightiest and strongest positions around Vivian wick, and also wherever Vivian wick was one of the first scenes of the most sanguinary and extraordinary extraordinary battles in the war, a battle that later part of the day fought so wildly and furiously that the clouds of smoke from cannon and musketry rolled about like thunder clouds during a storm, and where the flash and the roar of cannon of thousands of guns sounded as if appearing to the other armies not engaged elsewhere that day, like the lightning and thunder of heaven when the world was coming to an end.

By six o'clock that evening the main glandelinian column in an endeavor to capture the Julio Gallo Courthouse by main force was moving up or toward the long redan works in long lines, and to the surprise of the Angelinians, a portion of this mighty surge of glandelinians disappeared in the wooded mouth of the left wing of the christian position, but here the glandelinian general filling his troops to the left, began the difficulty of the task of ascending toward the snail-like and redan from which guns flashed and roared like a volcano of flame and din as the head of the column having reached a long line of palisaded works held by the enemy went into full line of battle facing to the west and east, and with the right pouring against the palisades held by Dondon Donobians a straw stretched down toward Jennie's Ford. It was a fearful inferno of battle now and the fire of the whole christian line thundered like a million cannon but general girlchilde divisions which formed the main left of the glandelinian column and the main front, with Greeners brigades of Scodlers moving on the right charged up toward the works in full array.

With these were advancing general Gander who had succeeded the wounded general Purgatorius formed a second line of advance of the Abyssinian Abbaemidian divisions and of the brigades of the Mic-Hollanishian Fourth corps which he had sent to the front, placing general Gander's division on the right, and George Gross's on the left.

General Gander Rockerfeller formed a third line of battle, and held himself in readiness as he advanced, to add any part of the line which might need it. Thus covered the main line of a glandelinian troop were ordered forward, with one of the bravest lines of Abbaemidian ever seen in battle thrown out, and pushing onward and along the slopes of the christian redan, while a portion of the glandelinian were making a swing, managed to come upon a portion of the rear of the christian position, who were taken completely by surprise.

Before those at the foot of the works could comprehend the situation general Gander's big line of skirmishers had penetrated far toward the point of the christian position, and for the length of two miles of advance got in a heavy fire upon the Angelinians, who were making efforts to escape toward their main line of works little further up above, while a force of Ange glandelinians having gotten up from the rear poured down upon the Angelinians like a torrent from above. At the same time one of the glandelinian batteries of one of the enormous Mic-Hollanishian fortresses and those of the Angelinians along the fortified positions opened a terrific and most heavy fire upon each other and soon the contending position itself both sides was hidden from view by the cloud of smoke, which rose above and around them. The Angelinians made terrific resistance along the line, their small artillery and whole series of infantry lines.

For a long time keeping up a constant and deadly fire from behind their positions, jutting rocks, rocky ledges, trees and any advantageous objection of protection they could secure. Holding general Gander's right well against the palisaded works now captured, the main commander threw general Gander Rockerfeller forward on the main left, and he after having been reinforced by general Greeners forces, the christians on the point of their positions finally gave way, and fell back in some disorder to the main line of positions on the main line. General Gander Rockerfeller then swung around until his line of attack was parallel with that of the christian battle line, and again advanced, but now being met by well organized and well directed resistance for a time resisted. The christian army were now in their most strongest positions, Julio Gallo Courthouse being the centre of a long line of fortified breastworks or redan, but it seemed that they lacked numbers to man them, having lost heavily. They were also compelled to expose their right flank. General girlchilde then sent the main division of the Scodlers to hold all points across the five lines of positions already taken, and advanced in full force upon the christians, with Rockerfeller on the right, Gander, on the left, and the rest on the centre. General Rockerfeller managed to turn the christian left, as general Gander did their right, and then with one whole charge the whole glandelinian army was arrayed against the main christian positions. The struggle was now desperate and very sanguinary.

When news of the great glandelinian attack reached general Gander he sent to the support of his main left wing, the sixth corps of the Abbaemidians, that had so long battled during the whole siege, here and there. All the while the enemy were pressing to the attack, and one of the smaller sections of the christian position had finally been carried. A small brigade of giant glandelinian artillery having been brought forward it was massed upon a long line of dwellings and fortified works in front which was the shelter of scores of thousands of sharpshooters and which were preliminarily emptied of the Angelinians by shells, which set them on fire. When the glandelinian infantry at this section rose, and with a fan like spreading to the main right and left, dashed with yell and hurrahs of delight at the positions the Angelinians then slid out of their rifle pits, and leaped from behind their fences and trees, and raced for the main works to the rear. They foolishly foolishly did not stand for a single moment. A division of cavarly then issued out of a wood near by, seemingly Jennings to the support of the flying Angelinian infantry and sharpshooters. The glandelinians had halted to receive the charge of the troopers, fired a heavy volley into them at close quarters, checked, them, fired again, and kept firing. In half an hour neither christian cavarly nor infantry was in sight here. The glandelinians doubled quickened in line of battle over the crest of the redan, and disappeared in pursuit, with hurrahs and laughter laughter, on the other side, driving the Angelinian cavarly and infantry in headlong flight before them.

The first section of the main line of christian works on the left wing on the right was carried by general 1 girlchild g Corps who made a tremendous charge, capturing a fort, and taking fifty five guns, and nearly three thousand prisoners. They had also dismantled six guns of the Angelinians by the shells of their own batteries, and the other section of the works also were carried on the left after a most desperate fight, by the gargoylin eighteenth corps, of which they lost one third of their number. The glandelinians then pushed on, with rockefeller in the advance and again came up to with that portion of the fleeing enemy. Having driven the Angelinians from these sections of the works, rockefeller being without support upon his main right was forced to halt. General Fielders and Williams having arrived with the divisions and formed them in the open fields on the right of rockefeller's division ordered the line to continue the advance at all hazards. The lines of soldiers then moved forward again driving the Angelinians before them once more, halting now and then however for a few moments to dislodge some of the more stubborn Angelinians, who maintained their fire until almost under the feet of the advancing christian glandelinian foes.

General Rocker Fellers divisions were the first to encounter the advancing reinforcements sent by Mangion in strong force with one or two sharp volleys a mile long were exchanged with disastrous results for both sides, and then the Angelinians fell back to other strongly entrenched lines, from which they opened a most terrible fire. This was the commencement of the fiercest part of the desperate struggle. All along the line the christians responded the heaviest of rifle and cannon firing, resulting in repelling the attack of the glandelinian Confederates to break the main lines, and in this part of the struggle general rockefeller was shot down and mortally wounded and half of his command killed. Lines of artillery was also encountered along the christian lines which tore and crippled the attacking glandelinian waves and which continued to fire with the greatest intensity till after the glandelinians with one wild desperate charge managed to capture the batteries. When the Angelinians began to retreat and evacuate their works in front the glandelinians immediately pushed on.

The glandelinians now encountered other positions difficult of access with spurs on the flanks, and presenting indeed a most dignified appearance. General girlchild resolved to flank it if possible, and so at eight o'clock the corps which had pushed forward so gallantly advanced, the centre maintaining its position at the captured works and around and upon the base of the main line of redan works in the teeth of a very heavy artillery fire from the glandelinian batteries of other works still further up. The Thirtieth and the thirty seventh Zimmermanian or corps were wheeled on the left to hem in the Angelinians between the glandelinians advancing columns and a portion of the Mic-Holleston Pandora railroad. The fourteenth gargoylin corps met the Angelinians first, who charged furiously in series of waves to check this movement. General Shoemaker and Houser however were ready with their troops. They however in the desperate struggle were killed and their divisions hurled back, but general Williams managed to drive back the Angelinians with artillery alone, without the employment of a single musket. Batteries O. and L. of the First Mic-Holleston Corps in second position to boot which gave them a cross fire upon the Angelinians as they dared to advance over an open field, and it proved at entirely too hot for them. Again half an hour later, they made the same desperate attempt, and were driven back still more rapidly by a combined fire of artillery and musketry, which from the openness of the ground, had proved very destructive.

The charge made finally by the second and third divisions of the "inth glandelinian corps was made more bravely against the Angelinians, but from some faults from which it could not be explained valuable time had been lost, officers had fallen by hundreds, and the result was a most sad slaughter of men. The slaughter of men which the glandelinian country could not afford to lose. On arriving at one of the exploded forts along the christian line the glandelinians who carried that position found for miles a heterogeneous mass of loose earth, guns and gun carriages, dead and wounded gunners, and men, and many horses and burned wreckage of all sort. One of the glandelinian officers who led a right section of this section of assault assault noticing the earth moving near him as if a mole of gopher were at work underneath it, commenced digging vigorously and finally dug out an Angelinian officer who actually revived and was brought from the ground. Afterwards

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thousands of others were exhumed from their living graves and restored to consciousness. The Angelinians having been driven from these works the glandelinian troops to follow their advantage thus gained advanced nearly to a concealed position further to the rear but naturally drove the Angelinians from it and captured a large number of christians as prisoners. Shortly afterwards the Angelinians again advanced to counter attack, and were again driven back with the most heavy loss, and their third assault made at nine o'clock was attended with a result more thrilling and disastrous for the Angelinians. In the first three counter charges the Angelinians used no artillery whatever but later on they opened a most heavy and concentrated fire from six strong batteries poured a storm of shot shell grape and other missiles over the entire region including the region over which the enemy lines advanced.

After about an hour of this artillery firing the Angelinians again made their appearance in front of general Smiley's divisions, their assault being directed against his whole line but the main force of it against his center. Emerging in strong waves of humanity from the woods, they advanced in two long lines of battle. The glandelinian artillery and musketry greeted them as before, with a rapid destructive fire but without checking their progress. On they came with bayonets fixed and without firing a single shot. They approached the enemy lines, gained the outside of the former works and at some points a hand to hand conflict ensued over the tops of the breastworks, the glandelinians finally heaving back the Angelinian Angelinians, with their own bayonets as they attempted to climb over. But soon it was found that the rebel line was now broken broken near the centre, and the gap once made rapidly grew wider until nearly the entire line of the left wing of the rebel line was swept back, leaving the once captured works and artillery in the hands of the Angelinians once more. General Smiley with great coolness, set to work to rally the Glandelinians who were panic stricken, and in a short time succeeded in reforming a line with its main left resting against the breastworks. At the same time general Poudre ordered the second division to be faced entirely about, and cheering the cheering and urging the men forward by word and example led them in person on a charge at double quick. This charge which was made under a very heavy fire, was most gallantly executed, and in conjunction with the line rallied by Smiley instantly checked the Angelinians and again regained the christian intrenchments, for some distance further toward the right and left. After the christian counter charge had been checked in the centre and along that portion of the line against which they had chiefly directed the main force of their attack, the greater part of the Second Mic-Hollestonian division returned to their own intrenchments.

At this very moment at some point of the captured christian works a secret mine mine was sprung by a christian engineer and a dense cloud of black smoke immediately following the upheaval of earth was succeeded by a ponderous cloud of white smoke like the sudden eruption of a volcano, which entirely covered the scene for nearly a mile and concealed the results of the desperate scene to check the furious enemy advance by mines being exploded under ground. On rolling away the it revealed the earth settled back in its former position, but indented with a species of enormous crater, into which water from some unknown source ran. It had no result upon the assaulting glandelinian columns whatever.

The battle of Julio Callio Courthouse was indeed a most desperate struggle and the most brilliant dash of the many glandelinian columns had carried six successive works of the Angelinians the glandelinians having gained ten miles of ground in the three days. One of the most daring scenes was the dogged valor of an Angelinian general who refused to surrender one of his guns. A sharp death struggle ensued between him and a private glandelinian soldier, in which the unfortunate Angelinian got his brains dashed out with the butt end of a musket. The total defeat of the Angelinians at this point was very much attributed to the most brilliant charge of the enemy made upon the christian lines as already described by which the christian flank was attacked when the glandelinians entered the sixth position they had captured it was found that the retreating Angelinians had fired a large quantity of trees and bushes but the flames were however put out before all was destroyed.

The last of the action was when the glandelinians charged to carry the seventh and last line of works. These positions were very strong ones, being situated upon hilly ground, commanding all approaches to the glandelinian charging columns, and the preservation of the glandelinian general depended upon the men to drive the Angelinians out. General Hooper was equal to the emergency. The general ordered General Che Chester Gump to take his gallant brigades and carry that position. General Chester Gump placed himself at the head of his gallant command, and with drawn swords and deafening cheers charged directly in the face of a most destructive withering fire, capturing two hundred and twenty two pieces of artillery, upward to one hundred thousand prisoners, together with sixty cannons, a large amount of ammunition and six hundred horses, which he brought off in safety. It was without exception for the glandelinians a most gallant charge of the battle, and when it became known among the main line of the enemy cheer after cheer rent the air. The Angelinians retreated from all of their outer works behind their besiering fortifications and batteries, destroying in their flight many lines of wooden barricades and bridges. In the rear Colonel Helle's brigade of the Second Division, under General Smithers was hotly engaged with an Angelinian cavalry force under General Gaidner. General Smithers sent word to General Snider that the Christian Cavalry were driving him slowly back. The general then replied that he must hold the captured position at all hazards, that he could and must whip the Christian enemy. Colonel Helle's brigade being reinforced by a brigade of Wheeler Garcoylins from the main division of Wheeler Cavalry charged the Angelinian Cavalry and drove them nearly a mile. The day now was theirs. The Christian troops had disappeared from the glandelinian front, and they succeeded in carrying all of the works, which they had crossed without being further annoyed by the Christians. In a desperate charge however at the head of a column the glandelinian General Snider fell mortally wounded being shot in the lung. Thus ended the three days battle of Julio Gallo Court House with one of the most brilliant victories of the enemy. It seriously enhanced General Mandons besieging main lines further off and he had to send big divisions to reinforce it. To retake the seven lines of works, and fortifications now at least seemed impossible and he had to be content at leaving the enemy where he now was. If another serious break like this would have occurred elsewhere the siege would have been broken.

As I have stated in other chapters of the siege of Vivian Wickey one of the principal glandelinian defenses of Mic-Whirther section was the fortresses of Gr Granco Darling, Thumbelina, Marcucian and Thumbelina, a series of heavy work works on high banks called "armor Hills" eight miles below the region of M. Vivian Wickey. Here the river was dosed with the heaviest piling and hundreds of vessels loaded with heavy material and stones were sunk in the channels near these three fortresses. The work was mostly casemated and mounted with the heaviest kind of guns. They were each of sixty hundred feet in length, and it will be remembered that the Angelinian fleet and land forces once made a desperate assault against the works of Fortress Thumbelina but were repulsed. The ships which made the storming attacks by water were unable to elude the guns efficiently to reach the glandelinian works, and the sides of one of the best of the Angelinian warships were not thick enough to resist the plunging storm of shot from the fortress, which struck its side at right angles. The Angelinian warships Nanny and Fanny engaged in the assault burst six guns at the first discharge. General Gaidner had arranged to make efforts to stop the depredations which the glandelinian fleet of armed steamers six of them in all had been committing upon the Christian camps along the shore and had therefore advanced several forces from Libermann junction with the aid of many Angelinian siege gunboats and other war craft, ten regiments of Munchkin Cavalry, and one inkie artillery battery and reached the location of Carnays bridge over the Norma pun near the southern section of the Mic-Whirther section of Vivian Wickey early in the fourteenth of June. Their progress however was stopped by several long unknown earthworks, under whose guns lay the rebel armed steamers.

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Early on the following morning on the fifteenth Commander Mic-Galler opened fire from his flagship and was joined in it fiercely by the other Angelinian gunboats and other war craft while the troops were advancing on the shore to engage the Glandelinian batteries and ships from the rear. The troops were not long in subjecting their enemy to a fierce infiltrating musketry and artillery fire from the woods and such was its destructive effects that the rebel ships had finally been compelled to retire toward an upper shore battery at Mic-Whirther Janet. Early on the following morning the glandelinian ships were seen floating down the wide Norma pun in sheets of flame having been set on fire and abandoned by the glandelinians. The Angelinian troops therefore returned to their own main positions the many thousands of Angelinian wounded having been meanwhile placed on large rafts and towed down the river to the Christian positions.

Another thing peculiar about the great siege, considering the terrible nature of the many series of severe bombardments of the main Christian siege batteries, it was wonderful that throughout the three years not a single inhabitant was killed by it, although many families refused to avail themselves of the opportunity to leave before the firing of each artillery duel between both sides commenced. These however managed to find shelter in the cellars of the houses, and thus escaped, while the many buildings in the neighborhood of the range of shell fire in many cases were so shattered as to be perfectly uninhabitable. Six big palace like buildings in Norma Catherine which had not been destroyed by the big conflagrations there presented a melancholy spectacle no less than thirty thousands of big round shot having gone right through one building and razing it or leaving the appearance of as many portholes.

On the night of June the fifteenth in the blockading region as an Angelinian battle ship was stationed near Port Wickey a long Schooner looking like one of Abbisania, but being believed to have been a glandelinian in disguise ran at full-sail against an Angelinian transport steamer as it was entering the harbor. As the glandelinian vessel was painted yellow, and even had no kind of lights burning, there was little doubt among the captains and other officers of the blockading ships that it was really a daring and desperate attempt on the part of a glandelinian blockade runner to wreck the pursuing transport, more especially as the crew of the schooner, immediately after the shocking collision, put off in boats and rowed away in all expedition toward the rebel side of the shores. After disengaging herself from the sinking glandelinian schooner the Angelinian transport pursued her way and reached one of the inner islands near the Bay in such a leaky condition that the troops had to be landed at once.

At the same time one of the objects of Admiral Gaidner was to send an expedition to attempt once more to take big fortress Thumbelina and so the ships sent under Commander Sabine proceeded to the point as soon as ordered with the intention to land their troops as soon as the enemy's batteries were silenced. The strength and position of Thumbelina were known, having been in Angelinian hands since eighteen forty eight, yet though the fleet consisted of eighty strong battle ships they met something unknown looked for. The eighty big vessels advanced firing terrific broadsides at the water front of Maya and Thumbelina but without a single reply till they were well in range, when with a murderous deafening roar the batteries of both forts opened. Sixteen of the ships were immediately crippled and forced to strike, while a shell penetrated the boiler of the flagship the "Turner", causing an explosion that made her a peit wreck. Four other ships, were sunk, and twenty disabled and forced to retreat. The expedition was therefore given up after an hours disastrous action. Many hundreds were killed in the action and by the explosion, the rest escaped except those who survived the wrecked ships and who were made prisoners. It was seen that Thumbelina could not be taken in this way at all.

During this time it happened that the fierce boeler glandelinian Cavalry managed during a terrific sortie to capture an Angelinian supply train of several thousands of wagons loaded with ammunition and a substance, while on the way to Norma Bridge. The guard of the wagons being about thirty thousand in number made a strong resistance, but being fewer in number than the rebels were soon overpowered by the glandelinians, whose headlong attack, and numerical superiority threw the whole train into great confusion and prevented any escape. The strange

Gargoylian cavarly were supposed to have crossed the Jennie Bridge at Klugtonia junction above general Manions first main line of positions, and come down from that point upon the wagon train. This daring act of the glandelinians showed general Manion how materially a large force of cavarly was needed in his besieging armies. The feeling of strong sympathy for unfortunate Angelinian christian officers and men who so long while prisoners suffered outrages at the hands of the unhuman Angelinian gon federates gave way to continually feeling of joy as news came of the escape of many officers and men at many times from Vivian Wickey. From time to time during the siege many hundreds had escaped, and the narrative of the escapes of Angelinian soldiers and officers with child slaves they secured and brought with them had been among the most intensely exciting incidents of the war and siege. But when more than a few thousand contrived to get out of the G city prisoners the interests and excitement knew no bounds. One of the most exciting escapades of prisoners ever occurred was from one of the prisoners in Mic-Wh Arthur Janet. The method employed in escape was as follows;

Two thousand pris prisoners at different points of the prisons having found access to secret cellars, commenced work, relieving one another as the opportunity offered, and having child slaves to watch out and warn them of the approach of the wardens. Their intru instruments were ki knives, one knives, plato knives, chisels and files. After getting through the walls they disposed of the excavated soil by drawing it out in something of a small water bucket, in which they attached to a sort of cord. This would be filled by the party at work in the secret tunnels and pulled out into the cellars by their comrades, who disposed of it by spreading in it in shallow layers over the floor, concealing it beneath straw and other hiding places so the inspectors would not discover their work, the inspectors going round six times every day. The tunnel completed by over one hundred and fifty one days of patient but nerve racking toil, was about sixty hundred feet long, and opened into an old abandoned child slave mill beyond the line of strictest Soodlar guards. In order to elude their pursuers for they took the child slaves with them, who they knew would soon be their traitors, they scattered as much as possible. In this fashion ten thousand soldiers and officers got away and with them nearly as many ragged branded marked child slaves all scattered but each man retaining a child. Indeed many wore their hardships and sufferings, and more frequent were their narrow escapes from the glandelinian Gargoylian cavarly who the next morning were fairly bushwacking the whole region out side the christian lines for them. The joy with which several Angelinian generals and two colonels experienced when they caught sight of the many fugitives knew no bounds, and they rushed in overwhelming numbers upon the rebel pursuers and rescued them, and their joys could not be expressed.

CHAPTER TWENTY.

CHAPTER TWENTY-ON-CHERTOWN.

BIG CHRISTIAN ARMIES UNDER CONCENTINIAN ARONBURG DESCENDS IN FULL FORCE UPON BESIEGED CITY OF VIVIAN WICKY. FIERCE BOMBARDMENTS AND BATTLES RAGES CAUSING IMMENSE LOSS OF LIVES AND PROPERTY--- CATASTROPHE UNPARALLELED IN ANY HISTORY OF THE WORLD--A NIGHT OF IMMENSE DARKNESS HORRORS AND SUFFERING. SAD SCENES BEYOND DESCRIPTION IN ALL PARTS OF THE RUINED CITY. COUNTLESS CORPSES IN THE STREETS EVERYWHERE---A SOMBER, SOLAR WEEK---

---SURVIVING PEOPLE LOYAL TO ANGELINIA APATHETIC, DEJECTED AND HEART BROKEN AND FULL OF DREAD.

FOR these pre proceeding chapters this volume is to show a chronicle of the frightful visitation of the fiercer battles, floods, and explosions and shell fire upon the besieged city of Vivian Wickey, which unparalleled calamity occurred in the latter part of the war of the third year, and the author had taken the utmost care to make this fabled record of the worse of the catastrophes of the war as complete as possible in every detail. No expenses have been spared to write down the occurrences. The situation in the stricken sections of the besieged city of Vivian Wickey during the last threemonths of the siege before its capture is to be portrayed by day exactly as it could have existed if it had been true. (Thank god it was not) and is written in a way that could have outdone the greatest imaginations of any writers. No storm of attack have been followed from its inception, just south of the Julio Callio Section, all around to the last section of Vivian Wickey to the capture of the island and the glandelinian navy, through Norma Catherine, and then along its inward course, until the rebels evacuated the city and all the works and fortifications, the horrors of the battles in the streets the cruel killing of countless thousands of desperate glandelinians by shells, and musketry fire, and exploding mines, the great floods that break out, the wrecking of thousands of buildings in Norma Catherine, the destruction of countless helpless people men women and children by the enraged rebels who murder to revenge their fall are to be given in all its graphic and yet fair language. The fearful mutilation of the dead soldiers and people by the rebel ghoul-like vandals who afterwards depole the corpses of all their arms and valuables and the swift vengeance that follow these unutterable crimes when the Angelinian troops shot the vandals, vampires, and harpies by the hundred score, are to be told in the most vivid and exciting way, the disposal of the countless dead by the casting of their bodies into the sea and big rivers, burying them hastily in long trenches or cremating them by burning them upon the most vast human pyres ever thought of, erected even in the principal streets of the city are painted in the ghastly colors of the results of the rebellious worse horror, the awful wave of insanity which swept over the unfortunate city and claimed hundreds of thousands who had escaped the perils of the deluge of iron hail and explosives, and the flood, and the most frightful battles in the streets is set forth here most graphically. What caused the mighty Lucillia sea Explosion, the possible possibilities of the recurrence of another such explosion, and the danger which constantly hangs over unguarded Galverinian sea coast cities are also given in detail the awful pestilential conditions set up in Vivian Wickey by the wars worse catastrophe, the panic stricken people, flying from the scene, of death, desolation and fires, the horrible spectacle of countless bodies floating in Wickey Bay, and the rivers mouths, the generous response of the people of Angelinia to the appeal for help, all these are written with minuteness. Nothing is wanting to make this work about Vivian Wickey down fall reliable and as correct as possible, in short the story of the wars worse centre is well and accurately told, of a disaster which has not its like in any where in the real world of ours, or like since ever happened in Galverinia itself. Worse than any disaster that ever happened in the Angelinian world.

Justo on the month of July General Concentinian Aronburgs big army pushing up from the south and west, with immense reinforcements gathered from the mobilization camps at Dorothy Gale, Angelinia Agathia, and Oama had reached the besieging christian armies under Mansion, and general Mansion being relieved of his command on account of his condition from overwork in maintaining the siege, he needing rest better Concentinian Aronburg started operations immediately for the taking of all sections of vivian wickey by force. He ordered Zimmerman of the fleets to gather in a frightful storm of shelling upon all of the sea board fortifications and islands combined, and to never cease firing under no circumstances, or no matter what happened or was did, and sending a notice by wireless to the loyal inhabit ants of the city of what was coming, hurled an assault upon the enemys main right which was in possession of Mansions left grand divisions of seven works, and recaptured a all in one days hurricane battle in which he lost over fifty million in killed and wounded and the enemy over eighty and drove the enemy back to their own encampments. Then the main christian batteries of Mansions were massed in full numbers upon the outer works of vivian wickey, while the batteries of his own including, vivianmans and others were reinforced to their aid, and the frightful storm of iron hail, explosives shells grape, and high explosives, which descended upon the fortifications of vivian wickey on the land side for miles and miles causing the loss of many countless of lives among the resisting glandelinian soldiers, and the destruction of millions of dollars worth of property in one day, and then ravaged certain portions of the interior of the city, killing glandelinians there and inflicting damage which cost many millions to repair has had no parallel in any history. The din was dreadful beyond describing, and was added to the shaking artillery wild demonical storm of fire from the forts, and from the sea board as thousands of ships joined in, and the coast was haken for miles.

While this most tremendous cannonading, of the siege was in progress and gaining force hour by hour as more and more cannons went into action general Aronburg at the orders of X Concentinian Aronburg sent forward great forces of two troops which attacked the enemy positions at Jennies and Childrens Bridge carrying all before them and when they urged toward the enemys main line of works they came on like a storm waves lashed into a tremendous irresistible fury, and then it was that despite all resistance, combining their main forces, the christian forces rushed forward with the greatest violence and poured over the works driving the enemy back in confusion.

In the short space of four hours the entire line of enemy works in front of all of the land side of Julio Gallio was fairly covered by the victorious Angelinians, who drove all before them, while the dreadful christian batteries hurled shot, shell and bombs of all kinds, at the rate of one hundred per second, and from many hills which fell into the city by accident, business houses, public buildings, churches, all sorts of residences, even charitable institutions in the hands of the enemy and all other structures gateway before the explosions of many shells, and the glandelinians who were driven from their works and which gave way entirely from or before the pressure of the christian onslaught under viviananna started toward the higher fortifications and works of the city and those of the rebel lines which did not crumble all together, were so torn and injured in the majority of cases, that the survivors fled panic stricken into the very section of Norma Catherine and prepared to defend themselves as a last resource in the houses and streets.

As the Angelinians pressed on, and started battling the enemy in the streets and driving them from one street to another and from house to house during the proceeding night, such a night of horror as the unfortunate inhabitants were forced to pass who witnessed the battle had fallen to the lot of few since the records of any events, storms or wars and sieges in histories of the world were first opened. In the early evening when the glandelinians started to retreat into the city of Norma Catherine and the Angelinians began to first press on from house to house and street to street the people either loyal to Angelinia or disloyal residing along the frontal portions near the besieging lines or the waters of the river and near it, fled in the greatest fear from their homes or into their cellars or sought the highest and any points in the bombarded and fiercely attacked city as places of refuge from the storm of bullets and shot and shell, taking nothing in their haste but the smaller articles articles in their houses

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with them. On and on a fairly c rawled the attacking christian forces pouring like torrents into every street again available until darkness set in, and then as though possessed of a fiendishness of vindictiveness the glandelinians hidden in the various ruined houses, in or behind barricades in the streets, or in doorways on house roofs and elsewhere poured upon the christians as fierce a fire as ever could be delivered but could not at up their headlong attack. Simultaneously an explosion of some big mine burst a levee near Norma Catherine in and in a short time on her water front a flood poured in over the surface of the town, completely submerging it--covering the most elevated ground near it to a depth of five feet, and the lower portions ten and twelve feet. The storm of shot and shell from the christian batteries of countless thousands of guns was equally malignant if not more fiendish and cruel, every score of explosions sounding like the roar of a hundred thunder claps of the loudest kind at once tearing great buildings in possession of the desperately fighting foe and even the most beautiful homes to pieces with a seemingly evident delight, scattering the debris and dead mangled bodies of the glandelinians far and wide, telegraph and telephone poles and lines were thrown down, big fires were ignited, railway tracks and bridges in the city--the latter connecting the city across section of Norma Catherine with the main section of Julio Gallio--torn up and blown to pieces, and the mighty tangled masses of wires, bricks, sections of roofs, sidewalks, fences and many other things hurled into the main thoroughfares, and across streets rendering it impossible for the Angelinians to make their way along for hours enabled the enemy to take advantage of it as a sort of abatis and for days resisted the fierce attacks and the wildest fire of the christian soldiers. In Norma Catherine, during the battle in the streets, and the terrible cannonading fourty million four hundred and fourty thousand people, women and children all loyal to Angelinia covered in terror in cellars, on or in their own homes in face of deadly peril, in terror for many days, the intense darkness of nights and the awful scenes of day, and the sickly inferno of firing and fighting in the streets, the roaring and crashing of volleys of many thousands of distant cannons, the demonic howling and shrieking of many shells and the indescribable and awful crashing, tearing and rending as the houses, hundreds at a time per day were wrecked and shattered, or ever sounding in their ears. Often too the apparently friendly shelter where many families had taken refuge it would be swept away, the explosions and falling of buildings plunging hundreds and hundreds of helplessness who dared to remain above their cellars into the mad scene of death and destruction or into the mad current of the floods caused by the bursting of the river levee which flowed through every lower section street of the town, and fathers and poor mothers were forced to undergo the agony of seeing their children drown, or die of horrible shell wounds, with no possibilities of rescue, hundreds every day lost their wives on account of their own recklessness, and wives their husk husbands, and the elements of bombardment and war were only merciful when the shell explosions destroyed an entire reckless family at once.

All during the fearful weeks engagement until the Glandelinians were finally driven out and into Norma Catherine and a gray and gloomy dawn finally finally broke upon the sorrowing and stricken city the entire population of Norma Catherine stood face to face with the grim death in its most horrible shapes, they could not hope for anything more than the fury of the bombs, the death from bullets, or the ravaging fury of glandelinians bursting upon them with intent of vengeance for their defeat, and as they realized that at every passing moment that souls of the inhabitants as well as scores of thousands of the enemy were being hurled into eternity, it was at all wonderful indeed that after the strain was over, and Norma Catherine was in possession of the Angelinians and all her land fortifications and works, and all was quieted down, and the strain was over and all danger from battle and foe gone, reason should be finally unseated and men women and children by thousands break into the unmeaningly unmeaning gayety of the maniacs!

Not one inhabitant of Norma Catherine who had faced all the horrors of the enemy and the entire edge old enough to realize the terrible situation had any other idea than that death was probably to be the fate of all before even another day was passed, so fierce was the storm of death and destruction all around and the conflicts in the streets and houses, and when this long and weary suspense to which was added the chill of stormy weather, and the growing pangs of horror, and hunger and big conflagrations raging, was at last broken by the evacuation of the enemy, and by the first sunray of hope of the Angelinians now being in possession, the latter was not entirely welcome, for the face of the sun was hidden by morose and ugly clouds from burning fires all over.

Thousands were killed or wounded during the fray, and their bodies either mangled or mutilated by the explosions of shells or by the falling wreckage which had been tossed everywhere like the horrors of Florida, left to decompose in the slimy ooze deposited by the flood or forced to lie in the streets naked and exposed to all sorts of weather. Dejection and dependency succeeded fright and horror, the majority of the business men of the city, had suffered such losses that they were completely over come by apathy, nearly all the hon homes of the people on the front sides of the city facing the christian batteries were in smoking ruins, covered with masses of scorched or dead bodies of glandelinians killed in the horrible death struggle, the streets were now impassable, and the dead of both sides lay thickly on every side, like streams blown from a hay stack by a cyclone, all telegraph and telephone wires were down, and as miles and miles of railroad track had disappeared inside the city under masses of wreckage, and the bridges destroyed or wrecked, there was absolutely no means of communication for the besieged enemy with the outer world, except by escaping by sea and river. The strange spectacle was then presented of the richest and biggest city in the Angelinian world lying with one section already fairly lying prostrate like a dead child, helpless and hopeless, a prey to glandelinian hordes, vultures, a hordes of thieves, thugs and outlaws of every sort, its people starving untill the Angelinians took possession and gave their rations to them, and the awful putrid bodies of its dead, and the awful numbers of dead and wounded or dead entirely of both sides breeding pestilence.

How

HOW THIS BIG AND TERRIFIC ONSLAUGHT WAS ORIGINATED.

Big christian columns which moved with the velocity of that which managed to sweep with irresistible force into Norma Catherine and which were also common to the southern and southeastern coasts near Vivian Wickley invariably was originating or originated by the cleverness of general Noro Viviananna and Francis Viviananna who helped general Concentinian Aronburg capture the city of Francis Atlanta after a three and half years siege and almost destroy Manley's three armies there, according to general Hansonia Francis Johnston. It had been probably known that the generals had at first intended to move their armies against Mic-Walther Janet a little further east of Norma Catherine but general Concentinian Aronburg ordered different and in this most particular instance the place of concentration therefore was quite south and east of Norma Catherine, and the other movement of the armies north of Norma and Jennie Bridges. The outstanding lines of the assaulting christian vases of men varied in length from forty to forty five miles in length, and as they had moved on in separate columns shifted their extreme columns between Jennie Vivian, and Gunbeam Creek and then pushed on with a force so irresistible that nothing what ever could withstand it. Because of the capture of Norma Catherine in a week's time it was by two immensely strong columns of

Abyssinkilian and Inkis Troops supported by Angelinians and Abbeismians, meeting within the very section of the city at a perfect angle, and thus it caused the city and the enemy forces defending it so desperately in the buildings and streets to be rapidly rapurapidly placed between a deadly converging fire from overwhelming numbers, and which finally caused the glandelinians to withdraw step by step from Norma Catherine, and retreat into the stronger defenses of Julio Gallo. It is or was seldom that a storming assault of any kind, moved so successfully or so far into such a well defended town as did this one made by the Angelinians, but it was not however unprecedented.

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The reason that the Angelinian forces under Viviananna and his assistants captured Norma Catherine so quickly and even the assaulting lions roaring so far as the outer defenses of Norma Catherine, was that the assaulting columns pressed on by the constant commands of their officers, moved about twice the same force as other armies did on making onslaughts in battle. Thus usually the force of such onslaughts would be swept like a wind storm on a line of works only and be broken up by losses and so on, but this assault was supported by an ever increasing number of troops, and so though the enemy fought for a week, day and night as desperately as men could fight, and standing their ground like lions they could not withstand the ever increasing pressure of the series of deadly assaults and therefore Norma Catherine was hastily abandoned. The whole works of Norma Catherine were captured on the land side, besides thousands of big cannons, and many prisoners. This assault at once missed the main outer works called the Maya and Thunbolin fortifications, and consequently was deflected further to the north. The thunder of guns from these forts which tried to stop the assault sounded like many big thunderstorms raging in one instant region, and all the districts just far north of this big storming assault was under heavy artillery fire from both sides, which seemed to be the natural result after such commotions of the opposing armies, the besiegers and the besieged. The conditions of the earthworks around or near Norma Catherine were put into such a serious condition by Viviananna's big artillery storm that when the assaulting columns reached them, the defenders had no possible means as cannons and other means to escape a disastrous defeat, and hence the dire results. All the cannons of their outer works had been dismantled and the works had been carried through at dreadful loss to the Angelinians and Francis Viviananna was severely wounded and general Johnston also. If there had been a chance for the Angelinian columns of its right wing in particular to have been able without more resistance to move further westward so as to go straight west it would in all probability, have captured the fortresses of Thunbolin and Maya, but though some assaults were made by weaker columns, and though it was heavily cannonaded, the fortifications received no living more than a severe shaking up. In this event the worst effects had in a probability been felt by the enemy who defended Norma Catherine and Concentinian Aronburg knew that if fortress Gertrude Angelina, Mic-Holleston, Thunbolin, and fortress Vivian and Silverbe 11, and the Evangelina grandia Heights were not taken Norma Catherine would be recaptured in no time by the foe.

It was indeed an absolute impossibility for any one to ever form an idea of the extent and magnanimity of the disaster within a week of its occurrence. The morning of the day after the city was in possession of the Angelinians, when the fearful battle and cannonading had subsided in this locality, the streets of all parts of Norma Catherine were found clogged with debris of all sorts. The people of Norma Catherine could not hardly realize for several days what had really happened to the enemy, and whether they were delivered from the one enemy or not.

Forty thousand six hundred houses had been entirely demolished by explosions of shells or by conflagrations started by the bombardment, and hardly a building in the town was fit for habitation. The people released at last from the enemy's power so suddenly were apathetic, they wandered around the streets in a aimless sort of way, unable to do anything whatever, and afraid to have preparations made for the reparation of the great damage done for fear the enemy would counter attack and recapture Norma Catherine. The morning following the beginning of the wars worse catastrophe it was apparent that not all of the glandelinians had been really driven out at that for Norma Catherine was completely in the hands of large bands of Gargoylian thieves, thugs, ghouls, vampires, and bandits, and many of them even women and glandelinian girl and boy scouts, who made all attempts to search and rob the dead soldiers of the fallen christian side, and mutilated the thousands of mangled corpses which were lying everywhere, ransacked all business and munition houses still standing, and residences, blowing up big munition plants to prevent their being taken over by the Angelinians, and creating a reign of terror among the non-combatants by attempting to murder the little children, fire on men and women from ambush, and do all kinds of insults, which lasted and continued to increase, until the officers in command of the forces which had

captured Vivian Wickey sent large companies of men to patrol every street, alley, to guard ruined houses, and houses, and to watch everything possible. The general in charge ordered out all the remnants of general Winstons command and various associations of business men also applied men who assisted the Angelinian soldiers in doing strict patrol duty in the ruined and bombarded city and its suburbs. The deep depredations of the lawless glandelinian spies and murderers, were of an inconceivably brutal character. Unprotected women and children, whether found upon the streets, or close inside their own ruined homes, or in their cellars were subjected to all kinds of outrage or assault, and not only robbed of their clothing and other valuables but their little girls and boys threatened with destruction or the rebels attempting to kidnap the children and carry them away. Julio Gallio. Even not only pedestrians were held up in broad day light on the public streets and thoroughfares but also soldiers who happened to be off their guard, and compelled to give up all valuables in their possessions. The bodies of dead soldier soldiers, even of dead women and men were completely despoiled of everything, and in their haste to secure the valuables and escape before the Angelinian guards would see them the glandelinian ghouls would even mutilate the corpses in any manner possible, cutting off fingers even to get the things and rings thereon, and also amputating the ears and heads of women to get the earrings, or strings of beads wrapped tightly around their necks. The majority of the glandelinian thieves and vampires belonged to the fierce Zimmermannians, but were reinforced by glandelinian desperadoes from Julio Gallio, Vivian Wickey, and Michaeler Janet who took advantage of the lull in the frightful battle and war storm to rush disguised as Angelinians into Norma Catherine immediately after the great disaster, obtaining free transportation on the railroads and steamers and even Angelinian ships upon a pretense that they were Angelinian officers of the red cross going to Norma Catherine for the purpose of working with the strong bodies of relief parties and the gangs assigned for burial of the many dead soldiers of both sides. Their outrages indeed became so flagrant and the people of the city became so terrified in consequence of their depredations and of the fact that Fortress Thumblinia was bombarding Norma Catherine now that the Angelinian authorities now in charge of Norma Catherine unable to cope with them, most of the officers of the interior having been victims of the battle and bombardment, that an appeal was made to general Viviana to send all his troops into the city and procure the preservation of order. General Goncentinian Aronburg was also implored to lend his main aid in putting down the many lawless glandelinian bands, and they accordingly sent the entire of Vivianas and Vivianamans victorious armies in their commands who had not met death of serious wounds in the blood battle of Norma Catherine. There was on account of the firing from fortress Thumblinia in getting the main troops to Norma Catherine, because the rebels at other portions destroyed many miles of railway, and made such big floods that all ways of transportation on land had been washed away and also that Fort Gertrude Angelina, was bombarding Norma Catherine like a fury of hell. Adjutant general Beppo Barance was compelled to notify general Winstons whose arm was wounded upon slings to notify the main besieging christian commanders to send some christian cavalry by courier, but the general ordered Vivianams army to push on to Norma Catherine at once to garrison the other body of troops there, and with the instructions to promptly shoot all persons and glandelinians found despoiling the dead. At the same time he was preparing his batteries, and immense forces to storm Gertrude Angelina.

Most of the glandelinian vampires were even women and glandelinian girl and boy scouts, some of them even surprising to relate being pretty girls at that not under ten years of age, but as they did it for their cause the latter were as savage in their depredations and merciless in their treatment of the dead as the most abandoned of their grown up companions. The real regulars were put on full duty in full force on the night when the glandelinians at Gertrude Angelina were throwing big shellshells and there in the city, and before morning had shot hundreds of the things even the boys and girls not receiving mercy, and those who were captured grown up or not were executed on the spot when found in the act of robbery. In every instance the pockets of many of the glandelinian harb harpies slain by the Angelinian troops were found filled with bullets and military possessions, mingled with jewelry and other valuables, and in some cases, even even fingers and hands and ears were

found in their possessions which had been cut from the dead either of soldiers or dead men and women, the vampires no doubt being in such a hurry, that they could not wait to tear the rings off. Simultaneously at another point of the city among a windrow of still smouldering wreckage a scouring party of Winkie Abyssinkilian troops came across a gang of two thousand one hundred and fifty glandelinian desperadoes sixty of which were rebel girl scouts not more than ten years old, who were searching the ruins and despoiling the bodies of the dead Angelinian and even glandelinian

soldiers found smashed in the burned wreckage of the ruined houses. With commendable promptness the regulars moved forward with the purpose of placing the boy and girl and men and women ghouls under arrest arr arrest, but they immediately retreated to the shelter of the ruins and fought so desperately that eighty of the Angelinians were killed and forty three wounded before fifty of the rebels were captured. The rest fought their way through suffering a loss of two hundred dead and wounded and those who were captured having been caught with the goods on them were lined up against a brick wall and without ceremony shot down. In case where the villains were not killed at the first fire, the officers in command of the firing squads administered coup de grace. Many of the glandelinian boy and girl thugs thus captured also begged piteously for mercy but no attention was paid to their feelings and though children they suffered the same stern fate as the rest. When all the other troops arrived in the captured city they took the same severe but harsh and cruel measures and the result was that within twelve hours or even less the city was as safe from such robbers as it had ever been before its capture by the glandelinians. The Angelinians arrested every suspicious character and stranger and the jails and cells not ruined by the bombardments in the city, and the prison camps within the christian lines outside the city were filled to overflowing. These people being mostly girls and boy scouts of the enemy were deported immediately for the main christian camps further away and notified that if they tried to escape from the lines and returned to Norma Catherine, they would be shot without warning.

The temper of the Angelinian and Winkie soldiers was such that they would not temporize in any case with those who were neither any criminals or rebels or inclined to work. Every able bodied man in town was impressed for duty in relief and burial parties and whenever an a man refused to do the work required he was promptly shot down. By another morning all the men required, scores of thousands of them had been obtained, and relief and burial parties were filled to a greater quota deemed necessary, and the work of despoiling of the bodies of that awful sea of dead soldiers of both sides, administering to the wants of the countless wounded soldiers, the people of the city, and the clearing of the streets of the debris was proceeded on satisfactorily. The dead soldiers of both sides lay in the streets and vacant places, and among the ruins of houses, and in the good firm ones in hundreds of thousands, and the heat of the sun, and the heat of fires and warmth of recent conflagrations began to have its neutral effects. Decomposition began to set in, and the stench became unbearable. At first an effort was made to identify the numerous Angelinian soldiers killed in the battle of Norma Catherine but it was soon found that the work could not be proceeded with as any delay imperiled the living. Fears entertained to regard to pestilence were speedily verified, and the people of the city and the soldiers in possession were taken ill by scores. It was even then despite the strict orders very difficult to obtain men to perform the duty of burying the awfully bloated corpses of the victims of the catastrophic battle, and consequently the Angelinian and city authorities ordered that the dead be loaded on barges and all kinds of boats, taken out a few miles to sea or into the river, self weighted and thrown into the water, or even cremated. The ground at many places had become so water soaked from the floods that occurred on account of the explosions that it was impossible to dig even trenches for the reception of the countless bodies, although in many instances the people and soldiers managed to bury their friends and relatives either in the yards or the ground surrounding their residences. Along the river banks countless pyramids of soldiers gray and blue uniforms were buried in the sand or weighted and thrown into deep water, but the majority of the burials were at sea. By another succeeding night 2,500,000 bodies had been cast into the water, while about five hundred thousand or more had been interred within the city limits. Precautions were taken however to mark all the graves, and who

the ground had dried sufficiently & the bodies were disinterred, and taken to various recently made cemeteries where after funerals, suitable memorials were erected to mark their last resting places. No attempts however were made at identifications, lists being simply made only of the victims, the graves of those buried in the beach areas or in the army cemeteries being marked with headboards, telling the name, age, and so on of the person, male, female, and children as the case might be. So accustomed did the burial parties seem to become to the handling of so many thousands of dead that they apparently treated the mangled bodies as though they were merely carcasses of animals and not bodies of soldiers and friends and children, and they were dumped into the mile long trenches prepared for their reception without ceremony of any kind. The excavations were then filled up as hurriedly as possible, the ground or sand being packed down tightly. This might indeed have seemed brutal and very unfeeling, and mean, but in truth the exigencies of the dreadful situation, demanded that the legions of corpses be put out of the way as speedily as possible.

The greatest difficulty was experienced in securing men among the soldiers and even non-combatants to transport dead bodies of soldiers, men women and children to the Norma Catherine River wharves where the numerous barges and boats lay, and it was also practically an impossibility to get any one to touch the bodies of many of the child victims, decomposition having set in earlier than in the case of the dead grown ups, and had it not been that members of the soldiers finally volunteered their services the remains of so many dead mangled children would have remained unburied for a long or time than they were. Finally however patience ceased to be a virtue and orders were given all guards and soldiers to shoot any man or soldier comrade even, who refused to do his duty under the cruel circumstances.

The result of this was that at the beginning of the second week and there was less delay in the matter of disposing of so many dead. However in spite of the active activities of the burial parties the work of clearing the streets of the corpses was a most tedious one, for the workers, and the city day and night was constantly under fire from Gertrude Angeline and Maya and Thumbelina, whose shelling was a method of driving the Angelinians out, or a covering, for the enemy's preparations to counter the assault the city as soon as opportunity presented itself. For this time nothing further had been done to accomplish the assault on Thumbelina and Norma Catherine's rear guard fortifications.

SIGNAL STATION REPORTS ON THE STORMING ASSAULTS OF FORTRESS THUMBELINA, AND GERTRUDE ANGELENE.

The forecast official reports of the glandelinian signal stations at Julio Gallio to General Francis Stanek made the following reports, two weeks later of the fierce Angelinian assaults on Fortress Thumbelina, Gertrude Angeline, and Maya;

The local signal station office of the glandelinians at Julio Gallio sent in the first message to General Francis Stanek who now commanded the situation in McAllister's place (the latter having resigned his command) in regard to the advancing christian assault against Fortress Thumbelina, Maya and Gertrude Angeline at 8 P.M. The assaulting columns were reported to be ten miles long and was now moving northward over the stretches of the Sunbeam creek, while the guns of the attacking and besieging ships were hammering the fortifications from the water side with might and main. Each hour thereafter amid the tremendous uproar of the wildest battle ever yet at civilian wharves, until the Angelinian columns struck their charge home bullets were posted by every glandelinian general in Julio Gallio giving reports of the progress of the assaulting columns, and the reports of the vallant defenders and how they fared out, and also giving the progressive movements of the big Angelinian disturbance. An hour afterwards reports came in that the assailants had been repulsed in the attack on fortress Gertrude Angeline with frightful loss, but that the other and main columns had now moved up over the southern region of gunbeam creek, and streamed up toward the Fortress side of the river Norma gun, and thence was changing its course of attack and moving westward upon all parts of the outer works of the fortress, and that the most violent of the attack was central of the

Turner gun section, when the warnings of approaching columns toward Evangelina Crania Heights were ordered up to the signal stations at Aronburg and Federal. At four thirty o'clock the attack of the whole christian line of assault had increased

in energy and was covered by a most tremendous cannonade, and that though one portion of the line had been crippled and crumpled up, the rest was still moving forward in terrible array against Thumbelina, and at five o'clock the Julio Gallio batt le and attack warnings were changed to Evangelina Crania also. When was the entire stretch of the Norma Catherine section of the main line of Lucille Jackson fortifications were in danger. The many signal stations in front of the fortress continued to be busy until the flying shot shell and grape of the christian batteries brought all the signal stations down with the killing and wounding of all who were operating them, many of the glandelinian officers could not get the use of the telegraphs and telephones on account of all lines and communication being cut off. Glandelinian officers in Julio Gallio came in big droves followed by men to the main officers headquarters inquiring about the situation at Thumbelina and fortress Maya and Gertrude Angeline. About the same time the following information was given to all alike;

"The christian attackers are now in possession of Fortress Maya, south or southwest of us, the attacking columns moving against Gertrude Angeline anew, are shifting their headlong advance to the north northeast--east, and probably another is moving from the southeast, their attack, and the fire of general Noro's batteries increasing in energy by the deafening noise of the conflict. If you officers and men have any residences in the lower parts of Julio Gallio, move to higher ground to your strong fortifications. It is apparent that at no time whatever Julio Gallio and the fortresses around her frontal sections will be under a hammering fire."

"Prepare for the worse, which is yet to come" were the only consoling words of the signal station men at Julio Gallio from morning until night that day, when no further information could be given out. The local signal station men, and one observer stayed at one of the signal stations close to Fortress Thumbelina throughout the entire storm of battle, although the building was wrecked and many were killed and wounded around about it. Many officers who were at Julio Gallio at the time went out to take observations of the scene of the battle about four P.M. and one of the officers though two miles away got killed by a heavy explosive bursting in the sky like the loudest clap of thunder.

Another observing officer left after he had sent the last telegram which could be gotten off, it being filed at Aronburg Federal over the telegraph wires about 4 P.M. of that fatal afternoon. Over half of the city of Aronburg Federal was then reported to be covered with flood waters caused by levees bursting near the McAllister gun river, which were destroyed by the fire of the besiegers and one of the other daring observers left for his own headquarters also at 4 P.M. after he had done all he possibly could, as wires and all were then going down. The entire city was covered with flood waters from one to even five and six feet deep, and once in a while shells fell and exploded in the flooded streets. On his way to his headquarters he saw thousands of glandelinian soldiers and he informed all he could that the worse was still to come, that the fortresses could not and would not hold out, that Maya already was captured and overwhelming forces were concentrating against the heights of Evangelina Crania and the soldiers and officers who could not hear his voice either on account of the distance or the din of the shelling and roar of cannon he motioned them to go to their fortifications at Julio Gallio and prepare for what may come.

The fiercest assaults as the observers saw were repulsed from fortress Thumbelina at 8:10 P.M. but the assaults were resumed with greater violence a little later even though with the same results. The tide of attack at about eight P.M. managed to push its way through and over all the outer works of fortress Gertrude Angeline simultaneously, and the highest fury of the battle raged when a dreadful attack was made from both the southeast and north east upon Gertrude Angeline supported by the fire of the captured guns of Maya, and the extreme velocity and force of the assault almost carried the fort at that time, though by dint of courage, utmost desperation, and most dogged and determined fighting the glandelinians who defended the fortress managed to finally repulse the christian assailants with dreadful slaughter and four generals killed and twenty wounded.

One of the highest battlements of fortress Thumbelina was blown down by a high explosive shell from a christian siege gun at this time, and the curtain of artillery fire was more wilder and furious later when everything seemed to be going before it, and fierce fires and floods were aging simultaneously when the signal station observers estimated that the Angelinian was assaulting columns extended between ten and twenty miles in length and came on with apparently irresistible violence. The daring observers who witnessed the final repulse of the assault at all points, even to Evangelina Grania believed from the records heard his followers managed to save that a good part of the assaulting wave moved inward over the works of the fortress near the flanks of Gertrude Angeline, going up toward Margaret Forde but was finally repulsed also.

The warning of the glandelinian signal stations were the means of the fortifications at that time being saved from captured except Maya through the hurricane of christian soldiery, and orin stell and explosives.

The attack and the artillery fire of the christian batteries, and from captured Maya however were a dreadfully severe that it was impossible for the surprised glandelinians to prepare for such destruction. The signal stations of the main part to relieve apprehension stated on the following morning that everything within sight was going on again as normal and there were as yet no indications of another storming attack following.

The surviving garrisons of fortress Gertrude Angeline and Thumbelina did not need to awaken from sleep on the following morning, for they had not slept at all the night before. For many wear hours throughout that fearful bloody day they had stood face to face with the contending christian armies arrayed against them, and knew that being face to face with death ruin and disaster that hundreds of thousands of had yielded up their lives, and that in the property of fortress Thumbelina alone millions of dollars damage had been done by the christian shell fire and many of their strongest barracks in the fort and buildings were wrecked and burned. Of all the scores of thousands of barracks inside that immense redan or fortress there was not a building which was not either entirely destroyed or wrecked, many of the cannons were dismounted, the camps were crowded with wounded being already preparing for transportation to Julio Gallio, everything outside the works and fortifications lay looked as if a cyclone had raged, trees were down and splintered, furrows and craters were in the ground, and the soldiers and garrisons of both forts still in their possession lived in the valley of the long shadow of death, seemingly helpless and hopeless, deprived of all hope and ambition--they merely waiting for the appearance of the military death rattle, a roll and the order from their main generals to evacuate the battered fortifications before they were heavily stormed again in such condition, as there was no hopes of holding out much longer.

Confusion and chaos reigned everywhere, death and horrible desolation were on all sides, wreck, fires and ruin and dismounted guns and fragments of exploded guns and gun caissons, and scores of thousands of dead horses were the only things visible wherever the eye might happen to rest, and with no other occupation than the search for and the burial of the dead it was strange that the thoroughfares and even company streets inside the fortifications were not filled with some insane victims of the bombardments frightful visit.

For days the garrisons of the three fortresses knew from the reports of the approach of Conventinian Arab Aronburgs overwhelming armies that there was great dangers ahead, they were warned repeatedly, but they laughed derisively at all fears, military operations went on as usual, and when the blow came it found at least fortress Maya so strong before to resist any tidal wave of men, fully unprepared this time, and without a strong garrison or batteries, and thus was captured, and the others assaulted and cannonaded with dreadful results though they held gallantly to the last.

Owing to the stupefaction following the awful second catastrophe, the glandelinian garrison already menaced by the Angelinians in possession of Maya and the dreaded siege batteries far beyond were in no condition either physical or mental to provide for further resistance, and even depended upon the main lines further beyond at the works near Julio Gallio, for food provisions, and clothing or they would have to withdraw from the fortifications. Indeed it was seen that the garrisons if they were to withstand another attack needed immediate

relief but how they were to get it from the main fortifications was a mystery, for fortress Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline were not in touch with the city. The bombardment of the fortifications strong as they had been were sorely stricken, and the generals in charge appealed to the main commanders at Julian Wickey to send food, provisions, clothing, ammunition and water. The waterworks in possession of the garrison near Maya and Thumbelina were in ruins and all the hastily made military cisterns all blown away, so that the lack of water was one of the most serious of the troubles for the garrisons. Never did assaults or bombardments of a place work more cruelly. All the electric light and telegraph wires and poles within and outside the fortifications were prostrated, and the interior of the forts were littered with the timbers, slate, big blocks of cannon, glass, and every conceivable character of debris caused by the explosions of shells among the army barracks. There was hardly a habitable barrack barracks in the entire fortification, and every home of the glandelinian generals and officers were either wrecked or badly damaged. On the following morning, there were deaths among the garrison among those badly and not mortally wounded, or from hunger and thirst, and also exposure, and the list began to swell rapidly. Still maintaining the fortresses and expecting help the garrisons were living it through as best as they could--in the ruins of their barracks, in torn tents, in other buildings, in captured rail railway stations, in other parts, in the dugouts, and in the company streets of the city of barracks, by the sides of their beloved dead. So great indeed was the desolation one could not imagine a more sorrowful and unconsoling place. No hands were playing, no wagon trains with provisions could reach the fortifications only sad a sullen eyed men walked about the company streets, or lounged about with weapons at their side expecting another assault and artillery storm every moment, the dead and wounded being hastily gathered up monopolizing the attention of those capable of doing anything whatever, and the fortifications were at the mercy of the crowding batteries of fortress Maya.

On account of the attack and bombardment of these three fortresses Julio Gallio suffered badly. In the business section of the city the water from a flood set loose by the Angelinian dynamiting engineers was from ten to three feet deep in stores, and stocks of all kinds, including food stuffs were total losses, and from Beldon Avenue, to Sacramento Avenue tenches to the river beach of normal gun not a vestige of a residence was to be seen. It was a common spectacle--that of the unfortunate christian inhabitants of the blown city, wandering around in a forsaken and forlorn way, indifferent to anything around them, and paying no attention to inquiries of friends and relatives, or the rough words of the wicked glandelinians in possession of the city, and orders to stay within doors. God forbid that such scenes will ever be enacted in the United States.

It was thought from the scene going on that the vengeance of the very fates, had been visited upon Julian Wickey and her outside sections in its most appalling shape upon the place which had unwittingly incurred its wrath. Alas! how it was very fortunate after all, that all the hundreds of thousands come compelled to endure those horrible trials, and privations were temporarily deprived of their very understanding, were so stunned that for a time they could not appreciate the enormity of the disasters.

At the beginning of the attack upon fortress Thumbelina the first loss of life among glandelinian officers was at Barracks No. ten in the strand section of the fortress, where three of the most prominent generals of the whole garrison, lost their lives, and many other officers and generals were maimed and imprisoned. These were at the windows of the barracks directing the men in the city of barracks when the Angelinians were swarming over the works, giving frantic orders here and there, seeming to make light of the great danger, when a big high explosive blew up on the roof where it crashed through, the roof suddenly caving in, and coming down with a crash killing them. Those in the lower part of the building escaped from the falling wreckage with their lives in a miraculous manner, as the falling roof and flooring happened to catch on a sort of bar, enabling the officers and men standing near it to crawl under the debris.

It took several hours after the assault was repulsed for men and diggers and hard work too to get them out. One rebel officer a lieutenant who was sent for relief during the fray, was shot down by an Angelinian sharpshooter as he was crossing a flooded district, his body being found a short time afterwards.

Fully seven hundred officers were congregated in another building close by most of them more or less injured in various ways. On general Terracrine Licaner, reported the loss of one hundred and fifty officers who were killed within the firing line, and he himself was severely wounded about the head by the explosion of a grapeshot. Some of the glandelinian generals who were on an inspection tour of the ruined and shell swept earthworks outside the forts, and who passed along them as far as about a mile climbing over the piles of shattered lumber, machines, and abatis, which had once also been strong earthworks of some sort found four thousand dead bodies which had been observed in half a mile of works, and seven thousand in another section of the same works, while as many as sixty thousand corpses were seen lying singly and in immense groups in the space of one mile. A majority of those killed in the tremendous battle, however were under the wreckage of mined earthworks. The body of general Sarahania sum monis was found near his headquarters his features set in death his hands set ill grasping his pistol tight ly. The remains of his staff officers who also were killed in the disaster were never found. The reports from the ruins of the Glandelinian Main Infirmary and Base hospitals showed that only ten escaped the number of wounded soldiers there, their attendants and others being over six thousand. The headquarters building in possession of general Rosenburger Zimmerman chosen as a place of refuge and defense by the few numbers of glandelinians who had fled from their captured works had collapsed under shell fire, and very few of those who had really taken refuge there and defended themselves and the building ever escaped—how many cannot be told, and will never be known. Never before had the following days risen upon such a sight of the day as soon visited his face behind the dull and leaden smoke clouds of big fires, and hardly ever shined, and surely it was enough to draw tears even from the inanimate things, but it was the horrible fate of rebellion. At a small railroad depot near fortress Thumelina one of the Angelinian officers of the commands who were besieging it picked up the lifeless form of several girls and little boys within a few feet of the terrible fortress. It was believed that either their parents were among the lost, or that they had been escaped child slaves and had ran into the midst of the terrible firing of both sides and were thus riddled with shot and shell fragments. The station building and other points was selected as a point of refuge by hundreds of people who fled from Norma Catherine and although all the windows and south portions of the walls were torn down or blown in, and the occupants expected every moment to be their last during the battle, escape for the Glandelinians at that time in possession was then impossible, for about the big building at the time the water of flood was fully twelve feet deep, and the glandelinians there had to surrender to prevent themselves from being drowned. A couple of small abandoned ammunition shanties were floating about, but there was no means under such shell fire of making rafts or getting boats. And in Norma Catherine itself every available building in that section of Vivian Wickey was used as a hospital for the millions of wounded Angelinians and for wounded non-combatants. As for the countless dead, they were being put away anywhere. In one large building on St. Anna Street all the space that could be cleared was occupied by the hundreds of wounded Angelinian officers, who were falling leading charges against Gertrude Angeline, or who helped in the capture of Norma Catherine. It also was nothing strange to see the dead, and crippled and bandaged soldiers everywhere, and the living indeed were fascinated by the large fields of dead they could hardly be dragged away from the spots, where the corpses were piled where were dead by the score of thousands, by the hundreds of thousands, and by the millions. It was a city of the dead, a vast battlefield within a city, the slain glandelinians alone being the victims, of flood, shell fire and terrible discharges of canister, and also of flames and fallen wreckage. Of course we can know that probably the dead of the Angelinian side may have been or were now now at rest, and the living non-combatants had to suffer, despite the aid being at hand from the soldiers, but how were the souls of the dead dead glandelinians getting along. In many portions of the town of Norma Catherine the amount of the damage could not never be estimated. The many different kinds of houses, near

the river front, even wholesale houses, buildings for business, and even schools and churches, effected by the flood let loose upon the enemy had about seventeen feet of water for two days so above above even their ground floors, and all the window panes and glass and roofs of the buildings and protectors of all kinds were demolished not from shells but from concussion of the terrible cannonade of both sides. On Turner Anna Street please the water was just as deep, and all provisions of whole sale abandoned groceries and goods on the lower floors, were saturated and rendered valueless by the enemy themselves who abandoned the city. In clearing away the ruins of an enormous Catholic Orphan Asylum the most heart rending scenes and evidence of the great heroism and love of the very sisters and the attendants were discovered. Bodies of many of the little folks boys and girls were found riddled by shot, crushed and mangled by wreckage, and also which indicated by their position that the most heroic measures were taken to keep them together so that all might be saved. The sisters had during the explosions of shells and grapeshots all around during the bombardment of Norma Catherine by the enemy at fortress Thumelina had tied the children altogether in bunches of eights, nines and even tens and then tied the cords around their own waists. In this way they had probably hoped to quiet the fears of the children during the terrible but unsuccessful artillery storm and lead them to safety. It would probably have been accomplished but a terrific high explosive fell in one of the rooms of the building and exploded with such terrific force as to shatter shatter the upper rooms of the building and from the concussion the whole structure fell, carrying the entire number of inmates with it, and burying them under tons of debris. Two crowds of children about two hundred of them, tied and attached to the sisters had been found covered with rubble so deep that it was evident that they died of want of air. In one heap the children were found piled on the heroic sisters, and the arms of one little five year old girl were clasped tightly around a sister's neck. In the wreck of the Home over two thousand one hundred and ninety children, and sixty six sisters the entire number of the inmates, and twenty hired hands and the engineer were killed. It was first believed they had been massacred by the enemy during the retreat from the city, but the discovery of the groups of sisters and little ones in the terrible ruins indicated that all were killed and buried under the wreckage caused by the enemy's guns.

The following days after the futile assaults upon Thumelina and Gertrude Angeline were days of the greatest sufferings for both sides, and the non-combatants besides; although the Christian population had hardly at sufficiently recovered from the shock of the mightiest of calamities to realize that they would have been hungry and cold if the Angelinians had not shared their own rations with them. On the second day all relief trains sent from captured Calverine, from Pandora, and also from Angelinia Agathia and Porothy Gale toward Vivian Wickey were forced to turn back, the tracks having been washed away by succeeding floods made by the enemy in their futile efforts to drive back the big Angelinian assaults. On the same day general Viviananna who had led the assaults in which Norma Catherine was captured, and also directed the assaults upon the outer works of Thumelina and Gertrude Angeline declared that some slight relief had been at last sent in, the railroad from girl Knool Lines to Norma Catherine junction having been found intact, boats also taking the supplies from that point up the rivers, and the besieging transports also giving aid. Food, uniforms for soldiers, and provisions and food for the women and children of the city were the things most needed just then for all who flocked to the Christian lines for safety. While the men and soldiers had been able to get along with the clothing and uniforms they had on, and what they had secured since the two disasters, the women and children of the bombarded city suffered considerably and there was much delirium and sickness among them in consequence. It was noticeable however that the Angelinian women and even little children of the city had by their own brave example been instrumental in reviving the drooping spirits of the men inhabitants. Since the assaults of Thumelina there was now better feeling prevalent among the non-combatants, as news had been received that within a few more days the acute distress would be over, except in the matter of shelter. Every house standing in Norma Catherine was damp and unhealthy, and most of the very wounded soldiers were not getting along as well as hoped for.

Countless numbers of the injured had been sent out of Norma Catherine to the Christian lines, to Angelinia Agathia by rail, and other places, but hundreds of thousands still remained. It would have endangered their very lives to have moved them. That following night, ninety Glendolinian spies were shot down in their tracks by even citizen guards. One of them was scared and seven hundred dollars found, together with some important plans belonging to an Angelinian general, and two water so soaked important letters. A dangerous looking pistol was clutched in his right hand. In the afternoon of the same day at the suggestion of some of the generals mounted squads of numerous concentinian cavalry soldiers under general Brockfilder was detailed by his superior to search a section of the town where it was reported a number of Glendolinian spies and looters were to be seen.

"Shoot them in the air tracks boys." Said the general. "The plunderers and spies however cleverly changed their locations before the arrival of this big detachment however, and the raiders even back emptied handed. Twenty eight hundred hundred cases of looting were reported between three and six in the evening. At six o'clock a report reached the young general that twenty hundred Glendolinians disguised as Ange Ang albinans were robbing houses at nineteenth and plunders Streets.

"Plant them at once." Commanded the young general, as half a score of hundred soldiers, led by a corporal mustered before him for orders. "I want every one of those Glendolinian foragers dead or alive." He added. "The squad left on the double quick. Half an hour later a courier came in reporting that they had been ambushed by the plunderers and all hot down. The following order was posted on the streets at noon of the second day after the Thumbolnia horror!!

"To the public of Norma Catherine;

The city of Vivian Wickey of Norma Catherine section in possession of Angelinia being under martial law, and all good citizens being now enrolled in some branch of the public service, it becomes necessary to preserve the peace, to hold Norma at all hazards, and to keep out vandals, that all arms in this city abandoned by the enemy be placed in the hands of all able bodied men and that during this time for several weeks, all good citizens are to be allowed to carry arms, and must in case of necessity help the Ange Angelinian forces in case the Angelinian insurgents should take forceful measure to recapture Norma Catherine and her fortresses. All good citizens are hereby commanded to take up all arms, and ammunition of the city abandoned by said foe, and to take general Concentinian Aronburgs receipt."

General Walterson Daniel Jones.

Starting through the ruined town of Norma Catherine as soon as the flood waters caused by both sides combined began to recede that following morning, a large number of relief parties began the work of rescuing the Angelinian wounded soldiers and dying from the ruins of buildings at which they fell while battling the dogged enemy. The scenes here presented were almost beyond any description. Thousands of screaming women, bruised and bleeding, many of them bearing the lifeless forms of children of all ages in their arms, men broken hearted and even sobbing, bewailing the loss of their wives and children, or cursing the enemy and filling the air with imprecations against them, streets filled with floating rubbish, among which there were many bodies of the dead soldiers of the battle, constituted part of the most awful picture of the war. In every direction as far as eye could even reach, the scene of desolation and death continued. It certainly was enough to cause the stoutest heart to quail and grow sick, and yet the searchers and surviving Angelinian soldiers well knew they could not unveil one hundred or one third part of the misery the destructive fire of both sides had purposely or accidentally brought about.

They also knew that the full import and heaviness of the great blow for the capture of Vivian Wickey could not be realized for many days to come. Although all those of the relief parties were indeed prepared to see the natural evidences following upon the heels of the mighty battle of Norma Catherine, they did not expect to see such frightful scenes. It was a lull, without precedent, a gathering of victims that was a ghastly as to be beyond the power of any man or artist to dare picture if he could. As the parties went on the members met many others who made reports of things, that had come under their notices. There were fifty thousand Glendolinian soldiers alone found killed by shot and shell or drowned in one section of the town, one hundred thousand in another, fifty five hundred thousand in another. The loss, a horrible one it was grew larger in another and with each report. It was a matter of wonder, and increasing wonder too, that a single soul of both sides escaped in that horrible deathstruggle inside the city escaped to tell the tale. No one among the very inhabitants of Norma Catherine seemed sane, for their air was madness in the very air. All moved in an atmosphere of great gloom, it was even difficult to move and breathe with such death on all sides, and yet no one or even among the soldiers could keep their eyes of the terrible scene, of the one horrible fascinating corpses of dead of both sides. They riveted the gaze and life and death were often so closely intermingled they could not be told apart. It was the apotheosis of the frightful. The returned Maya Mayor of the city of Norma Catherine sent out the following appeal to the whole Angelinian and Galverinian country:

"It is my opinion based on all kinds of personal and excited information information, that during the successful assaults upon Norma Catherine, and the bloody failure of Thumbolnia and Gertrude Angelina, that on both sides a combined five million soldiers the gray and the purple have lost their lives here in one of the most terrible of battles in the war. Approximately one third of the residence portion of the city of Norma Catherine had been swept away by shot and shell, fire and flood. There are several scores of millions of people even, the remaining inhabitants of the city abandoned and set free by the enemy by force who are homeless and destitute, destitute---how many really there is no way of finding out. Arrangements are now being made to have the women and children sent from the ruined town to the main Christian lines, and to some further off and other places, but the means of transportation outside the main Christian lines are limited. Hundreds of thousands are still to be cared for here. We appeal to you for immediate aid.

Mayor of Norma Catherine."

Those who had escaped the hurricane of shell fire, and bombs, and flood, and conflagrations, and the fierce deathstruggles in the streets and houses, were now searching for missing dear ones in such a listless way as to it irresistibly convey the idea that they did not care whether they found them or not. It was the utmost languor of homelessness and despair. Some or many of those who had lost their very all, property, and even dear ones were even merry, and apparently happy, conversing to friends and companions about it as if the disaster was the funniest joke ever imagined, but it was the gloom of insanity. Two days after the assault upon Thumbolnia and Gertrude Angelina had been so heavily resisted and repulsed, the streets of Norma Catherine were lined with people, half clad, crippled in every conceivable manner, hobbling as best as they could to where they could receive attention of doctors for themselves and summon aid for friends and relatives who could not move. General Francis Conisanna who had recently in many other battles throughout the war been awarded first prize as the most popular and bravest Christian general in concentinian Aronburgs army was in a pitiable condition indeed, the toes of both his feet had been torn off by a grape shot, six of his ribs were caved in, and his head and arms badly brushed and lacerated, but when a question he said was nothing. All my staff, and my horse and wife and children who resided in Norma Catherine are dead. He said. "I have not a thing now on earth for which to live and I'm glad to die."

Chapter 21
What the Journal says.

The houses of all the prominent citizens, which had fortunately escaped total destruction were or had been turned into hospitals, as also were the leading stores, hotels and many other kinds of houses. There were scarcely one of the houses left standing, which did not contain one or more of the many dead, as well as many injured soldiers and non-combatants. The rain soon began to pour down in torrents and the searching parties still continued to work. The misery of the poor people, all mangled and hurt, or homeless, pressing to the main Christian lines for medical attention, was greatly augmented by this sudden rain. Stopping at a small store to avoid the rain a party of Angelinian officers, found it packed with injured soldiers. The provisions in the store had been completely ruined, and there was nothing for the numerous customers who came in hungry and tired. The place was a horrible looking host hospital, no longer a store. Further down the same street, there was a large restaurant, which had been during the flood submerged by the waters and soldiers here were serving out soggy crackers and cheese and other food to the hungry crowds. That was all that was left. The main food was soon soaked full of water, and the people and soldiers who were fortunate to get these sandwiches were hungry and did not make any complaints. It was hard to determine what section of the Norma Catherine line part of the city suffered the greatest damage and where the greatest loss of life among the soldiers and even non-combatants occurred. Information from both the extreme and eastern portions of the city was difficult to obtain at that time. In fact it was nearly impossible, but the reports received indicated that these two sections had suffered the same fate as the rest of the Norma Catherine and to a greater degree. Thus the relief parties wended their way through streets which but a few hours before were teeming with life. Now they were the thoroughfares of dead death and desolation. It did not seem as if they could ever respond to the throbbing quickened vitality again. And it seemed as though it would take many years to even remove all the wreckage. As to rebuilding, it appeared as the works of ages. Annihilation was everywhere.

A week had now elapsed since the frightful attack on the Christian lines. The capture, and also of the futile attacks on the heights of Evangelista Grande, and the three fortresses of the unbelieved, My Maya and Gertrude Angeline. As marked out on the military charts of general Conventinian Aronburgs army headquarters at the centre of the besieging lines, he was evident that all possibilities of capturing these points abruptly by assault was impossible, so he immediately launched the fiercest assaults upon the enemy's outer works in all points in the vicinity of Julio Gallo. The fierce assault definitely caused the capture of the works near the region of San Domingo, and with in another hour the central portions of the attacking Christian line was approximately moving at or against the works toward the enemy's centre. From there it started to change its course a little going almost due northeast, attack attacking the glandelinian works under generals Kingston and Jamaica with dreadful fury, and if it had continued with the evident success on this same line it would have struck the main line of the enemy's works just the same with telling effects, but would have resulted in their capture somewhat earlier than it did. The main attacking columns were headed for the main enemy's earthworks and fortifications all the time, supported by their batteries, but on the last hours of the morning, when pressing over the works almost due on the right wing of general Ceinuegos the main column of the attack finally changed its course so as to go almost due northward, and finally carried a portion of the rebel works under general Florida and up along the rebel line to Tampa. Here the great Christian wave of humanity though meeting dreadful losses in these successful attacks made another sharp turn, to the westward, and headed again almost straight for the enemy's main line. It resulted now in a general battle, and the roar of cannons and musketry was something dreadful. And it was this sharp turn of the Angelinian columns to the westward, which could not be anticipated by the glandelinian signal stations, so the rebel government guards sent out their many signal corps both for the main line of fortification fortifications, and the outer works, well understanding that the

prediction as to one of these lines of assaulted works would certainly fail. As soon as the enemy's column turned westward after the capture of the glandelinian works on Tampa the glandelinians knew the fortifications of the land sections of defense were safe for the time being, and the signal corps turned their attention toward the outer works. The glandelinian officers and generals along this portion of the rebel line had abundant warning of the coming of the assaults through the signal corps and the scouts, but could not of course anticipate the destructiveness and irresistible energy of the force of the assaulting columns would gain after the capture of certain portions of the works.

However the conflict raged all day without the Angelinians gaining any further in their successes and the night ended the desperate conflict for a time. On the following morning the main glandelinian generals were informed by the signal corps that the first sign of the resumption of the Christian assaults was noticed at eight thirty O'clock, near the windward fortifications. An hour more passed and the assaulting columns were still in the same location not having accomplished its purpose though it was reported a fearful battle was raging. The biggest part of the Angelinian assaults did not develop any irresistible features during its slow progress in the vicinity of general Garrib Jean Beans lines and across a portion of general Cubas works, but nevertheless was once over or accompanied by tremendous cannonading of the main Christian batteries. During the first section of that morning in fortress Anti-go 10,500 shells fell and exploded. There were some heavy assaults upon general Cubas works at the same time but they were repulsed with great loss. Toward noon the central portions of the Christian line moving forward was seen a short distance from the outer works of Lucillo Jackson, and the heaviest assaults imaginable had commenced upon general Floridas works, the assaulting line, supported by a dreadful curtain of artillery fire extending from the location of Fortress Jupiter, and to forty miles from the northeast, to Gaudandonia. During that sometime the northeast branch of the long extended Lucillo Jackson fortifications opening a terrific cannon fire of its own, caused the conditions in the vicinity of the right wing portion of the assaulting Christian lines to withdraw in confusion, and so far changed that situation as to prevent a successful movement of the Angelinian troops along other portions of the battle line, and the main column therefore continued onward northwest over the works still assaulted. On toward the afternoon the assault had grown in such violence that the central section of the main works were promptly carried, and at this time many new signal stations had been ordered up on the main rebel line, but well on in the afternoon all the outer works had been carried, and the assault storm was nearing the fortifications at the right, and was apparently moving in the strongest force against it from the noise of the conflict then heard at the time which was redoubled.

DENSE CROWDS OF NEGU REFUGEES AT THE CHRISTIAN LINES---FED AND
HOUSED IN AN IMMENSE CITY OF TENTS---ANY SOLDIERS DROWNED BY FLOOD---
GOVERNMENT PROPERTY IN NORMA CATHERINE DESTROYED---FEAR FOR THE
FUTURE OF VIVIAN WICKY---THIRLING EXPERIENCES OF PEOPLE AND SOLDIERS
DURING THE GREAT STORM OF BATTLE AT FORTRESS LUCILLE RICKSEN---EIGHTY
FIVE THOUSAND PERSONS MOSTLY SOLDIERS FINISHED BY BEING BLOWN FROM THEIR WORKS
AND A TRAIL OF CARE BY A DREADFUL EXPLOSION---ADVENTURES OF MANY SURVIVORS AT
JULIO CALLO---RELIEF SENT FROM ALL PARTS OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD AS
SOON AS THE TRUE SITUATION OF AFFAIRS WAS MADE KNOWN---HUNDREDS
OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS SUBSCRIBED AND MILLIONS OF CARLOADS OF SUPPLIES
FORWARDED TO THE DESOLATED CITY.

THE main besieging christian lines was the great rendezvous for the immense stores of supplies sent to Norma Catherine during the meanwhile, and they poured in there by the thousand of carloads beginning with the day when the fortresses of the outer works of Lucille Rickson were being assaulted. The response to the appeal for aid by the unfortunate people of all of Vivian Wicky on the part of the whole christian army, the whole of Galverinia, and in fact every country of the world, was to be prompt and generous as soon as the other sections could be wrested from the enemy who really was the cause of all this suffering, and that relief was an absolute necessity was made completely apparent, from the appearance of the millions of refugees who began to flock into the christian lines, as soon as battles were resumed again, and as soon as transportation began to be made soon after the catastrophe. In addition to these, thousands of war correspondents and news paper reporters and sight seers arrived also, and the christian authorities were at a loss as to what to do with them, when as they did not care to send them away. Some of these war correspondents, and news paper reporters were from many points far distant; who also had relatives, and friends in the siege and battle swept and stricken districts, and had come to learn the worse regarding them, others there also were who had come to volunteer their services in the relief work, but the greatest number however consisted of curious sight seers, almost frantic in their efforts to get to the war stricken city and foolishly feed their eyes on the sickening, repulsive and dense breeding scenes. In addition there were hundreds of thousands of sufferers themselves, who had been brought out of their miseries to be cared for within the rear of the christian lines. The question of caring for these immense crowds and carrying on the attacks on the enemy at the same time came up at a mass meeting of the generals and their staff and the Norma Catherine general relief Committee held during the siege. Every incoming train that could be allowed to go through the besieging lines, although under strong guard, brought across and hundreds of more people, and immediately an action was necessary. It was decided finally to allow them and as many of the strangers as possible to be cared for in as many tents of the army as could be spared, as the hotels and other buildings in the city being filled with wounded could not accommodate a single one of them.

First attention naturally was given to the survivors of the three big battles as the numbers of wounded and dying was quickly increasing. General Brassensar, sent word to general Conscientin Aronburg, that all persons no matter who they were, rich or poor, ill or well, should be sent for safety into the main rear of the besieging christian lines as soon as possible. They would be well provided for until arrangements could be made to the wreckage being reorganized. The urgency of his message for the depopulation of Norma Catherine, he explained was that because of the enemy of in the fortresses of Thumelina and Gertrude Angeline continued continually shelling the city in the efforts to drive the christians out, for the purpose to arrange an assault to recapture Norma Catherine if possible, and another was that in case all of Vivian Wicky was taken from the foe, the people should remain out until sanitation could be restored, in the wrecked sections of all parts of Vivian Wicky, and so for safety safe everybody except the army should

be sent away out of range of the enemy's continual firing. It was estimated that within a week and day that nearly 10,000,000 of the unfortunate survivors of the city population were sent to the rear of Conscientin Aronburg's main armies from Norma Catherine in response to general Brassensar's request. Every tent, barracks, military works and every thing in the rear of the christian lines out of range of enemy fire that was habitable was opened to them, and all the seriously ill comfortably housed and the children cared for. The others including the sight seers and war correspondents were made as comfortable as possible, but for the survivors of the war horror it was not only food and clothing they wanted, the only relief came and many of them sought could not be furnished. They all were grieving for the lost ones left behind in that roaring volcano of flame and din fathers-mothers, sisters, wives and children. Nearly everybody had some relative missing, either among women men or children or fallen soldiers in battle, but few of them were certain whether they were dead or alive. All however were satisfied that they were dead. Men thousands in number, bareheaded, and barefooted, with sunken cheeks and sunken hollow eyes, women and children with tattered clothes, and bruised hands legs, and faces, and mere infants with bare feet bruised or lacerated, and swollen, were among the immense crowds on the company streets in the rear of the besieging lines. Women of wealth and refinement, with hatless heads now deprived of all they once had by the enemy, and gowns of the richest material torn in shreds, were among the refugees. At times it could be seen that a man and his wife, and sometimes with one or two little children, could be seen together, but such sights were not frequent, for nearly all of them who went to the christian lines for shelter from the shell fire of Thumelina and Gertrude Angeline had suffered the loss of one or more of their loved ones.

But with all this horrible suffering there was a very marvelous amount of heroism shown. Three weeks before the very siege began most of these people had had happy homes and their families were around them. Ever since the time the enemy had secured possession of the immense city most of them had been made prisoners but now since the disaster already described they were now all homeless, penniless, and with nothing to look forward to but horror and death. Yet though all could look toward Norma Catherine and see the thousands of shells bursting over her every hour, there was scarcely any whispering or any complaints. They walked among and about the company streets of the army camps as if in a trance, they accepted all the assistance offered them with heartfelt thanks, and apparently were greatly relieved at being away from the scenes of battle, sorrow and war at home. They were all made to feel at home in the christian lines, that they were welcome, and that everything in the power of the army troops would be done for their comfort and welfare, and yet they seemed not to understand half that was said to them.

General John Moodyton one of the generals in charge of the garrisons now in Norma Catherine and who had sent men to take charge of the various relief parties, reported to Conscientin Aronburg on the morning after the two days battle for the outer works of Lucille Rickson as follows:

"To His Excellency general Conscientin Aronburg--Sir!
On arriving at Lemarque encampments this morning I was informed that at the largest number of bodies of fallen soldiers was along the whole battle line. Fifty six thousand were buried yesterday, and to day within less than two miles, under fire mind you, extending opposite this place and toward Virginia junction. It is yet sixteen miles to that junction and the bodies of dead soldiers are thicker where we are now than where they had been buried. An officer inspecting in the opposite direction reported a sea of dead bodies thick for twenty miles. In our efforts to capture Vivian Wicky by main force we are suffering most dreadful losses. The residents of Norma Catherine have lost all, not a habitable building left, and they have been too busy disposing of their own dead friends and relatives to look after personal affairs. Those who have anything left are giving it to others less fortunate than themselves, and yet there is more suffering than any one can bear. I have given away nearly all of the provisions I had brought in wagon trains for the army supplies to hungry children and other refugees. A number of helpless women and bagged children

were landed here from Norma Catherine this afternoon while the city was under fire from two strange fortresses previously reported to have been assaulted, and they have no place to go, and not a bite to eat. Tomorrow or at any hour thousands of others are expected from the same place. Every ten feet along the wrecked river front of the city of Norma Catherine tells of acts of glandelinian vandalism, not even a trunk, valise, or tool chest or anything, but what has been rifled. We even buried children this afternoon whose fingers bore the marks of recently removed rings."

Indeed the Angolinian generals of Mansions army alone now under general Hanson glandorin furnished several millions of tents for the internment camp of the regu refugees, which were under the supervision of the Angolinian marine and army hospital authorities.

General Kio-Cant ler girlknown who was sent to the front by the National war Department to investigate the conditions prevailing in Norma Catherine made the following official report that the city was still under fire and that if the fortresses were not carried the city would soon be leveled and probably assaults of the enemy made which would cause the recapture of Norma Catherine. General Concontinian Aronburg therefore ordered a large portion of the garrison in charge of the city to restore the fortifications, while the main batteries of the seige guns were to cover it. He also sent immense armies under many various generals to support the assault. He ordered the generalists to carry the fortresses of Thumbolonia and Gertrude Angeline at all costs. The costs were handsomely paid and general Vivianmanns declared to Concontinian Aronburg in his report:]]

"To his your Excellency general Concontinian Aronburg: Dear sir. The assaults were made on the fortresses as you ordered and a desperate battle raged along a point for twenty seven miles with dreadful fury but the assaults were unavailing. I arrived in the vicinity with my troops having been driven a road to the river by enemy attacks. It is impossible to adequately describe the conditions existing. The attacks you ordered were begun about 9 A.M. this morning, and continued with constantly increasing violence until after midnight.

As Gertrude Angeline had been hammering the city the most the main attack had been on her but the fire of her guns was dreadful and the whole region in her vicinity was inundated with dead dying and wounded Angolinian soldiers and wreckage of shell torn trees. I could describe a that the battle raged with the fury of a thunderstorm of terrific violence and cyclone combined. With few exceptions every assault was desecrated and hundreds of brigades had been crippled. All the rebel fortifications except the glandelinian rapid fire battery under general San Jacinto were massed upon the assaulting christian troops under my command and the counter fire of my batteries could not destroy that of the enemy. However on account of our fire the losses of the enemy was also dreadful. General Jacintos headquarters building and ever barracks of his camps except his Base Army hospital has been swept away by fire caused by our explosive shells. Battery C of first Artillery of our own division, lost two hundred and twenty eight men. The officers and others however and the artillery being withdrawn from the attack were saved. Three hundred members of our hospital corps were also lost. Names of fallen generals and other officers and all the privates will soon be sent in. Loss of lives and of fallen and wounded is possibly more than one million. All bridges crossing the stream to Thumbolonia and Gertrude Angeline has been destroyed by the enemy, waterworks also destroyed, and all telegraph lines were cut down. Their fortifications seem to be in terrible condition but still the fortifications cannot be carried whatever. General Robertson Camp was in the lead of the assaulting columns and made every effort to get telegram through to me to tell me he was being repulsed and pressed back with great loss. Every article of equipment of our batteries was lost. Not even a record of any kind is left so severe was the enemys artillery responding to the fire of our own. The men fought at their guns so furiously that their clothing or uniforms are in rags, and nearly all are without shoes or clothing, other than their

shirts and slip shirts and trousers. There are probably five million wounded, who even that be clothed. General Frank Perry who lost half of his division will make his way back to the main lines and send this telegram. Clothing necessary has been asked for and arrangements made for the shelter of the troops under heavy fire day and night without ceasing. Have ordered twenty million rat ions and tents for my own divisions who are moving back into the city of Norma. Have wired Commissioner general to ship thirty million rations by trains and transport ships.

General Vivianmanns."

On account of the constant and severe bombardments of fortress Gertrude Angeline and Thumbolonia to cover the assaults many batteries and besieging fortifications suffered considerable damage. The jetiss near the river batteries were sunk to mean low tide level, but not seriously breached though a number of large guns were blown up. The channels were as good as before, perhaps better. Fortress St John, fifteen pounder placements and concrete and big seige guns were also all right, standing firm as ever. The battery for eight hundred Centimeter and mortar guns and carriages on hand were also unmounted and in good shape, though the outworks were blown up by shell and grape. At Fortress Olla Henry the battery of for eighteen hundred twelve inch mortars and big centimeter guns were badly wrecked, and magazines were fallen in or blown up. The smaller mortars and other guns however were safe, and some of the sand parapets of sand bags were still left though the battery for twenty nine big Kruppt guns were badly wrecked with considerable loss of life. Even the gun platforms were down and the guns disabled, silenced and leaning perilously. However the battery for two hundred 4.7 inch rapid fire guns were apparently all right. However the battery for six hundred fifteen pounder guns mounted on concrete walls though still standing on their pillars were slightly damaged and some of the guns silenced and had to be repaired.

At fortress Childs all guns were all right, concrete was instant, though a eastern gun was dismounted by explosion of shrapnell, but all the western guns were all right. The shore line of the river batteries had been withdrawn back about one thousand feet on the line of the rear of the main batteries to be sufficiently depressed to reach Fortress Thumbolonia. Under the Engineer corps are another line of fortifications of seige built at a considerable expense, also the other improvements of Norma improvements upon which more than eighty million dollars had been expended.

It was feared that the section of Norma Catherine was destroyed beyond its ability to recover, and this gloomy prophecy for the future future of Vivianmanns were well reflected in an official report to general Concontinian Aronburg by many of his officers who were at Norma Catherine investigating the horrible situation. Their statements claimed that seventy five per cent of the city of Norma Catherine was completely demolished and gave little hope for rebuilding as long as the war would continue. One of the generals whose name was Bromme Agle who acted as aid to Adjutant general Hanson Gourrie, Angelinia national guard, during the inquiry, said in his report:]]

"The horrible situation of the city and of the results of the seige and the many fearful battles during so long tedious descriptions. I am convinced that all portions of Vivianmanns is practically wrecked for all time to come and also that the enemy cannot under any conditions be dislodged even by main force of vigorous bombardments. Fully over seventy five per cent of Norma Catherine is irreparably wrecked, and the same percent of damage is to be found in the residence districts. Along the water fronts and river and sea wharf fronts, great warships and war transports wrecked during bombardments on sea, have either bol bodily bumped themselves on the biggest piers in their retreat from the enemys fire from the sea front of the forts, and lie there, great masses of broken iron and wood, that even fire cannot totally destroy. The great warehouses along the water front hastily abandoned by the enemy, the munition plants and other buildings are smashed in one side by the christian hell fire, wrecked and gutted throughout their whole length, their contents either piled in half burned heaps on the wreckage strewn river wharf wharfs or along the streets. Small tugs, and sailboats driven ashore by waves produced by battles concussion have jammed themselves

half into the wrecked buildings, were they were inundated by the incoming shock producing waves, and left by the receding waters. Houses are even packed, and jammed in great confounding masses in all of the streets by our own hell fire during the bombardments.

Great and most enormous piles of human bodies mostly fallen soldiers, thousands of dead animals horses in particular, rotting vegetable vegetation, enormous amounts of household furniture, and fragments of the houses themselves, were also piled in big confused heaps right in the main streets of the city. Along the water fronts of the Wickey Bay, and the river fronts human bodies were also seen floating around like cord wood, no doubt being the dead sailors, soldiers and marines killed on sunken battleships during the engagement on the water. Intermingled with them were to be found the carcasses of horses, chickens, dogs, and rotting vegetable matter as in the city. And above all rose the most foulstench at stenches that ever emanated from any worse kind of cesspool absolutely absolutely degrading in its intensity, and lost most dangerous to health in its effects.

Along the main strands adjacent to the main Mic-Hollister Gun River front, where were located all the big ammunition houses erected by the enemy, the whole houses, and stores the situation was even worse, but done by the enemy who were forced to abandon the same. Great stores of fresh vegetation had been scorched, or despoiled, and the enemy in their vicinity had burst a levee of the river enabled a good portion of the water to be flooded and so the invading waters had gone into these stores and turned the valuable fruits and all kinds of vegetation into garbage piles of the most befouling odors. The flood waters caused by the wrecking of the levees, aided by the shell fire of the enemy from Thumbolonia and Gertrude Angeline played at will with everything, smashing in doors of stores, blowing in windows and tearing off roofs, tearing away walls, depositing bodies of human beings and soldiers where they happen to happen to please, and then the enemy abandoned everything they could not take with them leaving the flaming and defouling wreckage to tell its own tale how the work had been done for the Angelinians. As a result the ammunition dumps, the great factories, and the warehouses, were even perfect tombs for here the enemy resisted the Angelinians most gallantly and the buildings were tombs, wherein were to be found the dead bodies of soldier soldiers and carcasses of animals such as dogs and horses, almost defying the efforts of relief parties. In the immense piles of debris along the main streets, in the water of the river itself, and scattered throughout the resident portions of Norma Catherine gathering were to be found masses of wreckage, and in these most great piles were to be found more human bodies, and household furniture of every description. Most of the bodies were dead soldiers of both sides please.

Even many handsome pictures were seen lying alongside of ice cream freezers, and resting beside the nude figure of some dead soldier of non-combatant. These great masses of debris and dead soldiers of both sides were not confined to any one particular section of Norma Catherine. The shell fire of both sides, and the flood waters of the river released by the damaged levees spared no one who was exposed. The shells destroyed the biggest houses, the explosions seemed to whirl the houses like a wind windstorm does when it is in its grasp, the shells in explosion exploding piling their shattered frames high in the most confusing conglomerate masses, and dumping even most of their contents on top, get a frog hop. Many of the soldiers who had been killed were thrown around like at many splinters of wood by the explosions, and left to rot in the withering sun. It was therefore believed that with the best exertions, of thousands, may scores of thousands of men it would require three years or more to secure some semblance of physical order in the very city, and it was doubtful even then if all the debris would be disposed of please.

None of the Angelinian soldiers ever saw such wreck of a city in their lives.

From the Wickey Bay front to the river fronts, to the centre of the city of Norma Catherine, from the main Ocean back the storm or wave of shell, and bloody battle left terrible scenes of death and destruction in its wake.

There was hardly a family on the city whose household old was not short a member or more, and in many or some instances entire families had been killed or wounded. Hundreds of a scores who escaped from the waves of battle, and shelling, probably did so only to become victims of a worse death please by being crushed by falling buildings, even in the main and business sections of the city the foundations of the greatest buildings had given a way from the shock and concussion, carrying towering structures to their total ruin. These massive ruins falling across the streets, formed heavy barricades on or behind which gathered the glandelinian forces who defended the streets of the city against the christian assailants when driven from their fortresses and works and which now were or had been covered with countless glandelinian and Angelinian dead. It was seen by those who had gat hored up the dead that many of the bodies had been stripped of their clothing by the force of shell fire and the water of the flood, and there was nothing to protect them from the scorching sun, the hundreds of millions of flies, and the rapid invasion of decomposition that set in. Many thousands of the bodies had decayed so rapidly that they could not be handled for burial, and some of the most conservative men of the Angelinian authorities who conducted the siege, planned the loss of Angelinians alone in the conflicts of Norma, The outer works and of the attacks on the Thumbolonia fortifications at not less than seven million five hundred thousand dead, and possibly 10,000,000, while others said it would not exceed five millions.

General Whilliam Wickey, one of the main general staff of Stancke main army at Wickey, glandelinia being asked his opinion of the idea of many generals of withdrawing from Wickey Wickey replied as follows: "I should not and would not under any conditions ask the or advise the abandonment of the city of Wickey. It is true that the christian armies during their siege have moved against us in overwhelming numbers and struck so violently that we have lost the possession of Norma Catherine, but it is not likely that another such desperate movement against us will be resorted to as the christian besiegers have suffered immeasurable losses in dead and wounded and one of their main siege batteries are dismantled. Within the last half a year no attack from the christians of the severity had ever struck against any portion of our big earthworks, and fortifications. Yet I have heard from our couriers and officers that there are many points on both the Nonestic Sea coast, the Norma river coast and Wickey Bay coast, some of them occupied by enormous fortifications like Thun Thumbolonia, Maya, Gertrude Angeline and the Lucilla, taken fortifications that are and can equally be exposed to the force of dreadful assaults by both land river and sea, should Concentinian, romburg decide to drive a human hurricane of troops, and a storm of hail from the region of Evangelina, randa, or his fleets, from the Nonestic Ocean Bay or obtain the proper position relative to them. Therefore in spite of this it would not be advisable to abandon any set section of Wickey Wickey merely because Norma Catherine in the possession of the nationals again, or that there is a remote probability that at some future time, another dreadful artillery storm and assault by both land and water may be the cause of the capture of one or two more fortifications, or the cause of great loss of life and property. We however have passed through a battle in three successive sections and advantages that for fury and violence had no parallel within the last six or seven months, or during the whole siege entirely. Records of terrific bomb shelling, torrential rains of grape and high explosives, and other dreadful phenomena of battle that had raged for two weeks are not of infrequent occurrences. There does not appear to be so far as we know from the outlook now any scenes or outlooks governing the occurrences of such an onslaught. And it would seem that, rather than abandon the city of Wickey Wickey, means should be adopted at the scenes and portresses outside of Norma Catherine, and other similarly exposed works on the Mic-Hollister river coasts to make all efforts available for the recovery of Norma and that we should strengthen the fortress of Thumbolonia by the erection of concrete walls and battlements on only heavy stone foundations, that should have the most solid interiors of masonry to a depth or width of ten feet or more to withstand the heaviest of bombardments, rigid army regulations should allow no other kind of structure erected for the defence of Thumbolonia which fortress suffered the most from the bombardment of Wickey Wickey."

batteries in the future in any fortresses located within range of the Federal batteries, and that is also exposed to the direct sweep of the sea of assaulting besiegers. But the Army near Gorma Catherine who had been driven out under general Purragatorian, Gormellian should take heart, instead of falling down discouraged discouraged as they did over their sad defeat as the chances are that not once again in a thousand years would the army be so terribly stricken with losses, and higher and more solid foundations for Thumbeledina would doubtless make her more impregnable to damage and loss of provisions, guns and life by all future future storming assaults and artillery attacks....

GENERAL WILLIAM DUFFY MOORE
CHIEF GENERAL OF GORMELINIAN ARMY AT
ANDREAN

Chapter 23
The War of Gorma

INDEED Pestilence could only be avoided before the works of Thumbeledina by cremation of the enormous dead numbers of dead bodies, lying there after the fierce conflicts and so that was the stern order of the day. Scores of the carcasses of human corpses, thousands of dead horses, and all debris were therefore to be submitted to the flames. So a few days after the big battle upwards of four hundred thousand bodies, mostly women and children included with dead soldiers, were completely cremated, and yet the work went rapidly on. They were gathered in in big heaps of hundreds of bodies, placed on big piles of wreckage and lumber saturated with gasoline oil and the torch then applied.....

Three days after the three battles inside and outside of Gorma Catherine ending at the great Gormellian fortifications train load after train load of provisions, ammunition, clothing, disinfectants and medicines were lined up near the center of the Christian lines, six miles from Gorma Catherine. In the rear of the Christian lines were hundreds of thousands of the refugees friends of the dead and living together, waiting for news of living ones or missing ones and an opportunity to help, but only a meager amount of relief had at that time reached the stricken sections of Gormellian. Two of the lines of damaged telegraph wires had been put up already and partial communication restored to let outside world know that conditions were far more terrible or horrible than was at first supposed. What was about all. It was not that which was needed, it was a more practicable connection with the mainland of Gormellian. True all the transport boats belonging to the besieging fleets had been pressed into badly needed service to carry succor to the suffering, and the suffering to succor, but their numbers were few and small on account of the numbers of ships also used to convey the soldiers, and although working diligently day and night the service was inadequate in the extreme. And the people were still suffering--the thousands of sick dying for want of medical attention and care, the well growing desperate, and in many cases gradually losing their reason.

While there were many who could not be provided for because the necessary articles for them could not be carried in account of the enemy's heavy artillery and long range guns shelling all approaches to Gormellian. There were only hundreds who were benefited. These little supplies which had been of great assistance, but they were far from ample to provide for even a small percentage of the many sufferers, estimated at about thirty millions. Even the rich among the Gormellians were hungry and with out clothing. Efforts were being made on the parts of the authorities even to provide for all those in the greatest need, but this was found by the military officers to be difficult work, so many were there in the Christian lines in such sad conditions. A most rigid system of issuing supplies was also established, and many of the soldiers, and even a large number of citizens were sworn to as military police. The attention to the issuing of rations as soon as the boats or transports arrived. Every effort indeed was put forth to reach the many thousands of dying first, but all sorts of difficulties and obstacles were encountered, because so many of the Gormellian soldiers were so badly wounded and maimed or torn by shell fire, that they were unable to apply to the thousands of relief committees, and the latter were so burdened by the great number of direct applications that they were unable to send out messengers.

The situation grew worse every minute, everything was needed for wounded soldiers, for the refugees, man and beast, woman and child--disinfectants, prepared foods, hay, and grain, and especially water and ice. Scores of or more of soldiers who were wounded in battle, died that day as a result of inattention, and many more were on the verge of dissolution, for at least it was to be many days, before a train could be run into the Christian lines and the only hope was the arrival of more armed transports to transport the goods and provisions and more ammunition. The many relief committees held meetings to decide or decided that as many armed soldiers as possible were needed to assist in burying the many dead and clear as much of the wreck wreckage as possible, so the Gormellians could make good the occupation of Gorma Catherine, and full arrangements were made to fill this very demand. There were plenty of volunteers for this work, but they were continually under fire from Gormellian. The proposition of trying to have the work carried on under fire, was rejected by the committees, and yet it was decided by Gormellian officers to go ahead impressing men into service, issuing orders for rations only to those who worked or were able to work, and that Christian batteries should shell the enemy's lines to cover the work, and prevent the batteries of Thumbeledina and Gertrude Angeline from firing on the workers.

Word was also received that thousands of refugees who were escaping from Julio Gallo would be carried from the city through Gorma and to the Christian lines without hindrance, and so an effort was indeed made to induce all who were able to leave to go because the danger of massacres from the enemy, and of pestilence was frightfully apparent. There was however from fear and want, many a number willing to depart if possible, and so each outgoing boat, or barge, after having unloaded its provisions of food and ammunition was filled with Gormellian refugees from Julio Gallo. The safety of the living refugees was indeed a paramount consideration, and the actions of the railroads that could get to the Christian lines, in offering to carry all refugees free of charge greatly relieved the situation. The scores of thousands of workers under fire constantly had their hands full in any event, and the thousands of Red Cross nurses and doctors also, for forced men to work, although unavoidable often resulted in the death of many.

It was estimated that \$222,500,000 would be needed for the relief work of that portion. The banks which had been recovered in Gorma Catherine were subscribing \$400,000,000 but personal losses of all the citizens of Gorma Catherine on account of the retreating enemy taking everything possible with them had been so total and large that no one not even the richest of rich were able to subscribe anything whatever. The total confiscation of all foodstuffs held by thousands of wholesale grocers and others was decided early at the time of the full occupation of Gorma Catherine by the Gormellians, and by the relief committees. Starvation would surely ensue unless the supply, which survived the disaster was dealt out with the greatest of care. All kerosene oil and other oils were gone, and the many gas works, and electric light companies were destroyed by the enemy. Committees asked for ships loaded with kerosene and other oils, shiploads of drinking water, and hundreds of tons of disinfected tents, such every kind especially formaldehyde, for immediate use, and money, and food next. Not even a tallow candle could be bought or secured for gold, or light of any kind procured as the enemy had seen to that on their abandonment of Gorma Catherine. No baker was in the city to make any bread, and milk, and fruits of all kinds were remembered as past luxuries only. What was there to do with everything was gone as usual, in the way of even, and all kinds of utensils.

It was absolutely necessary to let the Gormellian country and even the outside world know the true state of things left by the enemy. The whole of the Christian section of Gormellian was unable to help itself, and in fact three quarters of the once mighty mighty Christian Gormellian, and parts of northern Abyssinia and Angeline also was prostrate by the disastrous war. Even all of Abyssinia and all her territories at large were paralyzed at the sense of the magnitude of the war worse disaster, and worse for the time being powerless to do anything whatever. The entire Christian world itself was thrilled with the greatest of alarm it being completely felt that the worse about the situation of Gormellian had not yet been made known.

since the capture of Norma Catherine itself, thirty five million refugees had to be clothed and fed for many days, and many thousands supplied with household goods as well, and tens of millions of wounded Angolinian soldiers to be cared for. Such money and even supplies was also required to make the ruined residences of Norma Catherine even fit to live in when the enemy would be driven away from Thumbeinia. During the first few days after the disaster it was almost beyond possibility to make any estimated amount of provisions and money, and supplies necessary to even temporarily relieve the suffering of the refugees and wounded soldiers. As a means of enlightenment major general Good Child was asked by Concentinian Cronburg to have some of the war news paper reporters within the lines to write and send out a statement to the Angolinia Agathia Associated Press, for dissemination throughout the whole world, and one of them accordingly dispatched even at the very risk of his life the following to general Charles Sanders general manager of the Associated Press in Angolinia Agathia: []

VIVIAN WINCKEL- CALVERINIA- Se August 12th 1914

General Charles Sanders

General manager of the Angolinia Agathia Associated Press

A tremendous summary of the horrible conditions prevailing in Norma Catherine and among the millions of refugees is more than human thought can master. Briefly stated the damage to Angolinian property by the enemy and shell fire is any where between six hundred million one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars, and to enemy property only \$20,000,000. The loss of life among refugees is about 10,000 but among wounded soldiers who fought the battles to capture Norma Catherine the loss of life really cannot be computed. No lists even could be kept and all is simply guesswork. Those of the many dead thrown out into the Nomesio Ocean, into the rivers, and buried on the ground, wherever found will reach the horrible total of at least three million souls gone into eternity. My estimate of the loss of life among the Angolinian soldiers who captured Norma Catherine, and the works immediately surrounding the city is between four million and five million deaths. I am sure I do not make this terrible statement in any case of fright or excitement. The whole story will I hope soon be told of the seiges most frightful battles and disasters, but as yet will I believe never be told, because it cannot and will not all be allowed to be told. The necessities of the living refugees and of the millions of Angolinian wounded are total. The property also in Julio Gallo and Anderson is still all a wreck from bombardments and fires during earlier parts of the seige for not a single individual either loyal to Angolinias cause or in favor of the rebellion, escaped property loss and loss of homes and dear ones. War is cruel to both sides. One half of the total property of Norma Catherine once swept out by a great fire in the first year of the seige, is now argumented but another half totally swept out of existence by shell fire, conflagration and big floods. With the needs of the refugees and the wounded soldiers can be computed by the very christian world at large by the statement herewith, submitted much better than I could possibly summarize them. Even Concentinian Cronburg is on account of his enormous losses not in any condition just yet to press his assaults. His total losses as he told me in the big battles, from Mansions left wing, to the capture of Norma Catherine and the assaults on Thumbeinia, and Grangelina Graniasand elsewhere is probably nearly forty eight million in killed and wounded. The help for so many wounded and the tens of millions of refugees steadily coming into his lines must be immediate. Concentinian Cronburg requests more armies from Dorothy Gale, Ozma and Angolinia Agathia to help him in his purpose.

H.J. Darger, Manager of war correspondent news. General of Angolinian National Guard. Geminian member.

On August 14th 1914 Norma Catherine being in possession of the Angolinian armies though still under constant fire from Thumbeinia and Gertrude Angeline began to as it seemed to slowly emerge from the Vallet Valley of the shadow of death, into which she had been plunged for nearly three weeks, and on that day for the first time actual progress was made toward clearing the city as the main batteries

of the christian general Beppo Evans kept up a hammering fire of shells and explosives upon fortress Thumbeinia and Gertrude Angeline compelling them to constantly reply and thus preventing Norma Catherine from being fired on so constantly. The bodies of those killed and drowned in the battle storm and flood, for the most part had already been disposed of. A large number of dead Angolinian soldiers were still found when the debris was being removed as far as possible, but on that date there were no corpses to be seen save those occasionally cast up by the Nomesio Ocean of the rivers or fromiskey Bay. As far as sight at least was concerned, the city despite the enemy's shell fire was cleared of the dead who fell in battle. They had been burned, thrown into the sea and rivers, buried anything to get them quickly out of sight. The main chief danger of pestilence was almost entirely to the large number of unhuried horses, lying upon the extensive battlefields outside the city, whose decomposing carcasses, polluted the air dreadfully and to an almost unbearable extent. This however fortunately was not in the riding city or christian lines proper but was a condition prevailing on the outskirts of Norma Catherine on the five tremendous battlefields. One great trouble heretofore has been the inability to organize gangs of laborers for the purpose of clearing the streets and many soldiers had to do the work themselves while under fire.

The situation in the stricken section of Vivian iskeey called Julio Gallo on August the 12th from being in possession of the ruthless enemy was horrible indeed. The glandelinians though heavily supplied from secret resources were dying for want of food, and scores of hundreds went insane, many scores of thousands went insane from the terrible strain and cruelty from thence they to which they were being subjected.

In his own appeal to the authorities of Strong Angolinia Agathia for more aid in provisions men, and armies, Mayor Daniel upon and fully 10,000 Angolinian soldiers had lost their lives within the three weeks during the four tremendous battles, he declaring that this terrible and uncounted extinction being based upon personal information. General Charles Glarskonka, a vernal owner of Norma Catherine, and a reliable Angolinian general and commander of fleets and army transports said that the horrible death list would be even greater than that, and he was also backed in his opinion by many other generals and a conservative man who had no desire whatever to exaggerate the losses but felt that they were perfectly justified in letting the whole of Abbeisamnia and her many states, and the whole world in general know the full extent of the disaster in order that the necessary relief might be immediately supplied. It was the general opinion that to hide away any of the facts would be criminal and like siding with the insurrexion of the wicked Angolinian and southern Abbeisamnian states. General Glarskonka was never what any one may call a sensationalist but he well knew that the truth was what the people of all of loyal Abbeisamnia states and the christian world wanted at that time.

If the people of the loyal Abbeisamnia states at large felt that they were being deceived in anything they would be apt to close their pocketbooks, and refuse to give anything. If told the exact truth about the horrors of the disaster, they would respond to the appeal for all generosity. And when relief finally began to pour in it was remarkable indeed how soon the woman refugees of the city now within the rear of the christian lines plucked up courage and went to work with the bravest of men. They of course had suffered a most frightful but they refused to give up hope. Many called upon the christian generals in chief and offered their services as Red Cross Nurse nurses. Others prepared rolls of bandages for the wounded Angolinian soldiers and added the army surgeons in procuring medicine for the sick. Mayheven went among the men who were engaged in burying and otherwise disposing of the dead, and cheered them with bright faces and soothing words. They were everywhere, and indeed their presence was as rays of a sunshine, after the big black clouds of the battle storm. A regular fleet of steamers and barges had been plying in the meanwhile between Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo only six miles distant and which had railway communication with all parts of Angolinia, but they had been suddenly attacked and captured by rebel gunboats, and a railroad line to Julio Gallo from Norma Catherine had been repaired which had been repaired, and from which trains had been sent as close together as possible had been destroyed or seized by enemy raiders but this did not prevent the Angolinians from frustrating the enemy's attempt

attempts to prevent many thousands in Julio Gallo from leaving and dying of starvation and lack of medical attendance. A leading Angelinian official who was in possession of one of the still remaining buildings in Vivian Wickey or the Norma gathering part, gave a following version of a great Reign of terror started within the very Christian lines, as the sudden dreadful regime of the most daring glandelinian spies, thugs, and rebel ghouls was called, . . .

Ever since the very capture of the enemy lines and the city of Norma Catherine on the Christian lines have suffered in every conceivable way since the time by spies. A fierce hurricane of glandelinian attacks came first upon a portion of general Conventinian Aronburg's center, raging one of the most titanic battles ever seen, and which gradually extended toward the other lines near Norma Catherine, and after the regulars came another big flood made by the enemy a then disaster and then the work of many spies, scores of thousands of reckless "Jungle" glandelinian spies and vandals flooded to the Christian lines in the blavest disguise, by the means of the first glandelinian boats that could be landed near there, and were unchecked in their daring work of robbing generals and other officers of all important papers, plans and maps, and even money and weapons, and a killing them also. On August the fourteenth however however general Patterson commanding one of the Angelinian batteries, and also the regular artillerists in the main besieging lines of barracks sent seventy of the Angelinian combat to go guard duty near all the officers' headquarters and tents, and were ordered to promptly shoot all those found trying to enter or found looting, and they carried out their instructions to the last. In one day on over one thousand spies or glandelinian ghouls were shot, and no mercy was shown the daring glandelinian vandals who came within the Christian lines to rob or murder the wounded soldiers. And those who did not kill were killed at the first volley of the troops, the Angelinians therefore saw that the camp, degrading was admitted. Most of the glandelinian spies were "Junglesmen", and when executed when executed were found loaded with spies, important papers, weapons, maps, plans, jewelry and other articles. Not only had these fiends robbed the lowest of the Angelinian officers but they mutilated those they killed when resisted, in many instances disemboweling them in order to show their merciless ferocity to those who dared to oppose their purpose. All of the officers had to furnish guards to assist in patrolling the very camp streets, and fully one million men were now on duty. That same evening the regulars shot one hundred and forty nine more of the glandelinian ghouls after they had been tried by court-martial, having found them in possession of large quantities of plunder. Indeed the vandals did beg for mercy but none was shown them whatever, and they were speedily put out of the way. The glandelinian spies and vandals as a way obtained transportation to Vivian Wickey or to the Christian lines by representing themselves as having been engaged to do relief work, to aid in burying the dead and so on. Shortly after the first bunch of spies was executed another party of thirty hundred were shot. The outlaws were afterwards put out of the way by twenties and thirties, it being the habit of the rebels to travel in gangs and never alone. In every instance the pockets of these fatal and dangerous glandelinian spies were found with military plunder belonging to Angelinian officers. Even still up to now more than two hundred thousand more bodies had been thrown into the river this being still decided upon by the authorities as the only way of preventing a visitation of pestilence, which they felt should not be added, to the horrors the siege beleaguered city and besieging lines had already experienced. The following evening before darkness finally set in, thirty three barges containing many thousands of bodies were sent out to sea, the corpses being thrown into the water after being first heavily weighted to prevent the utmost possibility of their coming to the surface. As there were still few volunteers for this most ghastly work, Angelinian troops were sent out to impress men into or for the service but while many thousands of these unwilling laborers after being filled with liquor agreed to handle the bodies of the grown people or soldiers, nothing could induce them to touch the dead bodies of many children killed by the enemy's fire from the forts. These were badly decomposed beyond any measures and it was absolutely necessary to get them out of the way to prevent the outbreak of a plague.

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No attempt had been made so far to gather up the dead soldiers on the battle fields during the night time, because the region was so constantly under the heaviest artillery fire from both sides that nothing could be done, and as light and electric power in the city were destroyed nothing could furnish any illumination whatever. On the night of August the fifteenth, some of the Angelinian flash searchlights were started in use but immediately brought a pounding drum drum fire from glandelinian guns of fortress Lucille Jackson and this had to be stopped to avoid destruction of the Christian lines entirely, since the very bigginging of the terrible struggle no efforts at identification of dead persons taken from the ruins had been made by searchers or any one, it being completely positive that the dead be disposed of as soon as possible. While the barges containing the remaining bodies were on their way out to sea lists of killed officers were made, but that was the only care taken in regard to the victims of the awful battles many of whom were among the most prominent officers of the army. Of the hundreds of thousands buried near Gunboat Creek and other points not one was identified. Ninety six thousand bodies were buried at Texaco on two miles from Norma, all of which were found in that point. One few happened to have been identified, but the great majority were not. At the same time troops and camps were stationed in that locality to prevent those who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves from boarding boats or trains bound for the city. In burying the many a dead still found along the river shores no coffins of any kind were used, there being no such supply. There was no time even to knock even an ordinary wooden box together. Names were even known were the Angelinians had buried their dead comrades in their very company streets. Even still the work of cremating the bodies still continued. Great funeral pyres were still being erected and the corpses placed thereon the terrible incineration being under the supervision of the officers and soldiers. Matter had come to such a desperate pass that even the casting of the bodies of the dead into the sea and deep rivers was not only dangerous to those who handled them, but there was danger in carrying the decomposed, putrefying masses of human flesh through the company streets to the barges on the various basins of river and sea fronts. The city cemeteries near Norma Catherine were also used for burial purposes but they were not buried in single graves but in long trenches. Of course still it might have been deemed unfeeling, and even brutal, but the fact was that the bodies of the many soldiers seemed to receive rough and cruel treatment or small consideration, being handled roughly by the workmen, and thrown into the trenches in the cemeteries or elsewhere although they were animals, and not the remains of human beings. No prayers were uttered save in isolated instances, and the poor mangled bullet-swept or shrapnel torn bodies were consigned to the trench as hurriedly as possible. The big burying parties had even no time for the slight test sentiment, and so accustomed had the workers in the Angelinian army "dead gangs" as they were then named become to their gruesome task of being constantly under fire that they even laughed and joked, when a big shell exploded three hundred feet from them, or crashed in the sky above them like the loudest thunder claps. Special attention was given the Angelinian wounded. Doctors, surgeons and physicians were on duty all the time, one of them not having been or seen bed for three or four nights longer than an hour at a time. Victims who were not badly hurt put themselves aside for those suffering and actually requiring the service of surgeons. There were few in the Christian lines who had shared in the battle for Norma Catherine who did not bear the marks of wounds of some sort.

On August the twenty fourth a final and most desperate assault made by Christian batteries and tens of millions of soldiers was directed upon the full line of the land sections of the Lucille Jackson fortifications and one of the most extensive battles of the war raged unceasing for six days and nights combined. Great indeed were the losses of the Angelinians who in that time made sixteen hundred attempts in vain, and the fortifications were not since silenced by the Christian batteries, while six Christian batteries were demolished, Julio Gallo was shelled, and many Christian batteries in that vicinity silenced or dismounted with dreadful loss among artillery men and even horses. General Conventinian Aronburg's headquarters was demolished by a shell from Lucille Jackson and totally destroyed with all in

building killed by falling wreck wreckage. Fortunately he was not there at the time of the disastrous disaster but was out in the field looking over the situation caused by the artillery storm. Every time the Angelinian columns were repulsed the glandelinians in lines of troops six to ten miles in length would counter charge and attack with the fury of a roaring tornado and driven the Angelinians back and clean out of their own works before they were repulsed themselves. The experiences and adventures of those who were within reach of the great and disastrous six days storm of battle and escaped after undergoing frightful fears and anxiety makes the most most interesting reading. Those who did emerge in safety from the fearful vortex of war were unusually fortunate. When it is considered that probably in that six days battle of Lucilla picked eight million Angelinians lost their lives and a score of millions were wounded, while 89,000 of the inhabitants in Julio ga, Gallo section were victims to the fury of the terrible shell-fire in the territory adjacent adjacent to the Stormed Lucilla no known fortifications.

General John Porter was present when eighty five hundred wagons belonging to an Angelinian army baggage train was assaulted and captured by the enemy who in they counter charged and where all who accompanied the train were either killed or wounded in their desperate fight to save it from capture. The general had arrived upon the scene just too late with his division to drive the insurgents back and unfired unfortunately with some of the other divisions was soon driven back himself and whose troops were compelled to seek safety in the captured redoubts near Norma Catherine. At the time the enemy was advancing and driving back one of the divisions of troops under a leader who had attacked aort vician the a wagon train going through the region had headed for Bolivars lines about noon of the first day of the conflict, and all preparations were made to drive the train through the region before the human hurricane struck. But in that location the shell fire of both sides was too fierce and the enemy was advancing so swiftly that the wagon trains could not get through, and the drivers of the teams of horses after allowing the train to halt for a few minutes to give the soldiers who protected it time to pour volleys into the advancing foe started to retreat with the wagons back toward Norma Catherine. At the numbers of the approaching enemy was increasing so rapidly, coming from the direction of pedan Marouli maroulian, that the glandelinians were now only within a few hundred yards and they came and attacked the wagon in overwhelming numbers. Still the drivers held their horses and tried to sought escape but in spite of all efforts three hundred wagon drivers, were killed, sixty of the wagons were blown up and eight thousand of those following the train were killed or wounded or taken prisoners. The wagon train with nearly two hundred thousand rounds of ammunition and provisions and many thousands of horses were captured though ninety wagons were totally blown to atom when destroyed by fire.

Some of the killed Angelinian soldiers were from the garrison of Norma Catherine, and as the wagon train made direct connection with the main supplies it was a great loss to the Christian army and its capture a staggering blow added by the repulse of the assault of Lucilla. Those who escaped from the Zimmermannians had to spend over fifty six hours in deep ravines or among rock gullies on almost no rations and fighting off assailants by musketry, and by throwing rocks and stones and by using bayonets and sabres. The experience was one which the survivors of that ill fated baggage train will remember as one of the most terrible of their lives. They knew how fierce Zimmermannian soldiers were despite the fashion of their hair, and their faces and uniforms but did not expect to meet them like that.

A graphic description of one mans experience in Julio Gallo was given by an Angelinian war correspondent--whose name was Schloder Henryson. He had reached the outer section of Julio Gallo early on the morning of the second day, when the battle was roaring wildly for sixteen miles like a tidal wave that maybe comes at the end of the world, combined with all the volcanoes blowing themselves to pieces, with fire raining from heaven, and with all various kinds of tempests and earthquake disasters occurring at the same time. His narrative was especially interesting because it showed a shock with what suddenness the Christian and enemy artillery duel assumed a dangerous and destructive character.

"There was heavy cannonading, which sounded like volcanoes in eruption in a long line, but but at first as nothing happened but the roar of guns at many quarters so little was thought of it that myself and others were not

and some acquaintances started down to the front of Norma Catherine to see what the desperate situation was. We were started led to see that the Winkie and Lunckin and Orites Zimmermannian glandelinians had repulsed and annihilated an Angelinian assault on fortress Maroulian and Maroullie and in counter charging had come forward so swiftly and ran rapidly that Christian forces contending them in overwhelming numbers even could not withstand their assault and their fierce attack was so to make a roaring inferno, of firing, go to avoid injury to ourselves to had to hurry for the Julio Gallo junction and Norma Bridge. Before we reached it however we saw it was in possession of the glandelinians who are called Gargoylians who were trying to destroy it to prevent the Angelinians from crossing it, and in danger of being seen and fired upon we had to wade in the stream a mile further down in water and waist deep to get to our own side. One of my comrades was killed by grape shot and I myself was wounded. Within a few minutes after the start of us got to Julio Gallo shells were banging and booming in the streets like popcorn in a popcorn shaker and we saw countless old men and women and even children straining to the Christian lines beyond for refuge. Many of these were killed by shell fire of the enemy's great guns not six hundred yards from us. General van Gatonin was one of the first to prevent the enemy tide from going too far and after the first storm of action subsided he made a crossing one of one of the smaller streets under fire in a little boat. When he reached a point he selected for the placing of some of his batteries he found a long line of damaged passenger coaches, and a long line of wagons chained together and whose interior especially of the coaches were filled with dead and wounded glandelinian soldiers who no doubt used the trains as a point of defense against one of the Angelinian assaults. While the general and his staff waited for the terrible firing to subside he and they managed to count the fallen glandelinians in the trains and counted fourteen thousand bodies and ten thousand wounded showed that the glandelinians who defended the trains must have fought a death struggle here.

Colonel John Patrickson who was in charge of a company of Abbigannian troops and who earlier before passed through the big battles of Big Arkmoor, Phola Phelantoburg and Francis Lanta suffered such hardships and hardships and such peril in this tremendous battle for Lucilla picked the terrible morning of the second day that he was convinced that his experiences in these three big battles at that time was very little, mild little experiences in comparison. He was one of the survivors of his little company which by the enemys counter assault was almost annihilated.....

The battle began with many sorties and a skirmish, and with occasional heavy artillery firing early that morning.... He said. "We consisted of one of the best of companies who followed the rest in one of those fatal charges upon the enemys works but at nine o'clock our losses were becoming so heavy that the attack was discontinued by our little force, and I prepared to lead them back to the shelter of the main lines before the glandelinians would counter charge in mass. I got to our works at about ten o'clock and found the enemy coming forward faster than I had supposed they would. The main line of the troops had fallen back and then made a stand. The attack of the enemy began to get worse and worse, the attacker of the enemy getting stronger and the numbers of the assailants increased rapidly until it was almost as bad as the worse attack of the enemy at Big Arkmoor itself. Finally the lines of Christian troops which had been resisting the enemy began to recoil from the works and was swept off from the field like a house taken from its foundations and demolished..... there were nine generals in charge of that line of Angelinian soldiers, which was about six million strong besides a hundred other high officers, but of the whole line of soldiers I am the only officer surviving of the six hundred and fifty officers in command of all the various regiments and divisions, the nine generals having been killed in trying to rally the panic stricken Christian troops, and only half of the Christian columns could get away the rest being shot down or captured.

I managed to withdraw what was left of my little company and went on with the tide of retreat. I had not got far when I was struck with some wreckage hurled against me by the explosion of a grape shot and a lieutenant who was beside me was knocked down and killed. I and the remainder of my little company was carried on with the tide of humanity, sometimes retreating through a glen, and once more I was thrown off my feet by being struck with splinters of a tree scorched by the explosion of a hall shell. Explosions were everywhere around us and finally to escape disaster I and my little company of thirty survivors out of six hundred men managed to get on a raft on the river but were soon thrown from it by coming in contact with some large pieces of timber, parts of floating houses, logs, cisterns and other things which were floating around in the river

having been blown from the wrecked water front section of "Orma" gathering. Many and many a brutal knock I got on my head and also my body until I was black and blue all over, and often I had narrow escapes from the exploding exploding shells, making fountains of water. The shelling and roaring of cannons was making a terrific volume of noise, and the waves of assaulting rals which I saw in the distance were carrying all before them, not being able or daring to land on any shore I drifted and swam the river all night, almost blinded by flashlights, the glare of explosions and lightning of shells, and not knowing where I was going, or in what direction or what was going to happen at any moment. However about four o'clock in the early morning I began to sense the presence of hard ground, and then I knew I was near the shore. I finally landed and wandered around until I finally came to some house, and there I reached the line where I secured some uniforms and new clothes. I had lost most of mine as soon as I had started, and only wore a coat.

I was a fugitive for two hours, and in the water under fire and battling with wreckage about seven or eight long hours, and this is a most sensation, together with the feeling of all those bruises, I have on my head, arms, legs, and body, and a severe scull wound and witnessing the total destruction of my company, is not at all a pleasant one. I managed to save my own life under heavy fire, through the most hardest kind of a struggle, but when the shells exploded near me in the river, I thought more than once I was surely done for, and I had lost all the best friends I had in this world and only had seven men surviving out of a company of six hundred men. The losses of the main line of assault must have been awful.

One of the most daring of Angolinians was the hero Hans who had went through all the horrors of shell fires to save a little girl whom he had rescued, at the cost of receiving terrible wounds. Again here he proved his real class. His full name is Hans Jensen and was a well known Abbeonian soldier and though having been promoted a colonel for his daring rescue of the little girl so many months before he showed his heroism again by his most daring rescue of the whole siege. During the wildest Zimmermannian storm he saved nine lives and the story of his heroism was told by his acting lieutenant, who had lead a regiment into battle and which came out with only a handful of men remaining.

We had "We had succeeded in repulsing one grand and fierce assault of the enemy and thinking all was over had been preparing to change out position of defense when Colonel Hans the hero who rescued the child slave and adopted her for his own and made her an army mascot and girl scout rushed into my lines with his company and told us we must retreat for the enemy were attacking and were carrying all before them, and that the main line was literally flying for its very life. However the Zimmermannian tidal wave was on us in an instant, and almost before my three companies and my regiment could retreat from our works to go to a higher point where a Church stood some five or six hundred yards away, the rushing waves of Glandelinians with fixed bayonets and yelling like Gargoyles were all about us fighting fiercely to cut us off from escape and we had to fight most desperately to get through. Hans, with his little company struggling against the tide of screaming humanity, bore a wounded officer in safety to the main line of works under heavy fire of grape, shell and canister escaping being crushed by a heavy tree which the explosion of a line of shells by it brought it down in thick fragments. Returning immediately to the worse of the firing line, Hans in like manner brought safely to the same point his own friend and companion Jack Glans who was severely wounded. His next act of heroism was to rescue his wounded general Beppo Gram himself, and his two assistants, two colonels, two lieutenants, one private and another officer whose commission he could not recall. Here the rest of the line had retreated, but he and his company stood its ground at the same spot and single handed held the overwhelping force of the foe at bay until the reinforcements sent by General Gornose picket arrived and the wild assault of the foe was repulsed. Hans this time escape all throughout without a scratch. Colonel Braqueter Luisanna his assistance, had suffered the loss of his whole regiment and gave up his life in the successful defense of a single gun which the Zimmermannians strove like madmen to capture.

Maurice Anderson who was one of the refugees from Julia Gallo itself septa a thrilling night in one of the big abandoned orphan asylums in the latter city. One thousand one hundred and fifty six other persons shared his most memorable experiences. The building was near the eastern outskirts of the city and had happened to stand almost isolated and alone, and was exposed to the full force of the enemy shell fire from Thunbolinda, and the first explosion of a shell near it during the bombardment was followed by the sound of shattering glass and crash of the under. Several of the windows upstairs in the upper rooms had given way under the concussion of the explosion. The lawns for all the beginning of almost thirteen hours of mortal dread indeed. The cannonading of both sides continued to rage with unabated fury all night, and the roar of long lines of cannon which was fairly deafening was always accompanied by the rattling salvos of shell explosions, in the streets, near the building or in the sky followed by the sound of crashing glass, as one after another of the many windows was torn from its fastenings and shattered by these concussion or shock against the brick walls of the building, or upon the adjacent sidewalk below. Men who had them clasped their frightened children in their arms although they expected to be killed any minute. Men even began to lean many of the pillars and partition walls supporting the floors above and to take up such positions as seemed to be the most conducive to safety in the event shells got into the building and exploded or in case the building itself would be razed by the shells. The crashing of glass at times was simultaneously followed by a sound of rattling and tearing. Section after section of the roof was sometimes torn up like large sheets of parchment and hurled hundreds of yards away when a big shell exploded on the roof. And to add to the terror and confusion, the electric lights suddenly went out and the building was left in total darkness. Men many moved toward the main entrance of the building itself, with the evident intention of seeking other quarters but they were so backed at the door by what seemed before them to be a blinding sheet of lightning as a shell exploded three hundred feet away, with mighty force, and hurled a lot of wreckage down to where lay between them and any place of refuge, and worse than that a torrent of water came in the door way, and they appeared to hesitate between a choice of being drenched by water, killed by shell fragment and possibly struck by a flying section of roof, or of remaining in the building until the end or until it caved. The question was soon settled. Even as they looked the roof of a large hotel across from where the orphan asylum stood was blown off by a shell blast, many of its inmates rushing into the streets only to have a hail land among them and killed and wound all. Almost simultaneously a wall went up from the people in another building, as the skylight and whole roof was torn and shaken loose by three shells exploding simultaneously on it, and fell crashing down to the second under the top floor, causing a list of dead and a pandemonium of the survivors. This therefore seemed to satisfy those in the abandoned orphan asylum that under such shell fire no haven of safety could be found and they therefore determined to make the best of the terrible situation. Just then above the roar the roar of so many distant cannon of both sides, the thundering salvos of exploding shells, the crashing of glass, and the flapping and pounding and tearing as of tin, a new and terrible sound was heard following the ear-splitting crash of shrapnell. It was that of falling brick. Every one stood crouched, prepared now to leap to either side as the occasion might require. Every one indeed realized the gravity of the situation, but strangely there was no shrieking like in the other buildings, no fainting, no panic. Every woman stood the ordeal with such fortitude as to lend courage to even the faintest hearted man. Even the babies, and children were mute and a lung to their mothers or fat men, necks in breathless despair.

Nearer and more nearer came that awful roaring and rumbling. A tremendous shower of bricks and mortar fell in the rear of some of the orphan asylum waiting rooms. Nothing remained of the building near it. Now if any doubted that now the end had come and that in another very quick moment a all would be buried beneath the ruins. But suddenly the sound ceased. The brick had fallen the lower story of the building remained intact. It was soon learned that the entire main wall stood unbroken and that really the fall of brick and mortar was but the collapse of several large chimneys blown from the roof by a shell and which had been surmounting the top of the building.....

As soon as this really became known the effect upon the war stricken mass of people was electric. All the men were seen to light or relight cigars, women, cheered, cheered laughed or sang, children cried, and though more chimneys fell and though bombs were blown on the walls here and there, more glass was shattered and the cannons of both sides still continued to pound furiously until seven o'clock in the morning or later, there was no more panic and confusion, and all felt that the building would withstand the fury of the shelling. And it did... One soldier who belonged to the ninth engineering corps told a very interesting story of how he got across the Jennie Bridge, into a portion of the rebel lines and out during and after the awful Lucille Jackson battle storm, and of his observations in the stre stricken city of Julio Gallo itself. He went toward the Lucille Jackson fortifications during the fifth day of the conflict arriving near there a few hours after the fifth day of the terrible conflict began in full force.

"Then I and my regiment succeeded in crossing the bridge under fire of grape and shell over the river," said the corps engineer, the enemy had in an effort to stop the Christian assaults hurled down four and the flood was flowing toward the Christian lines and cutting a portion of the assault from the right of the fort. Nevertheless pausing on the bridge to view the scene from my glasses I saw that the assaulting lines had reached an elevation close to the outer works, or two hundred yards from Lucille Jackson Bend. This was near the vicinity of the captured fortress Protestantia which was throwing a rain of shells into the broken fortifications. After crossing the bridge and reaching a point some three miles beyond we were stopped by reason that the enemy in this location were putting in an annihilating fire upon a certain landscape ahead of us, and after waiting for an hour for the firing to cease, we were once again compelled to send for a relief party or retreat one or the other. During this period of one hour waiting in a rocky region covered from the shelling we saw the Angolan columns over a mile long moving against the fortress of civilian moving like a flood, and the enemy's fire making big gaps. The relief party came and a gang of girl scouts who were among them signalled us to return half a mile to better ground, where my troops were transferred, all the officers going with the men. At this time we could see that the attacking columns had reached and were over a section of the outer works, under the Glandelinian generals Harker Galveston, Houstonia Hannan, and Henderson fielding, and that another column was moving in a westerly direction at a terrific rush attacking the enemy with dreadful fury. One of the scouts were compelled to wade in the stream and dislodge driftwood from a track which we wished to use. At about I thirty that afternoon we arrived at the Christian positions on the heights of Santa Fe and then being ordered forward with all troops we moved against the fortress at the eastern end. At that period of the day the enemy had reinforced the garrison, and their resistance was therefore increasing, and were hurling upon our assaulting columns shells at about forty per minute. After carrying a portion of the enemy's works, I immediately led my troops to the second line of works held by general Tremont Carrington, where which after being captured I and my troops remained under heavy fire during the balance of the day and even night resists some of the worse hammering assaults of the enemy. At about five thirty the enemy in making one of the assaults had begun to move around my right but were repulsed, and by eight o'clock a line of attack a mile long with was moved against the troops and charged in the face of a withering fire that mowed them down like leaves in a storm until they reached to within twenty eight feet of the works before they recoiled. Finally toward morning we had to leave as the assault everywhere had been a failure, but I retained all the rest of the night the outer works of the enemy and the front windows of the building which my general occupied as his headquarters had been blown out by shell, the roof was torn off, and the sky lights over the rotunda fell crashing on the floor below. Even during lulls in the conflict refugees began to come into our lines between five thirty and nine o'clock, until at least eighty thousand persons from Julio Gallo had sought a safety in our rear. The rear of our lines were strewn with fear stricken persons all night during our action with the enemy.

During the time of such great excitement many of our officers did everything in their power to help the suffering refugee refugees from the effects of the battle, and to give them shelter from the enemy's shell fire when the enemy was making the final assault we all had to fight most desperately, and our very work was from the concussion of firing vibrated like a box car in motion. I and my comrades fought incessantly throughout all the night without a moment's rest, or a single hour for sleep, there being so many counter attacks, attacks, and there was a so much loud noise and confusion from the crashing shells, crashing buildings or barracks, falling trees, firing of musketry and cannon and explosions of shells that not one of the refugees in the rear could even get any rest. At the very first glimpse of morning our who's lines were forced to recoil, during our retreat we were pursued. As we recrossed the bridge the sights in our vicinity were appalling. The whole line of our former firing front was full of debris and dead or wounded, communication wires were all down, and the rebel buildings near the fortress were in a very much damaged condition. Very barracks of the enemy in their camps were damaged by our shell fire to some extent, with but one or two exceptions. Upon during our slow retreat many thousands of refugees came pouring into the hearts of the Christian lines, many of them having but little clothing, and some were even almost naked. They were homeless and even without food, or drink, and even many had lost their all, and were in really desperate circumstances.

During the continual movements our generals made steps to furnish provisions and relieve the suffering of the refugees and to bury the dead. A conservative estimate of the number of soldiers killed in the assault upon Fort Victoria was from 1,500,000 to 3,000,000, the wounded many have been ten million persons. Early in the following morning it was learned by us our scouts that the water supply of Julio Gallo had been cut off by the enemy for some unknown reason or cause and the scouts presumed that it was caused by the Glandelinian engineers cutting the pipes. At all events Julio Gallo was completely without drink drinking water or even lights, and something had to be done by the Angolanians who were besieging the enemy to relieve the terrible situation. People who had depended on waterworks, and on cisterns of course had their very resources swept away by the enemy when they abandoned Julio Gallo, and there were not even one reservoir to be found even in the ruined business district.

The results of the fleets bombarding the Umbelina and Gertrude Angelina were terrible and caused a more terrible scene. The small rebel working fleet and large transports had been badly wrecked and their wreckage was washed up over the docks, and railroad tracks near by were in frightful confusion. The main Glandelinian river docks also were demolished by a big raging fire. Big grain elevators were torn in shreds by big explosions. These big rebel transports which were anchored off the docks seemed to be in good condition however. The damage to the rebel shipping interest was something immense, the very improvements being being swept entirely away by fire.

After the repulse I tried to get our out of the loose location of the enemy as quick as I could, and succeeded in securing a repassage over the Jennie Bridge. We retreated across with some number of refugees in our midst, and when we got to the middle of the bridge we found it swept by grape and shell by some unseen rebel battery. As we passed over the bridge however safely we could see a big Glandelinian fire raft anchored off or toward where a railroad bridge should have been and came to the conclusion that the ship or raft was being prepared to be sent against the attacking Christian fleet. Another big fire raft, eighteen hundred feet long could be seen off the river shore of Lucille Jackson Point, floating down the river and being towed by a number of tugs. While continuing our retreat we passed within a few hundred yards of where a battery belonging to a rebel command had come on been but could see no evident of the artillery it having no doubt been withdrawn to safer points. The waters of the river in this location were strewn with thousands of carcasses of dead animals. We indeed had in retreating across the bridge a very hazardous passage, running across under fire but managed to reach the main lines with out too loss at 1:35 o'clock. At the other section of North Lucille Jackson we heard that a main force of Abbeasunians like a tidal wave had crossed a long line of works in the face of rebel fire that carried destruction before it, but nevertheless before the assault had

been repulsed. A long line of the enemy's artillery had been captured and turned upon them with deadly effect, the artillery blowing the buildings behind the works into total ruin and causing enormous loss of life among the foe.

"It was one of the most awful tragedies of the war which has visited Yvian wick. Two sections of the city known as Julio Gallo and Norma Catherine are in ruins and the dead combatants of the Angelinian forces will number in its assaults upon Yvian wick will number probably one million."

"I am just from Julio Gallo, having been commissioned by General Henry Darger the Angelinian leader to try and get in touch with Angelina and the outside world and appeal for help to hasten and crush the foe at Yvian wick and cause its speedy fall and capture. Norma (Galverine) was the nearest point for me at which nothing telegraph here and the rivers being wrecked by the enemy."

"I left Norma Catherine shortly before noon yesterday, while I could hear an awful roar of battle, the soldiers within the city were organizing for the prompt burial of the fresh number of dead expected, the further distribution of food, and all necessary work after a period of such disaster."

The wreck of Julio Gallo and Norma Catherine was brought about by a tempest of battle, and a cannonading of both sides so terrible that no words can adequately describe its intensity, and by floods of water which turned some portions of Norma Catherine into a raging sea. The signal station works show that the cannonading of both sides sent such tremendous shell volleys that there must have been fired hundreds of thousands of shells in a few days, but it is too impossible to tell what was the total number of the rate of exploding shells.

The terrible battle I experienced began on the morning of August the twentieth. Preceding to that I had heard that a great battle had been raging for the capture and defense of Evangelina Grand and for the recapture of Augusta polls at the same time, and that the enemy's tide of advance at the region of Norma Catherine was very high. The attack of the enemy first came from the right, and was in direct opposition to the forces from the left, while the attacking repulsed arrayed itself against the Christian works near Norma Catherine upon the front, the flanking force at once the works from the rear. About noon it became evident that the Christian lines was going to be either visited with defeat or disaster. Hundreds of regiments were reduced to mere handfuls of men, and scores of residences in the outer sections of the city were hurriedly abandoned, the families fleeing from Julio Gallo, to dwellings at other portions of the city or to the main Christian lines further beyond. Very soon and place was opened to the refugees fleeing from shell fire. The fury of the battle was increasing constantly, and glass rained in torrents from the windows of buildings into the streets from the concussion. The uproar of the battle was so terrific that it seemed to cut the ears of the hearers like a knife or almost make them deaf.

By an hour more it was declared that the opposing forces had met, and were submerged together in a wild bloody death struggle. An explosion somewhere of terrific violence blew up a levee in the river causing water to pour into the lower sections of the city, flooding two electric light plants and gas plants and the city was left in total darkness. No go even into the streets was to court death. The shelling of the city was then at terrible velocity from the fortress Thumbelina, Gertrude Angelina, Uedernine, and Yvian. Poles by the hundreds per hour, cisterns, portions of buildings, telegraph poles, and walls were falling, and the noise of shell explosions, their screaming, and the crashing of buildings and the roar of cannon and other sounds of battle were terrifying in the extreme. The uproar of conflict rose in fury steadily from day light until dark. During all this time the people still in Julio Gallo were like rats in a trap.

The lowest portion of the city near the river front was fourteen to eighteen feet under water, the highest portion five to six feet, while in the great majority of cases the streets were submerged to a depth of thirty feet, and all the while shot and shell banged among the houses like the outside of the loudest thunder claps. To leave a house was to drown. To remain in it was to be killed by shell or fallen wreckage or by fire. Both a day and night of agony had ever seldom ever been equaled before in any disaster the world ever knew of, worse than even the Galveston Horror. Without apparent reason, while the bombarding was increasing in intensity the flood waters caused by the enemy suddenly began to subside at one o'clock at night. Within two minutes it had gone down to two feet, and before the approach of daylight all the streets were completely free of water. In the meantime the fortress Thumbelina had become comparatively quiet and the shelling of Julio Gallo slackened up. Not very few of any buildings escaped escaped injury. Even in Julio Gallo there was now not hardly a building which could be habitable for wreckage or dampness. When the countless people who had escaped death, went out daringly at daylight to view the work of the battle tempest and the floods, they saw the most horrible sights imaginable.

In sixteen blocks from St James Avenue, to St Peterson Street they saw many bodies. Forty corpses were in one yard. The whole of the business front for three blocks in front of the mighty Norma river was stripped of every vestige of habitation, the dwellings, the great river bathing establishments, and every solid structure having either been carried out into the river by the receding flood or its ruined piled in a windrow of pyramids, according to the vagaries of the tempest of shell fire, and floods.

The first hurried glance of the ruined cities, showed indeed that the largest structures, supposed to be typhoon proof, suffered the greatest. A big Orphan home, on Beidon Avenue, fell before the concussion of one big high explosive five hundred yards away like a house of cards. How many dead children and refugees are in the horrible ruins could not be ascertained. At that distance from the building could be seen a two hundred foot crater in the ground where the underground mine went off. Of the many wounded in the big St Ann's hospital in Julio Gallo, together with the attendants, only two were understood to have been saved.

A big place known as an Old Emma's Home on James Avenue, collapsed when a big shell hit it, and a big school building close by is a mass of wreckage from the same cause. Even a large high school was but an empty shell having been swept by a destructive fire, and crushed and broken. Every church in Julio Gallo, without one exception, is all in ruins. At one of the Angelinian forts in the face of the full enemy fire, all the soldiers are reported dead, their cannons dismantled or blown up and the fortress wrecked, having no protection against the enemy shell fire. The river bay in front of a band of the Christian position where a battery was stationed is in ruins. Nothing but a sea of piling and wreck of great fortresses remain. The main line of stronger fortifications of siege, lost all their superworks, and their ammunition and stock were damaged by water. Even one battery a little beyond the fort was fairly carried away by the enemy's fire, the whole gun battery and its gunners being swept to death. The whole front of the Christian line near the water contained enough wreckage belonging to damaged besieging fortifications to build a good sized city. Eight officers who swam across the river during the storm, were picked up on the shore alive. Five thousand corpses of soldiers were also picked up.

In addition to the living and the dead soldiers which the river cast up near the Christian line, gasbats and coffins from some unknown cause from one of the cemeteries at Yvian wick were fished out of the water there. In Julio Gallo, the big Gotten Mills, the many gas works, the electric works for lighting, and nearly all the industrial establishments of the city were either wrecked or crippled by the enemy to prevent them being used by the Angelinians when they would occupy the occupied the hastily abandoned city. The flood caused by the enemy left a dreadful slime about nearly a foot deep over the whole city, and unless the enemy do not hinder the progress of the Angelinians in burying the corpses continually added by preceding battles and also carcasses of so many horses and other animals there would be danger of pestilence.

Some of the statistics of the scenes are very miraculous. One of the city men whose name is not mentioned mentioned unharmed in the ruins of his own house, and when dug out in the morning had no further injury than a bruised leg and a finger and nose dirt in his eye. Another young man who happened to be a doctor or unskilled mechanic when his own house collapsed from the concussion of some great explosion, but was revived by the water, and thrown two hundred feet without injury by the concussion of another explosion. At the same time a man who had charge of children was carried from a private orphan asylum window by the shock of some concussion and fell sheer three stories into the flooded street below and the man who had rescued her had to hold her high above their heads, as the water was sixteen feet deep when they rescued her and the two children. Thousands of stories were current of houses falling and the inmates escaping. Frank Glander editor of an Angolinnian Newspaper had his family and the family of two grand neighbors in his house when the lower half torn asunder by a shell crumbled and the upper part part slipped down into the flood waters and was again struck by a shell which exploded. Yet not one in the house was hurt. Of another family six out of seven were reported killed by a grape shot. Of still another unharmed family only one was known to have been saved. The family of Joseph Franklin who met death in the streets when a grape shot exploded in front of him was reported to be dead. The high school house, in the south end, was turned into a hospital even though under fire. All of the many regular hospitals were unavailable. Of many of the big works little remained but the piling and so forth. Half a score of million feet of lumber was carried away by the flood and one engineering corps said that as far as the company is concerned, it might as well start over again when the war is over. Eight big ships were torn by the flood from their moorings loaded with provisions and standing on the river shore. The big Randall castle was carried over the flats by the flood of the burst levee or dam from the Forty Third Street wharf to Norms Catherine and Lisa. In the wreckage of one of the inner piers the communication transport boat was stranded in the river between Norms Catherine and Julio Gallio, and Lucille Jackson band.

A Glavellinian or Angolinnian battleship was also swirled around through the west bend of the river, crashed through a portion of the Norms Bridge and is now lying in a few feet of water near the wreckage of a line of railroad bridges.

A six bug big gunboat was carried across Ford No. Ten and is stranded about ten miles up near Wickey Bay. Another steamer or transport was torn from her moorings and dashed upon Smith Bend, and the bow of another transport, the called the Red Cross which had been previously hurled there was broken in two. The stern of another called the La Plaza was stove in, and the bow of another crushed. On the river channel to the jetties two other transports like a ground some war schooners, barges, fire rafts, and hundreds of smaller craft, were strewn bottom side up along the slips of the long river piers. Two hundred small tugs, were also wrecked. It was believed it would take many weeks to tabulate the number of dead and the wounded and missing, and to get anything near the idea of a monetary loss. It is safe however to assume that one half of the property of the two sections of the city is wiped out by flood fire and shell storm, and that one half a half of the residence have to face absolute poverty and to seek refuge with the main Christian lines. At Andrean section three of the residents were drowned, one man stepping into a well or cistern by mischance, and his corpse was found there by the Glavellinians who were still in possession there. Two other men despite the flood and shellfire ventured along the river to front during the height of the artillery duel and were killed. Here are but few but buildings at Andrean itself that do not tell the story of an artillery storm. A big hotel there was a or is a complete ruin and partly gutted by fire.

For ten miles along the water fronts of the bay, and also the river and along the shore it is a common sight to see large craft, small craft, and transports, big war launches, row boats, schooners and even broken battle ships stranded by flood. The life boats of a river shore life saving station once in possession of the Angolinnians was carried half a mile from the river shore, while a large fossil that was anchored in Glavellinia Bayou, lies high and dry five miles up and right within full view of the front line positions of the besieging Christian lines.

The great storm of battle which has just devastated two sections of Vivian they reminds me of the terrible storm of battle that we fought at Francis At Ikanta and Big Irknool, and also the Glorinia and y Jennie Vivian horrors." said Colonel Henry Jameson of a Brigade command, within the main line. "At that time I was moving with my brigade toward Chamberlaine near Angellinia Agathia during the battle of Big Irknool and my experience was similar to that of many others who escaped. The loss of life and property even in that battle was great.

The situation of our own positions though strong and massive are exposed directly to the enemy whenever there is a severe artillery duel or infantry assault. The fortress of Lucille Jackson consisting of many works, redans, battlements, and barricades is about thirteen miles long, and strongly defended by all kinds of earthworks, rifle pits, and by many big cannon. It is really situated on high ground its outer works rising four feet to sixteen feet like long Confederate redans in the American Civil War. Their highest point these fortresses are not more than twenty feet above the normal waters of the river and shore. The fortress is built at the northern end of Julio Gallio and faces also the sea at one section toward the west. On opening to the bay, and landside between the river and the shore of the Glavellinia Ocean and the mainland gives the gunners of the fortresses a free sweep with their guns, when a heavy assault is raging against it, either by warships, or by land forces. In this way columns of troops millions strong and 4 extending many miles can rush forward upon the fortress many times but the gunners and other defenders can pour an enormous amount of shells and other missiles, and at the same time the gunners can shell river levees and cause the breaks to pour immense volumes of water into the smaller streams causing its waters to rise many feet and flood the lowlands in the path of the advancing Christian troops. In the main rush of the waters back toward Norms, on the narrow channel entering the river at that location, are not sufficient outlets and the floods if strong enough could sweep the assaulting columns to death.

It is seldom that attempts had been made so severe to capture Lucille Jackson, that the enemy have yet been compelled to cause such a flood. In very heavy attacks however as in the latest assaults, the enemy could have burst a number of levees had they dared to do so and cause great waves of water to sweep across the land from the river, and to add to the work of death and destruction that the guns and musketry fire were doing, in rushing back to the river from the channels.

The fortifications have no cellars. The fortress is built of concrete and the flood waters could not of fact it at all. When the flood water is high it could wash up to several feet but could do so no harm. When we attempted to carry a portion of their outer works yesterday we went as far as a house near the edge of the outerworks five miles down the north end of the 14 Lucille Jackson fortifications. An explosion of shell hurled that little building and let it slide into the water of a creek near by until it tilted at an angle of forty five degrees. With other soldiers while we were under hot and shell we took refuge at a ravine on much high ground, but even there we were soon driven back to our own lines.

Another man by the name of Colonel Davis of the Thirty Third Ay Abyssinkilian corps being with his general and fifty other officers at the time the enemy made a fierce assault upon his lines declared after the engagement that the building had been demolished by shell fire and the general and the fifty three officers all killed when the house collapsed. General Hanson and Joseph, and general Owania Johnston rescued about five hundred of his wounded their wounded comrades and officers on that same awful day from the fury of the victorious enemy. They returned with the shattered fragments of their divisions only when the assaulting insurgent columns threatened to turn their flanks. They had no idea that the fiercely assaulting assaulting enemy had gone around their rear, until they were warned by girl and boy scouts who signaled to them just in time. They started a retreat immediately for their own lines, but many of their men and officers of all rank had been swept away to their deaths. Many refugees were picked up at Glavellia and taken to the rear of the lines, where they were given every possible attention. Many of these refugees were suffering from injuries, and had been under fire and in the flood water all the time. Even most of these persons women and children

children had floated in on drifts, and raft, and one of the party came ashore on a large piano. One hundred thousand ammunition boxes, from Camp Crowley, were found near Glendale pier, and a big army pile driven driver from Glendale pier was driven inland by the flood of the hurled logs to within a few hundred feet of the christian lines under general possession. The pier piers within the front of the christian lines was covered with drift of all kinds, broken gun caissons, discolored dismantled cannons, baggage wagons, scattered ammunition boxes, dead horses, damaged war craft of all sizes, buggies, wagons, and such like intermingled with dead soldiers. Searching parties found dozens of thousands of bodies in glander Bayou, and burned, and buried them.

One of the unfortunate refugees, who arrived at the christian lines, on the first relief wagon train, from Julio Gallio, just outside of the place, and who had a sad experience in the artillery so storm, and flood, was Sampson William Schloederine, an engineer at a hospital plant at the Ju, Julio Gallio outskirts.

His family consisted of his wife and seven children one girl and six boys. When his house was first wrecked by shells and then washed away by the sudden flood, he managed to get three of his little boys safely to a raft, and with them he drifted helplessly about. His raft collided with wreckage of every description, he was under fire, and finally a shell hit it and split it in two, and he was forced to witness the drownings of his two three sons, being unable to help them in any way. He told the Angollian officers when he was rescued that the whole of Julio Gallio are nothing more than water.

Mr Henry Jennings, a broker who resided at Twenty fourth street, got to the christian lines in the same manner as did Schloederine. After losing his wife and children he got out and by swimming and drifting around and in peril from fragments of exploding shells, and gunshot shrapnel reached the river shore. William Schloederine, a little boy of eight years old, whose home was in west Julio Gallio, had a most narrow escape. He little boy watching the battle at a distance was blown by a shell explosion off the docks, and came ashore in the drift wood. Despite the difficulty he experienced in keeping afloat, he held out to the end, and reached the shore of the river safe and sound. Another man whose name the Angollians did not learn, whose baggage wagon was attached to a long train which passed through the territory to provision an Angollian brigade not far from Julio Gallio on the last day of the frightful but futile conflict said that at Glendale creek, the men of the wagon train in the lead, heard cries coming out of a mass of debris near by. Several of the men immediately answered and answered the cries and found a little girl fastened under the roof. They pulled her out and she timidly and in her simple manner informed her rescuers there were other children under the roof. The further search resulted in the finding of twenty men and nine bodies of children all having been abandoned child slaves left behind by the enemy in their hasty retreat from that region. When the wagon train reached the appointed part of the christian lines, they found that it had been withdrawn and that all the works had been destroyed and cannons dragged away.

Frank Johnston, a prominent officer of the Abbeonian munition division was among the lines of the line, but arrived at his lines the evening after the battle direct from Julio Gallio, and was received with joy by his official officers and comrades. The colonel went to his own works the day before the disaster, and was there during all the battle, until the following night after, when he aided in the efforts to draw back the lines to shelter and saw some of the most sorrowful sight in his life. He said that many of the Angollian soldiers who survived the great struggle got through the rebel fire, and the flood almost by miracle. He saw many thousands of young men who were black haired before the conflict, come out of the terrible ordeal with hair turned completely white on the following day. It would take fifty five million men one year to clear the streets of Julio Gallio and Mrs Catherine, so complete is the terrible ruin. The biggest liar in the very world could not do any kind of justice to the existing conditions of the affairs there. I was in the outskirts of the city during the battle. The building was thickly thronged with refugees, women and children were screaming and praying desperately and frantically

throughout the terrible night and days, and above the roar of so many cannons, the explosions of shells, could be heard the wash of many buildings, and the splash of the flood waters against the building. We expected the building to be in to go down any minute before the shelling or the strength of the flood. At daylight the following morning, I and four others started out to view the ruins. We passed eighty bodies within a block, and when we reached the river beach, where the flood waters were still running high, we stayed some time, and while there scores of bodies per minute passed us, floating with the flood, all dead soldiers, some were wearing our own uniforms and others the rebels. Homes that were formerly elegant are masses of wreckage. When I left the ruined city the stench of decaying human flesh or bodies, was simply terrible, and almost unbearable. It was indeed with the greatest difficulty, that they could be handled at all, and the only ones who dared do the work were soldiers. He might have been sickening than any one could have believed, and it is impossible to make any efforts at identification of so many dead, except to keep a record of the weapons and valuables taken from the bodies. All attempts of holding inquests were abandoned. The bodies were piled on brenna drays and hauled to the wharves, where they were lowered into the water. They were piled one on the other like so many dead animals, it being impossible to give them any attention. The bodies of the poor and rich alike were treated in this manner. Thousands of soldiers hundreds of dead non-combatants and women were found this way and soldiers and relatives of all kinds who are among the missing surround the bodies the places where the many bodies were being taken or handled, and their cries of distress were or are almost unbearable. There was not a living animal or anything within the battle line so far as I could see. Ten thousands of dead horses were drowned or killed

in the battle. Not even catfish dogs in the city survived the flood and not a bird could be seen. No one can make anything like a reliable estimate of the number of deaths among the soldiers and citizens. I myself had to walk over twelve miles or more from the place where I landed on the main coast of the river before I could get out of the sea of wreckage. The flood waters swept the land for the distance of twenty five miles inland, and dead bodies of those fallen in battle are to be seen a little beyond the rebel territory. I passed a large number on my walk to get back to the christian lines. The stench in this battle swept part of the region was awful. It is estimated that over fifty five thousand horses were killed in the battle in that section. One of the most pathetic stories of suffering in Vivian Wickey or the Julio Gallio section was brought to light after the battle for Lucille Jackson ceased, when the Angollian columns who had failed went back to Norma Catherine. Among the troops were an enormous number of refugees who had even arrived there before the storm accompanied by women and children. All day during the last of the struggle the many fugitives had not been falling well and were so scared and frightened that they had to go to the rear. When the battle became very bad one little girl in general Cannons headquarters arose cautiously and went to the window to look out in the total darkness, hoping to see, by the constant flare of what she thought was lightning, whether or not there was danger of the enemy pursuing, as was greatly feared. Suddenly there came an unusually violent fit of explosions, and the window out of which the little girl was peeping, was literally blown out as if by a mighty air pump, and she was taken along with it. Other persons in the same room as far as they were able to gain,

20 April 2011
Horrible scenes.

Instead of having been thrown out of the window by the concussion were hurled in an opposite direction against the wall of the room. When they recovered from their daze they were not severely hurt and in their fright at the little girl missing they fairly shrieked out her name. An Angolinian officer who occupied the adjoining room of the building came to the assistance of the frightened child refugees and cared for them until dawn the next morning. Then they went out together and searched the adjacent portion of the Christian camps for the little girl who was missing, but no trace of her was to be found. The search was kept up for two days by which time all the wounded had been cared for in the best possible way, and all the unburied dead had become putrid. When the officer brought the frightened children to the main lines the children girls and boys were completely overcome by fright and although children not over six years old of the youngest, had all the appearance of being frail half crazed wretches, so terrible had been their recent and trying ordeal. They were compelled to remain under the doctors care.

Colonel Mac Neal Hancock was unnerved by the scenes of horror he witnessed among the ruins of the city and among the battle Christian tide, hastened to leave the stricken city, and arrived in the main lines on the afternoon of the third day of the struggle. Lights of the dead bodies constantly before him, and according to his hasty statements, he had been practically without sleep, since he first seen the conflict or set foot in the city. This soldier who was a cavalry officer had a run from pursuers from Norma Bridge to Norma Catherine but when he reached the city he heard of the disaster at Julio Callio and decided to go with a relief party of officers and men leaving the city of Norma Catherine that night. The relief party on the wagon train was only able to proceed as far as the bridge links and from there the goods were transported and put aboard a small transport. The colonel was accompanied by his lieutenant, Francis Fielder. Although they happened to be with one of the Angolinian relief parties they were stopped several times by the pickets at the steam transport landings. After much difficulty they gained a full view of the city and of the battle fields and the smoking guns of the fortresses and the vast sea of dead bodies. While in the midst of their sight seeing, they were accosted by Winkie Abyssinkilian soldiers, and commanded to assist in the recovery and burning of the many dead bodies. Feigning to acquiesce they managed to draw away from the soldiers, and then made a run for a river beach. A small boat carried them to the main land of the shore, and they made a forced march of twelve miles, before they were able to obtain a vehicle to take them to the main positions. Reaching the main Christian positions late at night, they started at once for their cavalry force. When met at his lines the next morning the colonel said:

"The sights of the battle fields, and the wrecked cities of Norma Catherine and Julio Callio were the most horrible that I have ever witnessed. Dead bodies were everywhere like a nation killed. Part of Norma Catherine had been reblotted out and for a distance of twenty miles along river and bay fronts, all houses have been washed away by flood waters, and only the foundations left. The flood has not entirely receded, and where fortresses, and munition plants, and business blocks and fine residences had once stood were simply holes marking the foundations. These were filled with floating debris, and bodies of dead soldiers and of the drowned. The sight I witnessed was ghastly beyond the extreme as the working parties would arrive at one of these awful holes, and start to drag the many bodies of the dead from the pools of dirty water. Every one was expected to work at the recovery of dead soldiers, and Winkie soldiers coralled my companion and me and told us we would have to assist in the work even though we were officers. At that time we happened to be standing watching a party of fifty men working under several guards. They were lassoing the bodies and pulling them out on high places, and then piling them on many boards preparatory to burning them.

Just as some of the Winkie Abyssinkilian regulars were guarding us a most terrible outcry arose from the Angolinians engaged in the rescue work. Running quickly to the scene none of trouble, we saw one of the workers was in the grasp of the Winkie soldiers. Another Angolinian soldier was covering him with his rifle and had a horrible scowl on his face. The man taken prisoner was a Zimmermanian, dressed in khaki clothing, and wearing a drooping girls sailor hat, and was sullenly eyeing the crowd of soldiers, with one hand in his right pocket. His captor grasped his arm suddenly, and dragged his hand from the pocket, and five envelopes containing important letters dropped to the ground. With the sight of these evidences that he was a spy disguised as an Angolinian relief worker before them, the very workers seemed to go mad, and with cries of "Lynch him" "Burn him" made for the unfortunate wretch like a pack of mad dogs. Before that he had been standing so still and unmoved, but the approaching danger of being mobbed by the fierce Abyssinkilian workers shook his courage immediately, and he finally sunk to the ground pleading for mercy. But there was no mercy for the Glandelinian monster and the men were only prevented from killing him then and there, by the interference of the Winkie soldiers.

"Leave the spy and traitor to us." Said the corporal in charge of the party, as he rang ed his men around the prisoner. "We Abyssinkilian soldiers will attend to his case." And with that he and the Zimmermanian marched over and the rebel was placed against a post not more than fifteen feet from the dead soldier he had robbed. Selecting six soldiers as a firing party or squad, he lined them up ten feet from the doomed Glandelinian, and with the word fire "fire" six bullets pierced the Ghoulish Glandelinian soldiers body, and he fell dead. Such was a measure of the speedy Abyssinkilian justice, which is being meted out to spies by Abyssinkilians. Besides this case, I heard of many more where the guilty men were given the benefit of a short ou court marshall, then sentenced to death and shot.

However I told my companion that I did not desire that kind of work, and that I could never stand the notion of handling many dead and mangled bodies, that I would rather be dead myself, and therefore suggested that we make our escape. He agreed with me, and we gradually edged away from the Abyssinkilian soldiers, and finally made a run and reached the river bank. Here we secured a boat and rowed across to our own side of the river, and from there we had to walk twelve miles before we could get a rig or wagon to take us back to our main line of baggage works.

Never again will I want to return to Yvian Wickey, and it will be a long time before I can forget the terrible scenes I witnessed there and on the battle line lines. Since I left there I have been seeing the dead bodies all the way long, lying stark and stiff, with looks of terror on their faces, as though they had realized that a sure death was in store for them, and at night I have dreamed constantly of having to handle them. I tell you such things like that wears on any man, and I will bless the time when I can forget totally that I was ever in Yvian Wickey. The ruins show that the flood and storm of shells must have struck the city in all forms, the flood itself broadside as the building along the river front of Norma Catherine and Julio Callio are washed away in almost a straight line back from the shore. The flood swept away buildings as far as eighty blocks, inland for a space of nearly twenty miles in length. The ruined parts comprised

all the best parts of Norma Catherine and Julio Callio. All the city buildings and the entire business portion of the city were swept totally away, and nothing remains to mark the spots where business blocks and others once stood along the river front except half submerged foundations foundations filled with boards and many dead bodies. The inhabitants who were rendered homeless and who were not able to leave the city to escape the enemy's guns when they responded to our own fire, are now living in most of our own rear encampments. Many distribution stations had also been established, and forces of men were busy still busy issuing food and clothing to unfortunate people. There however appeared no lack of provisions, but water is scarce that is pure water, and there is no ice. While we were there the heat of the August month is always or was a most unbearable, unendurable, and the stench from the many bodies made the tasks of the many relief parties anything but pleasant.

Water has to be hauled from the river for several miles. All the electric light plants in the city were destroyed, and the entire of Vivian Wickey is without light, and not even the moon don't shine, and the work of finding the bodies had to be carried on day and night. Conservative estimates of the number drowned in this Lucilla Jackson disaster made by persons familiar with the battle fields place the loss of life at five million. No one knows just how many were killed, and it certainly will be terribly difficult for an accurate statement to be ever made, as the Angelinian authorities are making no attempt of identification of a many myriads of bodies, but are always bending all their efforts toward getting the two sections of the city that are captured and the battlefields cleaned up in order to prevent the raging of a pestilence. At first friends and relatives of those killed in battle, were allowed to accompany the searching parties, but this was found to be too slow a method, and now numerous pickets we are instructed to prevent any one who are not connected with Angelinian relief parties from entering the city or the region of the five battlefields. For the first two days after the six days engagements at Lucilla Jackson the bodies were like before from Norma Catherine carried out to the river or bay in boats, and barges and steamers and dums dumped over board, but now again the officials are piling up the many slain bodies in the heaps with boards and pieces of timber among them, and after a sat urating the pile with oil, set fire to them. It hardly seems probable that during the war Vivian Wickey will be rebuilt, at least not while the war is on. Many of the refugees came north and east with us, and all seemed to be in the utmost hurry to leave the scene of desolation. They all acted as though dazed, and many were unable to talk intelligently regarding their many narrow escapes. All along the line we were besieged with numerous questions regarding the safety of many different people, and of whether the enemy will be driven from Vivian Wickey or not but of course were unable to give our many questioners any reliable information. However so far, Julio Gallo and Norma Catherine were the only parts of the city so far to suffer from the sudden flood, and that accounted for the large loss of life among the inhabitants. Most of the dead women and children in both parts were drowned, and but few killed by falling timbers or shells. In Andean several buildings were blown down and about ten persons killed.

The Angelinian authorities who took possession of the remaining buildings in Norma Catherine issued one of the most saddest and most direct appeals to the whole Angelinian world, and the entire world in general for help on the eleventh of August and the response indeed was more prompt and liberal than was expected. Indeed the Angelinian authorities were not at all afraid that the people of all the Angelinian states or countries would call him a sensational man, for no one was better qualified to judge of the horrible situation that they were. Many of the leading authority men of the Angelinians had spent almost every hour, after the flood, and five battles in working for the good of the success of the big besieging armies, and for the rescue of the Angelinian Angelinian inhabitants, and had indeed accomplished wonders. The many officers in charge there organized many of the well to do non-combatants who had not suffered losses, giving their own money, inducing others, more unwilling than themselves to open their hearts and pocket books, and in fact hardly any one took any rest for days after the war calamity. As the newly formed authorities had been around the city and the terrible scenes several times before the appeal was issued, they all knew the conditions of things through out ly. Therefore the general public of Angelinia had great confidence in what he had said. The same day the Army relief committees of Norma Catherine issued the following after a full occurred;

"Norma Catherine, Calvernia/ August 11th. 1914.

To the public people of the whole of Angelinia;

A conservative estimate of the loss of life among the besieging armies of general Concentinian Aronburg is that it will reach three million dead in one battle singly, at least eighty thousand large families and small families of the

non-combatants are without any shelter whatever, and they cannot remain in the city as it is under fire, and they are who wholly who wholly destitute. The entire remainder of the population still within the uncapitulated portions of the city is suffering, in greater or less degree. In Julio Gallo or Norma Catherine not one single church, school or charitable building or any place, of which these two sections of the city had so many is left intact. Not a building escaped damage from flood or shell fire, and three quarters of the whole number of buildings that escaped the great conflict on the early part of the siege were entirely obliterated. There is for the besieging armies, and for the refugees they are aiding immediate need for food, ammunition and provisions of all kinds, clothing and household goods of all kinds. If all the near by cities of Calvernia and Angelinia who have escaped the terrible disaster of war, will open asylums for the many children left orphans the situation will be greatly relieved. And it will be seen that all persons that are able will be requested under penalty to adopt said orphans. Coast cities of Angelinia and Calvernia and also Abyssinkile and Abbesannia should send us water, as well as all kinds of provisions including oils of all kinds, gasoline and candles."

"General Daniel Jones.

Command of Relief Committees."

The Secretary of the main Tea Treasury at Angelinia Agathia (Angelinia) received a joint telegram from General Griffinia, and Lieutenant Colonel Blander at the camps of the besieging lines. It is described the destruction caused by the terrible five battle storms; and said;

COUNTLESS persons of the two sections of the Vivian Wickey city are homeless and destitute and fleeing from the enemy's guns. Five hundred thousand sheltered with in rear of the Christian lines at my own point. All houses which are roofless, and windows blown out were fiercely defended by the enemy for two days before they were driven out. Need more cities of tents, and 30,000,000 rations..... All the Angelinian and Calvernian relief committees are doing all in their power, but the stock of undamaged provisions are exhausted and even the besiegers are short of stocks and even ammunition, and with all the millions of people housed, we need extra force of doctors to keep every one in sanitary condition. Relief is urgently requested or said siege will be broken."

The Sec Secretary therefore sent the many government revenue cutters and some big fleet of trampo transports from the river passage way of Dorothy Gale to carry supplies to the besieging armies and send more armies to help them, and also notified King Robert Vivian of the situation at Vivian Wickey and General Hanson Vivian also.

The day the appeal was made the Acting Secretary of War at Angelinia Agathia, authorized the chartering of special trains from Pandora (Angelinia) to carry an enormous amount of quartermasters and commissary supplies to the help of the besieging armies, while General Robert Vivian who received the news of the retirement of Mansion from Command urged Concentinian Aronburg to hand on to Vivian Wickey like 'Damnation.' Mansion who retired temporarily from command was received at Angelinia Agathia and given high honors. Orders were also issued by the Angelinia Agathia War Department and by Mansion himself for the immediate shipment to the besieging armies at Vivian Wickey of 22,456,855 tents, and 56,899,000 rations. The these immense stores and supplies were divided between Angelinia Agathia and Vivian Wickey a distance of 10,000 miles please. On August 12th 1914 Governor General Blander issued the following statement to General Mansion himself who took charge in person of the camps there and at Dorothy Gale and Osma;

Jennie Vivian (Calvernia) August 12th, 1914.....

Conditions at both sections of Vivian Wickey at Julio Gallo and Norma Catherine are discovered to be fully worse than at first reported. Communications however by our own men have been reestablished between both places and the main Christian lines, and if the enemy don't interfere it is evident transportations of supplies will be less difficult.....

The work of clearing most of the wreckage in the streets of both sections of the city is progressing fairly well despite the attempts of the enemy to stop them, and Adjutant General Henry Darger the Main Gemini leader under the direction of his brother in law General Constantin Aronburg is having his men patrol the two bombarded sections of the city for the purpose of preventing depredations by rebel raiders or glandolinian spies, and vandals. The most conservative estimate as to the number of deaths places them at the battle of Norma Catherine at two million. Generous contributions from citizens of the State of Angeline Vine and also from other states of Calvernia, and Angeline are coming in rapidly and liberally, and I'm sure it is confidently expected that within the very next ten or eleven days the work of as much reconstruction as possible by the soldiers and engineers and people of the city will have begun in very good earnest and with energy and success as soon as the fortress sea of Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline are captured, and whose guns are pounding the city all the time.

Of course the terrible destruction of property in both sections has been very great from the effects of the whole siege, and the damage by battle and bombardment not less than 96,000,000 nine hundred and ten million dollars for Julio Gallo alone, and 41,100,000 dollars for Norma Catherine, but it is hoped and believed that even this great and most unusual loss will be overcome through the energy and self reliance of the Angolinian and loyal Calvernian people."

Henry Joseph Sawyer, Governor General."

On the very same day the Norma Catherine relief Committee sent out this statement of the condition of affairs:////

"We are receiving numerous telegrams of condolence and tremendous offers of assistance. All near by cities and towns of Calvernia which had escaped the devastating effects of the rebellion are supplying and will supply food, clothing and other materials, for immediate needs as soon as they can get it through the stricken Calvernian states to us. Cities too far away cannot I'm sure serve us as too many armies in Calvernia of the rebels are doing all in their power to frustrate the results of the siege. But cities farthest away in Angeline almost free of insurgents can serve us best by sending money under guard. Checks should be made payable to John Gohlson, chairman of Angeline Agathia Finance Committee. All supplies also should come to H.A. Whittier, chairman Relief Committee of Norma Catherine. We have over twenty five million persons with the rear of the besieging Christian lines to clothe and feed for many weeks. and to furnish with army or household goods. Most of these are homeless, and the army and even refugees will require assistance of all kinds and money to make the wrecked residences habitable as soon as portress Gertrude Angeline and Thumbelina are captured and the enemy there disposed of. This Committee will from time to time report our needs with more particularity and caution. We refer to dispatch of this very date of Major General Lawrence, which the Angelinian Relief Committee fully endorses here at Norma Catherine. All communicants will please for the sake of the besieged non combatants accept this answer in lieu of direct response, and be assured of the heart felt gratitude of the whole national army and of Vivian Wicks entire loyal population."

General Crowley."

General Amos S. Randall, assistant quartermaster general, stationed at the fortified city of Dorothy Gale, was informed by army contractors the day the appeal was sent out that the Vivian girls Violet and her sisters then at Angeline Agathia saw to it with their own efforts, that fifty million army rations were sent out for the sufferers of the siege and army together. The rations were started from the summer Anna railroad station in Angeline Agathia of the Mid-Holchester and Pandora Railroad at six A.M. The same day. Violet and her sisters went directly to the army

contractors who supply the Angelinian armies with provisions and commanded or asked them to send rations identical with those furnished soldiers, and others, consisting of bacon, bacon, canned meats of all kinds, beans, bread, coffee, and of every description we know of in all large warehouse stores. Angeline Agathia sent \$25,000,000 to the governor general of Norma Catherine, Robert Vivian himself who commanded the armies in person all over the war stricken nation, gave out of his own \$20,000,000 in cash, his brother, cabled from Dorothy Gale to his assistance assistants at Omaha Omaha town to send \$1,000,000 dollars at once, which was done, Pandora (Calvernia) sent \$1,600,000, \$1,600,000 dollars, until the money coming in was reported even at the start to be about \$222,500,000 which was believed necessary to carry the sufferers through the remainder of the siege and until the end, for hundreds of thousands of the refugees and even soldiers were ill, and unable to provide or do anything for themselves. There were fully fifty million old men women and children in other sections of Calvernia or Vivian Wicks I mean still held in the bondage, who were dependent upon charity.

Angeline Agathia started immense train loads of supplies north westward as also did Gloria, Dorothy Gale, and Omaha, Betty Bobbin and Trot, the railroad hauling that ten mile long line of cars free of charge but under guard of armored cars and batteries on rail, all kinds of newspaper concerns in those cities, either gave money or started relief trains of immense size, also with doctors, nurses and medical supplies, with orders to beat the best records time to Vivian Wicks and to fight through all enemies even they had to go through inferno of holes to do so, the city of Gloria gave one million dollars, and subscribed that amount daily for many days, Betty Bobbin, telegraphed twenty two million five hundred thousand, and then made it fifteen million more, and thirty million rations, and nine hundred thousand Abyssinian army tents were sent from Eminio town, from the officers of the National Angeline Agathia Quartermaster, the mayor of Angeline (Angeline) was told by the citizens there to send two million dollars at once, and he sent \$10,000,000, nearly all the pleasure places now closed on account of the war reopened to give true benefits, the State of Omaha having five hundred million left in its World War Famine Relief fund, sent that by mail, people of the State of Herdrude sent fifteen million, to the governor at Jominia, Vivian (Calvernia) raised two million dollars in cash, the governors of nearly all the Angelinian, and other hispanian states issued proclamations calling upon their people to subscribe to the relief fund as soon as possible, the mayors of all the cities doing the same--the consequence being that in one night time the governor general Sawyer at Norma Catherine had \$250,000,000 in hand in cash, with several hundreds of millions of dollars more in sight and within call, a great deal more than he had ever expected. By the following day he heard of there being nine hundred dollars in nine hundred million dollars on the way in addition to which there were thousands of trains of carloads with supplies of all sorts--provisions, medicines, disinfectants, fruits, clothing uniforms, wines for the wounded and sick, tents, by the countless numbers, tons of bandages, army stoves, oil, everything that could possibly be needed to supply the besiegers and help them take care of the immense droves of refugees from both sections of Vivian Wicks.

On the night that most of the food and provisions had arrived Governor General Sawyer decided upon two of the most important plans of action according to Constantin Aronburg's advice. The first was that he would allow all the food and clothing shipped from the east and south to be concentrated within the main Christian lines for the use of the refugees within the rear and the army also, and that he would also grant the city of Norma Catherine the use of thirty million laborers or engineers fully armed for a period of thirty days, the same to be paid one dollar an hour per man for that time out of the government funds. In addition thereto all requests for money from the many Relief Committees in Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo were to be granted. His second main decision was that he would personally look after the needs of the thirty million destitute within the rear of the Christian lines, provide them with all supplies possible and keep them going until they got on

their feet again. A chairman dealer of the Norma Catherine Committee was to keep track of the Vivian Wickey and Aronburg situation, while the governor general and other commanders looked out for the many outside points. That night local Committees from both points was sent to Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale by the swift east train to take charge of the reloading and distribution of supplies, that was sent from there by for the army and the sufferers of Vivian Wickey. A most serious matter confronting the authorities not only at all the river and seacoast points, but in the captured towns and within the very Christian lines itself near Vivian Wickey was the rapid secret gathering of gangs of Glandelinian spies which after the Dix disaster entered the lines to find out under any conditions what the purpose of the besiegers was for further operations against the besieged. Others drifted into Concentinian Aronburg lines opposite Norma Catherine and on to the neighboring points by the hundreds in the hopes of robbing officers of secret plans, maps, and so on and the like among crowds of soldiers. All this gathering of spies made many of the officers rather uneasy and everything they had in their possession in their headquarters was stricken strictly guarded. The military police, picket lines, and guards, and troops in Vivian Wickey and within the Christian lines were always on the alert to keep down spy trouble and prevent all possible leaking and they did not get the upper hand of this most dangerous element until they had shot a score of hundreds of or more. These fellows would even slyly plan to bomb and destroy the provisions and supplies sent by the generous people from the outside, and so whenever caught were shot without delay. The following was sent out from Norma Catherine on August 15th 1914.

This showed how serious the situation was; ; ; ;

Norma Catherine. (Calvernia) August 15th 1914.

General Mansion at Angelina Agathia;

Dear sir and friends;

After the fullest possible investigation here we all feel justified in saying to you and through you to all the Angelinian people that no such disaster as this great siege, and war has ever overtaken any country, any community or any section of the world in the history of all worlds and nations. In the five big battles here with Concentinian Aronburg armies and Mic-Allister Stanoks Glandelinian armies the loss of life is more appalling than can be believed, and yet never can be accurately determined or estimated. It is estimated as far as possible at about eight million dead among the combatants of the Angelinians and five million dead among the Glandelinians, and 56,000 dead among noncombatants.

There is not a home in both sections of Vivian Wickey, Norma Catherine or Julio Callio that has not been injured, while hundreds of thousands of buildings not touched by the great conflagrations of the siege has been destroyed. The property loss represents accumulations of one hundred hundred and sixty years and more hundreds of millions, than can be safely stated. Under these conditions with ten million people among the refugees, homeless, destitute, sick, and wounded, with the entire population of the uncaptured portions of the city, under a stress and strain difficult to realize just now, we appeal directly in the very hour of our great emergency to the sympathy and aid of mankind.

General Mic-Cann.

Commander Angelinian Department of
Norma Catherine."

General Mic-Cann when he looked over the two sections of the city of Vivian Wickey three days after the disaster, had wired the War Department at Angelina Agathia that perhaps 11,000,000 had perished. He was one of the most conservative men in the Angelinian armies, an army officers always usually are, and when finally

he signed a tremendous statement saying probably 18,000,000 persons of the army fighters had lost their lives during bombardments and the series of great battles entirely his signature carried great weight with it. Not only did the people of all of Angelina, Abbeanna and her other states sympathize deeply with all the unfortunate sufferers of Vivian Wickey, but those of many other Christian nations as well. President Iowanna of Protestantia sent the following kind message to Robert Vivian who at this time was for a month at Angelina Agathia directing a preparation for a tremendous campaign for Lorianna there;:

Dorothy Gale Presidentialia;

August 12th, 1914.

To His Excellency and Supreme Majesty, King of Angelina

Robert Angelic Vivian of the Loyal states of Abbeanna;

The news of the horrible disaster and siege of Vivian Wickey and all its terrible effects, and of the bombardments which has just devastated a good part of the city of Vivian Wickey had deeply moved me. The sentiments of traditional friendship which unite the two nations can leave no doubt in your mind concerning the very sincere share that the Protestantia President, the government of the big Republic, and the whole Protestantian nation take in the worse calamity the world ever seen that he has proved such a cruel ordeal for the whole Angelinian nation and homeless families of the city. It is natural that Protestantia should participate in the universal sadness, as well as in the joy of the Angelinian people of over the disasters, and great victories. I take it to heart to tender your Majesty our most heartfelt condolences and to send to the stricken nations all provisions and supplies we can spare.

Emilie Iowanna."

Robert Vivian sent him this answer the following day;

Executive Angelinian Great Palace, Dorothy Gale, D.O.A.A. August 13th. 1914.

His Excellency, Emilie Iowanna, President of the Republic of Protestantia,

I and my whole nation hastens to express, in the name of the millions who have suffered by the disasters at Vivian Wickey, as well as in behalf of the whole Angelinian Nation, heart felt thanks for your touching message, of great sympathy, solace and condolence and the provisions.

King of Angelina.

Robert Angelic Vivian."

Even the millions of school children of the nation helped the sufferers with their pennies and sacrificed everything they loved to do it. Violet and her sisters wrote letters to various towns of Angelina, and suggesting through news papers, and books, and magazine, that all the school children and so on give some of their pennies to the victims of the greatest siege on record. The idea was carried out, and several million dollars was raised in this way in Dorothy Gale alone. The plan was also adopted in many large cities and towns throughout Angelina and Calvernia, not in possession of the enemy. When the first suggestion was made Gertrude Angelina herself then being at Pandora (Calvernia) wrote to Violet and her sisters;

"My dear friends;

"I was reared in Vivian Wickey before being captured by rebels and made a child slave lived there from my infancy, until the time when I escaped and joined the army at the service of a girl scout, and until my sister Anna Aronburg got killed while doing her services in the cause of Angelina. When Angelina Agathia had its great fire about the time of the Cadernine horror, the people of Calvernia who could, even the escaped persons of Vivian Wickey and even its besiegers sent a very generous subscription, and with it was one made by the boys and girls of the boy scout troops I commanded. Our commissioner boy scout commander

gave us all a furlough for the purpose, and the thousands of boy and girl scouts organized themselves into a number of soliciting committees. I was on the committee with our friend Poirer, now one of our best and leading Boy Scouts of all, and we two succeeded in collecting eighty eight dollars. In all for our work within a day we got together over twenty thousand dollars, which was immediately turned into the general fund, raised by the committee of the Calvinian nation.

In the year or so that has followed since Angelinia Agathia pulled half of its half of its two quarters of burned area out of the ash ashes and risen to a high place among the world cities, this disaster has now occurred. Many forces have been brought to bear to accomplish the recovery of Angelinia Agathia, but now possibly the most potent one was the helping hand of the neighbor when help was needed. Among those who helped with their little mite many the school children of Pandora, Calvinia, and other big cities in Calvinia and Angelinia be remembered.

I most heartily second your suggestion that the school children of Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale and other towns and cities be given an opportunity to add their little surviving brothers and sisters in Calvinia, and the refugees of Vivian Wickey, many of whom are naked and orphaned by the terrible disaster that has come to them, and pray to God and His blessed Mother that some means may be discovered by my uncle General Concentinian Aronburg for the capture of Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline and all of the Lucilla "ik" is soon fortifications.

Evangeline Aronburg

Alias Gertrude Angeline.

Command of girl and boy scouts of Angelinia.

Chapter 75
Supplying the Nation

On August 13th, 1914, Angelinian residents and visitors in other Christian nations especially in Protestantia, together with Yormunians whose sympathies were aroused by the three years horror of Vivian Wickey and the disastrous battle storms around her contributed many millions of dollars in their own money in thirty minutes, for the relief of the sufferers and for the purpose of helping the Angelinian armies besieging Vivian Wickey to capture her as soon as possible. The Angelinians held a meeting in the greatest Angelinian cathedral in the world at Dorothy Gale which was largely attended. The Angelinian generals there were leaders among those there who proposed to organize for the work of aiding in the relief.

The Angelinians who were residing in Pickensville at the time many scores of thousands of miles away across the Whirlian seas perfected a great organization, and elected one of their members James Henderson, President, George Halloran, the banker, treasurer, and Francisanna C. Monroean Secretary. The subscription list was then opened and fifty million dollars raised. The authorities at Vivian Wickey were informed by cable of the result. The same day H.H. Handandonia Member of the Bluelinia Parliamt of Landorinia Blon Landinia nation, and head of the Vivian Wickey line of steamers, cabled nearly a million dollars in their own kind of money to Vivian Wickey and Calvinia for the relief of the sufferers.

Many Members of the Angelinian colonies in London, Concordia held a meeting August 16th, at the Angelinian Angelinian Embassy and raised five million dollars. Angelinians in Bluelinia subscribed \$10,000,000, and many theatres in that country gave benefits. The rulers of every nation and nearly all the heads of state in the Christian section of the world cabled truthful condolences, and all the legislative bodies of many foreign nations then in session passed resolutions of great sympathy. By that time Glorianna twenty miles northeast of Dorothy Gale had raised \$174,000,000, Angelinia Agathia \$91,000,000 more, together with continual carloads of supplies which were sent as special trains guarded by armoured trains, and hundreds of cities in Angelinia, and elsewhere contributed many millions of dollars. As stated before the total for four and half day altogether amounting from the time the appeal was issued over eleven billion dollars was contributed, while an additional nine hundred million dollars was not long in following. In no case did the railroad then running yet charge for carrying the cars over any of the longest lines.

Navigation and other laws were set at naught by the Angelinian Angelinia Agathia authorities in order to do all possible to help in the capture of Vivian Wickey and help the Vivian Wickey and other battle battles, flood, and fire affords. On August 14th 1914 the following telegram was referred to general Concentinian Aronburg by General Robert Vivian:

Angelinia Agathia via Dorothy Gale, A(Angelinia)
August 12th 1914;

To His Excellency General Concentinian Gertrude Aronburg
Chief general in command of besieging armies,
Vivian Wickey and vicinity;

In consequence of said calamity of which you reported to me and my brother of, and fear of sickness numerous people wish to leave the city. All your rail communication before the city I heard has been cut off, and your losses in the battle are dreadful, but don't give in yet. More armies are being sent you, and a man who is relieved for a much needed rest will direct you from here by wireless telegraph or mail. All of the enemy fleet heard in the river is already disabled, and no landolinian ship immediately available except in the bay so you are gaining more than is comprehended. We authorities of Dorothy Gale therefore request you to instruct the proper authorities at Angelinia Agathia to see to it that all captured rebel ships are fitted out and the one damaged, repaired and sent to Wickey Bay and elsewhere to blockade much stronger. Very thing possible will be carried out to bring on a speedy downfall of Vivian Wickey and Angelinia Aronburg. And do not make any further assaults upon Thumbelina or Gertrude Angeline unless you can push on ahead beyond Julio Gallo and strength on the garrison at Norma Catherine. Have fortifications of Lucilla Jackson and others bombarded by fleets night and day without intermission.

GENERAL ROBERT VIVIAN.

GENERAL HANSON ANGELIC VIVIAN.

GENERAL CONCENTINIAN EVANS.

JACK AMBROSE EVANS.

GENERAL SPUALDING.

GENERAL Concentinian Aronburg at once returned an answer stating that everything advisable will be done. On that same evening Governor General Gawar stated that the tremendous work of relief relieving the battle, fire and flood sufferers of the two sections of the city was making excellent progress. He declared that the most generous contributions were coming in from all parts of the country of Calvinia, and Abbeisannia and her other states sufficiently large enough to relieve the immediate wants as to food, provisions and clothing, and that in the meantime the refugees from Julio Gallo and Norma Catherine were recovering themselves, and declared he had no hesitancy in expressing the very firm conviction, that a very strong reaction from an almost mortal blow to the city and besieged had already set in, and that as soon as the city could be captured and taken under the Christian authorities in general it would soon be restored in a condition to once again resume its normal and progressive position in commercial life. After one of the biggest conferences ever held in the world with many authorized committees of the Christian lines, he felt he was more than convinced that the refugees will be able with all the assistance being given, to handle the Aronburg situation successfully.

CHAPTER FIFTYTH

26

CREATING BODIES BY THE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS IN THE
STREETS OF NORMA CATHERINE!---THE BRAVEST SOLDIERS FAINT WHILE HANDLING THE
DECOMPOSED BODIES---HOW MANY OF SOME OF THOSE ESCAPED WITH THEIR LIVES.
TERRIBLE NUMBER OF LIVES LOST AND PROPERTY DAMAGE SUSTAINED OUTSIDE OF
VIVIAN WICKY OR NORMA CATHERINE. ONE MILLION VICTIMS AND MILLIONS OF
DOLLARS IN CROPS SWIFT AWAY--- GREAT ESTIMATES MADE.
TRANQUILITY FOLLOWS FRIGHTFUL SUFFERINGS OF THE POOR VICTIMS---
---FIFTY THOUSAND DEMENTED ONES--- A P APPARENT INDIFFERENCE TO THE LOSS
OF RELATIVES.....

FULLY 1,500,000 bodies were cremated in the streets of the city of Julio
Callio itself after the Lucilla Ik Isken battle after it began to become
apparent that the time necessary to bury them or to cast any more bodies into
the river or sea could not be undertaken, owing either to the enemy's fire at all
points or to the advanced state of the decomposition of the bodies. Many of the
bravest of soldiers who handled the bodies fell from fright and nausea. Many
daring volunteers took their places and the work went on, the many soldiers
and even volunteer volunteers bandaging their mouths and noses with cotton cloths
saturated with disinfectants and were relieved by many other volunteers every
hour. Even fires could not be started every place in the Christian lines on in Julio
Callio where bodies were found for fear of starting conflagrations. The usual plans
was to collect many bodies as possible with in two or three blocks in one spot
and then build the funeral pyre. On the remains of many soldiers were valuable
watches and jewelry but the men who worked did not attempt to remove the
jewelry. It all was burned with the owners. General Gasser and Woodbine
reported that their two gangs burned 10,000 bodies, the majority soldiers, but
some were women and children. The percentage of deaths even among child victims of
the enemy's artillery at once was frightful. General Franklin Monsonia and his
Abyssinkilians burned forty thousand bodies many of them children, on one of
the river benches near the Christian lines. Thousands of Catholic Priests in charge
of gangs reported 10,120 bodies burned. The sanitary experts pushed the work of
burning the dead. No other disposition was considered now. People who had even lost
relatives and friends made no objections what whatever and looked on the plan
with favor.

Disinfectants were used as never before in the world. The horrible smell of the
biggest charnel house in the world was driven away and the whole city and the
whole Christian lines were filled with the fumes of carbolic acid, lime
in solution and other thousands of orders from disinfectants. This was
general order issued by Bri Brigadier General Thomas Phelan, commanding the
garrisons in the city of Norma Catherine and Julio Callio--

"All guards, foremen of the gigantic gang gangs, and working parties
or others acting under the authorities of this department will
use all the diligence possible toward preventing any kind of hardships on private
individuals, or impressing too many men into the service. The conditions however
were so critical, and it is also necessary that all kinds of sanitary
precautions be taken to preserve the lives and health of the stricken
people of this stricken city of Vivian Wicky, that all individual interests
must give way to the general good of all. It is also found feasible to secure
any number of volunteers, but if not general impressment will be needed, but the
medical fraternity being a great unit in the opinion that further delay will bring
pestilence to finish the dire work of the battles and bombardments, the interests of
no person, firm or corporation will for one instant be spared to secure volunteers
from noncombatants also for work, but failing in this, every able bodied man
is to be put to work at any risk to clear the wreckage of both parts, burn the

burn the hundreds of thousands of bodies under it or among it or in the battlefields
still remaining, and save if possible the lives of all those who yet remain. I
trust this position indeed may be thoroughly appreciated and understood,
so that all people will govern themselves accordingly."

The miracles of Norma Catherine were many. I believe some of them
will never be received with full credit by any one. What has happened when last
in August the glandelinians from Lucilla Isken portresses themselves moved
forward in tremendous array against the Christians at all points in a fierce
attempt to recapture Norma Catherine and Julio Callio. Despite the energy and violence
of eight terrific assaults the enemy did not gain the slightest advantage at any
point in the region of Julio Callio and were hurled back with most dreadful losses.
But along the point of Norma Catherine they almost gained the victory. They came in
a headlong crash upon Vivian Wicky and during the highest fury of
the conflict drove the centre and right wing back seven miles, and had almost
gained the very outskirts of the western sections of the town before, reinforcements
sent by Vivian Wicky from the city finally recovered all the lost ground and half destroyed
the assaulting rebel army before it was finally driven back. In this engagement
a fugitive or an officer I mean had an experience when trying to get back to his
lines when wounded. He was found near the front of the line of battalions the
following morning lying beside a disabled glandelinian field piece near general
Vivian Wicky's centre. The officer however was only slightly hurt. His story
was that his whole regiment remained in the trench to the very last with the
enemy all around them. Suddenly while the enemy was pressing on there was a
terrific crash, and the works were blown to pieces by an explosion of shells. The
officer said he was hot down near the gun but nevertheless was not taken by the enemy
who left him lay where he was.

General Gasser and some of his officers also saw and went through more of that
sixth terrific battle than fell the lot of millions of survivors who lived to
tell it. He had been rallying a disordered regiment division retreating before the
headlong charge of the Angelinian rebels only a short distance from Jenita
Bridge. When he did succeed in doing so the rebels had approached to within
a hundred feet and strove to annihilate the rallied division by firing fiercely
into their ranks. At this time the general strove to call up general Vivian Wicky
and tell him of the disaster over a secret long distance army telephone
but of no avail. This was about two o'clock. At this time he had to withdraw
the shattered division through a haze of smoke. At two thirty the general became
alarmed at the violence of the enemy's advance, and with the division was compelled
to leave the works so bravely defended and start toward Norma Catherine. Some
of the officers laughed at the fear of coming disaster. Out of one regiment only
fifteen men were saved and all officers were killed. General Bergeman who which
his name was compelled to retreat and wade and swim through water for several
hundred feet, across the stream until they reached higher ground where they strove
to make another gallant defense. One of the officers rode his horse entirely
across the river toward Norma Catherine with the purpose of arousing some of the
boy scout signal corps, but within three three hundred feet where the start was
made in this way the horse got into deep water, and wounded by a shell exploding
in the water was drowned and the man had to swim the rest of the way across the
water and finally reached the town or city, but when aid did finally come in
answer to the call the enemy for a time was not checked. The enemy then were
only six hundred feet away but it was the hardest of the conflict, with the air
full of flying bits of trees from so many exploding shells, screaming bullets,
and a clouded thickly with smoke of cannon and musketry. However in that position
the division remained until morning the enemy having been repulsed.

When the sun had risen that morning the enemy had so far receded that the
survivors of the division recoiled back to Norma Catherine. On the way one of
the survivors found a dead baby girl in a yard of a ruined country house blown
to ruins by a shell. It was a trying experience of the general indeed but he and his
division came out with colors flying and held its position while all the others
had retreated until reinforcements came.

During this strange and terrible battle there happened to be many instances of devotion of private to officer, of officer to private, and of boy scouts could be mentioned. One lieutenant with a squad of private soldiers were caught in the current of the main line when it had been retreating before the pressure of the enemy onslaught. In the confusion and panic the officer became separated from his devoted friends. Both were in the main path of the enemy and each believed by retreated toward Norma Catherine they would find safety. The lieutenant finally managed to reach Jennie bridge, and there taking shelter behind a wall behind a viaduct was pounded by debris, and stones for every explosion of a shell directed at the bridge and had to remain there under such perilous cover until the storm subsided, and then he retreated on and managed to reach a well abandoned house. During a most frightful time he had only one companion with him. He came out of the terrible ordeal out and unharmed while his lone companion was killed.

When their lines went to pieces before the dead dreadful onslaught of the enemy general stubbornly went in his last brigade to rally the columns and stop the foe assault. The brigade managed to stop a section of the enemy line, and the main line of stubbornly being rallied he now felt his line tolerably secure. At the same time one of his guns had hit a small Country Catholic Church near the battle line the explosion tearing away the roof and rear wall of it back of the altar. The wall also collapsed but the altar however was not damaged, and the frail life sized statues on the altar were not harmed or even moved.

For an hour longer the line held, then without warning the enemy with the wildest yells suddenly rushed forward with the most tremendous fury and by the fury and pressure of the assault the christian line was so badly banded back backwards that it finally broke into two pieces and one section began to recoil. The general happened at that time to be far from the point of danger and did not expect the disaster until a courier rode up to him and told him of it. At this moment one of the generals fell mortally wounded.

The general was compelled to appeal for help at once and it was not until two hours had passed before he received any relief and he himself trying to rally the columns received a wound in the leg. The general who took his place then was compelled to withdraw the badly torn division from one line of works to another, by retreating to one, and making a desperate stand and then resuming the retreat. Each work was captured in its turn the attack of the enemy being too reckless to be withstood under any conditions and one of the brigades during the fourth retirement was separated from another and a each general in command believed they all were lost. After three more hours of fiercely battling with the enemy they reached their own works and finally repulsed the enemy.

General Edward Ziegler, and also Thomasonia Parley, and Alexander Turner at the time the enemy was making the assault upon the whole christian line extending between Julio Gallo and Norma Catherine arrived at Jennie Bridge. Section they saw one of the wildest storm of battles ever witnessed by them before anywhere for the length of thirteen miles. As soon as Ziegler had brought his columns to help repel the assault he was struck by a shell fragment and though horribly wounded was assisted by some of the other officers to safety. Another officer who had come to his assistance when he fell was killed. A part of the line of action at this point was getting more severe as General Calveston's army of Scodlers was attacking, and most of the soldiers of the Angelinian had been surprised and attacked so suddenly that they had no time to do anything else but repel the assault or run, and so many hundreds of thousands of men were literally fighting the enemy in only their undergarments.

Some of the Angelinian regiments almost surrounded by the fiercely yelling Scodler Scodlers escaped from a small line of rifle pits on the exposed sections of the battleground, by fighting their way through like a regiment of lions and finally retreated to higher ground where they a mere handful of men held a vast brigade of the Zimmermannians at bay.

One of the officers colonel Ziegler whose regiment was taken so completely surprised that they were fighting in their undergarments, was completely naked, and even many of the other fighting soldiers wore only night garments, when they

advanced to the works to repel the enemy attack, but their appearance was similar to that of hundreds of thousands of more, many of the wounded soldiers who were being taken to the rear had to even be clothed. At noon that terrible day the enemy had been pressing the Angelinian columns so hard that in their slow retreat through a plain they had sufficient space to move around in comfort and were almost penned in on all sides by the rapidly advancing Scodlers and their officers were becoming anxious indeed. Four hours later the other works in the rear were congested with crowds of retreating soldiers, and the frantically attacking enemy.

Even so hastily was the retreat that many women and children who happened to be near those works were forced to follow the retreating soldiers and so every space was covered with crowds of hysterical women, crying screaming children and frantic scared men all covered by the retreating soldiers. The separation of families caused by the sudden panic produced very pathetic scenes, when many mothers mourned their offspring, and men lamented the loss of all dear to them. Among the non-combatants there was not even so much confusion as there was among the retreating soldiers, only a clinging closer to together without any discrimination of class or sex, as the enemy advanced onward foot by foot, and the roar of cannons and musketry slackened or grew louder as the case may be.

Late in the afternoon through the enemy was finally checked by the arrival of Angelinian reinforcements the misery deepened, and the refugees occupied all the outer ruins of Norma Catherine, and approaches and other places but receiving reinforcements a salvo the enemy resumed the successful advance, and many of the Angelinian soldiers at this point had to retreat even into Norma Catherine where buildings and stores were thrown wide open to provide refuge for the soldiers in the lower and upper stories from which they could fire upon the terribly exposed enemy as they strove to enter the city. The men placed the refugees further on in the rear where they would not suffer from exposure to the enemy's fire. An hour later conditions became worse, and amid the uproar of wilder conflict and as many enemy guns shelled the city with boom and bang like a million thunder roars many women became demented, and one woman, crazed by fear and excitement seized a gun from one of the soldiers and would have run out into the streets and fought the enemy herself if she had not been grabbed and held and then placed under care. In other buildings many women thinking the enemy would surround Norma Catherine and capture it before Viviananna could receive reinforcements kill kissed each other and said good bye, and during all the uproar prayed and sang hymns in turn. With such terrible announcement that the enemy were still striving to press on and that there were so no signs of them being worsted many men and women who witnessed the horriblescene gave up to the terrible mental strain and fainted.

The survivors of the battling soldiers even paid a high tribute to the utmost bravery in the face of death of many of the women refugees of the battle, and stated that although abject melancholy had fallen over all that the spirit of fortitude displayed by the women and even children never nerved the men non-combatants and inspired the soldiers to much greater efforts. The horrors of that terrible day were equalled on the succeeding days as the enemy receded. Of all the great heroisms and dogged tenacity of purpose noted in connection with this Norma Catherine battle storm, none was greater than that of Colonel H.L. Lovechild. He was a colonel of the engineer corps and he was working some where with his engineers near Jennie Bridge when the enemy assault struck. Early the following morning when the first news of the fifth battle or sixth battle began to drift in to his Engineering camp Colonel Lovechild announced to his aiding Colonel that he intended starting immediately for Norma Catherine. He went to one of the regiments with which he heard had suffered the most loss and then started with several officers toward Norma Catherine. He went some distance but was soon forced to halt eight miles from Norma B-bridge. He therefore walked eight miles, arriving at the Norma River both Bend in about three hours. There was not a sign of a boat in sight, not even a skiff or a canoe the enemy having seen to that. However he found a large cypress railroad tie near the waters edge, and procuring a coal hook from a large wrecked locomotive that had been blown from the track and damaged beyond repair by some mighty explosion, he got astride the tie after having placed it in the water and therefore set out on a most difficult and dangerous journey across the three miles of salt water near the rivers mouth and facing the enemy's guns. If they should once let go he would be blown out of

the water. But he was not observed as it was kind of foggy so thus he labored for nearly seven trying hours, the sun beating down upon him and with his body half submerged in the water, while once in a while he got a jar as a big shell exploded high in the sky like the loudest clap of thunder and fragments dropped in the water all about him. At last the goal was reached and he pulled himself out of the water and stepped on the once fair landing side of Norma Catherine. After having passed on his way more than a score of thousands of decaying bodies of the battle and bombardment victims, the heroic young officer set about to return to his lines and find his own friends and tell what he saw. This he did after having been compelled to recross the river in the same style and this time fired at by cannons and musketry. He however escaped as he had been utterly stripped off his clothing by the force of one big explosion and he certainly had an experience that was almost equal to that of Hans.

The story of General Frank Klee was indeed most pitiful. General Klee suffered the annihilation of his whole brigade when the storming assault of the enemy burst upon him his brigade was far in advance of the main line and when it was surrounded and being slaughtered he was seized by two officers who rushed him from the dangerous zone in time to cheat death among the exploding mines the enemy had so secretly set along his works. Once in the open, with a few of his survivors he was swept on the wild retreat into Norma Catherine among scores of other retreating regiments. He finally rallied his few survivors and held to a precious line of works and by skillful maneuvering, managed to withdraw it close to a stronger position flanked by a line of solid but ruined houses. He saw a haven in these places and ordered the regiments to retreat for the buildings. As he did so he saw one of his best friends Colonel Kimber blown to pieces by the explosion of a high explosive shell. That explosion also destroyed two of his remaining regiments. The awful blow stunned but did not render him senseless.

He retained hold of the position and with six guns only remaining sent a whirling storm of death and destruction upon the enemy, but the enemy charging on sent grape and canister with their advancing batteries whirling among his dying dead and living victims of the attack fury, hoping in time to effect a capture of the remaining force. An hour or more in that deadly position brought the desired end. The little handful of men managed to escape and got to the buildings and the enemy threw himself forward rushing over wreckage and corpses, and then swept to the assault only to meet a withering fire that shot them down so fast that they had to recoil. Ten times this horrible ordeal was repeated, and while the enemy were assaulting so wildly and yelling and blaspheming so terribly for every bloody repulse General Klee saw a little girl rush into the street in the full face of the enemy's fire and despite the danger rushed out to rescue her. As he did so a bombshell exploded in the street, and her body was blown open and disemboweled and he himself dreadfully wounded. The poor brave general remembered nothing until the following night the day after, when he was put into the general's hospital at the main Christian lines. He had a slight recollection of the battle, the fire of explosions, the rush of the enemy repeatedly into the works and the yelling and scream of their devil yells. His brain however did not execute its functions until two days after. Colonel Klee's experience also was a sad one. His two divisions were thrown back two miles by the rushing torrent of German assault, and while being driven with frightful velocity toward the city the general was thrown into the branches of a tree by the concussion of a mine explosion under his retreating troops and wedged wounded as he was firmly between the branches and remained there three days without food or relief until some soldiers out scouting saw him and came to his rescue. He did two days later. Another officer was saved from death at the expense of the life of his brother. The general was in his trenches when the hurricane rebel attack struck. He was severely wounded at the outset and his brother seeing him fall, seized him and guided him to the rear of the lines, but in doing so received a wound which later proved fatal.

General Daniel Jones who was sent to the scene of the latter conflict by General Grant the day after the big battle to investigate the conditions of Norma Catherine reported to the General in chief on August the Twenty Seventh and said in his report:—

"The sanitary conditions of the city is still very bad. Large quantities of line and other things have been sent to the two sections, but I doubt if any one will be able or will be found to unload it from the various vessels, and attend its distribution when it arrives. The stench is almost unbearable. It arises from piles of debris so still containing the bodies of human beings and also animals when more bodies added to the list by the last battle it is being complicated. Of course these carcasses are being burned whenever it can be done with safety, but little of the wreckage can be destroyed. There is no water protection despite the river rivers going through because the enemy have disabled all the fire department systems and ruined the fire department engines and buildings destroyed all the hose lines, and should a fire now break out the destruction of the whole entire city would be complete. When the search parties come across a human body it is quickly taken into some open place and wreckage piled over it and set on fire and the body slowly consumed.

The order of the burning bodies is horrible. The relief work however despite all the attempts of the enemy to frustrate it is well organized even under fire. Nothing has been accomplished except the distribution of food among the needy. About one half of Norma Catherine and one third of Julio Gallo is totally wrecked, and many people are still living in houses that are wrecked and who are now being moved out and sent toward our lines being moved from the city as rapidly as possible. It will take three or four more days or even still more yet before all have been removed from the city. A remarkably large number of horses belonging to our army survived the battles but there is no supplies for them, and many of them will soon die of starvation. I am thoroughly satisfied after my spent spending so many days here that the estimated from five to eight million dead among soldiers is too conservative indeed. It will now exceed that number. No body however can ever estimate or will ever know within one thousand of how many lives were really lost. In the city, and battle fields all around the numerous dead bodies are being got rid of in whatever manner now possible. They are burying the dead in front of the works. At one place on a line of works two miles in length two hundred and fifty thousand were found and buried on the following days. There must be hundreds of thousands of dead bodies back on the battle smitten prairies that have not yet been found. It is impracticable to make a search, too dangerous. Bodies have been found as far as six miles from the river shores. It would take our whole besieging army to search that territory on the shores of these three big rivers. The waters of the rivers and their mouths are still full of dead bodies, and they are always being cast upon the beach by the waves. On my trip to and from the quarantine gun I passed a large procession of uniformed bodies of both sides going seaward. I counted fourteen hundred of them on my trip from the works of battle, and it is apparent that this procession is kept up day and night. The captain of one of the besieging warships in Wick-Wickey Bay who had just reached out lines informed me he began to meet floating bodies fifty miles from the islands.

As an illustration of how near the enemy got to success, a division of troops which had been the last to recoil before the enemy assault, tried to prevent the enemy from moving on toward Norma Catherine when the main storm of assault came on. The division of troops defending the works bravely drove the enemy back for some distance but was soon driven back itself. Everything was smoke from the heavy firing, and all the main line of works held by the Angelinians had soon been obliterated. The strength of the main assault could not be determined, and the attackers were driving in so furiously at the Angelinians that the enemy soon overran everything and the whole division was driven back into Norma Catherine.

One of the most thrilling of descriptions of personal experiences with the fearful battle of Norma Catherine ever written was that of Jennie Turner and Angelina Riches who happened to be in the city of Norma Catherine at the time with the intention of learning of what the enemy intended to do. Jennie Turner herself wrote an account of her adventures and her friends Violet and her sisters who were at that time for a short space of time at Dorothy Gale;

My dear little Princesses of Angelina and friends;

"I suppose before you may have received my telegram you will know that I and my friend are safe. However this has probably been one of our most terrible experiences. I hope I and even you will be spared any such again. Brave as I and my companion are we are just nervous wrecks--fever blisters over my mouth, eyes with hollows under them, and we are shaking all over as if with the agues. When I close my eyes suddenly I cannot see anything no matter where I go outside of Norma but piles of naked Angelinian soldiers dead or in only underwear, and also in full uniform, seas of dead glandelinians wreckage of every description, and wild eyed men, and women and children. I supposed dear Vivian, I had better begin at the start at Ann Angelina Riches advises me but just now I'm sure I cannot write with any common common sense I'm so shaken with my experiences.

All day long at on August 24th I and Angelina heard an awful noise far away to the west of Norma Catherine as if there were a great battle raging but as it was far at that time we did not pay any attention to it. At about eleven o'clock in the afternoon the enemy from fortress Gertrude Angelina and Rhumbelina and also

Maroccello began to rain shells into the front sections of Norma Catherine, and in the distance a noise like the distant scream of a coming typhoon was heard. So great was the shell storm that all the soldiers in the city who remained and who were not elsewhere took shelter in the under sections of the houses, or in cellars and in street barricades, and we sat in a window like place watching the effects of the shell storm with dread. All at once Angelina cried to me:

"Look at all those soldiers rushing into our city. It must be the Angelinians retreating. They are beaten."

"There was indeed an enormous torrent of troops coming into the city, and they wedged forward for every house they could reach, and those already in the ruins began firing like mad at something further off in the distance. The uproar of firing at such close quarters arose rapidly to a terrific din as we watched the scene in exop excitement, and one of the others who were in the building with us sent us all to go to lower quarters saying the whole city is liable to be under storm. Then we could see some strange lines of men coming forward from the outskirts of the city toward the main interior, and the Angelinians began to rush forward to that point, while men on horse rushed back and forth putting men behind barricades and into houses to defend all parts should the rebel flood burst through. The shelling, firing of musketry, and yelling of the combatants rose to a furious whirlwind of horrible sound, and all the time it seemed as if more and more Angelinians were coming into the city on a retr. grade motion and that the enemy in the distance came nearer and nearer. I Angelina Riches and many soldiers all crowded into the hall of a big house--a big three story one--and from the concussion of an explosion some where though far away the building for a second rocked like a cradle. About five o'clock a shell blew off the roof, another shell struck the front of the house tearing off the blinds of six windows with one explosion, and all the windows were blown in and sixteen men killed and twelve wounded in the room we were in. We were ourselves showered by broken fragments of glass and mortar and other debris but outside of a few cuts and scratches we were not injured though the crash nearly made us deaf. When another explosion occurred glass was sent flying in all directions, and a bomb entering one of the rooms blew all before it like a cyclone killing every one in it. Fearing that the building was an exact target of the enemy's guns the men who survived in our room told us we and they would have to leave and go to some houses further up the street at the end of the block, a big strong one. Angelina Riches was wild about the attack of the enemy, whom she feared would recapture Norma Catherine in one rush, and the telephone wires were all down. The men told us we must cover our heads with large pillows to save ourselves from injury if possible from shell fragments and that we could take only a few

of things in a little bundle. I took my small wrist watch, and railroad ticket, and what little money I had, and pinned them in my inside my dress, took off everything from my waist down but an undershirt and my linen shirt, and covered myself with something like albatross, wore no shoes or stockings. I put the rest of the clothing what I could find in my little trunk and locked it. Tell Jennie, Vivian, the little Bear that the last thing I put into the trunk was her picture, for I thought it might be injured. It took two men to each woman there to get her across the shell swept street and down to the end of the block. Trees thicker than than any in our yard were hurled down across the streets by big explosions, pine logs, boxes, trunks, wreckage, and drift wood of all sorts swept up past in the river, and the scene looked as if the end of the world had come. Angelina and I went across on the second trip. As I started down the street with a big pillow on my head tied to it, I was hooked by a horrible crash as if all the heavens were exploded and the bomb which it was hurled sand and gravel into my face which felt as if it hit like a knife. It was going like going down into their grave, and I never was so near death, unless it was once or twice before during my sorties against the enemy. It was getting dark by this time, and the men put their arms around us, and across the street we went with the shells crashing like thunder in a violent thunderstorm high above us or at intervals in the streets or a among houses and on house tops. Angelina Riches was crying

about the way the enemy were pressing into the city, and I was begging one of the men not to turn me loose. One man brought a bundle of clothing such as he could find for us to put on, wrapped up in a mackintosh. He had to dodge in between shells or be killed. I spent the whole night such a horrible one, wet from shoulder to my waist from sweat and from my knees down, and barefooted. No body there had any shoes or stockings to fit us. Angelina herself did not have anything but a thin boyscout trousers and blanket wrapped around her from her waist down. Another girl like girl like ourselves had a small lawn wrapper or something like it and blanket and the soldiers who helped us had a pair of purple trousers and a light yellow shirt and vasalao fa barefooted for the street had water from a flood deep up to my shoulders when he went across after us. The house we went to was packed with soldiers ready for the enemy should they come on. This house had a large basement and was of brick. The windows many of them were blown out by blast and concussion, and for every thunder of shell it rocked from top to bottom and the flood waters came into the first floor. Of course no one not even us slept. About two o'clock in the morning the sound of cannonading had changed direction and the flood had receded as suddenly as it had come and as we stood at the windows watching it we saw crowds of soldiers wading the streets and heard a man called Lieutenant J. J. call out to us:

"Rest easy girls. The enemy have long ago been repulsed. Only the fortifications are firing."

It was an immense building we were in though a part of the roof and one story had been blown away by shell fire and during the height of the flood the water came up to the second floor. The building was four stories high. As soon as the shell storm began to show signs of abatement and the flashes were not so frequent or the detonations less noisy and near we started wading back to where we came from, such a place. The water had risen ten feet in the house, and the roof being gone we feared in case a thunderstorm would arise from the effects of the battle the rain would pour in and we would have no shelter whatever. I and Angelina did not have a dry rag but only a dirty purple skirt and an undershirt with it and it was full of holes. We were half naked, and we did not have anything to eat since noon the day before, and we had to live on whiskey. Every time the soldiers happened to see us they would pop a bottle of whiskey at us and make us drink some. All we had all the following day was crackers and whiskey. We were all so weak we knew we could not get back to the Christian lines yet but finally having received some rations we started. It was awful to view the battle fields of the day before. Dead horses lay everywhere by thousands the streets were filled with fallen telephone poles and brick stores blown down. Hundreds of women and children from Julio Gallo and men were crowding toward the Christian lines crying for lost ones and half of the soldiers nearly who had gone through the battle were injured. Wild eyed, ghastly looking men hurried by, and told of whole regiments by scores annihilated and scores of generals killed or wounded wounded.

I and Angelina Riches could not stand any more whatever and made some of the

soldiers bring me and her to the christian lines. When to make us recover they poured whiskey down us and the only effect it had was to make my head ache. I and she had about got straightened out when a party of officers and one general came to the house--relatives of some, kind of General Constantine Aronburg--he had lost their regiments, and he his brigade of men, and all the provisions, and artillery they had and two line lines of works. Though brave officers they almost had hysterics, and every one cried and I had another pell. All day long wagon trains passed filled with dead soldiers--most of the soldiers without a thing on them--and men with stretchers with dead bodies with just a sheet thrown over them, some of them little children please. We waited every single moment to have bodies brought here. Here was a brave little boy in the house with us a boy scout that spent the night in the flood water clung to his own property. He is all alone. Last night one of the soldiers directed us to another house which was not in ruins and where we could receive better attendance and a dry bed and food. One of the officers who escorted us swam in the streets all the way. He is nearly wild with a toothache caused by the noise of the battle. I cannot write any more. Am coming to general Robert, Vivian's army as soon as I can."

Jennie Turner.

Angeline Fiches.

General Stubbs with his three divisions, consisting of Abyssinkilians, punchkins, and Winkies were in their works when the great enemy assault appeared. They were driven from their works but found refuge on a high rise of ground. This line of works was carried however, and one of the retreating divisions was driven in one direction, while the other two retreating divisions in another. One of the Winkie brigades was fairly blown from the works but toward evening all the divisions of what remained of them were reunited and drove the enemy back with the help of reinforcements. General Walter Watkins became a raving madiac as the result of his wounds. His whole brigade was swept away. Colonel Stealer when his company was driven from their works sought safety and safe defense in six successive works, which were demolished by the enemy's shell fire. The column of troops eventually climbed up to the top of a narrow ridge and were saved from further attacks. Lieutenants Henry Jones and with fifteen other Angelinian soldiers finding the army they were in were about to fall back before the pressure of the enemy's assault made their way to a little woods and here withdrawing waited for the main line to come but had to keep themselves behind trees to prevent themselves from being blown to death by grape shot. General James Chaplin and Colonel Kennedy with their single two brigades resisted the enemy assaults without falling back once all day, cutting down whole columns of assaulting Glandelinians twenty men deep by cannon and musketry. Finally when the enemy came on in a fierce attack in overwhelming numbers they had to at last retreat but receiving reinforcements they drove the incoming tide of Glandelinians back. The two generals declared their brigades were fearfully depleted and all the survivors were fearfully bruised. All regimental commanders were killed or wounded. A very pathetic incident in the search for the dead occurred after the battle. A squad of Angelinians discovered in the vicinity of two wrecked centimeter guns fifty five bodies. Among these bodies was one which a member of the Angelinian burial party recognized as his own father. The bodies were hastily buried while the son assisted with partial like firmness. At the same time an Angelinian bridge engineer started to walk toward the Jennie Bridge. He found a little girl which he picked up and carried for miles. On his way he discovered the bodies of many soldiers. These he covered with grass and other material to protect them from the Glandelinian vultures until some arrangements could be made for their interment.

So far as up to now and the effects of the whole siege entirely from its beginning the whole proper property loss of Vivian Wickey and vicinity was hardly less than three hundred million dollars, outside of that city and other points where the siege also extended together with the agricultural and stock raising districts, the property damage was nearly half that amount, or in the neighborhood. Probably in the vicinity of Vivian Wickey seventy five villages and towns were turned into fortifications with all their buildings by the besiegers, and in most of these places during the artillery and mortar of the enemy where there was some loss of life. It was however reliably estimated from so many reports received at Angelina Agathia, from the region of Vivian Wickey and these places also that the loss of life on the side of the death list of all of the opposing armies

during the siege before Aronburg arrived, and Garrison was in charge would come to about 10,000,000 men for the enemy and over 23,678,937 for the Angelinians. In the many towns turned into fortifications by the Angelinians the percentage of killed by artillery duels exceeded that of the numbers of men in the main batteries on the main christian line. Several of the towns used as numerous fortifications from their houses were swept out of existence by shell fire and conflagrations. The scene of horror and desolation from the whole siege in the devastated districts before the arrival of Aronburg, and the relief of Garrison was terrible to witness. The besieging lines extended for more than two hundred miles in length, the path of destruction was more than thirty miles in width, and even extended as far as Angelina Aronburg and Feder Federal town sections of Vivian Wickey, a distance of over two hundred miles in length. To make sure the besieged would receive nothing from the land side outside of Vivian Wickey the crops of all kind were either in the hands of the besiegers or completely ruined. The scene was true even of rice and cotton crop growing outside of Vivian Wickey. The districts were only keenly felt however by the unfortunate noncombatants, and small rebel farmers throughout the districts. In Andran and vicinity by shell storms and by the fire conflagration that once immolated violet and her sisters, the damage was not figured at over \$400,000,000. At Norma Catherine by the fire there with the destruction of the Delia-Mell-Tell-Mell prison and others and by bombardments, \$1,200,000,000 four sections of the big section of Vivian Wickey known as Norma being virtually destroyed by that big fire alone and six million in people in that section deprived not only of shelter, and food for over a month, but all prospects for a safety to come, and over 5,000,000 persons including numerous child slaves abandoned by the enemy perished. Violet and her sisters also had a narrow escape from this wildest of the sieges and conflagrations.

On the fifteenth of August General Wing Baggotter sent out the following statement and appeal from Angelina Agathia itself at which he had been visiting, after a thorough investigation of the situation in and around Vivian Wickey during the time general Garrison was in charge:

"I arrived as a spy in disguise in Vivian Wickey from Randall and was astounded and bewildered by the sight of fires, and devastations on every side.

Nearly five per cent of the houses in Andran alone were in ruins, all of Norma Catherine seemed to be burning, with a loss of six million dead, and the rest without shelter and destitute of the necessities of life, and refused aid by the Glandelinians in possession, and so giving no means whatever to save them. Everything in the way of corps was either in the hands of the besieging armies or destroyed by enemies to prevent their retaining them, big explosions erupted like exploded volcanoes, killing millions of persons per explosion, and unless the siege incurred to a speedy finish there will be exceedingly great suffering, and the whole world is a ready needing assistance itself as the Aronburg situation causes sorrow all over. General Garrison is overworked and needs some one to relieve him for a period of four months and his losses are simply more dreadful than any dare exaggerate. The people of Vivian Wickey hold prisoners by the enemy and refused sufficient aid and need and must have assistance. The nation knowing the horror should supply money to help the besiegers capture Vivian Wickey. Clothing even for the army is badly needed. Hundreds of thousands of men and child slaves in Andran are without a change in their misery despite the progress of the siege and are suffering more on account of the siege. Some better idea may be had of the distress when it is known that box cars outside the main christian lines arching impromptu improvised as houses and hay for bedding by soldiers themselves. Only fourteen houses in the once fair little town of Jen in Vivian is standing, Sunbeam Creek, the paradise park regions of Vivian Wickey is a thousand charnel hells, and buildings in Julio Gallo also are badly damaged. The damage near Lieghburg Landing was not less than one hundred million dollars but the news from there is too disheartening to repeat. The country districts were strewn with corpses on account of the Zangustopolis. Zangustopolis horror. The prairies around Jennie Vivian are dotted with the bodies of the dead, and a vast crater lies ten miles east of Jennie Vivian dug by some tremendous explosion early in the siege. Scores unburied there are mere skeletons for it was no doubt the bodies had been too badly decomposed to be handled and the water of the crater is too deep for any navigation.

A terrible pestilence is feared from the millions of decomposing animal matter lying everywhere. The stench is something awful. Disinfecting material is all so badly needed. Damage to railroads outside of Vivian, okay on account of the siege was about five hundred million dollars. Damage to all lines of telegraph, telephone, and others outside of Vivian, okay was fifty million dollars. Damage to crops by the enemy to prevent it falling into the hands of the besiegers was about thirty three million dollars. Damage to all stock was great, countless thousands of horses having perished like the soldiers in battle. In the town of Brazoria one of the outpost places used by the Angelinians and whose houses were changed into strong fortifications, there was hardly a building left standing and its defenders had withdrawn to main lines. All farming fences were gone, and the devastation from shell fire was complete. Even many large and expensive grain elevators along the rivers, and sugar refineries, refineries were wrecked by the enemy. All child slaves still building a wage blown up by the enemy and many children not taken by the enemy back to Vivian, okay killed.

On one large abandoned child slave plantation outside the works of a Aurandocallio a short distance from the terrible Gertrude Angelina fortifications many child slaves were found dead. The small abandoned villages near fortress Lucille, Jackson also abandoned by the foe were completely destroyed as they retreated and over twenty hundred sick child slaves and injured ones from overwork were either killed or left to die in the burning buildings, most of the bodies having been recovered by the Angelinians themselves. Every child slave place in that part of the section was destroyed by the retreating enemy, and there was great suffering from or among the many child slaves who were left behind and who fortunately escaped the awful death. There was also much destruction among the child slaves abandoned.

In a Christian fortification, this fortification though a strong one was one of the most exposed to the Christian guns, and was wholly destroyed by the Christian gunners before the enemy would go out of it. The child slaves so hastily abandoned were without shelter and only by a miracle escaped death or injuries during the terrible artillery battle. Their food supplies were provided by the Angelinians who rescued them. The Angelinian authorities also heard from the plantations where several hundred of the most expensive child slaves had been employed. Every building in the plantation was blown to pieces by the enemy mining them and the loss to this property aggregated three million five hundred thousand dollars. Fifteen of the children were caught under the timbers of a falling building before they could get out and killed. Over a hundred others were injured. The well children were taken by the retreating enemy and the others left behind. In addition to the loss on these buildings the entire cane crop belonging to the besieged was destroyed as well as on other fortified plantations in that section. Seven child slaves were killed by the retreating enemy at Angelonia, which was also destroyed by fire. In the neighborhood of the same fortress five Angelinians were killed, and fifty wounded, when struck down by grape shot while driving child slaves ahead of them. The child slaves were not harmed and escaped. The loss of life among the retreating Angelinians in that immediate section far exceeded the millions. The search for child slave victims

at Sea Brook, forti fortress captured by the Angelinians resulted in fifty thousand Angelinian soldiers dead being found but no slaves. This fort was a favorite residing place for the Angelinian Garrison when first in possession before the capture of Vivian, okay by the enemy, and had at this time been filled with soldiers and child slaves when the shell storm started. There were many soldiers killed but no child slaves were found.

Marcocuan situated near the mouth of the Mic-Hollet or Run a made the Christian armies confronting it ask for aid. Over one half of their encampments, mostly of barracks was destroyed by the shelling from the fortress and reports from the adjacent country showed that many soldiers were killed while at their guns. Eleven child slaves employed on a rebel plantation in the region of fortress Matagorda were killed by the collapse of a building from the concussion of so many cannons in which they had sought refuge from the artillery storm of both sides. The fortress of Matagorda, situated near Fortress Silver Bell was in the forefront of the Christian artillery attack.

Se several Angelinian generals were killed here General Ganey and Elliot, and several others injured. Over fifty child slaves were killed near Fort Wharton, ten being killed on one plantation near the fortress. The fort resists though holding out suffered a loss of nearly all its barracks, and camps by shells, and three thousand Angelinians were killed there at their guns. There were many child slaves taken from the ruins every barracks but two being destroyed. The destitute child slaves were compelled to live out doors therefore and camp on the wet ground when the enemy could easily afford them better shelter. Out side of Fort Galveston, and Houstonia, the greatest suffering from the artillery storm upon Thumbelina and vicinity was between Galveston Port and Lake Angelina, inland, and on the coast of the Norma pun river mouth. This was caused by the storm of Zimmerman's batteries, and the bombardment of the fleets. There was no damage at the

Corpus Christi fortress, Port Rockport, and Rockford or in that immediate section of the river coast, though some fierce attempts had been made to take them by storm. The Angelinians who suffered the worse on account of the four big bombardments of concentric Artillery were those of the river sections near Gertrude Angelina. The Angelinian rebel child slave masters and planters had every thing swept away by fire the beginning of the siege, and the bombardment of the Christian artillery upon Gertrude Angelina, to cover Norma capture, and the flood made by Angelinian engineers totally devastated every thing between the fort, leaving the Angelinians at this section in danger of starvation. An enormous acreage was planted in all kinds of crops and was almost ready for harvesting when the storm of guns and the floods laid everything low. At ports Wharton, Sugarland, Quintana, Waller Teller, Prairie View and many other defense works barely a barracks house was left standing, though the enemy held and defended the forts to the last. Many of the child slaves of male kind of old or young who were able were compelled to help man guns or bring in ammunition to repel the Christian artillery fire and other work, and the child slaves many of them repelled when they saw signs of an storming Christian infantry assault brewing. When the assault was made the Angelinians managed to pour over the works, and capture numerous soldiers and slaves combined and so fiercely did the enemy fight and resist the charge that when many prisoners were taken most of their clothing was gone, having been burned by flashes of gun powder or exploding cartridges. The child slaves were also found in a terrible condition. The loss of so many prisoners, barracks, and child slaves and such awful numbers in killed and wounded and of such horrible scenes and miles was a severe blow to the enemy. Livestocks also were greatly harmed. Five generals of the rebels were killed at Grantlin Point in the terrible battle there. General Mic-Henry of that division was the only one who survived, and came through the frightful battle exhausted and in a state of terrible nervousness indeed. The general reported to Stanek that the Angelinian forces mostly leading Abyssinkilians aided by Winkies, and Abiesaminians, assaulted so furiously that the most galling fire of gathling guns, and artillery and musketry would not stop their wild onrush. He declared that his division though the rear of one of the Angelinian assaults were driven out of the works and sought safety in the outer works of fortress Eddinta near Marcocallio. In endeavoring to rally the troops to greater efforts to resist that irresistible tide of Christian troops general Girdon Haventon took a Angelinian regimental flag and waved it but was struck down by a grape shot and killed. General Mic-Henryson then strove to get his guns out of reach of the accretion human tide wave in purple and hills he was ordering the guns to be sent to the rear under lash he was twice wounded by bullets and then killed by a musket ball in the head. General Lucy Anna in striving to bring a brigade of Winkie, Abiesaminians to the front to repel the Winkie Abyssinkilians was next killed by a piece of timber hurled at him by the explosion of grape, and next general Gaudon was mortally wounded in striving to regain the ground he had lost. Finally only two generals were in command of the shattered division. Finally with one rush the Abyssinkilians and other Angelinians gained the parapets and in the face of a sent scathing withering fire fairly hurled the rebels out of the works breaking the Angelinian insurgent line in twain, and turning its flank. General Glance took charge of one half of the line and started a withdrawal, while General Henry took charge of the other and still strove to repel the Nationals and drive back their insane efforts. The losses of the assailants was exorbitant but still they pressed on and general Glimin was

killed as he also saved a flag to inspire his men on. General Mic-Henry however held to his own works and finally receiving reinforcements from Maracoeillo and Silverbell managed to repulse the Angelinians at last. It was a desperate conflict lasting all day and caused the glandelinians a loss of seven five thousand dead. At Surfside Junction the assault of the Angelinians almost turned the enemy under general quibble out of their works. The Angelinians had moved against the long redan in two directions, and the works were in greater danger on account of the heavy shells exploding around and above it. Only a few glandelinians could oppose such an attack with greater bravery than these, and even child slaves who were loyal to their masters went into the work and assisted the gunners in repelling the assault until losses even among them was dreadful. General Bellevue of the Angelinians in this section of the assault was killed but his batteries demolished every barracks of Fort Surfside Junction, and one unknown glandelinian general was killed there. Not a barracks was left at this point. Two big cars used by glandelinians as a place of defense was struck by a gang-gang shell and whirled along by the concussion for two hundred yards, where they collided with another line of box cars killing and wounded every one of the defenders. Another dead general, the destruction of all works and houses except one, and the destruction of two brigades of glandelinians was the record of the work of the bombardment at Arcadia gun. From fifty other sections of Thumbelina came reports that big assaulting christian columns had been wrecked or demolished, and the ground for miles strewn with dead and wounded. General Gillion of the Angelinians after this contest made a trip in disguise over the line of battle from Gertrude Angeline Point to Thumbelina point on foot August 13th and gave a graphic account of his perilous journey which was made under many difficulties.

"Twelve miles of railroad tracks and bridges near here are gone south of Gertrude Angeline." Said he. "I walked, waded and swam from the Gertrude Angeline Point, to Thumbelina Point sometimes under fire, and nothing could be seen in all of that section but death and desolation. The prairies were covered with wreckage of army material and I do not think I exaggerate when I say that not less than 55,000 artillery horses of the enemy are to be seen along the line of tracks south of Gertrude Angeline where the enemy repelled an assault of Abbeinnians. The enemy works along the railroad tracks are still held by them, yet the sight is the most terrible that I have witnessed. When I reached a section about two miles north of fortress Thumbelina and Maya I saw many wounded being gathered up on the battlefield and from that region until Virgin gun was reached, broken wagons, scattered arms, and dead bodies could be seen from the railroad tracks.

At Thumbelina point nothing is left. About a line of one hundred cars passenger on the Mic-Holleston and Jensen railroad are scattered over the prairie by great explosions and demolished, and their contents will no doubt prove a total loss of dead and wounded. The text of the message of sympathy received by Robert Vivian from the ruler of Abbeinnia Cannon Proclie was as follows:

"SACRAMENTO Abbeinnia. August the fourteenth, 1914.
Emperor of Angelina, Angelina Agahin;

I was as your best friend and side partner to convey to your Gracious Majesty the expression of my deep felt sympathy with the horrible misfortune that has befallen your town and harbor of Vivian Wickey with the long holding out of the most desperate enemy in history, and many other parts of the city and coast, and I mourn with you and all the people of Angelina and Abbeinnia over the terrible loss of lives among soldiers and the terrible loss of property caused by so many fearful battles, but the magnitude of the disaster is equalled by the indomitable spirits of the armies around Vivian Wickey, who in their two long years of hard and continued struggle with the adverse forces of the Angelinian rebels, have already proved themselves victorious with the captures of Julio Gallio, and Norma Catherine. I also sincerely hope that after it is fully recaptured that Vivian Wickey will rise again to new prosperity. In Abbeinnia soldiers are mobilizing anew and we will soon have more armies to repel our armies of base rebels and traitors fighting against us.

King Cannon Proclie."

General or King Robert Angeline Vivian replied;

His Imperial and Royal Majesty,
Cannon Proclie of Abbeinnia;

Your Majesty's message of condolence and sympathy is very grateful to the whole Angelinian people and governments and in their name as well as be on behalf of the many millions who have suffered bereavement and irreparable loss in the Aronburg glass disaster, I thank you most earnestly.

King Robert Vivian."

"Vivian Wickey must under any conditions hold out against all the efforts of the Nationals." Said the glandelinian News papers and general Mic-Alister Stano k.

At the first meeting of the glandelinian Congress in Mic - Whither after the futile effort to recapture Norma Catherine, for the purpose of bringing order out of such recent changes the only sentiment expressed "The glandelinian editorial says" as that the defenders of Vivian Wickey at Norma Catherine and Julio Gallio and also at Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline had received an awful blow, a loss of life among the glandelinians defending those two places was unusually heavy, near as heavy as Atlanta is Atlanta and out-property loss on account of the cannon fire of the Nationals is appalling---so great that it probably would require several years to form anything like a correct estimate. With most sad and aching hearts but with resolute faces and hearts, the sentiment of the most tremendous meeting in the world was that out of the awful chances of wrecked property of Landinia and of horrible defeat and battles, Vivian Wickey and all her defending fortresses must hold out against all odds and not give way until ordered to by general Manley or by the main glandelinian authorities and that all efforts must be thrown in for the recapture of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallio. The sentiment was not that to bury the glandelinian glandelinian dead, and give up the city, but rather bury the dead so succor the defeated glandelinians, and then start resolutely to work to recover all lost ground. In many cases the work of rebuilding of damaged army barracks must begin over. In other cases the terrible destruction is only part in indeed. The sentiment was "Vivian Wickey, will, Vivian Wickey must survive the blow, and all of the glandelinian army and garrisons of the extensive Lucille, is men and yic-whithian fortifications full fill their most glorious destiny. Vivian Wickey shall hold out to the end. Norma Catherine and Julio Gallio shall rise again."

"If we glandelinians have lost all else, we still half life, and the future aid from Calverine through her secret tunnels, and it is toward that and that we must devote the energy of our lives to regain the two sections and hold hold out at all costs. We can never forget what we have suffered throughout the whole siege despite all aid sent through the so secret tunnels from Calverine, we cannot forget the many millions of our friends and beloved comrades, who found in the angry billows of war and carnage that destroyed them, a final resting place. But tears and grief must not make us forget our present duties. The blight and ruin which have destroyed our positions and Norma and Gallio are not we hope beyond repair, we must not for a single moment think Vivian Wickey is to be abandoned to the Federals because of one big disaster, however horrible that disaster and even defeat might have been. We still have all our big fortifications except Maya and so it is time for greater courage of the highest order. It is a time when all our garrisons and officers and scouts and artillery men and cavalry show the stuff that is in them, and we surely can make no loftier acknowledgement of the material sympathy which our own Nation is extending to us than to answer back that after we shall have buried all our dead soldiers and sent away to the stronger points our countless wounded, relieved the sufferings of the sick and our own destitute. We will bravely undertake the vast work of resuscitation of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallio and recuperation which lies before us in a manner which shall convince the world that we have the spirits to overcome misfortune defeat and recapture all our works in the face of the dogged christian foe before us. In this way we shall prove ourselves before the

world worthy of the boundless barbarism which is being shown upon us by our own nation in the hour of herolt insolation, horror and shameful defeat. The sentiment voiced in a faculty of the vast gladiatorial army of the prestrated rebel garrison pretty accurately for they had begun to look around them and make plans now for the recovery of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo, although it was many days after that before their own works were a lesson, and new batteries placed in the positions once occupied by the dismembered cannons.

One of the Argentinian newspaper correspondents who had unusual facilities for getting at the real status of affairs summed up the situation on the fifteenth of August, just a week after the second battle of Norma Catherine with Givianman army as follows:

The first week of the suffering of so many of the refugees had passed away with the full in the deadly conflict and the extent of the disaster which battle and flood brought to the two sections of Givian, was greater than it did when the blow had just been struck. What so many millions of the soldiers of both sides who fought the desperate battles so dead is almost as certain, and the money value of the damage to the property of the city is so great that no one can attempt to estimate it within the real amount. In one thing the effects of the flood caused by the exploding and blowing up of the levees and dams are irreparable. Water still covers over thirty million square feet of ground, that was for a part of Julio Gallo, but which can never be reclaimed from the river.

A line of redan fortified works three miles long along the southern section of Norma Catherine where the finest enemy barracks stood is now covered by the flood waters, the many buildings have their very foundations in the flood, although before the breaking of the levees by the besiegers it had stood many feet above the shore of the river. It seems as if this section of land once belonging to Givian, its key is gone forever. Like men stunned and dazed the survivors of the disaster have worked and struggled to bury their numerous dead, and to make preparations for a resumption of the action but for the inhabitants of the city itself it may be doubted whether they even yet may realize to the full extent what they all have lost or guess the suffering that has done for them when their survivors of leucocoma, and they began to miss their many friends and comrades and loved ones whose dead. It is certain now that however much our besieging lines have suffered everything will be made for restoration. Among the refugees from Givian, many of whom were owners of rich land, with every want provided for many may now be seen half a dead in the rear of the Christian lines, and entering the masses fortunate if their families are still intact to gather in the wreckage of their former homes. The men who were a few days before the outbreak of the siege were the owners of great businesses and the master of many servants may to day be seen with the soldiers in Norma Catherine working in the trying tasks of removing wreckage, and hauling away to burial the decayed and unrecognizable bodies of the many dead, under the direction of armed soldiers and officers and deputy sheriffs, who are there to see that the work is not slighted.

And around every one is terrible ruin. The many thousands of broken and shattered houses, the scattered articles of furniture, above all the big burning funeral pyres on which the bodies of many of the dead are being consumed, make the whole region a hell of horror even to those whose personal wants are being provided for.

The peril from the shelling and fire and flood was followed for those who survived by a peril of hunger, and a great peril of disease. Men came also a peril to life and property from the great horde of gladiatorial slaves who desperately desperate from the fall of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo entered the Christian lines to do anything dangerous and cruel. The splendid response of the whole country and the world to the appeal of the besieging armies for help in breaking the enemy's resistance has also removed all danger from further suffering from hunger, and the prompt action of general Gower and of general Daniel Jones and others, and the big relief committees have re-established order and made the horrible scenes of the stripping of corpses of soldiers and the assaults on officers and men in possession of important army goods no longer possible. All of the captured portions of the city are still under martial law, and it will remain so until normal conditions otherwise have been restored. The danger of pestilence is still great

however and indeed the fear that other scenes of thousands may fall victim to a terrible scourge of disease is gaining by strength and leading to a torrent of refugees and many of the men of the city who are crowding boats to get away to the Christian lines. Added to the danger of so many decomposing bodies both of soldiers and horses which still lie on the battlefields in ruined houses, and along the river shores is the danger also from so many of the unfinished sewers and closets in the city. Until yesterday it was impossible to flush anything in any part of the city not even the sewers on account of the lack of water and although the condition is now much better, there is much of evil still.

Sewers and many other diseases which may be bred under these awful conditions will not allow themselves for twenty days or longer at the earliest. Many of the doctors and physicians in the army and in the two sections of the city have issued many statements calculating to calm the apprehensions of the many rescued refugees in the matter. Among them is doctor Jordon, army health officer, who says that there is no great danger whatever. He refers to the gigantic battle of Manila, Atlanta just past, one of the bloodiest of the war entirely which covered the region for many miles with a large sea of dead soldiers of both sides, and even though so many bodies lay unburied for weeks there was no breeding of any kind of disease whatever. The work of clearing away much of the debris in the streets of Norma Catherine has indeed been carried on with a most fair degree of vigor, and it is surely expected from now on that it will be pushed much faster. The two million engineers and many non-combatants whom it has already been decided to bring in from the army itself for the work will I'm sure be able to take up the task without having to worry about the utmost safety of the remnants of their own property, which they may be compelled in their hasty flight from the fire of the enemy's guns to leave unprotected. We however must have both sections of Givian cleaned up at any cost whatever, and with the most greatest speed possible. If it is not done within the haste possible, and at the same time everything done well, there may be a pestilence, and if it once breaks out it will not be Givian,iskey alone who will suffer but the whole world. Such things spread like fire, and it is not only for the sake of this city the Christian armies and the country of Argentina but for other nations outside that I urge that above all things we want to stop it. The whole world and even Argentina has been most kind in its response to the appeal of the besiegers, and from what I hear food and disinfectants sufficient for all purposes at least, are being on the way. The whole world does not understand, it cannot understand, unless their own national people visit the remains of Givian,iskey, the awful scenes and destruction followed by awful destitution prevailing here.

Of all the poor refugee refugees here poor and rich not one has anything. None of them whatever could not furnish a single room in which to commence housekeeping. Housekeeping even though they had the money to rebuild their rooms. These people rich and poor have absolutely nothing, except what is given them by the relief committees. They are in a condition of absolute want, they lack everything, and save for the splendid generosity of the nation and the Christian world in general they would be utterly without hope. The many gangs of men are still frequently finding dead and badly decomposed bodies. Few of these relics of human lives can be recognized, and many of them are naked and without anything about them which would lead to identification. They are being disposed of as rapidly as possible, but the work is very offensive and the men engaged in it, cannot endure it steadily for any great length of time whatever.

Until pull them all out of the water as soon as they are seen floating on the surface and throw them into the flames. This is the order from every officer, and it is certainly carried out. The best work in this direction was done along a narrow river shore line on every section of the outskirts of both cities. During fourteen days straight the bodies were found continuously and even just at sunset seventeen hundred were found in the ruins of one house.

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It is expected that more thousands will be found to morrow on the work gang that to day found seventeen hundred will clear up the awful debris where it is known that fifteen hundred people were killed. The soldiers who are in the city who have been here providing for order and helping in the work of a lean up the city have become exhausted and it has been necessary to relieve them every hour. General Craddock's 1st light infantry arrived also to day to take up the work. The awful exodus to the christian lines and other neighboring places is still going on continually. The sailboats steamers and transports across the rivers are crowded still to their fullest capacity, and they make as many round trips each day as is possible. No calamity in the history of the world approaches the horror of vivian wickey.

Sti Still Norma Catherine is a gigantic funeral pyre. Still from the wreckage men ascend numerous pillars of smoke and the air is still filled with the sickening odor of burning human flesh. put above a all making making one forget even the presence of the uncounted uncounted dead is the stench of so much decaying coffee, rice, and other vegetable products that lie swilling with the heat and putrefying. Powerful chemicals and disinfectants are required to prevent what this is sure to produce. Still in the face of all this the soldiers still continued to bury the dead, burning the wreckage, attempting to restore order, and bring about the downfall of the besieged gandalinians.

No word of complaints are to be heard from the non-combatants. The woe which has come upon them is too great for tears and the afflictions of so many persons in the loss of dear ones is entirely forgotten in the heroic fight that is being made for self preservation. A woman of wealth stole through the company streets in the rear of the besieging lines without clothing, save for a bit of torn and gray cloth wrapped about them. Men men of means are in the same sorry plight and go about their gruesome tasks of cleaning up in so stolid a manner that it is obvious that the whole of Angelina has not awakened to the full horror of the situation. There has not been time to think.

It is not uncommon to hear so many worn worn and haggard men either non-combatants and soldiers refer to the loss of comrades or families and their all with so little evidence of concern, that it would attract wonder were not the senses of the war correspondents numbed by the terror of the situation.

It was the re-action that was feared most by those who are leading the effort to drive the rebels out. When a all the work is completed and there is time to think a most heartrending wail of woe will go up from the twenty three or thirty three million men mourning survivors and gloomy desperation is expected to succeed the energy that is not manifested. The spirit of the people who survived the disaster was aptly seen by the action of a non-combatant, who was chief custom inspector of Norma Catherine before it was captured by the enemy. This man was withheld, lost his entire family, father and mother, wife and daughters. The bodies of his father mother, and his daughters were recovered in a mangled condition, but no trace of his wife was ever found. Whether her body was cast into the sea from one of the dreaded funeral barges, or buried or burned could never be known. Terrible as was the blow the man was at his place in the work in Norma Catherine killed in a pair of old pants, all that he managed to save from fire. In his report to Angelina Agathia Colonel Hindle vivian St Olue

placed the total loss of life among the christian soldiers as unestimated and ridiculed the idea that any person could estimate the real property loss at any time, and also stated, "That the christians are getting all the losses and horrors, and the still victorious enemy are laughing at them."

He predicted that it would always be impossible to estimate the real loss. He however said the rail, railroad losses was about fifty five million dollars in Norma Catherine alone. At Julio Gallo and Norma Catherine and other sections the main wharfs of the bays and rivers, warehouses and depots and tracks were ruined by the enemy. The thousands of most costly bridges which connected the sections of the city with one another across the rivers were either in ruins or swept away and must be rebuilt to recapture the other parts. The Mc-Holster and Pandora International and Great northern or Abbeville, gundinia and Galvorino had a considerable line of track washed out, while the Gordon railroad, and the Angelina St. gandalines suffered heavily. All tracks between Fortress Thambalin and Gertrude Angelina with all of the bridges was washed away by floods,

and many railroad crews were lost. The steady stream of so many refugees from Julio Gallo please wasn't kept up. There was not a departing boat or ship or train which were not packed up to their platforms. Refugees continued to leave for many days hereafter as soon as they could escape from the enemy. No sadder sight could be imagined than the picture presented by big boat loads of refugees when the ropes were cast off and the craft, swung out into the bay or river, and away from the desolated city. There was not a face that certainly was not turned, toward the ruin. There was not an eye that was not motioned by tears. And so great had been the rush to leave behind the scene of the war storm that all boats or transports sent by the besieging fleets had not left a single day without denying passage to a portion of those who were in the most hurry to get away. The partings at the waterside usually were pitiful for those who could not go first. husbands came to gang planks and kissed their weeping wives good bye, turning back to the hard work of reconstruction which confronted them, with broken hearts. Hundreds of poor women, overcome at the last moment, were cared for by strange hands, while those who loved them, bound to remain in Norma Catherine or Julio Gallo by necessity could do no more than watch from afar and pray. Instead of waiting until vivian wickey was reached to begin any kind of work, steps were taken to care for all the coming refugees and hundreds of thousands of them were fed, while great numbers of sick and wounded were well cared for. There were enough provisions on hand ahead to feed the whole christian army and the refugees for months.

But there was also a great deal of trouble in properly distributing supplies the rush at the canteens being as great as at any time since they were opened. And it was indeed a great mercy that the weather even despite the noise of the battle had remained clear and dry for had it rained even one hour the suffering of besiegers and refugees would have been terrible, for there was not a shelter of any reasonable kind in the whole christian line, while the enemy had every comfort possible.

The whole christian army was the centre of relief distribution and also everything else. It was practically the only way in or out for weeks. Hundreds of thousands of refugees passed through every day. All of the christian rear was becoming filled with them but the larger number went right through to points further south east or north guarded by armies. Free transportations were furnished to any point into Angelina provided they had relatives who would take care of them. Many of the liberated refugees arrived at Angelina Agathia and Porphy Gale after four days riding on train scantily clothed and in a pitiful condition. More curiosity was at a strict strict discount at all portions of vivian wickey and the christian lines, and only newspaper men war correspondents and the like, authorized by the military governments and having such passes were permitted here. People even and war correspondents who had urgent business and sent by the governments at Angelina Agathia found it hard to get into Norma Catherine and elsewhere even with permits and passes, and those who were simply curious could not get near the christian lines at all. Even unusual camera fiends were absolutely barred. A man was reported shot by an Abbeville in taking pictures of nude girls boys or women lying dead on the ground, and many newspaper men who were unlawfully taking views of the ruins were rounded up by Abyssinian killians and punchkins, their cameras smashed and themselves forced to go to work gathering up decomposed bodies and the like. Even Angelina Agathia receiving refugees was in a similar state of martial law. Guards surrounded all depots, of all roads running into there or Dorothy Gale and would not even allow curious crowds to gather to see the various parties of refugees come in. This was in enforcement of a proclamation issued by general Hanson, vivian copies of which printed on large red and blue cards were posted conspicuously all over these three cities. The awful war and siege catastrophes all but paralysed all rebel rebel shipping in the river and bay sections.

Scores of thousands of refugees became utterly insane during the week succeeding the battles, horrible bombardments and floods. They had bravely borne the loss of homes, their relatives, the hunger and fatigue, the ferocity of their enemies, had apparently been unmindful of the horrors of the awful catastrophe, and had as a rule given no mortal aberration while the awful disaster was on, but when the first of the horror was passed and relief from the awful strain came, the overburdened mind gave way. General Fernandez, urneranna who was connected with much of

the relief work, told of very many cases which came under his observation. The second day following the capture of Norma Katherine first, he said in recounting his experiences;

experiences; there are at least fifty thousand persons within the rear of our lines especially among the refugees whose minds have become unbalanced, and some have lost every vestige of their mind, there being some raving maniacs among them one of whom came under my personal observation. His name was George Anser, who had been helping in the relief work. He occupied one of the barracks used for refugees and during two days continue continued to rave, and paced the floor like wild and swore and blasphemed and used awful oaths and imprecations, threatened the whole world with destruction and kept calling on god w to witness the truth of what he says and continued to invoke the mercy of the pto Deity. He had lost his family and home, and by a miracle saved himself. As soon as this man was out of personal danger himself on those awful days and nights, he commenced rescuing women and children, and saved many people besides aiding the soldiers according to a soldier who knew the circumstances. He then lost his mind. He finally became so wild and violent and created such excitement and wanted to fight every body and everything he saw that two soldiers were detailed to capture him before he actually killed any one. He apparently heard them approaching, and seizing a gun shot down many who besieged the b-a barracks and then seeing himself pressed too closely shot down a colonel and two more soldiers and then leaped out of a three story window to an adjoining barracks building still firing. His fall however was somewhat broken, but his body struck a bay window of o e one of the rooms. He was however shot and badly injured, but fighting the soldiers madly and like a screaming fiend o worsed them all and continued his mad flight. He baffled all his pursuers and escaped. This was only one scene of the conditions that prevailed in the christian lines. Another man who was a soldier and whose wife and children then in julie callio was killed by a bombshell had been searching in vain for their remains for days and then suddenly located the body in the river not far from his own home. soldiers had also seen thebody of the wife and children both girls, and they took it in charge while the bereaved man looked on apparently laughing over their deaths as if it had beco a great joke. Finally he rushed like a raving demon to take possession of the body yelling in his madness that they were Jandolinian prisoners and belonged to him saying he had seen them first. the soldiers had to discharge their duty even though he was their comrade, and the man terribly demented was bound while the body of his wife and children werethrown into the flames, and soon burned to a crisp. the man yelling and fuming at the mouth made frantic efforts to get away from the soldiers but to no avail. Even many soldiers in the course of their rounds saw many persons families and men and some soldiers who all appeared crazy, and would look into the face of every stranger of or the soldiers with a look and vacant s stare ththat was pitiful and heartrending in the extreme. they were no,doubt hurrying in the direction of the places were provisions were being distributed. they also had lost their homes and had only the clothing on their bac k. here were hundreds of thousands in a similar condition.

"James Jacksonia a young rich man of Armas Catherine who suffered all the while the enemy had been in possession and had seen his wife and children slaughtered during thereign of terror had been insale all that time especially because of those awful scenes he had witnessed and which he had escaped from. When he was in the rear of the lines the soldiers first noticed his condition, when he boldly walked into general Concentinian Aronburgs headquarters and told the general that he was the f father of the gallant yvian irls, that he wanted to see them, and that one of them had deposited \$10,000,000 in one of the banks of Angelini a Agathia to his credia credit and that he was going to live in luxury all his life. The man however was reassured by Concentinian Aronburg(the latter who knew something was wrong with the man) that the yvian girls would soon come and seen see him and he was taken to a detention house and placed on the third floor seemingly sane n and laughing laughing and smiling to himself, and then one one occasion telling his guard that he owned the world and yvian ickey, and that he himself was the general in chief of all the christian armies,soon afterwards he became exced exceedingly violent and acted like a man suffering from hydropobia. The guard who watched him was set upon and badly mauled and when he recovered he found the insane man had

wrenched the shutters of his window and leaped out upon some awning and thence to the company street. He was seen running toward the river and was pursued by fifty Anglo-Indian soldiers but before they reached him he threw himself into the river and was drowned. Another case was that of a young girl only ten years of age who was caught in the flood made by the enemy and with two other girls and about fifty boys and girls and some men and women found refuge in a building near the river. As the bombardments and storm of flood and firing gradually subsided the little girl started toward her own home quite reassured that her parents and brothers and sisters were safe. When she got there she found a waste of wreckage and a flood of waters still sweeping over the site of her home. Among the first victims she saw carried on a wagon toward the river were the girls mother father and brothers and sisters and all her relatives. These were quickly followed by her mothers brother and wife and her three sisters and their children. The shock overthrew the little girls reason, and not only did she become a nervous wreck, without a relative in the world but so became so fierce that she was like a catamount and as she could not be captured on account of her savagery she was hit shot to death by her pursuers to end her miseries and raving.

to end her miseries and ravaging. It was near the month of September when while the main christian armies were making preparations to push on, and make greater efforts to gain their goal and cause the fall of "Jydan" -^{was} ^{the} city entirely, when a terrible battle opened unexpectedly with the attack of the glandelinians under general Srogoz upon the entire center of Concentinian Aronburgs army. It was a tremendous battle, which involved in all the artillery of both sides being in action, and time and again with dreadful fury the glandelinians in the most massive waves hurled themselves forward against the christian positions. It was not until just as an attempt to retake the main Catherine or Julio Gallo. It was an attempt to force Concentinian Aronburgs main line, and Julio Gallo and its garrisons were left entirely alone. It was a tremendous assault upon Mansions main line with an effort to gall him and compell him to break the siege, or at least by attacking him in this way to compell him to withdraw Jyvananna and the others in the two sections of the city and have them come to the assistance of his centre. General Ursuline's three divisions relieving the brunt of the first violent onslaught had been in position of a strong line of works that during the attack proved a perfect haven of refuge for nearly one million defeated and routed Abyssinkilians under general Jess and panic stricken Angelinians under general Glaz. In the midst of the frightful storm of battle however the hundreds of thousands or more of the Abyssinkilians though sheltered as they were grew wild with their panic and shouted and yelled in true camp meeting fashion untill the nerves of the other defenders who had refugeed them were shattered and a panic of the main three divisions divisions seemed possible. It was then that general Topsy Can appeared with a brigade of Angelinians and a Religious flag with the Sacred Heart Engraved upon it and he sight of this caused a hush in the awful pandemonium. When quiet had been restored, the officers addressed the Abyssinkilians, and told them frankly it was no time for such scenes, that if they wanted to really defend their country flag they must do so from their heart and not act like a lot of frightened chick chickens, and when such a cause as this is so just and holy the Creator of all things would help them through the fearful struggle and amid the roar of the wild battle, which at many other points was then raging with increased fury as they spoke to the awe stricken Abyssinkilians. The Abyssinkilians listened very very attentively and when their generals told them that all those who wished to be cowardly to step out of the line and turn their back to the enemy should do so and they would be held responsible. However the panic which had been precipitated by the falling back of the main army of Abyssinkilians elsewhere had been stemmed by this time, and order and a desperate rally were brought about by the determination of their officers, and their presence of mind, and when the enemy came on again to resume the attack they met a reception they would never forget.

met a reception they would never forget. Friends and comrades that had been separated by this conflict during the retreat were united by the recoiling of the enemy when a rush of reinforcements gained time for them to be rescued and recovered. Heart moving scenes were presented by these reunion reunions as the half dead, an mangled and bruised unfortunates were red rescued from the battle field, and brought to the rear of the lines by the more fortunate members of their comrades.

General Henry Haldemann Prunia was the commander of the Abyssinian brigade that had been driven into such a panic and the experience of him is unfortunate general had been horrible. His brigade was fairly thrown on the mercies of the great Glandelinian attack, we when at the first sweep when the first sweep of the attack came upon his division, and his whole line went down to ruin and was fairly swept away. His staff officers had separated at the time of the shock to see what the nature of the attack was, and when the whole brigade was carried away, he had lost all trace of his many officers, but despite the disaster never lost faith or courage. As he followed his retreating regiments through that inferno a shell struck some obstruction and exploded near him with terrific force and the next instant general Haldemann was hurled down on his face by the concussion and landed in a small ravine which protected him from the onrushing enemy. Hidden down in the ravine, the poor general suffering agonies from three severe wounds was protected to a limited extent from the horrible dominating shell fire, and was also afforded some warmth. While he lay there on went the apparently victorious enemy rushing forward against the Christians like a high sea, and pouring on until it reached the works defended by the three Abissinian brigades and then hurled itself against the works like a tidal wave only to be hurled back with great loss. The general was soon rescued when the Angelinians counter charged and while a few soldiers and a doctor and a red cross nurse, were attending to the general, another chapter in this battle story was being enacted just without the battling lines. In a tree near the roaring battle line, a young man who was a brother of the generals had been directing his own regiment which was battling with the rebel tide, while clinging fast like leeches to their rifle pits, and whose lines swayed back and forth according to the pressure and the released pressure of the assault and the recoiling of the enemy. So thick was the smoke that the young captain hardly knew where his regiment was, and he could merely discern the outlines of some of the works. While not knowing his chance of life or death he was surprised to hear the loud plaintive cry of a child near by despite the awful uproar of the conflict.

Getting down from his tree of observation he saw a little girl running toward the firing line and he darted forward and with one hand he caught the arm of the little tot, who child like cried out; "We go see big fight". The child had run the race aroused to a thrilling situation and a seriousness by the force and roar of the military storm and had not in her excitement time to realize her peril. He quickly took the child toward the rear of the lines. The battle raged with the frightfullest fury until night fall when the enemy failed at all points and were forced to give it up and retreat back to their own lines. In the last assault of the enemy they had almost gained a victory. The rebels had come on with such violence as to capture the entire works along a portion of the lines and the Angelinians were driven to the rear and forced to fight in the location of the refugees in their efforts to repel the assault. Many were the experiences of the very non-combatants. A woman and her three daughters each seven, eight, and nine years of age had narrow escapes from the rebels when the assault was made upon the camps.

"We were indeed extremely fortunate." Said the woman whose name will not be given as she leaned wearily back in a rocking chair and tenderly contemplated the three children at her side. She had arrived from the Christian lines at Angelinia Agathia destitute save for a few personal effects carried in a small hand bag and her nerves shattered by a week of horror. "It seems to me like an awful dream, and when I think of the hundreds of thousands of soldiers fighting desperately for us who were killed in that terrible battle right before our eyes I feel as though I always ought to be satisfied no matter what comes. The reports of the results of the battle that come from there are not half as appalling as the situation really was and is still. We left the Christian lines on a train on the afternoon after the day of that frightful battle and reached here by rail. The condition of the besieging armies, and the strength of the besieged at that time while even showing improvement despite their loss of Norma Catherine and Julio Callio was awful, and during that dreadful battle when the enemy carried the works, never shall I forget the terrible scenes that met our eyes and the eyes of hundreds of other women and hundreds of little children besides mine as the enemy drove the soldiers to our own quarters and made a storming attack, opening fire with musketry and cannon. In a few minutes from the effects of the enemy's fire there were many bodies of soldiers lying

on all sides of us and we all fled to the strong barracks for protection. The storming attack raged for an hour and I feared the Angelinians fighting so bravely

in our own camps would be swept away, but Constantinian Aronburg must have known of the confusion for suddenly firing was heard of tremendous volume to the rear of us and steadily but surely the enemy began to run and finally a perfect wave of Christians came in sight and stormed the enemy back to where they came from and we were finally saved. I assisted for several hours in the work of rescue of the wounded with many of the other women and men. In one pile of debris of a smashed down barracks we found an officer who seemed to have escaped the shelling but nevertheless was injured and pinned down so he could not escape. A guard came along and after many men failed to rescue her he deliberately shot him to end his misery. The company streets in the rear of the Christian lines at which our refugees were quartered for protection was now a gruesome appearance after that near sweep of battle. Every available wagon behind which which batches of Angelinian soldiers had taken defense and every vehicle and cannon in that city of encampments was now being used to transport the many dead soldiers, and it was no uncommon thing to see in every wagon a load of bodies twenty deep. Though so early the stench in the company streets was nauseating. Since the tremendous attack of the enemy the only water we could find in use for drinking purpose within the rear of the lines was the army cisterns and now they have become tainted with the slime and filth that covers the city of camps until it is little better than no water at all. Since the attack had subsided like the ending of some great storm conditions soon had become much better and there is little lawlessness. The soldiers who have survived the battle have shown no quarter and have orders to shoot on sight. Everybody who remains in the rear of the lines has to work and the punishment for a refusal is about the same as that meted out to vandals and ghouls. I saw four spies shot in one day before the battle broke out. When they had been captured they were found with in their possession a flour sack all almost filled with important letters and plans and maps and other articles and books belonging to many Angelinian officers. In the work of rescue, we found whole families tied together with ropes, and in several instances mothers had their babes clasped in their arms as if expecting a repeat of the battle. Scores of thousands of unfortunate refugees are straggling into Porothy Gale and Angelinia Agathia from the various wickets under strong protecting escorts every day and their condition is pitiable. Many have lost their reason. The citizens of Angelinia Agathia and Porothy Gale and the armies there are doing all in their power to meet the demands of the sufferers, and every available building in the mobilization camp, in the two cities and elsewhere, and also in St. Betsy Gobbin and Trot has been converted into a host hospital. When we arrived in Angelinia Agathia we scarcely had cloths enough to cover us, and the citizens fitted us out and started us for St. Betsy Gobbin. The fear of fever, or some awful plague, or of the enemy recapturing all they lost and creating some awful scene drove us from the region. Already many spectators are flocking to Angelinia Agathia but they are being turned away."

VIVIAN WICKEY FACES SERIOUS DANGER FROM FIRE.---THE ENEMY XSEE TO IT THAT THERE IS A SCARCITY OF BOATS AND SHIPS TO CARRY OTHER PEOPLE OF VIVIAN WICKEY TO THE CHRISTIAN LINES.---MORE TROOPS PUT INTO NORMA CATHERINE AND ALSO LABORERS.---UNTOLD SUFFERINGS AT MIC-WHITHER.

EXPERIENCE OF A MAN WHOSE HOME IS IN ANGELINIA AGATHIA. TWO PERSONS TELL HOW THEY WERE AFFECTED AT VIVIAN WICKEY.---ONE ARRIVED AFTER THE GREAT DISASTER, WHILE THE OTHER FACED THE STORMING BATTLE FROM BEGINNING TO END.

One of the most serious dangers that any section of Vivian Wickey faced after the great battles previously mentioned was fire. Not a drop of rain had fallen during the over two weeks succeeding the capture of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo, and the hot winds and blistering sun, and the continual shelling made the wrecked houses which were so much like tinder a danger to the whole city the wreckage being piled mountain high in every direction possible. In nearly all parts of the ruined sections of Vivian Wickey the many fire hydrants were buried.

Fifty to sixty feet in some places a hundred feet or more deep under the terrible wreckage, and as yet the water supply at best was only of the most meager kind. Though Vivian Wickey's fire department was enormously big there being thousands of fire companies they were badly crippled, or in the possession of the enemy, and even then would have been utterly powerless to stay the flames should they once begin to start. There was no relief nearer than Angelinia Agathia and that was many days away and the nearest town to Vivian Wickey was also in possession of the glandelinians.

In view of all the then existing conditions it was no wonder that the cry among the many Christian generals was "Get the women and children to our lines--anywhere out of the city--now nor was it a wonder that with so many boats in the hands of the enemy that only a few boats at a time could be used by the Angelinians to carry people to the lines from the city and making only two trips a day people fairly fought desperately to be taken aboard. The sanitary conditions did not improve to any great extent. General Trueheart, chairman of one of the committees in charge of caring for the sick and wounded soldiers, was proceeding with dispatch. Many more doctors were needed, and he requested that about three thousand outside physicians come to the main Christian armies besieging Vivian Wickey and work for at least two months, and if needed much longer. The electric light service of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo was completely destroyed and the city electrician said that only when the whole city was in the hands of the Angelinians again before any portion of the city could be relighted.

The unfortunate inhabitants of Vivian Wickey and the big Christian armies received another big scare on the first of September when it became rumored that beautiful Angelinia Agathia, and even Dorothy Gale, where thousands of newly furnished relief train trains had been prepared were burning with all their precious supplies of food and clothing. The scare grew out of a four hundred million dollar fire in the town of Betsy Dobson which destroyed a big munition plant the largest in the world, which had been set on fire by secret glandelinian spies or vandals. The fire broke out early in the morning followed by many big explosions, but it was not observable at night from Dorothy Gale or Angelinia Agathia until nightfall, when the bright glow in the sky could be seen for a hundred miles. The besieging armies at Vivian Wickey was fully reassured by telegraph that a second big calamity was out of the question, and that the relief supplies were safe. One feature of the efforts to relieve the refugees and the besieging armies was the delay on account of the many battles of getting supplies to them in besieging armies.

Trainloads after trainloads many miles long were frequently leaving Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale and the neighboring cities, which would have assisted materially in the work of relief but account of the limited transportation facilities and on account of the rumors of so many rebel armies advancing from either east, north west or south they could not be hurried there and had to be fully guarded by armored trains. There was only the Mic-Holleston line that was open for railroading the many others being broken up or derailed. Even if the supplies were at a closer place they on account of the war conditions could not be moved fast. Grinnell town could be used safely and easily from Angelinia Agathia by way of the Norma gun river but it was just then almost impossible to spare the boats for that purpose.

General C. Conantian Aronburg fearing that the enemy may finally make a general effort to recapture Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo decided to put in more larger armies and also so to import a large number of laborers. This action was taken with the consent of the many non-combatants and many local unions of Angelinia. Thousands of skilled mechanics had been busy burying the many dead and helping the soldiers without pay but were relieved of this work and replaced by imported skilled labor.

Nervous prostration, hysteria, and mild or severe dementia occurred among many of the bravest of the soldiers, and refugee refugees, due to shell shock, exhaustion and grief and many being forced to use even spoiled food had led to intestinal troubles. Even many cases of prostration from the heat had occurred among the soldiers and many workers in the city.

"We are indeed very thankful," said General Daniel Jones when told of the arrival of the relief trains from Angelinia Agathia. "No one can many any good statement about Angelinia Agathia. We are thankful and thankful again. The people of Angelinia Agathia are among the best and staunchest friends in the world in times like these. Yes as soon as we have recaptured the whole of Vivian Wickey and all her surrounding fortifications we will build up her again like and like Angelinia Agathia, we will make it even a better city than it was. We shall never forget the kindnesses of the people of Angelinia Agathia in coming so generously to the relief of the refugees and we thank them all and the world in general from the bottom of our hearts." After suffering untold privations for over a week on Angelinia Agathia a few miles from the east end of Thambolinia port, General Lawrence Peter David had the most thrilling and yet trying time of his life. This general with what remained of his staff and division of troops reached the main Christian lines, almost famished, and nearly naked, but overcome with amazement and joy at their miraculous delivery from what seemed to him certain death.

The assaulting glandelinian columns fairly wrecked his division, annihilated their neighboring brigades, and to cut off their retreat and cause their surrender cut off and destroyed every particle of food for miles around, yet the division with their brave general and his officers passed through the terrible days and nights raising their voices above the shriek shriek of the shells in words of encouragement as they fought and repelled every assault of the enemy until they were compelled to retreat before overwhelming numbers, and through it all though the division lost heavily in killed and wounded the general and his whole staff went through all experience unscathed without receiving a single scratch. When the full force of the enemy at attack struck against General David's army at Peterson Run the onslaught was so fierce and the enemy advanced so fast that before it was realized the soldiers were pouring over the works with fixed bayonets before any of the generals or their chief commanders knew or realized the danger. Running up to one of the batteries not in action the officers ordered them to start for the first firing line which they did, but before they were able to fire one volley the glandelinians had rushed up only to be wiped out by the fire of the Christian infantry line. With the greatest difficulty the artillery was saved from destruction by the fearful fire of the enemy's main line, and when safe, the battery half exposed and half floating in water, were half drawn half swamped, or sinking in the mire and drawn with great speed to a grove where again they spit death and destruction to the enemy. With a long close line the Angelinians had managed to make a sort of trap for the advancing enemy and while this was being done the infantry lines withdrew and took defense.

behind a long lodge of rocks. One of the Brigades under General Shorn secured a position behind a long chain of broken wagons and the like, while the third division got a position above. While the fierce hurricane of rebel attack raged in front, and a mad onslaught of rebels dashed madly before them, the Angelinians now clung desperately and bravely to their new position. The artillery tore a column of rebels down every time it was discharged while the infantry despite all the assaults met held fast to their precarious haven of works.

For two hours general Anister held the girl haired glandelinians at bay with his troops and other points the works were also found to be a precarious footing but the enemy was resisted successfully. When night came and the enemy attack had redoubled, wreckage, dead animals, and the corpses and wounded soldiers of the rebels surrounded the works like a perfect field of death. The enemy who had almost surrounded the Angelinians had faced almost annihilation in the attack.

And the survivors gave way and left the little division to retreat to its own main shelter without further molestation. Where however was nothing to eat for the survivors of the Angelinians and nearly dead with exhaustion, the general and his remnants set out for the main lines. Most of the men were too weak to continue far and sank down on the plain, while the remainder pushed on alone. Half a mile away hastily abandoned houses were found, partially intact, and securing a team of wagons general Davis returned for his half dead 10,000 survivors out of a hundred thousand men. For two days the small handful of survivors remained at this section of ruined homes and then set out anew to make their way to the Christian lines.

In the heat of the burning sun and under shot and shell they plodded on along the river front, subsisting upon animals which they killed and devoured raw, until finally they came upon an abandoned but a strong line of boats by the river. With a united effort they succeeded in getting down stream in the boats and with improvised distress signals displayed managed to sail to Norma Catherine. Where because of the frowning guns of fortress Gertrude Angelina they were unable to approach within half a mile and so the whole little brave band clad in old ragged uniforms, with their generals in even worse plights, the troops continued onward until they reached the main Christian line where they were refueled.

In this battle with overwhelming forces of the enemy and the division it was reported that on the fields upward of 16,544 bodies of Christian soldiers had been found and buried and many were still lying on the ground. Assistance was needed. It was a fact generally commented upon and more emphasized by the battle with this little division and overwhelming numbers of the enemy, that while succor was being rushed to millions of refugees, and while Norma Catherine and Julio Gallio were in the hands of the besiegers that many battles continued to rage at unexpected places and that many other sufferers were seemingly neglected. Where relief trains en route from Angelina Agathia to the besieging armies traversed a war and battle wept region where famishing and nearly naked survivors sat on the wreckage of their works and fortifications, and hungrily watched tons of provisions whirling past them while there was little little prospects of aid reaching them. One of the most difficult and peculiar operations in the Christian armies known to medical history in this war and a complete rarity was performed by six Angelinian surgeons the morning after the enemy's main assaults on Concentinian Aronburg's main centre, at an army hospital near the wrecked town of Jennie Vivian. Colonel Wigshell was blown from his horse during the engagement by the explosion of a high powdered high explosive shell, and while he was blown to fragments and disembowled the officer was thrown head first for three hundred feet with a force that his cervical vertebra was dislocated, and two legs broken, and one armed crush arm crushed and one eye injured and all his teeth knocked out of his mouth. His head fell forward on his chest and he had to power to raise it. It was a plain case of mortally wounded as many doctors said especially a broken neck, but the physicians operated successfully. They placed the colonel's neck in a plaster cast and though the officer may live for all his life despite his great injuries he would not be able to serve in the army again. Lieutenant Menage of Angelina Agathia who returned with his wounds from the besieging armies the night succeeding the battle along Aronburg's center, had reached the central line of the Christian army on an important message the morning before the terrible battle storm began. He declared to his friends that it had been the most terrible week in his experience, the most awful day a man could imagine.

The morning before the terrific conflict when the lieutenant reached the lines on a message to General Concentinian Aronburg the artillery of both sides was hammering unusually hard, and one of the generals he met said "We are in for a big battle" and the lieutenant asked him in his divisions were strong enough to resist an assault and if the positions were firmly fixed, and the general said "Well the assault I'm sure won't be quite as bad as that" but by the next hour at the same time there was three big lines of the enemy advancing extending for six miles, the artillery had redoubled the uproar, great explosions were occurring, and one line of glandelinians had already been blown to pieces, and the rear of the lines was crowded with refugees who arrived or had arrived from all points of the city by land or in boats and the like. Near the works there was three feet of water through some unknown cause.

And it was reported that at one point of the line of Christians a division of Abyssinians had fallen back in panic and were making confusion among the others who refueled them. The lieutenant watched the scene but as the assaulting wave did not swerve toward the line at his own view the lieutenant did not yet realize the extent of the assault. The shock soon came however and all was perfect turmoil for all day. On the following morning one could walk even in the rear of the Christian lines and here the place was one great litter of dead glandelinians, of wrecked homes, debris of all kinds and many dead horses. The lieutenant met one woman refugee who burst into tears at the sight of a small rocker.

Her property mixed in among the battle smitten wreckage. He had lost all her friends in the battle and her own husband. People among the refugees and even children they had witnessed among their very refuge, and a single funeral would have seemed more terrible--more solemn--than a pile of cremated bodies. The tale of still continued lotting of officers headquarters and the like by rebel spies and daring valdas vandals were only too true, and once the lieutenant shot one himself. And yet the glandelinians in Vivian Wickley all declare "that Vivian Wickley hall rise again and hold out to the last under all conditions" with and without as much difficulty as is at present anticipated.

Three fourths of the refugees who applied for relief within the Christian lines were mentally dull. The physicians said however that with proper care most of them might be cured. A young child of ten years of age was brought into the general relief station at the rear of the lines on the night after the battle on Aronburg's center. The Angelinians under Corporals out scouting to see the enemy's movements found her huddled like a frightened kitten in an empty battered parson's garb, not laughing and singing to her self and making faces at everything. The doctor who took her under care however said food and care and loving treatment were all she needed to restore her to reason. It was also another day after the battle and flood before those from the very outside began to find out what the awful calamity was to the people of the desolated city. It was the Angelinians who were suffering on account of the scene and not the enemy and this fact made General Concentinian Aronburg so angry that he bit his hand like a mad dog and once he said with perfect calmness to his generals "The enemy from me will receive no quarter here."

However now for a while the first of the shocks was wearing off off the long list of dead and missing were getting to be an old story, and the sick and wounded and suffering were crawling into places of refuge. Many of them had been sleeping on the open prairies over six since the disasters most of them in fact, men with broken arms and legs, sick women and ailing children. They had crawled out of their shell wrecked homes and lay down on the bare ground to die. Many of the scouting parties, and relief parties found such as these every hour, and brought them into the military hospitals in the rear of the Christian lines as far as possible. One scouting party alone found five thousand people in the vicinity of the very Christian rear, homeless, hopeless, hopeless, and tearless. It was indeed a sight to cause a stone image to weep. On the night after the battle on Aronburg's center a soldier rode up to an Angelinian internment hospital camp, and told the army doctors he had just come from the battle line. "Said he 'Many of the refugees are starving. There is nothing left, and the children are crying for milk'."

There are so many sick people among the refugees on account of the enemy that many of the generals don't know what to do. Can you send some one down?" The doctor in charge said he would go immediately. The soldier on horseback leaned over his saddle and tried to speak but something in his face frightened the doctor. He called two soldiers. They ran out and caught him. He was poor man in a dead faint. When he had been brought to his senses he laughed sheepishly.

"I don't know what is the matter with me," he said. "I have never been taken this way before."

The good doctors looked at each other and then smiled, but the red cross nurses eyes were full of tears. The soldier had not tasted food for nearly two days, and had ridden fifty miles in the broiling sun and was wounded in the army by a musket shot. More and more troops that could be spared were continually sent into Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo so that soon it was impossible for the enemy to retake, and to assault would mean suicide. Concentinian Aronburg was warring in on the city tighter and crowding the enemy further and further.

A newspaper correspondent, and the first of that kind of sex from the outside to gain admittance to the sealed city of Vivian Wickey--wrote to his friends a description of what he had the chance to see and hear there. He happened to arrive in the Christian lines and at Norma Catherine a week or more after the disaster and although he happened to be on an relief train, carrying army doctors, Red Cross nurses, and immense medical supplies he had hard work, yes indeed very hard work, to get past the file of sentries and other guards in entering the Christian lines, but he at last succeeded. Said he;

"The engineer engineer who had the chance to bring our train down from fair Angelina Agathia spent the week before groping around the terrible wrecks of both both sections of Vivian Wickey looking for his wife, children and relatives. He found them, and dug a grave in the ground in the rear of the besieging Christian armies and then set a little board marked with his name. There was a sad solemn eyed man sitting in front of me on the railway car who had went through the whole week of horror at Vivian Wickey. He told me that he had kissed his wife and children good bye when the enemy were striving to repel the assaults on Norma Catherine and told her that the Angelinians could not hold out much longer but they did hold on, Norma Catherine was rescued and was taken by the Angelinians, and when finally hostilities ceased for a short while a new day broke and showed him that the Christian armies were successful. He and his wife and children escaped with their lives. However every man or woman on that train had lost some one that they loved in the terrible war disaster, and were going into the Christian lines to try and find some trace of their friends or families who had been held prisoners so long in Vivian Wickey. As the train neared Pandora City, sixty miles nearer Vivian Wickey a gray flame seemed to be leaping up somewhere and he man said to one of the men sitting along side of him;

"What a most terrible fire that is indeed. Some of the largest buildings in Pandora must be burning."

man however who was passing back and forth in the middle of the pullman coach had reached behind the correspondents chair or coach and heard his remark. He stopped put his hand on the handle of the chair and turned down and looked into the correspondents face and looked into his face, his face like the face of a dead man indeed; but he laughed.

"Are they buildings on fire you say?" He said. "Don't you know what is really burning over there. Why I'll tell you. They are my wife and children--such innocent little children. Why the tallest was not any higher than the top of the chair you are sitting on"--he laid his hand on the top. "And the littlest one was just learning to talk--she called me papa the other day, and now they are all burning over there--they and the good loving mother who bore them. My wife was such a tender delicate thing, and now she is out there all alone, with the two baby girls and one boy, and they are being burned up."

He man laughed again and began again to walk up and down the car.

"That's right. Said A Marshall dressed in full uniform taking off his broad soldier hat and letting the sunlight from a window shine on his strong brave face.

"That's right indeed. We Angelinian soldiers had to do it, are compelled to do it as there are too many dead. We have burned over one million people in a week, and to morrow it is likely we shall burn many more. Yesterday we were compelled to stop burying the many bodies at sea or in the river, we had to give the men a drink and even soldiers on the big barges whiskey and brandy to give them courage to do the work. They carried out hundreds of thousands of the dead in half a day, soldiers who fell in battle, men women and children of the killed refugees all piled up as high as the barges could stand the load, and the men did not dare go out far enough to sea for fear of getting in range of the Uclio River, and the bodies have all begun drifting back again."

"Look there" said the man who was walking up and down the chair car touching the shoulder of the news paper reporter with his shaking hand. "Look there."

Before he had any time to even think he had to look and saw as the train was running along side the river floating in the water many bodies of soldiers, and at intervals he saw groups of strange drift wood. He looked closer and found it to be a mass of wooden planks, wheels and other materials proving they were wrecked army wagons. The train finally pulled up when near the first section of the big besieging army positions in the hush of approaching evening, there were no lights anywhere in the distant city of Vivian Wickey and the only lights seen were the searchlights in the enemy's lines. He finally picked himself up one of the company streets. The ground was slimy with the debris of the river. Near the city and reaching its outskirts the correspondent climbed over wreckage and picked his way through heaps of rubbish. The terrible odor was sickening and almost overcame him, and it was all he could do to shut his teeth, and get through the city street somehow. A long or big swarm of soldiers were camped on one of the big river wharf fronts some lying stretched out on the wet river sand, the hideous hideous sand, stained and streaked in the sink: sinking runways with dark and cruel bloody blotches. They challenged him but the Marshall took him through under his protection. At every street corner of the city of Norma Catherine was a guard and every guard wore a six shooter strapped around his waist. The city was full of soldiers fierce looking purple coated soldiers. He went toward the heart of Norma Catherine. He did not know at all what the names of the streets were or where he was really going. He simply managed to pick his way through masses of slime and run rubbish which scar the beautiful wide streets of the once most beautiful city in Galvernia. They would not bear looking at all those piles of rubbish. There also were things that would grip the hardest heart to see--a baby's shoe, for instance, some little red shoe, with a jaunty tasseled lace,--or a bit of woman's dress and letters, or a dead body of a woman or child. He shrank from these piles of rubbish was almost overpowering to him. Down in the very heart of the city of Norma Catherine most of the dead bodies of many soldiers falling in the battle in the city had been recovered but it did not do to walk too far out as he could expose himself to the mercy of the enemy batteries beyond the captured city, especially from Thumelina and Gertrude Angeline. The correspondent came upon a group of people in the street being soldiers. When later he came upon a group of strange looking men who were digging in a heap of rubbish and when they heard his foot steps one of the men turned an evil glowing face upon him, and another of the men hid something in his pockets. Angelinian ghouls, these prowling in search of prey. Moment later there was great noise and excitement in the little narrow street, and the correspondent looked back and saw the three Angelinians running and firing, with a crowd of Angelinian soldiers at his heels. The crowd of soldiers caught them however and would have killed him on the spot but an officer came up. They tied his hands and took him through the streets with a whoop whooping rabble at their heels. It goes hard with spies in the besieging Christian lines at Vivian Wickey caught even looting the dead in those days. A young Christian soldier well known in the city of Norma Catherine shot and killed a landelinian in disguise who was discovered attempting to cut open a little girls body while she was alive. The dead landelinian lay in the street like a dead dog and no one would give him the tribute of a kindly look. The awful abomination of desolation reigned on every side. Thousands of the bigest houses were dismantled by the shell fire, their roofs gone, windows broken, and the high water mark of floods caused by the bursted river levees showed inconceivably high on the paint.

All the littlest houses along the river fronts are all gone, p----- either completely gone as if they were made of cards, and a giant hand which was tired of playing with them had swept them all off the board and put them away, or they were lying in heaps of kindling wood covering indeed no one knows what awful horrors beneath. The main streets of the beautiful city was indeed pitiful in Norma Catherine. Here and there a shop of some peculiar kind was left standing. South north Anna street looked like an old mans toothless jaw, with one or two straggling teeth protruding. The water of the river flood produced by the enemy in their efforts to stop the assault of the Christians must have rushed through the streets and the stores and lower sections of the houses in an irresistible avalanche that carried all before it. The wonder is not that so little of Norma Catherine or Julio Gallo was still left standing but that there was any of it at all. The very street story has its awful story, in its history of awful misery and human agony bravely endured through a hell of shell fire and battles frightful fury. The eye witnesses of a hundred thousand deaths have talked with many war correspondents and told their awful heart rending story and not one of them has ever told of a cowardly death. Even all the soldiers, met their deaths bravely and the red cross nurses met their fate while on duty at their work of mercy as did the soldiers, bravely and for the most part with the most astonishing calmness. One woman told the newspaper correspondent that she and her husband and her children when the enemy shelled the city went into the main kitchen and hid themselves under the large kitchen table to escape the horrible fragments of the shells, and that they knelt under here and prayed continually. As they prayed an explosion blew the whole house to fragments and a fire following swept the wreckage of the house away and her husband and children with it, and the day after she went out to the place where her house had been but there was nothing there but a mass of burned wreckage and embers. Her husbands body was twisted in the branches of a tree into which he had been hurled by the explosion, six blocks from the house. She recognized him by a locket he happened to have around his neck. The locket she gave him before they were married. The poor woman told the correspondent all this without a tear or a trace of emotion even though she had never found her dead children. No one cries in Vivian Wickey. The refugees as even in the rear of the Christian lines will stand for hours and tell soldiers and visitors the most heinous stories that would turn the blood in the veins of a man or woman or the hardened soldier cold with horror, without the quiver of an eyelid.

An officer who was a colonel in the Angelinian army and who operated a military telegraph office told the news paper correspondent how he had lost two hundred men out of his company of one thousand three hundred men, two of his best horses which had been killed under him, and two lieutenants who had been his life long friends. He then went into minute particulars, told how his most expensive house in Julio Gallo had been built, that it cost a hundred thousand dollars, and how it was strengthened and made firm against the worse of typhoons. He told how the enemy came early in the war took Vivian Wickey in possession created her horrors and though sparing him swept all his property away, and how at the bombardment just past during the fierce fighting in the streets he had climbed over a mass of roofs with his regiment and fought the enemy from house to house, and how after that awful death struggle he had found his two lieutenants death and lying in the very gutter. He also told how much his horses had cost when he entered the army and why he had been so fond of them, and how hard he had tried to save his regiment from such awful loss but the news paper correspondent said:

"You have survived the battle yourself, and even probably your family is living safe away from Vivian Wickey and may never have seen it so you ought not to be implaining." The officer stared at him with blank unseeing eyes.

"Why I did not and could not save my family." He said. "They were all killed in the reign of terror at Norma. I thought you surely knew that, I don't care to talk much about it."

The heinous horror of the whole thing had benumbed everyone who saw it.

General Pixley a Unionist who served in the Angelinian army had a trying life in the Christian lines during the time of the big assault against the whole Centre of Concentinian Aronburg lines. The general who was wounded arrived at Angelinia Agathia on Sunday in August, from Vivian Wickey, where he had with his whole brigade a most trying time during the enemys attempts to carry general Christian's works by storm. He happened to see Violet and her sisters and their friend Gertrude Angeline when he was visited by Violet and he told them the story of his experiences in a wonderfully graphic way.

"I had only been in general Concentinian Aronburgs centre for about six weeks, visiting the general on some important military matter. It was not until after the noon of the last day of August or the middle of August I mean that the refugees were badly frightened because of so many loud horrid signals heard from the enemys lines, sounding like whistles, or booming shots in the fashion of the five strokes of drums, or like siren whistles, and roaring sounds. Concentinian Aronburg and others were suspicious and therefore from their being careful had not seen their centre crushed when the assault came. When the last rebel assault had been made with such violence as to carry a portion of the works, the captured artillery had been turned upon the Angelinians who retreated into the barracks beyond and before the shot shell and explosives these buildings with the fiercely battling soldiers in them went down as mere egg-shells before that death dealing artillery storm.

About 1:30 o'clock when the battle was raging along the whole Christian line with inconceivable fury, I rode up to general Schooler and told him that some one must make their way to general Concentinian Aronburg and warn him of the nature of the assault, while I would have to for safety sake withdraw my brigade to my stronger works for the enemy was driving forward like a tornado and nothing could stop the insurgents here. The battle had gone on to a fury beyond anything human within two hours, and as I hurried off on my horse toward a portion of my line the wind of a passing shell tore off my hat, and I was blinded by the thick smoke of firing for a while.

When the uproar grew louder I turned my eyes to the southwest where the worse of the battle was then raging and for sixteen long miles I was surprised to see that there was not a line of troops standing their ground, everything had been swept away. That must have been the time when the enemy carried the works and drove the Angelinians to the rear and attacked even the camps. How we ever resisted the insane efforts of the enemy on our own front I do not know. So fierce was the firing that it appeared as if the screeching demons attacking us fairly waded in the smoke as if it was a mirage and every few minutes many of my men were fairly carried off their feet by the concussion of so many cannons thundering, and as the enemy dashed against our works like a tidal wave out fire cut them down in tens of thousands. The point of our line the enemy was striving desperately to reach was on the left. I realized the concentration of so many torn and tattered battle flags in that quarters what was up hurried a portion of my reserves in that location, and we stayed the enemy assault for several hours. At last it seemed as if the rebels had found an opening and a portion of the gray line looking like little girls with their hair in all shapes broke through and swarmed over a portion of the works fighting like mad to press on, and we generals had a mad time to keep the enemy from doing it by hurling masses against them and cutting them down by a fire of grape and canister. The enemy coming on elsewhere reached my section of the line, and I expected every moment to be carried to my death but nevertheless kept directing my men. How it happened I can never tell but we held the works like leeches. As it was many thousands of my men had been killed in the works we so bravely defended. After all the excitement and the roar of battle was over, I felt faint from hunger, and while too weak from excitement to receive food, I told my general in chief I would go to my provisions tent and get something to eat. I felt queasier and somehow and staggered along the ground until I reached a rocky ledge, and fell half fainting near it. As I leaned there I witnessed sights reared from the desperate struggle that I pray God will never make you little girls see. Lying on all sides for miles and miles bodies of fallen soldiers more than I could dare to count lay either crushed or mangled between cannons, or in the open plain or in perfect wedges across the works and between a jumble of timbers and debris from a shattered fortified line of works.

I also saw when I lay wounded in my tent men, women and children all refugees go by moving on toward some portion of the christian rear I know not where. I felt horrified at their sad wild looking faces and wanted to close my eyes, but I could not. I cried aloud and made an attempt to get up and go to my friends, but I was exhausted and all I could do was to remain and watch the terrible scenes.

Babies, oh such pretty little ones, girls and boys too were carried on in that torrent of panic humanity, gowned in dainty or ragged clothing, their eyes open staring in mute terror. Thank Providence they were out of Vivian, Mickey and away from the enemy at last. I was a partly blinded by tears of sorrow and emotion but I could still see through the mists. Little arms seemed to stretch toward me asking assistance and there I lay, half prostrated too weak to lend assistance. How it all ended I cannot tell, I know not. I must have fainted for I awakened with;

"We are saved general," the enemy are retreating," ringing in my ears."

It was some days before I could get away to Angelina Agathia for a rest and to recover from my wounds, and though I was opposed I declared I would go at all costs.

I thought of home and my parents, and I wanted to telegraph to Angelina Agathia just like the thousands of others, that I was safe and had lived through the wildest and bloodiest battle I have ever seen. The day we left the militia in Norma Catherine was out in all its force. I could hear the steady sharp reports of distant cannon and the thunder of exploding shells occasionally and the wail of some soldier as a shell dropped him somewhere. Later I saw some soldiers with their glistening rifles leveled at men, and saw them topple over dead. Oh they had to shoot those terrible beasts they were robbing the generals, robbing the dead, outraging little ones. They groveled in blood those vandals, it seemed. I saw with my own eyes the bodies of little children lying in wreckage cut open by the regular demons in search for some jewels and the like. The soldiers came and killed them and it was well.

As we made outway to the boats that was to take me and my followers from the city and battlefields of death, I saw great clouds of smoke rising in the air in many intervals. Upon the flaming tops of boards and wreccages thousands upon thousands of dead soldiers were being reduced to ashes. It was best, for the odor that arose from so many dead bodies was simply dreadful. Still it made ones heart ache with a sorrow never to be equalled as one would be occasionally beforced to witness little children tossed into the midst of the hissing flames. Do you little princesses wonder that I a big man as I ought to be and a brave soldier cried before me no matter which way I turned, I could see dead bodies of many soldiers with their cold eyes gazing at me with startling intentness. I closed my eyes and I stumbled forward hoping I might be able to escape for a moment the sight of so many dead bodies but no, the moment I would open them again, right at my very feet, I would find the form of some poor soldier. Coming to Angelina Agathia on the

train I read the paper and only saw that about all the men were dead from the battle.

away wrong indeed. It will be more than ten million on our own side alone. I know for certainty that I am right, every one in the christian armies besieging Vivian, Mickey there talks of twelve million dead, fifteen million dead and over eighteen million dead but it will be ten million at the very least. I believed the worse sight I ever was forced to witness was the two million eight hundred thousand bodies carried out to the sea and rivers and buried in the waters. Huge one hundred foot armed barges were tied at the many wharves and loaded with the piles of unknown dead soldiers and even non-combatants. As fast as one barge was filled it made its way from the shore, and weighting the dead bodies the soldiers and men workers cast them into the water.

"Oh those eyes. That I might put them from my mind. I can see even now those little children, mere babies go floating by my place of refuge, dead, dead. God alone knows the suffering I and probably all of the others went through. Hundreds of thousands yes hundreds of thousands of poor souls were carried over the brink of death in the twinkling of an eye, and I saw it all."

Another man who saw Violet and her sisters after returning to Dorothy Gale said;

"I left Vivian Mickey night before the main battle on concentinian Aronburgscentre and things then in the neighborhood was in a dreadful state. Norma Catherine is about twelve miles distant of the main christian fortified siege works and even when I arrived here refugees were pouring in the direction of Angelina Agathia in greatest numbers. Many well to do people have lost all they had. During the battle general William Henry Gainer and his entire staff of generals and officers were killed and their troops almost destroyed, and it was reported to me that Colonel Canney was also killed as well as a number of lieutenants. Even at Dorothy Gale and O Sam Oama town relief committees have been organized."

The general whose name was Cain had been well known in Angelina Agathia. General Cyrus at Angelina Agathia in command of some of the big mobilization camps at Oama received a letter from Concentinian Aronburg saying that over five million glandelinians must have lost their lives during the battle storms, and that fully eighty million are wounded or prisoners. Scooped up in a ravine after his regiment had met annihilation during the battle general John Johnson brother of general Abner Double Day Federal Johnston who had formerly lived at South Agathia Street Angelina Agathia and his wife and two children met death in the battle and flood during the attempts to get out of the heavily shelled city. All were in a bul building at the time and no one had escaped. The authorities at Angelina Agathia were dumfounded when they received the first information of the awful disaster, for they had no idea of it. General General Milton of the Abbasannians had his own experience with the enemy during the conflict.

His troops which had been in open ground moved to better cover when the enemy began to advance. All at once the attack came bringing with it all the horrors of battle. The Angelinians started to retreat, but before it they could get to their works their whole column went to pieces before the enemys deadly fire. General Milton was struck with a bullet and soon seriously wounded and knocked to the ground. He managed to rise to his feet however and following his retreating troops as best as he could managed to make his escape. He saw few of his brigade escape the enemy. He did not believe that one quarter of it was left. He had wired later for definite news regarding his own losses but have heard nothing more.

About a week or well later it was reported that a most terrific attack was concentrated upon a portion of the left wing of general Vivianannas main line near Julio Calloio Gallo. The attack started on the following morning and was raging with the most greatest severity toward the afternoon. Heavy glandelinian columns moved against the christian lines like furious heavy cyclone rollers, and the strongest of the assault was made against general Wisnatiens positions. All of the assaulting glandelinian columns that got within dull range of the christian fire were mowed down, but the assault of the main glandelinian column continued furiously and almost irresistibly. During the later afternoon however some of the rebel columns not accomplishing their end began falling back, though a furious artillery

duel was starting. By evening the cannonade had reached a terrible volume and even within the rear of the Christian lines bells were falling and exploding. The violence of the enemy assault and the artillery duel continued to increase during the whole remainder of the afternoon, and at four o'clock an assaulting column moved against the Christian line which extended for more than six miles, carrying all before it until the Angelinean concentrated so heavily that the rebels were held at bay though their attack still continued with some violence.

A correspondent at St. Johns Camp has also telegraphed the following the same day:

"From all quarters of the Whiteriver Whither came reports of devastation caused by the bombardment of the Christian fleets upon the fortifications near Mic-Wither Janet. So far sixty Angelinean Transports arriving to land troops near Thumelina are reported ashore and on fire or foundered, over one hundred more being damaged by the enemy's terrible gun fire. In these engagements over thirty one thousand lives have been lost so far. This terrible list of fatalities is due to the fact that most of the vessels have been fully exposed to the guns of Fort Gertrude Angeline. Several Angelinean battle ships are missing, however, and it is feared the death toll may be enlarged. The fleet attacking Fort Labrador has suffered severely. In the attack on the forts at Belle Road a whole fleet of Christian gunboats have been destroyed. Attacking the main shore batteries resulted in over fifty big Angelinean battle ships being badly battered, to a being a total loss. The warship, St. Francis has been wrecked in attacking the fort. The St. George has foundered. The dreadnaught Santa Anna is dismasted and derelict off the main coast. Twenty four hundred men of the warship Province were landed at Day Wokee, their ship being struck by a torpedo having foundered near the fort. The men under fire for two whole days and night, and two killed every hour drifted about on the sinking hulk, without food, without shelter, and only by incessant pumping kept her afloat. The shells were constantly sweeping the decks with dreadful effects, and the entire crew fought until the ship almost foundered. Whether their captain perished from exposure. The survivors of the crew said the storm of shell fire from the forts may have done awful damage to the whole attacking fleet. It seems certain many vessels could not escape the disaster when theirs the finest of the war fleet, succumbed."

General Constantinian Aronburg wrote of the situation on September the 18th 1914.

"It certainly would be difficult to exaggerate the awful scenes resulting from the big battles that meet the eye everywhere. The awful situation could not be exaggerated. Probably the loss of life in the battles will exceed any estimate that has been made. In those parts of the two sections of the sections of the city where such destruction by the enemy's repelling bomb fire was the greatest, there still must be scores of thousands of bodies under the debris. At Norma Catherine which was first captured and which was swept clean of every vestige of the many splendid residences that have covered it, the ruin is all enclosed by a towering wall of debris under which many bodies of dead and soldiers of both sides both sides may be still buried. The removal of the wreckage has scarcely been begun because the enemy frustrate all attempts to remove wreckage by their guns of the fortifications. No doubt the story that will be told when this mountain of ruin is finally removed may multiply the awful horrors of the fearful situation of the siege we are compelled to make. As usual usual in great siege calamities the non-combatants we have in the rear of our lines are all dazed and sick of their losses and experiences with an unnatural calmness that would astonish those who do not understand it. I do believe there is still danger of a great epidemic. But the nervous strain upon the millions of refugees as they soon come to realize their condition, may be nearly as fatal. They talk of all friends property and everything that are gone with tearless eyes, making no allusion to the loss of property and friends children loving ones and relatives. But sooner these people will break down under the strain and the Red Cross societies are glad of the force of strong, competent workers, which it has brought to their relief.

Portions of the main sections of the city so far have escaped the greatest severity of the artillery storm and are left partially intact. Thus it may be possible to purchase here nearly all the supplies that may be wanting. Relief also is coming in as rapidly as all the crippled transportation facilities will permit. No one need fear however after seeing the most brave and manly way in which the many refugees are helping themselves, that too much outside aid will be given. In reply to the question what is most needed? I would say 'The most immediate needs are surgical dressings, the ordinary medical remedies and doses of medicines for the sick and wounded.'

One of the Angelinean generals and two of his staff had been reported dead as a result of the great assault upon the left wing of the Angelinean army but however after the battle they happened to be found, having passed through a most thrilling and shocking experience. General George Gross and his two staff were the Angelinean soldiers in search of whom many of the Angelinean scouting parties went into Norma Catherine. The general had a most thrilling experience indeed during the latter battle in which the enemy had not been successful. With his two staff he had been directing his troops to repel the assault of the enemy, when the main force of the enemy's storming assault broke. So fierce was the confusion that ensued on account of the shock that one of the general's staff seized a battle flag valued at \$2,000 from a fallen flag bearer and grasping it in his own hands went to the very front of the works and waved it defiantly in the very face of the victorious Angelinean rebels. This defiance checked the enemy but they poured in such a fire that the brave general was wounded and the flag shot to pieces by a storm of bullets. Here the troops under the commanders under General Gross remained until the rebels failed on receiving reinforcements and rushed forward anew and reached the works leaping over like a swarm of gray demons. The Angelineans however battled fiercely clinging to their trenches. Several times they were driven by the pressure of the enemy's assault from the works and fell backward to the rear in confusion, only to be reinforced and rallied against the foe. The shells crashed through their dogged ranks, shattering lines of men and hurling trees and timbers down about them, soldiers on all sides of the general were hot to death or mangled by shell fire, but with grim perseverance the whole Christian line under General Gross held on and rode the storm through. As their columns crushed and bleeding, their whole line turned and the survivors nearly exhausted, the Angelineans soon withdrew and the works and the Christian soldiers were relieved from their perilous position several hours after the second big battle started. Most of the Angelineans had fought so desperately that they were almost stripped of clothing by exploding cartridges and flashes of powder, and many of the wounded soldiers were delirious. The many wounded were taken to the emergency army hospitals where they many of them tossed in delirium until they recovered. During the conflict General Gross who had been so hard pressed had for a time appealed for aid but got none as the messengers had failed to reach the main lines. The terrible scenes were beyond description. Much could be written about the damage done to the besieging Christian lines and during the battle things were so terrible that little thought was given to other places. So in all sections of Norma Catherine and within the very besieging Christian lines and fortified works the damage was so great that any one would not believe that the longest time of work would ever repair it. Thousands more of refugees were coming to the besieging lines from Julio Gallo and other points of Vivian Wokee, and for so many refugees leaving the army and going to Dorothy Gale and Angelinea gathering those two cities were being taxed to the limit to find places for all of them.

Two weeks after the capture of Norma Catherine the first big contingent arrived. There were about eight hundred thousand, and a more forlorn, dejected and suffering lot of people never were brought together during the war before. The scores of thousands of sick were cared for in many hospitals, and also in private homes, and the greater number of the others were assigned to Dorothy Jensen, Betty Robbin, Ozma, and Trot but they apparently could not quiet themselves unless so fatigued and weak from loss of sleep and want of sleep that they practically fell down exhausted.

they even roused the streets of those guardian cities with scarcely any clothing on, men, women, and children, all were hollowed eyed, and sunken cheeked, and on the verge of despair. It was indeed terrible to realize how many thousands of families had been broken out by the "Norma Catherine" sign of terror. Many persons in the cities had listened to so many other harrowing tales until they were actually sick. None of the newspaper reports had been exaggerated. There was really nothing one could say which would express the situation. From the first trains reaching Angelina Agathia it had been reported that even seven million lives had been lost at the battles with Conscientinians. Aronburg and the enemy but at first this was believed to be surely a gross exaggeration. But now many have changed their minds, believing it really a conservative figure. In Vivian Wickey after the day or night of the capture of Norma Catherine and soldiers had grouped their way through the darkness under fire, stumbling over piles of debris, fighting glandelinian ambushes, and after lots of difficulty drove them out. In the day time the soldiers found many of the buildings denuded of everything, the paper being stripped from the ceiling and were hanging in big shreds from the walls. Everything was damp and cold. For weeks the soldiers who were now in possession of Norma Catherine and either slept in the street streets or in the rooms of wrecked houses, but all the windows of many houses had been blown out, and the buildings were so damp and cold that the soldiers hundreds of thousands of them were almost afraid to sleep there. Some of the rooms of the lower parts of the buildings were still flooded. There was not a room in a single house out of any that had not been damaged by the concussion of shell fire, and the ruins of some houses were fairly toppled over and leaned against a neighbors house. There was scarcely a structure in Julio Gallo itself which escaped the fury of the big shell storm. Every high building lost its roof, or every church its steeple, and all were damaged to some extent. The streets for two or three weeks and even longer afterwards, were filled with debris, telephones, and telegraph poles and wires, huge piles of bricks and timbers, tin roofs and all kinds of miscellaneous things, such as furniture, trees, etc were strewn in the streets. Colonel Keenan escaped without injury during the battle in the streets. He declared the accounts of the Vivian Wickey disaster were in no way exaggerated. The debris in some of the streets in Julio Gallo he said was thirty five feet high. Battery D of the Angelinian light artillery came out of the battle with a loss of eighty six men, a loss never sustained in battle with artillery before. The survivors all of whom were wounded had been barracked in a shattered building since the day of the conflict. They were finally sent out to the main rear to be outfitted and retrained. The officers and men lost everything, and even had to scavenge clothing to cover them. And also the most motley crowd of the Angelinian regulars ever seen at attention line up before general picknell was the column of Abyssinkilians under Jesse general Jesse Amos the day after the worse of the battle. Parts of uniforms and clothing which bore no semblance to any uniform were barely sufficient to cover nakedness, and in thousands of cases of the 10,000,000 men there were bad rents which showed the bare anatomy on dress parade.

The general of this splendidly heroic division had reached his lines when the assault of the enemy struck and when it came on had made preparations to meet the foe with artillery and big bombs and with having a strong works felt the safety of the line of troops would be assured. The violence of the enemys assault however had increased so rapidly than after fifteen minutes real resistance the whole line was driven to the second works, and the then on account of the enemy gaining the rear it was impossible to leave the second line of works. It was reported that general Winstons and Vivian whole army was assaulted simultaneously. At this time general Kells division of Abyssinkilians adjoining the one driven to the second line of works recoiled before the enemy. The hole christian line expected disaster. The enemy all the time had been running to the assault like a mill race. The rebels had already carried the first line of works and the waves of glandelinians kept crashing against the defenders of the second line of works and fighting desperately to carry it that the Angelinians were fairly exhausted in their efforts to repel them. Then down along general Avens line came two small advanced glandelinian batteries, whose volleys of grape and a canister struck down a whole regiment of men at one terrible discharge. Another advancing battery came up and sent sweeping

into the ranks of the Angelinians a storm of grape that fairly carried away the labor beaten behind with their destruction. Generals Artigue, Johnson, and Hemming of these Angelinian brigades were severely wounded, and their works were fully in the possession of the foe and the Angelinians driven back.

General Jesse Amos was expecting it would be his turn next. He however nevertheless despite it all said, "no matter what happens it is not our time to retreat." Then came the piercing devil yell of the glandelinians followed by an unusual unusually loud crash of musketry as the glandelinians almost swarmed over the second line of works and strove to drive the Angelinians back. Finally however the assailants were repulsed and they recoiled before the galling fire of the Angelinians. Later on to prevent the Angelinians from making a counter charge the enemy broke a dam near the point and the Angelinians could look and see nothing but a flood of water in every direction. In the morning they found their position had been almost carried for the works were strewn with dead glandelinians. All this while there was many cases of pitiful destitution. Many half demented non combatants when the assault was raging too close to their refuge half crazed from fright and the din of battle positively refused to leave the wrecked barracks, and as persistently refused to accept offers of relief extended to them. In many instances parents who had lost their children still occupied the ruins of Norma Catherine itself the ruins of their former homes and surroundings and the horrors of war and the constant killing and exposure had brought them to a state of mental and physical collapse. The number who had gone insane as the result of their awful experiences will probably never be known. In every lot of refugees sent out of the stricken city, there were many thousands of insane men women and even children. The victims at first made light of their awful losses, and laughed immoderately when telling of the deaths of friends and others, or their families, and relatives in the flood, shell fire and battles. It was a very short time from this to uncontrollable madness. The many guards of the Angelinian militia did splendid work in patrolling the captured sections of the city after the storm of battles, and the fears of a dreadful epidemic were allayed by the presence and distribution of medicines and disinfectants.

Governor general sawer of Conscientinians Aronburg staff sent out the following expression of Thanks on behalf of the sufferers of Vivian Wickey;

"In behalf of the people of Galverinia, and those of Vivian Wickey who had been rescued I desire to express my acknowledgements to the people of Abissinnia and her many loyal states for the ready and generous response they have made in coming to the aid of our afflicted people. The numbers of deaths among our soldiers besieging Vivian Wickey, and among the unfortunate refugees also, the amount of destitution, and the loss of property is far greater than had been believed. The Secretary of the Navy at Angelina Agathia had placed an extra fleet of transports at my disposal, and I have in a turn placed it at the disposal of Admiral Zimmermann. The addition of this fleet of transports to the many ships already around the water courses of Vivian Wickey will be able to let us use enough boats to handle supplies and passengers to and from the city. The whole army authorities at Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo are in full control, and every effort had been successfully made to bury the dead soldiers, but no attempts have been made to remove the debris as yet. Contributions of the most liberal character are continually reaching me and there will be no waste of the magnificent contributions coming from the many hands and generous hearts of a sympathetic nation."

Indeed no idea could possibly be formed as to the frightful unusual crush of so many railroad trains bearing relief supplies in and around Vivian Wickey on the christian side of it. Still grew gruesome scenes and most harrowing incidents of the time immediately following the great gale of battle and cannons at Vivian Wickey were graphically portrayed in a letter to Gertrude Angelina from a young girl friend of hers caught in the region of the enemys lines during the battle of Norma Catherine. It was written to Gertrude Angelina or Angelina Aronburg after flight name was who at the time was with Violet and her sisters at Angelina

agathia. This little twelve year old girl had been a girl scout in general vivian's army for several years and had left Angelina Agathia for Mansions lines the first month before Concentinian Aronburg's hurricane of battle, and reached there the very evening before the storm came on, reaching the doomed section of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo just in time to fully participate in the terrible experience she had. Her letter follows:

Norma Catherine, August 12th.

Dearest friend and companion Angelina Aronburg;

Have not had a single minute to write and cannot hardly recollect my thoughts to tell you of the horrible disaster of the siege down here at Vivian Wickey. The armies of Concentinian Aronburg under Ianstien and Gibiananna have succeeded in capturing Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo but at terrific costs. Countless dead in the ruined houses, in the streets beside street barricades, on house tops, the bay and river, strewn with dead bodies. Broken cannons in streets and muskoes. The whole of Norma Catherine demolished by the shell shell fire of Thunbalinla and Gertrude Angoline. Not a single drop of water for the released Inkahanna -- food so scarce that they fled to the Christian lines. If help did not reach us soon there would be great starvation for the survivors. The dead are not being identified at all, there are so many -- the soldiers are throwing them on barges and drays, where they are loaded like cordwood and taken out to sea or to the rivers to be cast into the waves under the noses of the besieging Angelinian ships. I was at one of the wharfs this morning for a short time and saw three human barges loaded with their awful gruesome freight. The bodies are frightfully mangled, and nearly every one of them hide. Go alone knows what soldiers they are, and who they are. The river is full of dead horses, together with human human corpses, blistering in the hot Galverinian summer sun. It will be impossible to remove the millions of dead from the debris for weeks despite the hundreds of thousands at work -- the whole of Norma Catherine and the outside battle fields are more frightful than anything you or your friends the Vivian girls have ever seen. I in three days counted thirty eight thousand bodies taken from one block of houses all dead soldiers purple and the gray. Every one is striving desperately to get the numerous bodies buried or burned and out of the way for fear of a plague. I myself never expected to get out alive alive, but thank God that despite our grim duty in the battle not one of us girl scouts in the regiment was killed or wounded. We were driven from one signal station to another, by the oncoming great waves of Glandelinians. The shelling was going on at the rate of a hundred thousand explosions per hour, and over many points of the battle line the rain of fragments of falling houses, the settling of earth and stone and everything else fell in torrents. Never shall I forget the sight inside Norma Catherine as darkness settled upon us. Every window in the city every point, every street, dark alley and other places spitted fire from discharged mucketry, and the shells making flashes like lightning added to their crashing thunder made the whole city a roaring lighted inferno. I thought of you and Violet and her sisters and your two other friends, and prayed that you might be comforted. The roof of the house I took refuge in is now gone, the walls have fallen around us, but we still have a floor and -- I can tell you it is too horrible. I was once nearly struck by a falling cornice of a building when a shell blew it down. One of my companions who went through the same experience is almost crazy and is in a dangerous condition. I myself have lost everything and now wearing clothes borrowed from some refugee girls who were more fortunate. The stench is terrible. Thousands of horses in the Christian lines without former owners are in the most pitiful condition imaginable wounded, not hardly a drop of water for them to drink, as the river is poisoned by the stench of dead bodies, and the refugees -- I wonder that everybody is not mad at the awful horrors. No account whatever can exaggerate it. It is absolutely necessary that everybody in Angelina do what they can. The city of Norma Catherine is under martial law to protect it from the mob of Glandelinian pigs and vandals. Last night a Glandelinian officer was arrested, with ten packages belonging to Concentinian Aronburg in his pocket. Colonel Weylinger is in command of the protective forces. They had to shoot many Glandelinian spies and vandals to keep the horrible and most daring ghosts of war in control. General Eddie Mogoren is next in full

command and is doing noble work. I and my girl scouts have done what we could to help the dying and wounded soldiers and even refugees, when the battle broke out I was on the highest point in Norma Catherine. My own bravery I cannot boast only saved me. The blocks and blocks all around crashing into many cities, not a house remaining -- not a building but is completely demolished -- houses just torn board from board and piled up. I myself have climbed over wreckage fifty to a hundred feet high in the streets to get to places. I think girl scouts were more fortunate than any of the soldiers or the refugees in Vivian Wickey. I think that not one among my regiment at the time their duty was killed though our escape was narrow many times. With the exception of that one all were calm, though I reckon every one quaked inside from the awful snarling din -- I know I did. I am well. Had some thing to eat this morning when I returned to the Christian lines and a little rainwater made into strong coffee. Coffee is plenty in the army but pure water scarce. To day even the flesh slips of many of the bodies as the rescuers and workers take hold to drag them all from the ruins. They are still piling them up in great heaps and burning them. The horrors multiply. I have seen scores of Glandelinian snails shot down in the streets by the soldiers. The stench is untold. Last night the awful smell, the noise of many cannons, the roar of frightful explosions, the continual signal booming, and shrilling, have kept us awake although we were utterly exhausted. The smell fills your throat and mouth, and makes your head ache so. The horrible experiences it will take many years to tell, and more than a whole life time to forget. If you or Violet and her sisters or Janie Turner and Angelina niches could be here to you and they would feel that yours and their anxiety is nothing. It is pitiful to see so many thousands of husbands among the refugees, with a look of despair in their eyes, searching for their wives and children, wives for their loved ones, and most pitiful pitiful of all the comparatively few children -- although they are enough, God and his blessed mother knows to be leftorphans and homeless -- to bring into every one's face, with frightened, appealing eyes. It is heartrending beyond a beyond the extreme. Now I and my comrades are much better off. We are safe, so please don't you and the Vivian girls worry. I hope to hear from you and them soon. Best

Best love and kisses from to all;
Evangeline Neil.

Although General Concentinian Aronburg's vast besieging armies had been struck three times with floods of Glandelinian assaults one big attack on his centre, and two against Viviananna and Wlenation, even this experience and the destructive effects of the offensive cannon fire from batteries and forts was not enough it seemed to convince the Angelinian generals that it might happen again and with disastrous effects the next time. Only Concentinian Aronburg and his best generals has had any idea after the last terrific battle of taking steps to prevent its repetition. It was along Concentinian Aronburg's center in the second storm of battle when the assault of the enemy was so terrific as to enable the Glandelinians to carry a portion of the line of positions and fortified works and rush into the camps in the rear. This was the point where whole brigades of troops were swept away in confusion and panic, leaving hardly enough troops to oppose the enemy's advance. In the rear of the lines where the assault extended the rebel ways was fifteen deep. Had the Angelinian forces demolished by the waves of Glandelinian assault and swept away by its pressure not formed into a great jam in the camps and barracks and extending their withering fire along the works and barracks for seven miles with dreadful effect upon the enemy, the enormous body of assailants would have been swept successfully through the rear, and even then if the battle was won in the end the number of dead, and even wounded soldiers of our own side or the enemy even would have been undrugged. Those barracks and the brave defenders formed like an irrepressible breakwater against a tidal wave, and had it not been for that none of the refugees in the rear of the camps would be in the Christian lines alive now.

The work of extracting bodies of soldiers from the city and mass of wreckage still continued. On September over forty thousand more bodies were taken out of the debris, which lined the interior. With all that that had indeed been done to recover bodies buried beneath or pinned to the immense drift, the work had scarcely started. There was even now to time to dig graves, and the putrefying flesh, beaten and bruised beyond recognition was thrown into the flames. Volunteers for this gruesome work had come fast. Men and soldiers who had avoided the many dead under ordinary conditions were now working with a most vigorous will and energy in putting them away. A large force of Angelinian soldiers were still engaged in removing the dead from the region of Lieghburg Landing, located about sixteen miles southeast of Norma Catherine and four miles west of Jennie Vivian. At this point the force of the explosions of many shells literally hung up in trees soldiers killed in battle on both sides, which were being being coils collected and cremated as fast as possible. On other portions of the vast battlefield of Norma Catherine the searching for and the cremating of bodies of soldiers that either perished or found lodgement there was being prosecuted most vigorously. Under one big pile of wreckage in Julio Gallo twenty hundred bodies of soldiers were taken out and cremated. In another pile a soldier suddenly pulled out the remains of three little girls and one woman and for a moment gazed upon them, then cast them mechanically into the fire. They were his own wife and children. As they slowly burned he watched them with a grim smile until they were consumed and before resuming his work in assisting others in removing other bodies he said to a comrade with perfect calmness and tearless eyes:

"They were my wife and three children, pretty dears indeed. The enemy done that. No Angelinian will receive the slightest mercy from me. I give no quarter. I will have revenge."

The greatest sufferers from the disaster were the people of limited means, who owned homes near the river so close before the enemy took Vivian. There were scores of thousands of these unfortunate people who owned mortgaged lots and property, and had homes constructed by the loan companies, and though their property was swept away by the enemy, the loan companies were protected by lions. General Constantinian Aronburg advised his very army and the nation in general that a fund be immediately raised for people who had suffered this way, that when Vivian is entirely recaptured they might be able to restore what took them many years to accumulate, and which was taken from them and ruined in a single moment. The resources of the many sub-relief stations within the Christian lines were taxed to their utmost capacity and long lines of refugees awaited their turns for provisions and clothing.

At all portions of the rear of the Christian lines troops and guards and sentries and even boy and girl scouts were guarding the entrance to Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo and keeping back all people who could have no good reasons for desiring to go there. Non-combatants or refugees were dailing leaving both sections of the city, a majority being women and children and eight seers who eluded the guards on the main approaches upon their arrival were pressed by force into the street services. There was no place for any man who would not work. It was work or go to the prisons, and they generally went to work.

When one of the relief trains reached the vicinity of Jennie Vivian, which is on the main stream of the gunbeam Creek it was found that of those who survived the flood, disaster of battle and the shell storm the majority of soldiers and even non-combatants were severely injured. Most of them were bruised and maimed, indeed presenting a most pitiful sight, their limbs lacerated and bleeding.

All bemoaned the fate of those dear to them. Many of the countless dead, got your head--and the river beaches were strewn with them--had their faces and head even mutilate mutilated so that it was impossible impossible to learn the names of any of those soldiers or even dead refugees who found their resting place in the crude trenches hurriedly dug. A headboard was placed on the grave in every instance giving as nearly as possible age and accurate description. It was found necessary in many instances to bury sixteen or in one grave. Those who survived the wreck, were homeless and had nothing to eat since the disaster. As most of them were injured it was not possible possible for them to organize a movement on their own part.

Life and sustenance was furnished these survivors in order that they might not swell the list of dead. Not most of all the bodies found in and around the vicinity of the places were supposed to have been killed in battle.

CONCENTINIAN ARONBURGS ARMIES FINALLY CRASHED THROUGH OTHER PORTIONS OF VIVIAN WICKEY AND HIS ARTILLERY FIRE DOES GREAT DAMAGE---MANY MORE LIVES LOST---THE DRIVE IS FINALLY CHECKED AT ANDREAN. THE WHOLE WORLD NOT SO HART HEARTLESS AS IT WAS SUPPOSED---PEP PROFOGICVE GEMEROSITY U AD THE SUFFERING COUNTRIES AND STATES OF CALVERDIA---BIG SOCIAL PHEM CHERON---VALUE OF HER MY ANGELINIAN SIGNAL SERVICE STATIONS. DENNIE VIVIAN DIRECTLY IN HER PATH OF STORMING ASSAULTS, THE ENEMY THERE HAVING NO WAY OF ESCAPE AND ARE CAPTURED---THAT IS VIVIAN WICKEY'S FUTURE!--ALL SECTIONS OF THE REMAINDER OF VIVIAN WICKEY STILL IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FOR IN DANGER---ANGELINIA ARONBURG V FLOODED AND SURRENDER---GREAT DISASTER. DI DISASTERS WITH ROGOUR. COMPARISON BETWEEN THE HORRORS OF THE FRANCIS--ATLANTA AND VIVIAN WICKEY BATTLES AND THEIR DISASTERS---THE LATTER NOT SO HORRIBLE IN ITS FEATURES))) FRIGHTFUL PLIGHT OF THE REF REFUGERSON VIVIAN WICKEY.....

When Concentinian Aronburg had with the help of his armies captured Norma gathering and Julio Gallo, and W. Jonsien had seized the fortifications of Maya he decided to force the fortifications of Gertrude Angelina and Thumelina at all costs, while at the same time he would put his armies through and have them capture other portions of Vivian Wickey. He plan took several days to be made out, and the path of the advance was to be about forty seven miles in extent and was to be made simultaneously. On the morning of September the 23th when the plans were carried through the big divisions thus prepared for the move, and covered a by a general cannonading of a hundred thousand big guns moved forward, and advanced westward across the pontoon bridges of the Norma gun river, and sped through the glens and wooded country moving against fortress Thumelina and Gertrude Angelina, while the other columns under general Towan, Ciconsinia, and Maldon moved against the main glandelinian defenses of Julio Gallo. The attack at these points came upon the enemy almost without warning, but it was repelled with terrific violence. All day long the battle raged, the shell fire of both sides creating most terrible woe and havoc, and the many columns of Angelinians were repulsed with the most dreadful losses, as the guns of Fortress Cedernine, Lucille Jackson, Vivian and Aurandecallio joined in and at this time of the war it became the wildest battle and the fiercest artillery conflict that ever raged in Western Calvernia. The cannon fire of the Angelinian batteries caused among the glandelinians however great loss of life and property among the fortifications was badly damaged.

At the time that this was going on the fleets of besieging and attacking christian ships had went into unusual activity with the purpose to help Concentinian Aronburg and therefore Vivian Wickey was the place of the widest and most extensive battles of the entire war. The following dispatches received by general Concentinian Aronburg from his generals showed how wide spread was the fury of this titanic conflict:

"Your Excellency general Aronburg;

Immense damage was done to a portion of the Mic-Whirther fortifications and other defended points of the seaboard of Vivian Wickey by the attacking christian fleets whose cannons opened with great violence, and threw a perfect torrent of high explosives upon the fortress of Thumelina by waterside, and simultaneously bombarded Cedernine, Mic-Whirther, Angelina Aronburg and Mic-Whirther Janet. The din was most terrific and shook the shore of the whole region like an earthquake. Fires broke out by the thousands, big explosions tore great mountains of debris into the air, and part of the fortress of Thumelina is badly breached. Reports by signal from Kauffman Beach says that by the cannon fire of Zismannus Abboannian fleet every big dock of the city's waterfront had been destroyed by fire or blown up, and all the big fire rafts sent down against it by the rebels together

with an attacking glandelinian fleet of twenty ships dromonights were completely wrecked in attacking the fleet. Outside of this region our observation towers have witnessed the land assaults of perfect waves of Angelinian troops upon fortress Gertrude Angelina and in meeting the onslaught of one big column of winkle Abyssin kilians the glandelinian artillery fire from Thumelina attained a velocity of seventy two thousand shell and grape per hour, mingled with the storming fire of musketry fire from the outer works. Reports of a frightful repulse of the assault and enormous losses and fatalities have come in. It is useless to assault these fortresses as in that one day too many were killed to dare estimate. I have seen many regiments return to their own works with flags torn and tattered, uniforms ripped and millions of wounded streaming to the rear. Every regimental and brigade commander is killed, and seventeen divisions 1 divisional generals are wounded. Wansien himself is injured and his loss is unaccountable. Fortress Gertrude Angelina I'm sure is the strongest of the Lucille Jackson fortifications there is."

Another dispatch was this from an observation signal station; You Excellency general Aronburg;

The flag ship of Admiral James Mic-holleston arrived at the point of Maldon, took at one P.M. this afternoon from the attack on fortress Aurandecallio by gonestic gun river near the gonestic seas. She left with the whole fleet from the terrible bombardment yesterday morning, and the admiral reports a fearful time, and half of his fleet crippled, the fleet lost ninety ships out of two thousand, and the loss in life is dreadful. Fortress Aurandecallio is burning, or at least her barracks, but the main works and redoubts holding out like a volcano disembowling itself. The Admirals wife and daughters came here from Angelina Agathia and is near the river docks waiting to meet her husband when the ship arrives for repairs. The meeting between the two was affecting. All this morning anxious watches of the men of the Angelinian siege shore batteries waited on the bluffs at the mouth of the Nonestic river for a glimpse of the shattered warships. Many people also had friends and relatives among the marines and sailors on the ships and as the hours wore on and no sign of ships and crew their anxiety became intense. 10,000 soldiers or marines and sailors lost their lives in that dreadful attack on Aurandecallio on sea board and many ships are dismantled or their masts, their smoke stacks, gone and all guns dismantled or broken up and their turrets destroyed. The din was so terrific from shelling and the explosions of bombs, and guns, and the awful explosions of mined flaming fire rafts, that the water of the river is choked up with fishes killed by the shock. I for one bet over a full fortune that fortress Aurandecallio will never be captured on land side either. The assault of the fleet was broken down with disaster. All the captains of every ship is wounded, Admiral Mic-holleston is disabled and one hundred thousand marines are wounded and crowding the transports. It was an awful scene, and all for nothing."

Admiral James Gale."

The third dispatch follows

"Your Excellency general Concentinian Aronburg;

As a result of the furious assaults of your columns under general Francis Vivian which swept over the enemys ten miles of outer works beyond Julio Gallo to day amid the most frightful carnage, the glandelinians who defended them most doggedly were forced back, but half of your assailing columns in this location are prostrated with their shocking losses, and the enemy off from all sections are preparing to counter attack and regain all they lost to night.

During the height of the battle here the attack reached way into the enemys main line of works but could get no further though all sections of Julio Gallo are in their hands now and many people are refugees toward your lines having been released by force from the enemy. I saw one battery of the glandelinians from fortress Bobbin now down a whole line of its assailants. As night is approaching I believe the fury of infantry fighting is subsiding like the quieting down of a storm, but the roar of artillery along a line of batteries twenty miles in extent is roaring terribly and the sky is stabbed terribly by lightning flashes of bursting bombs and high explosives, and the uproar is ear-splitting. It will presume take many more weeks to capture Vivian Wickey entirely."

Up to noon today the big fleet of Angolinian transport ships have not been heard from. They were due here at seven o'clock this evening. The transport steamer Angeline, due at the Mic-Mollerster Run about the same hour has not arrived yet either. The battle on the assaulting fleets attacking Andrew fortress had raged with a cross fire from the shores of the river, and from fortress St Phillip, and the fire of these fortresses had come upon the attacking ship with such intensity that few vessels were caught prepared and many were damaged. It is the purpose of the enemy no doubt that in case Vivian, Ickey is captured, to destroy the box besieging fleets so as to escape down the river to Hanley's army further away. The Angolinian flagship, Cornelia lost her smokestack, and two gun turrets in the explosion of one shell from Andrew. Other ships have not yet arrived not having been heard of and they have been in the worse of the artillery fight. In the terrible fight the battleship, Glenda stranded near Joe Krum, but was washed off the rocks. Many vessels are lost.

Another dispatch was;

"Your Excellency General Aronburg;

A terrific attack of Angolinians under general Picknell caused the capture of other portions of the city at about midnight, the attack being covered by a terrific artillery fire. All to the enemy at this point seems lost and the Glendelins are all fleeing into Andrean, Angolinia Aronburg and Mic-Wirthier fighting desperately from house to house, and street to street. The scenes are awful but we are winning."

"His aiding general."

Again this was the wording of still another dispatch h"

Your Excellency General Conscientinian Aronburg;

It is probable that the tail end of your assaulting line struck a north western section of the Aurandebondis fortress about eleven o'clock this afternoon with great force and fury and continued until early this morning. The loss to the troops is heavy but the fortress is now in our hands."

Again came another dispatch h--

Your Excellency General Aronburg

The Abbisannian battleship Ailbern was on fire and driven ashore by the rebel guns and captured at seven o'clock this evening, east of the main batteries of the rebels on shore. The crew however escaped. The firing from the fortresses are continuing wildly and all the transport shipping attempting to redeave wounded have suffered heavily, many sailors and marines being drowned."

Still again was another dispatch--

"Your Excellency Conscientinian Aronburg;

The storm of artillery fire did exceedingly great damage on a portion of the Mic-Wirthian fortifications on the land side, and several divisions of Glendelins are reported killed and two of the better batteries of the fortress dismounted. It is still holding out however. But two sections of the city north of Julio Gallo Gallo are in the possession of Angolinians now. The fierce attack passed through many portions of the fiercely defended city and the enemy firing upon their attackers from roofs, windows and every portion of the houses, and from innumerable street barricades, and even from under sewers and catch basins destroyed many lives among the Angolinians in the north section of the city and neighborhood, the shelling of fortress Picillo Icksen in the effort to drive out the Abbisannians doing great damage to the buildings, and wrecking a long line of transports in the river near by. The attack was fitful and fierce and the awful firing was in tremendous gusts. The advances of the Angolinians however was met with fiercest resistance imaginable, and from some big firing fire raging in the city

an occasional tongue of flame but darkened over head in the sky. At three o'clock in the afternoon all signs of the enemy had disappeared, though from the continued shell fire the heavens assumed a forbidding look, and the awful thunder from many thousands of cannon fairly rolled. The increased violence of the cannonade seemed to carry everything before it. No one seemed to dispute the rights of the exploding shells in the streets but the Angolinian soldiers only, and the shock of so many explosions threw down wires innumerable. Badly crippling the rest of the telephone and telegraph service in the city. From the very rear end of Julio Gallo the Angolinians being victorious continued the progress of the advance, but the artillery fire of the enemy was too hot the fury of the Christian storm of advance was steadily diminish diminishing in intensity. The attack diminished after leaving Julio Gallo and was pushing on for Belderiina but increased with wonderful rapidity after reaching the enemy's outer works and storming it. The attack here reached the greatest fury of the whole battle but was unsuccessful. The main attack was stopped ear Andrean."

Perhaps even the non-Christian section of the whole world in this story was not half so bad as it had been supposed by the Angolinian nation or so terribly heartless and indifferent as many of the worse or slight test of the pessimists could have made the Angolinian governments believe. Ordinarily men and women in many nations in the whole world have enough to do generally in attending to their own affairs, expecting others of course to do the same, and consequently they pay very small attention to what is going on around them, but when their hearts are really touched they drop everything and rush to the rescue of the afflicted. So it was in the case of the scores of millions of still incoming refugees at Vivian Ickey, the horrible series of battle artillery and other catastrophes at Vivian Ickey, and throughout the whole of Calverinia, and northern Angolinia served to bring conspicuously into notice the best and worse sides of all human nature, which was always and always the common results of all appalling disasters. The people again relieve themselves from captivity from other sections of Vivian Ickey by the other Angolinian drives as far as Andrean, were suddenly overwhelmed by the almost unprecedented unprecedented a fury of the worse cannonadings and battles in the central western sections of Calverinia. Thousands more of the non-combatants were killed or injured. Hundreds of thousands more lost homes and places of business. They were for years suffering with dire hunger on account of the enemy refusing to give but what they were compelled to give, and many times Vivian Ickey had been menaced with pestilence and other horrors. All were during the siege brought to a common level by dangers of every description, death in its most awful forms, and an outlook of terrible uncertainty. And yet in the midst of all this ruin and suffering they were harassed by by Glendelinian thugs spies, vandals, and thieves and ghouls in human shape, who wanted wantonly looted property of both sides, assaulted and killed citizens who resisted them and despoiled and disfigured the dead soldiers in a shocking manner to secure anything they could find and plans and other things. Devoid of any feeling because they were enemies of Christians and Heaven in general, having no common sense or pity the Glendelinian spies and vandals seized upon this awful disaster as an opportunity to enrich themselves with stolen plans from generals and anything they could secure to insure the perfect and safe holding out and defense of Vivian Ickey. As soon as the Angolinian Authorities however could regain full possession of Vivian Ickey and the Christian tribunals could recover from the shock of the battles and disasters, and as the two sections and other points were in the hands of the Christians the whole place was placed under strong martial law and the hundreds of thousands of troops patrolling every street of the city and other points did not hesitate one moment to kill every one of the vandals caught in the commission of his most infamous work for their still more wicked generals. Public opinion sustained this prompt style of punishment. It was a real species of literal Glendelinian lynching taken up by the Angolinians themselves to which no objection was ever raised by any one.

the horrible disaster

the horrible disaster also brought into prominence the greed and mercenary passion of human nature. A clique of ravenous glandelinian wretches was taking advantage of the fact that all of ivian wickey was cut off from wire river and bridge and railroad communication conspired to secure control of the retransportation facilities by water, and so all the fresh provisions in the city were ruined by the desperate besieged, leaving only a few canned and dried articles which were available for food. General ivian wickey however proved himself equal to the emergency, and by having his cavalry make great raids confiscated the food supply of the rebel non-combatants of ivian wickey, and compelled the glandelinian owners of every business district to give up all their supplies and go to their own friends or share in the horrors of war without evening having a chance to get out of ivian wickey. Of course this was the very dark side of human nature but the picture had its most bright side also. The news of the sudden capture of ivian wickey and of the enemy being driven to all their fortresses and out toward Angelina Aronburg and Andros had hardly appeared in the public prints throughout the nation before tens of millions of helping hands at once were busy collecting relief. The chief executive of the Angelinian Nation, the governors of every state, and the Mayors of every city issued their appeals "new to the people whose sympathies were already aroused and whose hearts and hands were ineluctably generous in the work of relief with the greatest enthusiasm ever known. Far off countries still sent in their offerings, every city and town in the world where Angelinians lived contributed in the help of carrying on the recapture of ivian wickey, and crowned heads, hastened aid, and to cable sympathy with the Angelinian cause, together with more substantial evidences of their kindly feeling, and mostly all children of many a nation gave what they could and went through sacrifices as much in their power for that end. Without delay of any kind instantly and spontaneously, the machinery of charity began its work, the people of the northern sections of Calvernia and Abyssinile in the presence of such a dreadful visitation of the war, involuntarily suffering and death asserted itself in giving everything possible, as well as arms and provisions and ammunition and all things else were forgotten. Even now day by day trains that could speed from every part of the Angelinian country to Calvernia to sent aid to her and to support in the recapture of ivian wickey, all loaded with supplies, ammunition, weapons, soldiers and Red cross nurses and doctors, and all still going telegraph wires carried orders for money, testifying to the unanimity of the great work of relief, and to the higher and more noble instincts of human nature, when it is appealed to by the claims of humanity. Now even the ghouls who were once many thousands in parts of ivian wickey were now very few in number and the generous sympathizers of the poor refugees and of the Angelinian cause were to be counted by the scores of millions. Even many millions of convicts in various prisons in all nations except glandelinia were moved by the sufferings of the war stricken Calvernia country, to contribute four forty million dollars to the relief fund. go are all men who really go to prison totally bad. the scope and rapidity of the ivian wickey relief work all over the world and all over the Angelinian countries afforded a spectacle at once gratifying and noteworthy. Trains laden with food and comforts for the sufferers among the refugees were rushed toward the besieged city from every quarter of Angelina. From Angelina, (Angelina, from Sacramento Abbeanna, from Dorothy Gale-Angelina, nearly every city not ruined by the foe or in their possession regardless of size contributed its biggest quota to the generous cause, even little children. Even from across the wide Angelinian seas, the countries of Blomlinia and wickencle though slightly lukewarm in their sympathy to glandelinia's cause, funds came for the stricken at ivian wickey with regrets from the kings of the nation that such a disaster to the Angelinians had to occur and a full desire in their hearts that ivian wickey will be speedily recaptured and the rebellion crushed and thrown down.

For even with a view to the capture of ivian wickey the whole christian army besieging the place was in possession of a magnificent relief fund that went far toward alleviating the awful mental and physical sufferings of the human scores of millions of war refugees. Here therefore is a great social phenomenon that may give pause to all critic critics who are always wont to inveigh against the Angelinian Commercial and Industrial age. These exhibitions of liberality were not rare in the United States either. A long series of them might be compiled within the period of the Angelinian Agatha fire, and the Francis Atlanta disaster and battle. Probably the increased willingness of the people of the nations of Angelina and the world in general to help the stricken communities of war like ivian wickey, Evangelina St. Iare, Jennie Richee, and elsewhere is or was due more to the railroads and repaired telegraph lines than to anything else. Modern charity in the child always of modern conditions. These indispensable adjuncts to commercial enterprise alone makes widespread relief work possible. If the telegraph or the war correspondents and newspaper reports employed commissionally by the armies had not placed the sad picture at Conventinian Aronburgs orders of ivian wickey a misfortune it once before the eyes of Angelinians from ocean to ocean, and of the nations there could have been no such impulse of general sympathy. About nine months before probably a great explosion at ivian wickey brought on calamity to the Angelinian besiegers, but on account of the enemy having then severed every means of communications it was two months and a half that had elapsed before news of the disaster had been known and relief carried to the sufferers. The impulse to give cannot thrive under such circumstances. Of course there has been tender hearts in all ages, but only when things have been repaired what the enemy had damaged on the means of railroads and wires, and other communications have the means of quick communications made human sympathy effective across the Angelinian countries torn by the awful war. The repaired railroads, the repaired and replaced telegraphed as far as possible possible, and the war correspondents, and newspaper men have lengthened the army of charity, quite as much as that of a common business. The ivian wickey incidents are fine examples of the way in which these agencies bind all sections of the loyal parts of the Angelinian nation together in increasing solidarity, and not only give relief funds for the sufferers but exert all their means to cause a speedy fall of ivian wickey and the defeat or capture of the vast glandelinian armies situated there.

The great value of the Angelinian secret service signal stations at all portions of the beleaguering lines and the remarkable correctness of their observations, all things considered was demonstrated by the events proceeding and succeeding the terrific battle of Porto Red Riding Hood near Jennie ivian. The signal stations in that location gave warning of the enemy's intended movements against general ivian's left wing hours before the frightful assault manifested itself against his whole line, and gradually extended along the whole of general ivian's line of works and his fortifications. The signal stations though incessantly under shell and musketry fire, anticipated the course of the assaulting goodlier and bombardment glandelinian waves from the vicinity of Lieghburg Landing until it reached Tataria and Evangelina Grand Junction, where from the intensity of the long lines of christian artillery fire the rebel tidal wave was compelled to make a deflection no human skill could have foreseen. The men operating the signal stations were not caught napping however. They sent out their warnings and signals both for the whole stretch of christian positions at Jennie ivian, and the whole of Conventinian Aronburgs left wing and general line of siege and when the storming glandelinian assault turned from the southwest, the signal stations turned their attention to general ivian's positions and ivian's line and on the following morning thirty three hours before the terrible battle warned the two generals of the enemy's intention to make a general assault along their whole line, and during that day extended the signals all along the main christian line of Conventinian Aronburgs besieging armies, thus preventing any general from being surprised by an attack anywhere in case one came.

Of course the observers and men of the signal corps could not know what terrible energy the attack would gain when the glandelinians in almost overwhelming numbers crossed the Sunbeam creek, and swept with great violence against the whole line of battle.

Perhaps still greater accuracy in forecasting was displayed by the line of signal stations in the warnings given out to the main christian fleets on the wickey bay and in the river mouths on the same morning. Though nearly all lines of communications in the whole region were cut off, the signal stations and scouting parties, and the boy and girl scouts kept track of the advancing waves of glandelinians as they advanced through toward Liephburg Landing, and gave timely warning that the main force of the assault would be directed against general Vivian's main line at Jennie Vivian and Ev'n Evangelina Granis junction, with other columns moving across the river at other points in an endeavor to take him on his rear. It further predicted the furious attacks which prevailed that awful day, their maximum ferocity, the change caused by the concentration of heavy masses of art and artillery against the assailants, and the falling back of the immense waves of glandelinians torn and mangled. Every general of the brigades and divisions and every officer had ample warning given him. The battle was a terrible one and raged for three days with dreadful violence. The enemy gained works near High Liephburg Landing but were blown out by general Vivian's art and artillery. The assault in general came upon Vivian's main line at all points, like the succession of waves seen striking the shore in stormy weather, but the waves of glandelinians were totally broken up and demolished amid the thunder of thousands of guns, and the flaming lines of musketry. The attack of the enemy was finally repulsed with dreadful loss to both sides and Vivian's army was severely wounded and thirty six of his divisional generals and other commanders killed or wounded. The enemy losses were heavier and Min-Alister struck who led it in person was so dangerously wounded that he had to be replaced by general Purragatorian, and the former sent secretly out of Vivian's army to be attended elsewhere. It was a disastrous battle especially to the enemy and general Purragatorian realized that Vivian's army was bound to fall sooner or later. In times before it was the habit to jeer at the signal station corps and at their abilities, and whenever a certain prediction failed of verification to condemn the office officers of the signal station Bureau as unreliable and not worth the expense of the lives lost there, and of its maintenance. During the past years of the war however, its operators have gained in skill and the record of the signal corps is of a character of which its officials have every reason to be proud and which amply justifies whatever expenses it may entail by its great saving of the army from disaster and total defeat.

The appalling nature of the wreck of the glandelinian armies at Vivian's army which the whole garrisons of many a fortress also was reduced, and of the awful defeat at the second battle of Liephburg Landing naturally led to some talk among the various glandelinian generals of abandoning the whole of Vivian's army entirely and retreating somewhere to the main fortifications on the mainland. One of the chief high army officers concluded in his report to the Congress of A Vivian's army by expression the opinion that the glandelinian armies were licked and demolished beyond the ability to recover, and also that most of the garrisons of fortress Gertrude Angelina and Thum Thumbelina and others were said to be in favor of leaving the main fortifications on the outskirts of Julio Gallic to the support of the Angelinian forces and heading a movement to strengthen the garrisons of the Li Lucille Jackson and Mic-Thurber and resist the Angelinian tide with all their strength there.

It was natural that the arrive surviving armies of Vivian's army who were driven into the Angelina Aronburg, Mic-Thurber and Andean sections should consider or agree to the abandoning of such a perilous site as their general believed there could never now be any complete security against such a disaster like the last days. But still it was more surprising to say that general Purragatorian who succeeded Min-Alister struck did not intend to desert any spot of Vivian's army's surface because of a sudden and rare convulsion of Angelina. He declared that not even Calverline Angelina held by glandelinian armies still there was not abandoned because of the disastrous explosion near the S Zee Mac Run that killed fifty thousand glandelinians in the second year of the war.

The war and explosion disasters in Central and Eastern and Eastern Calverline had not induced the glandelinians to abandon a single city in their possession. When the army of 100,000,000 glandelinians were assembled up in the most terrific contest in the east with dreadful loss of life and wounded it did not change the site of the besieged city or the defenders, nor have the still more disastrous conflicts and explosions and other disasters along portions of the Mic-Jollister run ever caused the Glandelinian survivors to change their position. They held on like leeches. The situation thus showed that both the glandelinians and the Angelinians really the same kind of people but arrayed against each other were as tenacious as the other. The glandelinians besieged so long at Crowley continued to resist besiegers and the like in spite of all past disasters, despite facing famine, and disease and the glandelinians at Calverline (Calverline) were not disheartened when the besieging armies there committed fearful ravages.

Representatives of the Glandelinian Continental Congress now in Andean agreed in saying in a meeting held at Andean that the whole Glandelinian army would hold out here in spite of the terrible experiences and that not one fort would give even if it is a prison faced annihilation. They believed that Vivian's army injured though her defending armies had been would be some day later recaptured, without the aid of general Manley and his great local armies somewhere then in southwestern Calverline after his defeat at Anna Maria or Francis Atlanta. General Killmell said he felt certain that Vivian's army and all her outer works and fortress Maya covered by Thumbelina would soon be recaptured. The new energy and courage displayed by the Angelinian rebels holding Vivian's army so long as what was to be expected in a city so full of Angelinian pluck though insurgents. Though stunned and prostrated by big defeats and by the most fatal disasters of the war that had ever taken a Glandelinian army anywhere, the remaining glandelinian armies and the garrisons and the Vivian's army section still held out only a few days to regain breath. The Glandelinians being mostly Angelinians but enemies of the Angelinian federal governments, and wicked as possible had simply shown the same indomitable courage and dogged determination and will power by which Angelinians in times past built up a great nation, where there were big wildernesses as many centuries ago. General Purragatorian said in his speech "There is no reason why Vivian's army should not be speedily recaptured and our garrisons make our homes on the present site of ruins. That the city and our armies are ruined beyond recovery find no sympathy among the armies of our cause. As soon as possible Norma O Catherine and other sections will be recaptured, and we will also hold out at our former positions till the last man. Nothing but the order of our government at Glandelinia and that alone will cause us to abandon the place. And then even then we can say that the Angelinians have not driven out our armies. We wait out to obey the orders of our government."

Jennie Vivian with a small river stretch of sixty five miles can be plainly noticed outside of a wooded territory near Vivian's army. To the south is an unbroken sea of lane landscapes, small towns and villages and farms for eight hundred miles. Already the christian armies after handling general Purragatorian's army so roughly had swept westward, with a fury that nothing could withstand to follow up the advantages they had gained. This attack came against the rebel positions so west of Jennie Vivian and though the rebel cannon fire wrought terrible havoc among the christian surges the assault was one and the glandelinians were compelled to recoil. The other section of the assault ing Angelinian waves of troops reached the Glandelinian works held by general Louisa and crashed against his lines like a cyclone. The left wing of the charging Angelinian front was fairly flooded with shells explosions and a storm of musketry to boot with terrible loss of life, while general Indianola's brigade was destroyed but here also the assault gained success the survivors going over the works and carrying all before them, and driving the Glandelinians pell-mell. The most monstrous line of Angelinian troops ever seen preceded this attack, forcing the fiercely battling glandelinians back to a great distance in advance of the main line. The firing of the still resisters became a tempest, precipitating death and destruction but the advance of the glandelinians could not be stopped. Here now was all the terrible character of a violent battle, the tremendous firing of cannons and musketry, the thrashing onslaughts, the lightning sheets of flashing musketry, cannon and

exploding shells, the bellowing thunder of great explosions, and the annihilating storm of grape and canister that seems to be dashed from mighty tanks with the force of titans against the christian assailants.

However for a time when the enemy had recoiled further the firing had ceased, the lightning of exploding shells, flakes of anon and musketry and destruction ceased tempo temporarily and the thunder of cannon only bellowed in the distance at some other resort. There was a lull in the terrific battle. However it was only short for it passed quickly, and the glandelinians having received reinforcements and having rallied with as little warning as preceded its lull the battles fury closed in again, but with the attack in an opposite direction, the enemy attacking this time and the whole so one suggested a double or redoubled reversal of all that had gone before. No battle possible in the region of Ivian Wickey so far presented the terrors that accompanied this one. The attack on Norma Catherine and her capture was confined to a narrow point and was short in duration and had no long ending but reached a quick climax. But the fury of this battle however grew and grew, and now the glandelinians were counter attacking with a fury that hardly nothing could withstand it and the Angolinians began to recoil now one point at a time. The fall of general Indianola and the loss of so many men had kept the other christian generals uneasy ever since but now however the attack of the enemy was soon repulsed, and a big glandelinian force which had swept around Jennie Ivian to strike Ivianama 1 on the flank was captured after being surrounded and fighting with terrible fury all day in their vain efforts to escape.

The glandelinian authorities however made a settlement that at the abandonment of the other sections of Ivian Wickey would not be made without a fiercer struggle than ever, for many months the glandelinian glandelinian generals had been admitting that twice in their memory during the siege when general Henson was in command that his own Angolinians had fought their way in and through Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo, causing death and destruction, but as sturdily as their conservation prompted they had fought back the Angolinian armies, drove them out of the two sections and also stoutly insisted that the Angolinian armies could never make such progress again. Yet the glandelinian generals gave no consistent reason for their presumptuous belief. The siege of Ivian Wickey was not breached by even the wildest assaults, a hundred small outer works of fortifications, especially Protestia and others fell into the possession of the besiegers after many desperate and terrible struggles, the force of the attacks of the besiegers was as boundless as before, the artillery fire of hundreds of great batteries still continued to dominate all approaches to the christian lines and Ivian Wickey put the belief of the generals spread, and the fury of the siege battles grew, grew, and developed now into this horror, and still parts held.

So now what was the future of Ivian Wickey and its results when recaptured by the besieging armies. In addition to the abandonment of Fortress Maya, are the stories of both the horrors of the frontal sections of Puellie Jackson on the twenty seventh of September and of Fortress Silverbell, a great, long line of redans near Lake Angeline. In the desperate battle of September 27th the glandelinians who defended the fortress of Silverbell and its outer works were overwhelmed and three hundred thousand lives among both sides were lost in this hurricane of war and humanity. General Hearnar Lafocadio was the commander of the first assaulting columns and he was killed and his divisions hurled back in confusion. When this battle broke out called the battle of Silverbell the blue abyss of sky seemed to have yawned over the world more deeply than ever before making one of the fairest and grandest days ever known before. The glandelinians at Fortress Silverbell had thought from the unusual quietude that nothing unusual was going to happen but a sudden change touched the beautiful scene--the swaki swaying shadow of some vast motion. There had been queer sounds far away early in the day and then there had seemed far to the right in front a whole mountain of smoke and debris seemed to rise bodily up at the sky, the wrinkled horizon line of landscape not far from the christian positions seemed lifted to a straight line, the line far away darkened and approached--a monstrous, immeasurable fold of purple motion moving as swift as a cloud shadow pursued by sunlight.

But the formidable line by startling contrast with the woods moved slowly as it nears the main approaches to the longline of Silverbell Redan, and then comes a sound as of low rich thunder somewhere as a portion of the line decays itself out in sheets of purple moving forward in long broad wedges or columns. Swift in pursuit another immense line followed--a third--a feeble fourth, then the ground from a noise somewhere sways a little, and everything was stilled again. Irregularly the strange war phenomenon continues to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowings of men, and briefer intervals of quiet, until at last the whole sea of purple far before the works grows restless, and shifts in form, become shorter in column, and change form. The garrisons of these fortifications knew there must have been a "great battle" somewhere that day. Still the strange tidal wave of purple swelled, and light a splendid surf and like a splendid surf made the scene beautiful.

Then just at sunrise a beautiful cloud bridge grew up above the wooded trees and arched over the sky with a single span of cottony, that changed and deepened color with the increasing brightness of coming day. And along the left the cloud bridge extended and approached, strained and swung around at last to make way for the coming of the horror. Then the defenders saw what is up. Heavy columns of overhead overwhelming numbers of Angolinian assailants are moving against their works. Then the battle begins to rage from the left. All that day long, through the night and into the morning again and all the rest of the day, the attacks continued from the Angolinian Angolinians with frightful violence, amid cannon thunders of both sides that tremble the earth like a quaking. Many a time a division of glandelinians are driven from the works. Barracks of the camps rock from the concussion of the cannonading, and some fall in. A chimney once in a while tumbled. Then, explosions wrenched off butters from the windows, and demolished the verandas of the head quarters of some of the glandelinian generals. Light or heavy roofs were lifted by solid shot, dropped again, or flapped in ruin by grape shot and shell--branches of trees were battered and many fell across the works. And still the battle grew louder and fiercer with every passing hour. And so on and on the Angolinians in terrible numbers rush to the assault, like a wind driving the sea head on and heaping the ocean against the land.

All the region was turned into a roaring inferno and still the battle went on. At the same time the glandelinians blew up one of their big secret mines in an endeavor to stem the overwhelming assault and a levee of the McPollester gun was burst. Small bays and penes were swollen into abysses of foam, the smaller streams were pegorged, the river marshes changed into roaring wastes of water. Before Jennie Ivian the mile broad gunbeam river rose sixteen feet above its highest water mark. Small lakes strove from the flood pouring into them to burst their boundaries. Far off rivers steamers or transports tugged wildly at their cables--shivering like tethered creatures that always hear by night the approaching howl of their destroyers.

The assault is repulsed, flood and firing of cannons and musketry have done the work. And swift in the wake of such horror come more spoilers of the dead--savagely of the rebels, spies and vandals to do their dead in the face of all danger, here to plunder for all men and wild birds. Then soon the tremendous tragedy is over.

The horrors of the destruction of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo had been accomplished. Every seaboard section of the city of Ivian Wickey south or west of the McWhirtherian fortifications that was not more than five hundred yards from the seashore was destined to destructive convulsions caused by the hook of bombardment bombardments and terrific cannonading. This part was still in possession of the foe. One of the grandest horrors of the siege was the flooding of Angolinian Aronburg by the destruction of two dams, and the city continued continuously under shelling for weeks. The glandelinian armies under generals James Galvestonia, Frank Orleana, Moblier, Agustina Frank, and many others were in danger of starvation or capture and the total destruction of the garrison of Fortress York Junction was the grandest horror of the battle.

The shock or convulsions of the awful cannon-dings of the siege was felt a few certain long th down the Calvernia coast, the shock at the nearest point being terrible and felt even in the region of the ploughmen and the king's island, and extended from the coast of Abyssinile down along a portion of the coast of northern northern Angolinia. It was calamitous at some points which showed that Vivian Wickley was in immediate danger beyond a doubt. The lower coast of Calvernia suffered severely on account of the convulsions. A mighty tidal wave of Angolinian soldiers struck the western section of the Thambolinia fortress, and severely injured the garrisons but did not cause the capture or fall of the works. Fortresses Angeline bat laGerta Gertrude Angeline was assailed by the onerous waves of assailants again, and the whole region was terribly shaken by the violence of the battle and the cannonading.

From the shore line of Angolinia back to Calvernia all central Angolinia and Abyssinile have been severely shaken by the awful horrors and convulsions of the numerous battles of Vivian Wickley, Angolinia Agathia so far away suffered with great severity during the time of the awful cannonading of the Mic-Thurthor Janet fortresses and elsewhere when the shock was felt for three thousand miles along four coast lines, but the city of Dorothy Gale only received a slight portion of the severe shocks. Emma and Fred also suffered severely, now Norma Catherine and Julio Gallio are overwhelmed, and are in a dangerous condition and constant under shell fire--the question now arises between total and partial destruction. Vivian Wickley seems to be the awful calamity of the war. For the time being Angolinia A Aronburg only had the rebound of the tidal wave of Angolinian assaults. The shock and vibration passed up the Mic-Holleston gun over from two hundred and three hundred miles, and struck the whole shore line with destructive force. From the results of the Mic-Thurthor Janet horror in the early part of the third year of the war, when the fleets were repulsed with such frightful destruction the coast line suffered most terribly some towns were entirely ruined, Angeline (Angolinia) severely injured, and Gloria suffered more severely, one town was wiped out and hundreds of other places suffered from the severe disaster. It is without the slightest doubt that such horrible disasters of war will reoccur.

Until the horrible cannons of the besieged wreaked their vengeance upon the fair sections of Captured Vivian Wickley and the Christian lines in general and the fury of the Vivian Wickley battles vented their wrath upon the unoffending population, the awful disastrous battle of Francis Atlanta already written in the last chapters which occurred so recently was the most frightful calamity known in the Glandio Angolinian war. By the fury of the terrific cannon fire of both sides, Anna Maria two twenty miles north of the big city of Francis Atlanta was almost literally wiped out from the face of the earth, the suddenness of the flood of shell explosions which created the havoc, precluding the escape of any one unfortunate to be in the town at the time. Unlike the awful catastrophes at Vivian Wickley, the horrors of the disaster at Anna Maria poured upon the devoted Christians and the inhabitants in a moment without the slight warning whatever and the awful slaughter was over within the space of a very few hours. The majority of the victims were killed in the wreckage of their houses or dashed to pieces by the force of terrific explosions before they had hardly time to realize the horror of it all.

A Vivian Wickley the unfortunate people under fire for over eighteen months before Concentinian Aronburgs arrival knew for days, and months before Concentinian Aronburgs armies captured portions of the city, and the relentless storm of rebel artillery fire tore the business and other buildings and residences to pieces what their fate indeed was to be. For nearly two years, facing cruelty from their captors in the city, and from the fury of the siege seige and scantily clothed, with all their possessions taken from them by the enemy, and their children murdered or slaved or hidden they looked death squarely in the face hour by hour, day by day and month after month suffering all the horrors and terrors dire or taint could inflict, their knowledge that they were absolutely powerless and beyond reach of aid despite the besieging armies being so near adding to their agonies.

Death was indeed merciful to the poor people of the war battered Anna Maria, he was unusually cruel to his prey at Vivian Wickley, and delighted in the tortures he was enabled to impose before he placed his hand upon them and bade them come. Perhaps the only parallel in the story to the Vivian Wickley visitation was the destruction to be stated later on in the story of many cities by the great Lucille Nielsen explosion during the battle of Aronburgs gun or glorianna in miles north of Dorothy Gale and near Angolinia Agathia, the frightfullest and bloodiest battle of the entire war so far. Another near as bad was the frightful explosion occurring so long ago at Jennie Vivian. He frightened soldiers of the Angolinians at that section could see the awful torrent of earth and wreckage bearing down upon them from the very sky as if it had been vomited high into the air from the very bowels of a volcano and thrown out from the mighty maw of its crater, but even then they were mercifully stifled by the tremendous shower of earth and dirt which immediately enveloped the scores of thousands and completely covered their works. They did not stand for hours and hours, with the blackness of night and day horrors around them, listening to the roar of the war as an explosion, and hear their death knell sounded long before they were compelled to undergo the actual pain of an awful death, they were caught by the torrent as they sought safety in precipitate flight from their works, and stricken down while desperately endeavoring to get beyond the reach of the sickle of the grim reaper; they all could move and act in accordance with their impulses which prompted the hundreds of thousands of soldiers to make a flight for life and scores of thousands of them succumbed only after a desperate struggle. It was different at Vivian Wickley. The men women and children were the only sufferers, and during the whole seige were not permitted even the small but precious boon of falling while battling with the grim awful reaper; they were caught and imprisoned in their homes and jails of the city by the army even as those who were doomed to death in the Norma Reign of terror, where it might be said, compelled to hear the very cries of horror upon which they were to be hurled. Never in the world for real there is no record not even at Galveston during the hurricane there since time began of such a horrible long drawn out agony as that to which the devoted inhabitants of Vivian Wickley endured during the long eighteen months or nearly twenty months intervening between the advent of a Concentinian Aronburgs advance on Vivian Wickley, and the final imposition of the death penalty during the horrible battles and worse cannonades of the seige. By the time the enemy were cannonading the city to force the victorious Nationals out of Norma Catherine and Julio Gallio, fathers by thousands saw their wives and dear babes and children crushed by the wreckage flung aloft by exploding shells, and hurled around by the fury of every one, or disem bowled in their very arms by fragments of grapeshot and injured themselves, wives saw their husbands and children torn from them by range infuriated Glandiolians, and swept from their sight forever, their torn and gutted bodies hurled in the street and left to rot, children saw their parents disappear in the murky turbid waters of floods, or killed by shells and grapeshot or by musket balls. Men count less in numbers among the soldiers saw even the dead faces of their own loved ones in Vivian Wickley they would have deemed it a joy to save and whom they fought to rescue. The soldiers invited terrible destruction in their desperate efforts at rescue, only to realize how weak and utterly futile was the strength in comparison to the irresistible power of the horrible shell fire. Soldiers during battle died depending because they could not save those they had cherished and left home to fight for and whom they had cherished and heretofore protected, and went down in despair and gloom.

No wonder general Concentinian Aronburg said to his generals during a meeting, and with a half silly loom looking but grim smile;

"It is really better to my opinion that the Glandiolians at Vivian Wickley fight to the last like true heroes, or escape my open jaws, for the whole army no matter how large it is with all their generals and commanders will never receive quarter from me for what they have caused here."

Indeed what happened on 2 September the twenty fifth was the first if not the most horrible battle of the siege on record. A final but futile assault of nearly one quarter of concentinian Aronburg's army was made against the entire line of the Thumbelina and Gertrude Angelina fortifications. The attacks had come with the rush and seemingly the speed of a human avalanche, but half of the assaulting army was crushed and the assault withdrawn. General Gons and Frank Hagh were killed on the glandelinian side however and their losses were more dreadful. Many thousands of glandelinians in the twinkling of an eye by terrific shell fire of the christian batteries which covered the assault were borne from the sunshine of life to the gloom of the valley of the shadow, it was all over in an instant. The bravest of the glandelinians simply waited for the inevitable they clung to their works and fought with a fury as if they desired to die a million deaths before they would let the Angelinians claim them, they stood upon the brink of eternity and fought and screamed and yelled and howled like lost souls. When the main force of these assaults fairly leaped upon the outer works of battered Thumbelina the Glandelinians who were driven from their outer works and rifle pits rushed to their highest places and saw the roaring yelling flood of purple coats creep nearer and nearer through the wall of smoke, until at times it seemed as if the assault would at last overcome them. Although it was not until the darkness of the night ended the horrible conflict and that the Angelinians had been repulsed with horrid loss the generals of the garrisons of the fortifications had known in the afternoon that Vivian Mickey sooner or later was doomed to fall. The Angelinians were fighting too desperately and too wildly to be beaten now they would not under any conditions permit the city to escape capture but had severed all communications with the mainland and elsewhere to prevent aid reaching the city from Manley's armies, and then laughed at the puny efforts of the desperate Angelinian rebels to preserve their lines from destruction.

In this terrible battle in that one day raging along a line of ten miles the death and wounded list was about eight million Angelinians, at Thumbelina alone the known numbers of slain Glandelinians was a score less than two million three hundred thousand. Many soldiers of both sides died in the attack and defense of fortress Gertrude Angelina of whom nothing was ever heard of, and there were possibly 22,500,000 Angelinians who made the assault and anguished the outer works for a while like a seething hell torrent, but the same time the probabilities were that 30,000,000 Glandelinians may have been killed and wounded in the defense of these two lines of such high redan works. No bodies were allowed to be burned or buried for days after the battle, how many were burned upon the many funeral pyres no accurate record was kept. In one respect the two big assaults were alike, but the losses were not so great this time at Thumbelina as it was at the struggle near Gertrude Angelina during those fearful four hours as those occasioned by the fearful beatings of the assaults which for all day almost had the Glandelinians in the outer works at their actual mercy. Fortress Gertrude Angelina was held by a garrison of 30,000,000 Gimmermannians, Mole Hollentinkians and Urmeramians, teeming with cannons and all the makes of terrible works. When the battle began the assault came with without even the slightest warning shout to apprise the troops of the fortress and the flood of troops sweeping upon the outer works almost engulfed and caused the capture of the works and a portion of its defenders before they even knew of the danger. The Glandelinians here were so suddenly taken by surprise that early morning that hundreds of thousands of Glandelinian soldiers literally fought at their guns in their nightshirts. The whole region was a mass of debris and wreckage of wagons, wheels, cannons and trees, and dead when the fearful battle that even wrecked the beauty of nature subsided. Fortress Thumbelina was so had a garrison of forty million, and had within its confines even thousands of stern strangers. But that same day fortress Gertrude Angelina and Thumbelina were not alone in their misery. In the southwest a battle tragedy was enacted simultaneously which claimed scores of millions of victims. A terrific christian assault led by many generals, immeasurable in its fury and force, blotted out a section of the Glandelinian works near Federal the lower section of Vivian Mickey, late in the afternoon of the same day. Nearly 10,000,000 lives were sacrificed, and by the battle for the Glandelinians so scores of millions of dollars worth of military property such as all the tents of their camps, big wagon trains and ammunition stores were sacrificed.

This simultaneous catastrophe was the greatest disaster of its kind to the Glandelinians. The fury of the onslaught caused the destruction of dozens of the most splendid Glandelinian divisions, hundreds of generals and other commanders were killed or wounded, and a great explosion which occurred with the blowing up of an ammunition dump many massive structures in Angelina Aronburg Aronburg was leveled to the ground by the concussion. Big explosions tossed locomotives about, and destroyed long lines of cars which the Glandelinians used as breastworks and points of defense and the Angelinians to prevent the Glandelinian armies from occupying into Angelina Aronburg destroyed a good portion of the Avia Aronburg bridge the longest and strongest structure in the world. The results make the region and the place of the Glandelinian garrisons a mourning region for weeks, and caused the evacuation of the place a little, in which the rebels retreated into the other section of Avia Aronburg, and then fighting from street to street receded into Mickeywhirther and strengthened the garrison of her fortifications. Vivian Mickey therefore surpassed any city in Angelina or Calvernia, in the frightful nature of its calamity. Hundreds of thousands of insane people are being cared for, their reason having been completely overthrown by their great sufferings, and loss of homes and dear ones. This was one of the most saddest features of the shocking visitation. These poor creatures, first bereft of home, family, and property by the ruthless insurgents are now now living in legacies of the most stupendous catastrophe the Angelinian world has ever known, and all caused naturally by the Glandelinians. No wonder general concentinian Aronburg would accept no surrender of the enemy and would allow the firing on men bearing flags of truce if they came to ask for surrender.

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THOUSANDS OF THE CORPSES OF THE UNKNOWN AND NAMELESS AGAIN

In the town of Gatal, in western Galvernia on the Gorma Run river, fifty thousand Gandelinnians were killed in battle but the main army broke the siege and drove the besiegers away. Six thousand Gandelinnians perished by the siege and Angelinian attacks during the siege of the little village of Glesia in 1913, and four thousand in the village of Portland in the same year. In the siege of Glandetogn by the Gandelinnians themselves in 1914 upwards of four hundred thousand Gandelinnians died in their futile efforts to capture the town. The loss of life during the recent battles and sieges in the state of Angelina vive, and near Ozma and the sieges of Angelinia Agathia and Corothy Gate among the enemy have never been fully reckoned or reckoned, and though one hundred thousand Gandelinnians were said to have perished in the sieges of Francis Atlanta and the battles, and river inundations caused by explosions, the figures were not regarded as trustworthy. These were the only series of great sieges on record where the loss of human life has been estimated at over one hundred thousand per siege. The list of smaller similar sieges and disasters are almost an endless one.

in volume five, where the heavy storm of so many Angelinian attacks finally caused the Glandelinian armies to surrender with the escape of general Beppo Evans army - only. In that siege alone over 10,000,000 kill Glandelinians were killed in the horrible battles, vast Glandelinian armies were overwhelmed, some perished, while over one hundred million were captured in and around Betsy Gobbin, near Porotby Gale, Trot and Zeaniar. This siege told in long narrative of the chapters in volume five was the most frightful siege on record in the whole region of Angelinia, Gathia. The Angelinians at the epic-Holsteinian fortifications and the Dolarsine

Since the beginning of the war Crowley run was frequently besieged by the Angelinians. The besieged districts comprised an enormous area, and the river harv harbor of the city was destroyed. An awful siege occurred early in the war at Jemie Urner on April the ninth the next year after Gen Concanthinian Aronburg had drove Manleys army from it. In this siege numerous lives were lost, and Jemie Urner recaptured by the glandelinians, and the records state, that forty four thousand houses were destroyed by the bombardment, and 10,000 he ad of cattle were captured by the enemy. A large part of the city of Adorn was captured during its siege in 1912, and one million three hundred thousand glandelinians gave their lives to effect it this ends. The citizens of this town fled after having sustained an incalculable lossto property. The same city was again besieged by the Angelinians two months later, and more enormous damage suffered before it was wrested by from the glandelinians and the rebel army compelled to surrender.

the flood itself had been very disastrous but that was practically all that could be said. In the latter part of the siege occurred one of the worst battles ever fought on Angelinian soil at that time. By the bombardment of shell ten thousand houses were damaged, sixty thousand houses were swept away by fire, and more floods and 100,000 people all non-combatants perished in Angeline alone, while equal or perhaps greater calamity was produced among the besiegers who were struck in time by a rousing Christian army which captured the whole army of rebel besiegers and slaughtered it without giving no quarter. In this siege the dwellings of one million persons were laid under water from the bursted dam. During the siege of November in September 1914 two thousand non-combatants perished under shell fire of the ruthless enemy, the own of Lester De Pester suffered to an enormous extent from a siege, and at the time time a flood was made by the glandelinian who dammed up the beautiful river of Glorin which loosened waters swept away forty two small villages, and a large number of their inhabit inhabitants perished. On this occasion an Angelinian corps of over two million men who were encamped on the lower shores of the dammed up river were surprised by the sudden flood and met instant death to a man. A siege catastrophe which in some respects could bring to mind that at civilian key occurred at Calverline (Angelinian) nine teen or more miles north of poverty Gale. The tow big city was overwhelmed by the glandelinian after a one years siege right under the nose of Angelinian Agathia and captured and the siege resulted in an explosion of great violence that by shock and confusion occasion caused the sudden bursting of a gigantic reservoir, and upwards of hundreds of thousands of people were destroyed and many villages swept away. After this the enemy held Calverline in Angelinian for nearly a year.

Many portions of Galvernia had on numerous occasions suffered severely from floods caused by the oncoming levees and dykes of rivers have been broken or blown up and the released waters pouring through and over the lowlands causing great loss of life and damage to property. The levee of the Mississippi River near Galvernia (Galvernia) was washed out by a major explosion and the released waters flooded the center and a southwest of Galvernia to an extent of one hundred miles.

and while the people succeeded in escaping to a great extent, and armies also damaged aggregating over two hundred million dollars were sustained. At the same time of that disastrous year of 1913 a large section of Northwestern Galverinia suffered the inundation of fifty cities and the destruction and sweeping away of a hundred villages and towns by the bursting of six levees of the Erimine river by rebel engineers in the effort to prevent the advance of the armies under the two civilian rulers. So sudden and disastrous was the flood that the advancing armies and even inhabitants of the cities and villages were taken unawares, and the loss of life was never estimated though general Hanson's army lost seven million soldiers in the flood. Another awful inundation occurred in Angolinia sixty miles south of Angolinia Agathia on October 1914. The Gloria Dam was blown open by enemy engineers and the flood covered one hundred thousand acres. The city of Porothy Gale was reached by the flood, in which most of the outer sections of the mobilization camps were swept away, the town of Lyonix sixty miles south of her was

almost entirely submerged, in Phelan a big city one hundred thousand houses were swept away, two hundred and eighteen houses were carried away at Gullis, and upward of three hundred thousand at Sandersbury, and other places. It was the greatest and most destructive flood in Angolinia and no longer overflowing its banks on account of excessive rains even anticipated such a flood. At the same time an explosion destroyed sixteen Angolinian batteries of cannons, and sent a torrent of dirt, wreckage, human bones, and everything from the baseline lines like a descending waterfall into the city killing and injuring many more thousands and demolishing all the houses. Everything else seemed to have exploded a great was the destruction and hundreds of thousands of Angolinians were buried beneath the wreckage of earth and gravel and the like. Very few of the bodies of the dead were recovered. The siege was won by this accident for the besieged was annihilated, though much destruction was committed within the baseline line. The explosion due to the ground a mile wide and two hundred feet deep. A hundred thousand lives were lost in the battle and siege of Murenda Junction in Galverinia near the coast, in which the Angolinians were victorious.

The southernmost line of Angolinia had been the scene of numerous sieges. One siege caused a deluge of floods to overwhelm the fertile districts of Glandorn, killing scores of thousands of the besieged Glandelinians and plunging the survivors in such dismay that the siege was hastily abandoned. From famine and pestilence followed, carrying thousands of Glandelinians like cattle. Even Abyedukillo has not been exempt from devastation of floods and battles, and sieges. On December 25, and 26th 1914 the little town of Gure suffered from the effects of a siege of Glandelinian warships and Glandelinian troops and though successfully beating the besiegers sustained a great loss. There have been innumerable small sieges. The country of Glandelinia along all shores had a long list of hundreds of sieges. Glandelinia's city itself was besieged for two months but was not captured. This occurred in the invasion. In the month of January 1914 three thousand non-combatants were killed or injured as the result of the siege of Andehire Galverinia from the same cause. Four hundred families were destroyed in Andehire by a great siege of Glandelinians. The coast of Eastern Galverinia was similarly afflicted. While the record as given above is by no means complete it will serve for all purposes of comparison. It embraces all the most important disasters of the war on record, and shows what a destructive force the armies of both sides have proven to have when aroused.

On September came the most terrific battle in of the entire siege breaking out in the afternoon at 12:45 p.m. the immense lines of fortifications near the section of Glandorn which was called Andean seemed to break down because of the incessant weeks bombardment by the main Christian artillery and at one o'clock in the afternoon the dam holding the main Angolinian forces fairly broke, and a terrible flood of Angolinians extending for forty miles rushed forward furiously against the enemy's positions there toward Lucille Jackson's fortress proper, two and a half miles directly to the southwest, but the fifteen miles by way of the winding river of Glandorn, and within a few minutes part of the works of the enemy were carried and in that terrific onrush within a few minutes nearly two million three hundred thousand soldiers among the Angolinian columns

were literally slain (this many it may be known perished) although it may be probable that the loss of life was much greater were lying dead in the works or outside, millions of dollars worth of property were destroyed by the Angolinian cannon, and half of the line of Glandelinian works and a portion of the fortress carried or captured—all because the Glandelinian generals who controlled the garrison were too pernickish to have this section of the line strengthened like Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline. After this the coroners' verdict was to the effect that general Purragatorian himself was to blame for the disaster. Thousands of barracks in the works or beyond were destroyed, and less than a score of the main fortifications themselves were uninjured by the terrible artillery fire, complete paralysis among the Glandelinian garrisons followed, the whole line of works were abandoned and scores of thousands of Glandelinians were crazed by their wounds and their sufferings and never regained their reason, more Angolinians came up and swarmed up toward the main line of the Lucille Jackson fortifications and pressed on desperately to the assault until the arrival of several Glandelinian divisions put an end to the carnival of carnage, the millions of wounded were withdrawn into the city and cared for until they could get upon their feet again, relief poured in from every section of Glandorn which was not captured by the Angolinians in the shape of hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians and thousands of carloads of supplies of all sorts, the Glandelinian generals picked up courage and went to work driving their big columns against the Angolinians in fierce counter charges and when the apathy succeeding this battle seemed to wear off the works were again in the hands of the daring enemy and the whole assaulting Christian column annihilated and their generals and survivors captured with every regimental flag. The enemy pressed their counter assault clear up to the main Christian line of baseline works, and carried that after one desperate dash, and it took four days horrible fighting day and night with cannons and musketry and many charges for even overwhelming forces of Angolinians to regain their works, and at dreadful loss of life.

At the same time that this horrible struggle ensued another one raged for the possession of the section of Glandorn which was called Mic-whirther. The general of the garrison defender thus fortresses at Mic-whirther had been warned of the impending attack but not a general in command of the outer works knew that the Angolinians under general Johnston had started forward until the flood of troops swept the Glandelinians from their rifle pits, and carried all before it. Escape from the torrent of Angolinians was impossible hundreds of thousands of Glandelinians were surrounded and captured other thousands surrounded, and general Purragatorian hastily made efforts to send reinforcements to the point as quickly as possible and by doing so saved the main work from being captured four miles below these main works was the redoubt and earthworks held by general Scott Gouthorne, which contained a division of two million Glandelinians. The division has not been heard from, but it was said in reports that during the attack four fifths of the Angolinian columns had been swept away to their deaths. Still four miles further down near the bend of the Glandorn river which runs parallel with the Mic-whirther and Pandora Railroad was the works held by general Jackson's division of Glandelinians. It had a force of eight million Glandelinians, ninety per cent of the rifle pits being on a long flat and close to the river. Here the contest was extremely fierce, but the Glandelinians were hemmed in and forced to surrender after their general command was killed. A hundred thousand Angolinians were slain.

Six miles further down where the assault moved in the form of a fish hook, was the main work of the north branch of Thumbelina and here alone there was a topographical possibility of the spreading of the assaulting waves and the breaking of the force of the assault. It contained a force of two million five hundred Mic-whirtherians, and the fire of their musketry, and cannon supported by Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline tore the assaulting Christian columns to nothing drove back the survivors in hopeless panic and caused their captured capture when the Glandelinians counter charged, and the whole wooded region was fearfully devastated by the firing of both sides. Six million Angolinians were captured by the victorious garrison of fortress Gertrude Angeline.

General Woodvale who was killed early in this desperate battle with the destruction of two million of his four million men was repulsed one mile further down

where general Mic-Hollister joined our glandelinian forces and its cluster of sister works, held by general Sebastian Scoodlers with a total of 30,000,000 glandelinians. In front of their works and stretching along right at the river verge were the immense abatis made of iron and steel and which had cost the glandelinians to use fifty five million dollars worth of steel and iron. The greatest damage to general Mic-Hollister's positions and his forces was due to the apparently rebound of the flood of assault as it swept across. The wave of assault spreading out against the north end of the fortifications of Mic-Hollister passed over the Glandelinian rifle pits leaving piles of their dead to a width of thirty yards in some places. It was also believed that the works at Angeline Creek had been carried, and the rush of the Angelinian tidal wave down that way, coming in contact with the spreading wave of Angelinians increased the extent of the violence of the assault in this section. General Kernaville who commanded the glandelinians called the Horners and Hoppers whose positions were across the river had the opinion that so many works would have not been lost to general Furgatorian, and would not have cost so many lives to retake them, had the glandelinians not believed from their experiences with former assaults of Mensians armies that there was positively no danger beyond the carrying of small outer works far in advance of the line. After rushing over the main works at many sections the pressure of the assault was so great that the Angelinians managed to force their way against the main line, and finally the assault struck general Kernaville's Horners and Hopper Glandelinians, spreading all the way up to the main Scoodler line, and then the conflict with the dogged resistance of the Horners and Hoppers aided by the Scoodlers and Glandelinians became most terrific. The assault however was stayed but not repulsed and the battle soon went on with redoubled fury, the Angelinians having now cut off all communication by rail and wire. The terrible holocaust at the Horners and Hoppers works where hundreds of thousands of thousands of glandelinians who were wounded and saved by from death by repulsing the Angelinians were killed by the terrible shell fire of the Christians who used the guns of the other captured works and the loss of life became terrible. It was an inferno of horror not a battle, and general Kernaville had to exert all his efforts to keep the insanely attacking Angelinians back to their respective distance.

On the day after this terrific contest there came to the main Glandelinian general Furgatorian an officer who had scarcely more than a dozen rags to cover his nakedness having his cloth torn in his desperate fighting with the Angelinians.

His name was Hobart Bowman and he was a sort of officer of the guard. By almost superhuman efforts that awful day he succeeded in working his way through the inferno with his regiment and across the body strewn works in the face of a most galling fire, in order to ascertain for himself the terrible results of the deluge of humanity, which he saw start from the main Christian works against the glandelinian works at Andrea and Mic-Whirther and the others in general. He had repeatedly, he declared called the attention to the many main Glandelinian generals to the various weak points in the outer main works of the fortifications of Thumbelina but he continually had received the stereotyped reply that the whole line of works were all right, that they had been built to stand for centuries and to hold out against the world, and that such a thing as its garrisons giving way before the Federal assaults was among the impossibilities. But the young officer did not hesitate to continue his warnings. Finally he was instructed to "shut up" or he would be "put in the hoosegow." He was given to understand that the general of the north section of Thumbelina was tired of all his croakings and that the less he said about the strength of the works from thence on the better it would be for him. The young officer then laid his plans before general Furgatorian the main commander of Vivian Wickey not more than a week before the catastrophe was a catastrophe. He told him that the main efforts of the Angelinians to force the other sections of the city were soon due, and that by the size of the besieging armies, if these assaults should be very heavy, the works would be carried and the army surely forced to give way. The young officer said that general Furgatorian promised to send engineers and child slaves and the like to work on the positions and the redans and if necessary to strengthen the garrison. But somehow the workers and child slaves were not chosen, the garrison was not strengthened as it should have been, and the calamity ensued.

For three days previous to the final outburst, the young officer said, large forces of Angelinians were moving through the wooded sections and advancing near Thumbelina and the north branch of the Lucille Rickson Fortifications and that some columns had forced themselves through the woods but under cover, so that the region seemed alive as if with millions of purple fern stems. The size of the column was so great that one of these columns extended for fully thirty miles horizontally from one end to the other. All this time too the cannonading of the works and positions of the Angelinians, particularly five of the main batteries hurled a shower of shells more resembling a torrent of destruction than a mere bombardment, and the ammunition barrages were supplying the cannonading guns with quite three million rounds per day. At eleven o'clock on the last day of September the young officer said he was attending to a Glandelinian signal corps station about a mile back of the works, when he noticed that the immense columns of Angelinians seemed to be moving forward like a tidal wave. He doubted his eyes, and made a mark on the spot where he had previously seen them gathering and then found that his suspicions were undoubtedly well founded. He ran across the works to the main signal station for better observation and there he saw the main forces of the Christian armies welling forward from their hidden positions and come rushing forward with irresistible force against the main line of Glandelinian works at Mic-Whirther. The sudden uproar of the battle almost dazed him, the whole scene became smoke clogged. Absolutely helpless for a moment he was compelled to stand there and watch the gradual development of what was to be the most bloodiest and disastrous battle of the awful siege. According to his reckoning it took about quarter to one, when the garrisons of a portion of the works began to recoil because of the pressure of the Federal assault, and within eighteen minutes a gap of one mile was made in the main line of defenders at Lucille Rickson fortification, through which the Angelinian columns poured as though forced by machinery of stupendous power. By one o'clock the sagging defending line in gray which before had pertaken somewhat of the form of an arch, fell back under cover of artillery, then the remainder of the line in the outer works recoiled like the opening of twin gates, and the great column of attackers was rushing and yelling forward toward the main line of works and upon the line of Horners and Hoppers which held them finally in check. The young lieutenant became so awe struck at the catastrophe that he was unable to leave the spot until the assault had extended so far that an inferno was before him for the extent as far as his eyes could see how long a time elapsed he did not know before he recovered sufficient power of observation to notice this, but he did not know more than three hours passed. He said he finally went with his own division to help repel the assault and did so. He said however that the main line of works had been carried by the Angelinians and was never finally retaken and had the outer works been repaired after the first disastrous assaults, the awful disaster would not have occurred. Had the works been given just ordinary attention the probabilities are millions of lives would not have been lost anew, and over forty million Glandelinians would not have been captured or forced to surrender. The to have put the outer works into excellent condition to resist any assault would not have cost the army less than \$10,000. All was over in a few hours time. The flood of attacking Angelinian troops on the centre of the battle, line rushed over the works they had captured, like a flood of water released from a dam, the shell fire from the desperate Glandelinian gunners, sweeping earth, trees, houses, works and human beings before it like a destructive cyclone, but though the main works seemed to form an impassable barrier to the assaulting Christian columns, the flood of Christian troops passed over and rushed on to wreak fresh vengeance on the Glandelinians further on. One of the most terrible sights of the battle was the main line of works just six hundred yards in front of the Thumbelina fortifications. This line of works was formed of debris of all kinds welded into an almost solid mass by the Glandelinians when they wished to construct new works. In the rear of this were the charred barracks of the Glandelinian defenders and their burned city of tents and the charred and battle mutilated remains of human beings of both sides. The battle at this point followed by fire was one of the incidents of the Vivian Wickey disaster that appalled the world. The story of this horror cannot be fully told. The survivors of both sides if it could not look at the scene without a shock to his sensibilities. So tangled and unyielding was this mass of abatis that even the most terrific shell fire

from the captured works had little effect upon it. One most deplorable effect however was to dismember parts of human bodies killed or torn about the mass that the ruth less shell fire refused to leave whole. From the western end of the works the view was but a prologue to the views that were to follow. Looking across the frightful sanguinary battlefield the first object the eye would catch in the ruined fortress of Marcucian, was one solitary unburned or unharmed rebel barracks, standing as a guardian over the dead and scene of desolation—a solitary grim sentinel left on that awful field after the battle. Still further on and near the centre of the captured position were the main encampments of general Granders divisions. Beyond and around these camps and positions were long lines of high walled up sandbags. On account of the shell fire not a sight of these remains. When the great storming assault came, the action of the extensive line of christian batteries was a great source of uneasiness to the glandelinians, and early in the morning the generals were warned that the works were too weak at this point to resist an overwhelming assault, but they had heard the same kind of warnings too often, and many jeered at their informants. Some of those generals that jeered were before nightfall lying cold in death, or met their fate in the blazing storm of grape and canister as they led their troops in the desperate efforts to retake the lost ground, or met their destruction in the blazing piles of foliage set on fire by the discharge of musketry and cannon. Only a few generals happened to head the warning, and these withdrew their armies to the much stronger positions, where they were able to repel the assault and secure the divisions thus driven back.

At the point where the enemy had annihilated the christian forces attacking Fort Gertrude Angeline and then pressed on to assail the main christian line the battle was most terrific and one of the most sanguinary of the war. Early after the annihilation or capture of the christian troops driven back the glandelinians swept through the fields under heavy fire from general granders batteries. Every lane seemed fairly choked with the advancing troops in prayer. At three o'clock the resistless flood of glandelinians coming on unchecked swept away the christian troops defending the defensive lower seige works. This was the real beginning of the main and greatest horror of the battle. The enormous mass of rebel troops moved forward like a log jam hurled upon a town by the force of water. The two lines of outer christian works were carried, half of their defenders were obliterated, and the whole region beyond norma gun, to gumbeek creek, was a raging sea of carnage. The terrible cannon fire along the christian line thus engaged leveled everything before it, but the assaulting columns came on, crushing back the christian defenders of the first line of main works like framehouses, and going on unchecked until the entire main line of christian positions were reached. Had the glandelinian forces not been able to even pass over the main entire line of works at this point the strongest of the seige line the christian armies might have been spared much of the ensuing horror that came. All along the line of glandelinian advance for ten miles there were already dead and dying too many to be counted and many christian columns with dreadful losses had already been swept away in flying panic to the rear, but the dead but could be counted by the fields full and not by seas. The main column was therefore struck, the seeming cannon here and the long lines of high positions forming an impenetrable barrier. The retreating Angelinians had recoiled behind these strong works and hoped by their defiant attitude and by the screaming roar of so many Angelinian cannon that the glandelinians might be come scared and the awful counter assault subside. There was no longer a chance to retreat, for to do so would cause a serious break in the main line and the breaching of the seige and yet had they known what was in store for them the contemplation of their fate would have been enough to make all the soldiers stark mad. Only a few hours had elapsed from the time of the carrying of the first line of works, and the breaking of a section of the main christian line, when the glandelinian columns like a long tidal wave of humanity rushed forward with the most tremendous fury yelling like a hundred million demons. It was as awful and the generals realized what was coming. The shock came like a shattering tidal wave and the immense body of glandelinians seemed like a torrent of water filled with humanity let loose to begin its work of terrible destruction.

The towering wall of glandelinians once swooped onward and struck a portion of the main line of works with such force as to carry all before it. Had it been able to pass the main juncture of the works near the Mac-Hollister and Evangelina St. Clara railroad lines, the Angelinian works might not have been saved from capture. The rampart of logs, battlements, machij-machinery, sand bags, mounds of snow banks, still smelting, granthills of stones, barriers of teeming cannon and long infantry lines supported by gathling guns of all describable description however checked the torrent of humanity by tearing half of it away with their annihilating fire, and though the torn up line swung like a half sw wheel and strong the right of the works it was swept away with terrible destruction.

This destruction however only inspired the main line of assault, and as there had to be an outlet for their retreat somewhere as the Angelinians counter charged in a manner to cut off the remainder of the glandelinian surge, the glandelinians made a new and trebled attack and cut their way through the very heart of the christian position driving back those among the Angelinians who had counter charged them again and again did the succeeding glandelinian waves hurl them selves against the christian positions, and each wave received a fire that tore it to fragments. The main section of the christian line supported by reinforcements and receiving fresh cannons and more ammunition stood as firm as a rock, but for a time the left line of works was carried the Angelinians there attacked by overwhelming numbers giving way, and some fifty million Angelinians on a line of battle ten miles long were carried away into a torrent of panic stricken horde and intermingled with the glandelinians who fought like demons to kill and capture as many Angelinians as possible. This is a new outlet the glandelinian currents were diverted in the direction of the Cambria batteries held by the Winkie Abyssinklians and punchkins, and undlings, and in a moment all these batteries opened with an ear splitting roar that shook the air and half of the victorious glandelinian columns reaching that far were engulfed in the destruction of their ranks that followed and laid low. Here also had gathered an immense force of undling and punchkin infantry under general Henry Dorner, and almost before the corner glandelinians who survived realized it or their peril the whole red line of christian troops rushed forward in a roaring screaming counter charge and the glandelinians though fighting like mad were swept away before that so seething human red torrent. It was now as awful and the most desperate hand to hand fighting while retreating added to the terror of the situation. Finally the whole section of what was left of the glandelinian recoiled before that horrible slaughter and as they gave way the Angelinian forces followed and carried all before them. It was now night, and darkness added to the terror of the horrible battle. When came flames to make the cal calamity all the more appalling. Hundreds of barracks belonging to the encampments of the christian line were on fire. The wooden barricades of the works were blazing, the and the inmates being mostly wounded had little time to escape. And as just how many wounded soldiers were imprisoned in the mass of wreckage caused by the attack and cannon fire of the enemy may never be known but the number was estimated at between one million and two million Angelinians. Even the foliage in the front of the works, the wreckage of the positions and everything from the effects of such flashes of guns had burst suddenly into flame and all tun tongues of fire began to leap up in a long line of conflagrations. The firing of many cannons and musketry, and the explosions of grape and canister and shell had set fire to the wooden portions of the long line of works, and barracks, and the scene that was then witnessed was beyond description. Millions of shrieks, and prayers from the unhappy sea of wounded in the path of the flames or in the buildings pierced the air, but at first little could be done. Soldiers, officers and privates alike, lying helpless on the battle field in the thick foliage watched with indescribable agony the flames creep slowly toward them until the heat scorched their faces, and they were slowly roasted to death. Those who were held fast in the timbers of the shell wrecked barracks by an arm or a leg begged their rescuers piteously that the imprisoned limb be cut off. Many however succeeded in getting loose with mangled limbs, and scores of hundreds of men cut off their very arms that they might get away.

Hundreds of thousands of Angolan soldiers not wounded in the battle worked like demons to save the sea of unfortunate wounded from the fast approaching flames of the conflagration, but scores of thousands were burned to death.

Meanwhile the glandelinian columns under general pic-hollaster johnston or at least his right wing had been wiped out, general gambrian positions were captured and his glandelinian army swept away and general gonemoughers army was now a thing of the past. The glandelinian brigade of general Miller yiller which was once over a million strong strong had nothing left of it now but a few remnants of one thousand men. General Woodvales division had been captured by the victorious Angolians and general orbers army was wrecked. Hundreds of thousands of glandelinians were killed in their own works, many columns of glandelinians were swept away from their bravely defended works, and many of the fugitives met death or capture, hundreds of men were burned by the fire that later overtook them, and hundreds of thousands of retreating glandelinians who sought safety in their still stronger works were overwhelmed by the attacking christian forces, or blown to their deaths by the wild explosions of a many bomb and shrapnell shells. The instances of the greatest heroism and self sacrifice were never excelled, perhaps not even equalled, on any other battlefield. Men rather than save themselves alone died nobly by their standard, and flag bearers willingly gave up their lives rather than let the flag be captured by Angolians. On one occasion it took twenty armed Angolians to capture the flag of a single glandelinian flag bearer.

During the great counter attack which broke against the main christian line after the massacre and dispersal of the Angolan forces that again assailed Fortress Gertrude Angeline there were great acts of bravery within the christian camps. At three o'clock in the afternoon, said general tender gander of the Angolan engineering corps "some girl scouts were cheerfully signally away at the height of the battle, but she soon had to abandon the task, because the firing approached too near and she was facing shot and hell and grape. She finally declared by signal that she was signalling from another station, and the enemys assault was gaining most steadily. She and her companions were frightened, and said that many works in their sight were overwhelmed by the rebels. This was evidently before the assault reached the main positions, for one of her companions said something to her to encourage her and she was signally signalling back to some other station when the receivers skilled ears of a telegraph army station caught a sound of the wire made by no human hand or voice. By the explosion of a shrapnell in the air near the telegraph wires the wires had been severed and had grounded or the signal station had been swept away by the destructive blast, no one knows which now. At three o'clock during the height of the battle the brave girl scouts were there, and fifteen minutes later the men of the other signal stations might as well have asked the grave to answer them.

Colonel Edward check saw during the struggle an old general lying wounded behind the firing lines near a fallen tree with agonized face and streaming gray hair. Regardless of the peril of facing the enemys deadly fire the young colonel plunged into the fray, and after some difficulty brought the old general safely to the rear of the lines. Scarcely had he done so, when a shell burst near general b. gendensions headquarters and general gonemoughers who was directing a long line of men near it fell severely wounded. Check plunged into the dangerous zone again, and while dragging the general beyond danger was struck by a rebel bullet which cut an artery in his right wrist, but though weakened with loss of blood, he succeeded in saving the general from being captured by the glandelinians. A young private, a brave man, saved sixteen wounded officers near Minavon works but got killed attempting to save a general who was wounded. Colonel Bolivar and his three regiments were at this time being forced from their works by the foe. The mass of troops being struck at two places by the foe commenced to part and form a gap and by desperate efforts the Colonel succeeded in getting the regiments to a line of strong works behind a little wood. Just then the van of the assaulting glandelinian wave came up and a terrific assault was made upon

the little brigade with redoubled force. The main force of the attack fell upon the centre. The colonel saw at a glance that he could not save his three regiments from capture, and so rather than yield to the enemy he ordered them to fight to the death. A moment later a terrific explosion occurred near the works, and in six moments the three regiments with the colonel were destroyed. Captain Henry Hoppensia, distinguished himself during the battle by his bravery. He was an officer of an pinkie Abyssinilian regiment, which had been forced back from its position to Goodlove hollow. As the regiment passed a point where a line of other works were full of struggling christian and glandelinian soldiers intermingled together in a death struggle, an officer a lieutenant of his command fell near him. A part of the regiment halted to repel the advancing foe, and Capt. Captain Hoppensia, in two trips back through the inferno saved the officer and his colonel. The division of troops stopped at Bolivar fortifications at three thirty o'clock and their generals were notified that further progress for the enemy was impossible because of the deadly fire of the main christian batteries beyond. The greatest excitement prevailed in his region, and parties of soldiers were all the time endeavoring at the risk of their lives to save wounded officers that were in danger of being hurled into eternity by the shell storm of the captured guns in the possession of the enemy. The tidal waves of the glandelinian assault stroke stroke struck against the Bolivar fortifications just after three thirty, and in five minutes the battle arose to a fury that spread to a terrific violence for the length of ten miles in this location. Soon here and there regiments and brigades were recoiling before the enemys assault. The main line of christians further to the rear realizing what was happening gathered in battle array and they were reinforced by the men under Garfield. They brought up their batteries of gathling guns and a torrent of grape and canister was throwing them into the ranks of the enemy, as troops in panic passed by in the efforts to check the fierce rebels. For half an hour all the efforts were fruitless until at last, when the Angolians were about giving up all hope, the rebels began to waver. In this moment Captain Gary Garney rescued a young Angolan drummer boy who had been pursued by glandelinians who were striving to run him through with the bayonet. The explosion of a grapeshot threw some men down, but the others managed to reach him and fought off his enemies until until he was successfully drawn to the rear amid the wild cheers of the others. The drummer boys story of the frightful calamity of assault is as follows:

"With my comrades I was spending the day in the camp in the Gambria works. The battle was going on then but the assault had not reached out part of the line though I have heard of nine christian generals being killed and fourteen wounded. Shortly after three o'clock there was a noise of awful firing, and the screaming devil yell of the enemy. We looked out of our tents and saw a perfect flood of glandelinians running toward camp firing and hooting. My friends at first told me not to mind, as the enemy would get no further because the main christian batteries would check their advance. We soon saw remnants of glandelinians being swept away, but the survivors came on, and we started to run for the rear. The glandelinians were approaching in three long thick lines, as straight as a stick, and every one of us who defended the camp could not withstand that pressure that was choking us out and we had to retreat, though we contested every inch of ground. In my fright I jumped on a cannon caisson. I saw the enemy was keeping on in the advance, and I was afraid I would be overtaken. Gradually the gray line seemed lifted up like a wave. The air grew close and suffocating from the thick smoke of powder and the main column of Angolians was moving back to the rear.

Still onward came the glandelinians, the other section of the christian force yelled and a section of it also gave way. When suddenly I found myself engulfed by a torrent of soldiers in purple, and was forced to follow them. After a little this line of retreating soldiers began to part, and I was afraid the enemy was overtaking us and I was going to be killed or captured, but just then another column of troops came up to stem the rebel tide, and I managed to get behind some rocks and remained there until nearly dead from the excitement, din and exhaustion, when after being pursued by rebels I was saved. After I escaped from the glandelinians, I did not see general Gloria who was in command of the division of whose drummer boy I was. I saw one lieutenant trying to see what was going on and climbed a tree to do so, but he must have been killed by a shrapnell, as shells were exploding fast

around him. General Pinter was also wounded. General Pinter in command of a part of the same division, was shot down right in front of his men. General Francis Smith was also killed. Colonel Hanson Hopper who was trying to observe something in a tree top with his field glasses was killed when a gun grapeshot struck down the limb he was sitting on and he had a hundred fifty foot fall. Four other generals were killed. The scene during the retreat was terrible.....In dense columns were pouring past me like a stampede of cattle going with me and away from me. I would hear a shell shriek and scream, and then there would be an explosion among a regiment and I saw many men lying on the ground. All along the line other troops rallying were trying to stem the victorious Glandelinian advance, but they could do nothing, and only a few were saved."

Chapter Twenty-eight an incident

The boys story was but one incident and showed what happened to one Christian division. God alone knew what had happened to hundreds of regiments who were retreating or resisting the advancing Horners and Hopper Glandelinians and the Munchkin Mic-Hollestonians. It was impossible to get anything in the way of warning or signals because many signal stations were under the hottest fire. Awar-correspondent whose name was Darger who was an eye witness told me wrote a story of unparalleled horror which occurred at the Trotter bridge, which crossed the Sunbeam Creek at this point. As the enemy were coming on in a long line and carrying all before them, a young general and two colonels were seen coming at the head of their fleeing troops. At the upper bridge a warning was given to them. This he failed to understand. Between the bridge the general was noticed to point toward the fleeing troops, and the so reaching enemy following close behind. He was then seen trying to rally his command and instruct his officers what to do, when they got their men behind the wall of rocks and trees, which they were seeking shelter from behind. On came the insane foe with a rush. The brave force stood to the new position as if with their arms around the trees and rocks.

As the screeching gray coated fiends reached the new position and swept against it they met a terrific fire that scathed their whole line, but securing some advantageous position they returned as fierce a storm and the trees were torn by bullets and shrapnel of leaves. Seeing that his forces could no hold out against the attacking foe, he ordered a gradual withdrawal, which started toward the rear.

The current of the Glandelinian tide forced the division further on toward the rear. The young general somehow enabled to soon seize a new position, and the force was placed behind it. Here they held out against three assaults like leech hoes. The first assault struck the line, sweeping part of it away in panic. The remainder of the division hung on like a drowning man with his body immersed in water. A overwhelming force of the rebels soon gathered against the force of Christians and fought desperately to drive the Angolinians. When there was a sudden crash, and a section of the bridge was blown up and floated down stream, and the Christian force had no avenue of escape except by water. They waded in water too deep to be reckoned, thousands were drowned or lost in the flight, before the eyes of horrified reinforcements being hastily sent against the foe. Early at the line

a general and his two divisions were seen also to pass in disorderly retreat, toward Bolivar works. Reinforcements were sent to their relief and all three were saved from total defeat by general Cokeville's battery which half annihilated the assailant at this quarter.

The most peculiar and sad scene during this battle occurred near general Wienstiens works which also heavily assaulted held however. Not knowing her danger a strange little girl one of the refugees no doubt passed under a bridge in the midst of the awful bomb storm. She was kneeling on the bank of the river and had her hands clasped as if in prayer. Every effort was made by Angolinians to reach her to save her, but as to approach her was certain death their efforts proved futile. An officer who was near by remarked that the piteous appearance of the little waif brought tears to his eyes and he was compelled to order the firing along his lines to cease at any cost to save her. All day long along Wienstiens line the Angolinian soldiers stood to their works and artillery repelling every assault. Parts of houses, furniture of trees and the like were set on fire to prevent the enemy from getting around to the rear. The main force of the assault had evidently spent its force against his lines. During the night guards were unusually thick in number and watchers with searchlights remained along the whole line

of mountain position to watch for signs of more assaults until daybreak, when the first view of the awful devastation caused by the battle was witnessed.

When the great waves of Glandelinians swept upon the line of general Horners division the Angolinians who could not hold against the assault, fled in panic and ran hither and thither in every direction. They did not have any definite decision where they were going, only that a host of insane devils in gray uniforms seemingly as many as the fiends in hell was roaring down upon them, over their works, and that they must get out of the way of that. Some in their terror dived into ravines, though this was certain death. Others got up to high rises of ground and strove to rally. But the mass majority made for the rear to the main positions, which resisted the enemy like a hundred million giants. Of the soldiers who retreated toward the main line the Glandelinians captured them. Other Angolinians by great numbers clung to tree tops and roots and windrows of debris, furniture, and other obstructions and again attempted to resist the enemy and temporarily stopped them, and managed to save themselves from capture or destruction. After nightfall when the enemy had recoiled to the works they had captured the defeated Angolinian forces either stayed in their main battered camps or fortified works, all night, or they managed to find shelter behind their strong batteries which were cannonading the enemy all night long. There was that night a fear of scouting parties going back to their rear. Even Angolinian troops whose works the enemy did not as yet reach through some reason or other had abandoned them, and began to think of all of these things, as a siege broken and the whole of Glandelinian Wik Wickey so desperately gained and at such cost lost to them and the enemy totally victorious. The most of the retreating forces had to put up in tents, fortresses, sheds, barns, and in the long camps of barracks and earthworks which had been but partially ruined. They could not not one man sleep that night, and it took the liveliest kind of skirmishing to keep the enemy from making raids and sowing sorrows. They surely were beaten, and beaten disgracefully and they knew it. Six lines of works were in the enemy's possession for the extent of fifty seven miles, a part of the main and last line was also occupied by the Horners and Hoppers and the Glandelinian flag was literally floating over the roof of general Concentinian Aronburg's own headquarters from which he and his generals were driven. It was apparent it was broken siege.

During the night the surviving generals and officers did their best to get the shattered line into better shape. The soldiers were housed as far as possible, in the barracks still standing, and some idea of the wreck of the siege works may be gathered from the fact that three hundred thousand prominent barracks buildings out of one million were undamaged. Concentinian Aronburg and his main generals knowing the extent of the assault, during the night put in fresh columns of troops and prepared without one moment's sleep to plan and make fierce efforts to regain the captured works. For a part of that horrible night many of the soldiers were so dazed and surprised by what had happened that they were scared out of their wits, and for that matter many were still dazed when morning approached and believed it futile to continue the

siege of Glandelinian Wik Wickey. Most of the soldiers for a time went about helpless, sleepless, making vague inquiries as to how many of their friends fell in that volcano of war, and hardly feeling the desire to continue fighting. They were discouraged. Finally the realization of what would result if the siege was broken nerve'd them to greater efforts, and something was in store for the enemy on the morrow.

The fatal railroad line as it is now called where the enemy met the greatest resistance in their headlong charge. And where the Christian musketry and artillery fire wrecked such awful destruction, was described by another newspaper reporter in this way:

The Christian fortified works a little to the rear of the Mic-Holleston and Glandelinian St. Clare railroad line, whose resistance of the torrent of rebels, was since the matter of such talk of the nation was a noble four sectioned position, just completely completed by general Mansion before Concentinian Aronburg came to take his place in command. One position was nearly fifty feet wide on top, thirty two feet high above the ground in a slant like a hill of long extent and consisting of a powerful line of abatis, and seven batteries, consisting of two thousand cannon each, besides machine guns and shield guns.

Despite the wild fury of the enemy onslaught and the terrific artillery fire from the enemy guns from the six lines of captured works, the works still remain wholly uninjured, except that it is for its whole length badly splintered on the upper and front sides by the explosions of so many shells, but that it remains so is due solely to the accident of its position beside the railroad tracks, and not to its strength, although it was and still is the embodiment of great solidity.

When the main force of the assault struck it covered by the artillery fire from the other captured works in front, the rebel artillery fire would have swept it away as if it had been built of cardboard leaving no track behind, if it had not been for the fierce artillery fire of the main Christian batteries that prevented it from being done, but fortunately or unfortunately the line of work works was exactly a parallel with the path of the Glandolinian advance, attack, which hence struck the Christian line full with its irresistible force, and compressed the whole of its force of advance in a forty mile advance into one inextricable mass of confused troops battling like demons until reinforcements hurled against the common enemy stayed their advance.

The great abatis that was supposed to have protected the works consisted of every tree that the Angelinians for weeks had been chopping down, with trifling exceptions, including thousands upon thousands of larger trees, all of which were almost stripped of their bark, and a smaller limbs and every leaf almost gone from the tearing storm of grape canister and bullets or shells. All the wrecked wreckage of abandoned houses in many towns abandoned by the refugees at the beginning of the siege many miles long, half the innumerable things of sharp pointed material that could be secured, many hundreds of miles of telegraph and other wiring torn from telegraph poles during the siege and many hundreds of times more than this that was in stock in the captured mills, perhaps two hundred and sixty five miles of tracks and track material, railroad all, broken locomotives, pig iron, brick and stone, broken boilers loaded with explosives attached to batteries or electricity, steam engines, wagons, all kinds of heavy machinery taken from child slave mills, and other spoils of captured works of the enemy. The fact that such a strongly defended works as should be so quickly captured in the face of overwhelming numbers of Angelinians in one crushing charge, and to accumulate the retreating Christians and pursuing rebels into one inextricable mass was beyond understanding. The abatis alone after the terrific battle was covered with hundreds of thousands of Glandolinians, dead, dying, and wounded, who fell in facing the seething Christian fire as they strove to break through the abatis, and some were killed as they were pinioned in it, many caught by the lower part of the body only. Many eye witnesses described the groans, cries and blasphemies which came from that vast holocaust for nearly the whole night, something unbearable to listen to, yet which could not be escaped. Hundreds of thousands, undoubtedly suffered a slow death by fire yet the writer here cannot doubt that the vast majority of the men of that assaulting column of Glandolinians streaming from fortress Gertrude Angeline and Thumbelina in that fearful jam against the Christian line, which covered fully forty miles of advance, and perhaps more were already dead when the recoil to the captured works began.

One offshoot of the Glandolinian torrent or the main assault was deflected southward by the repulse in the assault on general Gaulters works and positions and this rebel column went tearing through the entire Christian camp in that seething section, especially through the heart of the southern section of the Christian line, and still another similar branch of the assaulting wave was split off from the main wave further down, but in the main, the direct force and fury of the assault, did not strike this southern section of the line.

It struck first against the jam of abatis and the main line of works, and thus from the fearful loss lost most of its fierce energy, moving thence onward in a heavy stream of men but were finally checked. Shells from the main Glandolinian battery of the fortifications of Thumbelina and Gertrude Angeline which covered the onslaught in general teemed about the Christian army barracks in the most fantastic kind of wreckage, so that that part of the camp looked much like a child's toy village or city poured out of a box-haphazard, the houses not being torn to pieces generally. About half the loss of life and the enormous number of wounded of both sides was in this section of the battle field, for all of the ten mile width of the besieging Christian camps and works and positions became

became so readily a scene of victorious totally victorious Glandolinians, and stayed so all night, and it was here, that all the remains of so many women and injured officers occurred. Nothing of the kind was possible in other sections of the battle line itself as the fury of the conflict was entirely too wild. Like wise after the total breaking of the main Christian line had occurred, and the forces of Christian troops began to recede for the distance of nearly fifty miles, it was from this region chiefly that a many torrents of Angelinians recoiled in utmost panic.

However the existence of this strong line of works, and the severe resistance of the defenders naturally broke the fierce continuity of the diabolical crush of Glandolinians, and with the help of the Winkie Abyssinkilians and their main batteries finally transformed the big Glandolinian wave into a retreating column back to the captured work works. The vast Glandolinian onslaught of the Angelinians was badly wrecked with the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives, but in the main from other sections down to general Henry Dorners divisions, the attack of the enemy being checked at last ceased to be so irresistible or destructive. It took almost every work it came to, for the length of fifty miles of the siege, and captured every other rifle pit and a portion of the main and last works, and did other minor damage to the main Christian line, but the Winkie Abyssinkilians under general Porter saved the besieging army from a serious disaster and a breaking of the siege by finally equalizing the crush of the wave of humanity in gray. Nevertheless it could be termed for that day at least, as the most greatest Glandolinian victory in the war outside of the Gaudinon horror.

General Johnston sparr the Abyssinkilian commander in charge, of the Concentinian divisions on the first section of the captured Christian works, which was caught in the first crush of the flood of advancing Glandolinians, told a thrilling story of his experience. His divisions about three of them had been placed in the outer works of the besieging fortifications on high hilly ground in front of the main line. He saw the big Horns, Porter and Hopper forces coming under general Mic-Holleston Johnston. He saw the fierce porters and Hoppers under Johnston and Purragatorian coming and described it as having the appearance of a sea of yelling men coming toward his lines. He immediately galloped to his lines and ordered his brigades to hold the works to the last or die. General Johnston David Porter with his Winkies and quailings was in possession of an angle of the works held by general Lancaster De Porter. This line of troops was the first struck by the Zhamannians and general Barr, Davis and David Portat were killed at the very start of the wild conflict and their brigades torn to pieces and routed from the works. The survivors were routed for a distance of about two hundred yards, the porters pouring a fierce storm of cannon and musketry into their flying ranks, and the Winkie Artillery being captured the line for a time was perfectly paralyzed. General Glimson Evans who took David Portats place barely managed to rally his own division of Abyssinkilian Hoppers and Osmanians before the roaring seething Glandolinian floods swept upon his line.

His line at once opened with the roar of hell and the whole wave of Glandolinians charging against him were destroyed and the second line grinded with the sound of general Purragatorian who was in the lead. General Mic-Holleston Johnston the main commander, sent forward the rest of his line and it went with crash and roar against the Christian works held by general Sparr and Nervine Nervo the latter Christian general being killed. General Sparr afterwards as he said did not know how many Glandolinians were shot down by cannon and musketry in that fearful charge or how many Angelinians lost their lives who were driven from the ill fated works. The whole division of Winkies which were carried away by the force of the porters and Hoppers pressure had lost all their regimental, Brigade and divisional commanders, and half of their numbers, and all their flags were torn by bullets and grapeshot, and how many regimental standards were captured no body knew. At least twenty flags were torn so badly that they were mere rags. To make it fortunate for the Angelinians or Abyssinkilians the Osmanians and gun hkins alone held their ground against the attack, and their stand served in a measure to protect the main works and prevent the enemy from carrying all before them. General Franklin Gale in command of the Glandolinian gasketers was killed and his own command destroyed by the cannon fire of the Winkie Artillery. Some idea of the terrible force of the Glandolinian assault may be gained from general Sparrs

the statement that forty regiments in the right of the works, and brigades thirty seven in number of Winkie Abyssinians and guerrillas swept past his rear line of works in the frightfullest panic, and their bravest officers were not sufficient only enough to rally them. General Amenton of the Angolinians who also resisted the assault had a most wonderful escape. He was caught in the retrograde motion of the Winkie Abyssinians and the fury of exploding cartridges torn tore or burned off his body his entire uniform and he was thrown down and wounded slightly by the concussion of a heavy explosion. The general had declared that while he lay more dead than alive on the works he saw the tidal wave of glandelinians press on absolutely victorious and cut the retreating Winkie and Gun guerrilla line to pieces. The general when rescued from this precarious position was taken in a stretcher to the rear of the lines and provided with a suit of clothes belonging to a refugee and was brought to his headquarters thus arrayed.

Colonel Maloney a Winkie officer in command of the Angolinian forces, had at first thought of ordering his men to retreat when the shock of the attack came and then fearing that if it was done his line of regiments would share the same fate of the Winkie brigades kept his men sticking to their works like leeches. When the first attack subsided with the final withdrawal of the enemy when reinforcements were concentrated against them, a number of men rushed to the works expecting to find Colonel Maloney dead and his three regiments annihilated, but the pressure of the attack had not gone with fury enough to destroy them, and his regiments were all right save for some severe loss. When the attack had been still in full force general Sparr had made an attempt to form a force of troops in his rear to make a counter charge but after ploughing through the enemy's ranks for about thirty yards they were forced to return to a safer position.

The last Christian line to receive the shock of the enemy's big counter charge was the one rolled back to the rear but not in confusion where it made a fierce stand. The victorious glandelinians had forced themselves through seven miles of Christian camps and earthworks, with losses too heavy to be estimated. The last line of works extended from General Conventinian Aronburg's Headquarters to Jennie Vivian. These last works were the last of the all, and in the advance the enemy had never been stopped so often as they were in coming here, and whose left had been cut off and forced to fall back to the work works it had captured.

No reports of the great increase of the concentrated numbers of Angolinian reinforcements had reached the glandelinians during the assault extended up to this point. Being fully confident of success now the glandelinians pressed on in two immense columns upon the centre of the line commanded by wounded Viviananna, and thought they had a fair chance of reaching these last works without any real resistance with out anything else. The original other works had been passed and carried without failure. The advancing rebel columns were about one hundred yards of the line, the retreating troops swarmed behind and collected together with the reinforcements, and the artillery sent a storm of canister and grape in among the advancing ranks of the foe, and their destruction of many glandelinians brought cheers from hundreds of hundreds of thousands who watched the advance of the victorious glandelinians, and for a moment or two forgot the condition of their shattered lines, in the excitement of watching the amphibious prowess of the Horner column.

"We've seen the worse of this term before," said general Vivian-anna to a couple of excited generals grouped near him as the last of the four miles of human billows billowed across the billows here will have to hold out to the left. "We've seen the worse of it, but the works here will have to hold out at all costs or the siege will be broken. When they come near enough we will give em hell."

So the main Angolinian forces stood panting for a while behind their main line of extreme works, while the late afternoon sunlight shone on their uneasy flanks, and the apparently baffled glandelinian wave rolled onward slowly against the lower works driving all before them on their right. The works thus captured already was just teeming enough enough with cannons to give the glandelinians an impetus for another header against the apparently broken Christian line.

It was into the last of the outer works that the rebel column seemed to be heading for this time. It was no longer a question of impatience, it was a question of endurance endurance. The billows of Christian forms swept not in and over the works on the left but upon the broad abatis defended works by the railroad tracks like an overflow of a river flood, to seem to be broken into a thousand chop waves by the fire of musketry, cannon and grape that met them from the defenders of these works. The Angolinians watching the one from the main works forgot to cheer. The generals and officers seeing the enemy press on still victorious despite the formidable works and its abatis forgot to joke about the enemy, and to fret on the part of the privates. It was a curious and ticklish situation. The enemy was advancing more swiftly and wildly. The front lines covered by smoke of their own musketry fire were out of sight. The only sign of an advancing glandelinian flood was an audible one, a cannon pounding and crashing of musketry, and their fierce "Devil yell". The rebel line that became visible a little after and which was much nearer looked to like a broad gray river dragon wriggling on its belly sideways sideways a toward the Christian forces who were not retreating but fighting desperately as they gave way. Gradually there was a simultaneous though not concerted movement among other lines of troops ahead of them. Retreating Angolinians began crowding toward Conventinian Aronburg's headquarters and the positions there, and above the din suddenly was heard a cry from some officer in a voice which has had just the least crescendo of excitement in it.

"If you fools don't keep to your works we can't do anything!" He shouted. This demand was a little absurd. Still it had its uses. It relieved the tension which everybody felt in the main line who watched the distant conflict which everybody felt and no one acknowledged. Joking began again among generals and other officers, and their fretting and works of words of impatience among the privates and courses among the artillery-men. There had not been much fun in looking toward the rebel column anyway. What had appeared to be a recession of waves of humanity in purple toward Aronburg's headquarters when looked at from above was merely a swelling of the stream of defenders elsewhere, by the quick and prompt advance of reinforcements sent by Conventinian Aronburg or Williamberger Zimmermann as he calls himself.

All at once the left wing of the McHollister Johnston which had been moving more swiftly than usual against the retreating Angolinians for each of a good ten minutes stooped short at the sight of the rally and reinforcements concentrated against them. It seemed as if their horned and Hopper generals had scented danger of some sort like a sensitive horse, and refused to advance further. The uproar of firing in that location however grew louder and wilder in sound, and then other columns of Angolinians were seen to leap from hidden rifle pits and to tear their way deep into the glandelinian column and begin driving the horned and Hoppers back step by step. The pandemonium of yelling which arose from those combatants was much more in volume than ever heard before and was deafening. Then came an ear-splitting crash and everything was hidden from sight as all the cannons in the captured works were let loose in full fury upon the Angolinians who again began to give back.

"Reinforcements for the darn rebels," said the same voice who had commanded the retreating troops to a rally.

"So it was. The Angolinians were again forced back by reinforcements. The glandelinians were seen advancing in wide formation and wedge formation over and up to fence rails near the tracks, over plank roads, and dismantled signal stations, platforms along the line, and firing from behind behind railroad ties innumerable in many piles, branches and even small trunks of trees concealed rebels firing from behind them and the Angolinians were again slowly falling back before the ever rising flood of the wicked rebellion. There had been another force of advancing reinforcements in sight just beyond Jennie Vivian Station near Gunbeam Junction, but as sure as guns were iron and floods of attacking glandelinians were floods of insane reckless humanity fighting for a cause that was unjust, the reinforcements were disappearing in a sea of smoke.

"I don't believe the enemy will ever get through." Was the unanimous comment of many officers in command of the main line of works, and their verdict seemed to be confirmed officially by the man who had been excited.

ZA colonel whose regiment was above the danger line on the right bluff above the captured works, and who says he saw the rush of the death storm says that the glandelinian attack was preceded by a peculiar phenomena, which he thinks was the explosion of a mine. He says that a few minutes before the wall of humanity in gray had reached the main line of works from which they were hurled back

there was a tremendous explosion some where in the outer works first captured by the enemy. He said he saw the fragments of buildings rise in the air above the rolling mountain of smoke, and these same moment saw two, lines or arches of flame down through the line of works in different directions, and the frame barracks were apparently being torn to pieces and wrecked. The next minute the assault came, and he remembered nothing more than seeing for over an hour a sea of flames and smoke. There was really an explosion of a mine under the captured works exploded purposely by the Angelinian Engineers by means of electric push down batteries, that wrecked the assaulting column just at the time of the last of the assault. Lines of barracks were set on fire by the explosion. General Fredrick

he was the one who survived the three other terrible days when the Angelinians fought so desperately to recapture the lost works said his experience was terrible. He said that during the three days when overwhelming forces moved against the enemy through that seething inferno of battle he saw hundreds of columns go forward to meet their death, and the attackers fought as if they actually had become raving maniacs. One work after another was finally recaptured, the firing was like the roaring of a million cannon, and many times whole lines melted away before the works. The enemy finally on the third day were driven from the last line of works after withstanding the first line of christian charge and then recoiled to their own works near Thimabellina. No one will ever know the real horrors

of this last three days incident unless he saw the moving columns, go through that seething storm of musketry and cannon and make charge after charge. The horrible nature of the affair cannot be realized by any person who did not witness the scene. As soon as possible after the last crash at the last line of recaptured works occurred and the fourth day of the long battle finally was over, many hurried to the scene. At the time when the works of the last were recaptured the battle was a seething hell. Hundreds of thousands of Winkie Abbeismians, quailings, Manchkins, aided by Angelinians, Pandobians, and concentinians were struggling most desperately with the Glandelinians of all sects. Frantic generals implored their men for God's sake not to give in their assault now, and every man was anxious to outdo the other in bravery during the assault, and while fighting like fiends the glandelinians, raved, cursed, blasphemed until the air appeared to tremble from their awful shouts. No system, no organized efforts to repel the assault however was of any avail to them now.

The glandelinian glandelinian commanders shrieked commands, and entreated to their men and would shout "Go to that place, and drive back those screaming red coated imps, for God's sake get back there to your works you fools referring to some skulkers who were trying to retreat." Under the circumstances it was necessary to do everything to prevent the Glandelinians from moving over and one Angelinian column of men thinking one general was trying to thwart their efforts, when he ordered another point to be attacked by the Winkies, advanced upon him, threatened to shoot him, or dash him in among the raving gray coated demons.

One glandelinian general who was trying his greatest efforts to stem the christian tide, saw his Manchkin Zimmermannians lost lose their hold on their desperately defended works, and in a moment it seemed as if the victorious Winkie Abyssinkilians swept into a sea of flame, and rushed the enemy. The agony of that Glandelinian general in seeing his division cut to pieces and almost annihilated was simply heartrending even though he was a Horner. He raised his arms to heaven with clenched fists and screamed in his blasphemous and mental anguish and only ceased that to tear his hair, and for a moment moan like one distracted, and then place a pistol to the side of his head and kill himself.

Every effort was made in urgent desperation to keep the last line of works by the Horners and Lopper Zimmermannians and every second glandelinian who came to their assistance had the satisfaction of knowing that nothing could stop the onrush of the Angelinian forces now. Only God could describe the scene of the battle for that extent of forty miles. It was a roaring inferno of cannons musketry, and flame, and looked like a seething forest fire instead of a battle, with a terrible slaughter to boot. A force of men attempted to force back a division of quailings, and succeeded in recapturing a line of rifle pits but not the main works. For three hours, fighting like mad men, and making charge after charge they fought desperately on, and every moment the irresistible tide of the Winkies and quailings pressed nearer and nearer looking to the glandelinians like hideous red demons from the frightful contortions of their enraged faces. One general was on the point of ordering his men to pour grape and canister into the ranks of the Abyssinkilians but he was defaunted and would not go. It would have been much better to have yielded even at the loss of the battle than to have suffered such loss for a head cause. The terrible firing of both sides in his last section of the conflict claimed among its victims not only the living, and wounded but the dead. All dead soldiers lying on all parts of the works were torn by bullets and grape shot as to be completely unrecognizable, and millions of trees resembled hickory brooms like in other battles, and lower shrubbery was completely mowed down. Grass was mowed down, the greatest losses in the conflict resulted right here.

THE SITUATION NINE DAYS AFTER THE BATTLE OF VIVIAN WICKERY.

Chapter 39.

One of the queerest sights in the centre of the christian positions after this three day and a half battle was a three story army barracks near Concentinian Aronburgs headquarters, standing with only one wall, the others having been blown away entirely by shell fire, leaving the floors supported by the partitions. In one of the big upper rooms could be seen a crucifix which had been exposed terribly to the shell fire of the captured guns and which was not even marred. In the upper works where the assault of the enemy had struck with diminished force there were many of the strangest scenes caused by the concussion of the great explosion. There many barracks were toppled over one after another in a perfect row, and left where they happened to lay. One barracks was turned completely over, and was seen standing with its roof on the foundations of another barracks, and its base in the air. The soldiers who had been in it soon came back from the firing line and getting into the building from the through the windows occupied the ceiling for bunk beds and so on to sleep and rest on. Out of this barracks a general and all his staff officers and many refugees who had been sheltered there, escaped safely, and were but little hurt, although all were stood on their heads by the house when it toppled over. Every barracks had its own story. From a general who was in the upper story he managed to escape by chopping a hole in the roof with the point of his sabre. From another officer he leaped to the ground as the house went over and fell thirty five feet upon a gun garrison and escaped with two broken legs. One clock was known to have stopped in concentinian Aronburgs ruined building by its spring being struck by the fragments of a grapes shot.

So vast was the fields of the disastrous battle nine days afterwards that to get an adequate idea from any point level with the christian lines of defence, to the enemies lines of fortifications and works, was simply impossible. It could have been better viewed from the heights of the main christian positions, from the tops of the captured Gvangelina Crania heights, just west of the town of Jennie Vivian the whole strange panorama could be seen.

Looking down from the Heights of Gvangelina Crania many things about the bloodiest battle of the siege, that appeared very inexplicable from below were perfectly plain. How so many many barracks within the christian lines, and even the enemy's lines within their half battered land fortifications happened to be so queerly twisted, for instance, as if water had not hit and not shells, and if the water had a twirling instead of a straight motion, was made perfectly clear.

The land section of the great Tumbolina fortification was built in almost an isosceles triangle with one big angle pointed squarely up the river and the other two to the east, from which most of the Angelinian attacks came from the land side. At the northern angle was the junction of the Sunbeam and Armida Creeks, and the southern angle pointed a little way toward the Nonestian ocean. Now about half of the angle, for formerly densely flanked by barracks was swept clear as a plate platter by the Christian shells during the bombardments, except for three or four camps of barracks that stand near the angle which points up the Norma River. The course of the Christian attacks early early during the bombardments and capture of Norma Catherine from the exact point where it issued from the main left of the besieging Christian line to where it crossed half below a turn in the river, and above by spreading itself over the flat districts or of five or six miles, was clearly defined. The whole swarm of Christian assaulting waves of troops issued straight from the captured city of Norma Catherine in a solid wave and tore across the whole region and so on to the main and sections of the enemy's outer works against the lower part of the triangle. Here a cluster of solid abut is aided by the information of the outer works evidently divided the assaulting Christian troops. The greater part turned to the north, and despite the fire it met swept up the line and by then mixed with the defenders of the works in a hand to hand fight, and drove the Glandelinians to the main works. The other stream of troops shot across the triangle was turned southward by the main bluffs like works and went up the valley of the Sunbeam Creek. The main works of the fortress had in the meantime acted as a barrier and turned the part of the current back toward the southeast, where the assailants with the help of their cannons finally finished the work of the triangle, turning again their assaults to the northward, and back to the main barrier. The stream of assaulting Christian troops that went up the Sunbeam Creek was turned back by the pressure of a Glandelinian counter assault but was reinforced by the back retrograde movement of the other troops, and again started south, where it reached over a mile and a half and spent its main force on the works held by General Kernville. The frequent strange turning of the stream of Christian assaults forced against the triangle of redans, and then the outer works, gave the assaulting Christian army something like a whirling motion, from left to right, and made a tremendous eddy of Christian troops whose apparent centrifugal force on onslaught was almost like a cyclone that twisted everything it touched. This accounted for the comparatively narrow path of the flood of Angelinian troops through the southern section of the forts outer works where its course through the thick, thickly clustered works and batteries was as plain as a high way, and where half of the assaulting Christian forces met annihilation, another portion about a quarter captured and the rest forced into a total rout which was followed by the enemy's tremendous counter assault. The force of the Glandelinian counter assault however diminished gradually as it reached the main Christian works, for at the point and place where the current of Glandelinian soldiers separated by the capture of seven line of works, every building or barracks within the Christian line was fairly ground to pieces by the enemy's concentrated artillery fire from every captured work, and further on in the rear the houses were only turned a little on their foundations from the concussion of shell explosions and the awful roar of so many thousands of cannon. Near the middle of the battle line they were turned over or half shattered, or thrown upside down or on their sides. Further down still they were not seen in single file but great heaps of ground lumber that looked like nothing so much as enormous pith balls. At the main section of the battle line where most of the Angelinian artillery was captured and turned in full force upon the Christian camps everything except the biggest buildings were crushed into fragments.

Many of the barracks that were left there scattered helter skelter/ thrown on their sides, and standing on their roofs, the effect of tremendous concussion were believed to never have been in that neighborhood before. Here the retreating Christian forces had come to the rear in panic before the breast of the oncoming tidal wave of Glandelinians from as far up as the last and main extreme line of oppositions, were forced safely beyond Aronburg's headquarters and the main outer works and railroad line of the Nic-Hollester and Evangeline St

Flare by the pressure of the Glandelinian assaulting columns at the dividing line, up and down before the flood, and finally rallied behind their main works. Here about three hundred yards behind was a row of barracks packed closely together and every one tipped about over about the same angle was only one of the queer freak the concussion and vibration of the artillery fire of both sides played. One of the girl scouts just for curiosity got into one of them in her walk through the battle smitten districts that day. The lower story had been filled with earth thrown in by explosions outside and everything in it had been torn out. The carpets on the floors of many rooms had been split into countless strips on the floors by the sheer force of exploding shells inside. Heaps of debris stood in the rooms of some floors.

Through no cause whatever known there was no vestige of furniture or military stores. The walls dripped with moisture. The ceiling was also gone, the windows were all dead, and the only thing that was left intact was a splendid crucifix. It still hung on the shattered wall and though much awry the frame and the image were unbroken. The motto above the crucifix looked like, looked grimly and sadly sarcastic. It was;

FROM HERE.

A most melancholy wreck of a barracks building that motto and crucifix looked down upon indeed. She also saw an enormous number of covered barracks and other army wagons strewn in wreckage in the middle of a company street, one of them sticking tongue and all straight up into the air, another on its main tail board, with the hind wheels almost completely buried in a pile of debris. She could not count the awful number of dead horses she saw. She saw a barracks building standing exactly in the middle of the company street, the whole side stove in by some explosion, and in the hole was the remains of a mangled line of horses.

Some general's library had been a stream over the company street by some explosion for she picked up a trail of good books, cover slips and others left half sticking in the wreckage of earth, and reaching for over two blocks. One barracks house by an explosion of a gun-carshell had been hurled over two others in the mysterious force of the blast, and then had settled on the two of them at once and there it stood unharmed, high up in the air, so its former occupants could have gotten into it again with long ladders. Even at the lower end of the storm of artillery fire where the force of so many explosions was greater, there was a row of barracks lying on their sides and held there by being fastened in the wreck of a long line of high fortified works and broken pieces of cannons and gun caissons. Through the sides of these houses the trunk of many a tree and pieces of wood had been driven by explosions like lances and there they stayed sticking out straight in the air. In the much of wreckage was many a gun caisson and far down the works near the debris about the railroad lines and formidable abutments were the legs of a horse. An upright centimeter cannon, with its support and wheels blown away stood straight up a little way off. What was once a set of costly cannon was strewn all about broken pieces of iron, and the once high works that had contained these cannons were nowhere now.

The remarkable stories that could be told of officers and their regiments retreating a mile up to the main works before the enemy's headlong advance during that frightful battle could be easily credited after seeing the evidence of the strange course the Glandelinians took in their advance to the general attack. Witnessed who stood as near to the battle line as they dared saw four brigades of Abbeccianians first retreat for half a mile, then rally behind a rail fence, and then move forward again, and then recoil. When they were seen to retreat so far to the rear that they had to be halted by strict discipline and where they were reinforced as they rallied near their vicinity of an old abandoned schoolhouse General Grubbers brigade retreated all the way from the first line of works, always rallying behind one after the other only to be forced back from time to time. When the general's brigade was carried past the last line of outer works the general could tell his officers to send a letter bidding his wife and children at Angelina Agathia good bye for him as he was sure today as he would not let his brigade retreat any further. The brigade was again rallied, and waged their own part of the battle with terrific fury

while the general carried on a perfect conversation with his staff officers and giving directions for his burial if his body should be found when he was killed. Now ever an hour later the enemy were repulsed and the general and what remained of his brigade was safe. Three soldiers who retreated over a little bridge got into the branches of a tree and had to stay there all night before they could make anyone understand where they were. In their desperate struggles with so desperate an enemy the clothes of hundreds of thousands of Angelinian soldiers were fairly torn from them. At this stage of the battle more soldiers were killed by desperate hand to hand struggles than by long range firing or onslaughts. The largest numbers of soldiers fell in the counter assaults against the enemy on the other three days. Twenty one thousand bodies were taken out of one line of barracks in the early morning after the battle was over and buried. In many instances soldiers who were killed were found wedged in the abatis. They seemed to be in a good state of preservation, except for bullet holes in their chests abdomens or head. Parts of the abatis which were still standing seemed to be backed up with the fallen of both sides and it was like mining to make any kind of a clear space. Here the barracks were crumpled on one side of the works and on the other side untouched, a most remarkable thing considering the terrible power and force of shell fire and cannonading and mine explosions.

From one barracks which was wrecked thirteen thousand bodies were taken. None of these bodies were recognizable, and they were buried in trenches immediately. They were so badly decomposed that it was impossible to keep them until until they could be identified during a blast at the abatis two hundred bodies were almost blown to pieces. The order that was issued for all the dead to be rapidly buried was carried out. Large forces of men being put at work digging trench trenches and the remains of the dead soldiers of both sides were laid away as rapidly as possible possible possible.

General Sirbly Flynn had taken charge of the army of hundreds of thousands of soldiers who were doing a wonderful amount of work. One of the parties who worked at clearing away the dead came across one of the upper stories of a ruined barracks. It was merely a pile of timbers and boards apparently, but small pieces of gray beds from which the clothing had been burned showed the nature of the find. A faint odor of burned flesh prevailed exactly at this spot.

"Dig here boys," said the officer to the men. "There is some body at least quite close to the surface of the wreckage."

The soldiers started with a will. A large pile of army underclothing, and linen was brought up first. Presently one of the men exposed to the surprise of the others a charred lump of flesh and lifted it up on the end of a bayonet. It was all that remained of some poor officer or Angelinian soldier who had met an awful death between sharpened bayonet and fire. The corpse was put on a white cloth, the ends were looped up making a sort of bag out of it, and the thing was taken to the river bank and buried. It probably weighed fifty pounds. This was done in many cases to the bodies burned or not.

The actual loss of life or numbers of lives of this last most terrific battle of the siege will never be known, but over 14,000,000 bodies of the Angelinians were buried within nine days, and these together with the many hundreds of thousands of identified and unidentified corpses which were buried at sea, in the sands along the river beaches, in the company streets or behind the works, those cremated, the hundreds of thousands found along the river shore, on the shores of Wickey Bay, and those taken from the water, and finally all those discovered in all sorts of places, all these served to swell the death list to possibly 17,000,000 which was the probable figure named by General Constantin Aronburg, the tenth day after the big battle. He had every opportunity for obtaining information on this point. Until the awful cremation of all these bodies thus burned, the officers of the many thousands of various burial gangs made lists of the bodies disposed of by their men, but when it became again necessary to burn the corpses, the danger of pestilence being so great that they had to be put out of the way at the earliest possible moment, the compilation of these lists were abandoned, and a mere general estimate made.

The work of clearing away most of the battle wreckage proceeded but slowly, the soldiers in the many gangs added to this being enervated by the intense heat of the sun of October weather, also keened by the effluvia from the decomposing bodies of dead soldiers and horses, and depressed by the gloomy character of their awful surroundings. Most of the men of the refugees were also forcibly employed, many of whom had been in comfortable circumstances before the enemy swept away their belongings. In the majority of these cases the non-combatants who worked, had not only lost their earthly possessions, but comrades and members of their families as well, and were very heartsore and crushed in spirit. In the main, they engaged in this harrowing work, because they wanted to help the besieging armies out in their desperate straits, and for the further reason if not muddled in mind and body, they might possibly go mad.

Despite the facts that the shell fire of the Christians blew up the Thumelina fortifications and the land section of Lucille Ickeen it was a fact that the enemy would never have abandoned Wickey unless blown out if it had not been for the fact that General Manley was compelled to save the rest of the besieged by ordering the general to abandon the city. However the enemy first retired to the seaboard fortifications and from there for two months in every day fighting managed to get down the river and elsewhere out of the city inflicting losses terrible on the Angelinians. It was a peculiar and most astonishing way the enemy were able to abandon the city and half of the rebel army got away while the rest besieged too closely in Angelina Aronburg only held until the city was totally destroyed. The Angelinian army seeing the destruction of the section finally gave way at first and strove to escape, and thus in this way met destruction. Wickey was finally captured, and when the news was heard the whole world rejoiced in a manner that would take a thousand volumes like this to describe. Whistles in all factories blew, flags were displayed in the windows of every house in every city of every nation and immense parades and carnivals were held. Schools closed for a week in honor of the capture of Wickey, which insured the world sorrow was over, and the celebration was made in millions of other ways, like a wild exploding of fire crackers, and at night displays of fireworks and so on. The celebration was beyond description in Angelina, and children even held parades. It was one of the greatest victories in the war and well noted for the commander who won it, General Constantin Aronburg or Whillanberger Zimmermann, after two months of horrible fighting.

CHAPTER FORTY.

CONTINUATION OF THE ARONBURG RUN BATTLE: CONDITIONS OF THE GLANDOLINIAN GOVERNMENT RESOURCES.

BOARDING OF FORTIFICATIONS ALONG ARONBURG RUN.

BURNING OF TOWNS ON ARONBURG RUN. THE LOSS OF BIG NAVY YARDS.

Nearly a year

has already passed away since the last battle of the landico Angelinian, a war had reached up to this last battle of Aronburgs Run and since the many victorious armies of Angelinia had at last begun to bring the rebellion down under their own power with the capt ure of Vivian Wickey, and other important points. We can now hope dear reader in for the ending of this volume that as the preceding months or days pass by and as the reverberating echoes of the great battle of Aronburgs Run that shook the Calverinian and Angelinian country from one end to the other slowly die away that the war with the surrender of Manley will soon have its timely end. The duration of the war had already been fully four years and seven months a little more than half, and though the Christians had really met a severe defeat at Aronburgs Run, and though when it had ended and raged fiercely for two more days and ended with an abrupt defeat for general Hanson and the total retreat of the Christian army under him and other generals and most frightful losses it was nevertheless for certain that the cause for Glandolinia was totally lost.

The main body of Glandolinians who had been pressing the rebellion against his country states in a fierce manner had now found all the resources of his whole nation and his government in Glandolinia and Calverinia in a more deplorable condition than any nation in the world had ever suffered before. From exhaustive means to carry on the wicked rebellion the national treasures were empty, all big banks in the many large cities, and town and villages had gone completely bankrupt and both the army and navy had been placed far beyond reach for immediate use, in Glandolinia, and those in resources in Calverinia, such as Calverina, Vivian Wickey, Evangelina St. Claire and other points upon which the Glandolinians relied upon more than anything else to continue the war were now in the hands of the Angelinians, and half of the number of men in the war had been killed wounded or disabled. Most of all the scores of thousands of war ships, and vessels of various kinds such as transport ships in commission during the war were in the possession of the Christians and those not in their possession were in distant seas and many of the former naval officers being natives of Calverinia and Angelinia had desert ed the Glandolinian flag and joined the Nationals. Also this condition of affairs had been planned and arranged by the many secretaries of the Angelinian Navy and war in the full hopes of rendering powerful powerless and design the enemy may have for preventing the crushing of the wicked rebellion ever written about.

At this time while the Glandolinians now were failing most disgracefully at many places throughout Calverinia, and Aronburgs Run was the only signal but unimportant victory general attention began to be attracted to the main states of Abba Abbaemia further north and Manley who had therefore been victorious and who had pushed general Vivian back for many miles was ordered to leave off of general Vivian and attack the fortress of Eyes Klon at the Abyssinian border where general Francis Hander had recently transferred his large body of troops from Fortress St. Ann because of the threatening aspect of a Glandolinian invasion into Abyssinkilla since the fall of Aronburgs Run. The main question now came up as to the full and quick reinforcing and maintenance of this immense fortress. Once before during the early part of the fourth year of the struggle an attempt had been made to secure this fortress but the Winkie Abyssinkilians learning of the plotted attempts from general Hansons Secretary Secret ary prevented the entry into the border border of an enormous rebel army with artillery and provisions by firing upon it from immense redoubts on Morrison Run.

After due deliberation and notwithstanding the result of this attempt to be performed, by orders of Hanson Vivian who was then retreating from Aronburgs Run the Authorities of both Calverinia and Abyssinkilla decided that the fortress of St. Ann must be maintained and even reinforced. For this purpose an immense squadron of ships by sea and an army by land were sent on the ninth of September fourth year after. Only three of these ships out of a hundred reached the region of the coast line fort because of a great typhoon then raging on the Calverinian seas at that time. It was while these vessels were being tossed about and also being wrecked in the storm that the Glandolinians under an unknown general at that time moved forward to attack the fortress so as to open a way for the invasion of Abyssinkilla. General Hander had attempted to stop the enemys preparations preparations that had been made all around him by heavy firing night and day for weeks but he could do nothing while fortifications and batteries of all kinds were being rapidly erected on all sides and he was powerless to stop the work with his biggest guns. So soon as the strength of the Glandolinian positions in the region of this fortification was as assured the leaders in the work became eager for the fray and the fiercest bombardments of the war in the north began. Scores of thousands of shells, and that many more balls were hurled upon the fort and a fearful artillery contest raged on. Francis replied with all the power he could ever muster but his guns as he had seen before could not injure the fortifications and batteries opposed to him, while the immense lengthy walls and parapets of his fortress were shattered, many guns dismantled, and hundreds of big barracks on fire. For six days and nights more the bombardment continued with unabated fury and the last day of it it was pressed with greater energy. Already the garrison of this Abyssinkilian fort was in a most terrible condition, for they were out of provisions, almost all of the wooden structures housing scores of thousands of men in and out side of the fortification were still afire, and the heat and smoke were so unbearable that the men who survived were compelled to douse themselves in wet clothing to prevent themselves from being singed, and placed wet cloths over their mouths and noses to breathe. The fiercest bombardment continued until the gallant Abyssinkilian defender was compelled finally to raise the white flag and then a conference was held with the Abyssinkilian and Glandolinian commander which resulted as soon as possible in a satisfactory arrangement for the immediate arrangement of the abandonment of the fortress and so on the following morning September 20th the brave defenders of the Abyssinkilian fort were conveyed to the surviving ships on the river near by. From this most important outcome the Glandolinians declared that the war was now good as won and that at last after four years and seven months of hard fighting they have at last succeeded in humbling the Angelinian nation before the whole Christian world. It was believed by the very world itself at that that it was the first time in the knowledge of Abbaemia that the Abbaemian flag had been humbled. The Holy and Pelican Religious Emblem Flag which had never before been lowered to any nation either Christian or wicked before had now been humbled and humbled before the wickedest nation in the world if in the story. It was the first time that any Abbaemian flag had been lowered to an enemy under any conditions whatever.

The next day after the serious Christian defeat at the Abyssinkilian border the fall of the fortress of St. Ann was commemorated by many preachings, sermons, exultant blasphemies and songs and everything else throughout the whole nation of Glandolinia when the news was heard. Every Glandolinian general and all the people and even the Glandolinian King spoke exultantly of the result of that section of the conflict. For over four years the rebels had attempted to capture that most important place and had at last succeeded. However there was a different respect on the side of the Christians. The gallant defense of this fortress on the Abyssinkilian boundary by general Hander received great recognition among the whole of Angelinia and Abbaemia and they all showed their gratitude by substantial tokens, letters which filled his very place of residence so he had no room, presents of all kinds, and the like, and general or Governor general Vivian when he heard of the occurrence at once commissioned the general general, general A. Major general. The result of the cause and battle battle in the north so suddenly seemed coming on again and avowed the Angelinian nation the proper appreciation of the seriousness of the trouble that had come upon them, especially with the serious Angelinian defeat at Aronburgs Run.

Ben Hanson, the main ruler, with his brother, and King Cannon of Abbeonnia, and King Tinner of Abyssinkile who at first had hardly grasped the significance of the fact that Glandelinia though losing her main points one after another was far from being beaten yet had now thrown off all pretensions and after the fall of Fort St Anna had seized hundreds of fortresses, positions, important towns and villages and arsenals within the Abyssinkilian borders was now accused and on the day after the forced evacuation of Fort St Anna Hanson had ordered the Abyssinkilian ruler to at once rescind a proclamation in which he called upon Abyssinkile to resist the intended invasion of the Glandelinians in that location with all their force to protect their own country and prevent Abbeonnia proper from being invaded. From authorities and many other points and from the people in general a loud shout of approval and immense enthusiasm greeted this great call and order throughout all portions of Abyssinkile. Everywhere in Abyssinkile and Angelina and even Abbeonnia and other states millions of pretty colored flags went up everywhere, even in the spires of churches, on tree tops in parks, in catodials and in every window and roof of houses, and myriads of flags were stretched from one side of the streets of every town and city their full lengths, and all the women and children in these countries wore clothing of all brilliant colors and also ornaments and uniforms like flags. Scores of thousands of cannons were fired, and throughout the nation in every convention hall and our churches and other places enthusiastic meetings, addressed by great eloquent orators and even priests, and other persons, every kind of meeting and convention being held in every part of Abyssinkile and Abbeonnia and Angelina.

Throughout Abyssinkile alone the calls of the different authorities for troops in response to Hanson's order brought forth at seven or eight times the number of volunteers called for, and soldiers by countless countless numbers were seen marching toward the border and elsewhere to protect Abyssinkile from the threatened invasion or to resist it in case it could not be stopped or prevented. Immediately upon learning of Hanson's quick and great proclamation the chief of the southern Angelina also issued a call for troops and it was issued with the same force and lively enthusiasm as was so strongly manifested over the call in Abyssinkile. Simultaneously preparations were made by the Abyssinkilian authorities to recapture the immense armory and arsenal in possession of the rebels at the town of Santa Maria in Abyssinkile. Here were stored and in the possession of the enemy ninety million five hundred and ninety thousand muskets, plenty of ammunition for all those muskets and many cannons and even even ammunition for those also. The Glandelinian commander of this post general Roger Starring a Zimmermanian general had learned of the impending danger and so was fully prepared for it. As soon as he heard that about two million five hundred thousand Abyssinkilian militia mostly the fierce intrepid Winkies were on their way with cavalry support and artillery to seize the strong post and were but a mile or so away from the region, he had his troops set fire to the whole town, and his barracks and own encampments and all buildings in the location location, and then escaped with his army across a large railroad bridge spanning the Erinie Run river and retreated into northern Calvernia, and thence to Glenoria. The Winkies were thus prevented from recovering the large quantity of firearms and other provisions and guns they so ardently expected, but they took possession of the abandoned works and fortifications of stone and made it a most important point for future operations against the rebels. Another assault by the Winkie Abyssinkilians was also directed against a large captured Navy yard, St. Elizabeth Run, also on the Erinie Run and was more successful. It contained about twenty two thousand pieces of heavy cannon, a large amount of ammunition and provisions of war, large amount of naval stores, and in the waters around it were hundreds of ships including twenty warships. The post had been before captured by general Aberdeener who for fear the post would be retaken by the Abyssinkilians had the ships and vessels in the river either scuttled or blown up by mines and torpedoes. Just as this had been accomplished, general Starring Sapuldington who recently had been appointed to Aberdeener's place arrived on the scene and ordered the further and entire destruction of all the property at the navy yard of the Abyssinkilians.

But when the Abyssinkilians broke into the strong post they managed after severe fighting with both enemy and fire to save most of the heavy guns, and a good number of the ships. This important post was now recovered by the rebels again. Soon after this a sudden and extra demand for enormous numbers of troops had been made throughout Abyssinkile and Angelina the leaders of the Angelinians themselves throughout the region of war ever, where began active preparations for the overthrow entirely of the whole rebellion, while the Glandelinians themselves simultaneously began to make a last supreme effort for the capture of the National Capitol of Abyssinkile, having failed in Calvernia and Angelina. If they failed here hopes to win the rebellion would be hopelessly lost. The wicked Glandelinian King and even the wicked Manley and many of his generals started the cry anew "On to Angelina, down with Christianity and Angelina!" and it was taken up and resounded throughout all of Calvernia possessed by the Glandelinians and Glandelinia itself. Seeing that most of the Glandelinian forces had been wasted and driven out of Calvernia, and that Manley only remained and as desperado and that Glandelinia had been disastrously invaded several times fresh troops were rapidly marshaled into service in Glandelinia, and all of the orators and Glandelinian books, magazines and all news papers and the like urgently demanded the final effort of attacking Angelina Agathia. One of the Glandelinian papers declared:

"Never in the world or since the rebellion which has already raged for four years and seven months was half of the unanimity among all of our people of Fair Glandelinia before, either still in Calvernia or in Glandelinia nor the trial of the seal upon any Glandelinian subject that is now manifested to make another effort to take Angelina Agathia and drive from it and out of Calvernia and Angelina every black hearted Angelinian and Abbeonnian soldier who have their armies still there. From all of our mountain tops of Calvernia, and Glandelinia, and elsewhere and valleys to the shores of the sea there should be one wild effort and fiercer resolve than there had ever been before to capture Angelina Agathia, the National Capitol of Abbeonnia and to capture it at all human hazard and at any cost."

Indeed the new preparations for the seizure of Angelina Agathia and her outpost cities had been all this while been made in secret and general Hanson, Givian or all of the subjects of Angelina knew nothing whatever of the plans and contemplated attack until then. The forces of the Glandelinians were fully ready to make it, and that was before the great gun had been made to rage. But as at that time many calls for more troops continually had been issued, and in Angelina large armies of men from both Dorothy Gale, and Oona were soon on their way to protect the government city of Angelina State and its rulers and Angelina Agathia in proper.

The first mobilization corps of Dorothy Gale was the first of these to answer the call for Angelina Agathia's protection by sending one of its divisions prepared armies toward Angelina Agathia. Other big armies immediately followed, and on account of its nearness to Angelina Agathia the troops of Dorothy Gale was the first to reach the city of Angelina Agathia. The soldiers from Dorothy Gale met with severe resistance from the retreating Manley army on their arrival at the town of Betsy Bobbin especially from a small section of the Glandelinians whom they encountered unexpectedly, and who in retreating had wished to make all the way a barrier across the pathway of the pursuing Angelinian troops belonging to Hanson, Givian who were coming in two sections from the north and west at the same time, but when the army from Dorothy Gale reached the town of Betsy Bobbin and were marching through the town and reaching a certain place outside of it fully 10,000,000 Glandelinians of the main retreating Glandelinian army had rallied and thinking this new army was a part of Hanson's advancing force assailed the Angelinians furiously. A most severe fight ensued, in which three million of the Angelinians were killed wounded or missing and nine million of the assailants were routed out of the survivors of the rebels. Intense excitement was produced indeed by this tragic battle of Betsy Bobbin, as it was another dreadful shedding of blood close to Angelina Agathia. Upon the arrival of the soldiers in Angelina Agathia they found that all the main communications between that big city and all of Angelina and Calvernia by telegraph, telephone and all railroads and by boat also had been cut off entirely by the retreating enemy and the capital of Angelina was therefore found to be in a most critical condition and the most intense anxiety and fear and ever disencouragement was seen throughout the whole of Angelina for several weeks.

Then the Angelinian Defensive committee held a grand conference and at this conference a sudden plan of action was formed and immediately put into quick operation. More than a million of troops and supplies and provisions were immediately sent forward, and in a very short time the main Angelinian capital was again out of all danger and Manley was still retreating. General Richard Kindermann with a large army of Winkie Abyssinkilian troops opened communication with Angelinia Agathia and many other points by seizing the many railroads between Galverine proper (Galverinia) and the Ark Angelinia capital and taking possession of all points near and around Angelinia Agathia, nine miles from Dorothy Gale. It was now clearly perceived that the number of militia given to protect Angelinia Agathia from the final blow would not be strong enough despite the strength of the forts and fortresses of Angelinia Agathia to cope with the new Glandelinian forces advancing from Glandelinia to be arrayed against Angelinia Agathia and another demand was made on September fourteenth calling for more troops about sixty four million and eighteen million for the navy which was also ordered to cease the defense by water. Angelinia Agathia, Dorothy Gale, and Oona, and also Doty Bohlin and the town of Trot and the Girlknools became great citadels as they were made the rendezvous for all troops concentrating there to defend the capital. Every hour hundreds of thousands of soldiers had poured into those cities or into their defenses, and all the generals and other officers were quartered in the public buildings.

General Manley who had received heavy reinforcements had advanced again and was making hasty preparations to lay siege to Angelinia Agathia. Manley's first step in his plan of siege was to arrange for the erection of a strong line of great batteries of the heaviest and deadliest guns on all the heights in the region of Angelinia Agathia, especially the heights of Carnation ridge, White Rose Hill, and the Mic-Holleston ridge, which commanded a good view of Angelinia Agathia and all the regions near Glorinia and elsewhere where the greatest battle of the war had formerly raged. But before all this work could be started, most of the armies that could find quarters in either the encampments or the towns on account of their immense numbers had taken possession in all their strength of all of those heights and also of Glorinia, the Big Girlknools, and all stretches of Mic-Holleston Run and Harrietia. General Roswell Buster Johnson's Abyssinkilians and other troops were among those armies, and crossed to Glorinia in ships and boats.

Another immense army of soldiers was sent over all the remaining bridges in this region and another across Jennie's Bridge. These latter troops under General Charles Brown erected new redoubts and took possession of all the old works on Carnation ridge and all these new redoubts were built on the spot where General Manley had proposed to erect his own batteries to lay siege to Angelinia Agathia. He found therefore that a siege could not be effected. In the meantime while all preparations for the defense of Angelinia Agathia were being made General Fredrickson Parson had been sent to a portion of the Angelina Run, near Portress Mic-Holleston with a large fleet of armed ships to dislodge a portion of a Glandelinian battery on Blanket Pen. at the near mouth of the Angelina Run where it ran into the Aronburgs Run. This was soon accomplished after a very sharp and bloody engagement in which two ships of the Angelinians were sunk with the loss of all on board. General Parson then came up the same river, and at the branch of St. Anne creek about two miles below Angelinia Agathia, he encountered some more heavy batteries. Another sharp fight took place, with no immediate result. A day later an attack was again made on the same point but the fleet was repulsed with almost annihilation and Parson wounded and two of his aid generals killed with the captains of every ship killed or wounded and the entire number of soldiers and sailors and marines killed or wounded. For all during the time of these last operations around Angelinia Agathia these batteries defied all the Angelinian vessels, and for a time these streams were effectively blockaded.

The attempt to capture Angelinia Agathia opened briskly in the latter part of September. A body of Angelinians was badly routed under general Phillip at the region of Glandelinia (Angelinia) and a little later the same body of Christians received a severe blow from the Glandelinians under general Calmann Shoman at Banderberry creek. The conflict was severe and short. The Glandelinians under general Shoman belonging to Manley's command being one of the best disciplined of the army previous to this had been doing nothing whatever and upon Manley's order it had been therefore ordered to move forward and make a sortie to test the strength of the defenses and to also report to general pin picknellian who was on his way to attack a portion of general Kindermann's army. Shoman's division covered ground in three or four hours and then started to attack the Christian troops under Phillip. They therefore reached the encampments of this army of Christians and in the evening at once attacked it with all the fury they could muster. The defense of the Angelinians was desperate, but they were overwhelmed, their flank was attacked and thrown into confusion and soon the result was a most complete rout, the Angelinians seeking shelter in the wooded region near Dorothy Gale. These movements of Shoman got Kindermann suspicious and caused him to move a portion of his forces from his left and have it take up a position near Mendi on the Erinie creek the scene of general Robert Vivian's defeat by Garamia Vivian his son during the early part of the war.

While all this was going on in the western section of Angelinia Agathia there were stirring events near the Mic-Holleston Dolorine fortifications two miles south of Dorothy Gale. General Manley had been planning to make an effort to capture that stronghold, and general Calmann Shoman was sent down the Blanket Bay Peninsula with an immense force for that purpose, while general Roswell Buster Johnston, in command of a force of Abyssinkilians was taking measures to oppose him. A large detachment of Abyssinkilian troops commanded by general Hropero Vivian and also consisting of a portion of general Harson's Johnson's former army, was sent out from Dorothy Gale to Little Girl Knool where it was arranged by Harson himself they were to be joined by divisions of troops from general Kindermann's command which was composed of both battalions of Abyssinkilian and Angelinian troops and a battery of a hundred light field pieces in charge of general James Cannon, of the regular Angelinian army. At these two columns approached each other the first was attacked by the Glandelinians and routed and dispersed before it had the chance to join the other. The other column under Cannon not knowing of the disaster that had happened continued to march on toward Little Girl Knool the former battle ground near Angelinia Agathia. Here was a large force of Glandelinians two miles from there ready to oppose them. There was a short but very severe engagement, and the Angelinians were badly repulsed. At this bloody battle another friend of the Vivian girls their best one and oldest too was killed—general James Cannon. This defeat of the Angelinians, and the death of so noble a general, and the slaughter of half of his command and a capture of a quarter more greatly alarmed all the people of Angelinia Agathia. It caused the most intense excitement, but other and more important events soon occurred to attract the attention of the Angelinian world.

THE CHATEAU EMBROIDERED

CHAPTER TWENTY.

EXTRAORDINARY SESSIONS OF THE LARGEST CONGRESS IN ANGELINIA
 AGATHIA---GENERAL HANSON AUTHORIZES THE RAISING OF TROOPS OF CITIZENS
 IN ANGELINIA AGATHIA AND ALSO MONTY. WORK OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN THE WAR
 AROUND ANGELIA AGATHIA---CAPTURE OF LITTLE GIRL KNOOL---THE STRUGGLE
 NEAR DOROTHY GALE---THE MISTAKE OF A COMMANDER OF A GLANDOLINIAN FLEET.
 ANOTHER BIG BATTLE AT MONTY---THE WAR ALONG ANCHORAGE RUN---BIG
 ENGAGEMENT NEAR TROP TOWN---BATTLE OF MISCELLAN---DEATH OF GENERAL F. RICHARDSON
 HAS STED---HANSON'S PLAN FOR REACHING THE BEAR F. MARYS LINES AND CUT HIM
 OFF FROM REACHING DOROTHY GALE.

One of the most extraordinary sessions in the world in this history if you please to mention assembled at the Angelinian national capital, and divided into many sections of sessions in other more important buildings than throughout the whole Angelinian country on the nineteenth day of September if that month still exists. It was called by all further titles of Angelinia to take immediate action upon all kinds of cases of saving Angelinia Agathia from capture and to over throw the glandolinian insurrection as soon as possible. The new condition of Calvernia also in her deplorable state had demanded the prompt attention of all the highest and lowest legislatures in the country of Abbeconia. And Angelinia. The full sway of the great war was still in earnest, and matters were to be growing worse instead of better despite the fact that victory was now in the possession of the Angelinians. And to make matters still worse both inside and outside the Angelinians or no capital city plans were being made to cause its capture. General Monty and his at all surviving highest generals, having received reinforcements were coming with a large force of Abbeconians was preparing to march upon the city and sent an expedition against Dorothy Gale and Gama at the same time and to make things doubly worse for general Hanson give in all of the public buildings of Angelinia Agathia, and her own congresses and even in the Popen Vatican unknown to the search and seizure of all kinds were believed to be prowling about bent upon all kinds of deadly and base purposes.

It certainly was one of the most critical times of Angelinia Agathia entirely and the members of the national legislatures throughout all of the Angelinian states responded promptly to the call for the extra session. There were governors of every state, all representatives and every one of extra authority from all of the states of Abbeconia and even in his own efforts general Hanson decided to have all the action that was not actively engaged elsewhere to be concentrated at Angelinia Agathia and her important towns near her no one make the safeguarding in the preservation of the city of Angelinia Agathia a shod and a short and decisive one.

Over the situation at Angelinia Agathia now enthusiasm went fever heat. Men and even children throughout the nation who survived the horrors of the war in Calvernia were aroused as well as women and children in Angelinia and Abbeconia including Abyssinians and even and even girl children demonstrated their heroism and patriotism by leaving homes and loved ones to attend the millions of wounded and dying in the war hospitals throughout the country and old in the camps and even prisoners and preparing line barbed wire and so on. Immense numbers of associations were formed by women for their most benevolent work. At this time having been injured in some other of their own works and also having been taken sick several times since the last experience with the enemy Violet and her sisters and their three girl heroines had been the leader of many of these movements of mercy and who had always given their services to the government of Angelinia and Abbeconia, and scores of thousands of girls following them and even boy and girl scouts gave their own services to Violet and her sisters and their three girl friends gratuitously, all taking or making attempts to organize splendid systems of providing comfort for the so countless sick and wounded soldiers of even both sides. Even though for a while there was no more active activity in Angelinia as yet there were many wounded soldiers everywhere on account of the recent battles just passed

and without receiving any rewards whatever of anything these young girl heroines and Princesses of mercy had already as we know in the day and even night throughout the war far far to spy on the enemy, help the dangerous scouting parties and to work also for the relief of all the soldiers who suffered from wounds or sickness and did all they could to liberate children who were placed, they had now already know went from the battle field to back to field either when the fearful carnage was over or when it still raged, from camp to camp, and also from hospital to hospital, or from town to town and though little girls the Virgin girl Princesses had superintended the operations of the vast army red cross nurses and administering with their very own hands physical comforts of the suffering and soothing the troubled spirits of the invalid or dying soldier with voices low, sweet and attractive and always burdened with words of encouragement, he heartfelt sympathy and even religious consolation. They also had thousands of devoted self sacrificing girls and women and boy and girl scouts all over the land under their supervision serving with equal a zeal in the way of various camps and hospitals of the National army and no greater service was displayed by any amount of Angelinian soldiers in the field than was shown everywhere throughout the war a stricken country by these Angelinians, women, and girl and boy scouts.

While the three glandolinians under general Gaborunda Shoonamda were now gathering near Girl Knool that is little girl Knool awaiting an opportunity to march upon Dorothy Gale first to open a way to the Angelinian capital any many detachments of her army were sent out all along the line of the upper Angelinian gun from Big Girl Knool to Rosa and Topsy on foraging expeditions. And also general Hanson given in Angelinia Agathia was surrounded among the citizens there to save the capital to enlist men there who were not in the army and to raise three hundred and sixty five million dollars for to carry on the resistance for the defense. Hanson proposed to raise the same money by a sudden increase of taxes and so on. These suggestions were carried out at once the city preparing to raise out of its own resources out of fifty million. The hundred thousand more troops for Hanson's purpose and made a appropriation of six hundred million dollars to defray the expenses of the defense of Angelinia Agathia.

In the meantime one of the battles on the foraging expedition came into contact with an Abyssinians, roughest ever passed sharp struggle occurred but the glandolinians were defeated but soon a few hours later returned and captured the small place and also St. Vincent's Church and St. Joseph's Hospital at which latter place many other names after were occurred. Also in the latter part of September general Picknell's glandolinians with ten million men all Abbeconians started out from Dorothy Gale to make an attack upon Little Rosa town, near Girl Knool where general Picknell in charge of the glandolinians at this point had his headquarters. At the same time he proposed to send as a soon as possible four million troops under general Charles Brown toward the same point by way of Tropic town still another division under general Evans proceeded to a point westward of Tropic to prevent general Picknell's glandolinians from joining Monty at Big Girl Knool.

Approaching Little Girl Knool general Gaborunda learned that general Cornace Franklin with a large body of Abbeconians and Abyssinians the most desperate of glandolinian fighters was strongly entrenched in front of Little Rosa town just in the rear of Picknell's position. Fighting to dislodge Picknell's glandolinians before attacking Picknell, Gaborunda sent forward general Howard Gamett with a large force of Abyssinians and glandolinian troops and a large of cavalry also for that purpose. This division took a very difficult route around to that section of the rebel position. Here the glandolinians fought night of their advance and the glandolinian general Franklin with nine hundred thousand men armed with muskets and cannon, attacked the Angelinians fiercely. The battle was a very hot one for the size of the forces contending but general Howard at last succeeded in driving the glandolinians back with great loss and taking possession of the position. The glandolinian general Franklin however soon got his two troops together again and being reinforced was about to make a fierce attempt to retake the lost ground when he heard of the swift approach of general Kindorne and so disappeared in the following night without waiting to be attacked. Attacked. Kindorne however pursued so hard that he succeeded in catching up with him and compelled him a surrender with six hundred thousand men. Being thus left unprotected general Picknell also began to withdraw in the darkness.

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ABOUT the middle of the month of September general Sam Calamania phocammia with his main force of glaudelintians consisting of six-hundred-thousand, Gamarine, and gannaromianians and a gargoylian navy force supported by heavy artillery moved northwest in the direction of Longdon and Rooblen; an important position in a long curve of the six-hundred-lun River bay. It was garrisoned by about three million Angelintian troops under general J. m. j. Jones fielding; phocammia reached its vicinity two days later and immediately besieged it with about twenty milli-
million men. This was on the twenty seventh of September and although general
general fielding was already supplied with heavy guns and provisions and ammunition to sustain a siege he gallantly defended the post against the overwhelming numbers until the morning of the twenty eighth when through the sheer destructio-
of the fortress he was compelled to surrender. General Hannon vividly h immediately sent an army of more than thirty million men to relieve this terrible disaster to
the christian cause by driving general Phocammia and his men out of the
region. This army moved in five long columns supported by artillery under generals
Gunderide, Francis punner, ghapharna Brown, Anderson punner and Greathunter. It was
composited by one hundred and eighty six heavy guns and one thousand men al small
guns. General Hannon declared t his generals and to the government of Angelinia
Arathla his plans were to go right through the glaudelintian army to porothy Gale.

While the battle ships fired heavily on Trot the troops landed 1 near
Cathlington and at once attacked that post. Although this post had been
reinforced by several black Brooks, the Angelinos troops managed to capture it after
a very severe combat, but owing to a very heavy fire of artillery from a large
line of bluffs at Little Trot, they were unable to hold it and soon withdrew 1
with captured rebels, and horses and artillery. General Amador Haddon commanding
the forces at Little Trot immediately opened his heaviest batteries of guns upon
them and tried to cut off the retreat of the christians with a large body of fire h
troops that he sent against them across the water. Although again there was a most
severe struggle general Evans managed to fight his way back to his transports and
his force finally escaped under cover of the fire from the long line of thirty eight
batt ships. The loss in the engagement was fifty thousand Angelinos and sixty
thousand Glanclians. The situation in western Angelina Arabia which seemed to
have now been crushed was renewed several da a later. General Ambrose Edwin Fuller
was then in full charge of the forces led by Mitchell and Ghosman. is main
headquarters were at Blank Brook in Owen county. Plans were so carefully made by which
general John Floyd quaker was to drive general Glanclians across the river, and
Ghosman was to disperse the main army under general Glanclians, successor of
the general throatshot who fell earlier in the war at Genshaly and in this way
make possible upon this a final desperate assault upon On Owen town.

A few more vigorous movements on the part of the Angolinian troops in the western region of Dorothy Gale soon put an end to the enemys attempts in that part. Also late in September a strong expedition composed of eighty glandelinian transports, and fo forty eight warships, under Admirals and Generals leaving about nine hundred thousand land troops commanded by general Isner Mylats left the rear of Manleys encampments and positions for the planket Bay Inlet at the main entrance to which off the north Angolinia Agathia river coast the Angolinians had erected two immense rock redoubts or forts of earth and stone. By a desperate assault on these forts by both land and water Isner Mylats succeeded in capturing them without much loss to either side in killed or wounded. A portion of general Pensils Omarians division with their commander was left to garrison the captured position, and the expedition returned to Manleys rear to guard it two days after this another expedition was sent out from the rear of Manleys lines. This was composed of fifty big glandelinian dradnaughts, and many transports commanded by Admiral Anterton, and one hundred and fifty thousand troops under general Isner Mylats again. After passing through a severe tempest of shot and shell from fortifications erected on the shore all of the vessels with the exception of two warships and ten transports which had been wrecked gatgathered at the entrance toward the outlet of Angolinia Agathia junction between the waterways of Dorothy Gale and Osmas. The entrance to this sound of the river was guarded by six immense christian batteries, while within the streams wasto big flotilla of armed warships commanded by Admiral Tainbell, late of the glandelinian navy, who had before the outbreak of the war composed the Angolinian cause. On the morning of October the first Isner Mylats silenced the six batteries after a most tremendous cannonading and attacked and drove the christian fleets into more shallow water. The glandelinian troops then took possession of the batteries and the neighboring islands in the river so that at the close of September already it began to be ascertain that the glandelinia glandelinian authority was again supreme over the river islands from Aronburgs Run to the mouth of that river. At the same time at the advising of Hanson vivian Conventinian Aronburg assumed command of all the armies of Angolinia Agathia as the forces around her and her towns were called after the other battle of Girknool. He had throughout the ar been so popular that when a few months afterwards general Kindernine resigned his place as general in chief of the armies on account of wounds and ill health, Conventinian Aronburg was appointed to that very office. All the time already he had been at work reorganizing the great armies there especially the one which had been shattered by the second terrible blow at Mambi.

The success of General Insu Mylsoke in capturing important posts near Angelinia Agathia soon caused the fitting out of a third naval expedition. And it was also about this time that the whole country was stirred up over the capture of two Angelinian generals on their way to Angelinia Agathia down the Aronburgs run river. On September the last General Noro viviania and wionstia who had been appointed to come to Angelinia Agathia to take command of armies there

sailed from Ozma town for Dorothy Gale. After reaching there they embarked for Angelinia Agathia in the Abyssinian trap transport November intending to go to Angelinia Agathia in the regular way for that important river port. Soon after the November sailed the glandelinian warship Jacinto Tantermergo stopped near Dorothy Gale for the purpose to fire some shots into the town and her captain Evans Floyd learned of the movements of the two christian generals on the ship coming toward his warship. He at once went after the November and overhauling her demanded the delivering delivery of the two Angelinian generals. the two generals refused to leave the ship under any conditions. The ship was therefore bombarded and it was compelled to strike the white flag and the whole crew including the two brave generals were compelled to surrender. They were taken on board the glandelinian warship, and conveyed to the Manleys lines where they were placed in one of the prison camps as prisoners of war. Indeed while this deliberate act was loudly applauded by the glandelinians everywhere the Angelinian governments throughout the nation called it a wicked outrage and followed up a peremptory demand for the release of the two generals held prisoners by preparing to enforce the demand by shooting down all glandelinian prisoners held in Dorothy Gale. But their preparations came to naught for acting upon the principal that the two generals at the time were sailing under a neutral flag, and that a ship is protected by its general Manley allowed the generals to be released. This affair in indeed caused a great deal of excitement in the whole world but it soon subsided. At the same time a third expedition was or had been prepared for an attack upon the fortress at Beldon gun. This consisted of two hundred warships commanded by Admiral Goldilocks and bearing six hundred and sixteen thousand troops under general Ambrose Edwin Frustrance. The fleet left Manleys main rear of the river positions on the eleventh of October for the region of Beldon gun and its fortresses and Paulice Bend on the river coast. Indeed Beldon gun was strongly fortified with many glandelinian batteries and earthworks and fortresses commanding the small strw stream on either side but in possession of Angelinians under general Sewell Ant chustz. An attack of great violence was made upon these works, batteries, and fortifications the first week of No October. General Goldilocks took a fleet of a hundred and seventy ships into the river and opened on the batteries. These broadsides received a heavy response from the batteries and from a fleet of merrimacs and rams and gunboats and two warships commanded by Commodore Linch. The bombardment lasted for a full day and night without ceasing and the next morning about a hundred thousand troops were landed on the shore. Later in the morning these troops led by general Foster attacked a strong line of works and entrenchments that stretched across the shore. The redoubts one after the other after desperate fighting were captured although the Angelinians, far inferior in numbers, made a most gallant defence and shot down scores of thousands of their assailants. A particularly brave stand was made in the last redoubt but through a most furious charge by general Hawthorne's Zimmoannians they were compelled to beat a hasty retreat before the enemy, and sub it to capture after another but short fight. Thus Beldon gun passed into the hands of the glandelinian forces and Angelinia Agathia was nearer approached by the rebels than ever before in the war. Other portions of the shore line near here included including two works near Dorothy Gale were speedily captured after sanguinary fighting. Indeed these losses produced great depression throughout the region of Angelinia Agathia and the whole nation itself as it opened a way by which both Dorothy Gale and Angelinia Agathia might be successfully attacked and captured by the rear.

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO BUTTON-TWO-SHOE PLEASE. 43

AMBROSE FULLER DRIVEN INTO MUMBI---BATTLE OF COLERIDGE---GENERAL MITO-RAE STANCKS BRAVERY---BATTLE OF EUGENE---AMBROSE FULLER TRANSFERRED TO THE WEST OF ANGELINIA AGATHIA---SIEGE AND CAPTURE OF FORTS KINGSLEY AND TURNER. THE ASSAULT ON FORTRESS TERNYSONIA---COMELY FLIGHT OF TWO WICKED GLANDELINIAN GENERALS AND THEIR TROOPS---UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER OF A CHRISTIAN ARMY AND ITS GENERAL---ANGELINIAN RETREAT FROM CHAMBERLAINE---CAPTURE OF OUTER WORKS NEAR DOROTHY GALE---BATTLE OF ST I VESIVES....

NOW WHEN general Concentinian Aronburg Gertrude Angelines uncle assumed main command of the Angelinian armies under Hanson's instructions he placed general Robert Gustaf Johnston Heller in charge of a very large body or army of Abyssinian troops to oppose general Ambrose Fuller who had received large reinforcements from a portion of Manleys army and gathered them together in the region of S. Gouri. General Heller indeed did his work right well, acting with great vigor and also with great skill. By a number of sharp effective blows here and there during small battles he succeeded in preventing other reinforcements and organized Omurian troops from joining A. Ambrose Fuller, and soon compelled the latter to withdraw toward Mumbi for supplies, ammunition reinforcements and safety. General Ambrose Fuller however receiving more and more reinforcements soon moved back toward Dorothy Gale with the purpose of threatening it and was preparing to form strong encampments near there, when Concentinian Aronburg's troops under general S. R. Denby Hindale Joice, Jacksonia Andrew, Cannon Zoe R. ae, and Phelan cannon drove him away after a series of severe battles and hundreds of skirmishes in a weeks time and forced him back again with great loss into Mumbi. This small campaign beginning in September and lasting a week had indeed been very active, sixty or seven severe but small durated battles and hundreds of skirmishes having been fought. This loss on both sides during this weeks campaign in killed wounded and prisoners was considered to be about 12,000,000. When general Gustaf Heller had driven the glandelinians under Ambrose Fuller into Mumbi he encamped in a strong position in the vicinity of Coleridge. In the meantime general Ambrose Fuller had been joined by general Earl Rodney Cannon who brought with him from the south of Mumbi, generals Stanck Hanson, Jinjur Hansen and McIntosh Judas Cannon if you please. General Rodney Cannon took personal command of these immense forces which he believed to number about twenty five million men and immediately led them out to cut off general Concentinian Aronburg's encampments. General Concentinian Aronburg learned through his numerous scouts and also boy scouts and signal corps of the approach of this vast division of glandelinians and at once concentrated his own immense army in the Luna valley near Coleridge so that on the morning of October Seventh general Rodney Cannon had by a flank movement gained Concentinian Aronburg's rear. He found that general's army in strong battle array. Generals Denby Joice, and Jacksonia Andrew commanding the first second and third division divisions of Abyssinian troops were on the left of Concentinian Aronburg's army, general Cannon Zoe R. ae in the centre was with the third division, and the fourth and fifth and also sixth and seventh was under Phelan Cannon which formed the right. The line of battle extended for fourteen miles and was one of the fiercest contests yet. The contest had opened toward morning of the eight day of October and continued throughout the whole day with fearful fury and intensity, without either side gaining the slightest advantage or losing any of their positions. The losses on both sides were tremendous. Stanck Hanson and Judas Cannon being among the killed and Ambrose Fuller and Jinjur Hansen was wounded. At night both armies rested on their arms while general Aronburg Homer succeeded general Fuller who had been severely wounded.

and wounded and the other side about three times the number.

During this time the war was also kindling in the region of kittens.

Joachim's ones were near the Christian armies commanded by general John P. Phelan.

These and most desperate attempts were made to take possession of that point by the Glandelinians. General H.H. Aronburg Federal, a Mic-Hollestonian if you please with two million three hundred thousand Mic-Hollestonians and ten million Zimmermanians and Scoodlers, met of them rough Gln Glandolinian cowboys and rangers attempted to move against the fortified territory in early October. Hal Having such a strong force of Glandolinians as it was heretofore utmost confidence of success and march marched slowly toward Fort Herdrude on the "Little Rio Grande to attack general general John H Thomas Phelan's army of Angelinians. But finding that general and his big army ready to meet him on good ground, and having only light field pieces, and no cavalryband having an insecure position he retreated to the Aronburggun and took up a strong position out of reach of that force. Then by a series of fierce skirmishes he managed to draw general Phelan and his troops out. The latter began advancing on the Angelinian Comde Confederates, whom a large body of fierce Scoodler Glandelinians horse and foot, armed with guns of all sorts and bowie knives and bayonets and supported by artillery mostly machine guns burst from their positions in a thick wood and charged furiously and with utmost desperation on ten of the Angelinian batteries commanded respectively by generals Adiraas Jenton and George George Erpet. Although the fierce attack of the Glandelinian cavalry was driven back with dreadful slaughter, the Scoodler infantry bravely pressed forward through a hurricane of grapeshot, shell, balls, bullets, and captured the battery under general Mac-rae Stanck. The gallant defender defended the line of a hundred guns as long as possible but was shot dead while trying to hold his guns at their positions and while also sitting astride a cannon and fighting obstinately against his assailants with a pistol. The remainder of the Angelinian soldiers hard pressed by the Zimmermanians and Mic-Hollestonians coming to the support of the Scoodlers soon broke and fled to the shelter of the Fort. General Aronburg Federal being severely wounded during the bloody fray did not follow up his victory but hurried to his positions at Gloriana Santa Fe' which he also captured after a desperate struggle in the afternoon but could not hold on account of the desperate condition of his army of and of his own wounds. He was the day later driven out of the region.

the day later driven out of the region.

Als o the region of the southern and western section near Dorothy Gale was also at this time held by an immense army, of Scoodlers and Winkie Zimmermanians under general Purgatorian Bicknell, an able landelinian officer, and veteran soldier who had served for a long time. When general Manly Manley had made up his mind to capture Angelina Agathia at all at risks general Purgatopian Bicknell had had relieved from his superior a large force of Scoodlor Zimmermanians, Omarians and yic-Hollesstinians at Boppe Lamsin Green and strengthened all of the positions of general Ambrose Fullers at Mombi and Jennie's Brige Bridge. Right across this region r extending toward Dorothy Gale were a series of fortified posts d fending all approaches toward Dorothy Gale and Ozma, the most important of which were Fort Kingslay, on a bend of the Aronburge Run, and Fort Urmuranna on the Angeline Run. At the same time His Excellency general James Gacon O-rief had a very large force of Angelinian troops at Kittans picherts and other points, and had strengthened various advanced posts to hold the foe back from Dorothy Gale. He had altogether about nearly one hundred and fourteen million men at his command. They were arranged in four immense armies under many great generals but commanded personally and respect ively by Major generals Kindernino Cornose, Germaine picharsson, Joe Jennings Calman Hodges and Thomas L. Allenberger and aid ed by a hundred brig adier commanders and other officers of low and high rank.

This immense army occupied a long irregular line across the whole region near Dorothy Gale almost parallel with that of the immense army of Glandelinians. On October the seventh general James Aronburg with a large army of infantry and cavalry went out and dispersed a larger force of Scoddler glandelinians under general Humphrey Zimmermann, and Marshall Aronburg at Kettleleaf on a slight ford of the Aronburgs run stream. For his great gallantry on this occasion general James Aronburg was commissioned a captain general. A few days later October ninth an important battle was fought with savage fury at Caruso Grove near Kittens Richerts Run on the borders of the Mid-Hollerster Run River. General Thomas Phelan was sent there with his army to immediately attack the strongly entrenched glandelinian encampments, then in charge of general Purgatorian Bicknell. The glandelinians here led in person by general Honsie Kilschchild came out in strong force to meet him. The two forces met on the morning of October the ninth and a severe conflict ensued with infantry and artillery and raged all day long with such fury and savagery that it appeared to be a wholesale massacre of troops of both sides. General Kilschchild was shot dead and his army cut to pieces and defeated with total rout. They fled into the region of Mombi in total rout and utmost confusion. This staggering blow indeed was a great and most telling one on the glandelinians indeed. It broke a good part of their line before Dorothy Gale and soon made possible a series of movements by which they were soon driven out of that whole region entirely and also from Mombi. It also aroused them to the aid of Ambrose Fuller who had been severely wounded in the battle he had fought last. They therefore transferred him to the far west of Angelinia Agathia appointing general Inner Hylates to succeed him in Mombi.

After the important victory at Caruso & Grove the glandelinians in an endeavor to strike back started an expedition against fort Kingsley and Fort Murseranna. One hundred and twelve warships assisted by gunboats, merrimacs, and rams armed with heavy ten inch guns, and assisted also by submarines and immense fire rafts placed under the command of Admirals Foster and James Gander was arranged. A portion of this fleet which was also protecting all points of Manleys lines by water gathered in force on the Aronburg gun river, October Twelveth a few miles below fortress Kingsley while a large force of glandelinian troops of all sorts commanded by generals Child Stangle, Strangle, and Child Scandle who assisted him, were landed by a long line of hundreds of transports. The fort was armed with two thousand nine hundred and seventeen guns, and was in charge of general Jack Aronburg Aronburg Perishington. Generals Foster and Gander arranged to strike the big fortress Kingsley simultaneously. Part of the immense land force were quickly sent up the opposite side of the stream to make an attempt to capture fort Marcello while the others would make efforts to proceed to gain a point or section between forts Kingsley and Murseranna. Before these troops reached their destination however Foster Berne by a heavy bombardment from his fleet of glandelinian warships compelled the quick surrender of fortress Kingsley after its guns had been silenced and the fortress laid in ruins and all its barracks and camps set on fire. The large garrison had made a gallant and desperate defense but were forced to give in at the end of two daytimes. Fortress Marcello was also captured without a struggle.

struggle.]
indeed by their sagt captures of forts Kingsley and Mare Marcellio on the stretch
of the main Aronburgs river the Landelinians indeed had at last gained very
formidable and most important pos posts belonging to the Angelinians and it also
gave the Landelinian armies and their fleets strong holds upon all the vicinities
of fortress Murmerannia and a good position in the rear of Gloriantja
on the Mid-Hollesler run. Being forged on by Manley the generals determined to
follow up the advantages they had gained by a an attack upon fortress Murmerannia on the
right bank of the Aronburgs run, near Dorothy Gale. Two divisions or armies under
generals Child sta Strangle,, Child Scangle and Pickadee Powad left fortress
Kingsley for fortress Murmerannia on the morninf morning of 16 October the twelfth
1915. Other divisions in charge of general Goodhead were left behind to hold the
vanquished forts. Thus Child strangle and his two immense armies arrived in the
region of the famous fortress the same evening and went into camp to
await the arrival of the fleets. Then upon looking over the situation general
Child stan strangle Child Strangle decided finally to send for general Powad and his
army of troops.

They arrived at noon on the thirteenth of the same month and Commodore or Admiral Footer and Gander having arrived with their fleets the attack on Port Tumeramnia was soon begun at eight o'clock on the following morning, by all the Glandelinian ships and armed transports all firing upon the water batteries, shore batteries and floating batteries of the Christian in the water. They did little damage despite the fact that the cannonading was most tremendous and the noise deafening and hocking for scores of miles while the Glandelinian fleet received such a tremendous pounding and so many were sunk, with dreadful loss of killed and wounded Glandelinians that Admiral Footer was compelled to withdraw. The stream was fairly clogged with sunken ships and floating wreckage and dead bodies and was a horrible scene indeed. The Admiral was compelled to hasten back to a portion of Manley's rear for repairs for ships damaged of the arrival and to bring up a larger naval force under Izner Myletze. In the meantime after having made twenty desperate assaults by land and having been repulsed with frightful loss every time, General Child Strangle decided to wait. That night the Angelinian generals held a council. The fort was in command of general Perish Portland, assisted by generals Germaine Richardson, and Floyd Stern.

On the suggestion of general Stern it was decided finally as the only way to save the garrison from capture and also the fort to make a desperate sortie the very next morning and rout or destroy the besieging Glandelinian armies, or cut through though through it and escape to Ozma or Dorothy Gale. So at four o'clock in the early morning generals Mic Hardson, Stern, and Allenburger Stanck started out, the former to strike the Glandelinian army on the right under general Richardson Purgatorian and the latter to engage the other wings of the rebels.

Indeed general Richardson's attack was quick and most vigorous and in a short time with their general killed the Glandelinians thus attacked gave way excepting general John Francis's division on the extreme left. This gallant stand with the assistance of light and heavy batteries of artillery of general Mack Brooks, Mic-Alister Mic-Whirther, and Dressed Turn made the Christian line feel recoil horrified over their great losses. But being reinforced it soon resumed the attack and put the whole of the besieging Glandelinian army in peril. General Stranglechild was then called beaching for help and he at once threw his own troops to the front and repelled the Angelinian forces with such fury and persistent effort that after a hard struggle the forces of generals Richardson, and Stern were compelled to fall back to their trenches with their two leaders killed.

During the fierce struggle the attack of the attacking forces the strength of the attacking forces had led two Glandelinian generals to see or fear that the Glandelinian army was liable to be crushed in a short time and fearing the consequences to themselves in case the siege would be broken and the Glandelinian army totally defeated and probably themselves captured they turned over most of their own commands to general Stranglechild and under cover of a smoke fog caused by the tremendous firing of both sides which was so thick objects could not be seen for fifty feet at times as if there was a forest fire, these two generals and a number of their troops cowardly deserted their own companions in arms and fled. One of these generals took a part of his army with him up the river toward Mombi in a small fleet of steamships and transports, while his assistant escaped to his own army under general Washingtonville. Indeed soon after the two commanders who had so acted so cowardly were at once suspended from their respective commands by the government of Glandelinia still in Calvernia.

Indeed sad to say at a very early hour the next morning general Perishington was compelled to request the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of surrender. The reply of the rebels was something like general Grants to general Puckner at Fort Donaldson but sterner nevertheless the Federal general of the Angelinians at Port Tumeramnia had to accept to an abrupt unconditional surrender which came speedily. One million one hundred and thirty five thousand men were thus captured, besides three hundred thousand horses mules and cattle, one hundred and forty eight big field pieces, one thousand one hundred and seventy five heavy guns, twenty million muskets, and the most most immense quantity of military stores the enemy had ever yet captured during the war. The loss was estimated at about twenty two thousand two hundred and thirty eight killed and one million wounded on the Angelinian side, and twelve thousand

seven twelve thousand four hundred and forty six killed and two million one hundred and seventy five thousand on the Glandelinian side. And the battle only lasted half a day if it say go and get your pay. When general Ambrose Edwin Fuller who lay in a bed wounded at Mombi heard of the fall of the fort he was jubilant while the Christian general Kindernins having also heard of it immediately ordered other generals to make desperate efforts to retake it but fearing danger and disaster general Concentinian Arnburg the wise ordered an immediate evacuation of Chamberlaine and ordered the main troops also from Big Girlknool and Kittenoricherts and to go and retreat toward Dorothy Gale. The big forces of troops therefore in their former places retreated to Dorothy Gale but being rapidly pursued by a part of general E. Perkins army of Scoddlers and Gargoylians, under general Jackson, London they were not able to reach Dorothy Gale and was forced to retreat further northward in another direction. Thus all forts ten miles from Dorothy Gale, and the Girlknools and Kittens Pischerts fell into possession of the wicked Insurgents October twenty sixth. Thus that portion of the region of Dorothy Gale was almost entirely free of all Christian troops.

At the same time however great and stirring events had been occurring on the Angelinian Anline river Mombi and Farewell Island were still occupied by mostly Angelinians who had fled there from the forts having been taken in desperate assaults in which Ambrose Fuller almost got captured before he and his troops were compelled to flee for Manley's lines. These two posts were therefore commanded by general Phedang Phelan Gannon and Gusto Heller also being in charge of general Hindale St. Clare. Thus while Admiral Footer and his aiding admiral had been preparing for a siege and attack of those two Christian forts Kingsley and Tumeramnia general Johnston Vivian dispatched from Kitten Gander by general Shoemanna drove the Angelinians back again from Mombi and the whole stretch of the little Erminie Creek in one of the wildest and most extensive battles in that location raging for two days, and as the defeated Christian forces fled northward and took refuge on Farewell Island on the river that next became the chief object of the next attack of the Glandelinians. This island for many years in possession of Angelinia had been for those years very strongly fortified by the Angelinian government so that when on the morning of October the sixteenth Admiral Footer and Gander with the combined fleets of others and with the aid of generals Izner Myletze and Luis Tumeran opened upon it with heavy guns and mortars no apparent effect was made for a long time, and ships of the Glandelinians were badly damaged and some sunk. However then the rebels began a siege and while the siege was going on general Johnston Vivian at the suggestion of general Izner Myletze had canals and passageways cut from two big bends of the river near two other islands across the neck of a fortified peninsula and bridge work to the vicinity of Mombi where general Johnston Vivian's immense Glandelinian army was encamped. This was made to open passageways for the Glandelinian army of troops and the attacking fleet so that they might flank the Farewell Island and insure its downfall and capture. Six canals had to be made by hundreds of thousands of troops and were about six miles long and was completed after much hard labor and efforts and under heavy fire in twenty seven days. Also while awaiting assistance from general John Vivian Admiral Footer determined to get a much better position so as to give his guns chance for more deadly and effective work. For this purpose an expedition of composed of Scoddlers troops and Scoddlers and Gargoylian marines and bravely supported by the fire of the fleet was sent on November the first to capture seven formidable redoubts on the Erminie Creek shore. This was indeed successful after a tremendous two days battle which field was twenty miles in extent and in which enormous numbers fell on both sides in killed and wounded and on the night of November the third after still harder fighting in a raging rainstorm they took another, but in the engagement generals Josie Gannon, James Gaten, Julio Hellig, James Ball and Jed Jeff of the Glandelinians were killed and general Izner Myletze who led the assaults in person with general Johnston Vivian were severely wounded.

This fourth battle of Mombi had been a tremendous three days deathstruggle but it was a glorious and successful one. At the same time the long line of redoubts at Mombi shore were taken. Admiral Footers fleet attacked down the river firing tremendous broadsides and fired a most tremendous cannonading ten miles in extent from all the many christian batteries on the shore to the assistance of general Johnston. This daring feat though it cost the loss of ten ships was successfully accomplished after three days fierce cannonading and the big fleet of glandelinian ships were recovered with the wildest juzzes by the glandelinian troops now in possession of Mombi again. This passage of the glandelinian fleet and the completion of the mission showed general Shme Shoemannia that the seizure of Farewell Island must soon end in disaster for the christians so he took command in person of Johnston's army which was leaderless and in bringing up his own, immediately pressed the assault. Also realizing that the island would soon fall general Gustor Heller immediately turned over the command of the besieged fortifications to general George Gall, and the troops on the river shores to generals Hindale St. Clare and Phelan Cannon and with a large number of his best soldiers and many officers departed for Dorothy Gale to check the movements of the main Shoemannian goodies and Omani troops through Middle Erminie Junction toward northern Angeline gun and Aronburgs gun. The next day the other three christian generals made fierce attempts to escape from the besieged islands with their troops and artillery. They were stopped by a portion of general Shoemannias forces under general Ball Factor, and cut off from escape by the goodies under general Faine Glass, and Mann Shaggyton and so Farewell Island, with the troops, all the shore batteries, ships and transports and large numbers of artillery and supports on the main land fell into the hands of the wicked insurgents on November the eighth. More than seven million men were surrendered prisoners of war to the wicked Angolinian rebels and among the spoils of victory were 11,432 cannons, and eight hundred centimeter guns and twenty seven mortars, seven million small arms, many thousands of horses, twenty thousand mules, forty four great steamships, large amounts of ammunition and a baggage train of wagons which could have extended for forty miles on a road so many wagons there were. The fall of this stronghold indeed was a most tremendous blow to the Angolinian cause, and as it happened so near Angolinia Agathia it produced wide spread alarm throughout the whole christian world when the news was heard.

It now also seemed very probable that general Shoemannias plan to capture Dorothy Gale and her main defending fortifications would be carried out. General Shoemannia had totally broken the power of the Angolinians in the western section of Angolinia Agathia at the battles of Little Arknool, and then another great glandelinian force had pushed its way up by main force all the way up the Aronburgs gun and Erminie Creek toward Mombi and gained important victories on the right and left bank of both streams not many miles from Dorothy Gale. After the battle of Little Arknool general Shme Shoemannia had marched in a northwesterly direction and encamped near Mombi.

General Shme Shoemannias army at the beginning of the middle of November was encamped between Mombi and the town of St. Ives on the left bank of the main Erminie Creek and close to Jennie's Bridge which crossed the creek near by. General Shoemannias objective point now to attack with the purpose of capture was Dorothy Gale the most important position and encampments near Angolinia Agathia. Its capture would open a direct approach to Angolinia Agathia and the seizure of this fair Angolinian town would give the Angolinian rebels control of all the main great railroad communications between the Aronburgs and Mic-Hollester Run rivers and all the northern parts of Calvernia and Angolinia and the vician key region once more. It would also allow the troops to give material aid to all of general Johnston Manleys fleets and to help Admiral Footers and general gene general Inner Mylete in the plans they were then making to capture Mombi by water and land. So while general Calmanuia Shoemannia was then encamped a large force of over forty four million Abyssinkilians, Abyssinkians and Angolinians, unknown to him or any of his generals had crept up from Ozma town to within a few miles of Mombi and were close to Jennie's Bridge. This force was in command of general Richard Jindernine, and assisted by generals Charles Brown, Jack Evans and John Evans and Picknell.

They however decided to await the arrival of general Bernard Gannin Proville and also general William Mic-Hollester who were also approaching Mombi with a large force from Dorothy Gale before attacking the Shoemannian camp, but learning that general Johnston Manley Manlet was on its way to immediately join general Calmanuia Shoemannia, and knowing that the latter was utterly ignorant of the near presence of his christian enemy it was resolved to strike the glandelinians a telling blow before dawn the following day.

The immense glandelinian armies indeed had been just aroused from slumber on the morning of November the sixth when it was startled by the wild cry of pickets rushing in to the camps with the alarm of the approach of the Abyssinkilians. To make it more startling the animals of the forests such as deer, rabbit, and other game fleeing before the advance of the attackers entered the rebel camps panic stricken.

The violent assault was opened by a furious attack by general Glybourn-Halsted's six divisions on general Mic-Hollester's troops stationed in the woods near Jennie's Bridge. The Angolinians dashed into the camps fighting desperately through it, setting all the tents on fire, blowing up ammunition storehouses, and setting immense cities of army barracks on fire thus filling the region with smoke like a gigantic and extensive forest fire. The glandelinians fought as desperately as they could but the Abyssinkians being fiercer drove the half dressed, and half armed glandelinian troops before them into utmost panic.

General Mic-Hollester's Aberdeen division which was planted across the road, and meadows near Dorothy Gale, was next attacked. The troops were driven into their barrack barracks, and routed out by both cannons and fire, and finally his main line after fighting like demons in the burning camps, and fire set woods for four hours and inflicting wholesale losses on the christians finally gave way before the onslaught and he and all his followers being finally trapped were made prisoners. The Abyssinkilians supported by others pressed on flushed with victory and amid fiery fires started by them in the camps, and amid dreadful losses for both sides a fierce general struggle raged for the distance of twenty miles. For eighteen hours and a half the battle raged, with the glandelinians being steadily pressed back from one work to another teeming with dead and wounded. Terrible was the slaughter on both sides. General Mic-Hollester's Aberdeen of the glandelinians and general Richardson's divisions of the Angolinians being killed. However at length when night set in the whole glandelinian army was pushed back from the Aronburg gun and Erminie Creek rivers in that section for ten miles and the bloodiest day at that section so far was fairly won by the Angolinians. For ten miles from St. Ives toward Mombi, within sight of both Dorothy Gale, and Ozma and even wittens Liecherts could be seen a vast sea of dead and wounded of both sides. Still the glandelinian though driven back held their positions, and during the night were reinforced by the arrival of a portion of Manleys army, and a division under general Lewis Mellenwater.

On the next morning the fight was suddenly renewed with redoubled violence by an attack of general Mellenwater on the main left wing of the Angolinian forces, which was in charge of general Robert Jivian himself, he having come up in the night with extra Angolinian forces to take personal command since the loss of general Jindernine his best friend. The other various glandelinian divisions soon joined in and although the Angolinians fought bravely and most desperately they were soon driven back all the distance they had won on the day before and at length fled in confusion toward Dorothy Gale nine miles away. They lost at least ten million, while the glandelinian loss in killed and wounded and prisoners amounted to 13,000,000.

Soon what was left of general Jindernine's ragged and leaderless army soon afterwards fell back into Dorothy Gale's great mobilization camps and general Calmanuia Shoemannia would have pursued it and in its weak condition probably captured it and moved immediately upon Dorothy Gale had not general Leonia Meldonia Picknell his superior come up just then from Manleys army with his own army and ordered general Shoemannias army to rest itself for a while. This gave the disorganized and beaten christian forces a chance to reorganize and make themselves ready for another desperate battle.

GENERAL CALMANITA SHOEMANNIA TAKES GRACE DARLING---A TREMENDOUS AND MOST DARING RAID NEAR DOROTHY GALE---CAPTURE OF ST ANNA---GLANDELINIAN VICTORY AT NEW GALER---SEIGE AND FALL OF FORTRESS BURNS---BRILLA BRILLIANT AND SUCCESSFUL PLANS FOR THE TAKING OF CLORNTA---A REWARD OFFERED FOR GENERAL SHOEMANNIA'S CAPTURE---DISAGREEMENT OF GENERAL'S MAILET AND LACHTA---WISCONSIA BICKNELL---BATTLE OF GLAND-BORN---OPENING OF A DESPERATE CAMPAIGN ON THE ARONBURG RUN PENINSULA---BATTLE OF TRA-KETLE RUN---GENERAL JONES JOHNSTONS RAID---BATTLE OF BEPPOL LANSIN RUN---DESPERATE STRUGGLE AT CHILDS DALE---CALMANITA SHOEMANNIA SERKS A NEW POSITION---DESPERATE CONFLICT AT GENSURD ANGELINE---BATTLE OF GANDAM'DON---FIERCE FIGHTING AT ELI-GANITE---ANOTHER BIG BATTLE AT MOMBİ.

IT was not until a week had at least elapsed after the bloody battle of St Ives that general Shoemannia put his army into motion with the purpose to capture the small outlet stream near Dorothy Gale. He called Grace Darling. He reached the vicinity of that small river junction near the end of the middle of November and at once started work erecting fortifications with the intentions to lay a seige. They were completed within the twenty ninth of November and then arrangements were in edictly made for an attack the very following morning. But during the night the Angelinians had fled for general Robert, Ivin in chag charge had felt that his ore crippled army discouraged by the loss of Indermine was hardly strong enough to cope with the big army of Calmanita Shoemannia and so after destroying everything he and his army could not carry away he took his troops in haste into Dorothy Gale. Arriving there he turned over his command to general Noro, Ivinia and went to see general Hanson Ivin his brother and talk over the desperate situation. General Calmanita Shoemannia took possession of the works at Grace Darling and held it. Indeed the fall of Grace Darling, and of other points already described completed a series of bloody events by which the rebels gained possession of many scores of miles of positions and important points west and south of Dorothy Gale for just before November 17th general Mitchell, Mic-Hollester with part of general Shoemannias army had by rapid marches from Mombi and by a sudden charge on the christian position under Villesash secured control of the Mic-Hollester and Panroa railroad from Angelinia Agathia on the west to Evangeline St Clare in the east and also the Frminia river for about two hundred and fifty miles or more. General Mitchell Mic-Hollester was one of the most daring and audacious of our generals and accomplished most splendid work for the glandelinian cause. It also was this very general who set in motion one of the most remarkable enterprizes undertaken during the seige of Angelinia Agathia.

This was an attempt, indeed a most desperate attempt to destroy the main railroad communications between Angelinia Agathia and Evangeline St Clare. Under his orders general Andrew Sanders with twenty thousand picked goodly glandelinians, disguised as child slave owners, masters and slave drivers advanced to a Mardo junction and took a long train for a very short distance from the station. There they took advantage from the hole sale unloading of soldiers and the like by seizing the train and the remainder as prisoners and throwing the engineers and conductors out as well as the remainder of the passengers dashed with the train up the main road at full speed, and soon by purposely wrecking a part of the train began destruction of the tracks. But it was not long before a train belonging to the Evangeline St Clare and Calverine railroad line was started in swift pursuit of them. One of the most exciting and furious chases of the war started. Onward sped pursuer and pursued. For about two hundred and fifty miles the two trains loaded with soldiers of opposing sides fled at a terrific pace with a number of stops for fuel and the like between. But the fugitive train having to stop now and then to cut telegraph wires, and tear up the tracks or fight plan Angelinian soldiers who tried to capture them the rebel leader and his men began to lose ground, and the pursuers rapidly gained upon them.

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At a length again the fuel of the fugitive gave out and the rebels were compelled to leave their train which they set on fire about fifteen miles from Calverine. They fled to the shelter of the woods near Sexton run Creek and defied attack and capture for some time. But the Angelinians all around in that region scouring the country for them with the aid of bloodhounds, and even boy and girl scouts at last discovered them and after a fearful conflict lasting thirty days in the woods from betw een trees and rocks ferreted them out and the whole army which survived the contest was caught. The rebel leader and seventeen of his aids were shot. However this daring raid elicited the approval of the glandelinian war departments and they presented each of the survivors with a gold medal and enough money to prevent them from working for the remainder of their days.

After the capture of Farewell island and the more batteries on opposite sides that defended it, Admiral Footor and Gander started again down the Aronburgs run river with his big warships and long lines of transports containing general Iner Myletse i army in the hope of taking the town of St Anna nearest to Angelinia Agathia by the southward route. He was stopped at about twenty miles above that point by the appearance of a monstrous Angelinian fleet of dreadnaughts under Admiral Zimmerman, and three million troops under general Jeff Beldon from Dorothy Gale, then in command of general Jaser postal io.

Admiral Footor opened upon the christian fleet of battleships at once and engaged the christian fleet in one of the most desperate battles on water or river but unfortunately unassisted by general Myletse troops who after landing on the Angelinia Agathia shore, were prevented by ad from advancing by the storming fire of fortress Petition near Dorothy Gale, was finally compelled to withdraw with great loss in ships and lives. Admiral Zimmerman and Mic-Hollester then reorganized his own fleet of Abbieannian battleships and on November the tenth with the assistance of the heavy guns of fort St Gertrude, attacked the rebel fleet under Admiral footor. He however was repulsed with the loss of eighteen warships and sixty thousand men in killed wounded or drowned, and as the rebel admiral was unable to follow up his victory, the opposing fleets stood quiet for several weeks. Then the Angelinians learning of the loss of Mombi, Kittens, Roberts, Big and Little Girl knolls and Grace Dari parling hurried down to St Anna.

Admiral footor and Iner Myletse were now reinforced by ram and merrimacs and gun boat squadrons as well as torpedo boats and subma submarines sent by general Charles Sanderton and on the middle of the third week of the month he reattacked the Angelinian squadrons in front of St Anna. It was a desperate conflict but the christian fleet being overwhelmed was routed and this being disposed of, glandelinian glandelinian troops under general Wallis grantlin took possession of the town.

A short time before these events just recorded general Mic-Hollester, Helder, and Comodore Failenton set out to follow up the earlier capture of Mombi and vicinity by other important movements on the northern shore of Mic-Hollester run river. On October the twelfth, they reached the little gunbeam river, and the next morning fifteen million troops separated into three immense divisions under generals poster Mic-Cook, Reno, Antonio Mic-Whirther and Park Maulen were landed in a few days time and marched against a strongly entrenched christian position under general great Harting at Newgaler. On the morning of the fourteenth of October the desperate attack was made, and although for two days the Angelinians held out desperately, bravely and persistently, and destroyed many brigades of the assailants and two of their generals mentioned of the latter, they were at length overcome by overwhelming numbers and being attacked in flank and hard pressed and their main leader killed and ten others wounded all being general la, the army finally fled across the stream. By burning many bridges behind them, and by their battering the shores the army managed to escape. The glandelinians exultant over their victory then took possession of north Galer.

This was followed on October the twenty second by the capture of positions near port St Peter on a point of sandmans island near the entrance of Dorothy Gale harbor and by the accession of other important points on the river coast.

Early during the beginning of the siege of Angelina Agathia in the early fourth year of the war and up to now general Meldorf Bell in command of one of general Hanleys main batteries began preparations for the bombardment of the main fortified works and some of the fortifications of his fortress burned. Batteries of big contomater guns, krupp guns, rifled guns and became heavy cannons and others were planted on all captured point of the river near the fortress south on one of porothy Gale near where the great fortress stood. Then the Angelina gun river in the ear of the fort or where it made a bend was effectively closed closed by the erection of six heavy floating batteries at St vincent's point, on St Michael's island, and a number of batteries on other near islands and on the opposite shores. Before the attack on Fortress Burns was made however general Meldorf Bell was succeeded by general Edwin Gunter. The attack and siege of the great fortress opened on October the tenth, by a heavy earthshaking commanding from all points under the direction of generals Gilmore, Turner, John Anderton, and Gunter. For twenty two days the fortress was well defended. The cannonading of thousands of big guns was tremendous but the balls and shelled soon played such havoc with the walls of the fort, and blown down its outer works, and set so many big fires that the immense garrison was obliged to surrender before land attacks had been made. The gain of this important position made it possible for the Glandelinians to close all ports of porothy Gale and Angelina Agathia against the numerous Angelinian blockade runners that were so often making much mischief to Hanley along the three river coasts. Meanwhile Commodore James Dargor then in command of the navy of the southern rebel river coast line of defense with the assistance of general Wilber Modro had captured Fort Marie, on Maria Island, and compelled the Angelinians to finally abandon their other fortresses along the east coast of the Angelina gun as far up as Evangelina St Clare. Rosa was captured November fifth by a rebel fleet of ships and a body of troops under general Earnest Ball, and St Augustine A Island was taken possession of by the Glandelinians or Commodore Mandon Wedger. This alarmed the Angelinians and they at once fled from the region and all their outer fortifications on the main opposite fort Pettition.

In order to make the attempt to gain possession of porothy Gale the main strong hold guarding Angelina Agathia, and also to gain possession of other points the main head of the besieging Glandelinian army finally placed general Izner Myletze in full command of the expedition and dired directed him to cooperate with the remainder of the Glandelinian navy there in an effort to capture those most important places. Glorinia being now the chief object of this new and desperate operation and expedition it was arranged to have all the land and naval forces of the being besieging armies near Mombi gather for the move. So when general Izner Myletze arrived at that important point with about fourteen million troops from the point of Angelina Gardner, he found there general Earnest Ball with Zimmermanian and Mic-Hellestinian troops, Admiral Footer with a large naval force, and a fleet of battleships and submarines commanded also by admiral Gander. He also found every passageway to Glorinia well guarded. Twenty two fortifications stood on the bend of the Angelina River, seventeen miles from porothy Gale and the town of Glorinia, and a number of smaller fortifications were above these, and obstre obstructions of strong material had been placed in the river below while a portion of general Francis Vivian's immense army guarded the city on the land side. General Izner Myletze at once had a conference with his under generals and the admirals and they all agreed upon a tremendous plan for the capture of Glorinia which had defied capture before for nearly four years. It was arranged that first a great attack would be made on all the big forts below by Ganders ships. Then if this failed footer was if possible to take his own and stronger stronger vessels or dreadnaughts past the forts, cut off all their supplies and supports, and attack the Angelinian ships up the river. General Izner Myletze was then to attempt the capture of one fort after another by assaults in the rear with his big army of troops. Then both the land and naval forces could press on to Glorinia and fiercely engage Vivian's army by both river and land at the same time. So according to this desperate plan the two immense fleets in which were there were forty seven hundred battleships, submarines, rams and gunboats and a long line of thousands of transports bearing troops, proceeded up the river in double rank. Admiral Ganders big ships which led the procession managed to get good positions

near the dangerous forts by assuming disguise in the fact that they really had possession of many Angelinian warships. The obstructions had in the meantime been swept away by the rebels purposely swelling the river at that point by raking and bursting secret dams. A tremendous volley of shots from fort Coccolia opened the battle on the morning of November the eighteenth. Ganders long line of battleships supported by the gunboats and submerines and other ships responded, and there was a most severe artillery duel for almost twenty four days. But Admiral Footer soon saw that he or his followers were not at all able to silence the christian or Federal enemy and so having read of Ferragut's expedition against New Orleans in the American civil war he decided to attempt the same thing here, to run by the christian forts, and to do it at night. The perilous voyage was started at night in the evening the ships of General Gander covering the movements of the main fleet. One section of the immense rebel fleet sailed up the east bank of the immense river to attack the forts on that side, while the rest commanded by Footer kept the western bank to look after the thundering fortifications there. The dark night was lighted up by the rapid flashes from the many guns of the forts, and from the Angelinian Angelinian shore batteries, and from the contending ships, and from many blazing fire rafts sent down to oppose them by the Angelinians. The scene was a grand one, almost like the bombardments of Iwian-ickey, and the noise was most terrific. Twenty thousand big guns on the shore, and thirty thousand two hundred and six guns of all kinds from the forts bellowed forth their deafening thunder against the six thousand guns of the two attacking fleets, and these with the incessant explosion of shells and high explosives made the earth tremble like an earthquake.

Despite the awful hammering of so many christian guns the immense fleets of Glandelinian ships passed the two lines of forts without a single ship being lost, but one of the fleets happened to be attacked by an Angelinian fleet of dreadnaughts, rams and gunboats and sixteen floating batteries. But the contest was short for in the battle the Angelinian fleet was destroyed within the space of a day. This great victory cost the Glandelinians the loss of thirty thousand men killed however, and one hundred and twenty five thousand wounded. In the meantime Izner Myletze had landed his immense army and compelled the surrender of the forts one after another by attacking and bombarding in the rear, and then after a tremendous battle on land fearfully defeated general Vivian's army with the loss of nearly one million men. Then Footer and Gander with their fleet steamed up to Glorinia. Millions of the people in the city saying there because they had thought it was safe from capture since it resisted so successfully so long before now were panic stricken and thousands of houses were immediately set on fire and great conflagrations raged. Millions of dollars worth of provisions was hurriedly carried to the levees of the river to be set on fire, and spices and other goods worth forty four million dollars was sent out of the city of Glorinia by railroad, and hundreds of thousands of men women and children taking what they could wit them fled from the doomed town toward porothy Gale and Ozma. As general Footer approached on November the twenty fifth general Love Friend of the christians finally set fire to his camp and immense stores of provisions, and another portion of the city, and quickly decamped after skirmishing with the rebels. Footer then held the city of Glorinia until general Izner Myletze arrived with his immense army of victorious troops and took formal possession. Izner Myletze made his headquarters at St Charles catholic School and at once proclaimed martial law throughout the city.

And indeed his rigorous rule over Glorinia excited a most violent personal hatred of the general by the people who had been forced to remain in the city. At the same time he or proving himself to be a dangerous general to the Angelinians elsewhere a great reward of 10,000,000 dollars was offered for general Calamania Shoemann's capture and delivery dead or alive, to any Angelinian authority or man who succeeded.

General Hanson Vivian himself announced a proclamation in which he pronounced general S. Highman Shoemann to be a Glandelinian felon deserving of any kind of capital punishment and that he should never be treated as a public rebel enemy of the Angelinian cause but as an outlaw and common

enemy of all woman and man kind and of all child children, and also general Hanson ordered that in the event of the capture of the Glandelinian general, the officer in command of the Angolinian force that had captured him to cause him to be immediately executed by shooting. The main grand Glandelinian army of the enemy under general Leonia Maldonia Picknell during the other various engagements lay mainly idle for sometime in the vicinity of Ozma town awaiting orders to advance. It had however been reinforced and disciplined from time to time so that early in September it comprised a strong Glandelinian force of nearly ninety two million men. The many under generals serving in his command had at last become very impatient for his and their armies of troops to do something to help crush the Angolinian cause with the capture of Angelina Agathia. So general Manley on the twenty seventh of September issued a general order directing a most general and simultaneous general movement of all of his land and naval forces besieging Angelina Agathia against the Angolinians, and to be executed on October the first. General Picknell was then fully ordered to march his main armies against all points of Ozma town and also against Ozma. The general in chief however remonstrated with wildy against this, and proposed to take his army to support Shoemanna who was planning to assault the outposts of Porothy Gale and to move his army by way of the two rivers. General Johnston Jackson Manley did not agree to this and so it was decided to submit the matters to a big council of many generals, when general Picknell's plan was finally accepted.

Then general Picknell thought of level best to wait until the few forces under Shoemanna had gained victories before starting for Porothy Gale. Then learning that the Angolinians had finally defeated from Mombi and Richerts toward Porothy Gale, general Picknell took his whole Glandelinian army across the Evangeline St. Lawrence river and advanced toward abandoned Kittens Richerts to give general Galsman in and his assistance supports.

At about this time a long, decisive and sharp battle occurred in the river of Angeline run between two fleets of Angolinian ships and a fleet of Glandelinian ships. The Glandelinian fleet having believed it would have a chance to start on a trip of destruction among the shore batteries of the Christians and the fleets covered by it moved forward and encountered a fleet of ships belonging to Zimmerman's main squadron. After a sharp fight the rebel fleet managed to destroy six ships and sink or disable three others. This disaster spread alarm among the army and navy officers in possession of camp near Ozma as they feared other Christian fleets and war ships would soon share the fate of the former fleet. They felt sure they could devise no means to prevent the impending disaster. But relief came to them unexpectedly in the shape of Zimmerman's main fleet approaching to engage the rebel fleet. There was a terrific conflict lasting three hours both fleets hurling huge balls and shells at each other with destructive and tremendous force. Many ships of both sides were badly shattered and some sunk but the rebel fleet suffered so much that that it was obliged to give up the fray and flee to Manley's protecting shore batteries on both parts of his main army situated on both sides of the river.

Both the commanders of the opposing fleets were wounded, Admiral Zimmerman being struck in the head by a fragment of a shell. This same Glandelinian fleet never ventured out again.

On the meantime when the Angolinians had evacuated Kittens Richerts general Richard Picknell had with his retreating forces taken up to a position near a small outlet of the river called Glandelinia horn in the Aronburgs gun valley. General Manley Henson then in command of the vast army of Glandelinian troops near Gertrude's Ferry wishing to secure control of the region dispatched general Shielder Maldonia to attack the Christian general Picknell. The latter with his army of Abyssinkilians and Angolinians withdrew further up, and Shielders after pursuing him for some short distance, encamped at Glandelinia horn. General Picknell then being reinforced from an army sent from Porothy Gale came down the small valley with a large army of troops, infantry and cavalry and attacked Shielders at Glandelinia horn just southeast of Porothy Gale about ten miles. After a very severe engagement in which Shielders and Picknell of each side were badly wounded, the Angolinians were defeated. The Angolinians were compelled to flee up the small valley with the main Glandelinian army under general Ma Manley Henson close on their heels.

The main army of general Leonia Maldonia Picknell began its movement on the main planket Bay Peninsula early in October. All but about seventy three million of that army, which were left for the protection of Mombi had been transferred to the girlknobs and Kittens Richerts by general Picknell. There were now immense armies in four or six sections of about one hundred and twenty one million men and these were soon moved in two immense columns up the strange and famous Peninsula, one column under general Josephine Jensen, marching near the Erminia run, and the other under general Adela-De-Garbe near the Aronburgs Run river near its north end. A fortified line of works had in the meantime been formed across the Peninsula by a large Christian force under general J.B. Mic-Holleston.

Being deceived as to the number of the Angolinian forces general Leonia Maldonia Picknell decided he could not get beyond the Erminia run without making a desperate attack, but as Manley had not ordered him to do so he waited for orders, while a regular siege of Maldonia was begun by general the rebel general Madelon Evans, although in this location the Glandelinians were twenty times stronger in number than the Angolinians were themselves. After a desperate attempt to capture the intrenchments on the little Mildred Creek by a Glandelinian division under general Hardise in the life of Adela-De-Garbe division had failed, general Accountants here also fell back to the stronger intrenchments in front of a smaller stream called Tea Kettle Run. He was pursued by the Christian armies under general Summer Mac-Gabe and the main army of the Angolinians, while general Richard John Kindermine, the famous Kindermine he served so long in the war and who lost his brother remained at Gloriana and sent troops under general Franklin Picknow to strike the enemy on the left wing. General Picknell himself now made his sudden appearance and assumed chief command of the Glandelinians. He soon withdrew his main army and fell back toward Mombi with the intention of concentrating a stronger position near Jennie's Bridge and Phelanton, leaving the remainder to hold Tea Kettle Run. On his retreat however he was apprised by a tremendous and most desperate attack on November the fifth by generals Aberdeen Mic-Whirther, Kearney Bernarl, and Phaul Cannonin. A most severe battle followed and gradually extended for seventeen miles. Aberdeen Mic-Whirther led the main and first assault and kept it up for fully nineteen hours, when other divisions of troops under thirtythree generals and hundreds of other officers came to his aid and general Maurice Glance with a division of Abyssinkilians turned the flank of the rebels. This drove the Glandelinians into a precipitous rout leaving about nearly eighty thousand of their dead and wounded behind them.

The Angolinians flushed by this sudden victory and fortune to turn of affairs would have pursued the fugitives and probably captured or dispersed the whole army but general Kindermine came on the battlefield just then and knowing the strength of the enemy and the danger of pressing on without the main support of Concentinian Arc Aronburg did not allow it, however he did move his army forward slowly until Picknell was safe near the town of Mombi.

On the battle of Tea Kettle Run the Glandelinians lost about two million two hundred thousand men, and the Angolinians only six hundred thousand one hundred. Since the beginning of the campaign general Picknell himself before his defeat at Tea Kettle Run had only moved thirty six miles toward Angelina Agathia during the two weeks after Manley's arrival there. The principal reason given for this slow progress was that he had been so fiercely opposed and had been so often engaged in many skirmishes and small battles that he had from his severe losses not enough men to defeat the opposing Angolinians. His army had been somewhat depleted by the loss of general Isaac Brooks division withdrawn from his army to go to the aid of Shoemanna and strengthen his post, and of general Break in the Necke corps who had been ordered to a position where they could be ready to assist in the defense of Mombi in case general Hanson's army would mass his whole army against that point, or in a general attack upon Porothy Gale. In addition to these losses and withdrawals, general Concentinian convention with his ten million men at Kittens Richerts had been for some reasons or other made independent of Picknell's orders by general Manley.

Despite the fact that picknell felt sure he could not absolutely do anything with the necessary support of the main troops left scattered at various points he had nevertheless engaged the christians fiercely at Ten Kettle run and after his defeat kept complaining to general Hanley of a want of men and provisions declaring that the enemy at his front was too strong. In the meantime general Convention feeling certain that the Angelinians could easily be driven out of Gloriana started from his own encampments near Mombi and made a personal reconnaissance. Then he crossed the small stream of Mildred and landing a few brigades for the purpose of striking the rear of the fortifications below that point, but upon reaching the point he found that general Frank Lansen of the Abyssinkilians in command of the positions at Little Mildred Creek had already retreated, and a Convention gained the works without a fight on October the ninth. Before leaving the region here the Angelinians set fire to a once powerful wooden warships and the rest of the Angelinian warships and some transports in the Mic-Hollester Run river set off for Angelinia. Agathia hotly pursued by Admiral porters fleet to within eight miles of Angelinia Agathia where one section of the strong Mic-Hollester Dolarine portresses on Evangelina St. Clara bluff and strong obstructions in the river put an end to the chase. After general Agathia had withdrawn his troops from the works near portress general Raymond Federalton with thirty million glandelinians took up a position near that works ready for any coming emergency. General Agathia was then moving northward toward Dorothy Gale. At the beginning of October therefore general Emory Page and Look the Cook who had joined general Federalton near Mombi were ordered to hold general Agathia from escaping to Dorothy Gale with his army, while general Robert E. Robert E. Mic-Hollester should push across the Aronburgs Run and cut off all usual communications between Angelinia Agathia and Ozma. While on the way to join the christian of Agathia's command one of general More Agathia's army corps under general Francis Gratin, fell in with the glandelinian troops under general Look the Cook. The latter moved against the christian force, and at upon Mac-Farren Crossroads, two miles west or south west of Gloriana a severe battle of about three days took place. Although neither side could have declared itself to be the victor the Angelinians nevertheless retreated. In this battle the glandelinians lost in killed and wounded two hundred and fifty six thousand men, and the Angelinian glandelinians themselves lost four hundred and ad and sixty thousand men. Simultaneously to this some stirring events occurred elsewhere. General Miller pressed back general Hermin Evans of a christian Abyssinkilian division to Turner Crossroads and a few days later the combined forces of Federalton and other rebel leaders capt captured and despoiled a large christian force under general royal near Balt and Baltimore. When general Evans retreated quickly toward Dorothy Gale, pursued by nearly twenty million glandelinians for seventeen miles. Arriving at Alton Gainer he finally made a stand, with seven million men against an attack by Pemberton federal who assumed command of the twenty million glandelinians in person here. After fighting gallantly for several days these Angelinian forces were compelled to retreat because of the approach of Federalton with an overwhelming force of Goodler glandelinians. The Angelinians were pursued as far as Dorothy Gale or six miles of her and they an encamped there in the safety of the strong camps. Learning of these movements general John Lindernine sent a big force toward the southeast over the wooded country to intercept the glandelinian army should they not start a retreat toward Mombi, and the christian general picknell hurried on front the west toward Little Mildred creek, with the same object in view. At this both federal and Federalton moved with his whole their whole force toward Mombi and the Angelinians gave chase. Picknell then took the glandelinians a part of the main army under general William M. Hopkins at Lording Crossroad a little beyond Mildred Creek on November the seventh. The struggle that followed was a sharp and severe one but with no results. At the same time Angelinian troops under generals Carrol Gall, and Wilor Howards were pressing general Pemberton federal at Port Gale beyond the Mildred Maxwell Junction so closely that he called upon general Federalton for help.

The glandelinian general set out at once to obey the call and by burning the bridges over the little Mildred Creek stopped the pursuit of the Angelinian forces. General Pemberton federal then with his large force of goodlers easily routed his enemies, and they finally fell back to Dorothy Gale.

In the meantime by the middle of October general Lucia Haldon picknell with his glandelinians managed to get within nine miles of Dorothy Gale making his headquarters at Pencil town near the east end of the Aronburgs Run river and soon the two armies of Concentinian Aronburg and picknell confronted each other upon opposing sides of the Aronburgs Run. Nothing then was done for a few days as both generals were awaiting the promised reinforcements both from general Agathia, and from Hanley. The close proximity the nearness of the glandelinian armies alarmed the Angelinian governments of Dorothy Gale and immense preparations were made by the population and the government authorities for a hasty flight if it into Dorothy Gale if necessary. The Angelinian armies in the region even covered the railroad tracks of scores of railroad lines leading out of the various towns and cities around Angelinia Agathia with everything possible so that the flight of artillery could be easily made, and also trains of cars were held in constant readiness for the retreat of the Agathians and their staff generals.

Indeed all these preparations called forth from all no authorities of Dorothy Gale immense resolutions demanding the defense of Dorothy Gale and her outskirts at all human hazards, and naming the Agathian generals and their high staff commanders that whatever destruction or loss of city and military property that shall soon result would be cheerfully submitted to to avoid capture by the enemy.

On November the twenty third for large portions of the contentinian armies finally came together at Jennie's Bridge and had a sharp and severe but undecisive battle, and retreated toward Mildred Creek where on the following day they fought desperately again. When the glandelinians were fortunately driven back and the Angelinians finally took possession again of Little Mildred Creek. Seeing the result of this blood shed and two conflicts in two days and realizing that the army was in peril from the two defeats, general picknell ordered an immediate advance while general Adele-De-Garbo was sent with his force toward Mombi to reinforce the troops there and to keep the way open for general Federalton and Pemberton to rejoin the army, which picknell for need of persistently demanded.

These two latter rebel general succeeded in cutting all communications with Angelinia Agathia at last except one leading toward Calverline, and then rejoined the main picknellian army. The apparent defeat as it seemed of general picknell emboldened emboldened general Agathia who had joined Concentinian Aronburg to move his own forces out from his entrenchments and attacked the main glandelinian forces on the Mombi side of Mildred Creek. General James Langston led the desperate assault and fell suddenly and most vigorously upon the glandelinian army under general Adele-De-Garbo who held a strong position on both sides of the Mic-Hollester and Panron railroad tracks, half a mile beyond Mildred Creek.

General Adele-De-Garbo made a most brave stand but his command was soon disabled and he was compelled to fall back before the pressure of the christian assault. Immense bodies of troops then were at once sent to his aid by general Jesipine Jensen and Brankin the Neck but the assault of the opposing christian forces were so strong and irresistible, the whole body of glandelinians gave way and retreated to Mildred Maxwell Railroad station, on the Mic-Hollester and Panron Pandora railroad station where reinforcements were received from generals Killstone and Strangelohld but as the Angelinian forces also gained fresh troops and were supported by a tremendous artillery fire of heavy guns and machine guns, the unfortunate glandelinians were worse off than before, and it looked like a sweeping victory for the Angelinians at last. But just then general Mic-Hollester Len Lenord and Gusbaum Mic-Whirther seeing the peril of his friend picknell hurried to the scene of action with the divisions of generals Sedwicker and Frank Hanson pommer.

The tremendous battle then raged with redoubled violence and continued more furiously than ever before and continued until full night fall, when a tremendous bayonet charge by the glandelinians supported by a headlong onslaught of a monstrous cavalry column of all varieties of Gargoylians and Scodler troopers finally broke the opposing christian line all to pieces and stopped the fighting for the night. On the next morning the battle was renewed with awful ferocity and continued all day long with many varying fortunes on both sides when defeated the Angolinians withdrew to porothy Gale once more. The losses of the Angolinians amounted to seven million. The glandelinian loss was twelve million five hundred thousand. Among the severely wounded, was general Francis yiviananna of the Angolinians and general Ben Logan Malton. In the night of the glandelinian side. The latter received a severe wound on his left arm and was not able to continue command. After the bloody two days battle of Mildred Crossing the army of General Maldonic picknell withdrew to porothy Gale once more.

While these preparations were being made a body of one hundred and fifty thousand glandelinian cavalry men all fierce scodler Gargoylians under general Kniffmann Sterling started out on one of the most daring raids of the war. At the beginning of the raid, he was killed during a skirmish with the Angolinians and general James Johnston took his place and carried on the raid with a success. A body of army rose all around the Jameson Christian Army, seized and burned one thousand one hundred and fourteen wagons, and thirty six transport ships laden with stores and provisions on the Little Sun River and carried away sixty five thousand prisoners and two hundred and sixty five thousand mules and many horses.

General Kniffmann Sterling if you please to introduce him completed his main preparations, by November the twenty sixth if there is such a month, when he sent general Raymond Richardson Federal with a very large force from Nambi Junction on the main Erminia Creek to turn the main right wing of the Jameson Christian Army and fall upon their full base of supplies at the junction of Turners Creek no named because it joined the Erminia right at that spot. Another and more heavier force under general Maldonic convention, and accountants and others besides Huebner who-whither and others crossed the river near the town of Beppe Lamin about the same time and made an attack upon general yiviananna's right wing commanded by general Henry Randall, at a place called Mays Hill. The battle here was one of the first severe near porothy Gale and resulted in the defeat of the glandelinians with a loss of more than thirty three million men in killed wounded and prisoners and a hundred generals dead or wounded including Federal himself who was wounded in the right leg. It was a wild conflict of one day's duration. yiviananna who commanded the army though wounded himself in the other battle lost about six million four hundred thousand in killed and wounded. Indeed had this victory been immediately followed up by a movement on Nambi that ten night have been immediately taken that night from the defeated insurgents, but by the way the enemy had been getting a. all day long during the frightful battle of Beppe Lamin general yiviananna feared that his vast army and all his stores and camps were in great peril from Adelaide-Garbe and a prepared to transfer both to the Aronburgs gun river for better safety. This movement was begun on November the twenty seventh. The stores at Mildred Creek were to be moved under the protection of general a Charles Browns troops which was also ordered to attend to carrying away some of the best batteries of guns and covering the army on its retreat for the Aronburgs gun river. So when for this purpose the troops were arranged on a long stretch of rising ground near a point called Childs Dale or Childs pale as the matter may be on the shape of a long angle between Nambi and Rosa they were suddenly and violently attacked by a very large force of glandelinian

Scodlers under under general Leo postellio and Buster Henryson. Another most severe and anguished conflict took place and extended for twelve miles. General yiviananna was soon hard pressed and his right wing shattered by losses, and indeed was so hard pressed by the attack, and so heavily cannonaded by Leo postellio's batteries of siege guns that he had to send to general yiviananna who was on the opposite side of the Aronburgs gun river for reinforcements. General Arc his pence division of general Henry Phelan's corps, was sent over immediately to stop the wild glandelinian assault but the attack was pressed by overwhelming numbers and these reinforcements though trying desperately to hold its ground was found to be insufficient, and therefore the many brigades of general picknell picknell and Hobart gowen were hurried across the river. Indeed they arrived just in time to rally the shattered army of general yiviananna which was falling back from its positions in confusion and disorder. They were therefore reorganized and rallied and the whole new line of battle being formed the glandelinians met terrific resistance, and soon the army of Scodlers were driven from the field. At this battle of Childs Dale the Angolinians lost about eight million in killed and wounded, and the glandelinians about five million. That night general yiviananna withdrew to the left side of the Aronburgs gun, and destroyed all the bridges behind him and set a portion of the stores and abandoned equipments and army barracks on fire. On account of this severe engagement and of the constant repulses of general Adelaide-Garbe's army, Shoemanna Shoemanna became alarmed and started to seek a new position. So early on the morning of October 5 or 6, November the twenty eighth his army started on a march to Beldons Bend of the same river with the purpose to support Adelaide-Garbe. In the procession was a long train of nearly five million five hundred thousand wagons laden with ammunition, stores and baggage, and a drove of about twenty two thousand seven hundred twenty two thousand five hundred and sixty head of beef and other cattle. General yiviananna did not learn of this suspicious movement of Shoemanna changing his position and looking for a new position until the army was far on its way toward the new position on the Erminia Creek. He then determined to pursue and overtake and destroy if possible the retreating glandelinian army under Shoemanna himself.

General Shoemanna's rear guard was composed of the glandelinian divisions of general Keffer Little, Katze, Adde, Keen, and Kenna Gray, and these had just reached the small outskirts of Angolinia. Gertrude Angeline called the town of Gertrude Angeline when Keffer Little was attacked by a Jameson Christian force under general Jennings Donald Hanson and general Daniel Jones and Ben Logan, which had been sent out by general yiviananna. In the battle that followed the christian attackers were repulsed by general James Lockvans ten brigades under ten other generals, supported by the Scodlers and Mic-Hollesstinians under general Black Brooks and Junjun nap. At night the glandelinians fell back swiftly back to the town of Gandanton ten miles nor south of porothy Gale, leaving about two million five hundred thousand of their wounded at Gertrude Angeline in the possession of the Angolinians. The entire army of Shoemanna managed to pass the region of Gertrude Angeline the next morning before daylight. While general James Mic-Glade with a rear guard of Mic-Hollesstinians was protecting the passage of the main Jennie's Bridge two miles north west of Nambi and covering the withdrawal of the wagon trains from that point on November the 30th, the main column of Angolinian pursuers came up and engaged him in a most severe contest lasting nearly all day long. After very hard and stubborn fighting general Mic-Glade managed to keep the wild Angelinian attackers back until the approach of nightfall, when the glandelinians destroyed all the bridges and finally withdrew. On the same morning suddenly to say the glandelinian troops elsewhere of the same army were attacked by yiviananna and Robert yivian and Kindernine, with the support of the armies of Harlan Brown, the other Richardson Halsted, Greatheart, and Ben Logan near by at Elia Canis. It was a most sanguinary battle of terrible and savage description, and resulted in a victory for the glandelinians at all points after fresh troops under Adelaide-Garbe, Federal and Shoemanna and Convention had arrived to their assistance. In the conflict general Ah Anna was who led the Scodler troops in a counter charge against the attacking Angolinians was captured, and general Shoemanna himself received a severe wound.

The next day December 1st the whole ragged army of Shoemannians had gained a very strong and reliable position very close to Mombi within the reach of the glandelinian marchers and other craft on the Erminie Creek or river. Not being satisfied with the present position and wishing to extend it as far as possible general plank Brooks who succeeded Shoemannia for the time being went down to interview general Adela-De-Garbo with the purpose to find what to do next on the situation. While he was gone at Adela-De-Garbo's headquarters at Ghild, where junction his army was fiercely attacked on gladder Crossroads near von Mombi. The Angellians moved onward from Eli Gumbi in a strong steady line of battle, and charged furiously upon the glandelinian positions in an endeavor it to capture or carry it by storm and capture great. The Angellians attacked in thirty strong columns each separated from the other making as many gigantic onslaughts one after the other but the glandelinians though driven from the positions twice regained them and bravely met the other fierce onslaughts, and one of the most terrible battles of the war began. In the thickest of the fierce fight were the main troops of Adela-De-Garbo, Junger camp, plank Brooks, Kenneth Gray, until toward the approach of evening, when Raymond Richardson Federal brought fresh troops of soldiers to their aid. The battle ships on the river also did very effective work with well directed bombshells. At last at eight o'clock in the evening the Angellians were driven away with great loss and took shelter in the woods. As in old Adela-De-Garbo's former losses and the wounding of more of his counsels, accountants and plank Brooks prevent the capture of porothy Gale. The victory of the glandelinians at gladder Crossroads was indeed no decisive the generals of his army felt sure he would have pursued general Vivian and general Vivian shattered forces in the very morning, and within twenty four hours more march into the an encampment of porothy Gale and the city itself. But no, Adela-De-Garbo's army was too shattered, and though he did not like to do so general Manley sent a swift messenger sent to his ordered Adela-De-Garbo to fall back to Mombi and Glinda leading the spot he formerly had selected as a most secure place for his supplies and soldiers.

Thus ended for a time a desperate assault on porothy Gale which had been little but a series of bloody and crushing failures. General Adela-De-Garbo's retreat indeed satisfied the authorities at porothy Gale that no further attempts to take the city would be made at that time, so they ordered general Vivian to push on to Mombi and make an effort to recapture it.

General Shoemannia who was wounded had been removed to Mombi and was at this time lying in a bed in one of the important rooms of a mansion, and his leaderless army now under general Federal was comprised of sixteen corps divisions, and commanders under three main generals Bob, Inderwile, Buster Phelan, and Puddle Ishter. After retreating general Adela-De-Garbo's main army was now near Mombi when general Vivian by Robert Vivian's order left Mildred Creek and crossing the Erminie at a Ford came upon general Richardson Federal at a new position near Maldon River harbor a few miles west of Mombi. A most terrible struggle, which most of the time was carried on with infantry charges, hand to hand struggles, and artillery duels of wild and great intensity took place. General Federal although assisted by general generals, Richard Tamerline, P Thomas Tamerline and Federal Johnston and others after all day of hard fighting was being rapidly pushed back with one of his wings crushed, when the arrival of the divisions under general Junger camp and Glinda Benligan of Shoemannian's army saved the day. The Angellians were defeated with an equal loss of two million in killed and wounded. General Federal managed to keep his position in this location, for three days when he fell back behind the Aronburg gun. General Vivian in the meantime had now concentrated his main force for the march on Mombi. They pushed forward in most heavy columns many miles long. Finding after desperate fighting that they could not force a passage of the Erminie River a portion of the army was therefore sent on a circuitous route to flank the glandelinians.

general Alfred Costello, leading this I I manna Christian Christian Finn King force crossed the river on the twenty fifth of November. He quickly marched over the main Erminie Creek near the Angellian Aronburg Thoroughfare gap and at the breaking of day the very next morning morning if you please to mention he had reached a little stream which joined at the mouth of the Suni gunbeam gun and which was called Gunmerania junction two miles east of Mombi. There he was soon joined by the army of general Moro Vivian. General Adela-De-Garbo with his whole army of Shoemannians and Goodlers, excepting general Raymond Richardson Federal's main divisions then gave battle to the combined Christian Christian forces at Gunmerania Junction not far from the old time battle ground of Mombi fought between general Robert Vivian and his son General Vivian. It was a terrible struggle lasting all day long without any respite on both sides and indeed after a loss of about seven million men on each side the contest ended without any decisive result. General Adela-De-Garbo not discouraged resolved to renew the big battle the next morning, so he was expecting help from general Raymond Richardson Federal, who had an order from general Johnston Jackson Manley brought his main army close to Mombi. But being watched too closely by the main army of Glandelinian Aronburg near by Federal was not able to advance to Adela-De-Garbo any supports whatever whatever and on the next day Adela-De-Garbo had to go it alone with the mere few men with a few Angellian and Angellian forces.

The glandelinians then on this time assaulted the Angellians most fiercely and made most sanguinary conflict of terrible ferocity was the result. The whole of Adela-De-Garbo's army was badly defeated with his army shattered and disabled and were sent flying across the Erminie Creek to Mombi where they were reinforced by general Federal and by the Shoemannian troops of general Franklin Bridge and Picknell.

There the glandelinian army made a rally and then followed it with a most desperate stand, and Federal not daring to attack the Angellian forces sent the goodlers under Adela-De-Garbo on a flank movement. The latter unfortunately came upon the Angellian forces under general Phillip Phelan at Aronia north of Mombi on the same afternoon and a most terrible conflict was fought for all the rest of the day in a cold rain and at snow on a mountain. It was the severest conflict of the battle or of Gunmerania Junction and in it the two Christian generals mentioned were killed and general Raymond Richardson Federal and Adela-De-Garbo were wounded. When the night fell the glandelinians at Aronia still held the bloody battle field but by their tremendous losses they were terribly broken and disorganized and soon fled to the shelter of the earthwork fortifications of Mombi. Being wounded but not severely general Adela-De-Garbo on his own request, was now sent northwest to eastern Galverinia to take personal command of a glandelinian army there and with the purpose to support general John Manley who was making a campaign.

At this time throughout the whole of Angellia and Abissinia seeing how Angellia Angellia Agathia was threatened and how the war was progressing in Galverinia another call for an immense number of volunteers to serve during the war, was at once given Vivian's demand made by the authorities all through the Angellian states there being a call for over three hundred million men of all ages, but the order was also that a great number would be drafted from the citizens throughout the Angellian nation who were between eight eighteen and forty five or even older if they did not appear among the volunteers. Indeed a more hearty response came to this than was expected. The Confederate Governments of Glandelinia in Galverinia and the states of Glandelinia saw that it must now do something at once or its cause would soon be lost, so general Johnston Jackson Manley was urged by general John Manley's son but superior general to make a most strong effort without the slightest delay to capture Angellia Agathia before the new Christian armies marching from southern and middle Angellia should be brought to Angellia Agathia help.

General Jackson Manley at once formed his plans of operation--he crossed with a part of his main army of two hundred million men near the point of land into the main region of Mombi with one quarter of his entire army and leaving the rest to continue the siege of Angelina Arathia encamped with this form at Mombi December the seventh. His main plan was to take possession of other points still in the possession of the Angelinians so as to open canal communication with Angelina Arathia for his army by way of the Aronburgs Run Valley, then to push on with the remainder of his extensive army, entice General Ian Aronburg to pursue him, and then turn the stationary army upon him, defeat the Angelinian Federals, and march immediately upon Angelina Arathia and obtain possession.

Learning through his spies of general Manley's intentions general Concentinian Aronburg at once set out with his Abidinians to drive him back. Leaving general Richardson with a large force of troops to defend Little Mired to cross the Arathia and Aronburgs Run streams with about an army of ninety million men, and advanced the forces in ten thousand abreast toward Mombi, his advance was cautious, careful, but swift and abrupt--giving such overwhelming numbers as moving against him so suddenly general Federal who opposed it did not wait to be attacked but at Manley's orders fled at the approach of the Angelinians. When the retreating glandelinian troops under general Federal reached Mombi to rain force the rest there preparations were made to resist general Concentinian Aronburg's advance, but to make it worse general Robert Vivian's army also was advancing to close in on both Manley and Federal at Mombi and seeing that they were too terribly overwhelmed to battle the two glandelinians successfully both Manley and Federal finally evacuated Mombi and fifteen pitchforks and also Chamberlains and Topsy, the Angelinians following the rebels in fifteen thousand abreast columns over the rivers and other creeks and through Gertrude Angeline plain into the region of Meldonian Creek. The right and centre columns moved swiftly by way

of former Run Creek, general Julio Bonligan and Richard Malated and Fredrickson Parson being in the advance, and the others composed of many corps and divisions under hundreds of generals and other officers by way of Angelina Run on the same range but nearer captured Mombi. When the Angelinians under general Greatheart reached the North Bend of the Angelina Run River he found a large Scout force awaiting him, and a desperate battle ensued on the fifth of December. It continued for an hour, when the rebels there withdrew with the purpose to join general Manley's concentrated force at Angelina Run. In that one hour the Angelinians lost about one million five hundred thousand men in killed wounded and prisoners. Among the killed being the gallant general Alfred Costello. General Vivian had in the meantime at the same time been compelled to fight his way at Herdeude Crossroad. He succeeded in doing so after an all day desperate battle and so on the evening of the same day was within two miles of Clockin Ferry, where general Turner an Abysankilian was in command of a large force of Angelinian troops. This place was indeed in great danger of capture from the fierce Scout troops as they held strong positions on Mary Gold and

Maya heights on each side of the Angelina Run. General Vivian immediately started to general Hummers aid, but before reaching him the latter surrendered to general Raymond Federal whose arm was in a sling, thus depriving the Angelinians of an advantage they might easily have gained.

GENERAL JOHNSTON JACKEN MANLEY'S FOOLISH AND CARELESS HESITATION-----BATTLE OF BROOKLAND-----GENERAL RAYMOND RICHARDSON FEDERAL MADE A TERRIBLE COMMANDER OF THE HESITATING ARMIES OF A GLANDELINIAN-----BRAVE ANGELINIAN DRUMMER BOYST GIRL AND BOYSCOUTS-----BATTLE OF PUGGY MULLANE-----GENERAL ADOLF (DE) GARDER SUGGESTS GENERAL FEDERAL-----THE TERRIBLE HOODED TERROR OR GARGOYLANS-----BATTLES OF CALSOLINE, JI JOHN ST CLARK, HING HOLTFF, AND TCHNEY-----DESPERATE EFFORTS TO TAKE JULOANNA-----BIG BATTLE AT LIMI SWEDE-----THE GLANDELINIAN FEET UNDER ADMIRAL GOAC (MO) HELLENCOLE-----BATTLES AT LOS LOS ANGELES-----SANGUINARY GO HELIOT AT VELDON JUNCTION H AND LA) ANGLO-----SURRENDER OF PARTIAL-----ATTLE OF HEDDA) RAIN.....

ONCE again like in other times of the great Glandelinian war general Johnston Jacken Manley chronic hesitation to advance in full force asserted itself at the most critical time and proved very unfortunate for the main Glandelinian armies. When he retreated from Mombi he did so because he had professed to believe the Angelinian forces to have overwhelming numbers against him, although actually general Concentinian Aronburg, Vivian and Robert Vivian combined had only sixty three million men, while Johnston Jacken Manley had eighty seven million men and Federal had thirty million. When after retreating for two miles and after his glandelinians posited themselves on small wooded hills heights near the small Railroad Junction of Brookland station on the western side of Aronburgs Run, he neither hesitated or was afraid to attack the Angelinians until he was forcibly placed on the main defensive by a harsh assault of the Christians by both artillery and infantry. When he sent general Mic Hollister Lenord across the Aronburgs Run with a part of his main corps and other divisions commanded by generals picketers Mic-Hollister, Mender Mic-Hollister and Allen Mic-Hollister and they had a most sharp fight, with the extreme right of the Angelinian forces under general Fredrick Nance. The Glandelinian assault was extremely violent and bloody and the resistance of Fredrick Nance's troops was equally as fierce and severe but the rebels were successful in the end and drove the Angelinians back about two miles with dreadful losses. The divisions of general Williams, Mic-Hollister, Poganna and Mic-Hollister Greene of general Aronburg's federal corps passed over the stream under cover of a heavy artillery fire from Leo Costello's batteries and managed to move around to general Fredrick Nance's rear and make him abandon his position and retreated another mile.

Then an hour after this change was made general Vivian reopened the battle with redoubled violence by a fierce and general attack with about eighteen million men on the main Glandelinian left under general general Johnston Federal. General Doubleday Warner was on Vivian's right, general Mander Brookfield on his left, and James Hayne in the main main centre. Until late in the afternoon the contest raged with varying fortunes for both sides. General Noro Vivian watched the progress of the battle from the opposite side of the region of Brookland. General Bonnellan with the left wing of the Angelinians, distinguished himself like the greatest hero in the world in this tremendous battle holding the enemy in check for six hours and repulsing twelve tremendous assaults and fighting back the enemy right and centre under generals Deldon Federal and his Brother Tomas Federal until the rebels were heavily reinforced by general A.P. Norman Federal from the direction of south branch Run near Erwin Creek. The desperate struggle lasted fully thirteen hours along a line of battle twenty miles in extent and ended only because of darkness and not because of defeat. Both armies that one day suffered great and enormous losses that of the Angelinians being 12,122,470, in killed and wounded alone while twice that many were disabled or taken prisoner. The rebel loss was only 10,000,000. In killed wounded and prisoners General Vivian's shattered army crushed and disorganized and not having been supported for some reason by general Vivian or Concentinian Aronburg, was compelled to withdraw toward Mombi during the following night.

Had general Johnston on Jackson Manley started an immediate and vigorous pursuit he might have made the whole christian force of general ivianias prisoners of war but he could not dare order a pursuit because of the two other more immense armies under ivian and Aronburg confronting him. However on the following morning general Federal himself attempted to advance only to find general iviani and his shattered army safe behind strong works and batteries and positions on the Ozma side of the Erminie Creek. He made a very weak attempt at attack by sending two immense brigades of goodlier troops across the river, but when they had been driven back across the river with great loss, Federal fearing a new attack was compelled to call for reinforcements and supplies to enable him to stand against the Federal Angolinians.

Manley however did not send him fresh troops telling Federal that he had no intention of holding his troops there for he did not believe the Angolinians would so quickly dare cross the creek again. Such an astounding declaration was almost too much for general Federal and he hastened to general Manley's headquarters at Rose White pose own in person to see what it meant. Being satisfied that on account of the support of generals Robert ivian and Concoctinian Aronburg the christian army was in condition to make a successful attack should it be done that he ordered general Manley to give him troops at once. But that foolish general wasted another day in raising all kinds of objections to the carrying out of his orders so that when he did finally come to obey them general ivianias once shattered army was strongly reinforced and reorganized and Federal the main commander was in danger. General Johnston Jackson Manley had not advanced very far before he foolishly decided to again disregard the instructions given him to go again Concoctinian Aronburg and the two other christian generals simultaneously, and just as prepared to move his armies southward with the purpose of attacking Ozma and Betay gobbin on the east side of the Erminie Creek. This indeed seemed to have been the last straw that broke the back of patience and faithfulness of general Raymond Richardson Federal. He notified general John Manley of his fathers conduct and his son soon to it promptly that his father was relieved from the command of the besieging armies around Angolinia Agathia, and placed general Raymond Richardson Federal in his place, while general Johnston Jackson Manley was transferred north to take charge of Calverine and the glandelinian army there.

General Raymond Richardson immediately reorganized his own army which he at this time in front of Dorothy Gale and her outposts contained about one hundred and twenty million men on a line of siege sixty miles in extent. With a la part of this force he decided to bring about the capture of Dorothy Gale as early as possible, rather than attempt the destruction of ivianias army. Thus making all points of Erminie creek he possessed his main base of supplies and batteries of defense he took measures to place his main army at or as near to Mombi as possible as we know on the west side of Erminie Creek. General iviani was at this time east of Mombi on the heights of hills near a rough little stream called Puggy Mullane with about eighty million men and three hundred thousand cannon that when Federal's army reached the north section of Erminie Creek during the second week in December the two immense opposing armies lay in long parallel lines within very cannon shot of each other, with the narrow little stream between them. Far to the left and right of ivianias were the two immense christian armies under ivian and Aronburg. ivian had destroyed two hundred and fifty other bridges that spanned the river in that vicinity so that there was no way for the glandelinian troops to cross except on pontoons or by atand floating bridges.

Seven hundred thousand engineers were at once put to work on December the twelfth 1915 to construct as many of these as possible, but these men were continually driven away by hundreds of thousands of Angolinian sharpshooters, concealed in all the front buildings of Mombi and other small villages on the front river shore. Indeed desperate efforts were made to quell this deadly annoyance by opening a heavy artillery fire upon the town and near by villages from batteries placed on Erminie Heights, but although thousands of buildings were set on fire, or razed and blown down and the streets smothered in wreckage, the immense army of sharpshooters held their place and continued their deadly work, while with a tremendous roar heard for hundreds of miles the Angolinian artillery repounded.

Then immense parties of glandelinian volunteers crossed the river on the pontoons or open boats by the thousands in the midst of a terrific hail of bullets, grape, canister and shells landed on the other side, and after fierce fighting from house to house and street to street for a while whole day finally dislodged the sharpshooters and routed them with terrible loss. With the Angolinian sharpshooters was an Angolinian drummer boy and many girl and Boy Scouts who having been refused permission to go along to the city and hold repel the building of pontoons had quietly slipped inside some of the small ammunition wagons unseen and therefore were conveyed to the opposite shore side of the town.

Although he saw many men in the bombarded houses shot down, and walls crumbling to pieces by the shell fire of the glandelinians beyond the boy and girl scouts and the drummer boy were undaunted. With their own little deadly pistols and guns they fought the attacking rebels landing from the boats as gallantly as the Angolinian soldiers did and were the last to retreat too.

The sharpshooters having been disposed at last however the pontoon were soon finished, and on the evening of the thirteenth the greater part of the immense glandelinian army crossed over and again occupied Mombi. The next morning the battle of Puggy Mullane began with a series of most desperate assaults by the main Goodlier and Gargoylian forces under the entrenched line of the christians no nearly twenty miles long, and so crowded with great guns and thousands upon thousands of field artillery. The whole scene was like a long conflagration of flame and smoke and the noise was terrible and shook Mombi like an earthquake.

After a most sanguinary battle that lasted until late afternoon Federal's main forces including the troops of Mic-Hollester Phelan, Dallon, Aronburg, Tomza, Norm an and Bernard Federal and fifty other generals were severely repulsed with a loss of 10,000,000. The loss of the Angolinian forces was about four million. On the night of the sixteenth under cover of heavy artillery fire and darkness combined the glandelinian army recrossed the river. In this dreadful engagement general Federal had been severely wounded and on account of his engagement general Federal was compelled at his own request to be relieved of the command of the glandelinian army once belonging to Johnston Jackson Manley until he recovered good enough to serve again, and general Adela-De-Garhe's fighting Garbie's was called took his place. The army of Federal's badly shattered by the blow at Puggy Mullane was then reorganized as quickly as possible, and during the following days many changes of officers had to be made on account of great losses among officers. A most important change was the consolidation of the Gargoylian cavalry which then numbered about twelve million. It was also increased and drilled as much as possible and was soon in a condition indeed of greater efficiency, than it had ever been before.

During the meanwhile while the Angolinians had been driven from the western sections of Mombi before the battle of Puggy Mullane many bands of daring Gargoylian guerrillas hovered upon the rear and flanks of the christian armies or roamed at will all over the country in the vicinity of Angolinia Agathia, plundering the christian inhabitants. One of these big bands of Goodlier Gargoylians led by general Thomas Federal Johnston a handsome rebel general raided in six days throughout the entire state of Ozma and prepared the way for the advance of another big glandelinian army from the town of Lady Decie under general Mic-Hollester Mic-Whirther. This big army made its way toward Ozma town by a rout eastward of Evangeline St. Clara at the same time that general Calmannia Shoemannia, had been moving northward to try his game for Dorothy Gale. Part of general Mic-Whirther's glandelinian army under general E Mic-Hollester Henryson managed to get into the state of Ozma from east Angeline vine State and after routing a large Angolinian force under general Manson charity, near the town of Vandal, October 30th pushed on rapidly through the state in the direction of the Erminie Creek with the purpose to reinforce general Manley. But his onward course came to a sudden stop when he reached Evangeline St. Clara. There he found long impassable fortifications and a large christian force under general Cl G Calmann Shoemann who having possession had proclaimed martial law in the city and elsewhere around it.

General Henryson then turned back and seizing Vandalla remained there to meet the arrival of general Mic-Whirther. General Mic-Whirther entered Ozma State by crossing the Evangelina St. Clare river October 1 the Fifth General J.R. Bomberton Federal, Mic-Holleston Thompson, Mic-Holleston Wallen, and Mic-Holleston Gannon and Honder were leading the way when upon their arrival at Galsoline town they encountered a christian force of Abyssinkilans mostly punchkins under general wilderton Kauffmann. The next morning October the fifteenth the two forces clashed and in a frightful battle of five days duration the glandelinians were defeated with the loss of all their generals, enormous numbers of dead and wounded and all their cannon baggage and ammunition and wagons and six thousand horses. General Kauffmann's relation of over this victory did not last long for three days and a half later another and a stronger glandelinian army appeared under general Webbster Bicknell and fell upon him with such strength that he and his whole christian army was compelled to fly from the field in total and most disgraceful rout. General Mic-Whirther then joined general Bicknell at Anderford and prepared to march on to join Manley's army near Angelina. As it had been his purpose his army then numbered sixty five million men, while general Hennis Bappon Aronburg who was following following him had about sixty million. These two immense armies came together on October the 21 October the twenty eighth near the small but beautiful beautiful town of Joise St. Clare ten miles south of Evangelina St. Clare, and a most severe battle was fought and raged two days. All the first day it continued without abatement and on the following day it resumed with frightful fury, but when the second night set in the glandelinians had had enough of it, and fell back in haste to Landonburg two miles east, and thence out of the state abandoning the expedition. The Angelinians suffered losses in the desperate fight to the extent of four million three hundred and fifty thousand men, while the rebels suffered a loss of three million. In the meantime the many marauding bands of gargoylians all around besieged Angelina Agathia had been so successful in their raids around the rear of the christian lines that soon they had so great extent of wagon trains of provisions in their possession forty five miles in extent and a very small portion of this was ever recaptured.

At this time a portion of general Federal's glandelinian army now under Adole De Garbe commanded by generals Purgatorian, Hennis and Lessie Bicknell had advanced toward Bes Betsy Gobbin under generals Tribune Bicknell, Bicknell Bicknell, Tamerville, Bicknell Bicknell, Meldon Joseph Bicknell, Cooper Bicknell, Cannon Bicknell, Bicknell Goin, Hanson Bicknell, and Bicknell Bell Bicknell. General Hennis Bappon Aronburg hearing of this, sent word to general Winstien, then commanding a portion of the christian army north of Betsy Gobbin of the danger gathering south and east of him. Winstien at once moved to Betsy Gobbin, and as he did so the oval eleven Bicknells and their eleven divisions or armies went to meet him. When they met near the town of Hinchelife, north of Betsy Gobbin, October the 19th general Winstien with only three million men successfully held the ground and his positions against the eleven million men of the Bicknell generals. It was a fierce battle, but finally ended in the flight of the glandelinians southward in the greatest haste and confusion. A most stirring incident of the battle was a desperate struggle hand to hand struggle for the possession of a Winkie Battery which the glandelinians had seized after all the two thousand horses and nearly three thousand of the artillery men had been killed and ten thousand wounded. The Angelinian soldiers although they fought hard as they could could not regain their battery until the battle was fully over and the enemy routed. General Winstien's camp captured nearly one million prisoners. General Hanson Bappon Aronburg greatly afraid of the situation and fearing for general Winstien had sent heavy reinforcements under general William Ambrose Evans to Winstien but they did not reach him or his fiercely battling army until the day was won. General Evans had stopped on his way at a place within two miles of Hinchelife in order to follow out the instructions given him to wait there with his army until he should hear the sound of battle. High wind blowing from the north and a hurrying snow flurries around prevented the sounds of conflict from reaching him and so he knew nothing of the big battle until it was over.

General Winstien now gathered his army at Betsy Gobbin knowing that general Purgatorian Bicknell and his ten Bicknell generals had with general Mic-Whirther united their forces and were preparing to re-attack him. Then he and general Williams Evans moved until it took up a position near Tochney creek one mile of Betsy Gobbin south west. The glandelinians now forty thousand strong moved up from the southeast, and began the assault on Bes Betsy Gobbin on November 3th. For three days the battle of Tochney creek raged with great fury. Many assaults of the rebels were made with telling violence and carried all before it, but finally a late on the second and third days the christians steadily pressed the enemy back. They retreated and rallied and retreated and again rallied and kept up this sort of fighting until they had been driven twenty miles and then finally the glandelinian army was driven back for good and pursued to Trot town where they rallied anew and repulsed the Angelinians toward evening and then removed their flight to the shelter of Manley's main line of works. They lost in this day a desperate and stubborn engagement about nine million men in killed and wounded including three million prisoners, and the Angelinians lost only two million, three hundred and sixty five thousand in killed wounded and prisoners. General Williams Evans who then was at Trot town attacked a part of general Purgatorian Bicknell's retreating army that evening and in the last of the conflict was severely wounded.

During all this time since the outbreak of the bloody siege of Angelina Agathia in the early month of September 1864 Admiral glandell of the glandelinians was making active preparations for the capture of Angelina Agathia and Dorothy Gale by the w. river side, which by general Johnston Jackson Manley then still in command were believed to be the only instructions to the free navigation of the Angelina gun river for the army of besieging insurgents.

Indeed as the world would know in this story if you please to mention Dorothy Gale herself was most particularly important point of defense for Angelina Agathia as the city itself stood on verhigh ground among a portion of the Vivian Hills on the northern bank of the Angelina gun and was strongly fortified with fortifications fortified camps and the like by the Angelinians who used the town as a mobilization camp and headquarters. Until it alone could be taken the wicked glandelinian governments could not hope to carry out any of its plans for gaining control of the great Angelina river or even capture the Mic-Hollie Mic-Holleston's fortifications and gain access to Angelina Agathia. On sept. 19th the glandelinian forces without a struggle or loss captured a small outlying village or the outskirts of Dorothy Gale called Lini greede and thus made impossible for the glandelinian fleet under Admiral glandell to go up to the river close to the rear of Dorothy Gale, where after consultation with the commanders of merrimacs, gunboats and warships and other runs in the vicinity he opened a desperate attack upon the batteries and fortifications on shore. He met a terrible fire of destructive results and to avoid the guns of the fortresses and city he had a desperate effort made to cut canals and place pontoon bridges across three peninsulas in front of the rear of Dorothy Gale, but failing sadly in this on account of the fire of the Angelinians from all the houses on shore and from the christian batteries doing incalculable damage he was compelled to cease his attack, and withdrew his badly battered vessels down the river.

A little later about a week if you please observe an Angelinian force consisting mostly of Dombobians, led by general J.G. Polydectes made fierce attempts to regain Lini greede the outskirts sections of Dorothy Gale, then held by the army of glandelinian Scoodlers under general Thomas Joe Rae Senguline. A severe two days battle was the result on a ten mile battle line. The carnage was frightful and inhuman both sides fighting with savage fury. During the battle a Scoodler division of Mic-Hollestonians which did most splendid work and repulsed ten frightful charges of the Dombobians lost all of its generals and every field commander of all rank besides half of its number and still held ground. When general Senguline noticed this disaster and terrible slaughter of men and officers he dashed in front of the survivors and led them in person until he was shot and killed by a ball entering his head. It was a dreadful battle within half a mile of Dorothy Gale, but his glandelinians at the loss of their

general and so many men and officers soon fell back in confusion and the Angolians recaptured the town. The losses on both sides though greater than any battle ever fought outside of Angolia Agathia was withheld. At the same time this sickening battle occurred a glandelinian fleet of Ben Ram, battleships and huge gunboats under Admiral Mellenoller intended for the destruction of all the defensive christian vessels in the Angolia run river, appeared above Lindgreede to help in the fray or defense of the captured outside town. It clashed with the christian fleet under Commodore Turner and every ship of the rebel was disabled some blowing up and to pieces and causing dreadful loss but the rebel fleet however won the battle and repulsed the attack of the christian fleet. It did no good however because the christian army recaptured Lindgreede.

All this time the whole region outside the christian lines and christian mobilization camps had been so overrun with Gargoylian raiders and fierce guerrillas that in October the rear portions of the christian lines and camps were fully guarded. With a force of thirty million men in a long line under general J.M. Astomoeia he soon in series of skirmishes and small battles dispersed these many roaming bands around Angolia Agathia and drove the Gargoylians back to Manley's main line. The main Gargoylian army then gathered near Manley's contr under general T.M. Zee Rade. But general Astomoeia followed them with eight million troops under general James Wood. The latter soon came across a portion of Rades army near Port Jane near Los Angeles creek on October the twenty second, and attacking the Gargoylians most fiercely drove them back two miles but at the cost of dreadful numbers of men and officers for Gargoylians are hard fighters and cannot be easily defeated. Another portion of Gargoylian troops was found on the Ermdine creek eight miles from Angeles and they were driven into their own encampments by an Abyssinkilian cavalry force under general F.J. Goodheart.

Gathering about twenty million horsemen of Manley's main cavalry force and being assisted by Scoodlers, Scoodler cavalry and the dreaded "Hooded Terror", and the others general Zeile prepared to make a determined effort to recover Los Angeles. He started out against general Goodheart late in October. After desperately attacking and defeating Goodheart's advance guard composed of general Elmer Mic-Holleston infantry, artillery division and two long lines of cavalry on Veldon junction, took up a strong position. He then sent for Doubt Double Day Federal who was just then across the creek and the two united the approach of Goodheart's main army. The latter soon came with eleven thousand million men expecting to crush or deal a crushing blow against general Goodheart's army but the combined christian forces fought them desperately in a sanguinary battle at La-Algele defeated the big Gargoylian army and drove the rebel troops in the wildest confusion over to the main rebel line.

Meanwhile vigorous efforts were made to recover Trot from the rebels. Admiral Zimmerman with a small squadron of battle ships sailed up to the water front of Locolgero in October and demanded its surrender. Meeting with a prompt and defiant refusal he started a destructive bombardment but was repulsed. He then tried to capture the town of Parisia. This was also bombarded and it finally surrendered. At this time general God Frey Zeouris leading an expedition sent out by general Whidmans Evans to gain control of La Palanca had a severe engagement with the glandelinians at Mahannonville October the twenty ninth. The glandelinians however were victorious.

Toward the close of the month of October general Hanson's divan hearing of the determined efforts of the enemy under Shoomania to try and capture portly Gale moved southward with a hundred divisions and twice that many generals and on October the 30th reached the banks of the Aronburgs run west of Ozma town near Heddaram town. To his surprise on the opposite side of the river within very cannon shot was general Beppo Evans big Scoodler army with such good leaders as general Henry Perry, Collier Stanck, Abraham Pance, Aronburg Turner, globeurne Raporia, gedernish Jennings, Bonillian Godfrey, and Howard Stavone.

General Beppo Evans had come up from Manley's extreme right by way of evangeline at glare river and had concentrated his main forces at Heddaram just south of Ozma town about six miles.

The next morning on All saints Day November the first a most fearful battle began with Hanson's main army and the rebels under the other generals. Hanson's divan sent general Mic-Mic-Winter Rickman to fall upon the left of the glandelinian army of Scoodlers, while the Scoodlers supported by Turnamarians, Mic-Hollestonians and Gargoylians, had massed in strong massive lines and made an overwhelming dash on a six mile front upon general Hanson's divan right held by general Raymond Hanson. The latter after most desperate fighting for three hours was soon hard pressed by the overwhelming numbers, and sent to general Hanson's divan for assistance. General Hanson sent the reply:

"Hold every inch of ground at all costs. If you manage to hold your post I will swing my forces into Trot and Betay Gobbin, and by a loft movement rush my Abyssinkilians into Heddaram and cut Beppo Evans Scoodler army off from certain communications from Manley."

But the vehement attack upon general Raymond Hanson was too savage, wild and too strong to withstand, and though they fought desperately, and tried every effort to hold the Scoodlers back the troops of Dombobians and Angolians were slowly driven back, and general Hanson saw that he must change his original plans at once and hasten to the assistance of his right grand division. Meanwhile general Turner Winters was also assailed most desperately. The Mic-Hollestonians and Turnamarians supported by fierce Omarians and Scoodlers advanced toward him and his army in a compact mass seventeen miles long across open fields, through woods, and pairing like a flood of gray humanity across Jennie Creeklike at once opened fifteen batteries upon them, and shot their line of assailants to pieces, but yet yelling like fiends they kept bravely on until within about sixty rods, when general Winters' troops who had been lying in the woods in a line for ten miles under cover suddenly rose to their feet like a uprising tidal wave and made the woods crash like a thousand volcanoes in eruption with their musketry fire. From the frightful slaughter among their ranks the Mic-Hollestonians appalled broke and fled but the Scoodlers came on and struck the Angolians a terrible blow and drove them with shattered lines clear from the woods and captured Winters' whole line of artillery.

Hanson sent assistance to Winters and after a four hours horrible conflict the rebels lost a 11 they gained and were driven back with half their number killed and wounded and two generals killed. The Scoodlers at once sent more immense divisions against Winters and the struggle was renewed and raged for another four hours on a thirteen mile battle line but the Scoodlers were again repulsed. After three more times with frightful fury and violence he was attacked the Scoodlers trying to press their attacks with irresistible violence but each time he and his troops stood their ground and poured such murderous volleys into the surging rebel columns that the enemy with terrible loss broke and fled.

But again the conflict with him was renewed with terrible earnest. The losses soon became so great and so awful that it seemed for a time as if the battle between general Winters and Beppo Evans would only end when there were no more troops to fight. At length the Abyssinkilian division composed of Munchkins and Winkies and also Conventinians, with the aid of Dombobians and Tripleiglonians and Abhismanians made a simultaneous counter charge on the whole glandelinian army and after six hours of fearful fighting of which losses in officers on both sides was dreadful broke and scattered the whole of Beppo's army in wild and disorderly confusion. We readers and even the writer here can question if a more spirited result was ever accomplished than the results of the final charge of general Winters' division on the afternoon of that terrible All St Saints day at this battle of Heddaram. About five o'clock in the afternoon

General Hanson's divan seeing that the enemy was giving way on his front and that a most critical moment had arrived, gave orders for general Winters to cross the Ermdine Creek or river and drive the enemy from his position which the routed troop troops had rallied when they gained it. This was indeed in a manner worthy of the most disciplined and bravest christian troops ever known in the Angolian world or real world.

or real world. The Winkie and Murchkin Abyssinkilians in the face of a galling fire of great intensity along a retail line of four fourteen miles in length dashed into the river, the Angelinians, gondolians, Abitaculians, Concoctulians and the Tripoligulians fol, following close behind in a storming yelling tidal wave of red and purple uniformed men. The scene was grand in the extreme though for a time the firing was so fierce that it seemed as if a forest fire had broken out, and the thousands of explosions fairly rumbled the air. However it was a momentous battle on a tremendous scale. The Scoodlers the most desperate of the glandelinian fighters supported by the other rebels tore the surging christian tidal waves to fragments by the effects of a murderous fire of minkstry shells and grape but nothing could reds resist the gallant christian soldiers, for on they rushed like a wild cyclone of doom. The glandelinians from behind the walls of earth, stones, fences, and from hill's hillocks and from behind the creek met the tremendous shock as a breakwater does the storm wave, then wavered before the irresistible pressure, and then were driven back with stupendous loss at the bayonet point, step by step, fighting like fiends hand to hand with the Angelinians for about a mile and a half, when overpowered by the fierce Winkies they broke and fled ever and anon rallying desperately to check the too hasty pursuit of the Christians.

The capture of general glandburgs Scoodler battery of nearly a thousand grant guns during the same battle was the most gallant and desperate yet reckless achievement and yet worthy of the finest christian troops in the world of Angelina. Besides the two thousand guns this battery also consisted of one hundred and twelve centimeters a cent centimeter centimeters guns, six hundred and twelve twelve pound Napoleons, eighty big howitzers, and six hundred six pound rifled cannons. These were admirably served and did dreadful execution among the attacking christians. Over it flaunted the colors of the glandelinians and the standard of general Manleys himself. This battery extending for six miles with situated on a rising ground in wheatfields wheatfields, hidden by wheat, in cornfields, and in beet and other fields besides in a big cow pasture, while a portion of the Mic-Holleston woods afforded a most excellent retreat for the glandelinians. After the Angelinian and other troops under general Winters had succeeded in crossing the Erminis creek and driving the foe from its position and driven the enemy before them, a general rush of the troops under general Antonio Philipus was made to storm this immense battery which still maintained its fire a perfect drum drum of flame and din. The first brigades to reach this battery of horror were the Abyssinkilians under general Jacksonia Handdan Handonia who though wounded severely, still kept the field and acted throughout with a valor worthy of the days of the Gallant Crusades. Up went the immense or urge of brave Abyssinkilians bayonet in hand to the very muzzles of the guns which still belched death and annihilation to the advancing roaring tidal wave of men. The guns once reached the gunners were driven from them by the Angelinians but it took two hours desperate fighting before the immense battery was their own. The glandelinian colors were captured after a desperate resistance, the glandelinian color bearer a Scoodler whose name was James Hurnerton fighting wildly for them until two bayonet thrusts through his right arm and a bulley bullet wound wound in his abdomen compelled him to drop them. The whole rebel force was then routed for the main line of Manleys and fled like sheep.

The Angelinians lost at the battle of Heddarrann in killed and wounded in one day 26,778,999, and about one million five hundred thousand prisoners. The glandelinians lost more than 10,000,000 and about six million two hundred and five hundred prisoners own combined. Great alarm and intense discouragement were produced among the whole rebel army at Angelina Agathia siege and among their many leaders and also among the people of glandelinia by this crushing blow.

It marked the last of a series of failures the glandelinians had made in every aggressive movement, from the recapture of Mombi, to Heddarrann.

THE CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN.

CAPTURE OF FORT ANGELINIA---DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO RUN THE ANGELINIAN BATTERIES IN FRONT OF DOROTHY GALE---GENERAL JAMES STANLEY BICKNELL TAKES VIOLENTINIA----- THE SIEGE OF DOROTHY GALE----- A FIERCE CAVALRY CONTEST NEAR O'LA----- THE BLOODY BATTLE OF FURGARSONIA..... WHEN

CHAPTER FOURTY FIVE.

WHEN the war had already been going on for nearly four years and a half already and the siege of Angelina Agathia by the enemy had been on for full away, the Angelinian governments and other authorities saw now for sure that something must be done to do away with the horrible child slave system of the enemy, as not only were they a horrible evil but through the child slavery the glandelinians the authorities could call on every available man in the nation to fight against the christian governments without the necessity of leaving some or any to do farm work or factory work or work of other kinds and produce food and provisions for the army, the slaves being put to that work, even surprising to say scores of scores of thousands of boy slaves were in the glandelinian army as scouts not forces forced to do it but of their own full free will and surely were not worth fighting for at that. So also on the twenty third of November 1914 the Angelinian authorities proceeded to take full means to put an end to slavery existing in Calvernia if they had to lay waste to Calvernia to do so for the redance of the rebels against the Angelinian governments was becoming stronger than ever. As we also have seen the chief object of the wicked glandelinian forces at the very beginning of the siege of Vivian was key was the capture of Dorothy Gale, Gale and Ozma these towns fronting both the Erminis and Angeline run rivers. For this very purpose at the very beginning general Manley had concentrated his most famous army in the world near the four rivers in long lines of siege, while his fleets guarded all approaches to the cities by water. At the very beginning he had planned to get to the rear of Dorothy Gale by capturing Fortress Angelindia, then await the arrival of general Raymond Richardson federal, who was to pass down from the north of Aronburgs Run, guarded by an immense fleet of warships, then up the Mic-Holleston Run to a point where he could make a full junction with Manleys forces of siege. Now the edge was on and for fullway. After the many actions already described general Federal who had now been replaced by Adele-De Garbe was removed to the north under care of his body guard for the recovery from his wounds and Adele-De-Garbe fewing serious results of his successive defeats decided to change his positions and therefore moved a part of his army south of Mombi, where in his defeat he had left a large quantity of supplies to his christian enemies, then he moved his other section north of Mombi, then on to Kittens riecherts after flanking a strong force of christians drawn up for battle on the other side of the Erminis Run. While there and while making these movements general Adele-De-Garbe learned that general Jimmie Vivian force guarding the supplies near Kittens riecherts and effectively destroyed them and captured the hole force. This compelled Adele-De-Garbe to withdraw his right grand division to Erminis Junction. Meanwhile general Zoe Ras Buster with twelve million troops, left Adele-De-Garbes rear in many transports, with hundreds of siege guns, to beleaguer Dorothy Gale. At Grand Point he was joined by Admiral Frarrer and his fleet of warships, and they all went up the Angeline Run river. An attempt was made to capture some very strong batteries which protected the rear of Dorothy Gale but after a short battle at Chic kadoo glandale Dromer 25th general Zoe Ras Buster was badly repulsed and retired to Eldon Gale point opposite the mouth of the Erminis Creek where the main army was concentrated twelve miles above Dorothy Gale.

General Gus Ruse Guster then took his forces from Grandeur down the river to the same place after convincing himself by his own desperate schemes that the city could not be taken by direct assault while waiting for general Guster, general John Phelan Johnson who arrived at headquarters near Porrothy Gale proper and took temporary command captured Fortress Angoldinia at Esmania post fifteen miles from the mouth of the Kramine Run, January eleventh. The troops were conveyed by Admiral Glanders transports and battleships and also runs to within three miles of the gigantic fortress where they were landed in immense droves. Gander then passed up to close range and a sharp conflict of long duration raged. The fort was soon surrendered with five million prisoners. The following week Gander made fierce attempts to run past the batteries on the shore at the rear of Porrothy Gale with nearly his whole fleet and a large number of transports which were protected from shot and shell by immense bales of cotton and other soft material. These one hundred transports were manned by brave volunteers but the ships met such a heavy annihilating fire that the attempt was unsuccessful. General Gus Ruse Guster then waited five days or more for general Henry Phelan who had simultaneously been sent to capture a large bluff on the river shore. Being badly unsuccessful in this desperate enterprise general Phelan recrossed the stream and joined general Guster on January the eighth. The army then started for Violodinia another fortress of the river side of the city. On the way they found a very large force of Angoldinians strongly posted near the fortification in the woods and in strong works along the river front, near the small farm of Brookman. They were driven out of the woods and out of their positions after a severe battle of three days, and the Glandelinians then were able to continue their advance. Generals Phelan and Double Day Federal Johnston were in the advance and when they arrived to within two miles of Violodinia they came upon an Angoldinian force under general Fyans Herdrude. General Doubleday Federal Johnston at once attacked the main body of Angoldinians, while Phelan passing around flanked the Angoldinians and soon drove them from their fortress, rifle pits and other works. Then after a nonsensical sharp engagement the Angoldinians here fled northward, leaving however only three hundred three hundred and fifty prisoners, and eighteen guns. The Glandelinians under Guster then took possession of the fortress. He left general Phelan there to destroy all the war materials and public property, while he with a large force marched on to St Vincente Church and St Josephs hospital in which region where general Henry Phelan or with twenty five million men had a very strong position. Upon his arrival there general Guster decided to wait until general P Phelan Johnston with his army could come up, but the Angoldinians however would not wait, and on the morning of January the sixteenth began a desperate battle. The struggle was furious but short, and Dangers troops with some loss was driven from the field and fell back to Gertrude Angelina Railroad Bridge. There they were followed by the enemy and again defeated an after a general conflict, and sent flying in disorder to Porrothy Gale. The victorious Glandelinian army swept on and started then to closely invest Porrothy Gale and its immense mobilization camps and other positions and fortresses. A desperate assault by the whole army upon the camps was soon ordered, general Guster expecting that in the demoralized condition of the Christian army it might be easily be taken that way. But he found it took strongly fortified, and what was left of the assaulting troops were withdrawn. After a rest of three days he decided to make another effort to carry the camps and fortified works and forts in the rear of Porrothy Gale by storm. At eight o'clock on the morning of the twenty third almost the whole army moved at appointed signals and in a line of assault five miles long made a tremendous dash upon the National National works. In this battle a terrible scene indeed took place. The earthworks, the frowning fortifications, the very encampments and all the roofs of house-tops of the city at the edge became almost a mass of flame and smoke as they poured forth an annihilating fire upon the uncovered Glandelinian troops below. Bravely in the face of dugged resistance the Glandelinian army struggled and captured the outer works which were strewn like straw blown from a haystack by wind with dead and wounded, and despite the terrible loss strove desperately to gain a foothold on the camps where they could stop the murderous guns from the fortifications and the city roofs.

After a time general Phelan Johnson sent word to general Guster that he had won the outer fortifications and wanted reinforcements to hold them, and enable him to push further on and capture the forts. Therefore more and more troops were sent to

him and new vigor was put into the desperate and bloody assault. But it was one of the most false hopes of the war. General Phelan Johnson had not gained as much ground as he had thought, and after a little more slaughter, the broken Glandelinian army was at length compelled to fall back and abandon the awful struggle. General Guster now saw that he could not take the works or camps in the rear or front of the city of Porrothy Gale by storm, and so with the co-operation of the fleets began a regular siege. He at once sent for reinforcements demanding as much men as could be spared and when these soon came the investment of Porrothy Gale was complete. He arranged his forces by placing general Phelans divisions on the right, Hindernine Johnstons on the left and extending to the many railroad lines going to through the region and general Heller Johnstons on the centre with the divisions of Fisher Clayton and Wio Key Landon lying across the river banks, and touching the opposite bluffs and other high landscapes on three of the river waterways near by. General Johnston Fredrickson corps and the divisions of general John Hollister Phelan and Kimball Barclay were sent to a Napoon gun. For more than a month the siege of Porrothy Gale continued. Tremendous broadsides of shot and shell miles long; for volleys followed each other in quick succession throughout every day and night without intermission. Batteries on land and water sent destructive storms of explosives into the very heart of the city as well as into the encampments and upon the fortresses, playing havoc with thousands of buildings, sending many to destruction totally making big fires in the mobilization camps and among the fortresses, setting woods and grassy plains on fire until they looked like vast fur furnaces and driving the immense troops of soldiers who were not in their dugouts and military caves to the works for protection and also to the forts.

While the terrible storm of iron and explosives was dropping on the devoted Glandelinian Gusters armies dug their way nearer and nearer to the camps and the city, until one portion of the army got close enough to undermine one of the main principal forts in the main line of defenses on the land side. This was done and the fort blew up with fearful effect and raised windows by the millions in Angoldinia Agathia Porrothy Gale, and scores of city cities many miles away by the concussion and caused three hundred Angoldinian soldiers to be killed and a million wounded. Meanwhile famine stared in the face of the remaining population of the besieged city and the soldiers of the camps. The food was portioned out as sparingly as possible and worse of all the people had to eat anything they could lay their hands on that was at all edible.

At last toward March general Hanson had sent immense armies that itself invested the Glandelinian army and Porrothy Gale making a siege within a siege and so many assaults were continued that finally on March the twenty third a flag of truce went up from the fortified Glandelinian works, and two generals appeared before general Germaine Phelan who conducted the siege within a siege with a note from general Guster in which he suggested the appointment of fifty commissioners to settle upon terms of surrender. General Germaine Phelan wrote in reply that he would not and could not listen to anything but an immediate surrender that he would accept no conditions whatever, that it would be useless to even appoint any commissioners, and if general Guster wished for the siege to have an end he could have it done by an agreement on unconditional terms. General Guster then asked for a complete and personal review, and the two great generals met midway between the opposing lines under a Cedar tree when general Germaine Phelan with a sneer repeated that his terms were nothing but an unconditional surrender. General Guster gave a haughty answer and made Germaine Phelan understand that he would never surrender as long as he had a man with him.

"You may do as you like then for all I care" was Germaine Vivians astounding answer. "You can continue the defense till doomsday if you like and for all eternity too but nevertheless my army never was in a better condition than it is now and I'm sure I can continue the siege equally as long as you can stand it." Thus not being able to agree between them the interview ended. But general Gustar and his officers saw that being placed between two fires, from the city and from the besieging christian army that the Glandelinian army would meet annihilation in a short time soon agreed upon an unconditional surrender and so the rebel army which had in vated Dorothy Gale with the purpose to capture her and her strong works was surrendered and Germaine Vivian secured thirty seven million prisoners, and a vast amount of cannons which were surrendered April the fourth. Thus ended the siege of Dorothy Gale with a loss to the enemy of thirty seven million prisoners, among whom were two hundred and fifteen general officers, at least ten million killed and wounded, and among the killed sixteen generals not named here at least and hundreds of thousands of stragglers who could never be collected or reorganized. Arms and munitions of war for an army of sixty million men had fallen into Germaine Vivians hands to the surprise of his very father, besides a large amount of other army property, consisting of Glandelinian shipping, two thousand rebel locomotives, immense trains of passenger coaches, a million pounds of cotton, one, small parlor cars, a long line of steamboats, a million pounds of cotton, and a train of wagons forty miles long, and much more had been destroyed to prevent the Angelinians from capturing it. Germaine Vivians own loss and of the defenders of the city and camps a combined together in killed and wounded and missing was estimated at about eight hundred thousand, eight hundred and fifty seven.

In the meantime or at the same time general Zimmermann Francis Selma Schmidt after an active campaign toward Angelinia Agathia he for a while managed to break the christian power in the northern and central region of Ozma had invested that town then in command of general Robert Vivian himself.

With the assistance of Admiral Gaudens immense squadron of warships and fire bomb batteries and floating batteries, he began the siege of Ozma late in October. Like Gustar at Dorothy Gale he made thirty most desperate but bloody and unsuccessful and disastrous attempts to take the place by storm. For eighty days the siege here continued. At length the want of ammunition and the threatening extending of Hansons army to invest him made it impossible for him to hold the siege any longer and he immediately withdrew to the shelter of Manleys main army. The Glandelinians lost during the siege and battles about three million men in killed and wounded, and the Angelinians who repelled the siege lost only eighty thousand in killed wounded and missing. The capture of general Gustars army which invested Dorothy Gale and the brave defense of Ozma and the defeat of the rebel army there sent a thrill of joy throughout the whole Angelinian nation, for in the people of the very Angelinian world could see without the slightest doubt the early ending of the siege and failure of the enemy to capture Angelinia Agathia. The two tremendous defeats here to the enemy would be blows to the main besieging armies around Angelinia Agathia from which it could never recover. From the successful resistance even so far the two Vivians and Concentinian Aronburg were hailed as the greatest of Angelinian generals and indeed took a high place in the regard of the whole world.

A little before the battle of Hedda Rann the main section of the army of Glandelinians under general Joseph H. Darger remained in comparative quiet on the southern and northern side of the Erminie Run Creek, near the main town of Ozma tip for nearly two months. This section of the Scoodler Army numbered about 100,000,000 men while general Francis Vivian's army numbered but sixty five million five hundred and sixty six thousand, as a large force of his army under general Richardson Logan had been detailed to watch the movements of the main forces of the Angelinian Federals under general Vivian and Hanson in the main vicinity of Angelinia Agathia, during these two months however nothing but several severe cavalry movements disturbed the two armies. Early in October the Angelinian troopers under general Gloucester Anderson opposite Ozma and Trot were attacked by a monstrous mounted force of Zimmermannian cavalry under general W.H.F. Picknell.

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and on October the eighteenth the Angelinian forces at Glandonan Courthouse were surprised suddenly in the middle of the night, by a fierce band of Gargoylian guerrillas led by general Shields. They dashed furiously into the village and after taking a large number of prisoners and killing a number of women and even innocent girls and boys, among them the governor and leading persons of that place besides the christian general who commanded the troops galloped away and even defeated their pursuers. A little later the rear real first severe cavalry contest of the siege of Angelinia Agathia took place. It was between a large body of Concentinian horsemen led by general Costello Gardenal and a large force of mounted Gargoylians, under general Fritzhage Phelan Evans. They met at Turners Junction on the beautiful Erminie Creek and after a severe battle the Angelinian cavalry force were repulsed with great loss if you please to mention. Mention then the two months had really gone pass with nothing unusually accomplished, general Darger determined at the urging of Adele-De-Carbo to put his army in motion toward Ozma and make a fierce attempt to capture it and get around to the rear of Angelinia Agathia. Then while his main left wing under general Samuel Palto oneroged general Franco is Viviananna in front general Darger took sixty million of his own troops of his own right wing, maybe it was a birds wing, across the river in fourteen immense columns under twenty generals and moved it several miles north of Ozma and Tip to Trot Junction a small village near Ozma. General Henry Darger of the rebels made his headquarters there and began to intrench himself.

He placed general Shoemannia Phelansonia many divisions on his extreme right, with general Phelan Mic-Hollester next to him, general Slocum Cammilian in the main centre, and general Couch David and Mic-Hollester Randolph on the left hand wing.

General Francis Viviananna instead of being frightened at these preparations of the immense Scoodler army and retreating toward Ozma encampments as Joseph Darger expected go sent general Wienstien and Ambrose Evans with a most large force early in the evening of a posary Day to strike the immense Glandelinian army a most heavy blow. General Dargers troops went out to meet him in a battle line ten miles long but after an extremely terrible battle were driven back with frightful loss to their intrenchments. The following morning general Viviananna sent Wienstien with the whole of the Abyssinkilian command under his order about twenty five million men to execute a most grand left flank movement on Dargers extreme left and right. He where general Shields was stationed. He and his force of Abyssinkilians managed to cut their way through a tangled wilderness, which indeed effectively covered his approach or hid it rather, and reaching Shi Shields position, suddenly burst from the woods upon him. Fierce and most terrible was the onslaught on a line of charge seventeen miles long, the whole Glandelinian army at that section being crushed like an egg shell with the loss of a hundred generals in a fearful all day long fight. Toward evening the broken pieces of that once immense rebel line was driven back upon the main army. In vain did the gallant Shields gallop furiously among his panic stricken Scoodlers and Zimmermannians and strove to rally him them. His entire army was completely wrecked and routed and he even could not save it from terrible disaster. Back it fell like a panic stricken torrent of human beings, and now Wienstien was about to gain the whole rear of the Glandelinian army. But general Joseph Henry Darger taking in his peril at a glance, sent six big divisions under general Berry Sanderson and other generals to the rescue. Presenting a solid front to the enemy it enabled general Cammilian and Shields to rally their troops behind it, and general Wienstiens victorious course was soon checked. But regardless of the terrible hurricanes of grape and canister and bullets that poured into their lines from thirty stretches of artillery extending for sixteen miles massed in front of the battling Glandelinian surge of men, the Angelinian and Abyssinkilian forces wildly and insanely continued their desperate headlong attack until late in the evening.

Just after the conflict had ended along this section the Angelinians temporarily lost one of their best commanders and most brilliant leaders.

While leading one of the dreadful onslaughts in the evening general Johnston was shot and severely wounded by an Abbianinian machine gun. At the same time of that fatal morning the battle also raged elsewhere by a rebel attack upon the Abbianinian line under general Zoe Wickes. The Glandelinians were bravely and fiercely met by the main Abbianinian divisions of generals Carter Harrison, Walter John Harrison, and Richard Logan their immense infantry lines being supported by four thousand one hundred and forty pieces of heavy field pieces. For over three hours amid fearful losses these divisions made a brave stand against general Cannonia Johnston who led the assault, and the fierce Scoodler glandelinians unmounted by the heavy cannonading and fierce musketry fire they received, dashed up at a furious pace in an immense line like an irresistible tidal wave and drove the hard Logan corps and other divisions gradually back, and after sixteen hours hard and sanguinary fighting they were pushed from the field to a most strong position on the roads back of Trot and Betsy. Here the rebel line came up anew like a fierce storm wave but was gradually shattered and repulsed with the loss of their generals. While his tremendous part of the battle was being fought at Purgersonia general Zoe Wickes Hannonia with general Viviananna right main wing had crossed the Erminia on Henry Dargers main front and by a brilliant dash had captured the heights of Betsy Bobbin near the town by that name after three of the columns being annihilated in the enemy's inferno of musketry and cannon.

When leaving a large part of this force to hold these works should the insurgents counter charge he took his main army toward Trot and Betsy Bobbin to join general Viviananna. Learning of his movement and having general Viviananna well in hand, general Darger immediately dispatched an overwhelming force of Mic-Hollesstinians to intercept him. There was a severe conflict on a line of six miles and general Hannonia was compelled to retreat across the river to potesys ford. The troops left in the heights were also fiercely attacked and driven clear over the river. General Viviananna soon followed with the rest of the army, reaching the north side of the Erminia Creek in safety on November the fourth, while general Darger resumed his former position on the heights of Betsy Bobbin. The loss on both sides in the of that one day fearful battle was heavy that of the Glandelinians in killed wounded and prisoners being over 17,000,000 and that of the Angelinians about fifteen million. Soon after the frightful battle of Purgersonia general Hindale, as Johnston rejoined general Darger. During his absence he had besieged general St. Clare in a strongly fortified position near Trot also in the hope of driving the Angelinians from that post so as to enable him to seize Ozma from the rear and its vicinity and attack Angelinia Agathia from the rear. But failing in this he abandoned the siege and went back to general Darger.

With this main addition to it general Joseph H. Darger's army was reorganized into many divisions commanded by one thousand generals in all. Then general Darger made confident by his main successes successes at the battle of Purgersonia resolved to push on and make an effort to capture the town of Ozma and also Trot if possible. With this purpose in view he sent his left wing in charge of his Uncle general Augustine Darger toward the Angeline run through the Erminia and Angeline run valley by way of Chester Gump Junction, while general Cannonia Johnston with another large force moved along the eastern section of the river. At St. Patrick's Ford the glandelinian Confederates came upon general Milroy Marcucian with seven million federal Angelinian troops and after a battle drove him and his army across the stream to the shelter of the camps at Dorothy Gale. General Augustine Darger then crossed the main stream and marched rapidly up the valley to within a few miles of the Little Maxwellian opposite Rosa. He was soon followed by the divisions of general Cannonia Johnston and Hindale Johnston and on November the twenty sixth the whole of Darger's army was confronting Trot and Betsy. The army of the Angelinians still under Viviananna which had retreated retreated before Darger's advance took up a position at Button Hole Creek. There general Francis Viviananna and general Evans Turner had a decided disagreement over some proposed military movements concerning Angelinia Agathia and because he was refused to do as he was ordered the latter was forced to resign his command and general Henry Darger of the Angelinians succeeded him. Viviananna for as then numbered one hundred million men and extended for forty miles.

CHAPTER FORTY SIX.

CHAPTER FORTY SEVEN.

BATTLE OF LITTLE EVA ST. CLARE---ONE OF THE MOST TERRIBLE CANNONADINGS OF THE SEIGN OF ANGELINIA AGATHIA-----A MOST TREMENDOUS AND GALLANT CHARGE---CAPTURE OF ROSA STATION---THE ARMY OF HENRY DARGER PREPARES TO GO INTO WINTER QUARTERS---THE ARMY DRAFT ROITS IN CALVERINIA---GENERAL FISHER CLAYTONS BIG RAID---BRILLIANT EXPLOIT OF GENERAL DOLEKINE MIC-HOLLESTER---BIG BATTLE NEAR OMIETTA ST. CLARE---GENERAL SAMUEL MARQUES EXPEDITION---GENERAL ADELE---DE-GARBE FORCE FORCED TO EVACUATE ALL REGIONS NORTH AND WEST OF MOMET AND JITTENS RICHCHERTS---BATTLE OF AUGUSTINE ST. CLARE CREEK---GENERAL VIVIANANNA DRIVEN BACK TO DOROTHY GALE---GENERAL ROBERT VIVIANNS GRAND AND MOST DESPERATE STAND---HIS ORDER---GIVE THE REBELS THE COLD STEEL BOYS---THE BRAVERY OF LITTLE PENROD AND HIS BOYSCOUT FRIENDS GENERAL ROBERT VIVIANNS SUPPLIES CUT OFF---GENERAL R. GERMAINE AND JUDITH VIVIAN IN COMMAND OF THE MILITARY DIVISIONS OF CAMP JENNIE TURNER---CAPTURE OF JENNIE'S BRIDGE FERRY---DO DOROTHY GALE AGAIN BESIEGED---BATTLES OF HELLERTONIC AND HEROD JUNCTION.

SOLELY the morning after opened around poor little Eva St. Clare. Immense preparations were being made on all sides for a great battle. Troops of all kinds were coming in from everywhere to swell the immense armies, which were soon to close in deadly combat. Promptly had the divisions of the Angelinian armies responded to Viviananna's call and indeed they were all in their appointed positions by two o'clock that morning. The immense christian line of battle extended for nearly twenty five miles along both sides of the Heights of Betsy Bobbin, which overlooked Eva St. Clare and the immense fields and woodlands beyond beyond.

General F. J. Rodney Graves with eleven Abyssinkilian divisions occupied the heights on the right next to him on the left was general Dolekine Mic-Holleston and the Abbianinian corps followed across the main roads leading toward Trot and Betsy on another hill by the first and second and ninth corps, on the left was the Continentian forces under general Maurice Stanley, and Picknells Tripontigians. General Augustine Darger held the centre of his nephew's army with general Mic-Holleston Wailon on the main right and Johnstonia Federal on the left. The battle began at the first dawn of day when Johnstonia Federal made a fierce charge upon Viviananna's main left grand divisions commanded by general Dolekine Mic-Holleston. Amid the terrific crash and thunder of thousands of cannons and the awful roar of musketry and explosions and the fierce yells of the Abyssinkilians whistles the Glandelinians in a series of troops dashed up most savagely and with terrible force and ferocity attacked in splendid order but with seemingly irresistible force and death blow after blow, until the whole left wing of the christian line was shaken, shattered and thrown out of its strong position and gradually fell back unable to withstand the tidal wave.

Just then the Dandobians under general Horace Varney came up and reinforced general Mic-Holleston's driven troops. The struggle was renewed with redoubled violence but nevertheless the arrival of even more reinforcements for Mic-Holleston did not arrest the onslaught of the Glandelinians, instead the terrible fire of the artillery, that swept their immense lines and torn them it to bronze fragments seemed to make the survivors bolder and fiercer than ever, and they bravely continued to attack and force the whole line of Abbianinians and Abyssinkilians now up ordered by Dandobians and Continentinians back. They were at last arrested and an immense fire burst driven away by the arrival of the entire corps of general William Wells corps, and part of the first and second.

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General Joseph Dargor now determined to move upon Trot and Betsy with his whole force and then push on to Rosa but learning that general Henry Dargor and Viviananna were well across the stream and was now threatening his flanks and rear, he first decided to concentrate his army at Rosa, and then deal such a demoralizing blow upon Dargor and Viviananna that he could be able to push on and march on to Trot, Betsy, Gebbii and also Ozma and then capture Angelina Agathia without trouble. According general Jos Jy Johnston and Augustine Dargor were ordered to march from Topsy and Little Eva St Clare to Rosa, and General Cannonia from Ophelia St Clare. As the advance of general Augustine Dargor's divisions of corps approached their main destination they were met by general Sidney Smith's divisions of corps and a fierce conflict took place. General Henry George Mic-Hollester with the left wing of general Viviananna's army then came up and hastened to the relief of general Sidney Smith's brigades and divisions. Hardly had he reached the field of battle when his divisions were crushed and shattered and he himself and ten of his generals killed while all the rest were wounded and all the regimental and other commanders also killed and wounded. It was a terrible battle at Eva St Clare and the Angelinians who survived were being driven back. General Double Day Federal took general Mic-Hollester's place and bringing up his forces the battle went on with redoubled fury. General F.J. Graves now arrived with his own forces and took personal command. The Angelinians now reinforced and rallied now began to press the enemy back at all points, and seemed to be winning the contest earlier, when general Augustine Dargor's troops appeared on the scene, outflanking general Graves' line of battle. This turned the tide immediately and general Graves was driven off the field to a new and strong position on a range of hills near Little Eva St Clare of which Vivian Hill and Bondon Hill were the two extremes of the line and White Rose ridge at the village was the main apex apex. The immense line of Angelinians twenty miles in extent pressed on furiously capturing one million five or five hundred thousand prisoners until they reached the main ridge of hills where they were met by such a deadly storm of artillery and musketry fire for the extent of ten miles that struggle as they would they had to fall back. They resumed the attack, later, and made ten on successive other onslaughts but were repulsed with dreadful loss and the bloody conflict ended with the day. Learning of general Mic-Hollester's death and the slaughter of so many Christian generals general Viviananna at once dispatched general Walter Starrings to the field and find out and report to him the state of affairs. General Starrings' information was such that general Viviananna determined to give battle at the strong position general Graves had so cleverly selected. He immediately dispatched orders to the many different corps and divisional commanders and other generals to push on their armies with utmost speed for Eva St Clare and then started off himself, reaching the place a little after the approach of midnight. The two rebel Dargor generals also concentrated their immense forces that following night and prepared for the great battle of the next day.

The desperate struggle still continued with most fearful losses on both sides for several more hours. Meanwhile another mighty or titanic contest was going on between Augustus Dargor's troops and the main Christian right concentrated under general Day Federal and Rodney Graves. This desperate fight continued until eleven o'clock in the night when the Angelinians driven back by Graves' fire and shot and ball the worlds of Double Day's Federals on the extreme right of White Rose Hill. The prospect now indeed was a most gloomy one for the Angelinians, when the two armies were armed finally ready for the night. They had been picked back for three miles and a half on both the right and main left wings, they had suffered more losses than any other force engaged around Angelina Agathia during the siege and the so-called soldiers were all tired with hurried marches, and the long and struggles of the day. But general Viviananna knew indeed that he had a most strong position and as a retreat would be disastrous and cause the captures of Ozma and Dorothy Gale and enable the enemy to worst the two divisions and General Cannonia and then capture Viviananna's key he resolved to fight it out right there at no matter what the cost. At eight o'clock the next morning the battle was renewed with greater fury than ever on the main right. General Augustine Dargor attempted with his entire force to advance from the long line of positions he had captured the night before and Rodney Graves determined not only to prevent him doing so, but to recover his lost ground which had been so disgracefully abandoned by Mic-Hollester's corps. Fearlessly and in long lines of attack the Angelinians charged through the sea of smoke and death dealing balls, shells, and grape and canister of artillery. For five hours there was the most desperate struggle of the day and for a moment general Rodney Graves being overwhelmed was pressed back nearly a mile but general Michael Arthur's divisions and corps hurried to his aid and he again advanced. More and still more troops were brought up, and at last Augustine Dargor's brave followers were compelled to give up the struggle and fall back defeated in their determined purpose.

General Joseph Dargor now began to look for a more vulnerable point of attack on the Christian lines, and fixing on the centre he determined to make a most desperate effort to crush it with his artillery and double assaults puffing that night in secret he had brought forward 11,234 cannon of heavy calibre, and on the following morning the fourth day of the battle he opened a most terrific fire upon White Rose Hill and its vicinity for ten miles. No great guns of the Christian possessions to the number of ten thousand, responded and indeed one of the most fearful artillery duels of the siege was begun. For four hours the whole country around hock like a severe earthquake with the reverberations to such an extent that towns reported broken windows fifty miles from Angelina Agathia. Then at noon, near twelve o'clock Dargor ordered the main attack. The attack was made with dreadful violence by the rebels who swept forward in the most heavy columns ever seen before. It seemed that the steady storm of grape, canister, and shells poured upon them had no terrors for them for they hurried on, and when the whole Christian line which held its fire to the last moment poured a storm of volleys and volleys into their main force that annihilated their whole front line. The survivors still kept on and dashing over to the rifle pits and up to the guns bayoneted and drove the cannons away and swept the main Christian line back. The entire Christian line there was almost destroyed and the works in the possession of the foe who against counter charges of fresh troops held it for three hours and awful losses. Soon however their triumph was checked. The guns on the western and eastern slopes of Vivian Hill opened upon them with an annihilating fire of shot and shell, high explosives and grape and canister, and with such awful effect, that but was left of them fled in confusion. But that day ten times more this awful array of attack was repeated until at last the Angelinians had again taken possession of the works and drove the centre of the Angelinian position completely back from the other two wings. But soon again the rebels were counter attacked by heavy reinforcements and finally they were again driven back from all the positions they had won and at night the frightful battle of Eva St Clare was over, the Angelinians having been repulsed at every point with dreadful losses.

That night the fields for many miles over hills and plains presented a most awful sight being covered with dead and wounded men and horses and they were a nation's dead destroyed by some sudden plague. To the Christian side the losses are counted to more than twenty three million men in killed and wounded and prisoners, and a cut thirty to million on the glandelinian side. Side including over one million one hundred and fourteen thousand prisoners. A great indeed as the report of the battle of Eva St. Clare that it was evident that Angelina Agathia was now safe with the fragments of his badly shattered army general Darger began to retreat toward Mendocino's main encampments on the evening of the day after the battle was over. He recrossed the Erminia Creek and pressed on to the Angelina gun, pursued by general Nicholas Archer Archer with six corps divisions. General Darger managed however to hold these Angelinian forces at bay until he made ready to cross the river which had been swollen by the blowing up of dams by the Angelinians with the purpose to flood the enemy lines and drive them back, by pontoons and by fording. General Viviana followed him half a day later and pushed forward his armies in three directions, one by way of Erminia Creek another by way of Angelina gun and the third by the Evangeline St. Clare river, while the glandelinians went slowly up the valleys. After many skirmishes in mountain passes and on hill tops the glandelinians managed to detain a portion of Viviana's army at Maldon gun Gap in a not most heavy skirmish, while Darger with his main army of troops hasten through other secret gaps and not on hill passage ways and crossing the Evangeline St. Clare took up a strong position between that big stream and the Erminia.

When general Viviana followed closely on a line of march thirty miles long, the rebels as soon as possible after fighting a thousand skirmishes retreated and soon took up a strongly defended defensive position beyond the Erminia. General Darger now decided and determined to make another attempt to capture Ozma by turning Viviana's right flank and left flank to gain his entire rear, and then going on rapidly to Angelina Agathia. General Darger partially succeeded in this flanking movement, and the two armies at once started southward one with the hope of reaching Ozma, the other with a determination to get a position where it could prevent the accomplishment of the purpose.

After a most exciting race, during which there were 10,000 skirmishes the Angelinian forces reached Barnes heights November the fifteenth and when a portion of Joseph Darger's army reached Rosa Station, Viviana attacked it and drove the glandelinians in wild confusion back to the Erminia, then after attempting to repair the railroads which the glandelinian armies destroyed on their ten mile retreat, followed him to Rosa Station, where another sharp battle occurred.

This point was protected by ten strong forts and long line lines of fortifications. On the north side was a line of fortifications with twenty two redoubts containing a force of two million men. Toward these the Angelinians turned their attention, general Rowland Wells directing an assault by his Abbeoninian divisions of Ninth Corps. After raging a fight of all day with varying fortunes on both sides the troops made a gallant charge in double line, and though nearly a million men were shot down in half an hour the survivors gallantly rushed into the ten mile line of rifle pits and forts in the face of a storm of grapeshot and bullets and shells and after a short but fierce hand to hand encounter or a hundred series of closing hand to hand encounters all along the line drove back the desperate defenders whose retreat was soon cut off by the Angelinians sweeping around to their many pontoon bridges. More than one million six hundred thousand glandelinians, and four hundred and forty four big guns were thus captured.

General Joseph Darger now fell back to another line of defenses on the banks of gunbeam Creek gun, behind the Erminia. A few weeks afterwards while the siege of the rest of the glandelinian army continued still fiercer general Viviana on December the twenty sixth decided to make an attempt to dislodge general Joseph Darger's main army. General Germania gibbons was sent forward on ahead with with an immense force of Conventinian Conventinians and upon reaching the vicinity of the long line of defenses he with a large escort made a personal

reconnaissance which he and twenty thousand of his men including thirty general generals and all his officers with him were killed or wounded the general being wounded mortally. General General Kenneth Josie who took his command then having made his own plans resolved to make an attack the next morning if possible, but he lost time in manœuvring in unknown parts of the country the several days with nothing accomplished. Then general Viviana decided after hearing general Josie's reports to make a general assault on the fortifications at seven thirty o'clock the next morning but at daybreak while snow fell heavily it was found that general Darger and his Uncle had entirely changed their lines during the previous two days and nights and was so strongly fortified as to make the chances of success extremely doubtful. It also looked positive that Darger was preparing to go into winter quarters right there or await the main forces of the rebels army in the still more distant camps beyond.

In the same time while the siege of Angelina Agathia was in full swing and while to the the battles around her and at other various points were being fought so desperately, feeling the complete necessity of a larger force to carry on the wicked rebellion, the glandelinian Congresses who had charged of the loyal sections of Galverinia if you please to mention our authorized draft, or a complete forced conscription to fill up the ranks of the wicked glandelinian armies in Galverinia, and the king and other high persons immediately put it into operation.

This not indeed met with the opposition of the parts of Galverinia which was loyal to Angelina and who was opposed to the glandelinian cause. The loud and thrilling speeches of the thousands of leaders of these parties, and the utterance of the press in sympathy with them all against the draft, so inflamed the population of loyal Galverinia that in many cities even in possession of the glandelinians they rose in tremendous mobs and entered into one of the most tremendous and bloodiest riots ever seen on September the nineteenth 1914.

For the man and his wife, my dear reader, the Galverinians who were opposed to the enemy and the glandelinian draft created a most terrible disturbance. For the distance of six hundred miles they destroyed the long lines of telegraph wires, ruined thousands of railroad trains, tore up the tracks, burned down the tribunal buildings, paraded the streets of towns and cities with horrible cries against the glandelinian draft, and plundered and even killed the glandelinian citizens or those who did not oppose the glandelinian cause.

Innocent children who were claimed to be too strongly guarded by the rebels to be ever rescued were taken by force, secret or by kidnapping and sent to Abyssinian countries to be free, and the glandelinians who pursued or tried to regain the children were clubbed shot or cut down or hung by the necks on lamp posts trees, or from cornices of building roofs, and a large plantations for slave children was fiercely attacked and burned to the ground with every thing in the fields ruined, while the fleeing rebel inmates were pursued and captured or killed and the children carried off put on trains and sent off to Abbeonnia.

Many glandelinians who were child slave masters or who owned child slaves, had to fly for their lives into the country or into the enemy armies for protection. Nothing whatever could suppress the insurrection and when Christian armies were mustered into that section the rebels all had to go and the draft was overthrown. Fully two hundred thousand persons mostly of the glandelinian citizens police and soldiers were killed and property to the amount of at least \$200,000,000 was destroyed. Again it was at this very time near Angelina Agathia during the siege that general John M. Fisher Clayton the worse of the Gargoylian guerrilla chiefs made one of his most famous raids around the whole rear of Angelina Agathia. He went swiftly and unexpectedly from one part of the Christian line to another, plundering, destroying and even levying contributions. His purpose was to give the main signal for the uprising of the very Angelinian garrison in that very city.

But however he was completely unsuccessful, and he and his whole band was soon captured in southern part of the region of Porothy Gale, late in October. The remainder of his big band of Gargoylians, were killed captured or dispersed. A brilliant exploit, probably one of the most brilliant exploits in the whole world was performed simultaneously by a large troop of Angelinian and Abbeoninian cavalry general I. W. W. Goodlaw with the assistance of

go general polerino mic-holleston. They were sent by general Geneontinian Aronburg to destroy a portion of the Mic-Holleston and Pandora railroad in the western section of Angelinia Agay Athia and so successfully did these troops with the co. and of their two generals conduct the raid, that they almost entirely cleared that portion of the country of the glandelinians and seriously interrupted all railroad communication between general Adelo-De-Garbo near Angelinia Agathia, and Beppo Beppo Evans in front of Hedda Rann. And also plans to mention after the battle of Hedda Rann. He had to run the two opposing armies of Hanson, Vivian and Beppo Evans happened to be within a few miles of one another until December 1914. In the meantime the main cavalry forces of both sides were being extremely busy. The glandelinian cavalry early in October to November continually sent out millions of men and a force of four million horsemen the "Hooded Terror", under general Hart Broadway, and Boobyville Hedda to recapture Mombi Junction. But they failed and were soon driven back. When general Huesbaum, Stanek Mic-Wind Whirler the most famous glandelinian general of the war with a large force of all sorts of Gargoylians, added with Gargoylians and other kind of cavalry troops attempted to seize general Hanson's main base of supplies at Vincentini n gun, just below Boca and Dorothy Gale, in the month of October just before the battle of Hedda Rann, but was attacked and defeated by general Jack Ambrose Evans. General Huesbaum Mic-Wind Whirler then went back to the main army and getting reinforcements, reappeared near at Vincentinian Run early in October last week place please, for the purpose of section of seizing that place and was able to go on and reinforce general Beppo Evans and help him recapture Mombi. But in the battle that followed November the fourth place with the Angelinian forces under general Henry Joseph podger, he was seriously defeated and he was forced to retire to Hookerine Junction. Meanwhile general Hanson Vivian was not idle either. In the latter part of the beautiful month of December he sent out an expedition to Ozma in the hope of taking Ozma King town near there where the besieging glandelinians had secured or captured a large iron works and ammunition factories and some vast encampments of military stores, and also Pollychrome the set centre of a most important system of railroads.

The expedition was led by two generals and by Colonel Henry Hurmerson and left Dorothy Gale in the three hundred and eighty five Immense steamers for port St John from whence the big army of troops marched over to the Hurmer river and up that stream toward Polly Chrome, where the whole force was mounted on horses secured on the way, when they turned in another direction and moved eastward through one into Melder Glen in the rear of general Beppo's Immense army of glandelinians.

Indeed they were getting well on their way to their destination, when a body of Gargoylian cavalry under general Rodney Aronburg and August Darger, set out in swift pursuit of them. One of the liveliest races in the world ensued and it was ended only by the giving out of the horses of the Angelinian soldiers, and ammunition when they were within a few miles of Little Polly Chrome. The pursuers then fell upon them on December the third, and the condition of the Angelinian forces then compelled them to surrender. Colonel Hurmerson and his men were then sent to glandelinia, from which he after two months there, with a thousand other officers and a hundred generals afterwards escaped by burrowing themselves out under ground and in disguise getting back into Angelinia on a train.

General Hanson Vivian prepared to press on his advantage after his victory at Hedda Rann and so organized his main army into three divisions commanded respectively by general Raymond Hanson, general Jacob Baldwin and others, with the intention of moving on to Kittens Ischerts and force the enemy to break back from that location and thus break the siege by main force. This movement began late in December starting from Hedda Rann. General Beppo Evans left his entrenchments on the line of the Erminie Creek at the same time and fell back to Flathead Creek, then finding that general Hanson's Immense army was pressing up, and a portion of it seriously menacing his flank, he quickly retreated from there toward Quadding country to closely pursued. Passing over the hills near Mount Munch, general Beppo Evans, crossed the Winkie river and North Branch creek at the town of Bridge port, destroying sixteen big bridges as he went and setting a forest on fire for the distance of two miles and half filling the region with a sea of smoke in his effort to frustrate Hanson's purpose.

The army of Hansons reached the Winkie river on the twelfth of December 1914, when general Beppo Evans was concentrated near Munchkin town. General Hanson whose main army was further behind soon saw that that town and the rebel positions supported by Hanson's main line was too strong a position to be taken by a direct attack, so he made up his mind to attempt to flank it by the west and south and gain the rear of the vast glandelinian army and break the peril of Angelinia Agathia right there. And where he felt sure he could also cut off the rebel general from his main base of supplies and compels him to retreat or give battle. With this plan in view, general Hanson Vivian took the corps of general Jack Ambrose Evans, and Walter John Jennings across the W Winkie river a few miles below Mount Munch and went up the Munchkin valley and took possession of that hill. Then the rest of the army under general Richard Johnston Kindernine and Rio Hardeon Patrick Halsted was left with orders to so arrange itself that the enemy would think the whole force was still on the north shore of the Winkie river. These orders were indeed so well carried out, that general Beppo Evans was thoroughly deceived, and knew nothing whatever of general Hanson's purpose or of the movement of his army until the latter had moved a portion of his vast army far north of him. Beppo immediately saw the danger of being cut off from his base of supplies and so at once broke up his Immense camp and within two days after a hundred and fifty severe skirmishes evacuated Emerald town and his positions and passed through the country and hilly region to Kittens Ischerts, which danger also caused general Adelo-De-Garbo to evacuate all other positions northward and west of Mombi and Kittens Ischerts and move northward to reinforce general Beppo Evans. When general Hanson Vivian heard of Beppo Evans' retreat his Immense army indeed was scattered. General Jack Evans' big corps was fourteen miles away up the Quadding country, general John Evans' big brothers army was down the Aronburgs gun valley, the thirteen miles back, while general Jennings and Halsted and Kindernine was on the Erminie Creek only eight miles from Mombi. General Hanson Vivian supposing general Beppo Evans to be in full retreat near or toward Polly Chrome and slippy town and not thinking that Adelo-De-Garbo was moving to his aid, ordered Kindernine, Grotheart, and Jennings, and also Halsted to move up the Winkie river and take position at Hurmer's Gai General mill, where three or four roads from Polly Chrome to Dorothy Gale and Ozma crossed, so as to intercept the fleeing glandelinian army before he reached Adelo-De-Garbo's centre. Just then to his surprise general Hanson Vivian learned from boyscouts and girlscouts belonging to Gertrude Angelina's force that general Beppo Evans was not at all retreating as he had supposed but had turned about with half of Garbo's army to his support and was preparing to march back on Emerald town.

Hanson was startled and to save Kindernine and his four great general generals if possible from destruction by Beppo Evans general Germaine and Jimmie Vivian were ordered to push on with all haste over the hilly country to their support. General Beppo Evans learned of this movement and at once sent general Ah Annie Wad and Jinger snap to fighting forest, though through which general Kindernine and his followers would have to pass, so as to hold the latter and allow general Adelo-De-Garbo's advancing army to fall upon the isolated positions of these four Christian commanders. For a good reason which was on account of Gertrude Angelina's boy and girl scouts neither of these movements of the enemy was able to catch the four Christian generals who were able to push through despite opposition and push down the valley while general Germaine Vivian and the others appeared and came to their help. General Raymond Hanson was then ordered to come up to general Robert Vivian's support on the extreme right, and at midnight his columns were in motion. By taking a most indirect route down Munchkin gun valley and across the three other streams he managed to elude an Immense body of Zimmermannian Confederates sent to intercept him. While action was going on at the Munchkin and Winkie stream already and the sound of firing was wild and heavy general Hanson Vivian soon concentrated his vast armies near Augustine St. Clare Creek as much as possible and on the following morning still all night having heard firing of great intensity the army stretched along the Aug Augustine St. Clare Creek from Hurmer's Gai General mill, toward the location of Glinda Junction with Jack Ambrose Evans on the left, Kindernine in the centre, and

general Jennings on the right. The immense army of Adele-De-Garbes and Beppo Evans was arranged on the opposite side of the creek. The tremendous battle of August 18th at Clara Creek or Polly Chorn opened fearfully this very morning of December the twenty fourth. General James Gignery was the one to receive the first main blow. He with general Henry Darger had been sent with a large force of pomobians and Abbeannians and many officers from the main christian line to make a powerful reconnoitre toward the Winkie river, when the glandelinians who consisted of the fierce and dreaded Omarians opened the attack upon him. His whole line was fearfully assailed by the glandelinians under generals Henry Wailen, Mic-Holleston Phelan and Augustus and James Darger and he was rapidly being worsted. The divisions of general Gignery, but so severe was the violent assault of the insurgents that they soon were compelled to fall back rapidly to the centre of the main christian line, and general Beppo Evans seemed soon to be rapidly gaining his purpose to strike at the whole of general Hanson's line from left right and centre in an endeavor to wind some weapon or undetected spot, and break through to sweep a back the whole christian line and capture Angelina Agatha when general Jack Ambrose Evans came up and rallying the broken and shattered divisions of Gignery and Darger, hurled them upon the whole line of the assaulting enemy. When drawing all his columns into position again, general Ambrose Evans ordered his whole line and the troops of the others to advance. Presenting a whole determined and irresistible front, the Angelinian troops extending in a six mile line of battle rushed forward steadily and firmly, and although general Phelan's men stood their ground bravely for a long time and fought most desperately every inch of ground they could not long resist the heavy human tide of christian christian forces that swept down upon them in serried waves of attack. Forced back all along the line with their line cut to

pieces and two generals fallen they wheeled their deadly batteries into new positions and hurled a tornado of shot and shell, and grape and canister into the whole line of the advancing christian force, but all in vain. The whole advancing christian surge of course was fairly torn in tatters, but steadily the christian soldiers advanced, breaking the head of each column of desperate glandelinians as it tried in vain to stop them, and sweeping over everything like a cyclone until the field was fairly won and the glandelinians had been driven back for nearly six miles. While the fearful battle was raging so violently on the main line the Angelinian centre was assailed by general Adl Adele-De-Garbes and Bernard Gunn Nolkingsburg with such ardour and resistance and a vehemence that the whole centre was quickly forced back and was about to break into confusion and retreat in total rout when general J.O. Evans who was on the right grand division division, came up with his big force of troops and stemmed the current for an hour.

But after a most sanguinary storm of battle for an hour and when it seemed evident that the Angelinian rebels would be driven back at last fresh glandelinians immediately appeared and rushed into the fray so wildly, and fiercely and attacked the Angelinians so savagely that the whole christian line was parted in the middle, and the immense torrent of gimmermannian assailants looking like little girls attacking boys managed to push on into the vast east gap thus made and almost turned the rear of the christian line. Seventy christian generals fell in their endeavor to restore the broken line and for a moment or so it seemed evidently as if the glandelinians had fairly gained the day, but general Ambrose Evans came up just then, and while general Robert Vivian held the enemy in check with a dreadful annihilating cannon fire, that destroyed every rebel column that dared to rush in the face of it general Jackson Evans divisions and ten brigades came up, and after counter charging and then holding its own line of battle in a perfect inferno of cannon and musketry managed to at last drive the advancing gimmermannian columns back with dreadful losses.

This success was only for a brief spell for general Leo Costello's artillery stormed general Vivian's long line of batteries thus giving the shattered shattered gimmermannian columns a chance to rally, and receiving reinforcements from general Leo Costello's left wing they again came on and rushed forward with terrific fury. General Jackson's army now had to fall back and in striving to rally the line he was wounded and his assistant general Daniel L. Turner killed.

His retreat however was soon stopped by general Mic-Holleston, who with small pioneer companies and William Jackson's brigades and two ninth and eighth and ninth corps turned the tide again in favor of the Angelinians. The general Gignery and his two generals found themselves forced to give way under an attack of great ferocity, that beginning at the extreme left wing of the christian line had drifted and drifted rapidly down the whole line just as a wave sweeps along the shore, but these three generals and their divisions were saved in time by the Abbeannians and Abyssinkilians under generals Kenneth Casey, and James Gannon who coming down the two streams in great haste, charged furiously upon the sixteen mile long line of glandelinian assailants attacking them both on front and in the flank and driving them back to their main line in utter rout. The two immense armies now stood face to face without either side having gained much advantage. But nevertheless general Beppo Evans had been foiled and frustrated in every attempt to break general Robert Vivian's main line, and toward nightfall he withdrew his forces to prepare

for still another desperate struggle on the coming morning. The whole christian army however under the two Vivians rested in a very uneasy form that night. The two immense christian divisions had suffered awful losses in men and officers during the day and at no point had anything been gained. Both sides still retained their respective positions, and although the troops were all tired out by the wild struggle and thirsty because of having been driven from the three water courses, they knew they would have to fight out the battle more desperately in the morning. But nevertheless they had the satisfaction of knowing that only the indomitable bravery of their officers and of themselves, had saved their army from total defeat, and possibly from capture.

Indeed the glandelinians too were very unhappy and uneasy over the dreadful day's work. Their gallant and desperate struggle to get past the whole christian line under the two Vivians and recover general Evans had come to naught, and they must repeat their efforts the next morning. But the gloom that settled upon their camp was somewhat dispelled by the appearance in the night of general Joseph Henry Darger with the balance of his own corps that had been sent by Adele-De-Garbes from the region of Omaha down to the assistance of Beppo Evans, so that the latter army was increased to seventy million men. While General Hanson Vivian and his brother had at this point only sixty five million men. The next morning Christmas day the battle broke out again in redoubled force and violence with a fierce attack than the day before upon general Jack Ambrose Evans' position.

The glandelinians advancing in two immense serried lines so close on like two successive tidal waves, and though their line was riddled and torn by the terrific christian fire, they made a gallant determined charge, and although a part of Evans' main line was protected by a strong rude breastwork, and abatis made of all kinds of trees and interlocked with discarded utensils of every kind, and manned by many parks of artillery which seemed to sweep all before it, and from whose infantry line poured an incessant stream of bullets, the survivors pushed on, rapidly filling the huge gaps and the places of so many of those who fell under the hot withering fire. Even as column after column melted away fresh troops sprang forward, their leaders being determined to carry the christian position and stop the deadly fire at any cost. Twenty glandelinian generals along this point fell killed in a short time, and men and horses and even whole lines of charge fairly went down like a massacre but nevertheless the glandelinians pressed the attack more fiercely and general Evans was so hard pressed that general Hanson Vivian sent Gignery and Henry Darger to his aid, filling the latter place with Abyssinkilian divisions of general Ben Logan's divisions. The struggle was now more desperate and seeing the christian troops being reinforced the remaining glandelinian generals headed by Joseph Henry Darger and Augustus Darger urged the men on to a last desperate and more violent assault. So well they did the whole line of gimmermannians respond to the appeal, that reckless of death, and despite the volcano of flame and din along the whole Abbeannian line that shook the ground like an earthquake and wailed the whole region in a sea of smoke and flame they dashed up into the very mouths of guns and cannons that sent whole brigades to annihilation, and broke the solid main christian columns in front of them, and engaging them in a tumult of bayonets and shots point blank finally hurled them back in confusion.

In vain did general Jack Evans tried to prop up the tottering broken and mangled columns with his presence and appeals, one by one they trembled and then crumbled before that restless storm until the whole wing fell back in disorder and general Henry Dargers was wounded on the right leg and shoulder by a shell fragment.

The whole line retreated general Evans clever as he was hastily sought another strong position and finding it managed after two hours effort to rally the many divisions of broken troops behind it, and another desperate stand was soon made.

On general Brooktown, Herdrude and Kindernine were wounded, general Turner was killed, garring was wounded and also polerine Mic-Hollester. General Hanson Vivian now ordered general Glide Quimble to leave his own position in the centre and join General Jack Evans who was the hardest pressed in general Robert Vivians whole roaring battle line. To do this general Glide Quimble had to pass around in the rear of general Viviania who was also fearfully engaged, and who stood between him and Evans. Always on the look out for some weak spot in the main christian line the glandelinian immernannians quick as a flash, saw the gap made by the sudden departure of Glide Quimble, and without a moments delay on, called upon their allies the Mic-Hollesterians and Scoodlers, and sprang into it. Here was a fearful

death struggle in two directions at once, the glandelinians in passing through the gap facing two fires of front and rear, and then encountering a fearful inflade and general germania Vivian who moved quickly from the right to prevent the rush into the gap was swept aside like a reed and without ceremony and himself dangerously wounded and six of his generals killed, and all his commanders swept down to death and ruin, while the army on the left and right side of the gap shared the same horrible fate and general Henry Goodchild and Anotone genguine fell wounded.

General goncentinian J Jacksonia Evans and general Maurice gostellio who had come from the right near Betsy phlin rallied his troops and for a while stood his ground obstinately against the greatest odds. But charging on reckless of losses and despite fiercer resistance the zimernannians and Mic-Hollesterians swept everything before them. General Robert Vivian himself, and Hanson Vivian, and Jimmie Vivian and also Viviania and Francis Viviananna were all borne backwards with dreadful loss unable to breast the storm tide, and their troops in the biggest rout and confusion ever witnessed fled like a nation stricken with panic to the helter of the outer provinces of Dorothy Gale. General Jack Evans main left wing was now completely left alone on the fearful battle field, and he determined to make a stand and save the army and Dorothy Gale from ruin and capture if possible. Gathering his own broken armies on a big semicircular ridge the one called Mt Mun h Munc h his whole line was rallied after an hours desperate effort, and soon the mount seemed to have been a large series of big volcanoes broken out into his thundering eruptions as his whole army poured broadside after broadside five miles long of thousands of cannon and millions of musketry into the wild insane masses of immernannians and Mic-Hollesterians, who flushed with their victory on other parts of the field bore down upon him with the greatest fury. Bravely the Angelinians stood their ground, and bravely their enemies rushed to the attack. But the good and well chosen post position of general Jack Evans and his well directed incessant galling fire were too much for even the bravest of men, and the fierce glandelinian charge was soon checked. Falling back they finally decided to assail the Angelinians on their main flanks. In one dark mass many miles long they gradually swung around like the wave does at the change of wind during a storm and moved fiercely around on general Evans right and poured through the gore in his rear like a dreadful flood with the effect of causes. General Jacksonia Evans shuddered for he believed now that all was up with him and his army. In a few minutes all his whole immense army would be killed or captured, for he had no force to check the desperate onslaught on the right and rear. But fortunately just at the critical moment general Peppo Evans of the Angelinian Army under general Mror Viviania who had heard of the desperate peril of general Evans and moved to his support from his position at a distance six miles away arrived with the sixteen brigades of general

Antonio Viviania and Michael Caset under the command of general Baldwin Phelan. Not a second too soon did they arrive, general Joseph Henry Dargers attacking rebel troops were already pressing on and but in a victory, when general Michael Caset seizing the regimental colors led the ten brigades and other columns in a gallant counter charge against them. Like a roaring cyclone they swept down upon the conquering foe, and fairly blew it from the ridge and hills. Once more the christians under general Jack Evans were secure in their position.

However general Dargers glandelinian troops were rallied at once and charged again upon the ridge with redoubled fury only to be driven back by the most deadly fire of cannon and musketry. Again and again, and at all again they returned to the attack but were swept back with horrible slaughter. Then they tried a most desperate advance upon the left in double line of tremendous charge but were routed by a bayonet charge led by general Baldwin Phelan. He afternoon was now fast advanced and still the battle raged on with Beppo Da Evans and Jack Evans. Soon the day was fast closing and the fierce glandelinians rallied for a decisive blow. General Jack Evans ammunition was exhausted, and he had nothing to stop this last assault upon his lines but the bayonet. So when the foe came on and reaching striking distance he shouted:

"Give those yelling devils the cold steel. go anything in your power to stop them."

forgetting their desperate weariness and the seriousness of their situation, his long lines of men sprang forward and charged so quickly and so steadily that the glandelinians finally turned and fled in confusion and the left wing of general Hanson Vivians army was saved.

To go to general Robert Vivians army. The engagement along his line was equally as severe and violent and during this most important battle general Vivian and his staff looked in vain for hours anxiously for reinforcements from Hanson or Viviania as his immense line of gallant troops from their slight time to time saw the breastworks of snow, logs, sapinacks, sand bags, and from ridges of dead soldiers were striving desperately to repulse the repeated assaults of the overwhelming Scoodler, zimernannian and Mic-Hollesterian forces and save his whole army from destruction. His whole line of battle was formed like a narrow long angle with general Remington standard on the main left wing, having under him generals Joseph Gater, Daniel S. Shoemannia and Marcus Nero; Joseph Violette and Henry Goodchild held the extreme right at Whukie Creek and Gordon Child gave p, plantation. General Roswell Johnson ten army corps consisting of general Puggy Mullanes and Van Brooklinas divisions

formed the main centre with part of general Jimmie Vivians on each side. The line generally followed Winkie Creek though on the left it happened to take the course of the Mic-Hollester and Pandora Railroad. Between eleven o'clock and twelve o'clock general Mic-powels Jones brigades of general John Posters division met the first attack at this section of the bloody battle and in two hours his whole division was pressed back. General Robert Vivian then ordered his own line to advance and general Adele De-Garbe who led the glandelinian onslaught against Robert Vivian was driven back with the greatest slaughter losing two miles of ground and immense numbers of cannons and positions he had gained, and his immense corps were fast melting away under the tremendous blows of Robert Vivian, when general Double Day Federal Johnston and Zimmermann Mic-Whirther threw their corps and other divisions with awful impetuosity on Roswell Johnsons troops, and after a fierce struggle in which losses on both sides was whole wholesale routed him and drove to the right in similar disorder and panic Puggy Mullanes divisions of Brooklinas army leaving here a wide gap in the main line, and exposing general Robert Vivian to a heavy flank attack. Back ther his own victorious troops turned returned to meet the new enemy and general Robert Vivian with Joseph Gater and Daniel Shoemannia from the right, rallying some of the routed and crushed centre drove the enemy back with dreadful loss in men and officers. Before the deadly annihilating fire of this new christian line the glandelinians everywhere retired and before the afternoon was well advanced general Robert Vivian had still his held his old line.

During the short lull general Vivian hastily fell back to a new line resting with his main right wing on W. Remond Creek. The fight happened to recommence on the extreme right and the glandelinians about two o'clock in the afternoon attacked Henry Goodchild with all their strength. At the time the new centre of the christian position were under generals Remington standard, Joseph Carter, and the left being under generals Marcus Hero, Joseph Violette and Roswell Jos Johnson. Again general Adele-De-Garbo rolled his his immense tidal wave on General Robert Vivians whole line and again a most bitterly contested fight took place. At last general Brooklines troops began to give way, and general Carter was immediately sent with his army to his relief. As general Remington moved forward to fill general Carters place, the glandelinians under general Melden convention took them in the flank and routed and scattering them covered general Robert Vivians line, leaving him with generals Violette, H. Henry Goodheart, and Roswell Johnson cut off entirely from the main mass of his army. So general Vivian was compelled to gather up the other portion of the army in a strong line on Betsey Cobbin Heights and prepared to resist the last desperate glandelinian attack, made indeed with all the inspiration of victory, but his men finally stood firm, and a cloud of dust to the left and right soon showed a line advancing on the Pandora road. Every eye indeed was strained, a moment would tell whether the days dre adful disaster must close in irreparable ruin or there was yet hope of repulsing the wild onslaught of the foe. It was the advance of general Conscientin Aronburg with his fresh troops which now rushed on the enemy, and drove them from all the positions they had gained, and thus aided general Robert Vivian kept repulsing repulsing the enemy until he himself was wounded and then despite the help of Conscientin Aronburg fell back in confusion with his whole army fell back in confusion and was routed.

The most tremendous part of general Conscientin Aronburgs action was the repulse and check of the main line of the enemy under Adele-De-Garbo whose christian army with the separation of General Vivians on account of the disorder and retreat was separated from the glandelinian surge by a long stone wall and a wide field. Their daring and most heroic resistance to the overwhelming force of attack was never surpassed, hundreds of thousands of them climbing the stone fences to meet the rebels as they rushed madly upon the army under Conscientin Aronburg. They even had the whole Gargoylian and other parts of the main glandelinian cavalry, artillery and immense divisions of infantry to fight for four hours but not withstanding this vast odds the whole line held the position until general Jack Evans who had repulsed his own assailants was able to send to Conscientin Aronburg who was slightly wounded in the left hand. Conscientin Aronburg advanced army went into the battle with six million three hundred and thirty three thousand men, and came out with only nine hundred and sixty three thousand or less than one quarter of their number while Conscientin Aronburgs main army was half an mile away and only reached his battered little column when the big battle was over.

The next following night general Conscientin Aronburg and Evans withdrew from the disastrous field and joined the balance of the army which had fallen back totally defeated to the outer works of Angelina Agathia and Porothy Gale. The victory of the glandelinians at Augustine St. Clare Creek cost them about 41,000,000 men in killed and wounded and about 21,000,000 men in disabled and prisoners. General Hanson Vivian lost about 19,000,000 or nearly one third of his splendid army. Evans lost 10,000,000 men, Robert Vivian lost five million and Conscientin Aronburg about one million killed and four million wounded, while the rest were taken prisoners. Besides this the whole christian army engaged lost one thousand three hundred and thirty six guns of immense size, 10,000 caissons, and eight million, four hundred and fifty thousand small arms.

The total loss of the christian army in killed and wounded was thirty nine million while they lost exactly five million in prisoners. One of the many incidents of the tremendous battle as the daring exploit of Penrod and seventeen of his boy scout and girl scout friends, along which were with him, Violet and her sisters, Gertrude Angeline and her friends Jennie Turner and Angelina Riches. During the tremendous confusion and rout of the christian troops under Robert Vivian he and his girl and boy friends had become separated and lost in the path of the enemy and separated from the retreating christian soldiers, after taking part in the thickest of the fight in scout signals and so on, and were riding on their horses to join them when the rebel pursuers fired a volley and unhorsed them all, wounded some of the boys and Violet herself in the hand. At once the rebels were upon them and the glandelinian general in the lead of Dauntless Puritan rode up at the head of his column and seeing the fugitives escaping on foot across a wooded field shouted to the men "Stop you little christian devils!" The fugitives therefore came to a standstill and waited for the general and his party of fifty pursuers came up. As they did so the fugitives stepped behind trees swiftly drew their little weapons and taken taking aim began firing, and soon had wounded the general and shot down all his party of men and officers. The little girls and boys then escaped from the main body of glandelinians and reached Porothy Gale all excited, and Penrod and some of his comrades for saving the Vivian girls were rewarded by promotion to lieutenants and captains.

When the main forces of Angelinian soldiers defeated at Pop Polly Chrome or Augustine St. Clare Creek fell back toward Porothy Gale its position soon became very precarious for the besieging glandelinians by arranging themselves upon all the ridges around the region and placing themselves upon the lost christian positions at Jennie's Bridge Ferry, and Hellertonic and Herod Junction which commanded all the approaches to the four rivers mentioned in this siege managed to completely cut off all its main supplies from those directions. Then by a series of great raids they destroyed several scores of thousands of wagon loads coming from other directions, and seriously damaged all the railroads between Angelina Agathia and Galverine so that it was not exactly for a time that all the communications of the christian army was destroyed, and a general retreat from Porothy Gale and Angelina Agathia became inevitable. At general Hanson Vivian determined to hold Angelina Agathia and all its other points and at once took measures to relieve the distress of the troops there under his brother. The main armies of Abyssinkilians and Abhisannians constituting the Military divisions of the Conscientinians were consolidated and at this point general Jennie Vivian was placed in the main command. When he arrived at Porothy Gale general Jennie Vivian made his friend general Jackson Evans the main leader of the first named christian army, and general Jack Evans of the latter, general Hanson Vivian having been compelled to leave Angelina Agathia and go north to take command of an immense christian army preparing for the defense of Angelina St. Clare. In order to prepare the main way for a desperate attack upon the besieging glandelinian positions on Hellertonic Junction it was found necessary to get possession of Jennie's Bridge Ferry three miles below the location of the Junction and thus to make possible a direct dislodgment of the rebels from the south side of the Winklesun river. After a dangerous reconnaissance by general Jennie Vivian and Jack Ambrose Evans, the chief Abyssinkilian military engineer general Toney Wallenburg was sent with four thousand men to seize it. So on the night of January the twenty seventh, 11,500 of the men specially picked out and led by general Jester Heller were placed in a long line of pontoons and immense flat boats and pushed out into the big stream down which they all managed to drift without the aid of any oars, around glandonia point in front of Hellertonic Junction. They soon made a landing, and while the many boats were rowed across the river at many points to a point where stood the balance of the forty thousand troops, who had secretly marched thither by land, a strong position to resist the now completely alarmed enemy was secured.

Indeed when the whole force had disembarked, a portion of the glandelinian army retreated up the nearest valley and the Angelinians immediately took the opportunity of building a number of pontoon bridges that soon spanned the river at sixteen places and opened a way for reinforcements and supplies. General Sigmond Aronburg who was near Kittens rd. Marching watching the rebel line there was was now ordered by general Jimmie Vivian to advance to the Hollertonic Valley please and manure general Adele-De-Garbes plan and also to protect the passage of supplies up the two riverways. He started off at once and took up a position at Wauh Ha from which the glandelinians fiercely attempted to dislodge him before daylight on the morning of January the nineteenth. The attacked attack opened against general Rodney Graves main position and he was soon hard pressed by overwhelming numbers of Zimmermanians and was indeed so hard pressed that general Aronburg ordered ordered general picknell Henton's divisions of general Gorman's Vivian's main corps to his aid. On the way this immense division was surprised by a sudden and deadly fire of musketry and a cannon from the hills and the river banks near by and from what appeared to be a long line of howitzers. A large brigade under general Henry partridge was at once detached to charge the heights, while the other kept on toward Sigmond Aronburg. Another brigade under general Gorman's Galton from general Alexander's Jambo's division of corps which just then came up was ordered to carry the snow forts by storm. He indeed did so with the bayonet after six desperate charges in the face of a fire of twenty two million muskets and a thousand cannon, one division moving up the heights and the other against the snow fort positions and through wooded region toward the river covered with underbrush, and lined with gullies and ravines. General Aronburg also had a most heavy struggle against overwhelming numbers but being reinforced and the men being cheered by the presence of general Rodney Graves in the most critical place the glandelinians were at length driven away to the shelter of Hollertonic junction after a three or four hours terrific battle in the darkness and in a pouring snowstorm. During the desperate contest about twenty two thousand miles and horses panic stricken by the dreadful noise of musketry and cannon and by their millions of flashes dashed into the ranks of the glandelinians, and the fierce Zimmermanians supposing it to be a charge of general Rodney Graves troops, fell back in utmost confusion for a moment.

Meanwhile general Gust Knox was making rapid progress in his own efforts to expel the Glandelinians from the valley of Winkle river. He had taken possession of a rebel position in front of Porothy Gale and was about to move on and join Jimmie Vivian at Junction Hill, when just after the battle of Augustine St. Clare Creek, general Adele-De-Garbes sent general Beppo Evans to the valley to make another effort to capture Porothy Gale (The poor child). General Knox then intrenched himself in the region of that fortified city and at the middle of December was regularly besieged there with the other Angelinian armies there by general Beppo Evans. The siege continued all until the close of the month there being struggles and heavy cannonades of great violence, when the arrival of a portion of Jimmie Vivian's army under general Arob Aronburg and Ginkale St. Clare sent to general Knox's relief drove general Beppo Evans into a most rapid retreat toward Kittens rd. Marching. General Jimmie Vivian now determined to take advantage of general Beppo Evans' retreat by an attack upon general Adele-De-Garbes in person. He ordered general Jack Ambrose Evans to attack general Garbes' left grand division on Hollertonic Junction. General Jacksonia Evans was directed to cross the Winkle river a little above Porothy Gale (Poor child) and strike Adele-De-Garbes right, on Pickens ridge. General Jack Evans therefore moved very rapidly on the morning of January the twenty fourth, with great skill and still greater celerity he fought his way up the steep rugged sides of the rebel positions. It was another tremendous battle and so fierce was the fire of the rebel line of musketry and cannon that it seemed for a while as if Evans' army was pushing an attack through a sea of clouds as the thick smoke concealed his whole line of attack from view, phew.

The scene was indeed one of most exciting interest to any one who would have witnessed it. The thick fog of smoke which before rested in dense folds upon the sides of the onerous steep positions concealing the long lines of combatants from view was soon temporarily blown aside by a strong breeze suddenly rising roaring to the anxious eyes gaze of millions in the grounds below in the valley and other lands below a scene such as was never witnessed in any battle field before. General Rodney Graves' columns a x miles long, flushed with with a sweeping victory, grappled with the foe upon the long rocky ledges of their positions and drove the glandelinians back with dreadful slaughter from the long line of works. While the result was uncertain the attention was indeed most breathless and painful and also impatient but when victory finally perched upon the Angelinian standards, shot after shot from millions of voices suddenly rent the air. The whole army with one grand accord broke out in all kinds of joyful exclamations and the enthusiasm of the whole scene was beyond any description whatever got a nigger.

All the men were frantic with joy indeed and the Christian generals themselves did not think men could ever accomplish so much against such a strong glandelinian position. The glandelinians at all points that night fled from the region of Hollertonic Run or Junction to the Winkle valley and joined the main army and their main commander on Poroid Junction a mile away. General Jacksonia Evans having crossed the Winkle river was now on a position on the northern edge of the Pickens ridge and soon after dawn on January the twenty fifth the main attack on general Adele-De-Garbes' main concentrated forces began. General Jacksonia Evans' troops had to push through a steep valley before reaching the position in which the enemy was posted. General horse leading the advance in person gained a firm foothold on the west side of this long hill and others quickly followed and a most terrific fire of musketry and artillery for the extent of sixteen miles. Nobly they tried to reach the lofty rebel positions above and division after division was in eddies brought to their aid but in vain. He was shot, shell and canister added by grape and a terrific musketry storm kept the them back, although they held stubbornly to their own position. All morning the battle raged furiously at Poroid Junction. General Adele-De-Garbes thinking from Jacksonia's brave stand, that general Jack Evans intended to crush the glandelinian right and left at any cost withdrew a large force of his troops from his main center to use them in the aid of his defense against Jacksonia Evans. This movement both Jack Evans and Jimmie Vivian was hoping for and expecting. General pastor Heller who had hurried down from Hollertonic Junction after his victory there was immediately dispatched with six divisions under six generals to climb the main steep sides of the hills in front and attack general Adele-De-Garbes' main left. As the six divisions moved in steady columns toward the frowning heights the long line of artillery all along the crest of the Pickens ridge opened and poured a scathing fire through the Christian ranks. Still onward they pressed on without stopping or flinching. Reaching the hill or ridge they came face to face with a long line of rifle pits that sent forth a tremendous shower of destructive bullets. But this failed to stop the Christian advance. With fierce yells and a tremendous dash they sprang up and over into the ditch beyond. Then up the beautiful ridge they climbed slowly but steadily they ascended the long slope, while from above a fierce fire of musketry was poured added by rocks and stones and shells with lighted fuses which were rolled down upon them. General Jimmie Vivian from a most commanding point in front of the Pickens ridge known as the Pickens orchard, which general John Evans had captured and fortified three days before, watched his army move slowly upward, and with intense anxiety saw the murderous work of shot and shell and musketry hurled against it. At last the survivors of the brave soldiers reached the summit and like a purple wave dashed over the batteries, and with loud cheers managed to drive Adele-De-Garbes' army into hasty flight. They were pursued as far as Little Girlknool where after a sharper engagement the glandelinians fell back further to Big Girlknool. The Angelinians then returned to Porothy Gale and Jack Evans went to the relief of Porothy Gale. The Christian loss in this latter battle was about four million, while the rebels lost about three million one hundred thousand in killed and wounded and sixteen million in prisoners.

FIERCE ATTEMPTS TO TAKE FORTRESS GERTRUDEHOFFMAN-----ARREST ASSAULT ON FORT
TARANTILLE SICILIENNE-----DEATHS OF GENERALS WI B WILDER B WITH WRIGHT AND
FRANKLIN ON THE CHRISTIAN SIDES. ALSO DEATHS OF GENERALS ZOR RAE ESTERABROOK, E OF RAE
CAMDEN, AND WILLIAM GORMAN JAMES CLAS H-----A BATTERY OF MONSTEROUS GUNS-----BON
VAD BARDMENT OF FORTRESS GERTRUDE HOFFMAN AND HER DESTRUCTION-----DESOLATION OF
MOMBI-----BIT AND AWFUL MASSACRE AT KITTENS RICHERTS-----A MOST HORRIBLE SCENE
PROBABLY IN THE WAR-----BIG GLANDELINTAN ATTACK ON PARATH RASE-DIE-LORELEI-----
-----GENERAL DARE-NOT-LIE TAKES LITTLE VERONA-----FIERCE ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE
LA-SORRELALIA PASS-----THE WHOLE WORLD IGNORES THE GLANDELINTAN NATION-----GENERAL
VO CONCENTINIAN ARMBURG MADE LIEUTENANT GENERAL-----GENERAL JIMMIE VIVIAN'S BIG RAID-----
-----FEARFUL FEARFUL MASSACRE NEAR POSA AND TOPEY-----NO QUARTER FOR CHRISTIANS
WHO OPPOSE THE REBELS-----GENERAL VILIAM'S ATTEMPT TO FULLY REG OVER MOMBI-----
GENERAL HANSON SILVERBEL SUGGESTS GENERAL GREATHAMANT-----GENERAL HUBBARD
10) MIC-HOLLESTER TRIES TO INVADE THE DOMAINS OF DOROTHY GALE..

1915

IN THE MEANTIME, in the early part of September 1915 at the very outbreak of
the siege of Angelinia Agathia and while Manley had started his armies forward
the Glandelinian government to insure the capture of Angelinia Agathia der
determined to make a most strong effort to gain possession of both Dorothy Gale
and Ooma. The most formidable barrier of the cities in the front of the
Mic-Hollestonian, coloring fortifications to the accomplishment of
this purpose was the immense two mile long fortress called Gertrude Hoffmann so on
November the 26th Admiral Argin was sent with nineteen big monitor vessels
vessels and fifty big gullboats and warships and a fleet of warships of different
make to attack that big stronghold by water. At the same time general Henry
Johnnie Johnston was sent to co-operate with him with a force of fourteen million
four hundred thousand troops, who took a masked position on the mainland nearest
the fort. But the daring expedition came to naught as the guns of Gertrude Hoffmann
and the entire stretch of the Mic-Hollestonian coloring fortifications and the many
big adjacent batteries opened such a terrific concentrated fire upon the whole
half the number of his ships and many men. When two weeks later general Henry
Shoeman Ambrose succeeded general Henry Joise in the command of the army in the
south another and stronger expedition against fortress Gertrude Hoffmann
and Dorothy Gale was planned immediately. It was arranged that one of the
outlying fortresses of Mic-Hollestonian coloring Tarantille-Sicilienne, a mile
back should be first seized, then its guns used in silencing fortress Gertrude
Hoffmann and in destroying the city of Dorothy Gale, if that city and its immense
mobilization and other camps and defence works was not surrendered. As Admiral did
not approve of this still more desperate plan he was relieved early in December by
general Adele-Du-Garbo.

The second expedition started in December on the tenth day maybe general
Lifed Perry Higger was first sent with a force to grindale junction gun to attract
the attention of the Glandelinian forces there, while general Shoeman Ambrose
suddenly landed a large force of Glandelinian troops on the southern river bank
near fortress Manton and forced the Angelinians there with the aid of batteries
from Mombi, to the shelter of fortress Sicilienne.

After doing this general Ambrose planted batteries across the neck of lands near
the junction of the river. Then on December the twentieth his forces made a furious
attack upon the fortress, but being repulsed with frightful losses, a simultaneous
bombardment by river artillery was determined on. So on the eighteenth of December
a score of thousands of great guns opened on the fortress from batteries and the
rebel fleets. At sunset the very same day general Ambrose's forces of Mic-Hollestonians
which had been reinforced by general Henry James Joise joining him from Mombi
Centre moved in seventeen monstrous columns to attack fort Sicilienne.

One column was led by general Zor Rae Estabrook, the other by general Zor
Rae Camden, and as his brigade. The others were under various generals
which would take too much time and paper to write down here but general Estabrook's
divisions composed of the fifty-sixth Mic-Hollestonian brigade, under general Zor
Rae, the Mic-Hollestonian columns, the Scudlers, the Omarians, the Mic-Hollestonians, the
Kurds and the gargoyles infantry led the desperate assault. The whole seventeen
columns extending in a long line dashed forward on the double quick, and passed through
through a most awful storm of hot shell and grape from fort Gertrude Hoffmann,
the fortifications of Dorothy Gale, and Sicilienne without flinching. Their losses
were simply dreadful but the survivors soon gained the ditches and outer works
before it, and after desperate fighting with the Christian infantry there
drove them toward the fort, and crossing the ditches and outer works, they were
mounting the Japanese line of parapets, when general Zor Rae's command of the rebels
waved to his Glandelinian soldiers fall back, while the general of the garrison
of Christian soldiers, general Wilber Wright was killed with general Franklin.

Still despite this defense of the Angelinians continued on with redoubled
ferocity and the fire from the garrison and the Christian works beyond and
from the fortifications of Dorothy Gale became so hot and deadly that every
Glandelinian commander was killed or wounded, general Estabrook being killed.
So the seven Japanese columns torn to pieces, beat a hasty and disordered retreat.
General William Joise now rushed his forces which advanced and dashed
into the same terrible storm of iron hail and destruction. They however gained the
ramparts of the fortress, and after a fierce hand to hand encounter for the length
of two miles managed to gain possession of a portion of the long fort but the whole
assaulting line was completely shattered and exhausted and when general
Johnnie Johnston fell mortally wounded it broke and fled back to its own

entrenchments leaving the ground strewn for ten miles with their fields of dead and
dying. The Angelinians having a special hatred for general William Joise because
he had been guilty of the murder of thousands of little girls and boys, and nuns and
priests pitched his body into the ditch outside the fortress with a lot of his
dead Glandelinian soldiers. General Estabrook himself was so badly wounded
that he died shortly afterward inside the fort where he had been taken when
picked up. General Ambrose now saw that he could never capture fortress

Sicilienne by direct assault of any force and so began a regular siege. At the
same time he decided to bombard fortress Gertrude Hoffmann over the top
sections of fortress Sicilienne. For this purpose he had to construct an immense
battery in a line of hills half way between Dorothy Gale and Joise by driving
piles into deep rocks and mud and placing platforms upon it. When general Ambrose
ordered general Howard Stevens to attend to the construction of this immense
battery the latter general told him such a thing would be completely impossible.
Impossible as the region was a complete morass of mud nearly twenty feet deep.
But the Glandelinian general declared there was no such a thing as
impossible and the general Stevens at once made efforts to bridge this
gulf of mud and form the battery.

The redoubt was soon built by bringing immense timber from the big lumber
yards in possession of the foe a distance of ten miles in rafts and lumber boats.
The rafts and immense lumber boats were floated to their places at night, and
the immense piles driven into the mud in the cover of darkness and foggy days, so
asto keep the enemy in ignorance of the movements. For three weeks the work was
carried on determinedly and when it was completed and the many platforms put up
at a last sixty thousand two hundred pounder parrot and Krupp and a centimeter
guns were mounted up it for an extent of six miles sixteen miles. One of the
batteries was called "Battery Damnation" and sent shells into Dorothy Gale fifteen
miles away.

On January the seventeenth the fierce bombardment began by an attack by the immense line of batteries and fleet upon Port Gertrude Hoffmann. For fourteen days and nights it was kept up steadily, and so terrific was the fire of so many guns directed against it that despite the covering fire from the other Christian fortifications its walls began to crumble. In the meantime General

Henry Schoeman Ambrose and troops pressed again on for Fortess Sicilliano Sicilliano, gradually under heavy fire moving their big lines nearer and nearer, and even digging their way and blowing their way forward in spite of the tempest of shot and shell into the fort. Many big explosions occurred. When at last on Feb 6th they were near enough to get within the ramparts by a single bound, and they were preparing for a sudden sudden overwhelming assault, the Angolians left it and fled to Fortess Folly opposite Gertrude Hoffmann. The Angolians were soon also driven from there, and so these two fortresses were now in the possession of the Insurgents. The immense number of big guns of these two big forts were now directed against Port Gertrude Hoffmann and it soon became silent. But when on the night of the eighth an armed force went from a long string of transports and battleships in small boats to take possession, the garrison suddenly arose from its silence and drove the glandolinian assailants back with dreadful loss. A little later about six days, General Schoeman Ambrose concentrated all his heaviest guns upon it and reduced it to a heap of ruins. Although the glandolinians did not at once attempt the capture of Porothy Gale, its importance for a time as a commercial mart for the Christians was destroyed.

The fierce fighting around Mumbi earlier in the siege also had taken great effect upon that town. All blinds in the windows were closed, and here and there the people would hurry along fearing shells, flowers drooped and whirled on the lonely window sills because there were no tender hands to attend to them. The sidewalks glistened with fragments of glass, rattled and thither by the concussion of so many exploding shells, here of a house a cornice was knocked off, or many houses were seen in a line burned out like a shell, there you could see small holes in the walls of buildings, beyond a number of big houses in ruins as if a tornado struck them, and at remote intervals the earth and streets were torn up where shells exploded and looked like the work of giants in search of hidden treasures.

During the time when the rebels had early in the siege gained possession of the town of Kittens, the herds and having re-occupied Mumbi and other important posts, the fierce Gargoylian hordes at last carried on their fierce guerrilla warfare all around the rear of the Christian army. Early in the month of December General Jimmie Gannon fell upon the north end of the Christian position two miles north of captured Kittens. He was repulsed but being repulsed with a loss of over two hundred thousand men, went back to Kittens. He then at Kittens Riecherts he got together a part of Manley's of Adelaide-De-Garbes Main force numbering about eight million men and moved against the that section of the Christian line again for the purpose of seizing the main Angolinian stores at Bank Crossroads near the town of Chamberline. In attempted raid however was completely checked by General Henry Joseph Dodge who attacked him fiercely at the crossroads on December 5th and drove him back to Kittens Riecherts. Other similar bands of fierce Gargoylians rained over the region trying various means to break the Christian lines by making thousands of daring raids. On December the seventeenth there was a sharp cavalry battle at Brush Creek, between a large force of glandolinian Gargoylians led by General Jim Perkins and the Angolinian concentration cavalry under General James Frank Gannon. The glandolinian troopers were defeated and a part of the rebel cavalry force fled into Kittens Riecherts. In deed many thousands of Gargoylian bands made much trouble in the rear of the Christian armies at Porothy Gale, Ozma and Angolinia at Agathia and elsewhere. One of the fierce Gargoylian troops led by a brutal general called Killchild and another general by the name of John Love, under committed a horrible atrocity at St Anne's village near Kittens Riecherts.

With a band of about three hundred and fifty thousand Scodler Scodler Gargoylians and glandolinians all mounted on the swiftest horses loaned from the wheelbarrow, these two wicked rebel commanders dashed into the small defenseless town on December the fifteenth 1914 and began a scene of pillage and violence equalled only by the worse scenes witnessed in other great glandolinian massacres at Melanionburg, Galantrina, and Jennie Richee and Jennie Vian. Many houses were set on fire, and the citizens and the soldiers who could not escape were cruelly murdered. Women and children again especially suffered, they being shot on sight or disembowled. The grown people were taken prisoners and hurried toward the rebel lines on the pretense of being interned there but were led to the river, bound hand and foot and cast into the water to drown. One Angolinian officer who was captured and whose headquarters was burned wastold if he would give the fiends information as to the strength of the Christian armies defending Angolinia Agathia he would not be killed, but he refused to do so and he was therefore shot and killed. In another place two children both girls were found protected by their big brother they having thrown their arms around him and begging for their lives and though the glandolinian ruffians did in one way heed the petition, one of the ruffians however deliberately pushed his revolver between the two pretty little girls and fired a fatal shot which killed the boy and rendered the girls without a brother. The massacre was indeed terrible. Two thousand one hundred and seventy five unarmed men were killed, and two thousand more wounded, while six hundred children were disembowled and hung up in that condition, and thousands of houses laid in ashes before the fiends left and made their escape before the Christian army came up to repel it. It is probable many have read of the so called outrages committed in the so called dark ages, and horrible as they may have appeared to them, they did indeed sink into very small insignificance in comparison with what the survivors of that little village of St Anne was compelled to witness.

Hundreds of well known citizens women and priests and nuns and lay brothers were lying completely roasted or mangled in front of the spot where their stores, residences and homes had been. The bodies were a little crisp and black and many of the survivors at first thought they were all negroes till they were recognized.

Even the Angolinian soldiers who had to set to work to bury the slain in handling the dead bodies were horrified to find pieces of roasted flesh remaining in their hands. For many of the Angolinians their strength failed them in this horrible and sickening work. To make the scene worse women and little children who survived were roaming all over the town hunting for their husbands, fathers or brothers and sisters, and sad indeed was the scene when they did finally find them among the many corpses laid out for recognition. I dare not even describe the horrors, for language fails me now, and the recollections of the scenes the survivors had to witness many many sick or go insane from sorrow over loss of homes and dear ones.

General Love's murder soon afterwards December the twentieth attacked General Randall's force near Paraphrase (Dis) Lorelei, while the latter was on his way with an escort of one hundred thousand cavalry from Norman town to Port Moll which he had taken possession of and garrisoned the previous week. In the bloody conflict that ensued nearly all of General Randall's force were killed and those who were only wounded at first were set upon and murdered. General Randall managed to escape with about a dozen of his men to Little Fort Schoelder.

A few weeks before this General Jacksonia Thompson with eight million glandolinians made a fierce attempt to capture the strongly fortified post of Little Verona on the Erminia then in command in of General Pare-not Lie. General Thompson fiercely attacked the Christian positions on December the first but after a sharp struggle was repulsed. When as the glandolinians abandoned that section of the main line of works General Pare-not Lie on December the tenth started out with twelve million five hundred thousand men and four thousand pieces of artillery to attempt the capture of Little Verona Junction. He reached the vicinity of that town early on the second week or third week of December, and arranging their main forces in six columns they moved up on each side of the strait stream.

The Glandelinians fled at their approach to Phintor on the Ouch River. Kenneth Josie who was now at New D. Turner determined at the beginning of January to recover Gittons, Locherts and the "Ifknools". He sent general William Geholdecker with four million troops to seize the Glandelinian post at Langorelala Pass on the boundary line between the states of Ozma and Angelina Vine. At the same time fourteen hundred gunboats, commanded by Admiral Jameson were detached from the main Glandelinian squadrons or Angelinian squadrons and sent to cooperate with general Josie, but owing to the strength of the Glandelinian batteries and a premature attack by the gunboats and ships, twenty of the latter were disabled and captured with all on board, so that the bloody Christian expedition was a failure. General Josie then concentrated his main land forces on the Kato hme on creek in the hope of being able to cut through a portion of the rebel line under general Texas from the east by way of Chamberlans but he soon afterwards concluded instead of trying to obtain possession of the river harbor, sending a large force of troops and cavalry under general Braynia Johnson across the stream as a flint, general Josie dispatched general Jakob Marcus with six million more troops and many war vessels up the Erminie Grand Run. These soldiers managed to land and after a hard fight drove the Glandelinians up that river defeating the rebel cavalry also and then pressed on to St Vincent's village, opposite Glandelinia, where they encamped January the sixth. Then that month therefore closed the Angelinians were in possession of all the strong positions once in possession of the enemy in that location, excepting Gombi and other towns near by, and the forts near there.

This section of the year opened very encouragingly for the Angelinian cause. Indeed there were many immense signs pointing to the early downfall of the Glandelinian besiegers of Angelina Agathia and Porothy Gale..... even in Angelina State itself more than eighty thousand miles of territory and square miles had been recovered by the Angelinians. A good part of Calverinia was freed of the rebels, and there were now in the west about eight hundred million Christian troops in the field against only half that number of Glandelinian confederates.

The people in Glandelinia and in all their southern states were no longer willing to volunteer for the military service of Glandelinia and the authorities of all the rebel states were getting desperate. They had recently passed laws declaring every man liable to bear arms whether he had little defects or not to be in the military service to repel the Christian armies, and that upon his failure to report at a military station within a certain time he was liable to face the penalty of death as a deserter. Another cause of main satisfaction to the defenders of Angelina Agathia at this time was the action of many of the rulers and prime ministers of the Christian nations of the world, in decidedly ignoring the existence of the main Confederate States and countries and the Provinces of Glandelinia and Calverinia, by issuing a notice to the effect that no vessels were to be fitted out in any country even aiding for Glandelinia for deprecating on the commerce of Angelina and her states be by private persons employed by the "So called Glandelinian confederate states".....

The Angelinian national authorities determined to push the resistance to the siege of Angelina Agathia with greater vigor than ever during the approach of the New Year. For this reason general Hanson Vivian finally selected at his brother's advice his most vigorous military commander, general Conventinian Aronburg, and creating anew for him the office of a captain or lieutenant general, placed him in full command of the besieging armies or armies mean that was resisting the armies of besieging Glandelinians. So with a determination to crush the Glandelinian besiegers as soon as possible, general Hanson Robert Vivian and Conventinian Aronburg and their generals held a great convention and at once planned a sharp and decisive movement. It was arranged for the recapture of Mombi and the other towns by the army of Angelina under all the various generals, and for the recapture of the railroad lines near by, by general Jimmie Vivian and his forces.

IN February 1894. The general Jimmie Vivian at the head of twenty million troops started on one of the most destructive Christian raids of the war, from Glandelinia to the intersection of Ozma and Angelina Agathia to the other intersection of the intersection of important railroads in possession of the enemy at Rosa and Topsy, railroad line to an enormous enormous distance westward up and also everything in the right of way places of rebel public property or property in the hands of the rebels was destroyed, even the ties of the railroad tracks which had been ripped up and the ties set on fire and all the stations and long lines of car cars set on the line of march and movements burned.

General Jimmie Vivian's purpose of the raid was to push on toward Mombi, and then if circumstances favored it, to go southward still further and make a momentary gain the enemy rear. But at Child Grove Huntrell the main reinforcements he expected in the shape of general Joe Jennings with an enormous force of cavalry did not materialize and therefore he was compelled to give up his very plan. After waiting for a week for the approach of general Joe Jennings army of cavalry he set fire to Child Grove Huntrell and started again for his own lines at Porothy Gale with four hundred thousand prisoners and fifty five thousand liberated child slaves and Christian soldiers also. Inspired by this tremendous raid general Double Day Federal Johnston in command of a part of general Adele-De-Garles army in the northern section of the siege of Angelina Agathia had sent reinforcements to general Be Beppe Evans, then still in charge of the Angelinian Confederate army in that region but soon afterwards was compelled to recall them to help in defending his own army against a Christian force under general Cabian Jodges, which had been sent down from Betsey Gobbin. These two forces met between Betsey Gobbin and Trot in February and it resulted in the Christians under general Jodges being severely defeated and his army and himself himself forced to surrender. Simultaneously to the time of the raid being made by Jimmie Vivian's army general Joseph H. Greatheart of the rebel side with an enormous army of terrible (Hooded Terror) Wheeler Gargoylans made an attack upon the fortified works of the Christians between Rosa and Topsy.

Killed the fortified works being situated upon high works and bluffs and hills on the banks of the river Erminie Orr Creek above Ozma town. The works were defended by fifty five hundred and fifty seven thousand Angelinian Glandelinians, two hundred and sixty three thousand of which were Conventinian troops. The works also swarmed with brave child scouts who warned the troops of the enemy's approach. The attack began on the morning of February the fourteenth.

It was attacked with the most wicked intention of by the rebels, and was vigorously pressed up to three and four o'clock that bloody day without any evident success, although the Glandelinians managed to kill the Angelinian generals who commanded the works, and whose places were at once taken by general Aronburg, Jens Jensen and Frank Stanck. The gunboat and other ship fleet did good service in the defense of the works by throwing volleys of big shells and gave with dreadful and marked effect into the Glandelinian columns. General Greatheart soon felt he could not carry the works by an abrupt assault, so instead of sitting down to a regular siege of it and the Christian force, he sent under a flag of truce a sudden demand for the surrender of the works and positions, and at the same time took advantage of the stopping of the battle to move his immense force of men up to a position where they could with almost a single bound gain the inside of the works.

General Aronburg Jensen being a reply of refusal to surrender, general Greatheart's men made a sudden and sudden rush in great fury, and with the cry "No quarter to Christian dogs." who oppose us rebels" sprang over the ramparts and attacked the Angelinians like a herd of demons. The scene then enacted was so cruel and horrible that I could find no words to describe it here as it was, and immediately after the affair the Joint Committees on the Conduct and Expenditures of War of both sides was appointed to investigate the affair.

After the capture of the works and when the Angelinian forces fought desperately to the last man the rebels having annihilated the Christian force buried into the towns of Rosa and Topsy and there followed a scene of utmost cruelty and murder which needed but the butchers on their thrones to proceed through the bodies executed by the Glandelinians.

After they had rushed into the two towns the glandelinians executed on all sides a senseless one of the most indiscriminate slaughters ever known in the annals of a civilized warfare, sparing neither age or sex, white or black, soldier nor civilian. The glandelinian officers and men lived with each other in the devilish work, men women and even children, nuns and priests and all manifestations of religious persons were overboard, were deliberately shot down, beaten blacked with swords, or even tortured beyond any description and many of the children not more than eight or nine years old even ten or eleven were forced to stand up between two or three men and face the ferocious armed murderers while being disemboweled alive or while being shot, the sick and wounded taken out of hospitals to the number of scores of thousands, were butchered without mercy without mercy, the rebels even entered a series of Great Catholic Hospitals and dragging out the patients shot them either outside or as they lay in their beds unable to offer even the least resistance. Children girls or boys found in the hospital wards were wounded by gunshot or knife during the time towns were plundered by both sides, were also disemboweled while helpless in a d d n e cruelty which the most fiendish malignity could devise was committed by these murderers. One little girl who was wounded in the leg while trying to escape the Gargoylians when captured and despite being in a condition so that she could not walk or stand on the leg, was nevertheless made to stand up while one of her tormentors strangled her to death, others children or men and women who were wounded and unable to stand were held up and shot. One man who was a soldier was deliberately fastened down on a rudely made cross and then the cross was fastened to the wall inside his wooden house by means of big nails driven through the cross and his hands and feet and into the wall behind him so that he could not possibly escape and at last he was crowned with a long roll of wood made to imitate the crucifix of Our Lord the building was set on fire and he was burned, another who was a boy was nailed on a cross to a the side of a building in a pose and then the building set on fire and burned down. These scores of thousands of different deeds of cruelty and murder which would like six big books to describe ceased when night came on, only to be renewed the following morning, when the fierce human demons carefully sought among the dead lying all about in all directions for any of the wounded men women children or nuns and priests yet alive, and those they found were deliberately tortured until they died. Innumerable sacrilegious were also committed, and crosses and crucifixes were insulted and spit upon, and then burned. Religious pictures taken out of ruined convents were paraded through the streets in mockery, and the Sacred Hosts of Our Lord taken out of churches were also paraded through streets, and given to horses and swine to eat. The whole scene was full of a million other instances of barbarity and wicked insults but those described will suffice to show to some extent the horrible cruelty of general Greatheart and his Wheeler Gargoylians. As to the fate of the captured commanders of the christian works when they were captured, the evidence given to the committee of both sides showed that they were made prisoners, and while being taken to the main rebel lines beyond Mombi was led out into an open space by some of Great Hearts Gargoylians and torn to death.

The christian forces of immense size was moving against him general Greatheart at once began his retreat, and large numbers of troops were sent out against him from porothy Gale by general Hanson Vivian to intercept the rebel murderer. His force came up with him at Nellie town on the last day of february on the Mic-Hollester and Panro Pandora railroad lines but after a severe battle of two days duration, the Angelinians were driven back with great loss. Then general Jack Evans set out with twelve million men to hunt the rebel butcher up and capture or drive him away. They found him and his force near Turnerama two days after the defeat of the other christian force and in a conflict general Jack Evans was wounded and his army soon scattered in panic. Then soon afterwards general Beppo Evans of the christian side was sent toward Rosa to make the same attempt with 10,000,000 men when general Greatheart, flanked his army, captured half of it, drove the rest into disorder, pursued and scattered it, and then dashed into Mombi, and escaped safely to the main rebel line after striking striking three christian forces crushing blows despite his wicked massacre and sacrilegious he had committed. Faked as he was and terrible in nature it must be said that never in the war did general Greatheart of the rebels ever lose a battle.

General Hans Hanson Vivian at the same time that this great massacre had occurred had organized another great expedition of troops to attempt the recovery of Mombi. His was to be done by movement of general Robert Vivians army by way of the Winkie River and Emerald City or Emerald Port. The expedition was also to have the aid and co-operation of Admiral Francis Hollester with a fleet of river warships such as gunboats, merrimacs and monitors on the Erminie Creek Creek, general Vivianama at Dorothy Gale, and a detachment from general Germanine Vivians army. Germanine Vivians troops led by general A.J. Turner went up the Erminie Creek in a long line of transports, followed by Admiral Mic-Hollesters fleet of warships. They managed to capture fort Tip and Woodman Turner and on february sixteenth took possession of Glinda and Scarecrow town where he was joined on the twenty seventh by general Handons column led by general Ben Logan which had moved from flathead junction by way of Poppy Dorothy gun field. General Robert Vivian now began to take his whole force up the river to Evansville where he met the christian fleet under Mic-Hollester. Then he pushed on toward the direction of Mombi, a directing his advance for Emerald Port, while the lighter ships and dreadnaughts and other gunboats went up the river with a large body of noncommissioned troops under general Allenburger Killyby. The glandelinians were driven as far as Constantine or Constantine or Angeline Turner Crossroads where they made a desperate and most vehement stand March the eighth 1914 under generals Jimmie Gannon, Jesipine Jensen, and Thomson James O'Connor. The advance force of general Vivians army tried to drive the rebels from both these places in the desperate struggle, but the whole army of glandelinians stood their ground so well and fought so bravely and desperately, that even when the largest part of general Robert Vivians troops came up and aided in the attack against them with overwhelming numbers, they soon defeated the Angelinians with great loss, captured three hundred battle flags, a hundred thousand prisoners ten generals, and drove the remainder of the army back in total rout and confusion with a million dead strewn the path of retreat. It had been and was a horrible disaster and their disastrous retreat had been covered for a while by ten divisions under general Hanson Meldon Aronburg at Childrens Grove, two miles from the main battlefield. General Aronburg after a desperate battle also fell back with the main army of christian troops who continued their retreat fifteen miles further; but being pursued and hard pressed, another battle was fought March the ninth and tenth at Childrens Hill. It was more severe than Childrens Grove and again resulted as a victory for the glandelinians under general Cannon who wished to renew the attack and drive the main christian army before him but on advice of his generals he did not do so and the Angelinian forces were allowed to fall back to Grand Childrens Orphan Home on the Winkie River, where the christian fleet were anchored. So that place the christian troops also under general Germanine Vivian defeated in a battle at St Gertrudes Orphan Asylum returned, after some sharp and continual fighting all the way up the river with pursuing Angelinian rebels under general Joseph Logan. As food and water could only be procured with great difficulty in that region it was now determined to continue the retreat to Dorothy Gale. As a portion of the river from levees being burst by the rebels was falling rapidly the fleet had difficulty in passing the bars at Grand Orphan Asylum in Lane Run but succeeded in doing so March the seventeenth. Then the defeated christian army started off on the twenty second and reached Dorothy Gale again on the twenty seventh. The expedition or drive against Mombi and Emerald city was abandoned and the naval and land forces prepared to return to the Angeline gun river. The water in the rapids of the Angeline Run river near Dorothy Gale and Ozma had on account of the enemy also blowing up levees here had become so shallow from the water going out upon distant land that to get the fleet past them the river above had to be dammed, and the ships and other craft floated down over the rocks and on the bottom of the flood that was suddenly set free through the sluices. This was done with great skill and industry under the direction of many engineer officers and general Houghton Jensen of whole brigade of engineers and army constructors. Upon its accomplishment the whole expedition pushed toward the Angeline gun.

General Beppo Evans however soon lost much of the ground he had gained. The Angelinians being reinforced rallied and falling fiercely upon his exhausted troops forced them steadily back to their original position with dreadful loss. When general Noro Vivania arrived on the scene from a forced march of twenty miles from Dorothy Gale and general Concentinian Aronburg then decided to make a most strong effort to turn the main Landelinian left wing. In four long lines the Angelinians advanced and poured on over the open field which from the enemy's shell fire of grape and shell looked like the Valley of Ten Thousand smokes in a moment. The four immense Christian lines of attack was in a short time shattered to fragments by their losses but nevertheless the survivors rushed up with dreadful fury and threw themselves so desperately upon the positions of generals Beppo Evans and Isner Myletze that by the force of the onslaught they broke through like a tidal wave would through a forest of trees and for a few hours it seemed as if they surely would win the day. But general Joseph Henry Dargers' immense gimmermannian division immediately rushed up to the immense break and managed by the hardest fighting of the siege to keep the Christian assailants in check but could not drive them back, and he got severely wounded in the leg by a tree falling on him when it was cut down by a sudden shower of canister and grape. General Concentinian Aronburg being determined at all costs to effectually turn the main Landelinian left wing, and Adele-De-Garbe being just as desperate and just as determined not to let him do so, these two armies battle with the most extreme and terrible ferocity for nearly four hours, and in the sixteen hand-to-hand conflicts that ensued during close quarters charges both sides fought savagely face to face like armies of murderous cannibals. The slaughter on both sides was horrible in the extreme, and all through the whole region of Children Knol for the whole length of forty miles the death struggle went on until a darkness soon put a stop to it. That night the fields for so many miles presented a most dreary desolate sight. The dead and wounded lay everywhere like fallen or cut grain and wheat along every one of the low ridges and slopes and in front of the hastily thrown up works and intrenchments, and hundreds of fires were burning and the wooded territory looked as if a cyclone of terrible violence had torn its way through with dreadful effects. General Adele-De-Garbe spent the horrible night in getting what survived of his army of troops into a new and more stronger position so as to be ready for his Christian enemy if the big battle should be renewed in the morning.

But the Angelinian forces did not make another attack the next day, and general Adele-De-Garbe decided the Christian forces were preparing to make a retreat toward Ozma or Dorothy Gale. In order therefore to intercept them and cut off general Concentinian Aronburg's communications with the three cities of Ozma, Angelinia Agathia and the Christian armies near Dorothy Gale, and the two Vivianians, general Adele-De-Garbe ordered a most rapid night movement or forward march toward a bend of the same junction of Childrens Knol called Chesterlollie. The main advance started out therefore at eight o'clock that very night. Hearing of this movement through Gertrude Angeline his niece and also the Vivianians and some of their own scouts general Concentinian Aronburg dispatched general Francis Viviananna and Wienstien to the same place and that night a peculiar race between the two opposing forces occurred almost in the same fashion as the race between Lee and Grant for Gettysburg.

General Viviananna knew his country well, knew all the maps well and so took the most direct of the routes, and therefore reached Chesterlollie first.

Upon the arrival of Isner Myletze's troops or corps divisions which was in the main Landelinian advance, general Bob Winderlines six brigades of general Picknell's main division was ordered to charge upon the place there, as it was known that general Viviananna and his Abbieannian force had already reached there.

The result indeed was the almost complete destruction of that whole Landelinian force and the death of their leader and all commanders down to sergeants, the remaining brigade being reduced only to a regiment, and the same regiment finally on its retreat losing three fourths more of its number. The few surviving troops were falling back in the wildest of disorder, when general Isner Myletze came up

all but seventeen thousand of his four hundred thousand men were killed wounded or taken prisoners. The gallant Landelinian general was a son of general Walter Jennings who fought on the Christian side if you please to ask.

The army of Landelinia around Vivian Angelinia Agathia began finally a movement from the north on March the last. It was arranged in three immense divisions or main corps, command commanded by four hundred generals, the second main corps commanded by general Bell Bellen, the fifth by general Philishor Shradar, and the sixth by Bededier Snieder. The army in many numerous columns safely crossed the streams of the Winkie North River, Grinnie Creek, and Evangeline St. Clare river and then started on a movement through a thickly wooded region general Conillion Godfrey commanding the immense Landelinian cavalry forces and leading the advance and also protecting the immense train of more than four million wagons. The region through which this vast Landelinian army was pushing on extended from Dorothy Gale to Erminie Gun River a distance of seventy miles in which a portion of general Concentinian Aronburg's main army was intrenched. General Concentinian Aronburg decided to attack this vast Landelinian army while it was moving forward through this beautiful region and where he had concentrated his own divisions toward a point or place called Carranzantin Children Knol. Before this tremendous battle opened general Bededier Snieder had reached the Children Knol tavern, ten miles south of where he had ordered the Saxton gun, and general Shradar was on his extreme right, with his immense line extending down to the river. General Adele-De-Garbe who had intended to move against the Vivians, and finding out that Concentinian Aronburg was concentrated against him and that a battle was to be forced upon him in this unfavorable spot, directed general Bell Bellen who had crossed sixteen miles down the river the day before to hasten forward to general Snieder's support and form the left wing of defense.

General Concentinian Aronburg at once attempted to get between general Snieder and Bellen and thus divide the main Landelinian army with the purpose to throw in a big flanking army and strike Adele-De-Garbe in the rear. But general Adele-De-Garbe prevented this by sending Beppo Evans divisions, the advance of his main corps which just then came up, and the divisions of general Berand federal to hold the Angelinians back until the main balance of Beppo Evans army would arrive. This was successfully done after a storming battle of four hours, and the Angeinians were driven back, and the rebel line closed entirely on the left when the struggle resumed with redoubled fury. It was a very strange and yet hard fought conflict, very violent and dangerous to both sides. On a line of forty miles nearly two hundred million men were engaged, while the long lines of scores of thousands of artillery and other cannons made so much smoke, which added by artillery and musketry and bombs bursting that not a thousand men at times could see each other more than fifty yards away. The ground thickly covered at places with pines, cedars, shrub oaks, and tangled underbrush and vines as also used as defensive points until set on fire by the terrible discharge of artillery and musketry. The contest raged with the greatest fury all day long general Isner Myletze coming up with his Scodler Landelinians attacking the Angelinians under generals Jenstien and Viviananna on the left, while general Beppo Evans fell upon the main Christian line nearest to him. When all along the main Angelinian federal line extending for seventeen miles at this section the battle raged furiously and with extreme violence. General Isner Myletze and Beppo Evans attack was a most furious one indeed, and they steadily drove the Christian line of seventeen miles back for long for nearly two miles after making a gradually tidal wave movement all along the line. The crash of so many cannons on both sides and the awful noise of musketry was deafening for fifty miles, and scores of millions of trees in the whole neighborhood for many miles westward and hocked beyond recognizing by the terrific storm of bullets, grape and canister and almost stripped of bark and leaves by the frequent frequent explosions of shot shell and grape. In this struggle general Gidding under was especially distinguishing himself before his Landelinian officers and men by leading the main charge when he was at struck in the head by a fragment of grape and instantly killed.

Dashing swiftly forward on his horse this handsome glandelinian general seized a second National for gladiatorial and gallantly rallied the few hundred men and with them he held the immense force of Abbeismannian in check for a few minutes time by firing from behind trees and rocks until the other portions of his immense force arrived. Then with the assistance of the divisions of McKnoll and Crawford Baldwin and Beldeldier Snileyder a most desperate attack was made in revenge upon the whole christian position, and after six charges amid the most heavy losses the works were finally carried and the Abbeismannians driven back in confusion. Toward noon the glandelinians therefore had advanced to within three miles or more of Chesterfollis. At the time of the dreadful fray general Kindernine gormose of the christian side while directing some batteries was shot through the head by a canister ball and one of the best of the christian generals fell dead. The rest of the day nothing much but sharp skirmishing and artillery duels was done by either side that day, while therefore the armies were preparing for another desperate battle the glandelinian general Greatheart took his murderous Gargoylian cavalry on a desperate raid to sever general Concentinian Aronburg's communications with the main armies and the three cities. He did manage to get in the rear of the Angelinian forces, and at once moved on once more spreading horror and destruction in his path, tearing up lines of more railroads, and committing some horrible massacres, until he reached the first line of works around porothy Gale. Therefore not being able at all to get any further, he then returned. The next day after pouring a fearful storm of shot and shell in a perfect thirty mile long barrage into the extensive christian position and relieving the same in return for a long while, from four o'clock in the morning to about four o'clock in the afternoon general Adele-De-Garbe ordered a grand and most general assault with cheers and shouts the immense columns advanced through a storming fire that fairly swept their main lines and shattering them at every step. It was a most gallant charge although completely useless. The fire along the Abbeismannian line was so murderous and destructive that it was soon found the christian works and positions could not be taken, and when night finally fell the glandelinians indeed suffered a most fearful loss in men and generals, without having gained anything whatever.

Having taken advantage of the darkness and changed his position in the night general Beppo Evans on that next morning the twelfth of April was now on the left flank of the christian army under Concentinian Aronburg. About six o'clock in the morning his immense force of troops suddenly burst upon an immense angle of christian works held by general Tenstien and after a fearful conflict of dreadful ferocity swept over the ramparts, and captured nearly all of the divisions division the general narrowing escape being taken himself. General Beppo Evans then drove the rest of the christian force before him nearly two miles after still harding fighting, where the Angelinians finally rallied and charged back upon him, and a more terrible fight ensued. Other immense corps were brought up to the slaughter on both sides, and the most desperate struggle of the battle continued for hours and hours. Gravely and most desperately desperately the glandelinians strove to follow up the great advantage they had thus gained, and gallantly the Angelinians resisted them, and even attempted most furiously to recover every inch of lost ground and were repulsed. It was indeed a most useless waste of life on both sides. The positions of both sides were not changed at midnight, when general Concentinian Aronburg withdrew behind a second and stronger line of intrenchments. Since crossing the streams and fighting these two battles the army of Adele-De-Garbe, lost nearly forty million men killed and wounded, while the christian army under Concentinian Aronburg lost about thirty million men.

Just before the two terrible battles of Cra Carranzantia Children Knoll occurred general Adele-De-Garbe ordered general Manley Manlet to move his army from the extreme right up toward Childreans Mine hundred, a small stretch of forest on the river, to co-operate with the christian glandelinian army to force Concentinian Aronburg back. General Manley Manlet started March the fourth, with twenty five million men, up the main Angeline Run river, his force marching up both banks on land and the rest in a long line of armed transports and warships.

He landed at Ormer and Betay poblin point near Trot at the mouth of the Mainie creek fifteen miles below the Angelinian Capitol, and planted his immense army on the narrow strip of beautiful glens and woodlands known as Childreans Mine hundred. A long line of intrenchments was at once set up across this beautiful peninsula from Trot town to the Mainie Creek.

While this was being done a portion of general Robert Vivian's army under general Walter J. Jennings went up from Betay poblin with three million cavalry men to attempt the destruction of the railroads south and west of porothy Gale to prevent supplies reaching the enemy but he found that portion strongly defended and the city also by a stretch of the right wing of general Adele-De-Garbe's army under general Bernard Gnydie, who had been summoned from Mombi to Betay poblin.

The latter being greatly reinforced now joined some of his troops in front of general Manley Manlet's forces on Childreans Mine hundred and when general Vivian's main force arrived he took personal command, and on March the Seventeen 17th he attempted to turn general Manlet's right and left flanks. A terrible battle here was the result and raged for two days, and general Manley's forces being overwhelmed were driven to their own intrenchments with the loss of 10,000,000 in killed wounded and prisoners, while that of the christians was 15,444,678/3 in killed and wounded only. A few days afterwards general Manley Manlet was requested to send a large part of his main troops to the main north side of the Mainie river to assist the army of Adele-De-Garbe in the vicinity of Chesterfollis and Childreans Knoll. The compliance with this order deprived general Manlet of the power to make further offensive movements.

At the same time general Gormaine Vivian went on a raid again toward Childreans Mine hundred March the thirteenth. Passing very near Betay poblin on Mainie Heights he swept around by Chesterfollis Courthouse and struck the Abbeismannian, Bondinia and Calverine railroad eleven miles west of the Angelinian Capitol. When striking it at other points he went eastward making attempts to destroy the southside railroad, and the Meldon crossroads, far toward porothy Gale, and then returned to his own lines with one hundred and forty two thousand prisoners. General Adele-De-Garbe now decided to make a fierce effort to move on porothy Gale again. His army started March the twenty first and reaching the passage of the Winkie river found that general Concentinian Aronburg had already moved in that direction and had therefore planted his army there first. After another most severe battle Concentinian Aronburg's right wing was dislodged, and Adele-De-Garbe pressed steadily forward, and by March the twenty eighth was south of the Winkie river. General Concentinian Aronburg however had swung his army around in another direction and therefore had followed, and taking a more shorter route was now in front, occupying a most strong position on the Angeline Run river again, which commanded one of the Angelinian Agathia turnpikes, and two remaining railroads leading to porothy Gale and Angelinia Agathia.

Therefore general Adele-De-Garbe saw at once that it would be necessary to drive Concentinian Aronburg from his strong position before he could continue his own onward movement toward porothy Gale. After a most dangerous reconnaissance general Garbe decided it best to attempt a big flanking movement and cross the Angeline Run at Mine Bando-Bockinia. That little place an outlying post near another abandoned orphan asylum was seized and the army reinforced by the main troops under general Beppo Evans sent by general Beppo Evans and Izner Myletze from the center. For four days May, first, second, third, and fourth the two armies fiercely struggled on the ground where general Robert Vivian and Adele-De-Garbe had fought for the possession of Mombi some months before. The battle on the fourth day was terribly sanguinary: millions of men falling in the brief space of forty minutes on both sides. At its concluding the glandelinians naturally held their ground, but they failed in their attempt to force general Concentinian Aronburg from his positions. And the strength of general Concentinian Aronburg's positions showed general Adele-De-Garbe that porothy Gale could not be taken in that direction. So after sending general Izner Myletze with his immense force of cavalry to Gandamon to destroy more railroads between Angelinia Agathia and the Mainie Creek valley and Evangeline place, general Adele-De-Garbe decided to transfer his big army to the south side of the Angeline Run river, and attempt the capture of porothy Gale in that way.

On the night of May the twelfth the army of Glandelinians therefore silently withdrew and continued to withdraw for several nights, remaining motionless in the day to deceive generalinian Arouburg, and finally crossing the three streams by fording and pontoons was well on its way southward before generalinian Arouburg knew of its movements. It moved below the region of Kittens Locherts and toward Jennie Turner, and on toward Mob Mombi to the Erminie, where it crossed in boats by fording and pontoons. General Adele-De-Garbo hurried on toward Childrens line hundred while the crossing was being made and ordered general Manlet to send a portion of his troops to attempt the capture of Ozma before generalinian Arouburg could reinforce general Robert Ivian. At this was unsuccessful and on the evening of May the 16th the army of Glandelinia took up a strong position near to where general Ivian had cast his camp near the city. At this very time a most formidable raid was made by the Glandelinians under general Bicknell Barney with about fifteen million Glandelinian troops for the purpose of drawing if possible a large force away from generalinian Ivians army. He hurried down the rear of the Erminie Valley region and crossing the Win Winkie river at Glinda moved toward the town of Marygown. Near this place he was suddenly confronted by a few Angelinian troops, which general Adel then in command of the Home Guards had hastily collected at Baltimore and a portion of general Paul Marcus division division from the advance of the main corps, which general Hanson had dispatched to the protection of Angelinia Agathia in that location. For eight hours on the first day of May this little band of Angelinian soldiers battled with general Bicknells much larger force of Glandelinians, and although it was defeated with most heavy loss, its gallant stand saved the rear guard works of the Angelinian Nat ion National Capitol, and allowed time for the main christian army in that section under another Ivianama to reach the works and secure it just in time. General Bicknell learning of this on his way to Dorothy Gale from the rear, rapidly crossed the Erminie with his immense store of spoils. General Jennie Ivian who took his own place again on the slight recovery from his wounds pursued him for two miles through a section of Angelina Baldon run when after a battle in which the invaders were driven back to their own positions, general Jennie Ivian returned to his own lines. General Bicknell Tamplin remained in his own position for some time.

After a very sharp contest of two days duration with general germaine ric hardsons christian troops Barecrow junction on May the twentieth in which Bicknell Tamplines troops were severely defeated, and another battle with general Remo pomington Turner in which the latter was forced back to the Erminie general Bicknell Tampline early in June sent a cavalry force of three million men under generals Berns, Bridge and Bernard Russell on another plundering tour toward the town of Marygown. They reached the small town and burned it down and slaughtered all the poor people and soldiers and women and children in it. General Jennie Ivian who was ten miles away, heard of this immediately, and at once moved against the Gargoylian raiders, driving them back to their own positions.

And to prevent a repetition of this raid general Robert Ivian sent the divisions under his two sons into the region and they immediately took measures to drive Bicknell Tampline from his own positions. The two Ivians there fore attacked and defeated him at Gertrude Angelina, on the tenth of June and followed him to a strong position on Grass Grassfern hills near Betsy pobbin from which the Glandelinians were driven with great loss on the twenty second and chased to the grounds of District Orphan Asylum. From there the Angelinian cavalry followed Bicknell Tampline to Launtonie Orphan Asylum two miles away, and compelled him to take refuge in the range of Betsy pobbin hills. The Angelinians then fell back to Herdrudes Junctions and general Robert Ivians went to general Hanson Ivians lines to find him at his headquarters to hold a council having the belief that the region would not be troubled against again by Bicknells Glandelinians. But general Bicknell being reinforced on June six days later and attacked the armies under general Jennie and Germaine Ivian at Erminie Creek so stubbornly and so fiercely that they were compelled to fall back to the two orphan asylums and their grounds previously mentioned. General Robert Ivian was still at general Hansons headquarters when the desperate Glandelinian attack began and hearing the sound of many guns and the roar of many big explosions, sprang

upon his horse and dashed toward Erminie Creek almost in the same manner that Herdrude did at the battle of Cedar Creek. He met large portions of the armies under his two sons in full retreat as he galloped up. He saw that to save them from disaster he must put his own army into action and so he did. The fearful battle raged all day but toward evening the tide was turned, and following their brave commanders the Angelinians charged to victory and drove the Glandelinians in total rout to where they had emerged from almost annihilating general Bicknell Tamplines army. Then the army of Adele-De-Garbo lay near as possible to Dorothy Gale generalinian Arouburg withdrew a large force of his army from that city to defend Angelinia Agathia from the troops sent by general Beppo Evans and Izner Myletze over pontoon bridges across two of the rivers. General Adele-De-Garbo took advantage of this and made several desperate attempts to penetrate the main christian lines before Dorothy Gale. He succeeded in undermining some of the principal fortifications, and on the morning of June the last, the two whole christian fortifications with works and fortifications all around with two million three hundred thousand men was blown high into the air. When a most heavy cannonade was opened upon the remainder of the works with great effect. But the big assaults which followed were failures on account of the fierce resistance of the defense defenders. Soon after this general Adele-De-Garbos army was massed on the left of the Angelinians, south of the Erminie, and made an attack upon the main christian works on Herdrudes run. But after a severe contest of all days duration they were repulsed by generalinian Arouburg, and on July the fourth, with drew to their main intrenchments. Very little was done after that until generalinian Arouburg started to move against Adele-De-Garbo himself a month later.

A little later after the disastrous battles just mentioned between Adele-De-Garbo and generalinian Arouburg started on his own big movement for Ozma and Angelinia Agathia on June the sixth 1918. He had a force of nearly one hundred million men, distributed in the army of Glandelinia, led by general G.H. Brown, the army of generalinians, led by general J.B. Bel Benligan, and the big army of Omarians, commanded by general J.M. Bellie.

Moving southward from Mombi general Beppo Evans came upon a christian force of nearly fifty five million men strongly posted at Punkin centre, at the junction of two railroads leading into east and west Ozma state. This force was commanded by general Henry Joseph Darger, and was arranged in three immense corps under generals Angelio A Jennings, Heunie Costello, and Estrabrook Johnson. Indeed as the position of this christian force was deemed immensely too strong to be forced by or warrant any attack in front, general Beppo Evans maneuvered its flanks by seeking a passage through Erminie Hill Gap, on the left. This was completely successful and the Angelinians retreated to a point near Ozma Railroad station, at the Ostania river on the main line of the Mic-Hollister and Pandore railroad, between Ozma and Angelinia Agathia. General Angelio Jennings was driven across this stream by the Glandelinians after a hard fight on June the sixteenth, and being pursued by general G.H. Brown and Benligan he fled through the Caldwell Junction Pass, where he took up a strong position on the other side of the Atlantic river. The opposing armies then took a short rest on opposite banks of the stream. General Beppo Evans now attempted to flank the Angelinians out of their strong position by concentrating his forces west of them at Ozma.

Journey. This movement led to a desperate battle near that place however neither side gained any victory, and when the darkness stopped the bloody fight, general Jennings strongly intrenched himself, through a broken but thickly wooded country, from Ozma Journey to Marianne. After a weeks severe fighting between these two places, general Henry Joseph Darger the main christian commander was compelled to leave the Caldwell Junction Pass July the first 1918. General Beppo Evans then took possession of the works, garrisoned it, and rebuilt the many bridges that Darger had burned and blew up during his flight. The gaps made in Beppo Evans army by the losses in the numerous engagements were filled up by the arrival on the eighth of troops under general Izner Myletze.

1918

General Beppo Evans then pushed on with his strengthened Glandelinian army, and although general Henry Darger contested his onward march at every point at which he could manage to make some stand, the 8 Angelinians were driven after a month of desolate desperate fighting, from Bazey, Gobbin Heights or hills, and from Germanine, Turner town, down toward the Erminie North Bend in the direction of Ozma. In these struggles the Glandelinians lost heavily and so did the Angelinians, among the killed at the battle of Erminie's North Bend being general Bernard Hanson Handson. One of their corps commanders. When general Henry Joseph Darger reached the stream, general Beppo Evans rode into Marlean and at once planned and prepared to strike a most severe blow on his Christian enemy and antagonist, while he was crossing that river. But general Darger was too quick and skillful to allow this, and he swiftly passed the stream and made a desperate stand along the line of it. After terrible and much desperate fighting he was soon forced from this position, and retreated rapidly to a new line that covered Ozma, his left resting on the Winkie and his right on the Erminie. While there, general Beppo Evans heard that his superior general Adele-de-Carhe had been needed by general John Manley elsewhere badly and had been transferred in western Calvari Calverinia to join his own while general Maldon Convention yognonia had been sent from Calverinia to take Adele-de-Carhe's place. After a short rest the Glandelinians toward the end of June or July began advancing furiously again, and after destroying some railroads found still intact, and taking part in a thousand heavy skirmishes, they were attacked by the Angelinian forces on the twenty 20th. General Henry Joseph Darger himself led the attack, which was directed generally upon the whole line of Beppo Evans' army, and especially against the corps of general Benlign and Gobbinhead. The battle was an extremely fierce one indeed and both sides suffered immensely, but the Christian assailants were severely repulsed. General Beppo Evans then moved rapidly toward Ozma town. On the way he encountered some strong intrenchments, and while attacking a party of general Darger's army behind them he was struck a most severe blow in the rear by the main army of that Angelinia army led by general August Darger, who had by a long night march passed around him. The blow indeed was a crushing one, but after a most sanguinary battle lasting many hours in which the losses on both sides were dreadful in the dreadful in the extreme, the Glandelinians were victorious, and succeeded in driving the Angelinians back to their works with the loss of twenty generals killed. The Christian general J.P. Allenberger was shot dead while he tried to rally his army. He was therefore succeeded in the command of the army by general Richard Logan.

A few days later, July the twenty fourth, the Angelinians again made a most fierce attack, and were again sent back to their main lines with dreadful slaughter, and after another heavy loss in generals and other officers and a large number of battle scarred standards. This put a stop to active hostilities for a few weeks. Then on August the fifteenth, the decisive battle that gave the Glandelinian army finally a chance to take possession of Ozma works was fought. The forces of Beppo Evans and Darger met on that day at Rosa and near Topsy, twenty miles below the city of Ozma, when the Glandelinians being defeated, and their ten miles stretch of mobilization camps and works being set on fire by a dreadful bombardment, general Darger blew up all the works and powder and ammunition dumps at Ozma town and forming a junction with general August Darger or recrossed the Erminie with his whole army. General Beppo Evans then entered the badly battered town of Ozma on the twenty fourth of August.

The two opposing divisions of the main armies now rested for another short time, with only the river between them, and most of September was given up to reorganization of both sides. When hearing that general Henry Darger contemplated the recapture of Ozma, Beppo Evans sent Izner Myletze and Convention to a point called Three Rivers, and concentrate a new force of troops there. General Henry Darger in the meantime descended upon Caldwell Pass, and attempted to capture the stores there. He failed most disgracefully. General Beppo Evans now planned a more vigorous movement against Darger. He therefore turned over the command of a very large portion of his troops to general Izner Myletze, and then started out on the morning of September the 10th. General Hardine with five million cavalry led the way, followed by Beppo Evans with six hundred and fifty million in two

three columns, commanded respectively by general Benlign and Gobbinhead. They marched and attacked for more than a week moving in two big columns, with wings extending nearly sixty miles, the Angelinians everywhere being bewildered, and at some points offered but little opposition. Upon reaching the northeast corner of the Winkie river general Evans attacked and captured Fort Mary Mac-Allister, and a little later he compelled the quick evacuation by August Darger of Savannah Junction, which general Beppo Evans entered the next day.

A few months before this general Truman Beech, Kirben, was sent by general Darger of the enemy side to assist a part of the Glandelinian army to drive the Angelinians under general John Leader out of that region of Glorinia so that the siege of Angelinia Agathia could be pressed a little closer, and thus insure the speedy capture of the city and Angelinian capital. General Truman Kirben went up the St. Peter's river and managed to drive the Angelinians under general Leader from the works of Glorinia and into the interior of the Min-Holler works. After a hot pursuit general Kirben came upon the Angelinians strongly posted in the heart of a Angelinian Or Cypress swamp, at Worm Ant Ander Station. He made a fierce attack on the fifth of June but was repulsed, and fell back to his own point after destroying on the Angelinians \$10,000,000 worth of property. At the same time general Hokun Spokes assisted by the Angelinian warships and other squadrons made a most successful assault upon the rebel fleet south of Nombi then held by general Glandorn troops of six million men. The Christian fleet was a powerful one all right, and for several months previous to the beginning of the siege had kept all waterways of Angelinia Agathia free from rebel gunboats and other ships. The destruction of this Christian fleet of a hundred ships was very much desired by the Glandelinian generals directing the siege of Angelinia Agathia, and this was accomplished with great skill and bravery by Admiral Hammon Washington of the rebel fleet of torpedo boat chasers and some submersibles. He with thirteen thirteen ships on the night of July the fifteenth took his torpedo squad and a squadron of torpedo boats up into the Nombi river harbor, and reaching the near approach of the Christian fleet succeeded in sending six torpedoes under the hull of the Christian ships one by one with quick accuracy and blowing up each ship with fatal effect during a severe battle with artillery on shore and from Christian fortifications beyond. Indeed all the time during the shooting of the torpedoes the brave Glandelinian fleet were subjected to a terrific hail of shot and shell and high explosives, fired from shore batteries and forts by the alarmed Angelinians, who although they could see nothing in the darkness except the flashes of the ships being destroyed and the flames starting up heard the movements of their Glandelinian foes, and directed their broadsides in the direction of the sounds. Admiral Washington and thirteen hundred of his men after his own ships were badly wrecked and on fire, or sinking, after the damage work was done, escaped to a number of big hidden cutters that accompanied the fleet of rebel gunboats, while the others of the fearless fleet were killed or wounded and drowned. General Darger after his unsuccessful attempts to regain the camps near Ozma town and to seize the stores near Caldwell Pass prepared for another counter advance. Late in September he recrossed the Winkie river, near Florence Girl Knoll, and pushed vigorously on toward Ozma with fifty million troops. At Min-Pitersonia town he came to the intrenchments of general Izner Myletze who was trying to impede his advance so that he could get himself and troops to that village before they did. General Darger reached Min-Pitersonia on the afternoon of September 30th 1914, and at once charged on general Izner Myletze's position so desperately and with such force, that after a desperate battle of great violence his whole army was driven from their works. But they quickly rallied, and two days more of desperate fighting, enabled the Glandelinians to make a gallant dash and recover their lost ground, and also three hundred thousand prisoners.

General Joseph Henry Darger of the rebels was then placed in charge of the captured works at Ozma town. On August the fifteenth, general Jack Evans came upon the scene and moved forward to drive the Glandelinians away. His own

left wing under general Hertrude made a most vigorous attack, and soon compelled a portion of Beppo Evans' army to retreat to the foot of the Batai Bohlin Hills or height where he was again assailed by the sea army under Evans, and other armies of troops the following days. The battle of Ozma was terrible and raged with Beppo Evans' whole army and with the armies of Darger and Jack Wans. But the result was soon seen that the broken fragments of the christian armies thus battling so fiercely all day was sent flying northward in great confusion with both general Jack Evans and Darger seriously wounded. The christian armies under these commanders were closely pursued, and at the close of the next day General August Darger with the remnants of the shattered christian army under his brother and Jack Evans escaped across the Erminia River and retreated toward Angelinia Agathia. During this conflict Beppo Evans captured eleven million five hundred thousand christians as prisoners, and one thousand two hundred and seventy two pieces of artillery, and inflicted a serious loss in killed and wounded to the Angelinians or more than 20,000,000 men. His own loss in that tremendous battle was about 10,000,000.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE / 48
 TWO ANGELINIA FLEETS OF WARSHIPS CHALLENGE BATTLE WITH ONE GLANDELINIAN FLEET ----- CAPTURE OF FORTS HERTRUDE AND TOWER ST JOHN ----- ADMIRAL ZIMMERMANNA BRAVERY ----- OZMA RETAKEN, ANOTHER BIG BATTLE AT MOMBET ----- FALG AND RESCAPTURE OF M MOMBET. GENERAL GENERAL HELI INTA A CHURCH RAIN ----- DESPERATE EFFORTS TO SECURE PEACE ----- GENERAL BEPO EVANS DECLARATION ----- BATTLE OF BLENDING LINGER ----- FALG F OF KETTER'S RICHARDS ----- LITTLE G OTRAKNOOT, CAPTURED. COURAGE PONDENCE BETWEEN GENERAL BTO HELI, AND HARBOR VIVIAN. ----- TERMS FOR THE SURRENDER OF THE GLANDELINIAN ARMY. ----- END OF THE BRIDGE OF ANGELINIA AGATHIA -----

DESPITE THE LENGTH THE ENEMY WERE ABLE TO CONTINUE RE SIEGE OF ANGELINIA DURING THE LATE THIRD AND EARLY FOURTH YEAR OF THE WAR. thousand of different different christian warships and cruisers, merchantmen, and gunboats and war craft of every possible description in description made great havoc among the glandelinian transport ships, especially in the latter months of the great sieges etc etc.

At the beginning of the month of November 1916 they had captured one hundred and ninety three Glandelinian warships, and a large number of glandelinian transports whose cargoes were valued at \$123,145,666,567. The most formidable of these plundering christian fleets was a big one under Admiral Zimmermann, whose ships were built, armed and fully provisioned by his main fleets further off which were besieging yivin vivian wickey by the water way. The fleet was also under Admiral Mio-Hollesster and Commodore Raphael Anderton, of Abyssinkile.

For three months this big fleet or two big fleets of Angelinian warships sailed up and down the various rivers before Angelinia and gorothy G 1 gals, plundering and burning hundreds of glandelinian transports, and always eluding the main Glandelinian fleets sent out in search of the christian fleets. At length Admiral John A Kainsbury of the Glandelinian fleet called the guard who had sought these two dangerous christian fleets of a warship high and low heard that the fleets had put out or into the port near Mombet. He immediately took his fleet of thirty ships to that point or place and lying off outside and near the harbor awaited the reappearance of the christian fleets. When the two christian fleets came out and steamed down the river the glandelinian fleet moved out down the river a certain distance, and then gave battle to the two christian fleets. The two christian christian fleets and the one glandelinian fleet fought each other desperately for for six hours pouring broadside after broadside into each other with a thunderous roar. It was the most desperate and terrific battle between ships ever witnessed before and though the glandelinian fleet though much smaller than the single christian fleet had much bigger and stronger battleships battleships and many more guns, all of the rebel fleet was soon sinking or its ships disabled. The survivors of the crews of the glandelinian ships were picked up by other rebel ships mostly transports, which had hovered near to be in readiness for such an emergency, and taken safely to the main rebel lines, where where the glandelinian admiral was feted and presented with a sword as a token of sympathy and esteem.

The victory of the two Angelinian fleets stirred up up the authorities of the Angelinian National governments to a determination to close all the passageways of the rivers and all their ports, and other points then still open for blockade runners. The intentions of the Angelinians were to capture the ports of forts Hertrude and former St John in possession of the rebels.

To close the latter port and capture that fort general Calhoun Hodges sent a force of five million to troops, under general Hunter from porothy Gale to co-operate with Admiral Zimmerman's fleet of one hundred and eighteen river warships, which after the defeat of the glandolinian fleet appeared off the entrance of Fortrona Herdrude on August the fifth 1914. These vessels four of which were long flat boats turned into floating batteries protected by immense shields of iron then rushed in past Fort Herdrude and Fort St John and the most terrific fire from all their great guns ... All

Zimmerman gave all his most quickest and best vessels through a small tube hole from the mainmast top of his immense flag-ship, (the Gertrude Angelina), where he and several of his officers appeared to be lashed to the rigging, to keep him and his officers from being disabled by the shock of great guns and his little fishes. He and they like Farragut at Hobe Mobile remained in that most perilous position during the entire voyage and battle past the forts and back and forth again for two days. He made the final passage in safety although six of his big ships was destroyed by the guns of Fort Herdrude. He was then attacked by a strong fleet of glandolinian ships, but after a severe and more noisy fight, they were annihilated.

A simultaneous assault of greater violence was now made on Fortrona. Cinders fell all around it and the other two forts being badly reduced were surrendered August the 27th. A little more than one week later the immense fortifications all around Ozma were recaptured and all approaches to Ozma and vicinity was completely and effectually guarded. Ozma was taken however this important movement resulting in the recapture of Ozma by the Angolinians had not or was not undertaken until September 19th. When a strong force of soldiers were sent against the fortifications in the possession of Beppo Evans. It was also composed of Admiral Mic-Hol's Christian fleet, and other land troops, from general Jack Evans main army under general Godfrey Cannon. He broke his toe, the first expedition and assaults were complete and bloody failures, but another fierce attempt was made the following week, with the same forces and the same fleet, and land troops under general Rodney James Graves.

This though resulting in a bloody battle of two days duration, and an explosion that looked like a volcanic outburst, was a brilliant and complete success, the fortresses and fortifications were surrendering on the fifteenth, and with the retreat of Beppo Evans' army the Angolinian army again entered Ozma town on the twenty second of the month.

At the same time general Jimmie Vivian had started on a rapid march through the region toward Mombi and passed on almost unopposed, until he reached the glandolinian strongholds, where he captured a line of glandolinian works.

Upon learning of this general Pugnosa now in de la De-Garbas command at once withdrew his endangered army or forces from Chawabellano, and also from Trot and Betsy Bobbin, and fled toward Mombi to join the other glandolinian forces of general Granberry. General Jimmie Vivian then with his army divided into sections took possession of these towns, and a few days afterwards generally a son Vivian saw again the flags of Angolinia placed over the towns. Jimmie Vivian then pressed on into the northern vicinity of Mombi. On the way he met a force of 20,000,000 Gooddiers under general Joseph Henry Darger. The conflict was severe but not decisive and after the enemy recoiled general Jimmie Vivian reached Burnsville and rested during the night. When he pushed onward again but at Banded Norm he was surprised by the whole of Darger's army, which suddenly attacked a part of his force under general Hanson Jennings. There was a most terrible battle for three days. Think of it, and the most dreadful slaughter, sixty times did the combined forces of Gooddiers under generals, Hokus Spu Spokus, Burns, Burns Bridge, Bob Bunder, Bob Bunderline, Bicknell Remeline, Butler Phelan, and Fisher, Bernard ussel, and Butcher Ouse fier fall fiercely upon the Angolinian forces, and nothing but the most desperate efforts and most hardest fighting, saved general Jimmie Vivian's army from destruction. For those three days his troops made the most bravest stands against the successive assaults of the enemy, repelling them with cannon and musketry, and at length succeeded in gaining the victory, the glandolinians suffering enormous losses and sixty generals and thousands of officers retreating to Moleo abandoning Mombi which was now in possession of the Christians again. Leaving a portion of the army there general Jimmie Vivian went on with the rest

toward Goldenlocks where he was joined by general Germaine Vivian and Jack Evans after which he hastened to Mombi point to consult his father in regard to future operations. The town of Mombi having been closed and captured plans were immediately made for the recapture of that city and the rest of the region by the enemy. General Beppo Evans who commanded his army yet having been reinforced by general Pugnosa started forward with twenty five million men, at the same time that general Henry Sparr and Joseph Henry Darger sent from their armies thirteen million horsemen, and about two million foot soldiers, under general Bell Bellion to co-operate with him. While general Darger was attempting the destruction and reduction of the works of Mombi, general Beppo Evans and his army swept down from the north northern end of the Erminia river and made a fierce attack but was repulsed with frightful loss. While this was going on general Hanson Vivian received reports that general Vivian was way up in Calvernia on the enemy's side had been moving toward Angolinia Agathia to reinforce general Pugnosa, and had raided two thousand seven hundred and sixty miles through the states of Ozma, Angeline Vine and Jordan, capturing many cities and towns, and destroying an immense amount of public and private property. He also succeeded in keeping general Geddaine's Christian army cowering from moving down northward to assist the besieged Angolinians at Angolinia Agathia. So though general Beppo Evans encouraged by this news also managed to finally capture Mombi again and cause its downfall anew, a part of his army attacked on both the front, rear and flank by a portion of general Jack Evans' army fled up the Erminia river with nine million troops and was annihilated by Christian batteries.

Again by the Christians Mombi was retaken, and with the city were taken five million prisoners, and fifty thousand one hundred and fifty cannon. It was evident now that for the remainder of the siege all conflict within the region of Mombi was now ended.

Although the two immense armies of general Hanson Vivian and Pugnosa had remained in comparative quiet in front of a porothy Gale, Angolinia Agathia and Ozma since the recapture of Ozma the Christian forces effectually prevented a junction of Beppo Evans with general Pugnosa. General Hanson Vivian seeing now or for sure that the enemy's great siege of Angolinia Agathia was about broken at length determined to make a general and vigorous movement against general Pugnosa in person and capture him and his whole army. Late in September he ordered general Germaine Vivian, then on the extreme right of Ozma with his brother Jimmie Vivian, to move up and destroy if possible all communications with general Beppo Evans and Pugnosa, and if possible recapture

Kitchens, Kitchens, where a large number of glandolinian stores and supplies were hidden. General Neldinia was to lead the raid in person. With general Walter Jennings and Posvillian Johnston, and ten million men on foot and horse, the two Vivians Germaine and Jimmie set out with Gronburg and left porothy Gale on the twenty seventh and going up the valley suddenly encountered Joseph Henry Darger's forces at Terrytown. After a battle there he scattered his enemies, and then crossed the Blue Berry fields, and destroyed a line of railroad as far as MEVA St. Clare. Finding at that time the town of Bleedinglinger too strong for him to attack, he divided his force, one party going up to break the railroad toward that all town, and the other to disable the Erminia river canal, by which the glandolinian army received large portions of supplies andplies.

General Jimmie Vivian then rejoined the main Angolinian army, by passing around general Pugnosa's left wing.

General Put Pugnosa now saw that it was absolutely necessary for him to form a junction with general Beppo Evans if he wished to save his glandolinian army from capture, and so concentrating his forces near general Hanson Vivian's centre in front of Ozma town and Betsy Bobbin on September the twenty fifth, made a desperate assault upon his whole line, hoping by the capture of that point of works to regain Ozma and Betsy Bobbin so as to be able to break through the Christian line and accomplish a successful retreat northward. But after a desperate battle raging all day he was unsuccessful, general Hanson Vivian's army, completely prepared for him, and defeating him with the most heavy loss.

Earlier than this general Meldinia Aronburg was ordered to take his cavalry on a great raid into the southern territory of the besieging rebels, for the purpose of assisting general Robert Vivian the main christian commander of all, but finding the latter in no need of any help whatever, Aronburg moved eastward and destroyed the Abyssinkilian and Abbeannian railroad for some distance toward Evangeline at glare, after which he immediately turned southward with his army and destroyed the railroad between Kittens ischerts and Garnation ridge. Some of his troops went as far as Big girl Knool in the hope of releasing a large number of Angelinian prisoners there. But the soldiers who were prisoners there were removed before general Aronburg's men arrived, and although the Angelinian raiders destroyed a vast amount of rebel provisions, they did not accomplish their purpose. Then when general Aronburg pushed into the eastern section of the Ozma state, a part of his force on October the ninth destroyed six magnificent bridges which across the Erminis river extended a mile. This raid results resulted in the capture of six million prisoners, six thousand three hundred and thirty one pieces of artillery and a very large number of small arms and large stores of provisions.

It was now evident and hoped for that the siege of Angelinia, which had now come to an end. The glandelinian army under general Pugnacia which had with the rest besieged Angelinia Agathia and porothy Gale, was now itself being fast hemmed in by other christian armies suddenly moving up from the south. Even during the siege of Angelinia Agathia and many other times before during the early third and fourth year of the great war many desperate efforts had been made to bring about a peace without the conquering of any of the glandelinian armies, but they had all failed. Six times the government of glandelinia had sent in petitions to general Vivian the main ruler of Angelinia, and also to King Gannon P. Proclle his assistant but neither any one of these Angelinian rulers would listen to no conditions: conditions whatever, except absolute and prompt submission, everywhere within the boundaries of the Angelinian and glandelinian kingdoms to the National Authorities and also the entire ending and abolition of all child slavery and its horrors and effects...

During the time Angelinia Agathia was besieged as here we write written King K glandlin of glandelinia in answer to an abrupt appeal from Francis Turner Jamesonia of Abbeannia, near the close of the month september, said if possible he would be willing to enter into a big conference or convention with all the Angelinian rulers, and generals, with a full view to secure peace between the two Angelinian nations. Though all the others of the Angelinian authorities opposed his view, general Hanson Vivian governor ruler of Angelinia expressed his willingness to have a conference if it was a view to secure immediate peace for the hope of ending child slavery and for the giving up to the "Mercy of the Angelinian Authorities of Abyssinkile" all those among the glandelinian generals and men who had been guilty of the work of such wanton destruction of child life and so much property throughout Calverinia and southern and north hern Angelinia. Although King glandlin did not certainly like the latter's expression he appointed as commissioners Alexander Jean Trouve, John A. Graveures, and R.M.D. Lessuer. The conference when it was held about two months later was without hope and completely fruitless, as Governor Hanson Vivian would not recede from the position he had then taken. Indignant indeed beyond anything anything at this result the glandelinian king declared at a tremendous public meeting in glandelinia City where millions of men women and children were assembled "I at once than give up child slaves to the Christian world for homes and parents and sooner than be united to the Angelinian States again, he would be willing to yield up everything he had on earth, and if it were possible he would even sacrifice his very life like a million times before he would give him or allow his nation to do so." Then at the same meeting it was firmly resolved that the whole glandelinian nation would never lay down its arms until its independence was won and they could do as they liked about child slavery and keep as many child slaves as they wished and treat them as they liked....

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Upon general Meldinia Aronburg's return from his great raid at the close of May or July please, general Hanson Vivian at the advice of his Brother Robert Vivian, started the army of Angelinia on a most grand movement against the main glandelinian left. On the morning of July the thirteenth please general Aronburg that is concentinian Aronburg, with his big force of cavalry and an immense corps of infantry moved forward and took possession of a line of woods with five streams running through the through it called bleedinglinger. While general Vivian advanced toward Kittens ischerts still in the possession of the foe... The latter drove the Scodler glandelinian before them in a good fight, but they quickly rallied, and attacked his army so fiercely and so vigorously that general Evans St Clare's division, which had the advance advance fell back in utmost confusion on general Crawford Chamberlaines corps and artillery battalion, which in turn were soon driven back with great loss on to the division of Abyssinkilians under general Turnerama Pugnacia. There the enemy's big onslaught was completely checked, and a division of general Aronburg's corps being sent to the support of these three christian columns they at once reformed their troops, and with a sudden wild dash of fury, regained the lost ground, and then resuming the battle by a fierce attack upon the enemy under general Bender recaptured Kittens ischerts and captured the whole glandelinian army there who had been in possession with thirteen generals and an enormous number of glandelinian colors and six hundred cannons and three million wagons, and a large store of provisions and ammunition. It was elating indeed. General Concentinian Aronburg had also been assaulted fiercely by the enemy at bleedinglinger and was driven back for two miles and a half with great loss, and himself losing his best horse which had been killed under him, but only for a time for with the aid of general Henry Dargers army and the fifth corps under Jimmie Vivian, he again rallied his defeated army and advanced to recapture his lost ground. The battle was resumed along his own line with dreadful and sanguinary fury, and after tough fighting desperately against great odds all day long the glandelinians were driven back from the works they had captured and from all the ground they had won, and not only that but also driven from their own strong line of works to which they retreated and made a stand, and then were completely routed, the Angelinian fifth and sixth corps and Jimmie Vivian's divisions doubling up the left and right in flanks of the enemy in confusion and the Concentinian cavalry under general Henry Agathia dashing on to Kittens ischerts, capturing the left grand position of the enemy and their artillery, and turning it upon the fleeing insurgents and mow mowing down their very columns as they fled. The whole line in position near Kittens ischerts soon took to flight in disordered fashion, leaving behind them over five million of their troops as prisoners of war. The fugitives were pursued westward about six miles or more by the Concentinian cavalry under general Agathia, and by the Abyssinkilian cavalry under general Beppo Lansins. General Hanson Vivian heard of this tremendous victory in his own position before Little girl Knool and at once ordered a most general bombardment along his whole line against that city and the enemy's works, to be kept up for two days and nights without ceasing. It was a tremendous cannonading indeed and the following morning after the artillery duel the works of the enemy were vigorously attacked. General Double Day Federal with his corps and other divisions rushing forward like a tremendous cyclone in fury managed to break through the rebel lines, and pushing on drove the whole glandelinian confederate before him, captured several thousand guns and a large division of glandelinians as prisoners, and completely and effectually crushed general Pugnacia's right and left. General Hanson Pugnacia of the Abyssinkilian Winkies and with the Abbeannian fifth corps had meanwhile by making a general assault carried the enemy's main line in the front, but was checked with tremendous loss at the second line, while a part of general Hanson Vivian's corps and cavalry by a most gallant but destructive charge captured ten strong works south of Little girl Knool. The battle of Little girl Knool now raged furiously from right to left in general violence, the glandelinians bravely and most desperately fighting to hold their works and intrenchments. Especially more determined than ever were they to retain possession of the fortified works of the outlying village of Peterine which was defended by general Picknell Tamarlines corps.

In the gallant stand he made general picknell Tamerline was killed and his corps almost annihilated. General Concentinian Aronburg now came up rapidly from the west, and sweeping down upon the flank and rear of the rebel line, forced them to give up the bloody and desperate contest and fly in utmost confusion. That day general Beppo Evans was attending a convention of his own generals in Gathlinger town ten miles south of Mombi, when an orderly hurried into his room even without being admitted and handed him an important message from general Pugnoscia Bicknell. With a sudden glance the Glandelinian general saw all was over in his attempts to capture Angelinia-Agathia. He must immediately seek safety of his own army in flight as Little Girl Knool and general Bicknell's big Glandelinian army would soon be taken. He notified general John Manley of the danger and asked whether he would or should move his army to try and regain the imperiled Glandelinian army, asking by telegraph but Manley warned him that it would be utterly impossible, and that the expedition for his own safety and for the safety of Glandelinia's cause must be abandoned. So at nine o'clock in the same evening general Beppo Evans and his army abandoned their main works south of Mombi and fled northward in the direction of Evangeline St. Clare to which city his wife and children had gone a few days before for protection as it was said from the fiercer Angelinian soldiery. The Glandelinian Congress at Glorinia and Mombi, and Kittens, Richerts, and the Gargoylian Legislature also took flight. Early the next morning general Jimmie Vivian in command of the forces of Angelinia on the side north of the Erwinde Creek marched into Little Girl-Knool with hands playing, and colors flying.

His main army composed in part of Abyssinkilian troops, was immediately set to work to put out the big fires kindled by the Glandelinian incendiaries, just after the hasty evacuation, and which had destroyed about five thousand houses. General Jimmie Vivian indeed found that the Glandelinians had abandoned five million of their sick and wounded in the hospitals, and had left as grand trophies, in the region five hundred thousand pieces of artillery standing close together in or in parks for many miles, thousands of locomotives, and millions of passenger coaches all pullmans, and suburbs and local besides, and hundreds of thousands of freight cars besides millions of wagons, and a large amount of other military public property, together with a part of the main archives of the Glandelinian government then residing there during the time it was in their possession. When general Jimmie Vivian reached the Little Girl Knool Courthouse, one of his staff general Walter John Jennings ascended to the roof and unfurled the Angelinian National flag, and Little Girl-Knool was once more in the hands of the Federal authorities of Angelinia. The news of the recapture of Little Girl-Knool and her surrounding towns and the breaking of the siege of Angelinia Agathia, and the capture of a vast Glandelinian army and all the supplies, trains and prisoners, produced great joy throughout the National States and countries of Angelinia, Abyssinkile and Abbeannia, for it told of the downfall of the besieging armies there. In all cities of Abbeannia and Abyssinkile and Angelinia the public offices were closed, the people of the cities and even in country towns showed their pleasure in public meetings, and in the ringing of bells of all churches, the explosions of billions of firecrackers, the soaring of a cloud of sky rockets at night, and the lusty cheers of millions of children children who flaunted as many pretty flags, finding that he no longer could hope to regain Little Girl-Knool or even hold his other positions a mile south of there general Pugnoscia Bicknell sent the message which general Beppo Evans had received while holding his council, and then silently withdrew from his position on the evening of August the second please.

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At dawn the very next day the Angelinian forces learned of his retreat, but as he had gone too far they did not at once get within range of him though they did at once set out to intercept him. General Jimmie Vivian pushed for the Mombi Crossroad, followed by his brother with his divisions, while general Concentinian Aronburg hastened along the whole stretch of the Mic-Hollester and Pandora railroad toward Glendale (Calverinia) where that and the Mombi Crossroad intersect, a distance of sixty three miles from Ozma and Dorothy Gale. General Pugnoscia Bicknell was also making for that place, so as to be able to join general Beppo Evans at Eva St. Clare. The Angelinian forces however had the main inside tracks and reached there first. The two Vivian generals Jimmie and Germaine gained a position above G. Trot and Betsy Bobbin, and thus cut off general Bicknell's avenue of escape. While Concentinian Aronburg stopped below. General Pugnoscia's position now became utterly desperate. He was at Patsy Bobbin junction, and seeing that he could not advance by any of the broken railroads, or even in any other way he swung around to the northeast, and struck the road again at Trotville. Here the head of this column was met by two divisions of infantry, and a large force of Abyssinkilian cavalry, under general Theodore Linguist, who had been hurried forward to hold the Angelinian Confederates under until general Concentinian Aronburg could come up with the rest of his corps. The battle was terrific and horrible but the Angelinians managed to accomplish this though general Linguist of the Christians fell dead shot through the heart. When general Concentinian Aronburg arrived with his army general picknell had intrenched himself.

General Hanson Vivian and his army now reached Trotville, and also Trot and Betsy Bobbin and Glinda, and on the seventh of September wrote a note to general Pugnoscia Bicknell in which he said;]]

"Your Honorable Excellency

General Henry Pugnoscia Bicknell;

Sir, The result of the past twelve months of the hopeless and bloody siege of Angelinia Agathia must now I hope convince you and your generals and your whole Scodler Glandelinian army of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the army of Glandelinia in this struggle going on. Whether you think so or not, or whether you feel so or not I myself think and feel that it is so and regard it a plain and convincing duty before the world in general of mine and my assistance to shift from myself and my own nation in general the responsibility of any further shedding of blood, by now asking of you the quick surrender of that portion of the Glandelinian army known as the Scodler Army of Gargolia."

General Hanson Angelic Vivian.
Commander of Angelinian army.

General Pugnoscia made reply to this in saying that he did not and could not believe that further resistance of his army was hopeless, but nevertheless seeing his army already surrounded by the main Christian army, and seeing general Beppo Evans had been come compelled by Manley's blunder to double-cross him, he therefore reciprocated the desire to avoid useless shedding of blood, and therefore before considering the Angelinian generals terms of surrender or proposition, he demanded the terms Hanson would offer on condition of the surrender of the whole Glandelinian army under his gracious command."

Now however without waiting a minute for general Hanson Vivian's reply General Pugnoscia Bicknell managed to steal away in the night toward Anna Worth hoping to escape to the shelter of the mountainous and wooded country beyond that town. Early the next morning the Angelinian armies set out in pursuit.

The retreat of the enemy was vigorous and lasted three days, and during the retreat many skirmishes occurred in which the Angelinians were always victorious. And while on this desperate northeastward movement general Pugnoscia received general Hanson Vivian's answer which was confirmed by his brother signing his name on the letter, and in which general Hanson said;

"Your Excellency general Pugnoscia/
General in chief of Scoodler army,
August the thirteenth 1914.

Sir;
You know there is only one condition that I and my brother and the government insists on, namely that the whole army of men and officers surrendered, should be retained as prisoners of war until war is over in general or until properly and fairly exchanged. And that those guilty of the Posa, Popsy and Pittens Piercherts massacres shall be justly punished when detected."

General Hanson Vivian.
Commander of army of
Angelina."

General Hanson Vivian then at the advice of his brother proposed a meeting to arrange definite terms for the surrender of the army of Glandelinian Scoodlers and to ask at what point the meeting should be held, if there was to be a meeting under a flag of truce. General Pugnoscia then wrote back that on some way or other he had not as yet intended to propose to the surrender of his army. He wrote in this manner;

"To His Gracious Excellency general Hanson Anglia Vivian,
Commander of Federal Army of Angelina,
August 14th, 1914.

Sir
To be frank general Hanson Vivian, I nor my generals do not as yet think the emergency has as yet arisen to call for the surrender of my Scoodler army of Glandelinia----but as the sole or the restoration of peace should be the sole object of all between us two at least, if not with the whole nations of Glandelinia and Angelina, I and my generals desire to know whether your proposals, would lead to that end. As the whole of Glandelinia is not surrendered therefore, I cannot I'm sure without general Manley's orders meet you with a view to surrender the Scoodler army of Glandelinia, but as far as your proposal may affect the Angelinian Confederate States of Glandelinia, and the Glandelinian Confederate State forces under my full command, and tend to the restoration of peace at least between us two rivals, I should be pleased to meet you at two P.M. to morrow afternoon, on the old Meldon road near St Gertrudes Orphan Asylum, between the main picket lines of the two armies."

General Pugnoscia Picknell.

Commander of Scoodler
army of Glandelinia."

However general Hanson Vivian nor his brother would not listen to an interview of any kind on this basis, as having no authority to treat on the topic of peace, he and his brother indeed saw that such a meeting would be completely useless if not foolish.

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However, general Robert Vivian and his generals held a council and so did general Hanson Vivian and it was decided that general Pugnoscia should immediately submit to terms of "Unconditional surrender or have his army annihilated for his foolishness. Therefore general Hanson Vivian again wrote to the rebel general;

General Pugnoscia;
Commander of Glandelinian army;
Sir;

"The only terms upon which peace can be had between me and you are to be well understood in this letter. By all your army laying down their arms and submit as pri pri prisoners of war, and for me to do as I see fit for those who are responsible for the massacres, the both of us commanders, me and you can surely hasten for me and you the most desirable event, save millions of human lives, and hundreds of millions of Glandelinian dollars worth of property not yet destroyed."

General
Hanson Vivian.

General Jimmie Vivian and Concentinian Aronburg had by this time already reached a strong position across general Pugnoscia's path, near Betsy Robbin, so now there was no way for the latter to escape except by cutting through general Concentinian Aronburg's main line. Indeed he made a brave and most desperate effort to do this on the morning of August the eighteenth. The battle of course was sanguinary and for a time a part of Concentinian Aronburg's line was broken but with the aid of general Germaine Vivian and his brother's divisions, and with the main fifth or corps of Vivian's which had just had just come up general Concentinian Aronburg repulsed the assault of the Glandelinians with great loss, and therefore general Pugnoscia seeing no way of escape was compelled at last to give in. He wrote to general Robert Vivian in person;

"Your Majesty Robert Anglia Vivian;
I received your brother's note this morning; General Hanson Anglia Vivian, on one of my picket lines near Betsy Robbin before the battle, whether now I have come in person to meet you only and ascertain as near as possible, what terms were embraced by him in his proposals of yesterday with main reference to the surrender of this Scoodler Glandelinian army. I now ask an interview, in accordance with the offer contained in his letter of yesterday for that purpose. The interview with you only."

General Pugnoscia Picknell."

Arrangements were as soon as possible convenient allowed to be made, for the interview. The dwelling of Governor Henry Gales at the town of Betsy Robbin was selected for the purpose, and in the parlor of that mansion August the 29th 1914 the two generals finally met and discussed the terms of surrender, just in the same manner as two business men discuss the business topics. It was finally agreed that general Pugnoscia and all his generals should give their parole of honor not to take up further arms against the governments of Abbeannia and Angelina, until properly and fairly exchanged, that if trustworthy and not treacherous the officers of all rank would be allowed to keep their side arms, and even revolvers, baggage, money, and private horses, and that all the officers and even the men would not at all be molested or even disturbed or investigated against their will by any part of the Angelinian authorities or Government persons, so long as they should observe their parole and the Angelinian laws in force where they should reside as prisoners of war. So on August the 30th the whole Glandelinian army laid down its arms and surrendered.

The number of glandelinians soon to be paroled and sent back to their homes was about twenty five million. With the army of men were surrendered sixteen million small arms, one hundred and fifty thousand small pieces of artillery, 17,000 stands of glandelinian colors, about 11,000,000 wagons and caissons, and four million mules, and one million horses..

That same day on account of the activities of the Manley and other immense Glandelinian armies elsewhere especially in Calvernia the Angelinian War Departments of Angelinia, Abyssinkile, and Abbieannia, issued an order directing a sudden movement for all drafting and recruiting for the Angelinian National Armies, and of the purchasing of munitions of war, and supplies.

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CHAPTER THREE

FOURTY EIGHT OR NINE.

GENERAL BERNARD HINDERLINE SURRENDERS TO GENERAL BUSTER SHOEMANN.----- HOSTILITIES IN THE VICINITY OF ANGELINIA AGATHIA ENDED.----- FLIGHT OF A NUMBER OF IMPORTANT MEN OF THE GOVERNMENT AUTHORITIES WHICH HAD MADE THEIR PLACE AT KITTENS RING HERTS, AND THEIR CABINET.----- THEY ARE CAPTURED CAPTURED.----- ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF GENERAL ROBERT ANGELIC VIVIAN.----- THE ANGELINIAN NAVY IN THE WAR.----- VIOLET AND HER SISTERS AND THEIR CARE OF MANY SICK AND WOUNDED OF BOTH SIDES.----- THE NOBLE ORGANIA OF ORGANIZATIONS.----- LIBERAL CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE PEOPLE OF ANGELINIA FOR GOOD AND BENEVOLENT WORK ON MANY BATTLEFIELDS THROUGHOUT THE WAR.----- SLAVERY OF MANY CHILD SLAVES IN THE WAR.----- A TREMENDOUS EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.----- PECULIAR POSITIONS OF THE ANGELINIAN GOVERNMENTS.----- TREATMENT OF ANGELINIAN PRISONERS IN MANY GLANDELINIAN PRISONS.----- A VERY UNFAIR AND UNHAPPY CHANGE.----- THE GLANDELINIAN PEOPLE.----- THE PURSUIT OF GENERAL BEPPO EVANS.

WHEN or while the surrender of general K Pugnosa picknell at Betsy Robbin Cour and Courthouse virtually ended the big siege of Angelinia Agathia, there was still a large army of glandelinians concentrated near Mombi, and smaller bodies elsewhere to be defeated or conquered before Angelinia Agathia could be considered safe from rebel armies. General Buster Shoemann who had been mainly in command of these points before the rebel army appeared to make the siege was preparing to march a large force of his army after the retreating army of Beppo Evans on the following week when he heard of the fall and surrender of Little Girl-Knool and the capture of the glandelinian army in charge there. This immediately changed his plans, and he at once prepared to turn his monstrous columns toward Baby Girl-Knool and march on the rebel army under general Bernard Hindernine, who retreated through Baby Girl-Knool along the course of the Mangeline street, large railroad westward toward Angeline Curren, whether the glandelinian authorities led by Ladden and his Cabinet had fled after making Mombi the seat of the glandelinian directing government for a few weeks. General Buster Shoemann pursued Hindernine as far as Baby Girl-Knool, where on the 1st of August, the latter having immediately heard of the overthrow of general Bicknell's army and the surrender of the latter general, finally requested a an interview interview with Shoemann for the main purpose of making terms of surrender. Indeed this was readily granted and after a meeting on the tenth of September 1914, a suspension of hostilities between the two was agreed upon, pending the ratification or rejection by the main glandelinian national or government of glandelinia of a basis of peace, arranged by the two generals. But the glandelinian king and his government authorities refused to accept the agreement, whereupon the glandelinian general Hindernine surrendered to Shoemann on the same generous terms as those granted to general picknell.

With these were surrendered about twenty five million men. One hundred and eight thousand pieces of cannon, and about fifteen million small arms fell into the hands of the Angelinians. A few days later, September the fourth please, general James Fowler of the glandelinians surrendered his glandelinian forces near Jennie Bridge to general Jimmie Vivian, and the glandelinian Navy in the Rminie river or creek was surrendered to Admiral Zimmermann at the same time. Hostilities around Angelinia Agathia then finally ended with a battle at Robbin Hood Creek on September 13th.

When Governor Ladden heard of the surrender of general picknell's army and of the others around Angelinia Agathia, and the retreat of general Beppo Evans at the blunder order of general Manley he immediately left Child Girl-Knool near Big-Girl-Knool with his whole Cabinet, and an escort of two million cavalry, and fled toward the northern part of the Calvernian countries hoping to encounter a vast rebel army and so escape the Angelinians.

they took with them a large number of captured children to be used as child slaves and these were under the charge of other Glandelinians and to elude the Christians should they pursue them for the same place in covered wagons, but along a different route. Upon reaching Glandorbia (Galverinia), the head of the escaping parties learned that some strong bodies of Angelinian soldiers had formed a plot to obtain the stolen children at any cost whatever and therefore immediately set out with half of his force of fugitives to protect the column guarding the children and to prevent them from being rescued. After a ride of eighteen miles and three quarters he joined the column of children and their captors at Glenorville, nearly due north from Glandorbia. General Jessie A. who was then at Glandor town not far away, heard of the flight of these important rebel personages and sent out two bodies of Geminian cavalry men, one under Colonel Franklinia and other officers and the others led by general Gna Plante and Mic-Horner to intercept the fugitives. As a reward of one million dollars had been offered by the Angelinian government authorities for the capture of Aladden and his hand of Glandelinians dead or alive, these two Christian force forces left no stone unturned to find them. They soon discovered his whereabouts and the location of his soldiers, and at early dawn the two Angelinian armies approached the camp where he and his cavalry were resting for the night, from opposite directions. There were then a number of severe battles, in which the Glandelinian cavalry forces were defeated with great loss, and this aroused the others. Aladden and his best followers tried to escape disguised as Galverinian citizens, but they were detected, and not surrendering themselves were shot and killed by the Angelinians. The children were regained and taken to the Christian lines and there placed under strong guard so Glandelinians could not take them again.

While the people of the Angelinian countries were rejoicing at the capture of one half of the Glandelinian army which had besieged Angelinia Agathia, and of the city being saved itself, and of the rout of Beppo Evans army and the surrender of the other, their joy was almost suddenly turned into sudden sorrow by the news of the attempted assassination of general Hanson Angolio Vivian.

and his brother also. The two great Angelinian commanders were seated in their headquarters at Angelinia Agathia discussing plans of leaving their vast armies at Angelinia Agathia for its protection and going north to take other armies and oppose the attacks and campaigns of the Manleys when an unknown Glandelinian spy attempted to escape with their important papers and when failing to do so fired at both generals. One bullet which missed Hanson struck this orderlie in the back of the head. The other shot aimed at Robert Vivian carried off a lock of his hair. When shouting "down with the Christian dogs!"

the rebel leaped out of the nearest window of the building, and reaching the street dashed down a narrow alley, and fled on a horse that was in readiness for him. He however was pursued by men with bloodhounds, and with the aid of two airships which detected his hiding place and was overtaken in a building near Dorothy Gale and shot dead by a number of Angelinians after he had resisted the party of pursuers for two days and night and killed single handed sixteen of them and wounded a hundred, out of their total number of two hundred men.

The orderlie who was shot instead died immediately that same night. His body was taken outside of Angelinia Agathia and buried as soon as possible. On the same night that the two generals had their narrow escape from being shot by the dangerous spy general Winstanley one of Hansons best generals was stabbed and stabbed and badly wounded by an accomplice of the spy, which gave rise to a belief that a plot had been arranged by some of the Glandelinian generals of some far distant camps or army, probably general Beppo Evans for the securing of all important plans about Angelinia Agathia and her surrounding posts, and maps and pictures of the places, as well as information and when the plan had failed the spies in making their escape had tried to murder all the men members of the generals and others. A number of strange persons seen within the Christian lines were immediately arrested on suspicion of being implicated with the das tardy plot and their trial resulted in the conviction and execution of five by hanging, and ten by shooting, while six others were sentenced to life imprisonment.

the surrender of the first two greatest of Glandelinian armies of the Glandelinian Confederacy which had helped Beppo Evans in the siege of Angelinia Agathia, and the preventing of the capture of Angelinia Agathia, effectually seemed already to have crushed a good section of the Glandelinian Confederacy forever.

This tremendous one y years years siege of Angelinia Agathia, which was more extended in area than any other siege of the war and more destructive of life and any property on account of the many severe battles than any other recorded in the war outside of the siege of Vivian Wickey, was over. The number of Angelinian soldiers totally engaged in the defense of Angelinia Agathia during the whole years siege was 222,666,989. According to the statement prepared by general Hanson Vivian and the Angelinian Authorities of Angelinia Agathia, the terrible number of casualties in the tremendous volunteer service and regular armies of the Angelinian forces during the whole year of resistance to the siege was as follows: killed in battle 16,767,058; killed in battle 16,767,058; died of fatal wounds, 32,743,011; died of shell shock and disease produced by wounds in battle 56,199,777; other causes such as accidents and so forth, 10,756,745. total died, 104,667,997.

The number of Glandelinian soldiers who died of wounds, or disease, or killed instantly in battle was about 133,789,320. statement of those who were killed was about 333,926. Number of Angelinian troops that were captured during the resistance to the siege was about 66,242,689. Glandelinian troops that were captured was about eleven million. The number of Angelinian troops that surrendered was about twenty million, one hundred and sixteen thousand, four hundred and thirty six. Angelinian troops that surrendered was about fifty million. The number of Angelinian troops that died while being prisoners was about three hundred and thirty five thousand, of Glandelinian troops 30,999.

One of the most grand and imposing scenes of the war indeed probably the whole Angelinian world ever heard of or the Angelinians ever witnessed, was the grand and imposing spectacle that was presented in Angelinia Agathia, when the millions of brave Angelinian and other national soldiers who had endured unspeakable hardships, and risked their very lives, health, and limbs, and even other horrors for the preservation of Angelinia Agathia, returned from the fearful fields of battle to go back to the encampments at Dorothy Gale, and Angelinia Agathia, and to restore those of Gema and Gittens Richerts. Everywhere in the city of Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale, they were received with expressions of gratitude and affection beyond describing, and in almost every part of the two big Angelinian cities near southern Galverinia, and in every village not ruined by the enemy outside of Angelinia Agathia big public receptions were indeed held in honor of their noble work. A beautiful close to the terrible years struggle around Angelinia Agathia they all had passed through was the Grand review in Angelinia Agathia and Dorothy Gale of the two big armies under the Vivians, that had conquered, First Manley, then Adele-de-Garbe and captured two rebel armies and routed Beppo Evans and the fierce fighter Tamer Myletze. The troops were marched to the vicinity of the big capitol of Angelinia Agathia, and also moved through the city of Angelinia Agathia in the longest procession ever known at the music of a thousand bands, all reviewed by the two mightiest generals, and more people than any one could think of mentioning, by especially the little children who waved clouds of prettily colored Angelinian flags, and wore flag uniforms on the occasion.

Just before he took leave of Angelinia Agathia and the monstrous armies there to go north with his brother and aid in crushing the rebel invasion of Galverinia and northern Abyssinkile Robert Vivian himself issued on the last of October at a great holoween celebration the following inspiring address to them: "My brave and honorable soldiers of Jesu Jesus Christ and His Blessed Mother, and of the States of Abbieamnia; By your great and Patriotic devotion and devotion to your Holiest of countries on the face of the world in the terrible hour and years of danger and alarm, and your magnificent desperate and brave fighting, extreme bravery and endurance, you have maintained the existence of our great Angelinian Capitol

, and also maintained the supremacy of the Angelinian cause, and the Law of our Holy Pope who also was in danger at Glorinia, overthrown all armed seige and opposition to the enforcement of the Law of Angelinia Agathia, and hope will soon be able to overthrow Child Slavery and also abolished it which in the cause and main pretext of the great rebellion---and have with the saving of Angelinia Agathia opened the way to the rightful authorities, to restore order on every foot on Angelinia soil around our Capitol. Your marches against the besiegers, your sieges and great battles, near and distant, duration, and resolute resolution and brilliancy of all your results, dim the lustre of our past military achievements and will be our precedent in defense of Childrens liberty and rights in all time to come hereafter. In obedience to your countrys call when her city was in danger you brave men volunteered in aid to her defense. The most tremendous victory of the war has crowned your valor and secured the purpose of your brave Christian hearts, and with the gratefulness of your own countrymen, women and children, and of the whole old christian world in general and the highest honors a great and mighty old nation can accord, you will soon I hope with the final crushing of the rebellion be permitted to return to your homes and what have been left of your poor families, conscious of having been discharged as the highest and bravest christian soldiers the world or Heaven has ever known yet to achieve these very glorious triumphs, and secure to yourselves, your countrymen, and the blessings of God and the Nation, tens of millions of your gallant comrades have fallen, and sealed indeed the priceless legacy with their very blood. The great graves of these a most grateful nation bestows with a ocean of tears. It will forever honor their memory, and our governments will do all possible within our very power to cherish and support their stricken families, and to the orphans left by the war. *****

Although it attracted little attention or less attention than the besieged army the Angelinian National army helping in repelling the seige was of inestimable value during the war. and of seige in particular. It did excellent work in the blockade service and in co-operating with the besieged army in its actions along the rivers and in attack on forts in the hands of the besiegers, the Angelinian National warships captured or destroyed more than seven thousand rebel blockade runners on the rivers near and about Angelinia Agathia, which had been fitted out by the Glandolinian authorities, and furnished with every kind of supplies for the Glandolinian insurgents. The capture and destruction of so many of these Glandolinian vessels meant a dreadful loss to the Glandolinian government, taking the value of the ships and their cargoes into consideration of no close upon nine hundred million dollar dollars, but this was probably balanced, by the immense profits that were also made on the cargoes of the transport ships, that successfully ran the dangerous blockade, although this violation of the Angelinian law could hardly have been a safe thing, when the seige broke out the Angelinian extra navy then near Angelinia Agathia was composed of only seventy thousand men, but before the seige ended so disastrously for the enemy, that number had increased to one hundred thousand. During the seige, a large number had been taken from the blockading ships of Vivian Wickey Bay six hundred miles northward, and sent to repel the rebels at Angelinia Agathia until the number of ships were about ten thousand of which one thousand one hundred and thirteen were transports, and the rest of warships, monitors, and other iron clads. During the seige about 19,000,000 dollars worth of Angelinian shipping was destroyed by the desperate engagements on the river between the opposing fleets, and over a one hundred million dollar damage to rebel ships.

As far as possible possible during the horrors of the war itself, and of the horrors of the seige of Angelinia Agathia and the battles there the numberless sick and wounded were well cared for by the Angelinian Authorities, and by the conducting of the boy and girl scouts under Violet and her sisters and their girl and boy friends.

And through all the efforts of the Vivian Girl Princess the Angelinian generals and Angelinian Authorities were very liberal at once in supplying as many army hospitals as possible, and in furnishing them with every possible necessity, and in the employment of a large number of doctor and other physicians. When the war had extended up as far as the big seige of Angelinia Agathia, there were in the vicinity of Angelinia Agathia alone over five hundred and forty general army hospitals fully equipped, with a capacity of nearly five hundred thousand beds. Besides these everywhere through the war stricken regions of Angelinia, Calvernia, and Abseinkille there were many temporary and flying hospitals, erected in the many camps of advancing armies, and on all kinds of vessels and battleships battleships. In the report of General Hanson Angelic Vivian at the end of the great seige of Angelinia Agathia itself, it was shown that during the eleven most months of the seige there had been treated in the general hospitals in the big camps, and in hospitals and other buildings in God Dorothy Gale and Angelinia Agathia alone 101,876,543 cases of wounded, among whom the main average rate of mortality was only eight per cent or even less, which was smaller than had ever before been known in any big battle or seige of this sort.

One of the main chief causes for this immensely low rate of mortality in the Angelinian armies at Angelinia Agathia was the beneficent work done by two grand organizations, started by the orders of the Vivian Girl Princess themselves and the others by the Glia Angelinian Authorities.

The first named body however was founded by Violet and her sisters in person and was organized under the sanction of their father and Uncle. However the brave little founders were made presidents of the board of managers of the commission, and Gertrude Angelina was chosen general manager of their affairs. At the very outbreak of the tremendous war at once appealed to the people of the nation of Angelinia and her many big states for money and supplies to carry out its object, which was to help the wounded and sick soldiers with all kinds of delicacies, ice, stimulants, fruits and everything else, and with countless trained red cross nurses, and to do other work to relieve the terrible suffering on the horrible battlefields. The response was more liberal than was even expected. Money and supplies flowed in at once like a river torrent overflowing the banks, and even throughout the states women and children worked hard for it, made great sacrifices, and even contributed to it. Great fairs, and other entertainments were held in all large cities, and even towns and villages to aid it, and indeed they were well patronized, one fair in the big city of Sacremento Abbeanna taking in over eleven million dollars, while two held at Pandora Calvernia on the Mic-Hollester-Run netted in profit as much as an average as six dollars to each of the people. So generous and sudden was the response to the commissions appeal that when the big seige of Angelinia Agathia was broken and the enemy hurled away with the capture of three quarters of the besieging army and one of the best of generals it was found that the people had contributed to it, to the value of five billion dollars.

The commissions nobly lived up to the very high appreciation the people of the whole of Noble Angelinia showed for it. It being directed in person by the governments and high charitable organizations and founded by Violet and her sisters was untiring in its work of relieving the distress. Everywhere the smallest, or the most monstrous armies went it followed close and closely, and even at any risk was always ready to afford instant aid to those who needed it. With countless ambulances, army wagons, transports and other boats, which it employed especially for the purpose, the sick and wounded were carefully and tenderly transported as soon as possible possible to places far from the battlefields where they could be cared for, and trained Red Cross Nurses and thousands of brave nuns and other religious were always on hand. It also distributed a vast amount of food and provisions, hospital stores, delicacies and clothing, and uniforms, and at the same time looked after the moral and religious welfare of the countless legions of soldiers. Catholic bibles, and millions of other good reading books, newspapers, and all other articles of reading matter were all distributed free of charge among the millions of men in hospitals, camps, and ships, while Catholic chapels were erected at every camp whatever permanent or not. The money and supplies contributed by the people to this gallant commission amounted in value to nearly sixty trillion dollars in one year.

Through these two great Angelinian and Calverinian organizations, and the various other associations formed everywhere throughout the Angelinian states for the same purpose, and by private contributions, the loyal people of the Angelinian nation, spent many trillions of dollars. The employment into the Angelinian armies of rescued child slaves, as boy and girl signal corps scouts was for some time a much debated question, when a number of regiments of boy and girl scouts got together in one of the Angelinian armies in Pandora City (Calverinia) and began their marches and drills, and signals, in answer to Governor Hansons call for boy and girl scout troops, the many sympathizers with the glandelinian Confederate cause in Pandora became so wild and indignant, that they threatened the children with violence and massacre, and the many suppretending police were compelled at the orders of the city Mayor in order to preserve peace and quiet and to prevent bloody riots to order them to leave the city for the christian army immediately or cease drilling in the city.

During the second year of the fierce glandic-Angelinian war the action of general Andonia then in command of the department of the southern blockading squadrons and armies in ordering the organization of thousands of rescued child slaves into regiments of girl and boy scouts for the army, had aroused the indignation of glandelinian sympathizers; that were even then periling the Angelinian nation by being in their own governments in secret. One of them asked Robert Vivian in a message whether general Andonia had organized a number of regiments of fugitive child slaves both girls and boys, and whether the Angelinian government in Abbeaunia had allowed the act. When general Hanson demanded from Andonia for an answer to this he said in a return message to Hanson:

"No fugitive child slaves had been or is been or are being organized in boy and girl scouts in my own departments, but there may be and is however many fine regiments of boy and girls who are scouts now, whose rebel masters masters, are flying everywhere before the appearance of the Angelinian flag and our armies, leaving thousands many scores of thousands of children slaves behind them, to shift for themselves as best as they can."

The terrible prejudice against the making of boy and girl scouts out of fugitive child slaves did not abate a particle but nevertheless the Angelinian Authorities had organized up to the time of the siege of Angelinia Agathia about ne nearly one million, two hundred thousand child troops of girl and boy scouts in the various armies, fighting for their freedom, in the manner of signalling to the generals from stations, serving the wounded, aiding others and even fighting the very enemy and as the soldiers did.

A host history story of the big glandic-Angelinian war and its effects with all its sieges battles, and the like, would surely I'm thinking would not would not be complete without some mention of the strange and yet cruel arrangements for the abrupt of exchange of prisoners between both sides, and of the treatment of Angelinian and other prisoners confined in many of the worse Glandelinian prisons. It happened however a on account of the wickedness and ferocity of most of the glandelinians that it was a very long time before any kind of plans for an exchange of prisoners was adopted, because the National governments of Angelinia, considering the glandelinians as not only the wickedness of rebels ever existing, but also accusing them of an abrupt or attempted rebellion against all Christianity and probably of God himself would not at first consent to enter into any negotiations with them as equals or common human beings, which it would have too to arrange any plan for the exchange of prisoners prisoners.

As the glandelinian Authorities were considered terribly guilty of the massacres of so many children, non-combatants and the wanton destruction of property throughout all of Calverinia and northern Angelinia, the Angelinian governments felt therefore that the glandelinians even had no right whatever to dare to take hold of prisoners or even hold them, and to treat with them would be an admission that they had which would be worse than acknowledging them as the worse of all belligerents or enemies of Our Blessed Lord. Still despite the horrors the fierce Mic-Hollesinian and Zimmermanian glandelinians did in the massacres of children and the horrible other crimes too innumerable to even fill a world of books the Angelinian governments not knowing which of the rebels were guilty could not treat the prisoners it took as rebels and hang them, or shoot

shoot them as murderers, for the enemy having shown their terrible ferocity already to even the prettiest of children as the vivian girls would at once retaliate in a manner to commit a crime to mention here, and the war would thus become something else which would make all of Heaven blush for me to dare mention. The first glandelinians captured by the Angelinian Federals were murderers held guilty of the massacres of children at Crowley Jennie Wren, own and Calmanrinia and also other places, and though not put to death as supposed they were condemned as vandal felons or as murderers and pirates combined and placed in felons cells. Immediately the glandelinians confined in like manner the highest of Angelinian officers captured at various battles, and reserved them for the same and worse fate according that would be meted out to the imprisoned soldiers guilty of the massacres of thousands of children.

When the prisoners taken on both sides, soon numbered among the hundreds of millions, and something had to be done at whatever the cost, at length the Angelinian Federal Authorities, after trying many serious devices to escape it, were compelled to open negotiations with the glandelinian government, and after some hot debates a plan finally was arranged for the exchange of prisoners.

It is probably very interesting to note the scale of equivalents that was agreed upon in this very plan. When there happened to be no officer of equal rank to be exchanged between both sides for a captive officer it was arranged that six hundred privates, or seamen or others were to be given for a general in chief, or even for admirals, sixty for a flag officer or major general, forty six for a commodore, carrying a broad pennant, or a brigadier general, forty for a captain of the navy or a colonel, ten for a lieutenant colonel or any high commander in the navy, eight for a lieutenant commander of some major please, sixteen for a lieutenant or a master master hand in the navy or a captain in the army of marines, four for master mates in the navy, three for midship men and warrant officers in the navy masters of merchant and transport ships and commanders of privateers, two for second captains, lieutenants or mates of merchant vessel or privateers and all petty officers in the navy, and all non-commissioned officers in the army or marines. Privates and common seamen, were exchanged for each other please please for man to man. This plan indeed had been in operation but a very short time however, when King Glandlin by his fierce anger of the empty employment of Children boy and girl scout troops in the christian armies and having interrupted it completely in the month of December 1973.

On the twelfth of that beautiful month he issued a proclamation ordering the delivery of all the Angelinian officers of the Abbeaunian Federal army, commanding boy and girl scout soldiers that might be captured at or that date to the respective glandelinian state authorities, to be hanged, shot or quartered, and directing that all child scouts who are captured to be treated as common soldiers of the so called "christian dogs" and to share the same fate as other children if captured. The glandelinian King and his Authorities and other governments and high tribunals then instructed the glandelinian Confederate Commission of Exchange to refuse to consider any captive children scout scouts of the Angelinians as prisoners of war and to destroy them every time they are captured. When in January 1974 the Angelinian Commissioner commanded and demanded the revoking of these wicked and defiant instructions, the glandelinian Commission of the glandelinian Confederacy wrote:

"We are ordered to do so by the government - Governmental Authorities of our King, and therefore we and the whole nation will die or be driven to perdition in the last ditch before giving up the right to send Child slaves stolen from other christian nations back into slavery."

Reorganizing the just claim of Child slave defenders of the Angelinian flag to an equal right of exchange with other Angelinian prisoners, the Angelinian national governments then caused a complete stopping of the exchange of prisoners until the child scout captives taken prisoners by the rebels should be treated simply as prisoners of war, or even released under any conditions.

Indeed the result of this action was a larger increase in the number and horrible sufferings of the millions of Angelinian prisoners in all the glandelinian prisons in the glandelinian country and also in the captured Calverinian cities and towns and elsewhere. Indeed stories of cruelty toward these prisoners and also to the many child captives soon became current beyond estimating, and before long in deed it seemed as if it was the purpose of the wicked Glandelinian King to obstruct exchanges in so a manner of prisoners by long and most acute suffering and torture as to render them unfit for further services against him and his various glandelinian armies. No one investigated these stories, published by newspapers, told by war correspondents and so on, a good number of committees were appointed by the Angelinian sanitary Commissions, with spies and gendarmes members to boot.

After several weeks secret investigation at the risk of capture or of being shot the committee members finally rendered reports in which one of them said: "It is the same horrible story ever, where of true prisoners of war, and even child captives and child slaves treated worse than the worse of convicts, shut up either in so suffocating buildings or in outdoor enclosures without even any kind of shelter which is provided for the worse beasts of the field, unsupplied with sufficient food, applied with food and water injurious and even poisonous and deadly, compelled to even live on floors always covered with all kinds of human filth or on ground and ash saturated with it, compelled to breathe an air oppressed with a most intolerable stench, hemmed in by a fatal dead line, and in minute danger of being shot down like dogs by unrestrained and most brutal glandelinian guards consisting of Curses and Scoundrels and Gargoyles, despondent even to madness, idiotic and even suicide, sick of disease and fevers (so congruous in character and so on as to spread like the worse plague,) caused by the torrid sun, by decaying food, by all kinds of filth, by fierce vermin, by fevers of all sorts, colds, removed at the last moment and by thousands and even scores of thousands at a time to hospitals more corrupt than asphyxiated, there with no reminders of any sort, no care and no sympathy, to die a in horror and wretchedness, not only among strangers, but among enemies too resentful to either have the slightest pity or to show any mercy.

These are entirely positive facts beyond the slightest doubt. Tens of millions of helplessness and even child captives who had been boy and girl scouts have been and are even now still being, disabled and destroyed, by a terrible process as sure and ascertain as slow poison, and as cruel or more cruel than the burning out the stake, because nearly as agonizing, and more prolonged. These horrible scenes are daily being and allowed by the government of glandelinia in glandelinia and Calverinia."

The man in charge of one of the terrible glandelinian internment camps and all the prison camps and houses at Vivian Wickkey held by the glandelinian armies there for some time and who was responsible for the worse reign of terror ever heard or written of, and for the horrible massacres at Norma Catherine and Julio Gallo sections, was Brigadier General James Purragatorian, who was among the generals who outside of that point later in the war at attacked with his new armies the christian forces opposed to him more fierce than any rebel general ever did and who always won a battle, his reputation for the treatment of prisoners and for the massacres he committed inside of Vivian Wickkey, and during his advances against the Angelinians later in the war in raiding towns and villages was so great and terrible, that when wounded at the battle of Marc on Marcocino or Wadenagodonack he was transferred to a big glandelinian prison at the Boy King Islands for his recovery and to take charge there at the same time, the very more human glandelinians exclaimed among themselves: "Thank God the Calverinia section of glandelinia has been at last rid of old Purragatorian. But God indeed have mercy upon those now whom he has been sent in these Islands."

Some of the human glandelinians themselves even furnished testimony corroborative of statements made by many prisoners. In a report made in July 1914 by one of the members of the Chairman of the glandelinian House of Representatives upon the various men women and children prisoners at Vivian Wickkey and Mic-Whirt or Jaont in which millions of little children were even confined like maddogs it was declared that the state of things was more terrible than realized or made up by war correspondents and reporters, terrible beyond description, about as bad as the suffering of the lost souls themselves. But the very glandelinian committee themselves could not stay in any of the prisons or prison internment camps over a few seconds not say minutes and that the committee were not allowed to make any reports on the conditions for fear it would be printed and cause a world war against glandelinia. When a committee of the Angelinian Christian Catholic Commission appeared before the lines of general Hanley's main armies, and asked permission to be allowed to visit the Angelinian prisoners and child prisoners at Vivian Wickkey and the Blengiglomense and Boy King Islands and elsewhere throughout the war stricken regions for the purpose of affording them relief, with the understanding that similar committees of the rebels on like missions would be granted the same favors in Angelinian prisoners prisons, it was harshly refused even by general Leonia Meldonia Dicknell and Adela-De-Garbe and other generals, as many war correspondents and others testified, as the glandelinian glandelinian tribunals and authorities at Vivian Wickkey and elsewhere did not dare face an exposure of their wicked methods.

So during the cessation of the exchange of prisoners nearly four hundred million four hundred and forty thousand Angelinian soldiers and two million children children scouts went through the torture and starving process, and were reduced to mere skeletons, so that they hardly had strength to walk. Having got them to this pass the glandelinian authorities made a proposition for the redemption of final exchanges. At first it was refused by general Hanson Vivian and his brother, but for the sake of humanity, he and the Angelinian national governments finally agreed to it, and the poor fellows and children confined in glandelinian prisoners were finally liberated. It could hardly be called a fair exchange that took place then, for the rebel soldiers confined in all parts of the Angelinian countries were well fed, and otherwise comfortably provided for. This was recognized by the glandelinian Confederate Commissioner of exchange-- who in a letter to general Purragatorian from Calverine when exchanged had been rescued said:

"The arrangements toward the glandelinian governments have made concerning prisoners works largely in our favor and we will win the rebellion. We also get rid of millions of old miserable wretches, men and children, girls and boys, once pretty and handsome and now all disfigured while we received the best men we ever saw."

If his own plain statements are to be believed by the Angelinian governments and the generals and the population it may have been probable that the great general Johnston Jackson Hanley of the glandelinian Confederate Authorities may not have been one who knew of a real existence of a plan to starve the Angelinian prisoners of war and wipe out the inhabitants of Calverinia who sided with the nationals. He testified before the Committee of Reconstruction, that he knew nothing of all the alleged cruelties about which complaints had been made, that no reports about the horrible massacres, the big fires, wanton destruction of property and the giant and gigantic massacres of children had ever been submitted to him, and that he did not even know at the time who was in command at Calverine, Calverine, Vivian Wickkey, Mic-Whirt or Jaont and other places where christian soldiers and help less women and children were confined. But indeed who ever knew of the awful butcheries and the awful cruelties to Angelinian soldiers, priests women and child children and the religious persons, or who ever was responsible for them it was only very just to say that the great body of glandelinian people

were entirely ignorant of them, and in no way responsible for their existence. Had they known of the terrible suffering that was going on in their prisons in Galverinia and glandelinia and of the horrible massacres that startled the world with the news about them they would have been just as indignant as were the people of the Angolinian countries out of the christian world, and if they had the power to do so would have corrected the abuses at once by force. The great majority of the glandi glandelinian people in the glandelinian states, north or south were as they are now, kind hearted in parts, loving, humane, hospitable and would never for a moment have tolerated such a state of things in their part of the country if they had known about it, and could have helped it. They were purposely kept in ignorance by the seeming king, the wicked glandelinian generals and glandelinian politicians who were responsible for it, and who by their selfish and wicked methods by keeping child slavery in existence in Galverinia brought the war upon the vast country. Had the people in southern glandelinia been allowed to have a voice in the councils of the seceding glandelinian states it was not unlikely that there would never have been a big Angolinian civil war with its terrible superhuman preternatural loss of life and such immense destruction of property and wide world suffering and sorrow. They would surely have without the slightest doubts found some other means more human than war for settling the differences that arose between the two sections of the vast Angolinian Nation.

In the meantime general Germaine Vivian had pursued the armies of rebels under general Beppo Evans. The pursuit lasted nearly a week and seeing himself being hard pressed general Beppo Evans halted his armies near the town of Eva St glars.

AS

CHAPTER XXII.

SERIES OF EVENTS.

AS the christian armies who followed after general Beppo Evans drove him from Evangeline St glars and entered the noble city itself hundreds of thousands of patriotic Angolinian and Abbasannian citizens, women men and children flocked filled every available place and pace in the big streets, in the railroad stations, and so on when they saw christian force under general Robert Vivian entered on its way to pursue general Beppo Evans after marching through the woodland toward the town. The people, men women and children cheered the soldiers enthusiastically and wished them the safest journey and hoped them victory over the big glandelinian army they were pursuing please. The christian army was composed of 10,000,789 men. This was the division of troops mostly Abbasannian which upon its arrival to defend the Angelinian Capitol was the first to have been in action against the advanced guard of the rebel besiegers, who attempted to stop its progress of success toward Germaine Vivian. Indeed general Robert Vivian's army received a gallant reception. From the very moment it became known in the whole city of Evangeline St glars that the army of Angelinia under the very king himself, the Gallant royal army was the first christian army of the war that had ever happened to enter the city in pursuit of a vast rebel army the excitement among the people, men women and children was intense. At the same moment the christian soldiers were passing through the streets there was the most extraordinary excitement and joy in the whole city. Windows along the whole line of march were taken possession of, and flags were seen in bright colors by the millions and even groups of people men women and children accumulated on the stoops and tops of houses and jammed the streets all cheering loudly and flapping flags. Deafening cheers that were fairly ear-splitting greeted the victorious soldiers of Angelinia. Agathia defense everywhere, and during a slight halt children hugged every soldier, and priests and old men rushed in front of general Robert Vivian and his staff and cried out: "God bless you boys of Angelinia. Go your duty. Fight for your flag and god and his blessed Mother. Our Cause is Holy and just and will win." "Hallelujah!"

The advance guard of the Angelinian army after leaving A Evangeline St glars came upon the town of Jessica about ten miles from St glars and on the following morning there was a smart skirmish between a force of Angelinian dragoons under general Thomas Perkins and a body of eleven thousand five hundred glandelinian infantry the rear guard of Beppo Evans army. The Angelinian cavalry charged fiercely into the town, meeting with a most brisk fire from all the houses on both sides of the street and from all quarters of the town. The Angelinian general lost his horse which was shot under him and he was slightly wounded. The glandelinians however being the greater number and as Beppo Evans had been aroused and was sending troops to the aid the glandelinians began to dislodge the Angelinians and the Angelinians cavalry fought their way out taking with them seven thousand prisoners. An hour after this the main christian army had arrived to the scene and found the glandelinians in great force gathered under general Ignor Myette and posted behind a long line of batteries of the heaviest guns. And the first sign they had of the rally of the enemy was a heavy fire that at one volley mowed down a whole regiment. After bravely standing their ground, and succeeding with their own artillery fire in slackening that of the enemy, they were ordered to retreat by general Germaine Vivian as Beppo Evans was massing his main force to attack. In the action a number of gallant officers on the christian side were killed among them Colonel Ander and general James Winkle.

Having no support as yet from the main christian force these Angelinian troops retreated in splendid order the cause of their defeat being explained as the incompetency of one of the generals. At the same time general Walter Stanck and four brigades of Abbsannians were approaching the vicinity of Jassica when on turning a bend in the road near by they were fired upon by masked batteries of thirty guns with shells, round shot and grape, killing and wounding half of their number in one discharge before the column therefore could not stop. Being thus ambushed by rebel artillery the Angelinian brigades retired hastily through the woods to warn the main army that Beppo Evans was preparing to make a stand. They retreated slowly bearing off ten thousand wounded about five miles away, where they made a stand awaiting the advance of the main army.

Now or upon the arrival of the first main division of Robert Vivians army they moved against the enemy and immediately a heavier fire was opened upon them, the glandelinians firing shot shell and grape, mingled with canister, but indeed so wildly that little damage was done. The christian forces hesitated to drop flat and displayed as large lines of skirmishers advanced slowly, and the glandelinians mistaking this movement rushed from their works and charged upon the Angelinians. The whole christian line was thus engaged then opened a most terrific and destructive volley and then rushed into the enemys ranks with fixed bayonets. The fight now raged very promiscuously over the whole region for six miles, the glandelinians soon being driven back to their own positions, and from here the battle continued for over half an hour and a tremendous charge was made by the Angelinians but it resulted in a dreadful loss of sixty thousand four hundred and eighty one killed, and nearly four hundred thousand wounded, and a dreadful repulse of the Angelinian forces. The glandelinians suffered less losses but though repulsing the Angelinians they did not receive as yet the main division of their force and were in no condition to pursue the advantage they had gained, and had they done so they might have converted the repulse into a disastrous and total defeat for the whole christian army. It had been a bloody fray for that dreadful hour in which though defeated the Abbsannians who made the attack on the enemys works especially distinguished itself. Under the leadership of general Lebanon the men made a most gallant charge upon superior numbers of the insurgents, and although wounded in the head and leg twice, and two horses killed under him, the christian general quickly mounted another and dashed to the front of the division in the face of that fearful storm. He was killed instantly.

After this repulse there was a ten minutes lull in the conflict and then from a hilly wooded region in the neighbourhood of Jassica to large wings or wedges of glandelinians were seen marched toward the right of the quickly forming main christian line. This immense body of glandelinians advanced under cover of the woods, when the Angelinian force ordered forward rushed upon the enemy. The glandelinian cavalry then suddenly appeared, and the attack was repulsed, but at that moment the Angelinian artillery opened and hurled a volley of shells into the midst of the glandelinian cavalry, almost annihilating it, the survivors at once retiring in confusion. The Angelinian artillery then sent broadside after broadside of shells and grape into the rebels in the cover of the woods, which did so much execution among the glandelinians that the officers could not rally them then until the arrival of reinforcements hastily sent by Beppo Evans.

The enemy in the woods did not make an attempt to charge however as was expected but started a heavy firing, and in order to quench that fire the Abbsannian troops under general Great Heart moved forward and pushed on into the wooded country on the left of the enemy, while the other columns kept up the fight in front. As soon as the flanking party reached the rear of the wooded territory they retreated and were pursued for about a mile. The glandelinian generals here had made repeated efforts to rally the troops but it was fruitless, for in a short time the glandelinians at this point seemed to have broken into the wildest disorder, the forces under general Snaker apparently alone making an effort to withstand the christian tide. But after some hard fighting it was finally compelled to yield to the masses against it. The glandelinians in the woods then on all sides at least retreated in confusion toward the direction of Beppo Evans main army at Jassica. By eight o'clock in the morning the last of the fugitives had

reached Jassica. At another point of this battle line general Germaine Vivian had led a portion of his cavalry against the glandelinian position under general Panna De Terro whose force was nearly two million strong, while he had but one hundred and fifty thousand men. However notwithstanding this

he and his small cavalry force made a gallant charge into the enemys works and across in the face of a withering tempest of bullets, grape and canister. After a desperate fight he succeeded in forcing the glandelinians to break away in the wildest disorder, thus making the first charge of his bodyguard of troopers a great success. After the first charge of the troopers readily under General Vivian Germaine giving himself came up with fifty thousand more men. He ordered to follow the retreating glandelinians was immediately given, and all dashed ahead for a second charge through the small woods. The rebels here fought fiercely and with reckless desperation and the Angelinian cavalry was repulsed and driven back to the main line many of the Angelinian fugitives being overtaken there as well as in the forest beyond the battle line. General Germaine Vivian's brave followers suffered a loss of eighty four thousand in killed and wounded in this engagement which, for the very boldness of its undertaking, and the rapidity of its execution under the great disparity of numbers certainly had but few parallels in the glandic-Angelinian war.

There was no further action during the day but at night time the Angelinian forces made a night surprise attack, and indeed dear readers sneaking upon an enemy at night this is a very good policy if you succeed in catching him by while he sleeps but if he should wake up in time as is usually the case here, he is generally in the maddest and most ferocious humor than can be believed, and doubly dangerous. General Germaine Vivian who led the night surprise attack found this to be the fact. The glandelinians pitched into the massive christian columns like the wildest savages, slashing right and left, fighting fearful bayonet duels, and pouring blazing volleys of pistol and musketry into the crowded Angelinian force which fairly blocked up the captured works, and filled the woods in the rear of the enemys position in a thick confused mass. Their superior numbers however were only a bad impediment or worse, and when the glandelinians were reinforced and poured against them like a yelling torrent, and another column broke loose upon them in the rear, and a glandelinian cavalry came clattering down upon them with a wild war-whoop the Angelinians had to retire and seek safety in a wild flight. General Glandon who reinforced glandelinian columns were comparatively fresh made a counter charge upon the disordered Angelinians. Ten brigades formed the assailing column. Across the field in front of the woods the Angelinians were driven until they reached a small ridge where they made a stand. Up this ridge the enemy rushed. Before them however lay an ascent of five hundred yards, and a furious firing followed between them and the Angelinian column which lighted up the scene like an inferno. When less than fifty yards had been gained the onrushing glandelinian columns received a tremendous fire from the hill top which tore the glandelinian column. The rebel leaders ordered their men to lie down, and when the heavy firing seemed exhausted and the flashes stopped until everything was dark again, they arose and pushed up the hill at last reaching the top.

Here they were suddenly met by a blaze of fire that withered their whole front line but the survivors pushed on and drove the Angelinians from the works. The fight and pursuit that night lasted for nearly three hours and a half, and by morning the Angelinian forces under Germaine Vivian had entirely disappeared from that region and were back in the main line. When the Angelinians had been driven from their breastworks on the hill they had attempted to run off ten tons of their cannon. A brigade of glandelinians started in pursuit. The glandelinians on turning the wooded left found the Angelinians drawn up across in front, firing from a small school building and from behind trees and bushes on the hill top. The Angelinians however set fire to the house by fire grenades, and charged with fixed bayonets, driving the Angelinians from their position, taking several thousand prisoners, and capturing the cannon with 1 out losing a man.

During the following morning there was fierce activity, and while the christian waves of attack were surging fiercely against the defending glandelinian

breakers the opposed lines of battle all morning were so often carried all alone to each other that large portions of each other were mixed up with the other in hand to hand death struggles. Owing to the consequent confusion and the thickness of the smoke caused by the wild firing of both sides, the commanding generals of both sides at times unknowingly came in dangerous vicinity of foes. At one time two mounted generals came trotting along the right flank of an Abbeismian Brigade hidden by the wall of smoke of cannon and musketry and noticing their firing upon a wall of glandelinians near by, shouted to them immediately, "Don't fire on your friends. They are Scoodler Mic-Hollistinians." General Germaine Vivian at this juncture came up at the front of one of his brigades to note the fierce firing of both sides, and in a glance recognized one of the rebel officers as general Izner Myletze. In a twinkling he had pulled out his revolver, and fired at the glandelinian chief with the intention of putting a bullet through his breast, but the rebel general was quickest, and Germaine Vivian was shot and severely wounded. The general said put spurs to his horse and quickly spread the news among the Abbeismians of the wounded of their generals. After gallantly enduring the most galling fire of the invincible glandelinian army, although now leaderless, for about four or five hours, in the event of which the attacking glandelinian forces under Izner Myletze was getting nearer and nearer to the devoted fortified works, general Daytonia who succeeded Germaine Vivian seeing his self and his army overlapped and in danger of being struck in the flank gave orders for the retirement of the division. The retreat being under the heaviest fire of canister, shell and grape, soon ripened into a flight, and a flight which even eclipsed that even at Candandon. The chivalry of the Angelinians, which is supposed to be born insensible of any fear whatever in flying from the a captured works, threw everything away. The exact path of the flight of the immense division was encumbered, with account accoutrements, arms of every description, knapsacks--in a word everything that could facilitate a flying soldiers speed had been thrown away as worthless.

Seeing the disaster to the christian forces of Germaine Vivians and hearing of the general being wounded Greatheart put his command in line of battle to arrest the disorder of the retreating troops and finally did so before the victorious enemy finally came up. When he ordered his line of men to reserve their fire until the enemy had reached to within a few hundred yards near the middle of the fields when they opened a most destructive fire upon the whole advancing gray line, with grape, canister and musketry, which forced the survivors to retreat precipitately, after losing between two and three hundred thousand in killed and wounded, which they left for miles strewn like grain on the battlefield. The glandelinians here then closed their ranks and retired in the same order they had advanced. The flight in this section was the most bitter and severely contested of the morning, during the terrible rout of Germaine Vivians division the most terrible scene was the retreat of general Gorman J. Clashes battery. This general was wounded early in the morning's action, and carried from the bloody battle field, but his artillery men fought like dragons. Horses and men dropped on all sides everywhere by hundreds under the galling fire of the advancing victorious enemy who nearly surrounded them. The eleventh Abbeismian Brigade of Abyssinkilian Munchkins and Winkies, and also "Hudlings", which supported the battery fought desperately like tigers, but overwhelming masses of the enemy pressed close and closer, and they finally had to fall back to the right and left leaving the unfortunate general Gorman J. Clashes unsupported. The terrible character of this fight will be better understood by the reader from the fact that the engagement lasted only seventy minutes and that during this time general Gorman J. Clashes battery lost forty hundred horses, and thirty thousand men in killed and wounded. You can guess then from the number of men at each gun how many cannon there had been. And yet these failed to check the Zimmarmanian onslaught.

Therefore the flight of these troops left the christian battery big as it was completely unprotected the battery being planted on a hill, to the left of Jessica but the Concentinian and Abbeismian divisions soon came to its aid, and supported it until general Clashes was killed and six colonels and other officers shot down when the division fell back in order. The glandelinians now charged furiously and took the battery, thus flanking general Gormanias line, whose divisions

after first falling back in order broke into a rout. Here the sudden death of general Mic-Garr who was getting his own battery in position on the left wing of Izner Vivians line created a panic here also, and many of the guns broke and ran. For a time not being supported by any division general Gormanias army had been forced back to the right of his own position where it was rallied by General Greatheart's division and where it again formed and shared the fortunes of the day. But the attack of the enemy being resumed with redoubled violence was pressed. General Greatheart after maintaining his first position for a considerable time found soon that the enemy was turning his right and left flanks, which were left unprotected, and so he slowly fell back, but in admirable order, until he reached a large series of fields occupied by a portion of general Jimmie Vivians big army, while a strong battery of artillery and supporting divisions guarded his rear. He therefore disposed his forces of troops at right angles forming in a long solid battle line along the edge of the portion of the Mic-Hollister Woods in that location, fronting a crossroad, and toward the right, where the enemy were endeavoring to find an opening. The battle here was fought with the most extraordinary perseverance and finally successful. The first charge of the glandelinians upon this line was made upon Greatheart's and Jimmie Vivian's works toward noon. The surroundings of this intrenchment were covered with abatis of the worse character for the charging glandelinian troops under Izner Myletze. In front of the long line of intrenchment was a quantity of broken down timber and the ground was full of underbrush and oak scrub placed there for an abatis. To one the enemy had indeed a very spectral look. Beyond this was a very steep high line of earthworks and in front was defended by a long line of artillery and rifle pits. About eleven o'clock in the forenoon, general Izner Myletze having gained courage from his defeating Germaine Vivians army, gave the order to charge against Greatheart and Jimmie Vivians newly formed position, and at the word the glandelinians rushed headlong on the christian positions, but the nature of the breastworks, the formation of the abatis, and the deadly fire of artillery and musketry was too much for them, and after a gallant and desperate conflict, in which many of the glandelinians fell without seeing their foe on account of the wall of smoke along the christian line, general Izner Myletze who had led them like a hero, ordered the survivors to retire. This was done in good order after losing four hundred thousand in killed and wounded.

General Jimmie Vivians sudden counter charge decided it for Izner Myletze for it left the real key of the rebel position in Angelinian hands. With the reinforcements which general Robert Vivian had caused to be immediately sent to him and his son immediately upon reaching the scene, general Jimmie Vivian retaken all the ground Germaine Vivian had lost, though it proved to be a dead dearly bought advantage for the christians. They had in fact repulsed the charge of Izner Myletze and recovered the lost ground after sustaining a loss of 2,228,999 in killed and wounded, while the glandelinians lost only half that number. General Henry Greatheart of the Abyssinkilian division of Winkies and Munchkins, had during the war and during many battles shared in the dangers of many an daring adventure. On the last hour of the morning of the action at Jessica, and while the glandelinians after being repulsed were flying in the utmost confusion from the assault they had given up, three of the glandelinian generals in their flight passed very near the place where general Greatheart was stationed. The general all alone and without an escort immediately started in pursuit. Coming within pistol range, he fired at the nearest of his flying glandelinian foes. This brought the glandelinian general who happened to be general Frank Actuelle suddenly down on his horses back. General Henry Greatheart believed this however to be a flint or a trick of the rebel general to avoid a second shot and so he determined to drag him from his saddle by main force. Gliding up to his side for this very pure purpose after a swift ride he seized him suddenly by the hair of his head but to the christian generals sudden disgust he only brought off the glandelinian general's big gray wig. Instantly recovering his headquadrant however, he again started for the insurgent

but his pistol had done its work however, and before Greatheart reached him, his lifeless body had fallen from the saddle. Despite the fact that his big assault was routed so disastrously general Izner Myletae regathered his broken divisions and receiving reinforcements from Joseph Jarger and from Augustus Darger resumed the assault an hour after and the glandelinians in three long lines made a most brilliant and overwhelming charge on the three mile long christian redoubts and after meeting dreadful losses, and having one of their lines destroyed finally took a portion of the works at the point of the bayonet. The works at the point it was captured was defended by three brigades of Abyssinkilian "badlings who fought with such valor which to use a phrase probably never heard before" was worth a better cause. The glandelinian assailants were exposed to a most galling fire of cannon and musketry from the instant they left the shelter of their wooded positions, until they reached the brink of the deep ditches fronting the works. The rebels in pushing on during the assault had to go through a thick forested region over a wild and broken country, obstructed by bushes, laurels, fallen timber, and rocks from which the Angelinians who had retreated had poured a fierce fire on rallying. Fore the driving assault of the enemy was checked, and troops that had been hurled to the scene soon routed the rebels a second time. At the same time a desperate cavalry conflict raged elsewhere along the battle line. The sixth sixteenth Regular Continentian, cavalry of eighty thousand men while moving forward to protect the rear of Jimmie Vivians line of battle came suddenly in front of a large force of Gargoylian cavalry. The Angelinians immediately charged and closed with them. After a desperate conflict they cut through the rebel line of cavalry, and caused the utmost confusion to prevail, after which they returned to their duty as ordered the enemy having been obliged to retreat precipitately.

However by one of those most singular chances which have always made the most conventional days of rest the very days of battle in horror the counter advance of general Jimmie Vivians army came up on the afternoon with the retreated glandelinian forces under Izner Myletae right at Jessica. The enemy who had retreated had posted it himself among their own wooded positions, and their positions were much strengthed by the very uneven surfaces of the ground and by hills beyond also. Before the advancing christian forces under Jimmie Vivian was spread a wide amphitheatre, not usually of level ground, but of rolling hills skirted by beautiful forests, which completely shielded the wicked glandelinian enemy.

General Jimmie Vivian who with his three divisions had the left wing of general Robert Vivians main army, advanced fiercely driving the enemys outposts and other columns through thick belt of the timber in the face of dogged resistance, and over open fields of all sorts and into a another section of the thick wooded region.

It was while crossing the open fields in pursuit that one of his brigades suffered horrible loss. The enemy hidden behind strong positions in the wheat, and corn and other crops on the edge of fields, behind fences, and in the woods, suddenly revealed themselves by a most terrible withering fire that cut down nearly the whole of the brigade and other large forces in advance. In accordance with the usual tactics the rebels still keeping up their heavy fire gave way, and Jimmie Vivian drove them back at the point of the bayonet, until he found two others of his brigades with a battery nearly surrounded by the Zimmermannians. They pressed around the guns like yelling demons but the pest pelting blizzard storm of grape and canister, with the rifle storm of the brave Abyssinkilians who were detailed detailed to the support of the endangered batteries managed to hold them at bay. General Jimmie Vivians who command then shattered as it was was forced to fall back, at first in some great confusion, but finally in good order, and took position on the open ground, expecting the enemy to follow immediately, but for a time not supported as yet by the main army of Beppo Vivians they preferred the woods and made no pursuit though their artillery kept up a dreadful thundering hammering.

About twenty minutes later however the glandelinians suddenly came rushing forward again, and kept on increasing, until they approached like a big river torrent. The right wing of general Vivians division stopped this driving advance of the glandelinians by a most determined defense along a little creek bank leading through their own selected position on the right of the field. The firing was so heavy and fierce that it looked as if the fields and woods had taken fire the smoke of cannon and musketry filling the region of the fields and woods with dense volumes of smoke and the Angelinians were only able to discover

the position of the foe by the sound of the unceasing rattle of musketry and the ear-splitting crash of cannon and the whizzing of bullets. In this tremendous resumption of the fierce conflict the Jim-Hollensteinian divisions led the charge and so fiercely was Jimmie Vivian and Great Heart pressed that general Robert

Vivian had to send him aid. The sight of the conflict was sublime and terrific. The rebel columns were torn and shattered but on the survivors sped with terrific yell, headless of the hurricanes of bullets grape and canister of the christian line. However the christian position was so steep and the timber so cleared

that the Angelinians left a gap in their strong lines of rifle pits and works and through this gap the glandelinians were bound to go. Night up they went, climbing on all fours, their line of dark gray clothing advancing regularly forward through that pall of smoke and sheet of flame. They reached the christian works. The numbers too terrible to relate fell. The surprise and horror of it was breathless and the crash of battle shook the earth and made the leaves of the trees tremble as if there was a windstorm a windstorm. Yet, see the rebels line a tidal wave rush over the works--they fall and melt away in brigades,--as they are lost. God Good Heavens what a slaughter. Another monstrous mass, and still another, and another close up the massive gaps. All is covered in smoke and the roar of firing and yelling, and groans of wounded and dying is louder. The lodgement is finally made, and the glandelinian troops began to swarm forward, their bright bayonets glittering in the afternoon sunlight. For some reason or other the firing slackens.

Close behind the big brigade general Turners batt battery of rifled and Krupp and centimeter guns was tugging away from the forced christian positions amid the uproar of ye lls and hand to hand conflicts, the horses plunging the driven drivers whipping. Onward through that seething inferno the glandelinians go, where no human being ever went before. No sooner in possession of the works, then the guns by a desperate charge are captured, the men were at their posts. Percussion shells, gang-gang shells and high explosives mingled with grape and canister were shot spitefully from the captured guns at the flying Angelinians. It seemed the day was at last gained, and from the rebels cheers and cheers rent the air, and in a few minutes all was a hush. General Robert Vivian had reinforced Jimmie Vivian and Greatheart and their forces had rallied and were coming to regain the position.

The glandelinian batteries reopened fire and it indeed deserved credit for its firing was admirable, and several times did the skilful Zimmermannian and goodlier cannoneers check the advance of the rallied Angelinians. The skill with which the glandelinian battery was handled and the position it had was very conspicuous, but it did not check the advance of the rallied and reinforced Angelinians for good, for the advance was immediately ordered and in spite of the artillery it again moved forward in perfect silence until it came to the open field. As soon as the monstrous christian surge was clear of the woods, with a yell and cheer that could have been heard all over the desperate battlefield, it took the double quick, and though at every step its thousands upon thousands of ranks grew thinner and thinner from the murderous fire through which it passed, yet there was no faltering on the part of the survivors, no hesitancy, onward across the fields, up the slopes and into and through the woods it went, until it met the rebel line in possession of the christian works. Forced at last to yield to overwhelming odds, it retired over the ground gained at such a frightful cost until it reached the cover from which it started. Here what remained of the divisions held their position, until the other divisions could come close to its support. When exhausted, cut to pieces, its officers and under generals all gone, Jimmie Vivian wounded, and Henry Great Heart killed, with no one to direct them those who survived of the christian divisions gathered as fast as they could,

General Jackson riding and directed many of his biggest batteries at the floating batteries of the Angolinian besiegers, but while the terrific shells struck even one christian floating battery of eighteen guns over fifty times amid horrible explosions not the slightest impression was made upon its iron clad sides. While these floating batteries were occasionally firing upon the Mic-Ho-letstlinian fortifications from the sea board, a portion of the besieging christian fleets of warships were making a fierce attack upon the landelinian batteries at the entrance to the gunbeam Crook river and after a two two days dreadful fight succeeded in silencing some of the batteries at the Liaghburg Landing, but for want of more long range ammunition could not with any effect respond to the heaviest storming fire from the Evangelinia grand Evangelinia granda heights and Turners Hill and fortress Thumba'ina, and so with ten ships fully damaged he had to withdraw. The following day however with additional aid from Admiral Zimmerman the attack of the one hundred big ships and a thousand gun boats was resumed, and the batteries here were at last silenced, and the landelinians compelled to retreat. During the attack the Angolinian transport called the Gertrude Angel ship was aided by Captain Phillip Ant one was struck by a shell on its water line and foundered in the rough sea caused by the shocks of so many thousands of big shell explosions and roar of cannons. Those on board being a large battalion of marines under Colonel Casey were transferred with the greatest difficulty to one of the other ships called the St Ann. The transport was an enormous ship and was not originally intended for river work as she could even risk the furies of the Mic-Ho-letstlinian deers. While during the engagement few incidents during the war or the siege of Vivian Lake displayed more courage and coolness than the action of a commander of an Angolinian gunboat crew in burning the landelinian fire raft before it could be used against a portion of the besieging ships. After setting the five hundred foot long barge loaded with materials soaked with oil, the Angolinian sailors were pulling back to one of the Angolinian ships which was the nearest for safety, when a shell from fortress Gertrude Angeline struck the boat, killing and wounding every one in it. The captain though wounded succeeded in rescuing those who survived the disaster and the rest who were not killed were saved by another crew of a gunboat.

At the same time during the engagement Colonel Hanson dispatched a rebel flagship with two hundred big side guns and seventeen nine inch guns followed by six transports with extra cannons, ammunition and provisions to the rebel camps thus being bombarded. While this sh these ships were landing their stores into many boats they were attacked about six o'clock in the afternoon by the Angolinian steamer Beldonia and two warships which came from the direction of Childs Island and after a brief engagement the Angolinian warship, and its six transports had to surrender.

The christian fleet on the following morning then steamed up the stream to bombard fortress Gertrude Angeline which was a long irregular and bastioned and curtained work of immense size and height constructed on a long high bluff eighty feet above the high water mark of the river, and in a position commanding many important points and channels in the Vivian Lake river harbor. The whole plan of attack had been admirably arranged by Admiral Zimmerman, and was at once, extremely daring, simple and original. It was for the fleet of ships to describe a wide circle following one another, each giving its fire on the big fortresses it steamed past. The firing on both sides was incessant and tremendous, the roar and thunder of guns being dreadfully loud, and about afternoon three of the ships approached within six hundred yards of the fort and delivered their broadsides with a deliberation and effect that was terrible. This desperate combat lasted for about all day, principally with ten and nine inch explosive shells, and when the firing redoubled it seemed apparently that though the rebel guns were being silenced one by one, they always had more to take their places. Ten ships in that day were sunk and forty disabled.

On the night of the attack Colonel Johnston belonging to one section of the attacking transport fleet took advantage of a terrible storm of christian fire from the ships while whose concussion lashed the water into two foot waves to make a demonstration against the landelinians on island No One of the Boy's group. The night was very dark, there was all over a desperate artillery duel raging with a volcano of flame and din, and the lightning from exploding shells, and the flash of scores of thousands of guns for miles was very frequent and terribly blinding. The spray of the waves caused by the concussion of such terrible cannoning and the explosions of shells dashed clean over the banks of the river near its wide mouth the Mic-Ho-letstlinian gun I mean and altogether it was a emphatically a night of war of titans and his tempest together. And yet such was the dreadful moment chosen by Colonel Johnston to literally dash into the lions mouth, and try to split some of his iron teeth, selecting one thousand two hundred and forty of the bravest and most lion hearted men, and accompanied by many boat loads of five fifteen men each from the besieging fleets of warships, they desperately under fire proceeded on their purpose, and after a most perilous passage, they landed on that famous island. As soon as they reached the mouth of the upper forts, and under cover of darkness and from a rattling cannon fire from their own ships, they landed and moved to spike sixty big guns they found mounted, and then got away just in time before the insurgents on shore came up to stop them. A heavy fire was opened from shore but no one was injured and all returned safely to their ships.

A little before this Angolinian engineers and others who were helping in the siege were constructing more and more floating batteries, these being strangely made boats intended to carry seventeen heavy guns each. They were large one hundred feet by flatboats, very strongly built, and were moved swiftly by gasoline engines. They had their sides made of strong iron and steel about as a seventy feet high heavy enough to withstand the discharge of gusketry, rams, and canister, and all kind of artillery from heavy to light. They were covered with strong roofs and though flat had slanting sides like the "Confederate Merrimack" and were painted intolerably black and all were numbered, there being about four hundred and were altogether a very curious dreadful looking fleet evidently better adapted for hard work and horrible bombardment than for comfort.

On the following morning the bombardment of fortress Gertrude Angeline was resumed. The Angolinian offensive force consisted of six hundred big ships of war and six hundred more of big floating batteries, motor vessels, and six thousand gun boats and merrimacks. At the beginning of the firing in the morning the volleys of the landelinians fell short more than six hundred yards every time, while the effect of the shells from the christian ships on the outer works of the fort was such that after to thousand big explosions heard for a hundred miles a loud they were that the enemy retired from there, and afterwards used the guns in their own works. When the bombardment became general the fleet made an attempt to pass the big fort which was five miles long but met one of the most terrific fires of cannon ever known. Five transports, ten more battle ships, and nine merrimacks were damaged from the fire of the fort, and eight big eighty big war steamers that remained below to put the fort between two fires and out off all communications with Vivian Lake met the tremendous cannon fire from port silverbell and Marousian and had to withdraw to safety. However other ships came to the help and their united fire thundered all day and night and therefore was steadily responded to from the fort. The christian fire was mainly directed against the eastern section of the big fortresses and in the afternoon the breaches had become so wide that the arches of the casemates were laid bare. One of the most terrible events of this desperate battle was the slaughter on board the armed transport steamer called the Floating strawberry Hatch. In the midst of the wildest engagement a terrible discharge of grape from port Gertrude Angeline killed eight hundred of the crew and wounded the remainder including all of the officers at the very same minute. A war correspondent of the terrible scene told General Manson later that it was indeed the most appalling thing he had ever seen, but it only served the survivors of a following crew to renewed exertions. Lieutenant Haules Haller was one of the men who fought his guns with great gallantry and was one of the very few who escaped.

the hour of wrath arose roaring from the deep abyss of war, the high steeples of every Galverinian city rocked to bells of doom, the call went out for more volunteers, flaming passion arose, seventy-five million from city town and mountain farm poured out in answer, flags were affiant in thousands in every town and in millions in the wilderness hills were ringing, drum beats, bugle calls, black looks to southward, even Galverinian women too thronged through the streets. In excitement, fear and emotion, women with pale faces, and sad prophetic eyes and with weeping. Evil tidings of Ganderon came, the Ganderonians there under Kerr after tenacious fighting of two weeks, being routed two thousand miles, on toward, before forced to throw down their arms and surrender. Another series of disasters occurred at Margeret run, Mary Kerr, Joan, Iain, and Davis Kerrigan, where the Ganderonians though defeated were able to inflict terrific loss upon the Christians during these battles, each of which lasted from two to four weeks. The latter two of four weeks duration starting June 4th were the fiercest. The total losses in those battles, battles, was 12,043,398.

The month of July had passed and gone. And still Manley though heavily reinforced still remained inactive continually retreating before the advance of Zimmerman's army now. Violet and her sisters were still with general Vivian who was making another advance, and wondering exceedingly how this campaign now toward Glorinia was going to turn out became anxious. Though they heard that general Manley was now retreating before Zimmerman, they knew Manley of his father and son too well to be deceived by his long absence from battle, and had a foreboding feeling at times that some great disaster would happen to the Christian armies, when well within the heart of the Galverinian country.

Many times when the little girls would feel this way their suspicions would turn out to be correct. Nevertheless the little girls felt very happy over the progress the Christians were now making, and continually prayed that it would continue and end the war.

Evans had not been away from Violet and her sisters a day since the great Glorinia campaign began because being now in the heart of the enemy infested parts of Galverinia he feared their perils would be redoubled, and that he must watch them more closely. It happened that during the last desperate fray with Manley at Gromer Andrea the two companions of Starring had been caught spying within the Christian lines, and though they had been successful in breaking away and rescuing Starring who had been a prisoner so long, and as usual accompanied Jack Evans and scores of his best mounted Continentians had chased them for ten miles, up hill and down on at woods and fields over bridges, and through little villages, and finally the three ladies coming to another bridge over a broom, and finding a path leading to the brook used by travelers, to water their horses, and finding that from the water to the under part of the bridge there was space for three to stand without landing in their hands, the three bitter enemies of the Vivian girls, had decided what to do as to be captured or seen now meant death, as the pursuers would shoot them down on sight. They urged their horses down the path to the brook quickly, dismounted, and hid their intelligent animals to go on, and as the horses walked under the bridge came to a stop, the three ladies affixed the fresh tracks leaped into the water, and in a moment were upon the back backs of their horses lying along their necks. Beyond the bridge were two roads and in a short time the Angelinians led by Evans arrived at the bridge and went thundering across the columns separating into two, each taking one of the two roads, and going along side the bank of the brook sought sight of the three fugitives, surrounded the bridge, and after a desperate fight, in which ten of the Angelinians were killed, and thirty wounded, finally overpowered the ladies, and brought them back to the camp as prisoners. However Violet and her sisters had not known that their enemies had been captured, until August 2nd when the Christians had halted at Prostain, when general Manley's aid had become known threatening in its attitude. They were sitting on a lone log, Evans standing by a tree close to them watching away on a branch with his rifle when they saw the ladies pass under a guard to the prison camp. They had also seen the little girls, but only assumed a suspicious expression. Fredrick alone shook his fist at them. Evans happened to see this but only smiled, Violet looked at them then the two ladies had also been captured, and how did Starring escape?

"I captured them during the last battle of Gromer Andrea on or later." He said in a curly manner. "The young fools shot down forty of my men before we overpowered them for which they shall

pay a heavy cost! It was they who poisoned Starring's mind against you little girls. He told me all and told me that now he does see his folly, though he never expects forgiveness from general Vivian. He has been weeping for days because you little girls were so harsh with him, and he told me that he would give anything, even his life if you little girls forgave him. But the other two ladies they are insane with rage because you little girls were not captured."

"Well we can feel safer now that the two were captured." Said Violet with confidence. "But if we do forgive Starring we cannot save his life."

"I know it." Said Evans soberly. "General Vivian intends to have him executed on the thirty first of this month of August, though he has not passed the decree or if he has it cannot be done as yet, because Hanson has not confirmed it. If you little girls do forgive him and expect to save him you had better see general Hanson about it before he confirms the order of sentence. Otherwise it will be too late."

"We were too harsh to the poor boy though, none of us meant it. It was only to let him know how he hurt us." Said Jennie. But we cannot intercede for him if he repeats his actions toward us because he is facing death. It must be that he is sorry that he offended us, only, otherwise we would only make Uncle Hanson angry for trying to intercede for him, and it will only be still worse for him and we would get our own wishes."

"It's you little girls he feels for only only." Said Evans. "He does not care a bit about the sentence, and he had dared general Vivian again and again to put him to death right away, and I don't think general Vivian really dares."

"Are we allowed to see him?" I asked Jennie. "Yes I can permit it." Said Evans. "My guards are at his prison tent, and with my written permission you could be able to go and see him. We will go together to his prison tent to night, for it is a better time to see him. But while you're there I'll have to double the guards, in case he would make a break to escape."

When the time appointed came they went toward the location of the prison camp, Starring being of course the only one occupying it now as mostly all the other prisoners had been interned in the main war prisoners prison.

They were readily admitted into the camp by the guards, and they at once proceeded for the tent in which Starring was confined, the tent being well guarded. The guards seeing the little girls with Evans allowed them to pass into the tent, two of the guards following at the request of Evans. Starring was reclined in the corner of the tent, having probably been asleep, and it was the first time that Starring had ever seen Violet and her sisters at such close quarters, and never before had he realized their dazzling beauty, their spiritual eyes, and such holy innocence. And he also noticed that something like a halo circled about above their heads, and he arose politely yet awed in their sudden presence.

"Well." Said Evans. "We are here. Violet and her sisters came to tell you that they are willing to forgive you if your sinner in your sorrow for the abuse of them, and they will get your sentence taken off by going to general Hanson the main commander. They will intercede for you. But don't try no breaks."

The little girls had a short interview with Starring and then the next morning went to intercede for him telling general Hanson that it was mostly the fault of the ladies two companions who had misled them. They told him that the ladies had been heartily sorry for what he had done to them, and even told general Hanson that he proved it by embracing them, and so on. They also told general Hanson that his two companions were poor prisoners within the lines, and they should be the ones to pay, as they caused Starring to do what he did, by false statements against them.

But the general was obdurate.

"He's a spy and deserves to be hanged as a spy." He roared. "I don't want to commit a sin for saving it but just the same I would not fail to commit a sin to confirm the sentence if the blessed virgin begged me to do it herself. General Vivian has already passed the decree, and I will confirm it. So don't mention the matter again. Besides all he has done to you and your sisters is no excuse. He was a shaking coward to do it, just because he was afraid to show friendship, when he knew he would lose their confidence in him."

And that was how he gave what that day I count as had as the betrayal of Christ. He caused you as much trouble as any of the wicked Ganderonians generals did, and when he was captured once or twice before

your father allowed him pardon at your request, and see he who repaid you'll be a little more than a little more. You could say yourselves to death, and it would not save him. So my request is not to let him come for his interest in the nation again, or I'll look upon you little girls as fools, and remain firm in my refusal as well."

"But you and the general Vivian had promised us anything we would ask." "A" said Violet, "And if you refuse now you will be breaking sacred pledges. We are not interfering for his two companions, for they don't deserve it. And when he is sorry for his offenses you ought to take pity on him. Our Lord requests under pain of sin that we forgive even the meanest offenders, or otherwise we will not be forgiven ourselves."

"There is nothing you say will turn me," answered general Hanson angrily. "When I say NO I mean NO, and that is all there is to it. Were you to fall down on your knees I would not move. We have had about enough of his pranks and will stand for no more. So not another word, or you will arouse me to rage even against you."

Violet and her sisters saw that it was useless to argue with their uncle who so continued:

"And as to promises I do not include scoundrels and rascals in that pledge and neither did your father. It was a promise to oblige only everything that was good for you. So I'm breaking no pledges. So back to Evans and forget the rascal, and don't be foolish."

Violet and her sisters went back to where they left Evans and told him the result.

"We can't do anything," said Jennie. "Uncle won't listen to a word. And the decree was already passed anyhow and is on the way to him. Starring is done for, for he won't yield to my request."

"It's best not to bother him then," said Evans. "The THE had was a fool to listen to the poisoning advice of his two really scoundrel companions. If you little girls cannot turn general Hanson, nobody can."

The little girls were loathe to tell Starring that they failed to save him, but nevertheless went and broke the news to him. "Well I'll die hard," cried Starring. "And he calls me a spy, the dirty unforgiving christian dog of Satan. He is a damn liar if he says I'm a spy and he cannot prove it. I was taken prisoner during a battle without any provocation whatever, and was not even spying at the time. But I should worry though your attempt to save me proves you little girls true friends, despite all I have done to you. But just the same it will take more than general Vivian and Hanson to cause my death. I do not fear death in battle or when captured as a spy, but to be assassinated to satisfy the passion of that bulldog Hanson Vivian, I'll not stand for and I'll defy him before all in heaven to dare to kill me. He just let him dare come for me and I'll show them what I'm made of."

"You had better be careful," said Evans. "There is no one who can outlandish general Vivian or his brother. If they are ever set upon a purpose they will carry it out. And it was your foolishness that brought you into this trouble. You ought not to have listened to your two forward lieutenants. They themselves brought this cruel fate upon you. And besides celestial being promised before our very eyes, destruction upon any one persecuting the Vivian girls under any conditions. And you fell into this very trap of doom. I'm surely afraid nothing can save you now."

Three more days finally passed, and though the christian troops continually advanced, deeper with in the region occupied by the enemy Hanley still continued to face Gloriana and was reported that the retreating was a false rumor that he was concentrating in greater forces than ever along the Aronburg run stream. This news worried general Vivian but nevertheless he continued to advance, notwithstanding the impending situation, though several of his best generals had advised him to be cautious for they all knew Hanley's treacherous ways before now and feared the war was reaching its high water mark.

It was the rumor that Hanson who was far behind had been in severe action at Rosanna Maran, but nevertheless it could not be confirmed that he was victorious as it was reported, and he himself even denied that he had been in action. Yet it had finally turned out that a part of Hanson army without his knowing it had been in severe action with the enemy at Rosanna Maran but that the enemy under Federal had withdrawn without a general battle, but had failed to retreat and Hanson was unable to advance, which filled him with rage and disappointment.

Violet and her sisters themselves had heard the noise of the actual battle, but had seen nothing of it, and reported what they heard to general Vivian. It was then evident that Hanley had intended to offer some resistance, by throwing Federal and Ambrose in the way, and had succeeded in checking the advance of general Hanson thus separating him from general Vivian, but nevertheless something must have happened to cause general Federal to withdraw when general battle was impending. Nevertheless Violet and her sisters were happy that a general battle had not occurred after all, though this action at Rosanna Maran had been extremely sanguinary and terrific for the leaders to wish to give any account of the horrible losses.

They happened to be away from Evans that day, since morning, until evening and then he came to them with the startling news that all rumors about the withdrawal of Federal had been false that the attack of the glandelinians at Rosanna Maran had been completely victorious had rescued Starring and his two companions and carried them off safely within their own lines and that many many generals on the christian side were down and that forty divisions of men many millions strong on the christian side had been mowed down.

Violet and her sisters boldly and openly admitted to Evans that they thanked god with all their heart that Starring had escaped, that they had not spoken to Hanson since he refused their request, that they were not sorry he was defeated, but that just the same they feared that his two companions would cause them more trouble than before and felt reluctant over the escape of these two young rascals. They had hopes that Starring would remain resolute in his promises, not to persecute them again, but of his two companions they feared the most for now they would try to get revenge for what they themselves went through, when captured by their christian enemies. But said to say at the battle of Gloriana following Starring had been the same lad again though for the last time and treated the little girls most harshly. He did it to spite general Hanson. Nevertheless the little girls were not frightened, and neither were they remorseful or sad. To them about even Hanson defeat it mattered nothing, at least Starring was saved from Hanson's wrath, whom they were sure of. However the little girls felt that their sorrows were not all over, though being confident in the protection of Jack Evans, and just now felt perfectly at ease. Their own mother and Aunt had remained in Calvernia where they felt they would be more safe, and sometimes Violet and her sisters wished they had remained in Abbeannian, but then they did not like to leave their father and Evans behind, and besides they wanted to see the ending of the war, with their very eyes and witness the surrender of the Glandelinian king glandlin."

JACK EVANS AGAIN HAS AN OUTBURST ...

It was during a wet Sunday it having rained all morning, that Evans and the little girls having come from high Mass in the K O Building that he noticed how exceedingly beautiful Violet and her sisters looked in their pure white clothes, which he admired, and which he himself had worked hard to keep in that pure spotless white like the purities of their tender little hearts. They looked so beautiful in those white clothes that he could not help pressing Jennie and Violet closer to him and as they walked along Evans was carrying a heavy pearl handled umbrella belonging to a Joyce on his left forearm, and as he was teasing the little girls playfully, tickling them in the side of the neck, and elsewhere, a long came a man wearing civilian clothes, running carelessly, and dashing near them recklessly, stepped in a mud puddle with such force, as to splash a shower of mud over the clothes of the little girls and on his face.

Evans was furiously enraged, and knowing by action that the man was no christian, as well as no gentleman he recovered from his embarrassment and sent his umbrella flying, he handled foremost straight as an arrow, and the handle of the umbrella struck the careless man on the back of the head with such force as to send the fellow flying flat on his face making him see almost a million stars at the same time. Evans quickly ran up picking up the umbrella and then said: "I don't know who you are, and I don't care. But hereafter looking

look where you are stepping when in such a hurry."

And then he was off with the little girls once more, the careless fellows looking after the retreating figures in distasteful

"He deserved it," said Violet her eyes brimming with tears. "My best white dress is ruined."

"So is mine," said Jennie. "He probably did it on purpose."

"I'll get that mud out," said Evans. "I'll see to it that they will remain as white as before."

Four violet and her sisters were a sorry sight, when reaching the main interior of the christian line but they rapidly changed their clothes, Evans attending to the soiled ones.

"My but that was a good wallop you handed that fellow," said Joice. "You threw at as straight as aiming a pistol shot at the bulls eye. It was almost comical to see how he sprawled."

"The sight of your spotted garments made me lose my temper," said Evans seriously. "And I was perfectly justified in giving him that rap as I believed he done that on purpose, not believing believing that I could repay him so easily as I did."

Later on while the christian armies were resuming their advance, Evans had planned to start up a collection from among the soldiers, for the Vivian girls so as to buy them some presents, when the opportunity presented itself. During the next half twenty eight miles north, of the boundary line between Francis Atlanta, and Aron Aronburgs run,

Evans started his collection among the soldiers, receiving more than he had expected, as all the soldiers were willing to give and do anything for the little girls. Evans went from man to man, writing down his name when he gave an offering, so as to give his name to the priest and gain him a blessing for his kindness at the same time.

At last reaching something like a pathway, in which children under the protection of guardians were playing, he spied a well dressed civilian sitting on a park bench smoking a long cigar. Evans did not know that this fellow was a glandelinian officer in disguise, who watching for a certain child among the others, whom he wished to seize, but nevertheless he strolled up in front of him eyed him critically, as he did not like his looks, and said:

"My friend I'm General Jack Evans, guardian of the Vivian girls. I'm collecting for them a little sum of money to surprise them on their birthday which is soon coming. I believe you know how dear they are and would be glad to contribute for their sake. Only a quarter would be all I request."

"Whether I know how dear those centepeds are or not is my own private affair sir," shot back the man. "They can die before I'll yield them a blade of grass."

"Neither would any other other disguised praycoat contribute for them," Evans also shot back, simultaneously delivering a telling blow, that sent the man sprawling backwards head first over the top of the bench, upsetting it at the same time. "Take that for insulting them." Evans then immediately left the park, and boarded a train for the nearest town. The coach was quite empty especially the one he occupied, and to his surprise he saw that violet occupied a seat far in front of him saying her poetry to herself. A strange man had come in at the same time he did, and also a lighthouse there were plenty of empty seats, he preferred to settle himself into the one occupied by violet, much to her annoyance, snatching the beads from her, throwing them out of the given window, slapping and pummeling her, tearing off her hat, and pulling her hair vice violently. This was more than Evans could stand and he immediately rushed to her assistance, knocking the raucous almost senseless, by throwing him lengthwise across the top of the seat behind, then pulling him down, put him off the train while it was still running pretty fast.

"It was lucky that I boarded this train," said Evans sitting with her.

"He probably was a disguised glandelinian that tried to harm you," Evans said. "Where are you going, and why are not your sisters with you?" Why we were playing in an empty box car, not knowing it was attached to a freight train that I had just pulled in," said violet. "It started off all of a sudden, and though my sisters got off it was going too fast when it came my turn to jump. So I staid on, until it was reached it is first stop, where I got off and caught this train just in time."

"So the joke was on you after all," said Evans. "How far are you going. As far as the christian lines."

"There is where I wanted to get off," said violet. "But where are you going?"

"On to the 'con north of the christian lines," said Evans. "I'll be there in a few minutes."

as he did not want to tell her yet what his plan was. "I intended to buy some pretty things I saw displayed in a show window. If you want to come along you can," put that distance for you."

"It's all right," said violet rapturously. "I'm riding free. The conductor knows me, and refused to take the ticket I bought, and made the ticket agent give me my money back."

"That is some respect for the little girls," he said to her. "Let some other smart try anything on her and her sisters again."

and I'll rap him far worse than I did the other three."

After leaving the town they returned for the christian lines, it being now dark as pitch, and all of a sudden a body of glandelinian soldiers were suddenly seen coming at a double quick racing after a man who was dressed as a civilian.

EVANS AND VIOLET ARE LOST.

Keeping under the shelter of fences and hedges, Evans and the little girl made for a patch of woodland, which hid them from the mans pursuers. "Let's wait here for a few minutes little girl to get breath," said Evans, and as he spoke there was the loud report of a musket, followed by a series of scattered shots. The patch of woodland in which Evans and the little Vivian Girl were hiding was not large, and before long they had reached the farther side, and stopped short to crouch down among the bushes fearing to go out into the open country, which they knew swarmed with Glandelinians.

"The Glandelinians would see us," said violet. "There is another volley. Doesn't that show the Glandelinians have not been able to hit their guttie?"

"Of course," said Evans. "But hand hang the fugitive. It's us who have to look out for them." And then after listening while the firing kept on sounding more and more distant till it stopped altogether, he held his breath in dread lest the graycoats would come back and strike through the woods. As soon as the graycoats were surely gone Evans and the little girl started off side along beside the woodland, then by hedges and ditches, and on an and on keeping to the open country, and avoiding every strange light they seen the little girl trudging away, while whenever she showed weariness Evans would carry her, or pick out some beautiful flowery path rise on the side of a pine wood, that they might rest though they dared not sleep on account of the many dangers lurking everywhere so far from the christian lines. But the way was rough and long and the enthusiasm of the little Vivian girl had lasted until nine o'clock, the feet of the little girl dragging heavily, a great thirst and hunger troubling both. They soon however reached a little stream which cut its way through the sandy land, just at the very edge of a pine wood, to sink a little once upon the cool bank. There were no fish visible, but the clear water was delicious, and they drank long and deeply before bathing their weary and sore feet in the stream.

"What fun," cried violet reviving a little as she buried her pretty feet in the soft cool dry sand, and let it trickle between her toes.

But a cloud came over her face directly after, for it was many hours since anything had passed her lips. There was an abundance of deadwood low down about the trunk of fir trees, but no flint or steel of tinder or matches to obtain fire, and midnight was very near. Evans looked far and near but no farm house or village was in sight and when after a long rest he prepared that they should make a final start, and violet replaced her socks and shoes, she slipped when she stood up, and in spite of a brave effort the tears would come to her eyes.

"Let's rest a little longer," said Evans tenderly as he led the way a short distant distance into what proved to be a vast forest where the leaves that had fallen for ages lay in a thick dry bed.

"Let's try here," said Evans as he looked a hollow beneath the great far spreading boughs, which were thick enough to form a shelter from any wind or rainstorm that may come.

"Lie down violet dear," said Evans with gentle. "And the little

glanced at him pitifully and observed:

"Oh, don't look at me as a reprehensibly poor violet." Sighed Evans to himself as the weary child's eyes looked large and dark in the shade, but only for a few moments before they grew dull, and then the lids fell and she was sleeping so soundly that when he guardian raked the sweet scented leaves round her till she lay as if it were in a nest, and only a few minutes after Evans had sunk lower and lower drooping over his little charge to keep watch, but only to leave that to the great bright stars which peered down among the leaves at the dark spot, where the traveler, young and old were sleep sleeping soundly. Violet was the first to awake in the soft gray morning to his listening to irregular sharp tapping made by a busy woodpecker some where among the ancient trees, and she wondered wondered for some time what it meant, and where she was.

But asoft leap breath close to her ear made her start around so suddenly that she awoke back Evans who started up looking as surprised at Violet did.

"I could not recall to where I was," said Violet. "I am no hungry."

"And no wonder my poor little girl here and come and bathe your face & with me, and at all costs we must get to some farm house, and beg or buy our breakfast, I have a lot of money with me."

He bathing was soon at an end and though disposed to limp a little Violet stepped out bravely in the direction Evans chose, and with such good effect that before long the chimney of a farm house was seen for which they made for at once.

"Now," said Violet eagerly, "and a man milking." It was as the little girl had said, for half a dozen cows were dreamily munching grass, while a sour looking man was seated upon a stool. Evans walked up at once, the man being so intent upon the milking that he did not raise his head till Evans spoke a spoke, when he started so violently, that he nearly upset the pail.

"Who are you? What is it?" he cried.

"We are travelers and hungry," replied Evans. "Will you sell us some?"

He got no further.

"Here I know you are. You are the damn old Abhiemnian spy damn old Vivian's friend who is commander of the dirty old army of christian poodle dogs, and that is what his little centepede. I know you and what you have done. You have brought the Angeliens here to take the place."

"Indeed you wrong me, sir," cried Evans humbly. "It is a mistake. A MISTAKE," cried the man furiously. "You will soon find out that it is for you and the little Angeliens dog with you. Our soldiers were here looking for you last night. I know where they are now."

"I cannot help it," said Evans sadly. "The poor little girl is starving. She has not eaten anything since breakfast yesterday. I will pay you well, sir, for all you sell me."

"I sell to a dog of a christian spy. NEVER A BIT OF A DROP. OUT OF HER. He shouted his words in rage opening a big knife in a threatening manner."

"Indeed you are mistake sir. Pay sell us bread and milk for the poor little girls sake. He is starving."

"Let her starve in prison then. Off with you---off."

"Advanced upon them with so fierce a gesture that Evans caught Violet's arm thrust her behind so as to screen her from danger and drawing his gun said:

"My man, I'm no puppet, and neither is the child a centepede. Evans any further with that knife toward us, and I'll shoot you dead where you stand. I'm not far from the christian lines, and since you refuse this little girl something to eat, you won't retain this farm long, for I'll see to your going, and no that pail of milk, and a sket of food, and be quick about it too."

He far farmer cowered at the leveled gun, but refused to do as ordered under any conditions, Evans at snatching up the milk and baked basket of food and backing away.

"The farmer made no attempt to follow and Evans said, 'You are a Glandelinian, and I warn you that if you are not out of this local location by tomorrow morning you will be a prisoner.'"

And with this he walked away with the little Vivian girl. Evans and his little charge trampled steadily on that morning, and for several days tapping and buying, until one morning in the distance they saw suddenly stretched out before them a long line of something

which kept on glittering in the sunlight.

"Soldiers," cried Violet, "I know. We can see the bayonets on their guns. It must be my father's men." "In purple coats," Violet. "Asked Evans as if. Violet was silent for a few moments as she stood with her brow knit before saying slowly, "No their coats are gray after all, and they have wide lapels and pants. We have been going toward the enemy's lines."

There was nothing for it to do but to turn back and then strike off in another direction, which they followed until over the last tree bread was eaten, the milk they had obtained at another farm house having been finished at noon, and the remainder put away.

Before their bread was half gone one after another there came the report of heavy heavy guns in the distance and bullets zipped about Evans and the little girls. In the distance it could be seen that clouds were rising like those in a storm, but they were clouds of smoke slowly gathering in a burning forest miles and miles away, and the gloom increased. Knowing to be pursued by Glandelinians they hurried on for quite two hours, and then hot and weary, Evans suffering less than violet however they slackened their pace, and once more making for a patch of woodland rested for while in the darkest part but not for long. They had hardly started on again before the crash of many guns made them start to their feet, violet beginning to run out in the open in her sudden alarm, but only to turn back dired directly and catch Evans hand.

"I," cried Evans drawing her in amongst the thickest group of trees, "that was running into fresh danger."

"Violet was already looking at a swarm of men who seemed to have suddenly started out of the ground a hundred yards away, and racing toward them like mad steeds. At the same moment Evans threw himself down amongst the thick brush dragging Violet with him.

"Is close," he whispered. "Or they are Glandelinians who are looking for us. And it was well that they were both lying flat for there was a flash of light a long line of smoke, and in response to a sharp pattering a sound a little shower of twigs and leaves on me or dropping on and around Evans and Violet."

His was answered by firing evident from the other side of the woods again and again the reports came, each time sounding more and more near while as Violet lay flat upon her face she could hear tramping and the sound of men hurrying among the trees right past them, two now ing so near that Violet wondered that they were not seen.

The smoke of the musketry filling the woods hung low and seemed to cling to the lower branches of the trees. A sharp volley from another direction was followed by the pattering down of more twin twigs and leaves and it was evident that the Glandelinians were trying to shoot them both down for soon as the firing ceased, several had whispered in returning that the two fugitives they had seen which made them start firing were gone. It was not until midnight that they could venture to leave the wood and it was by guess work for the stars were clouded over so that Evans made for what he reckoned to be the north, but not to go far in the darkness on account of the twinkling fires which shone out here and there in groves as if all, all around them. The rest of the night they slept in another wood, to keep on starting up from time to time, during the night, awakened now by a shower of shots, and twice by the sound of a horn, which came from the direction of the watch fires. Early in the morning about three o'clock it being still pitch dark, the two unable to sleep in the noise arose, but every attempt to get out of the woods was in vain, for they were surrounded by a vast army, whom they knew not, where nearest them were dotted many more fire camps and there they were sure it was not the christian armies for they hardly ever allowed their camp fires to be seen, keeping their camps in utter darkness, so as to surprise a foe who may be prowling near their lines. But however they decided to make a brave effort to get right away, but they had traveled only a short distance when Violet's heart seemed to stand still, for just in front where all looked dark as pitch there came the sudden rattle of musketry and a voice shouted in plain Angeliens:

"Halt who goes there. Fire! Friend or foe?"

"Stop for pity's sake," cried violet. "Don't fire." There was a rush and they were surrounded. Violet being seized roughly by two soldiers while two more dragged Evans to his knees, and as he shook them loose with his strong arms he was set upon by a dozen and held fast.

"It's a not a monster sergeant," cried one of the men. "Hold still! you're holding little woman," cried another.

"I won't," Grid violet. "Let me go / let me go!"

"How then who are you?" Grid a harsh harsh loud voice out of the darkness. "Thought we could feel on with our deasy first and second."

"Said from the Mandelstein camp sergeant. Deeper than it is certain. Said another of voice. "Don't take them prisoners shoot them where they are."

"Silence in the ranks for me!" Roared the sergeant. "Now then who are you?"

"I'm an Angellinan general with our deasy first and second."

to escape through the Mandelstein camp. Said Kenna hungrily now realize realizing they were Angellinians.

"Won't do," Said the sergeant. "And attempt at Abt. Angellinians." "Why you were sneaking toward our line like two phantoms speaking low throat or in Mandelstein and in Angellinians."

"Yes I'm an Angellinan a guardian of this life in first daughter of an Angellinan general."

"Hah," Grid the sergeant. "What a town tale. You talked Mandelstein or some thing and I heard the little girl say some something in Mandelstein."

"Yes sometimes we talk in Mandelstein just for fun," Said violet.

"Oh indeed. Well you are producers now and the little girl shall be thought not to speak Mandelstein hereafter. Bring the along."

"Bring them along." "I his to the men."

"No wait a minute." He suddenly added. "See how they think on my lady. What papers have you?"

"Papers sir."

"Yes dispatches. Let letters."

"Only my pocket book." Said Kenna.

"Get it sergeant." Grid one of the men.

"Nothing else."

"No sergeant not that I can find."

"Perhaps they are hidden upon the little girl. Likely enough. And it is a shame that we will have to shoot her for spying too. But it can't be helped. It is the law."

Violet soon found it was in vain to resist and she had to suffer being roughly searched, but the Angelinians found nothing on her but some religious articles and a small Catholic prayer book which they returned to her. This did not even convince them that they were mistaken. The prison prisoners were marched off: at once, through the dark ness toward where the fires were burning brightly, and after being eye challenged again, and again, the sergeant led them to the front of a tent out of which a couple of generals evidently high in command came quickly, were about to hurry away, but stoped a few moments to listen to the sergeant's report.

"You are sure they have no dispatchers upon them?"

"Certain, sir. They have been searched twice."

"Let them be detained," said the officer sharply. "But they are not to be ~~con~~ condemned as no evidence is found on them."

The sergeant marched them off to a large tent and into this the two prisoners were ushered, to find themselves in company with some half a dozen Attisaniian soldiers playing pig mes, or ta kink, and laughing, the dim light from a lantern swinging from the tent pole striking strangely up upon the faces of the redcoats, who sat red at the prisoners sulkily for a few moments, and then turned their backs to renew playing, or talking while Evans pressed close to Violet and tried to cheer her up.

will soon be able to send a message to
come and get us."

"You t two bad battin' to mally carnful." "Told you of the men
turning around again." "T here are many of us armed soldiers,
in this camp or tent but just the same I give you fair warnin-
that if you succeed in getting out of the tent unseen by us, there are
about a score of men on duty about this tent now with orders to shoot down
any one who tries to escape. And you two ought to thank your stars you
have not swallowed market bait for some meaner place as you came here. W

Q What prevented the guards from firing on the spot in the voice of the pretty little girl you have with you that they heard? And you air ought to be ashamed of yourself for bringing a little girl like that among all this gunpowder, treason, and plots."

It was not until three weeks had passed during which Evans and Little Violet were all shifted from place to place, a train strictly guarded, their place being in the misery and discomfort of the baggage train, that the day came, when dirty, ragged, and weary, violated by the slide

of Evans in one of the wagons on watching the marching by of the
strong Abinonidian divisions. Evans had tried in vain to send messages,
written, and by word of mouth, to either General Manson or General

General I, civilian, but no one would act as a bearer. Violet too had tried her best, but she could hear no news of her father, and these were times when she questioned Evans, as to which whether he thought they were not within the lines of a strange Abhannian army or not. And so it was for a time that when Violet was tired out, after one of the weary marches, and no rations were served out, her heart sank and the tears came to her eyes as she believed that she should never see her father or her dear lost sisters once more. At the times she sat with Evans in the baggage wagon with Evans watching the powder blackened soldiers, urging on the horses, drawing the thousands of heavy guns, followed by mud stained divisions, which stepped out smartly every man looking ready and willing to commence the attack to which he was bound.

divisions,, followed, the sight of the long stream of men sending a thrill through the heart of the little girl, making her lean far out from the bench beneath the wagon tilt, to cry hur-hurrah! The sound of that bright shrill bird like voice cheer cheering the men on, made them turn to look whence it came, and at the sight of the bare waving arm and its excited owner, a laugh ran along the ranks, and the men cheered again. The next minute as the cheer died out and the regular trooping beat of hundreds of thousands of marching men went on, regular its regular pulsation, Violet settled down more quietly, and watched the rest more q in silence. She did not mind after all in being among the Athenians as a prisoner, - so for any how it would not last long, but to be a away from her dear little sisters, so long was a great sacrifice indeed...(((A

These Abhianians were altogether strangers to her, neither have the Abhianians seen Violet before and had never observed a prettier child. :::: ::

They felt a pang to think such a pretty little girl was a helper of the clandestine cause if not proved to be a spy, and the leaders were indeed at a loss of what to do with them. To turn them over to general Vivian or Hanson was impossible for he was too far away, and this was general Everett's Truest Abhiannian army.

But a month after the happy day soon came.. !???
For when the army halted, in general a general civilian himself appeared,
reigning in his horse, addressing to the general general of the main army
and learning that two strange and peculiar prisoners had been captured
he was lead toward where they were..He then spoke to one of the officers
of the Abhimannu guard, but violet did not wait, but ran
up to him before the guards could restrain her and cried:
"PAPA"

"Why violet how can you be capture here." He r cried
as he draw her up onto his horse and embraced her. "I've find the whole
country secured in trying to find you and Mark Evans."

11. "We were lost in the dark papa, after leaving the town," said
 Viola Violet. "We tried to find our way back, passed through
 the Mandolinian camp, and were arrested as spies by the sentries,
 under sergeant Henry Parker."

"Oh, see," said general L. Vivian. "And where is the sergeant?"
He was gone for several minutes and then came back with the sergeant having told him when he found him who the two were who he arrested.
He saluted when brought to an abrupt halt and general Vivian said:
"At the

Though you arrested my daughter and her guardian gen? general 1 Jack Evans you proved your vigilance in watching out for spies, and done your work well. But that you may know them, so that you wont mistak e them for spies again I'll present her to you. This is in violat e of one of those known as the vivar pils. Her sisters are withi n my lines. Standing to general Jack Evans of the Albinonian counch linian everly.

"I am sorry," said Violet, looking up at him.
The sergeant looked at Violet closely and then extending his arm
around her said;
"Why pardon for our conduct toward you little girl. As your real
father is revealed you and your guardian are no longer
no longer prisoners."
"It's all right," said Violet smiling. "It only shows your wishfulness"

for the spies and how difficult it is for them to get in without detection. But this Abbie's army is the only one that allows its camp fires to be seen now. Why is that?"

The sergeant laughed.

"I thought your little vivian girls had the knowledge about camp fires and the like." He said. "When led within our main lines, did you not my little girl, observe total darkness?"

"Yes I'll have to admit that I did observe darkness." Said Violet. "I believe those fires were made to make the Glandelinians think you were less watchful than other armies, which would lure them into a trap and to instant destruction or capture. And to cause the spies to be bewildered or lost like we were."

"Exactly." Said the sergeant. "But your father is waiting for you so you had better go back with him to his army, and your papa and I shall go with you."

They were soon on the way with general Vivian the self-same sergeant being needed by the great general, having went alone, and within half an hour they were within the main line, Violet being reunited with her sisters, who were interested when she told them of the experience she and Evans had.

"We were almost arrested ourselves." Said Jennie. "We were on the way yesterday evening to try and find you and Evans, and ran plump into a picket line of the Glandelinians' army. The men did not know us, never heard of us before, and would have detained us, had not general Orwell, under Johnston's command at the moment with a party of general officers, and interceded for us. It shows that no spies can enter our lines, especially at night when though the pickets are too numerous to count by day, they were redoubled at night. We feel safe though, only within the lines, now, as everywhere outside the lines, the enemy scouts are swarming like a farm of humble bees from a field of hives."

"We are not afraid of them though." Said Violet. "And we will take good care that they don't lay hold of us again. We have had enough experience already."

Jennie remembered her last suffering during her captivity with the old Augustina St. Lars and suddenly remembered when Evans came for her in the midst of a forest fire had struck her cruel master on the face, and asked Evans what had become of the man afterwards.

"It was rumored that he probably perished in the forest fires, as I was not going to go back and rescue him after the way he had treated you." Said Evans. "When I found you you were like a bleeding corpse though alive, and when he made that remark I lost my temper and smote him to the ground. I did not care if he did perish in the conflagration though for fact he was one of our main persecutors."

"Sure he was the persecutor for the Glandelinians who persecuted us must have rescued him." Said Jennie. "And my were they not determined to capture us though. Such a race for freedom I'll never forget. But how did you find me so far away as I was?"

"I scoured the whole region and was even helped secretly by many child slaves in that location. For all you went through, every one of you little girls, Germania and the Manleys are responsible for and deserves what ought to come to them. If I was general Vivian or Hanson I would not give them any quarter, when I had them at my mercy. They do not deserve it the least."

Indeed the Manleys especially general John Manley was responsible for everything that poor Violet and her sisters suffered, and also of the Brigano affair, as he had promised a great reward to general Germania if he would get them out of the way. All the blood of the legions of slaughtered children, was also under his direction, the wanton destruction of cities and forests, also, and indeed without Evans' knowledge yet general Hanson alone, had no intentions of giving general John Manley or his brother Herman a quarter, and had passed a decree two weeks passed that no surrender of any child butchering Glandelinian general and his army shall be accepted.

For all that happened the torture of his little women, who deserved it not, the assassinations of millions of children, thousands of priests and monks, and the wanton destruction of Glandelinia was to pass very dearly for. He had intentions of destroying all of the armies under the Manleys, completely wrest the whole country from the Glandelinian government, and overthrow their wicked state of satanic government completely.

Glandelinia if unable to make up for the wanton destruction in Galver Galver's Glandelinia, was to lose her freedom, and would also be devastated and her cities and towns besides, forests laid in ruins for ransoming. Glandelinia would receive the double punishment of a criminal first and of a prisoner of war, and if was unable to be caught if he did escape, Glandelinia would receive no respite, unless he was given up to the Glandelinian authorities. Many Manley also realized the peril indeed, and knowing that if general Vivian and his Hanson once set their foot on the Glandelinian soil, he decided to stand his ground against his advance and check them at the risk of annihilation. He realized he must do this, by all means, no matter what the cost and right as soon as possible, as any delay would mean a serious disaster.

General Vivian's army was ten miles north of the region of Aronburge and after the twenty first of September arrived, there being a long lull of inactivity, the heat of the Glandelinian weather being sizzling. Manley had an idea that the heat played badly with the Christian armies, as he believed they were unused to such hot Glandelinian weather, but they felt it no more than the men in the Glandelinian armies did.

General Vivian saw the Glandelinian armies finally making a halt, and did likewise, but extending his armies in the shape of an angle, so as to prevent any tricks that Manley might attempt during an attack. He also placed strong batteries of artillery, to guard a entire flank, consisting of long range and mostly machine guns of every type. Violet and her sisters seeing the signs of a coming battle, of terrible fury at that, clung to Evans begging him for their sake to remain out of the deadly war storm. However he had been commanded by general Vivian to remain with the vivian girls under all circumstances, to keep them out of the fire zone, and watch out for prowling Glandelinian soldiers, who may be watching their chances, to seize the little girls and carry them off.

Evans determined to do this, for at that he was doing more service for his country, by protecting the vivian girls, than fighting the foe, though he would love to get a chance to pop some more of the Glandelinian generals.

He decided to do so, when a chance presented itself, and to get one of the Manleys if possible too. He had a special grudge against general John Manley in person and would give anything, to bring about his immediate downfall, especially his destruction for his cruelty to the poor vivian girls. The Glandelinian halt had been made during the time Violet and Evans had first seen the Glandelinians pursuing the man, and it was also the reason of their own slight experiences with the Glandelinians and the others. Later in the morning finding that he was still there, in spite of the warning, Evans had directed the seizure of the farm, belonging to the man, who had refused to aid him and Violet, when asked for something to eat, but at the approach of the Glandelinians, the farmer had fled only to be hounded down later in the day and shot to death because he would not stop when ordered to do so. Toward the afternoon, Evans out scouting saw that a string of Glandelinians a road wide, with artillery between them were crossing three hastily constructed pontoon bridges, and returning to camp manned his guns toward the point to the amusement of the vivian girls and ordered general John Evans his brother to let loose a storm of shells.

"They must not cross those bridges on this Aronburge run stream under any condition." He said. "Fire."

The first volley was too high and so was the second, but the third landed among the pontoons, there being a series of water eruptions, smoke and wreckage of boats, and cannons, men floundering in the water by hundreds, horses making wild leaps into the air, and a general confusion ensued among the general gray columns.

Rage curses and oaths issued from the Glandelinians, scores fired toward the Christian batteries, but no one was hit, though bullets whistled close about Violet and her sisters, who had watched this scene some twenty paces to the rear of John Evans, who were hastily unlimbering batteries of calibre cannon.

"Hurrah! Come across now if you can." Yelled the two Evans together. "Come we dare you."

The Glandelinians by this time had recovered from the Aronburge, so suddenly lasting upon them, but this part of the Aronburge Run called Francis Creek was abound in treacherous quicksands at all locations which was a road wide, especially where they were gathered.

Nevertheless the Glandelinians assayed to reform the partially damaged pontoon bridges under cover of a severe artillery fire, of their own, but Evans completed the destruction with a few more shells, and compelled the Glandelinian cannon to withdraw to safety, by hammering a score of shells at the Glandelinian guns. Why the Glandelinians wanted to cross this part of the Aronburza stream was a mystery to Evans, but nevertheless it was an intention of Evans to prevent them at all costs, which he did, the Glandelinians withdrawing out of sight, across the distant fields. Evans decided to have the affair reported to general Vivian and sent one of his men on the mission.

He had also seen that the Glandelinian general was general Boothhead, whom the Vivian girls had rescued from the geyser, and studying the event well, deemed it possible that he had forgotten the promise to Violet and her sisters, and what confirmed the suspicion all the more, because he thought sure, he saw the treacherous enemy of the Vivian girls, Braggard, among the Glandelinians also.

He reported the event to general Vivian himself, telling all his suspicions.

"It does also look suspicious to me," said general Vivian. "As from reports, I have received, John Manley is concentrating 100,000 men against the Gloria Zon Rue Becker gun, and also that attempts had simultaneously been made in hundreds of places all along the creek which was frustrated the same way, by other batteries. They intended to make an attack I'm sure. There was no other reason for this move."

Evans did not know what to say to general Vivian at this though his own suspicions differed considerably. Then then saluting he said: "I think your excelency that your statement is wrong. They could not get enough forces across such a wide stream to attack with

success: our line, which borders its very bank almost. It was my belief that they were squadrons essaying to get across, and finding opportunity to seize your little daughters, slaughter them or carry them off to slavery. I saw Braggard among them, especially among the bunch I fired my artillery at. He is the cause of my suspicions." "He think you so?" Exclaimed general Vivian. "Well I'll see to it they don't succeed." "I'll make it so hot for them that they won't dare to come near the stream again."

"No further cannonading will be allowed in that line, in as it will be wasting ammunition," said General Hanson who just came up at this moment. "Withdraw the little girls or of your, within the heart of the Christian lines, let the graycoats come and across if they dare, and bag the whole of them."

"Good idea I'll do that," said general Vivian. "Evans you take the little girls within the main lines, and I'll attend to the Glandelinians."

"I'll do so your excellency," said Evans saluting, and in a few minutes he came upon the little girls, who were watching, which surprised him, large streams of graycoats, like a huge torrent, hastily crossing at many parts of the stream without pontoon bridges.

It was the same way at other portions, and so many were coming that now he suspected an attack. He quickly helped the little girls, to mount their little steeds, and the eight of them raced off toward the main line, Evans heading directly toward general Vivian's tent, and reporting again what he saw.

"You don't say!" From general Vivian. "Oh Hanson come here will you?" General Hanson came up from an opposite tent, and hearing Evans story, gave general Vivian some hasty directions, and mounting his horse raced off for his own lines. Roswell, Master Johnston examined the situation, and dashing back withdrew his lines a mile from the creek under cover of a thick woods, it being evident that a fierce attack was impending, general Vivian riding within sight of the creek, and watching the crossing of the Glandelinian troops.

As to his right there was the sound of the heaviest cannonading, ever heard since the battle of Latruva, but nothing unusual was occurring here as yet. It was evident also that the Glandelinians had found the stream less treacherous as rumored, for while columns were marching hastily across through the water, the cavalry and artillery forces, crossing the new pontoons, the infantry ploughing through the water up to their knees.

Poor Violet Violet and her sisters were horrified at the approach of the impending battle, and as the distant cannonading increased, in fury

they almost wept for they had wished that the long full moon would have continued, and that they would have been able to drive the foe out of California and reached the Glandelinian capital without any other,

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but this. Yet they hoped and prayed that the inevitable battle, would not come after all, and that it was only a demonstration on the part of the enemy. Where Violet and her sisters were standing, unknown to them was the most perilous spot, they were ever on before, in their lives, and while they were looking on in horror at this prodigious advance of the Glandelinian troops they heard the wild

gallop of a horse, and wheeling around saw that it was Gertrude Angelinasdunning, riding toward them.

"For God's sake get away from here before it is too late," she shrieked. "The main Christian batteries are in position to sweep this part of the ground with a storm of shells, and if you little girls and Evans remain here much longer, you will be blown to pieces, and the gunner won't know that they did it!"

Away they went racing toward the Christian lines, as fast as their horses could go, and a party of Glandelinians seeing them raced after them, firing their pistols furiously.

Evans was surprised at the sudden pursuit, but nevertheless they were rapidly drawing away from their graycoated Glandelinian enemies, and soon reached the Christian line, where for a while they watched the foe advance, with better safety for a while at least.

THE GLANDELINIAN ATTACK AT FRANCIS CREEK August 4-5 1915

It was evident from the great numbers advancing, that Manley was making a strong concentration of troops against the Christian line, and that a great attack of fearful violence was going to be made.

It could be seen that Manley, knowing the seriousness and fearful results, if general Hanson and Vivian kept him from concentrating successfully on Gloria or Aronburza gun now while his other scattered armies were in a crippled condition, it would be all up with his nation,

and so he was bound to check the Christian forces at all hazards, by fighting with the fury of desperation, and did however the night came on without any serious happenings, the rest of the Glandelinian army crossing over. There had been some considerable cannonading, from both sides during the night, but the results were nothing important.

Morning came bright and sunny with sweltering hot weather. At the very dawn of daybreak Manley launched his forces forward, against the Christian line in their fullest strength, it being a perfect deluge of men against general Vivian's front. Yet Hanson was untouched.

It was a frightful attack, far from any imagination, inconceivable in violence, and for four hours steady the whole Christian line, was a perfect stream of flame and smoke. It happened to be that only general Vivian's line was assaulted, his Hanson's being exempted a just then, a wise act on Manley's part at that, not to assault him simultaneously, but against general Vivian the assault was driven in with such violence and furious desperation, that hundreds of Christian officers were killed or wounded in that seething inferno, the whole line was driven into the wildest confusion, and hurled back ten miles from its former position with a frightful loss.

The assault was terrific, the battle seemed lost, and everything with it. So furious was the firing on both sides that no regiments, had a flag or standard that was not in tatters. Lincoln Francis Park through which the foe streamed looked as if a tornado of great violence swept through, and the dead and wounded of both sides lay thicker than straw, from a scattered hay stack.

Everywhere there was a frightful scene of confusion, the whole of general Vivian's army was in full retreat, and the enemy were pressing or victoriously. It was evidently lucky for Violet and her sisters that they happened to be in Hanson's command at the time, and though they heard the dreadful clamor of the battle along general Vivian's line, they had no idea of the disaster that happened and neither did Hanson who wondered why his own army was not attacked.

Four hours or more passed, then the sound of firing to Hanson

surprise he recoiled swiftly southward, and this filled him with suspicion. His brother was setting forward, and still the Glandelinian army along his front made no movement whatever. This filled him with greater suspicion than ever, and he decided not to wait until the foe would assault him, but finally decided to make an offensive himself, which he did and speedily too.

The Glandelinians here under general in chief/ Franciscana Damiana was taken by surprise at the suddenness of the christian assault, as the foe had not expected the christians to dare make an attack, against their unassailable position, but nevertheless the whole force at first recoiled in panic, Damiana trying frantically but in vain to rally the confused divisions.

Terrible circumstances however resulted, when the christians encountered the main Masonic line, for there was suddenly from a long impregnable position a blaze of musketry and cannons fire of the most ravaging fury, the whole line of attack was frightfully disillusioned, Hanson the main supreme christian commander was dangerously wounded, with two bullet wounds in the lung and a leg shot to pieces, and the surviving columns of the second line of assault withered to fragments, recoiled, but in order, the victorious glandelinians pressing on with the wildest yells they had ever uttered before in battle.

At their own position the main christian line which had not swept forward, made a most desperate stand, filling the whole battle field with Glandelinian dead and wounding, cutting to pieces the Glandelinian surges ten million strong, each, routing the survivors, and counter charging each time, but with the same result as the other christian forces had suffered, suffered, and with their main commander out, the christians were disconcerted, and finally had to yield to the assault of the desperate assault of the Glandelinians, and retreated first in order, and then in confusion.

Manley indeed was winning the field entirely routing the two entire christian armies for twenty miles from their own position, but the Glandelinians paid dearly for their victory, as many millions fell.

Evans following the retreating christians killed Violet and her sisters, but hundreds of times had narrow escapes from shots, that was being fired at them by the furious Glandelinians.

Finally they heard the wild thunder of horses hooves, and discovered that thousands of Glandelinian cavalry squadrons were racing toward the retreating christian troops and that their leader was the one called Boothhead, but who was Franciscana Damiana the main Glandelinian general at this section. Braggard was also among the Glandelinians and he seeing the christian girls ordered a large force of the cavalry, to follow him, and raced with might and main to over take Evans and Violet and her sisters, the Gargolians firing viv viv after after volley.

Evans saw this squadron of fierce men in regalias and whispering to the little girls suddenly swung half around on his seat, and fired, at Braggard without any dispute, bringing him down from his horse, with a so shot through the brain. His fall threw his followers into confusion, and during the commotion Evans and the little girls managed to lengthen the distance between, the men and nevertheless the Glandelinians had rapidly recovered, and being bound to avenge the death of their general Braggard, they resumed the pursuit with greater alacrity, riding their hardest to over take Evans and the little girls, but now a large force of retreating Angelinians making a rally, covered the retreat of the eight poor fugitives, giving the pursuing Glandelinians a hot reception, but nevertheless could not stop their wild progress, and it seemed evident that Evans and the little girls would be captured.

At all points the christians were retreating in confusion, and panic, the Glandelinians following furiously. General Charles Brown of Hanson's command, managed to rally a portion of his christian army, but so furious was the dreadful Glandelinian attack, that the christian troops could not stand before it, and finally broke and fled, the Glandelinians capturing many prisoners, including general Cammillia, and colonel Stanck.

General Vivian through the help of his generals tried to rally portions of his army, but before the headlong advance of the enemy, the soldiers only became panic stricken once more, and fled like frightened sheep without firing a shot.

Nevertheless general Vivian was bound to rally his force, if it even cost him his life, for if he was totally beaten in this battle, it would cost him the war itself, and the enemy would capture Gloria. He first tried to get in communication with Hanson believing him unharmed, but soon he received reports, that his great brother was seriously and dangerously wounded, that he was

seriously and dangerously wounded, with three bullet wounds in his right arm instead of two and a badly mangled left leg, that half of his army was disorganized and the rest crumpled to fragments, and was being routed worse than his own. Nevertheless this did not daunt general Vivian though the fall of his brother almost made him despair and he heard heartbrokenly he was like his brother, showing a name of despair and determination and when he set his mind upon a thing he generally

did it. By the most frantic efforts he with his generals, managed to draw his artillery far in advance of his retreating hordes, and lined them up then on the sloping plains of Stanck, making a perfect chain of three hundred thousand cannon, within half an hour. These were placed into a position so as to sweep the entire length of the pursuing line of the maddened foe, and then when the last gun was placed, the surging or hordes of christians came up the Angelinian cavalry in the rear of the batteries dashing among them, striving valiantly to rally them.

During this time the christians, seeing the peril of the ones they loved, beat it heart and so on, but in vain, and they were borne along in the human tide of confusion. General Vivian tried to rally them, but it was useless, and if his artillery failed to check the foe all would be lost then.

THE RESULT OF THE MURDEROUS FIRE OF ARTILLERY AND WHAT GOOD IT DID..

Surge after surge of panic stricken Angelinians, passed through and among the line of batteries, some shouting that the whole line of artillery would do no good, that the whole Glandelinian army was advancing, and finally the last of the confused columns were streaming past, and general Vivian with some uproar upraised shouted:

"Wait until you see the whites of their eyes-----"

It seemed indeed that nearly half of Manley's army was advancing in this location, and it could be seen also that these many showy columns made a fair mark for his hidden artillery, which were mostly machine guns, as the heavy guns had been abandoned in the hasty retreat. The pursuing foe came nearer and nearer, a strange peculiar haze fortunately concealing the position of the christian batteries, and finally when within three hundred yards of the artillery;

general Vivian called:

"Steady-----Steady-----They are not near enough yet-----Hold your fire."

This was obeyed without the slightest impatience, as the nearer the foe would be the greater his losses in their artillery would inflict upon his advancing lines. Nearer and nearer came the gaudy foe, the artillery officers being unable to hear some of the Glandelinian officers shout;

"Forward to victory men. We can shoot the God of those christians that he can't prevent us from beating his christian armies. Forward on to victory."

"Oh is that so, thought one of the christian artillery generals; with a curse; 'You are coming on to pay dearly for routing the christians you mean.'"

The glandelinians were now within one hundred yards, of the christians rushing on in close formation the leaders shouting;

"On to victory. Down with the christians dogs!" and so on flourishing their sabres wildly. They were now within fifty yards of the christian guns and general Vivian said;

"Get ready as quickly as you can-----fix cartridge belts-----Now steady-----wait for orders to fire."

He waited until the gray surge was within ten yards and then the glandelinians saw the deadly guns, but too late. All general Vivian did was to bring his sabre down to his side and all the guns let loose simultaneously, tearing nearly all of the glandelinian waves to pieces, heaping the slain ridges high.

The surviving glandelinians were thrown into confusion by this murderous artillery fire, so suddenly opened upon them, but nevertheless the glandelinian generals managed to rally their shattered columns, and made a wild, roaring tremendous onslaught against the batteries, but every assaulting wave was withered, officers went down by the score and the glandelinians again recoiled in confusion appalled at the frightful massacre.

It was utterly impossible to carry these guns in the face of such an annihilating fire, and seeing the disorder the retreating christian columns began to rally and add their musketry to the fire of the artillery, and the whole gray line was so frightfully ravaged, that the glandelinians in advance though not driven back was checked.

No such fortune however as yet happened to Hansons sadly depleted army. Without their main chieftain they were unable to do a thing, and General Evans himself did not know what to do. Violet and her sisters were terror stricken and begged Evans pitiously to do something to stop the fearful rout, but he could not think of a thing. The little girls turned such wistful eyes toward him, that he was touched, but what could he do? He really dreaded the consequences of this retreat more than they did, and yet he had been instructed by general Vivian not to enter the battle, under any conditions without orders. His instructions was to guard and protect the Vivian girls at all costs. But then he realized also that if the enemy, won this battle, he would place the little girls in a danger, he could not under any conditions guard them against, and then if he failed to protect them in this case what would general Vivian say? And then he did not care a rap what the consequences would be, he only thought of the little girls himself as if they were his very own daughters, for it was his respect and love for them that made him their guardian. He had started the guardian ship himself without any bodys orders, and not even under the authority of general Vivian. He raked his brain with plan after plan but could not think of anything that would bring success.

A SERIOUS CHECK

Far to the west they heard the Pop-pop-pop-pop-pop of many machineguns, but this did not encourage them any at all, and poor Violet and her sisters were almost crying. They did not know what to do about

it themselves and the enemy was advancing on to -----victory! Poor Violet and her sisters were certainly confirmed now that the war was lost, that general Hansons advance to protect Alorinia was in vain.

that their happiness was gone forever, and that Angelina and Alvarina would be under the glandelinian rule. They believed also that nothing could stop the foe now, that glandelinians was victorious, that they would see life long misery at the hands of the cruel glandelinians and probably torture torture unto death. They did certainly look distressed, and Evans saw the grief, but said nothing because he knew it to be unavailing. He himself had no hopes now that the christians would win the war, and had the same disappointed feeling as the little girls and was about to give in alone altogether, but he did not speak of this to the little girls, though he feared for their safety exceedingly.

But as far as concerned general Vivians strategy made a serious check along the glandelinian front as his quarter, and Manley knew that if he could not carry those batteries, before the whole of general Vivians army rallied would be lost, and the christians would not only recover the lost ground, but sweep his armies across the Francis creek once more a total defeat which would peril his movements on Alorinia.

He was bound to capture those guns, especially by mowing down the men operating them, and for reforming his column and adding them with fresh troops made a tremendous assault of the most steady ferocity, but so horrible was the losses inflicted, that Manley was unsuccessful, the main christian force was almost rallied, and the artillery was strongly supported, and Manley now fairly unconfident of success, and felt like giving it up. As for general Vivian he felt that he had seriously blundered in taking Hansons advice in allowing Manleys armies in cross to cross the creek, and many of his officers fully believed that this was the cause of the great disaster that had occurred.

They wished now to counter charge Manleys staggered army, but general Vivian did not see it wise to do so, as one had already been made, and ended with serious disaster, and to make it worse Manleys whole entire line was fairly storming with fire. He believed it more wise to allow Manley to crush his divisions again at the artillery, and now as the bigger guns were being placed into position Manleys blazing lines were incessantly raked with a hailstorm of shrapnel, high explosives and other missiles, which gapped and tore it the whole in length of the line.

General Vivian was apprehensive of the threatening outcome for he learned the full conditions of the affairs along Hansons line, and this filled him with the fear that the battle was entirely lost, and headreared less something serious should happen to Evans and his daughters left under his charge. He decided that Evans must be located at all costs, as he firmly believed that Evans alone could have the means to save general Hansons army from a disastrous defeat. So he summoned general Lickwick Baldwin the staunch staunch friend of Violet and her sisters and when he arrived general Vivian said;

"As a proof of your friendship to me and my daughters, I have a favor I wish of you. It's a dangerous mission I'm sending you on, and you can refuse if you want. But what ask is that only you I can trust to deliver this message to your friend general Jack Evans in Hansons command and it's you I ask. Will you go?"

"Yes sir," answered Baldwin without a moments hesitation. "I just know where the retreating christians are, and probably can find him easy."

"Good I knew you would not refuse," said general Vivian with tears in his eyes and laying his hand on his shoulder.

Baldwin took the sealed envelope and rushed southwestward, reaching Hansons disordered command without encountering a single glandelinian, and it took him nearly an hour before he saw general Jack Evans and the little Vivian girls coming and immediately rushed alongside of Evans.

General Evans though superior to Baldwin's sudden command taking the offered note proceeded to read its contents, while Baldwin rode on with them waiting for Evans decision. His face turned red as he read it but never theless he was only excited. This is what he read;

Dear friend Jack Evans;
I have before requested that for the sake of my little daughters under your charge that you do not enter any actual battle, without being notified to do so, but under such serious circumstances as is now occurring, it will be necessary of me to require it of you. Hanson is dangerously wounded, his army is without a leader, and if not rallied my stand will not be successful. I request you to assume supreme command in his stead, and rally the army. Please do it quickly as longer delay is perilous.

General Vivian
Angelina

"This is a good chance to show general John Vanley what an enemy he has made out of a onetime friend. Though I thought Evans to himself: 'I will show Vanley who is the enemy!'"

Then turning to Baldwin he said:

"Really as much of the force as you can, telling them that their retreat is endangering the civilian girls. I'll do my part elsewhere, and you require my little girl friend friends to help in this also. Hurry, no time is to be lost."

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN EVANS TAKES HANSON'S PLACE IN COMMA ND..

Evans and the little girls then dashed among the retreating christian columns, and Baldwin having told him how general Vivian checked his assailants, Evans decided to try the same stunt. He dashed among the retreating artillery commanders, shouting again and again to each commander:

"Get your artillery ahead of the retreating columns. Orders of general Vivian. Dash off like mad!"

The artillery was soon stampeding on the way, Evans dashing back and forth with caviary among the men, and his encouraging words and the presence of the civilian girls who were pleading piteously soon had the effects of rallying many thousands who of course were ordered to resume the retreat in a more orderly manner, as to stand now was folly.... The little girls were among other artillery battalions, Evans quickly coming up behind, giving the commanders the same instructions, and within half an hour two miles and a half in front of the retreating christian columns, there was forming a deadly chain of cannon similar like general Vivian had originated, and the same kind of guns, though better still than general Vivian had done, the other heavier artillery was lined up far to the rear, and half of Hanson's army was already being rallied, though still retreating swiftly under orders of their commanders.

"Now then," said Evans riding up to the main commander, and showing him general Vivian's order. "He checked Vanley's columns along his front the same way, by drawing his artillery far ahead of the main retreating line, and we can do like wise. We will wait until all the christian columns stream to the rear of the batteries, and then give Vanley the hottest reception he ever got any way. I have a special grudge that I would like to pay John Vanley and I'll pay it if I get the chance."

"Oh don't shoot him," pleaded Violet. "He is mean but may change." "So will the devil change," laughed Evans. "No dearie, your wish will only be granted, if Vanley keeps himself out of my sight, for other wise I'll have a machine gun bring him down." "I don't care for one," said Jennie. "Violet don't be foolish. He deserves it the best."

"So he does," said Violet. "I would shoot him also if I had the chance. He will never repent. God don't see fit to forgive the fiend because if he did Jennie Jennie would not have recovered his sight when she offered it for her conversion. So why let the rascal escape and persecute us more and more!"

"No indeed indeed," shot back Catherine. "I have my pistols handy and if Evans don't see me when I do I'll save him the trouble."

"So will I," said Mattie. "presenting her pistol." "We are perfectly justified in killing the assassin of little children."

Vanley said nothing but her silence meant more than words, as her eyes flashed, and tears streamed down her cheeks, as she examined her own gun.

As she was the only one who had thought different at first, Violet seeing that all her sister sisters did not agree with her, said:

"All right then. I'm the same opinion. Evans riddle him with the machine gun if you get the opportunity. Otherwise we will kill him if we see the chance."

By this time almost the entire christian force was streaming to the rear but here the enemy was coming faster than they did. General Vivian's line was almost upon the batteries. General Vivian knew it, they were within a hundred feet of the batteries, when Evans saw them coming but surprisingly to him they were silent, the landelinians having seen the batteries and opening a withering storming fire.

Scores of gunners went down dead, hundreds fell wounded, horses reared and plunged, the horses of Evans and the civilian girls were killed under them, the chief general of the artillery force was killed, and for a moment there was confusion among the surviving gunners.

"Hold those guns," roared the other commanders as the landelinians sent forth another storming fire of bullets. Aim low at their waist bands, fresh gunners take the place of those fallen, not then steady now fire and give them hell."

All at once there was a roar of guns that shook the air with a terrific concussion, and the whole surgewhich had come within range had fairly withered away into dead and wounded, the other columns in the rear were appalled and panic stricken and thrown into great confusion. A sudden series of musket volleys followed the simultaneous cannon fire, the other line was rapped and torn, and the survivors becoming more panic stricken recoiled.

The noise of this firing was heard plainly where general Vivian was, he of course knowing what it meant.

The main surge of landelinians came up at this moment, led in person by general John Vanley, and arrested the confusion, general John Vanley giving orders, for the batteries to be violently assaulted.

The onslaught was terrific like a mighty shock of twenty tidal waves, on a strong breakwater, and twenty times the whole full length of each twenty-two surge were shot to pieces, and the survivors even driven back with more frightful slaughter, and one hundred generals down in killed. Who could imagine the frightful roar of salvos of so many cannons, the crash of millions of musketry, and yelling of the combatants all this time.

The din was ear-splitting and Violet and her sisters though half a mile behind the firing line had to keep their hands pressed together, tightly over their ears to keep out the frightful deafening din that fairly made their very hearts leap.

In the meantime during his twelfth assault Vanley had been arranging his own batteries, and when he made his twenty-first assault, with all his might, it was covered by a fiercer artillery fire than ever seen before, and the shock of the assault was so vehement that it was almost successful. The line along the center gave way before the pressure of the attack, but the rest of the line supported by the fire of the heavy artillery far to the rear, held its ground so finally slaughtering column after column, the landelinians attacking in seeming overwhelming numbers.

Once during the onslaught the enemy had captured the artillery but it was retaken before a shot could be fired. Vanley led this assault in person, being at the right of the attacking waves, in the region where

Jack Evans was in person, but to no opportunity presented itself for Evans to get the rascal. It indeed was a frightful attack, and at times the smoke of musketry almost obscured the opposing forces who continually kept a distance of forty yards, from each other, and having closed fifteen times in frightful death struggles.

The losses on both sides were indiscriminately terrific, but still heavier on the christian side, and Evans wondered if the christian line could hold out or not. A second time in the midst of a roaring screaming inferno of death and destruction the enemy had gotten possession of the batteries, only to be driven back again by overwhelming numbers leaving walls of dead in front of the guns, and mounds of slain between and among them. This was not a battle but a massacre.

And so appalled were the landelinians that they finally recoiled and once more. But the desperation of their leaders knew no bounds, and again the attack was resumed with redoubled violence, and this time though the frightful inferno of the battle was redoubled, the foe were again successful the landelinians annihilating one quarter of the brave defenders, and driving the remainder back in confusion toward the other batteries of heavier guns, and tried six times with the fury of utmost desperation and determination, to capture these, but these guns, ploughed twenty miles gaps in the attacking landelinian columns.

and the Angelinians a Angelinian reinforcements taking to their pikes and bayonets closed with the Glandelinians and fought a desperate battle of fury and rage, so doing effect work while the Christian cavalry, crashed or crashed upon the assailants like an avalanche driving them back once more with exorbitant loss, recapturing the other batteries, and followed them until ordered to recoil by their leaders.

At this point Manley had lost nearly half of his attacking force, and appalled over his frightful loss he decided to fall back and wait until the final issue came between general Vivian, and general Johnston Jacken Manley.

VIOLET AND HER SISTERS, LITTLE ANGELS OF MERCY.....

If his father general Johnston Jacken Manley won again, they would drive at Jack Evans like a wedge, and keep driving until he won. During the full Violet and her sisters came back to where they knew general Jack Evans to be, watching the thousands of men carrying the wounded to the rear, for and friend alike, and erecting human breastworks of the dead of both sides. The wounded however were twenty to one of the dead, many having terrible shell wounds.

They could hear the distant firing along general Vivian's lines, and wondered how it was turning out, and was it as cruel as the part raging along general Johnston's lines. He did that best to ease the sufferings of the wounded soldiers, whether he wore the purple or the gray, and surprising as it was received heartily the news from both. Scores of wounded Glandelinians had horrible bayonet wounds, a good deal of the fighting having been with the bayonet, the machine guns at times having been inactive, when at such close quarters, but these Glandelinians were the better sect among the Omarians, and regarded the Vivian girls as little angels of mercy, and told them to keep out of reach of general Johnston Manley under any conditions for a reward, telling them that the reason general Manley attacked so furiously, was to crush Evans and destroy them. When all the wounded that could be gotten inside the firing line was brought to the rear, as outside no one could go, on account of Manley's continual drum-drum-drum fire, which made the region a million times more dangerous than "No Man's Land," then they covered a region of nearly forty miles in length in a perfect sea of human suffering.

The purple of course were separated from the gray, but from the Angelinians from the wounded of both sides received the same equal care, to which many thousands of the better Glandelinians were grateful and really hoped their benefactors success.

Violet and her sisters looked closely among the wounded Glandelinians for somebody they thought they might know, but all the faces were strange to the little girl girls, they having expected to see Boothhead, as they had heard he had fallen in the Christian lines in their location.

But fortunately the rumors were false for he had not taken any part in this attack, as he had not been commanded to do so. He of course was ignorant of the immediate presence of the Vivian girls, but during a lull he got his tent. Manley rode up to his tent and said:

"General Francisanna I have no doubt that you know the Vivian girls and have had serious trouble with them before the war. I've offered a great reward for their capture or destruction, and if you wish to claim the reward you may do so. Catch them and you will get the reward."

Boothhead he hesitated for a few minutes and then said:

"I don't know about that, your excellency," said general Francisanna. "I tied those very Vivian girls on the closest edge of a treacherous geyser intending to lure them to perish in a miserable manner. However they got loose and escaped, and in perceiving they slipped and fell down the geyser. And to think of it it was near the time to a spout too. They could have escaped too, and let me perish at will, but the little girls did not do so, and rescued me not a moment too soon. I asked forgiveness, and promised not to molest them again. And I must keep my promise. I promise come what will. And I'm sure if you was in my place you would be grateful too."

"Be it as you wish then," said Johnston Jacken Manley. "As for me I will not say anything of the matter, as this was only a request of my son."

And he rode back to his own concentration point, and watched the firing of his guns and long lines of musketry. He really wished to lay his hands on the little girls, but no one would undertake the task of going within the Christian lines to get the little girls, especially as conditions were now. He knew of his dangerous adversary Jack Evans, who could guard the little saintly children almost as powerfully as their real guardian angel, and if he could only get him out of the way, all would be well.

For an hour he waited for news from the main army assaulting general Vivian, but though news gradually came, it was only that general Vivian was still standing his ground, and slaughtering his son's army frightfully. There was no pleasant news anywhere, it was only failure, failure, failure. He did not think it wise to resume the assault against the Christian line now under general Jack Evans, especially as his generals disagreed of it but yet he did not dare to retreat without his son's orders, and he tried various maneuvers to cause the Christians to attack, which finally, and to his sorrow he succeeded in doing, the Angelinians making a more fearful assault than ever seen before in battle against his entire line. The attack was even more terrific than Manley had expected it to be, but nevertheless he believed that if he could inflict severe losses, upon the Christians he could then be able to repulse them, resume his own assault and win the battle entirely to a finish. But he reckoned without the host. Having drawn his forces into the attack much against his will and been having been unable to restrain his men, general Jack Evans flew into a rage against general Manley, and decided to play a real childish prank, so kiddish, that Manley was flabbergasted. Within half an hour both flanks of Manley's line was completely turned, his main line was severely cut up, and thrown into confusion, and the survivors began streaming back toward the rear south in a fearful rout, the Christians gradually but successfully after series of sanguinary engagements, recovered all the ground they lost, retaking their two lines of works, which had been abandoned during the fearful fight in which general Johnston Vivian had been wounded, and Manley's works also.

It was a frightful disaster for Manley's army, which had been routed like the French army at Waterloo, and even general Boothhead, who tried to cover general Manley's retreat, and suffered fearful losses, before the long series of Christian onslaughts forced him to yield also.

The plains and woods though three hours passed, were still enshrouded by the thick smoke of the recent firing, which had been more severe than before.

Manley tried frantically to retake his lost position, finally succeeding, after his whole line for three hours was fearfully soothed and soothed, the smitten and broken fragments pressing the Christians slowly back, but only as far as their own works, which was as yet impossible for Manley to recapture in his frightful condition.

His whole army was frightfully deformed and deformed, and portions disillusioned by losses, and it took a four hours lull to regather them. But just now Jacken Manley attacked no more, and not a gun had remained to his army, the Christians capturing every battery he had, even the guns they had seized Manley's lines of works, when retreating to their own works. The Christians now had all the artillery, Manley had hardly a field piece. It was the greatest loss in cannon the Glandelinian army had ever suffered before, and the greatest and most surprising accomplishment the Christians had ever effected before. This proved to the two haughty Manley what an adversary Evans was when aroused. Evans was surprised over the happening himself. Johnston Manley was now completely helpless, his army was in a jeopardized condition, and should Evans resume the attack with the same hellish fur as before, all would be lost.

He sent an immediate appeal to his son stating that if he received no help he might as well consider himself beaten, for he himself would retreat without further resistance. Evans himself immediately wrote to general Vivian the following, which reached him through the means of a messenger:

"Your excellency general Vivian I, still laughing as I write this to you. I have rallied Hanson's army, repulsed general Manley, inflicting great losses by the wholesale, countercharge and crushed Manley to fragments, and sweeping his army far beyond his own works, which he finally retook after sanguinary slaughter. But general Manley is without a single cannon as we have every Glandelinian battery in our possession, besides retaking our own. Manley is helpless and as soon as I reform my forces I shall immediately resume the attack, and either capture, or rout him.

JACK EVANS
GUARDIAN OF THE
VIVIAN GIRLS"

General Vivian did not laugh however when he read this, but nevertheless took it for granted, that Evans had done a great deal more than expected and if the battle was won he must get his reward. So he sent back Baldwin with an immediate answer:

GENERAL JACK EVANS:
Your excellent success will through my means bring you the credit of the victory if the battle is won, so I advise you to do as I command, and you will come off well. Do not delay in your attack upon Manley, and if the battle is won I'll do my best to get you a higher commission, and the full honor of the great and Holy nation/Angelina.
YOUR FRENCH FRIEND
GENERAL VIVIAN...."

Evans indeed thought it very imprudent to delay the attack longer than necessary, and only a lull ensued in which time was taken to reform the christian line, and before he least expected it, Manley saw large columns of Abissinians swarming forward once more to attack his lines. Despite being without the assistance of his artillery, Manley for a long time managed to give serious and successful resistance but the onslaughts were so continuous that finally the Glandelinian columns broke and fled abandoning their works, and nightfall closed the scene of the frightful carnage.

All the rest of that day the other Manley had continued his assaults against general Vivian's line throwing forward a hundred divisions per hour, and as fast as these divisions were crushed and mangled, and driven back in confusion, another hundred would be driven forward to the assault, but only met with terrific dislusion, and heavy losses in generals.

The slaughter was merciless, but only when ten times general John Manley, threw hundreds of divisions forward to the attack, and see them either reel back in fragments or be wiped out, did he abandon the attack. Then general Vivian's whole line like an avalanche crashed upon Manley's disordered armies, and within three hours, had recaptured one half of their lost ground, where the enemy then rallied, and poured the most terrific fire of the whole war upon the christian assailants.

Put this check was only a momentary one. General Vivian's whole series of batteries were pounding Manley's lines, inflicting killing and maiming losses and finally another general onslaught caused the withdrawal of Manley's army, general Vivian being enabled to make a final advance and retake his works, which had been abandoned by the hasty withdrawal of his troops. The action had cleared along this point more assailing Glandelinian troops than seen before in battle within such a short space of time, though of course the action had ceased several hours sooner, than Hanson's lines, but here general John Manley still retained his works.

Indeed this had been a most sanguinary and terrible battle, of the most frightful fury, and now where was that mighty Glandelinian band, who so vauntingly swore that despite the aid of the good God, that the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion, a come and country, should be left to Angelina no more! Their oceans of blood had been washed out, with their foul footsteps pollution, and the surviving fragments in prayer, once so haughty and defiant of God was now in dread silent repose.

The main chieftain however, still had a fresh force in reserve to equal general Vivian's despite his father losing three quarters of his own army, in killed, wounded, and captured, but nevertheless both the two GREAT Glandelinian generals had a strange fear of general Jack Evans, alone who was responsible entirely for the sweeping christian victory, and were a least he to resume the attack on the morrow.

It was a stinging blow the two Manleys had received a crushing blow after having routed both the christian armies for twenty miles, and then have this disastrous chance come so suddenly, and the christian losses one to their twenty. It was horrible to think of and Johnston Manley had almost fainted when the defeat occurred.

EVANS WITH VIOLET AND HER SISTERS VISITED GENERAL HANSON
HANSON..

The losses of the christians under K Jack Evans alone was far greater than Johnston Manley's, on account of the sweeping devastation caused by the annihilating Glandelinian fire, during Hanson's terrific assault, but nevertheless the whole christian loss was one to John Manley's twenty, in the whole Glandelinian army combined. Hanson however though dangerously wounded, was only injured severely enough, to put him out of service for a certain time, and that evening Evans inquired of his whereabouts and went with Violet and her sisters to see how he was.

They found him lying peacefully, in one of the general hospital tents, congratulating a group of officers around him for the victory that had been won. They all turned their heads as Evans and the little girls came in, Evans halting abruptly, and saluting the little girls going the same.

"Here is general Jack Evans now," said general Charles Brown.
"He is the one who deserves the honor. He took command of your forces while they were in confusion, rallied them and won a great victory. He led us three times against Manley in the face of the hottest fire, and routed him three times."

Evans had by this time approached the tent, motioning the generals aside, and Hanson said that general Evans was worthy of a extremely high commission, and that he would see that general Vivian would give it to him. Violet and her sisters were joyful to learn that he would be able to resume command about two months, and that his injuries were severe but not mortal. While they were in the tent it started to rain outside in sheets to torrents, and as Evans and the little girls had to remain where they were, until the rainstorm stepped. While remaining there Evans told the whole story of how he came to assume command and defeat the enemy so terribly.

"It is probable that the two Manleys may resume the battle tomorrow, but just the same I believe we can thrash him a gain if they dare to resume the fight," said Evans. But general you have such a strong overwhelming force. How came you to be wounded, and your army three times the size of Manley's force so disastrously beaten before I rallied it?"

"Knowing my brother to be in severe action, and waiting four hours for an attack which did not come, I attacked myself and not intended." Said general Hanson. "We advanced across Zoo Res McAllister Run, and suddenly we were half surrounded by an inferno of H Glandelinian cannon and musketry. The region became windrowed with my dead and dying, but I managed to rush my troops through with terrible violence, and some near forcing the enemy's line when a shell killed my horse, and put me in this condition while a storm of bullets flew about me several of which hit me. I fell throw my comrades into confusion, and their lines being broken by a most gallant onslaught of musketry and cannon fire, they retreated in a panic, several cowardly men leaping out of the zone of danger though pursued for three miles. My fall alone a great reason of this confusion you found my army in."

"Otherwise you would have been successful right then and there, despite running into the great ambush of general?"

"Yes," Exclaimed Hanson. "That is what would have happened. It was really an unexpected occurrence."

"Well we have won now," Said general Kindernine. "And on account of your general Evans."

"Well I did it especially for poor Violet and her sisters. If the foeh had won they would have succeeded in capturing and assassinating the little girls even if they had to annihilate the christian army to do so. But they didn't."

Violet and her sisters alone did not know that general Evans had caused the defeat of the ferocious Glandelinians, until they overheard the conversation between Hanson and Evans, and then they were around Evans in a moment.

"Oh Evans how wonderful," Cried Violet. "To think it was you who won the battle and before you told us you were unable to do anything."

"Well when I malloved to go into battle, there was nothing that I can't do," Said Evans. "I'll give you Jennie dear, a nice deck of gold Rosary Beads if you will count and tell your uncle exactly y

exactly how many of the enemy's guns I caused Hanson's army to capture."

"I can't tell how many guns there they are," Said Jennie. "But I have heard that that Manley lost every piece of artillery he had, and nearly over three quarters of his army. But I did not know it was you who caused it."

"You made the exact statement," Laughed Evans, and handing her and her sisters each a large orange besides the Rosary Beads. "I did not mean that you should figure in numbers, and don't as yet know how many they were in numbers myself. But to be familiar according to the statement of many generals who wrote to be about it, that all the artillery they captured added up, makes three hundred thousand guns in our possession. Some haul I'll tell you."

"And further than that," Laughed general Buster Johnston. "During our morning's defeat we lost nearly every piece of our own artillery. To recapture all our own, besides all our lost ground, the entire line of the enemy's works, dissilusioning three quarters of his army, and capturing all his guns, is some feat I'll tell you. And it was you Jack who caused it. And I can still laugh when I remember the rout of the gray forces."

"That was the same with me," Said Evans. "If an swarm of racing men were pursued by a cloud of honey bees out of thousands of great hives, they could never have outdone those Glandelinians in running. They fled as if all the evil spirits were after them with a storm of fiery darts."

When the next morning, John Manley's generals shrank from carrying out a plan, which would cost millions of more lives, saying "We are soldiers not butchers," general Meckensia rose at the war council and said:

"Your excellency and all highest, I will take full responsibility of the affair. Never mind the cost, never mind the lives. On my head be it. I'll carry out the plans of retaking the lost guns at all costs."

This was the plan of the two main Manleys as the reserves were brought up with the instructions to recapture the batteries they had lost with all costs. General Johnston Manley himself really lenthed out to attempt this foolhardy task, but never theless he was just as bound to recapture those guns as his son, no matter what the cost.

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It was also general John Manley's intention now to have his father to make any assault against general Vivian but also to concentrate possible the whole Glandelinian army against general Jack Evans with the support of his own main batteries which alone had escaped capture, which he had during the night sent to the support of his father General Johnston Jackson.

Manley. All these plans had been carried out during the night, between artillery duels at intervals, and the next morning scouts reported to general Roswell Buster Johnston that John Manley's whole army seemed to be supporting Johnston Manley's shattered army. Roome became alarmed but nevertheless he reported the case to Evans who was with the little girls at the time. They were horrified at the news for it meant that there would be a horrible massacre. If there are born fools with dead brains the two Manleys seemed to belong to that class. Evans was however quite apprehensive and decided to get advice from general Vivian sending a messenger immediately, and then was surprised by the news that the christians under Vivian had licked the Glandelinians at the battle of Glandelinia capturing the whole of Frank Manley's army which had surrendered. Soon the messenger returned with this report, which Evans read to himself and then to these generals:

MY FRIEND GENERAL JACK EVANS:

I expected this movement right along since last night. My scouts had reported queer changes taking place within Manley's lines. If they attack don't hesitate to use all the batteries freely and I'm already sending heavy reinforcements to you your support, and will bring the rest of my army against Manley's soon as I get the remainder on the march. We will let the two Manleys know what fools they are."

YOUR FRIEND GENERAL VIVIAN"

Evans never mentioned anything about the note to any of his main generals, but immediately gave instructions that they were to let the Assaults have all the gall and wormwood they wanted when the assault began. Through some means however Manley's assault was delayed or seemed to be delayed, but nevertheless wary Evans was on the lookout for any tricks of Manley's for he knew that the sly fox would attempt to any trick to win a campaignary battle like this one. Roswell Buster Johnston had removed Violet and her sisters from the immediate region to keep them out of the zone of danger, and at ten o'clock the assault came with redoubled fury compared to the assault of the day before, Manley suddenly massing a vast flood of Glandelinian and Gargolinn troops against the christian lines. It would not be any use for us to try to tell how the christian batteries roared, and the musketry crashed and rattled, but after the first repulse there were many dead and wounded Glandelinian soldiers that you could have covered the whole of Lincoln Park with them like a thick carpet, and yet there would be sons of them left. Johnston Manley was severely wounded, Meckensia was killed, and the surviving generals were horrified at the horrible butchery.

The most massive Glandelinian columns that John Manley could dare get together was again thrown against the batteries with twice greater fury, the attack being so vigorous that flood of men swarmed among the guns, only to be cut down and crushed. Again and again, and still still again, the desperate essay was repeated. Only with the same horrible result. It seemed as if the end of the world had come, every range of hills in that immediate region seemed as in other battles, to be in violent eruption from the frightful echoes of the artillery and storm, and finally when it lulled, nature itself seemed to have died, so terrible was the destruction.

During the next desperate essay Manley threw hundreds of monstrous waves against the christian lines repeatedly, the whole world seemed to wither into chaos and destruction, and during the frightful hell of carnage general Roswell Buster Johnston saw the fatally wounding of general Charles Brown, Kindernine was wounded, severely, than Roswell W. Buster Johnston was disabled, and ten other christian generals were killed.

The essay was almost successful when the remainder of general Vivian's army arrived, the hundreds of assaultive waves were torn to fragments, by a dangerous fire, and the survivors recoiled pell-mell---the whole christian line surging forward, capturing another quarter of Manley's army and totally routing the remainder toward their works.

The battle again lulled, and yet Manley refused to acknowledge himself beaten. He then, his generals hastily gathering the small remainder of the still retreating troops and hastily withdrew them to cover of their own works pursued for a certain distance by the exultant christians.

Chapter 51

THE STRUGGLE CONTINUES. THE DEATH OF HANGDELINIA.

For an hour the confused portions of Manley's recent attacking columns had continued their retreat, despite the facts that his main army was increasing from the immense forces arriving, and which was under Ambrose Fuller.... General Vivian and his various other commanders immediately laid siege to general Johnston Jackson Manley's right wing which had become separated, Evans forces which having started later had made a continual advance since morning through beautiful forests, jungles, through gorges, the low hills through gorges, through valleys, swamps, on the low hills, the little girls seeing much of the Angelinian country through which they now passed.

The inhabitants of the town the christians under Evans passed through, though in Angelinia was fully inhabited by Glandelinians, but nevertheless they were against the butchery committed by their relations, and sided fully for the christian cause and cheered them wildly as the Angelinian soldiers passed through.

Violet and her sister admired the beauty of the Angelinian hills, and mountain fields, tropical woods and jungles, and wide grassy plains over and through which the christians advanced....

For John Manley, it seemed as if the war was completely lost, and when when one quarter of his father's army was hemmed in by the christians he was apprehensive. The officers in the surrounded wing demanded that general Hangdelinia surrender before the christians desolate their columns. They declared it was his fault because of his downfall, and that to save the army at this point from destruction, he must surrender to general Vivian and sue for peace.

Hard pressed by his own officers who even threatened an uprising general Hangdelinia demanded of general Vivian what conditions would be accepted if he surrendered. General Vivian however answered the same way as general Grant did at Fort Donaldson, and Hangdelinia was still more apprehensive.

General Manley himself decided to try once more to strike general Vivian to save his father's surrounded right wing, and to prevent Hangdelinia from surrendering in that humiliating fashion. During the dull of the conflict he sent many scouts out to find the christians, but they reported there was outnumbered ten to one and that more christians were coming under general Evans, probably a portion of the main army which had remained further behind during the first hour of battle to that morning.

General Johnston himself on account of one wing being trapped was afraid to attack the powerful army now pressing upon him, and general Hangdelinia demanded that general Vivian accept his surrender on several conditions, and not also inhuman and rude to a fallen leader, whom at his mercy. He even stated he that all done by his armies would be atoned for, but again general Vivian shot back by writing:

"I'll accept no conditions whatever. You've simply got to surrender that is all and when in my possession I'll do with you as I like. There will be no terms, as you will pay dearly for the massacre of children, the disgraceful use of the religious, and the ruining of the Angelinian towns. If you are wise you will rise your hands and let your army slip in front of your eyes."

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The two Manleys himself seeing that they could not save the surrounded wing unless by desperately attacking general Vivian, they decided that the best plan was to make an assault on the entire christian line at once with the entire force, to drive the assault with all their might, and break it at all costs. He did his best to quiet the soldiers in the surrounded wing, telling them by wireless the fact that he they could now lick general Vivian easily. Indeed he was now confident that he and his father could worse general Vivian if he only tried, but then he thought it best to sent his secret service men to find out the location of the Vivian Girls, and when known that afternoon he would order the force of the attack in that quarter, capture the Vivian Girls, and order General Vivian to retreat back into D Calvernia to save his daughters from massacre, and then after general Vivian obeyed, he would kill him anyway.

So at nine o'clock in the morning before the full the secret men were sent off in large bodies, adding hundreds of boyscouts, but general Starring on the christian side then spying on Manley and his army had heard the whole plan, and in going toward the christian lines to give the warning came in contact with a party of the military police, who supposed him to be one of the men of a separate scouting party as also, and he had a quick question to the whereabouts of Violet and her sisters. Of course he did not know, did not want them to know, and did not care to betray no one to these rascally assassins.

He decided that these were some of Manley's spies and immediately answered:

"I have not seen them, though I'm looking for them as well as you men. Haven't you found them yet?"

He then learned from the men they were trying to locate Violet and her sisters, and pretended to be a scout, that the Vivian girls were just ahead of a party; knew the way their guardian, and that even during an attack to capture them was impossible, as putting an element through a key-hole.

The Glandelinians laughed also, and said that they believed him, but that nevertheless that it was their orders to do so, that Manley would win a hand at least the location of the Vivian girls must be discovered, and that it was up to Manley to do what he can.

So as soon as these Glandelinians passed on, general Starring wondered what to do. He knew that if poor Violet and her sisters were not warned, Manley would be successful this time, in finding their location, and succeed in carrying out his plans. He decided to prove his friendship, by either warning them or Evans. He slipped toward the christian lines, and coming within sight of it saw three very pretty little girls of dazzling beauty, riding toward his locality on horseback. He had never seen them before but nevertheless as he could not understand of seeing other children riding horses so well he knew they must be the little girls.

He rode under cover of a large tree, and waited for the appearance of the little girls, who suddenly turned the head in the road, halting abruptly when they saw him.

"Don't any of you, little girls or either your other sisters, proceed any further." He said warningly as they halted. "And I'm playing no jokes, but warning you that it is dangerous to proceed."

"Warning us?" Said one of the little girls who was Jennie. "What is wrong?"

"Glandelinians are moving all over the region to locate you little girls, so as to capture you if possible, when Manley makes his attack. I have met one of the searching parties."

"That is what Manley has always been doing." Said Catherine. "But we will look out for the scouts, and go back to the lines as well. But tell us what does Manley intend to do?"

"Capture you little girls."

"And after he captures us?"

"He is a more treacherous scoundrel than I ever believed him to be."

Said general Starring. "From what I heard when spying, and from the men in one of the searching parties whom I conversed with, I learned that Manley intends to capture you little girls, and when in his possession will send a warning to general Vivian that if he does not withdraw from the siege of the wing, he will kill you little girls after torturing you as far as he sees fit." But he intends to do it whether general Vivian abandons the siege of the surrounded army or not. So I thought I would warn you little girls before it is too late."

"On the feast that he is and after all our prayers and hardships were offered up to God for his conversion." Said Mattie hurrying into tears. "I knew John Manley was mean but I never could believe he was so treacherous, and after we crying our eyes out for his soul."

"To bad----to bad." Said Starring. "Johnston" only has put him up to it. It is both of the Manleys that you little girls must lookout for."
 "I'm very glad that you told us." Said Catherine. "And I will see that papa will promote you for this. You may come with us into the lines. You have done us a sw service so prohibit saved us from being murdered by those assassins, and if he does not promote you we will consider it an act of ingratitude."

Starring felt that his heart was bursting for love of these little girls who led him through the lines, coming suddenly upon Violet, Jennie sister Joice, Daisy and Angelina who were riding through a company street.

"Did you capture that Glandelinian ally yourselves?" Asked Violet with a surprise.

"No, and neither will he be a prisoner." Said Jennie. "He is General Starring who warned us that we were about to be ambled upon by the Glandelinians, and we are going to report the affair to papa."

"Is that so?" Said Daisy coming from a tent she had just entered, followed by Evans and Gertrude Angelina.

Starring told them the story in short detail and Evans was full of furious.

"Those searching parties will know nothing about their whereabouts." He muttered to himself. He refused to go with them in to on this occasion, stating that he will make it hot for those military police, and galloping to his lines he detailed fourteen companies, separating each, and formed deadly ambushes for the searching parties. Violet and her sisters rode up to where general Vivian was directing the placing of a new battery, finding him with a group of generals, and when at their request the officers were dismissed, the little girls told all that Starring had mentioned, leaving out nothing.

General Vivian looked long at Starring and said:

"How many Glandelinians have been sent?"

"That your excellency I could not state for exact numbers. But by the looks of things there must be thousands."

"Who is leading them?"

General Rooster."

"General who?"

"General Rooster Flunglam is what they call him."

"They ought to cut his head off and prepare him for dinner."

Laughed Baldwin who remained. "Those Glandelinian generals certainly do have funny names."

"Well what ever his name is this is a serious matter." Said general Vivian grimly. "According to this general's testimony the two Manleys are endeavoring to find the location of my daughters, attack that point with all his forces their force, and kill them whether I abandon the siege of Johnston Manleys right wing or not, after trying to get me away by his wily threats. That John Manley is as wily and as treacherous as the king of the devils himself, but nevertheless I'll prove that St Michael and Lucifer will have the game all played over again, and that Lucifer will be beaten again. I'll leave the Vivian girls here where they are, but let Manley dare to attack this quarter and I'll slaughter his very legions of men. My two wings on the right and left are well protected by steep hills, and can afford to hold off armies ten times the size of theirs without the support of a single cannon. So all the artillery will be made to support the center at which this treacherous attack will come."

"I'll see to the artillery." Said general Baldwin arising, and he remounted his horse and rode off. General Vivian called his generals back, gave each one instructions, and they left one by one.

"As Evans is a devil of a fighter put him in main command of the center of the christian line." Advised general Starring.

"He has command of it." Said general Vivian. "And I have sent some of the officers to him with special instructions. I'll prove to Manley that he is playing with a volcanic furnace."

Then adding he said

"There is the rascally Starring boy and his companions who waylaid him."

"They are with one of the searching parties your excellency. You will be doing me and your little daughters a great favor to get them recaptured."

"Well." Said General Vivian. "He and his companions have committed several errors for their treatment of the little girls, without any reason. I'll promote you to major general if you will sacrifice your time while on your short for furlough by tricking those lads away, and lead them into a trap, and cause their capture. Do this and I'll be a greater friend to you than ever."

"You are welcome to them any time you mention." Answered Starring.

"And it will be no sacrifice. I'll go out find the party they are in, tell them that I'm a bitter enemy of Violet and her sisters, tell them that I know where to find them, and lead them into one of the traps Evans has set for those searching parties. I may risk my life doing this for I may get shot in the ambush. If not I'll tell you how it came out."

"Do so." Said general Vivian. And Starring bidding good bye to the little girls went off on his mission.....

STARRING'S REVENGE.....

Starring escorted through the picked lines by Violet and her sisters, soon had left the christian lines far behind, and riding around for a time soon saw a long surge of Gargolians approaching. They seemed countless in number, the sudden terrific roar of heavy firing was heard far off to his left. He left and placing his glasses to his eyes he surveyed the approaching troops, and discovered that it was not a searching party, but really a full stream of advancing Glandelinian cavalry.

Where they were going he could not make out, but nevertheless there was nothing important about them, as Starring and his two companions were not with them, so he hastily left the region, continuing his search for Starring and his two companions. He finally came upon a large column of Glandelinians among which were the three boys. The column halted at his approach, one of the officers demanding:

"Well stranger have you seen any of the children called the Vivian girls?"

"Yes I have and can easily lead you to them." Said Starring. "I got inside

the christian lines and pretending to be their friends discovered their whereabouts. I'll lead you there."

As Starring wheeled his horse the lieutenant gave the order "Forward" And the whole column followed the treacherous christian enemy. They had gone on galloping for half an hour, when reaching the main road hundreds of redcoats suddenly darted out from behind trees and rocks, Gertrude Angelina seeming to be the leader of the surprise party.

"Surrender ye varmints." Yelled one of the redcoat lieutenants furiously. "Or we will cut you down like dogs. You'll not find the Vivian girls, but we will be glad to show you our camp prisoners."

But these Glandelinians at first would not surrender, but immediately drew their sabres and dashed at their christians, and in the confusion of the battle which raged fiercely general Starring as escaped out of the mass waving to Gertrude to follow him, which she did:

"How did you manage this so cleverly?" Shouted. "We heard your promise to general Vivian, but I never expected you to lead a whole column into the trap. I expected only Starring and his two companions."

"Well I thought there there would be one searching party less." He answered seeing now that the remainder of the Glandelinians were surrendering when seeing that the fighting against such tremendous odds was useless. The three boys had endeavored to get away fighting as furiously as any of the graycoated soldiers, but were severely injured in the melee, and indeed general Starring had done his work well paying the three bad boys well for their sacrilegious treatment of poor Violet and her sisters. However the three boys were only severely wounded and that night general Vivian had seen them and promised forgiveness if they would repent. One of the Glandelinian officers in the searching party that had run into the ambush was a good catholic and before he died he was repentant of his deeds, gained Starring's friendship and forgiveness, and also the forgiveness of the great christian general and the little girl girls.....

He died after relieving the last Sacraments, the little girls praying for him until the last, as well as did general Vivian and Starring. General Vivian had not wished that the poor lads should be so severely wounded, but it happened, it was the fortunes of war, as the reckless Glandelinians trying to fight their way out of the trap into which they had fallen, had been utterly responsible for it.

GENERAL MANLEY SUGGESTS INLOCATING
THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE VIVIAN GIRLS.
THE ATTACK ATTACK.

However despite the vigilance of 604 of the Angelinians, and the ambushes formed by Jack Evans, the scouts succeeded in locating the point where the little girls were, and reported the case to Manley. Manley believed that he saw his chance, and decided to make his intended attack.

He had been cautioned by his officers however to be careful for they had learned that general Vivian was concentrating heavily on the center with artillery and infantry, and it so seemed as if the Christians were preparing to make an attack on themselves.

By these reports Manley became alarmed, and kept scouting parties out incessantly, watching the movements of the Christians, and learn what was going on.

They came back with the report that general Vivian must be in knowledge of his intentions to attack to capture the Vivian girls, as the Christian Christians are concentrating nearly all of their artillery on their main center, and strengthening their works.

They also reported that outer works were under construction, and that other works besides this far in advance was also under construction, which looked very suspicious to them.

"Somebody must have spied on my army and learned my intentions too soon damn it," snarled Manley in a sudden rage. "I had heard also that some treacherous Angelinian had led one of my searching parties into a trap and that many were slaughtered, and the rest captured. I suspect that Christian general called Gerald Starring, though I cannot confirm my suspicions."

Nevertheless despite all this Manley decided to attack anyway, and at any risk, and lick his enemy anyway. He however decided to draw all his artillery to the center to support the great driving onslaught he was to make in the efforts to capture poor Viola and her sisters. He was sure of success, for he himself had the opinion:

"Where there's a will, there's a way."

It took him two hours to get his artillery all concentrated upon his own center, and then still for some strange reason he did not attack the Christian line. Another hour however the attack came, eighty million firearms, being fired in a few minutes at a time, mingled with the roar of eight hundred thousand cannon on the Christian side, and seven hundred guns on the side of the enemy, which made a terrific din that shook the city of Calverine three hundred miles away, and as eighty thousand cannon on the enemy side blew up all at once the opposing sides were shocked from the frightful crash.

Manley's whole center fell heavily upon general Vivian's right, the conflict becoming more cruel and sanguinary, the fury of the battle gradually increasing.

The Angelinians held their positions against the fiercest assault. Thousands of brigades, and scores of thousands of divisions, were thrown against the Christian line under general Jack Evans, with the most awful force, and horrible fury, and during the marvelous and most cruel sanguinary conflict, every one of these brigades were thrown back crushed and mangled, with every column shot to pieces.

The attack indeed had been exceedingly terrific. The whole Glandelinian center had assailed the Christian line with irresistible fury for twelve hours, attacking with the most greatest energy, but all of the Glandelinian divisions were hurled back horribly cut up, and pressed back, as the Christians countercharged in overwhelming numbers, all of the Glandelinian divisions being driven back, mangled and be the bloodied, with their millions of fallen paving the fields.

All of the main gray line was dreadfully shattered by the collision. Phelan Jackson on the side of the foe was killed. Bicknell

Hanson was slain by a burning shell, Bicknell Penlign's arm army was crushed to fragments during the fearful onslaught and he himself was killed. So furious had been this conflict, that all of the volcanoes on this earth seemed to blow up in usual eruption, the earth seemed to open her mouth in damming fury, cannon flashes were a hundred times worse than lightning, the heavens seemed to split in twain, and fall down in avalanches of fire and explosions, the earth for scores of miles seemed to whirl upwards in shreds, the whole world of men and earth itself seemed to blaze and hurtle through the air, amid the crash and maddening uproar.

The gray line would reel backwards, millions going down only to lunge forward again with and main, only to be slaughtered and driven back in oceans of blood.

Broken by his bitter defeat Manley decided to leave the regions of Francis Creek and if he still retained any hopes of making another stand it must have vanished, when he discovered the city near by in flames, that the Christian pursuers were furious, and that

many of his old officers had turned sourly against him as a commander who had utterly lost his power to win victories. But to elude general Vivian just now seemed out of the question, and so he managed during his desperate attack to extract the right wing of his fathers out of the encircling Christian armies.

THE SERIES OF OTHER GREAT BATTLES.....

Simultaneously to the beginning of the year on September 1th 1915 Christian armies were driving against the other nine Glandelinian armies under Mayford, Logan, Tenebre, Flapper, Frankford, Henning, Franklin, Batteria and Laughington Jennings. All brothers commanding separate armies.

Mayford on July 1th whipped Bavaria at the frightful battle of Atlanta, but two weeks later on July 15th was beaten himself at Caroline Bethel, with frightful loss. Logan and Tenebre, on the 24th simultaneously were successful against the Christians in the two battles of Mayflower, and Candleflux, but Tenebre on the ninth of August was repulsed at the sanguinary battle of Madge Evans, and again on the fourth of August won the fearful battle of H Graeb Greenburg, but payed with the loss of a leg for his victory. Flapper on August 14--24th was victorious at Lexington and Torrington, but was mortally wounded at the battle of Protestia September 1th in which 10,000,000 fell on both sides singly.

General Francis Hennings Christians won this battle. Flapper and Frankford were worsted at Abram and Yourke's, on August 4th simultaneously and at Schloeder a August 15--17th after mortal combat with general Zee Rae Logganias Christian army for three days was beaten but on September ninth in the engagement with Stanck's Abbeinnians under Bicknell Logan one of his generals blundered, and during the sanguinary battle of Padula which raged two days his army was cut to pieces and routed for three hundred miles. None of these Glandelinian generals fought any worse battle than Henning did.

Henning being worsted June 1th at Greenland Junction, repulsed at Pittsburg Landing, on June 3th after a four days engagement stood his ground June 7th and fought a terrible battle at Daisy Run July 3--4th against general McWhirther's Christians army. It was a battle worse than Francis Creek and so manfully did he hold out that McWhirther was only too glad to withdraw from the horrible slaughter. Franklin was victorious at Cubanias July 12th, Batteria was also victorious at Stanck, June 14th, but worsted at Collyer on the fifth of July and vanquished with losses prohibited to be told, at Tenebre, on

August 15th. He however was more successful at Catherine Lee, and Jennings Lee. September 1th and 25th. Daughtington bent Greenburgs army on June 19th at Grove, and again bent him July 1-16th-24th at Nellie and Orenia, and successfully routed Greenburgs army after a severe engagement at Aronburg August 13th-15th. No further engagements were known since then except the battle of Herberian, with general Vivian and Manly July 1th 5th. Despite his defeat at Herberian Manley was still very obstinate and as long as he knew that Calvernia was still full of Glandelinian armies, and as long as his assisting nine generals were able to win victories, he was determined to rather risk death than allow general Vivian to drive him a step farther. He had his hopes that at Vivian Wickey could be retaken and the islanders well, but he hoped against hope. He felt very bitter over his bloody repulse at the battle of Francis creek, and so was determined to secure Violet and her sisters some other way. He decided to detail some of the best secret service men he had in the army, have them disguise as Angelinian officers, enter the christian lines, watch the Vivian girls closely, and the moment opportunity presented itself lead them out of the lines far beyond beyond pursuit, and ride off with them to his lines.

But for the secret service men he knew that this mission was as dangerous to them as an infant crawling into a dragon's den, and so he cautioned them to be careful, what they say and do, as the Angelinians were as merciless dragons are to their victims now, and that a single break, would mean their sure finish there.

Indeed Detective Gibbons, Mc-Holleser, Burns or Sherlock Holmes could not beat these secret servicemen when at work, but nevertheless their mission was a failure. Three days had passed since the battle of Herberian, when Evans was conscious of seeing strange Angelinians officer watching everything that the little girls did, size him up when with them, ask unusual pressing questions, and follow them secretly everywhere they went.

This of course aroused his suspicions, and he watched their every move, ordered soldiers to watch them also, and warn and commanded the little girls to never go anywhere unless he was with them. The strange and queer actions of these strange officers, continued for several days, Evans having been the only one to notice it. Evans indeed suspected that these officers were not true Angelinians, but some one else in the disguise of christian officers. At first of course he had not the slightest inkling of impending harm toward the little girls believing believing that the officers followed them around, or watched their movements on account of admiring their beauty.

But finally he gradually suspected something else which led him warn the little girls not to go anywhere without him with them.

Three days later when his suspicions was greater one of the strange officers rode up to Evans with an air of one who thinks of he owns the world and said

"You are the guardian of the Vivian girls I suppose?"

"Well suppose I am." Answered Evans rather with sarcasm.

"And when you ask me questions salute first, and remember I'm general Evans and you are a lieutenant, and when you ask questions ask them in a civil manner."

"Excuse me sir but I forgot to salute." Answered the lieutenant. "Beg pardon sir."

"I never knew of an Angelinian officer let alone a private who did not salute an officer before." Said Evans. "And upon the question again. Why do you wish to know if I'm the guardian of the Vivian girls. And why do you eye me so critically? Do I look like a chicken hawk to you?"

"We see you with them all the time." Answered the officer saluting. "That is why I ask."

"Well I have got a question to ask myself." Said Evans. "How many times were you instructed to salute a superior officer. You have been saluting me at every word. Is it?"

"By gosh this man is so excited he does not know what he is doing at all." Thought Evans to himself. "If he was a true Angelinian he would not act that way."

The soldier did not answer Evans question but wheeled his horse and started off without saluting but Evans said suddenly:

"Halt don't move until I say so."

He started off but Evans drew his pistol and cried.

"Halt or I'll fire. You are to be held for examination. I believe you are one of Manley's agents in disguise. Your excited action in being confronted by an Abbeinnian general shows it."

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IT the lieutenant seeing the pistol leveled at him, halted but the moment he saw his chance he darted away, but Evans did not fire.

And why? Because he was not sure of his man.

Later in the day Evans was passing a tent on foot when he heard low voices. He halted listened, and alined over the ropes between two tents, and not to the side of the tent from which the voices proceeded.

He listened.

"I'll tell you." Said one. "That wewill never succeed in carrying off the Vivian girls, with their guardian in the way. I met him to day, he was suspicious, and almost had me. I got so excited in seeing these christian generals."

"Well, what shall we do then?" Asked another.

"Lure their guardian into a trap and kill him."

"But he is too fox to be tricked. We must try something else else." Said a third man.

"To attack him openly would be folly, as he is a regular Sampson." Said a fourth man.

"Indeed I know it." Said alander. "Why not wait until to night, hide in some dark spot, wait until he comes a long and shoot him dead."

"But the sound of the shot will arouse the Abbeinnians."

Said the first speaker. "And then we will be worse off, and will have to make our escape without our prizes. Come think of something good. We have been waiting in this camp long enough."

"Oh, hush, what is the use then? Come let's go out. We may find the little snipes alone and get our chance."

Evans kept in hiding until the last man had gone out, then he made for the tent where the little girls were.

"So they are just what I thought, Manley's secret service men." Said Evans to himself. "I wonder how in heavens name they manage to get within our lines. And so they will shoot me in ambush hey? Well they will find me more fox than they think."

He reached the tent found the little girls sitting in a ring in the middle of the floor of the tent, fixing bandages for wounded soldiers.

They arose respectively as he entered, and then crowding around him asked him for news.

"Some of Manley's best Secret Service men have entered the lines."

Said Evans. "They have been plotting to carry you little girls off, but according to the conversation I just heard, they don't dare cope with me face to face. I must run into their ambush according to their conversation."

But never fear they will be prisoners before long. They are no doubt on the way looking for you little girls, believing that I left you alone."

Well we will pretend that is it is so. But I'll have this tent surrounded by soldiers and have them keep out of sight."

Evans detailed two squads of soldiers, and directing them to their hiding places, and then went into another tent to watch proceedings.

Indeed the rascally Glandelinians "a" into the trap, for they were about to enter the tent, when they were surprised by the hiding Angelinians who appeared suddenly. One however alone was captured, the rest being shot as they showed resistance or tried to get away. Again Manley had been unsuccessful in his attempt to cause the capture of Violet and her sisters.

News had come that during this occurrence that general Tenebre had fought a battle at Compendium raging seven days starting August 6--

to the 13th the christians being successful capturing general Francis Jo's army, and crushing forty one assaults made by the Glandelinians. It was a severe engagement than the one at Daisy Run the Glandelinians losing 919,942 prisoners, and 980,564 surrendered besides those of Jo's army which consisted of 250,000 men. But the first report of the Glandelinian loss in killed and injured was considered as 10,000,000. The losses were greater however but the generals refused to give the exact accounts.

Another conflict was fought with Franklin and the christian general McWhinn Mayford at Zimmermann Run. This fighting was fierce and bloody the losses of both sides being appalling, but R Franklin was forced to surrender, his army being surrounded and cut up.

This battle raged ninety six hours, starting on September 9th ending on the 10th. Losses on both sides were prohibited to be stated, though it was said by war correspondents, that from 800,000 to 9,000,000 were killed killed on the christian side.

The Glandelinians left 8 9,800,000 dead upon the fields.

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GENERAL JACK EVANS RECEIVES A FAKE MESSAGE.
HIS INVESTIGATION AND WHAT COMES OF IT.

INDEED one of the most surprising things, or experiences that general Jack Evans ever yet had in his life occurred about two weeks and three days after the frightful battle of Johanna or Francis Creek the apparent greatest christian victory in the war. He apparently received a stirring as well as insulting letter from one of the Vivian Girl Princesses, but not signed only by her but also by her sisters. It was brought to him by a colonel, but a man whose face he did not like, and also whom he had never before seen in the army. At first he had the temptation to question this strange officer but fortunately did not do so. Of course he did not and could not know what to make of it. At first knowing whose writing it was he almost believed it at first. And why should he not believe it. It was surely her handwriting and no one else and that would decide the most shrewd of all men.

It was a sealed letter demanding his immediate surrender of his sword to general Ev Hanson and the handing in of his resignation from the army altogether. At first Evans was so excited and so startled and so shocked as well as shaken by it that he could not help but believe it. For a long time he sat by his table reading it over and over and wondering exceedingly what it all meant, and what could have induced them to do such a thing. And how could it be possible. After all he did for them throughout the long war. If it had not been for him they would not be alive now. Were they insane all of a sudden from their hardships or were they just tiring of his companionship?

But then it couldn't be. And besides no one brought him a message from them the day before. At first he thought all over his experiences with them during the war so far how he had helped them through all perils, how friendly and good they had been to him and how they had loved him as if they were his own sisters. And then feeling almost heart broken he decided that it was not his business to resign from his command even if they were the Princesses of Abbeannia because he really was under the full authority of Emperor Vivian, and the old Abbeannian government and he had been advised by all to receive no message from any one without investigating it first.

Also he had been appointed their chief guardian and therefore he should alone as his written statements proved and the important papers he had in his possession prove that he should alone be their superior next to their Uncle and Father or parents and relations and that only they could have a word in whether he should resign his command or not.

Of course if he really did do anything wrong, or offended them seriously in any way they could demand his resignation providing they had the Government and their father sign a note to which the report should be confirmed and it should come straight from the Government and brought to him by a general who was to take his place. And yet the note came by only a colonel and there were no government signatures or even Emperor Vivian's name on it at all. He felt fearful and yet suspicious together. Yet he was dumbfounded because it was written in Joices own hand writing and also the hand writing of her very sisters were on the signatures. But to his surprise there was something else he could not make out. Why write to him with a lead pencil. It was unusual for they usually write in ink or print the wording by a typewriter.

These thoughts somehow made Evans feel a strange suspicion come over him, a suspicion which he could not resist or throw off. Was it a trick of some body to get him out of the way. Was there someone trying to give him the Jim Jams. Evans was no fool. He did not jump at every little conclusion that came out. He was slow to believe anything, slow to even obey a message that came without the proper signature. And also he knew not why they should demand his resignation for such an insignificant thing as stated in the letter after all he did for them, and suffered and risked for them throughout the war so far. At first when he read the letter after receiving it he was both shocked, broken hearted and then fearfully an angry at them for to try to get him out of the war this in this way would be treason to their own country on their very part. After he had first read it he had just sealed the note, and stamped it and had ordered the coming of a swift horseman with the purpose to send it to Emperor Vivian when the nature of the writing, being without ink, and some thoughts that came to him made him change his mind. He knew the Glandelinian generals have

tried every desperate plot to get him and their other guardians out of the way so they could destroy Violet and her sisters or to cause other harm to them as to stop their work for their country's cause. He therefore became suspicious and the more he thought of this the more suspicious and uneasy he became. He therefore determined to investigate. He read it several times more and the more he read it the more it upset him, and yet the more suspicious he became. The message was as follows:

TO HIS EXCELLENCY:
GENERAL JACK AUBROSE EVANS.....
SIR:.....

Your immediate resignation from the army is demanded. There are no explanations to be asked. You were requested to appear at our head quarters to go out with us on a scouting tour and for some reason or other you failed to come. So no excuses is necessary as we do not have time to listen to any. We don't even trust you any more no matter what you have done for us or how good we have been to you before.

VIOLET VIVIAN.
JENNIE VIVIAN.
JOICE VIVIAN.
CATHERINE VIVIAN.
DAISY VIVIAN.
HETTIE VIVIAN.
EVANGELINE VIVIAN.
A.B.C.D.
JOHANNA JUNCTION.
FRANCIS GREFFY..??

WHAT really surprised Evans more than ever was that he surely remembered that he had never received any summons from them to appear; and if they really did send a message he did not receive it. Yet from the handwriting it looked as if it was absolutely a fact that he was asked to resign his command immediately. But yet the very wording of the letter sounded or read unusually suspicious. For a long while he paced up and down in his room in his headquarters in a very bad mood indeed. And all this while at first he almost could not help driving out of his mind the thought that they were very ungrateful little Princesses to turn him down like this. To even write him a curt insulting message after all he had risked of his own will for them. For all that morning he thought y thought over in his mind all he had done for Violet and her sisters and how they had been so friendly and even loved him and risked their own very lives in many ways for him too. And then other thoughts came to him. How Righteous they were. How loving and kind and generous they were to every body. No Had Cross nurse could ever quadruple the most kind doctor in the deeds they did for the suffering wounded of both sides even of their worse enemies. The tremendous sacrifices they had made; and all they had left, home and every thing just to be in the army with common generals who were under them to serve their country and suffer all that no one else in the world has ever suffered before yet. And the more he thought of this the more he began to suspect it was a fraud. It was not in the way to do this. They could not do this to anyone who was their friend. And besides the way they had been so unusually devoted to him it seemed impossible. And resign his command at so critical a time? Why it would ruin the nation. The war would end in favor of the worst enemies of Our Blessedford and put the Vivian girls and their parents in great danger; compell them probably for safety sake to flee from some str to some strange land in exile. This could not be. He knew the Vivian girls always said that if they did not have General Evans the cause might be lost right then. And even now he imagined the beautiful little princesses were beckoning to him in their friendly way, having what we call visions of them, pleasing their games with him and of all their friendly courtesy to him and his generals. He also remembered how faithful they always were to him; and how often his generals, and even the superior generals of the armies even wise Continentian Aronturg and General Dargar had warned him not to let any thing part him from them, not to even leave them out of his sight for a day. Finally after glancing over the note again he felt a change come over him a feeling that almost confirmed his suspicions that it was a fraud. They never wrote messages in lead. They never used lead pencils except for only sketching plans and maps and the like. All messages were written in ink of by typewriter. And he also knew there were many persons

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persons in the world clever enough to copy correctly the handwriting of some one else. Even he could do that himself. And they could not be felt positively sure demand him to resign from his command when their nation is at stake. He then had another thought which gave him a ray of hope. Penrod the day before had been with them from morning till night while on duty with his services to them. He realized the boy could tell him the whole truth. He decided to send for the boy immediately and explain matters to him after questioning the lad. He went to the door and summoning his orderly said in his military tone; but with a slight touch of anger and nervousness in it:

"Have Captain Schofield Penrod the boy about lad sent to me!! in a hurry as it is something very important and I will tolerate no delay on the part of the messenger whatever. I want to see the boy immediately!!" The orderly saluted and withdrew. On questioning another officer Evans was then informed that the Vivian girls were visiting general Vivian and he did not know when they would return. Evans then asked:

"Were the Vivian girls out scouting yesterday afternoon?"

The officer looked surprised at the question:

Then he smiled as Evans looked so nervous.

"There is something on your mind your Excellency!! he said!! you look worried and scared about something. But they were not out so far as I know of. But you better ask Penrod their friends. He will tell you all!!"

While Evans waited for the lad to come, he took from a small dressing dresser a large round magnificent glass and examined the note through that and also the signatures of the Vivian girls. And to his surprise he noticed that through the glass the nature of the writing changed a good deal. Just as he finished and set the glass in the drawer the orderly announced the boy's arrival and then Penrod came in and stood at attention. For fully five minutes Evans did not stir but stood looking out the window. He was almost afraid to question the boy. He was apprehensive that the lad may confirm the note if they really did send it. But after standing there for that length of time he decided to have it over with. Then turning to the boy he motioned to a chair saying:

"Sit down my boy. I have some important questions I wish to ask you!!"

The boy did so and then Evans again stood in front of the window without saying anything but he trembled a little. Penrod observed that the general looked worried and angry, and nervous and acted as if he was excited but he waited for him to speak first as was his usual way. After a while he swung around and faced Penrod and looked him squarely in the eyes. Then he said with a shaking voice:

"I tell you boy I want you to tell me the truth, and know you will. Where were you yesterday all day?"

The boy was surprised indeed at this question and wondered what the general meant. For a moment the lad thought he was called to account for so a wrong deed some one might have accused him of to the general about. But he answered truthfully looking the general squarely in the face:

"At their own request sir I was with Violet and her sisters all day.

They asked me to do something for them."

"I understand, I believe you my boy," declared Evans looking more at ease.

"Had the Vivian girls any attention of having me accompany them on a scouting tour yesterday afternoon?"

"They had intentions of going out on a tour but not to have any one come along but only boy and girl scouts, but they changed their minds as there was nothing unusual to do," the boy answered. "I asked them if they wished to summon you and they said, 'No you worked too hard for them the day before and needed a rest. They praised you highly for saving the army from defeat and could hardly stop talking about it. Two of them slept all afternoon.'"

"Suppose I will not believe that," answered Evans looking at the lad almost severely.

"I'm not telling you any lie sir for a hundred officers can prove my words are a fact," said the boy in his usual decided manner. I even played a game with the rest of them all afternoon and ate supper with them. I have also other good solid proofs of all I say sir. Even Angelina Aronturg and Jennie Warner were there and will tell you."

Evans was silent for another long while. He paced up and down the room in an excited manner. He then went to his desk and with that magnifying glass made another examination of the note and comparing some of the handwriting of the original letters recently written to him by the Vivian girls. Then he made a slight startling discovery. The handwriting of the note had a marked difference when compared to the others. He now felt positively sure the note was forged by some one who thought to get rid of him or at least get him away from the Vivian girls so the Glandelinian agents or

other vandals could lay their hands on them. A first he was going to dismiss the lad but decided to investigate further. So he replaced the letters and the glass, then rose from the chair and then entered the room once more causing the boy to wonder exceedingly. Then he stopped abruptly, before the boy looked keenly at him for several minutes and then observing by the boys face that he was telling the truth said:

"I'd any of the Vivian Girl Princesses write any one a message?"

"Yes sir."

Indeed this answer startled Evans: it gave him a foreboding that after all the note was not forged. However he looked at Penrod searchingly and asked with alarm in his voice:

"Are you far sure you are not mistaken?"

"No sir."

"Positively?"

"Yes sir," she wrote the note yesterday morning. I was with her when she did. She seemed to be in a hurry and sent it off without the slightest delay too. She did not wish to be questioned by any one by it though."

"If so my boy to whom did she write it?"

Evans surely expected Penrod to say "To you". Had he done so Evans would surely have received a shock. The boy himself was surprised at this question and also felt suspicious and alarmed that something was either wrong with the general or that Evans foresaw some unseen danger lurking near them but he surprised Evans also still more by saying:

"Yes she had me in person deliver the letter which I did at noon time yesterday. I returned at half an hour's time."

Evans felt easier now for the note he received came early in the morning and was delivered by a colonel, a man who he did not know and whose face he did not and had not trusted.

"And which one of the Princesses wrote it?"

"Joice, Vivian."

"Any of the others sign their names to it?"

"No sir."

"What?"

"No sir. Joice did not even put a signature of any of her sisters or her self on the note. She only signed it 'THE VIVIAN GIRLS.' She wrote the message to general Viviananna requesting him to appear before her and her sisters at 2 P.M. yesterday afternoon."

"I believe you are just making that up," said the general scowling fiercely just to try the lads firmness.

"No sir I am not," answered the lad.

"Could you produce a duplicate of that copy as she always writes another on carbon paper?"

"No sir, she only wrote that one this time and used her typewriter, and signed the words 'The Vivian Girls' with red ink."

"H.M. And where is general Viviananna now?"

"At his headquarters."

"Do you still think he has the note?"

"I'm not positive sir."

"All right my boy. I'm a superior general and he will do all I ask: go me a special favor. Go get that note if he still has it. Tell him I must see it for very important reasons. Tell him that through that very note the Vivian Girls are in danger and I am going to investigate before it is too late."

"All right sir," and the lad was off in a moment. As he rode on his horse at a swift gait he wondered exceedingly what had gotten into the general. Why the questions about the Vivian Girls, and what he was doing at their headquarters all day yesterday. Did he suspect something that was going to happen to them? And is it so what was it? And why did he examine those papers so carefully with the magnifying glass. And why did the general look so worried, act so excitedly, and angry?

In about twenty five minutes he was standing before general Viviananna and the latter was surprised exceedingly at the request and Penrod's story of his interview with Evans.

"Are you sure it's general Evans and not his double?" he asked for this was the first time Evans had ever demanded to see a letter written to some other general and it looked mighty funny to Viviananna.

"Yes sir," answered the boy. "He wishes for the note."

The general knowing he still had it, made a search for the message and finally finding it handed it to the boy saying:

"If I were you I'd warn the Vivian Girls right away. Maybe Evans is suspicious. They may be shadowed by some unseen danger."

"I'd like to warn them," answered Penrod, "but they are out now having gone since morning and I don't know when they'll return."

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the Vivian Girls desire to disengage him, the would boys to print the sheet full of statements, call in full of his attention, and the lad, sent it to the government. It is stamped, sealed, and confirmed by the General. Then it would be sent to the Vivian Girls for their signatures, and then further to the Vivian Girls for their own signatures. Then the Vivian Girls would have to send it through the general (General Viviananna) (Viviananna) to be signed and confirmed from them. Then there it goes back to the government to be rewritten by the Governmental Publishers, confirmed by the Government again and brought to the general who is relieved from command by the one who succeeds him.

So this confirmed Evans that again enemies were attempting to lay their hands on the Vivian Girls but wished first to get him far enough away as Violet and her sisters would be left unprotected.

"All right then my boy," said Evans. "I know you are telling the truth. I did receive such a message and that is why I question you. I know the note is forged and will apprehend the writ or if I can. I'm a general Hanson Vivian well enough to see me."

"The Vivian Girls say he is getting along pretty well."

Evans sat at his desk and wrote a note, signed his name, sealed it, and gave it to Penrod.

"All right you may go my boy," he said. "But see that general Russell Master Johnston gets this note ordering him to place a powerful guard around the Vivian Girls headquarters. But if you see the Vivian Girls Princesses tell them I would like to have them come to see me at general Hanson Vivian's headquarters this afternoon. Tell them why if you wish. It does not matter."

"All right sir I will," answered the boy and saluting he withdrew. Evans then summoned his orderly immediately and when he came he said:

"Bring my horse. I'm going to general Hanson's headquarters right away for I have to see him on something very important."

The orderly brought the horse, and within another hour Evans was standing before his friend, who with his arm in a sling and a bandage around his head was sitting at his table looking through a lot of paper and smoking a cigar.

late that same morning Violet and her sisters had returned much earlier than they were expected. After they entered the house Joice was sprawling behind her sisters. She noticed the door of her writing room open. "That's strange," she thought. "I surely remember that I closed it this morning."

She was about to follow after her sisters and pay no attention to it when again she stopped. Suspicious of what she knew not what she stepped to the door and looked into the room. She saw it was evident some one had been at her writing table. She even found the ink bottle was used, papers strewn all over the floor and the impression of someone having written on one of her tablets with a sharp lead pencil. Looking for her writing pen she discovered it sticking into the floor near the table. But her tablet with the carbon paper between the writing sheet, sheets, had not been used. She felt scared indeed. Some one had been able to get into her room despite the guards. First thinking some of her sisters may know of it and had forgotten to tell her she thought it best not to tell them, but changing her mind she called a number of soldiers ordering them to scour the building. Then she told her sisters what she had discovered and together they went into the room to see for themselves. Being alarmed that they had been raided by some spy while they were gone they looked through all their belongings but but were still more surprised and mystified, as they did not find a single thing, whether important that was missing except excepting one of Joice's letters. Inquiring for Penrod they learned he had been summoned before general Evans. This put them more nervous. Then they examined all the writing paper but did not find a single clue as to who was in the room and left it in such an untidy condition. Nothing was missing here either.

This made their discovery much more surprising and mysterious. All the guards who had been at the house the day before as well as the morning now were questioned, but they said they were absolutely sure that no one entered the building. Of course knowing that some one must surely have entered, as the evidence was in Joice's room Violet and her sisters doubted the statements of the guards believing that the mysterious person who ever he was must have either slipped past the guards disguised as some National officer of high rank, or had posed as one of the very sentry themselves, wrote on the paper when not seen and then escaped when he was relieved.

*****"I'll do that," exclaimed the boy, and then saluted and left. On his return for Evans headquarters he first handed for that of the Vivian girls. On his questioning the orderly, the latter said: "They'll not be back until this afternoon. I'm afraid they are with general Vivian just now, and they are sending an important message to Emperor Vivian telling him of the glorious victory Evans won for the nation just a few weeks ago." Perrod thanked the orderly for the information and then rode off toward Evans headquarters. He was admitted into the building and seeing the general now in another room, went in, saluted, and handed him the note. General Evans thanked the boy warmly, handed him a big piece of cake and then glanced over the note. As he read it he fairly jumped to his feet. It was written in fewer letters than in the note sent to him. It read as follows:

5 DEAR STR:

YOU R DEAREST O' FRIENDS.

Evans motioning the boy to sit down read it again and compared it to the other note. The handwriting to him looked alike but their names were written on the note sent to him.

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'TO THE VIVIAN G.M.L PRINCRSSES:::::::::::
YOUR MAJESTIES:

GENERAL FRANCIS VIVIANANNA. "

Evans was admitted immediately into the presence of the great general Hanson vivian. After saluting and greeting him warmly Evans putting on a snbo sober face said!!!

suddenly gone crazy. He could not know what to make of it. Why his best friend and most reliable officer of all the army, one who he could depend on as much as his guardian angel leave the army at such a time as this.

"What?" he demanded "resign your command?"

"Yes sir."

General Hanson arose abruptly from his chair strode to the window and looked fixedly out for several minutes and Evans noticed that his friend was trembling. Then after several minutes the general said with emotion his voice as if he was about to cry;

"Why Evans, MY GOD, and leave us in a hole because someone else told you to do so. Never. I won't let you. I won't accept your resignation. No one can force you to. No one has any authority over you whatever. I won't have it. Why our armies can only depend on your leadership. And think what would have happened if you had not stayed Manley's success at Francis Creek near Johanna Junction. We will lose the war altogether, just when we are starting to win it. Your resignation will mean the utter ruin of the nation. Why Evans I think you are mad. No one would ask you to resign your command. They can't do it. Think how Holy our Cause is. That to back out now by resigning is the same as deserting Christ himself. The nation honors you. Emperor Vivian loves you as his own son. All the generals adore you. The Emperor wants you to take his place of his treasonable son who went over to the enemy side. You are as great a general as Concentinian Aronburg. And think of your poor friends the Vivian Girls. And all what they have done for you. And how they trust you. They are surely Princesses in this Country. They are mere little girls, pretty as can be but they are almost as powerful as their own father the Emperor of Abbeinnia. All of us generals no matter who we be or what we do or what our rank is are supposed to be under their orders. Yet no one can I believe boast that a saint can ever be like they are in goodness; and so on. I realize that you know yourself what they have risked and suffered when if they desired so they could have remained safely at home. And all the persecutions they have experienced and suffered of their own free will since the war began.

They are Emperor Vivian's daughters Evans, Princesses of our nation, but they love you more than any other man or boy Evans. To resign now would be to desert them. And think what your resignation would cause. Without you aiding you, there will surely come a disaster that will ruin our nation altogether. A disaster that will even be fatal to them the little girls whom you yourself love as much as they love you. Why my boy it is utterly impossible. You can't do such a thing. The Government would surely withhold your resignation. You would be treated as a traitor."

"I'm awfully sorry Your Excellency but it cannot be helped," said Evans.

"I have to do it much against my will. I've been ordered to do so."

General Hanson sat down in his chair almost falling into it as it were, and stared fixedly at Evans. Then he got up again, walked over to the window and looked out for an intolerably long time. Then he swung around and asked;

"Are you sure that you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes sir."

"Do you really mean it?"

"I'm afraid I'll have to say yes."

"Why then you must be crazy man," Hanson exclaimed. "For the love of God do not leave us in a hole at a time like this. No one can tell you to do this they have nothing whatever to say. It can only come from the government. For the sake of the Vivian Girls who have suffered all for us and you please remain I beg of you. Who is it that tells you you have to resign?"

Evans knew his point was now reached. He had driven in his stake. To excite Hanson Vivian in this was always fatal to any foe who wrote fake notes and this is the reason Evans did this.

"Your Excellency I would like to," said Evans smiling in spite of himself but looking nervous nevertheless. "But it is at their own orders."

"Whose orders?"

"The Vivian Girl Princesses."

"Their own orders?"

"Yes sir."

"I don't believe it."

"But it is so."

"But what did you do to offend them?"

"They requested me to go out on a scouting tour with them yesterday afternoon but I failed to obey as I received no message."

General Hanson surely gave Evans a look this time.

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"My dear boy what have you been drinking to day?" he asked.

"Nothing else?"

"No sir."

"You talk like you had taken a full gallon of something much stronger than whiskey," said Hanson vivian. "They did not go out on any scouting tour's yesterday. They were too tired to do so. I believe you are giving me the jim june. Or otherwise your lung endured hard hardships has unbalanced your mind."

"No sir," exclaimed Evans. "My mind is positively sound, and I'm perfectly sober."

"And yet do you mean to say you received an order from your best friends friends that love you immensely that you are discharged from the army for a very trivial offense sir?"

"Yes sir."

General Hanson Stared at Evans.

"Have you any proofs sir?" he demanded almost angrily.

"Yes sir. Here's the message sir," and he handed it to the general. Hanson gazed nervously at Evans as he took it believing at first for a sure that Evans was really insane and then unfolding the note looked at it carefully. But it seemed to him that it was a fact. It was absolutely in Joice's handwriting. But also the names of her sisters were written in her own hand only, and not that of her sisters. He couldn't hardly believe his own eyes. At first, he thought something was wrong with his eyes and he washed them and wiped them, and then read the note four times with a trembling hand. Then after looking at it with a more careful way he suspected a ketch in it. They never did yet write any message in lead pencil. Neither did they write any in ink. They use ink only for their signatures. They write notes with a typewriter. And he if her sisters wished their names signed to a note, they would write their own names the selves, and with their own hand. And also if they wished to discharge any one they would ask the government to do it. They would never sent a discharge note to any one in particular no matter whether they signed their names to it or not because it would be of no use without the signature of their father and Emperor Hanson, whether they themselves had power to discharge any one or not. They want the signatures of their father and also that of the government on any note they make out for anything except commands to the generals. So realizing all this and knowing the ways of Violet and her sisters he felt sure it was a fake in spite of the hand writing and, therefore he said;

"I don't believe this note is real, and I suspect you know it and are trying to try me for some reason or other Evans. It cannot be. They surely wouldn't do it Evans. Why little Jennie was here yesterday evening playing a game with me and while we played the cards she praised you immensely for your taking my command when I was disabled and saving the army from a disastrous defeat at Johanna's on the Francis Creek. When the enemy smashed irresistibly through and carried all before him you came up with your own armies, rallied my troops, and smashed Manley good and hard. She said her sisters appreciated your gallantry and said lots about you. You are Concentinian Aronburgs double. Manley fears you and your army as he does Concentinian Aronburgs. And general J Concentinian Aronburg has asked the Vivian Girls to ask their father the Emperor to make you his special assistant. They told Concentinian Aronburg, and even me that they will do everything in their power not only to get you a higher command, but have their father adopt you as his step son and make you the chief Prince, and their brother, for the, and their two loyal holy brothers love you and desire you as one. And yet you get this message. I really believe it is forged by some one or you are trying to play a joke on me to test my loyalty to the cause."

Evans was now emotional and Hanson's words only too true impressed him. Then he said;

"No your Excellency I'm not fooling you or playing any jokes whatever. I did receive that message. But I and Penrod and the Vivian Girls themselves can prove to you and me also that it is forged. That is why I startled you this way as you and I know by such means it gets the best results and makes it worse for the one who wrote it. I came to consult you about this and would like to interview general Dargar if possible. Penrod who gave me all the information brought me this original note written by Joice to general Viviananna and it has not at all the same number of words and only signed 'THE VIVIAN GIRLS.' No message have been placed at all. I have asked Penrod to send them to come here to see me in person and have a strong body guard accompany them. If possible I'll capture the writer

of this fraudulent note. The Princesses as I hope are strongly escorted so no one will be able to do them any harm. "I'm glad you did," said Hanson with a forced smile. "But this message is a serious, a very grave and criminal deed, and the penalty, especially for its purpose alone is death. I wonder if the great Gemini Leader is within the lines yet. He's been out scouting this morning. I'll find out."

At his side stood one a colonel. "Is general Dargar in yet?" general Hanson inquired. "Yes sir," answered the officer. "He returned over an hour ago from a scouting tour. He is very excited and angry about something." "Will you summon him here please?" "Yes sir. But there is no need to sir. He is coming and will be here in a few minutes. He has sent word he wishes to see you on something very important, something that will stir you as well as interest you very much."

"Thank you," said Hanson. The officer then withdrew. Hanson got out his own glass, and going again to the window examined the original, and the fake note, while Evans went to Hanson's telegraph instrument and wrote an order to general Vivianama to have all strangers no matter who they were arrested immediately, and held for cross examination, and to notify the outside guard not to allow no one not even officers of the highest rank outside the lines and to hold and question those who enter.

"It may not be possible to apprehend the writer now, that is the one to forged the message," he said to Hanson who was giving the notes a cross examination. "But there is a vile purpose behind that fake message and therefore I'll prevent it before it is too late. It is surely evident the message was sent to me with the purpose of some kind to get me far enough away so the Vandals can assassinate the Vivian girls, before their vile purpose is known. Of course, I first suspected the message was a fact but not for long for I then caught on to the truth. I'll tell you Hanson my friend there will be no quarter shown to all prisoners hereafter if general Manley and his rebel gangs don't keep their vandals out of our camps and leave the Vivian girls alone. This thing just infuriates me, drives me crazy."

Hanson gave a smile, a smile that was grim to see and it suddenly changed to a fearful scowl. "There will come a time when I'll give no quarter either if these brutalities and atrocities on the part of all the glandelinians do not stop," he said grimly. "They are rebels, traitors, and never did deserve quarter anyway."

A few minutes had now passed, and the officer appeared; "Your Excellency," he said. "The great Gemini Leader is here sir. He wishes to see you on something important sir."

"A moment please," said general Hanson frowning in a perplexed way. "Tell him I'm glad he is here. I've something important too." The orderly saluted and withdrew, and in another moment general Dargar appeared. He saluted both Hanson and Evans and then shook hands with both very warmly. Then before general Hanson could speak he said;

"I returned from a scouting tour an hour ago and some of my members have returned after having been in Manley's shattered army for three days." Then turning to Evans he said to him; "I'm glad you have had the Vivian girls guarded. They are in danger from disguised Vans Vandals who are hidden within our lines. I have this morning received a fake message from general Hanson Vivian, my friend here, and also a message from all of the Vivian girls, another from Jennie Turner, and Gertrude Angeline and even you Evans that my services are no longer required. If it had only received such a message and only one I might have been startled and believed it true but so many looked very suspicious. And the handwriting is correct, as to theirs, Hansons, and your own. If it is not an enemy trying to get at the Vivian girls then this writing is all from some mad man within our lines."

Evans and Hanson looked at each other. Then ordering his orderly to bring him every writing tablet he had in to him. Hanson showed Dargar the note sent to Evans, and after giving him a lengthy detail about what had occurred Hanson asked Dargar to show him those he had received, and he did. He looked at them carefully, and saw the one with his, and the very handwriting of the others. Then the orderly appeared and said; "Nothing is missing sir, except the duplicate copy of a letter you wrote to your wife."

"That accounts for my charge message," said general Hanson smiling to himself. "Take the general Dargar and see if you can detect

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the writing in any way." General Dargar looked at them long and carefully with his powerful instrumental glass after reading their contents once more. He looked surprised and said;

"There's a marked handwriting difference in the handwriting sent to Evans and me," he said. "The instrumental glass shows it plainly. Put I'm afraid I cannot say its forged enough to start an investigation until the Vivian girls see the notes themselves." At this moment an officer appeared.

"The Princesses have arrived," he announced. "Big body guard accompanied them sir and they wish to see you and Evans immediately. They are excited about something and wish to see you without delay. Find them are; 'Admit them at once and don't talk so much.'" thundered Evans getting angry at so much hot air on the part of this talkative officer. "Yes indeed, what do you think you are a talking machine?" demanded Hanson. "Admit them at once."

The talkative officer withdrew, their arrival was then announced by the orderly and then they came in like seven fairy spirit sprites and after greeting generals Hanson and the two others in their usual friendly way were brought to light about the notes sent to Hanson, Dargar, and Evans. They immediately proved that they wrote no notes to Evans or Dargar whatever and also stated that on their return from their scouting tour unusually early, finding her room door open and knowing she had closed it when she left, went in and found five sheets of her writing paper had been used, the ink bottle upset, the cork out, the ink all over the table in a black puddle, the pen stuck in the floor and the evidence of some one having wrote something with a lead pencil but not using the tablet with the carbon paper between the sheets. It was evident if he had he would have surely left some clues behind him. No one had seen him enter the building, or going out, and the fact that the headquarters of Violet, and her sisters was so strongly guarded made it look very suspicious to every one. Her sisters had not been in Joices room all day or the morning after and therefore did not know what had happened though they could not help suspecting one of the sentries, for it was said and talked a out about that one of them got relieved from duty by pretending he had been taken seriously ill all of a sudden. "He," said all physicians had been questioned but not one of them had received a guard, or any soldier or even non combatant who was sick or suffering from any ailment whatever. And he had disappeared.

General Dargar examined all the notes and decided they were evidently forged by that seriously "SICK" guard who wished by this trick to give general Jack Evans and Dargar out of the way so the Vivian girls would be without the desired protection of their guardian and other powerful retainers. General Dargar desired to examine Joices room, and so they all set out for the headquarters of the Vivian girls. When they reached it they found it as strongly guarded as Evans had ordered and were questioned throughly before they were admitted, even the girls were questioned by the guards for fear they might be clever glandelinian boyscouts posing as the Vivian girls. However seeing they were alright they were admitted by the guards at the door, and they all went into Joices room and the great Gemini started to examine everything she had. But the write of the note I notes left no clue behind him whatever. Learning that none of the Princesses missed anything of their other personal property general Dargar said;

"Did you keep or throw away the duplicate copies of the letters you wrote to any one girls?"

"We were foolish enough not to make any," answered Violet. "Yet we are always careful not to let our handwriting get into the possession of any one we do not know."

"What letters did you lose?" he asked of general Hanson himself.

"I do not know of any except the duplicate of the one written to my wife," he said. "I believe the guard did not say much. But I'll send a speedy horseman to bring them."

"I'll go and get them," said Penrod who had now come in.

"No my boy you stay right here with us," said Violet seriously. "You are usually in as much trouble with the enemy as we are, and we don't want anything to happen to you. The horseman will go."

It was five minutes before the horseman appeared, and ten minutes before he returned with the letters. They were examined and sure enough his duplicate to his wife, and one of the letters written to him by Joice and Jennie Vivian were gone envelope and all but Dargar said he hoped to trace

the writer if possible by means of the finger marks left on some of the letters. A lot of his members including himself were great finger print experts and could trace any one through them, as all soldiers of both sides in the armies, have their finger prints taken when entering the army and he decided to begin on all strangers, prisoners and the like. So he left to issue the order right away, but general Hanson vivian stayed with Evans and Violet and her sisters to talk of all that had happened concerning the note.

Violet and her sisters looked at Evans and then taking the fake messages read them only once. Then Joyce said; "I'm glad Evans dear that you investigated and did not act too hastily. Of course I know that you almost believed the note was a fact. You could not help it because the full likeness of my handwriting would deceive anyone. But Evans dear, I'll bet you received quite a shock when you read it."

"I'll say I did, and I did believe the whole thing at first," confessed Evans. "But when I was most excited, I suddenly remembered all the tricks rebel spy agents do to try and get rid of your guardians, and therefore ordered the special guards to watch your headquarters and guard it against these vandals, and another one to escort you on your way to general Hanson Vivian's headquarters. All strangers within our lines are ordered to be held for investigation, and soon if it is possible we will have the writer of that forged note."

"Yes you are a most wise move," said Catherine. "But we observe from your experience it would be dangerous for us to hereafter to send written messages to any one. I know that spies of all kinds lurk within our lines, and are in all sorts of disguises, and also pose as guards, retainers, priests, officers of all rank, nuns and the like. Therefore I do not know what to do."

"Communicate with us generally by wireless telegraph," suggest general Hanson. "It will be safer and will surely reach us where war written messages often fail."

"That may be alright for us but supposing some one will surely have the chance to really trick Evans again by wireless telegraph also. We must think of some other plan to prevent that by all means."

For a while they were at a loss of what they should do. At first they had thought it best to send Penrod to Evans when they desired to see him, but then they realized that also the spy agents would be keeping their eyes on him and if he has a certain message to carry to any general they would surely seize him to get the information if possible. Then suddenly Violet thought of a clever plan, and first suggested it to her sisters, and when they agreed, she said;

"I believe I have a good plan if you agree to it Evans dear. That instead of sending any written notes or messages to you when we wish to see you, to come ourselves with a powerful escort."

After thinking for a while Evans said; "I can't hardly approve of the plan. It seems queer for good dignified little Princesses to have to come to me instead of I coming to you. It does not look right to me at all. It is not at all polite for me."

"But for your own personal safety, as well as ours it is the best and only way," said Evangeline Vivian. "We were not at your place when you received the fake message but I or my sister even can understand what a shock you must have suffered when you at first believed it. And I'm sure you don't want to receive another such message. Those spies will do anything to get you as far away from us as possible. If you love us as we know you do you will agree to our plan."

"I guess there is no other way out that I can see," said Evans with a smile. "Therefore I'll agree to your plan to send no notes but to all allow it possible for you little Princesses to come yourselves."

"That's the good boy," said Hanson Vivian exultantly. "Always give in to them Evans. They are wise little girls and always know what is best to do for us all. Therefore to make it safer for you and them the best plan is just as they suggested, that they come to you themselves, and not send you any more messages of any kind in writing hereafter."

"Yes it seems very impolite on my part but it is safer for them," answered Evans. "But I must confess that I do not like the idea just the same. But I'll have to agree to it. So it will be as they wish. I'll refuse then nothing whatever."

"But how about the writer of that message?" asked Jennie.

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"What do you mean?" asked Evans.

"She means is there any chance to bring about his capture," said Daisy. "I'm afraid it is not possible at all now," declared Hettie Vivian.

"It was long before the fraudulence of the note was discovered and he may be safely within some Glandelinian camp by now. I don't believe he fled to Manleys as Manleys is too shattered to even protect the general and his gang almost. Even Manley is gone already and we are to follow to night."

"Do you think it is too late for general Dargar to trace the felonious spy now?" asked Evans.

"Yes said Violet. It may even be too late to even make any attempt to trace those who wrote these forged letters. And I do not believe it was done by only one. It may have been done by five different persons spies who may be clever enough to copy any one's handwriting to a perfect T."

"Yes that's so," put in general Hanson. "I believe myself that this was discovered too late. The writer, or writers had ample time to escape to the enemy's line or to hide where no one can locate them. He, or they may even now not be among any of the strangers who are held because I know for sure these spies who ever they are would not be so foolish as to remain within our lines where he or they would surely be captured among those in the wholesale arrests. And it may be probable that all these strangers every one of them may be totally innocent at that. Of course general Dargar will make an attempt to capture the forgers but I do not think it is possible, and he had said so himself. And yet to try to trace a spy within general Manley's army once he escaped from us and took shelter there is exceedingly dangerous work, like putting your head into a dragon's mouth."

"I wonder if it was not written by one of these or by both of these Professional International spies?" asked Joyce.

"International spies," said Hanson. "Those spies are so clever that there is nothing they cannot do. I've been thinking of them a long time."

"It may be it was them at that," said Evans. "I've heard that those spies were hired special by the Glandelinian government. They are crafty spies however, and would not do their work for nothing. The rebel government pays them \$10,000 for every successful spying work they accomplish for Glandelinia's cause. They are foreigners though, and of what nationality they are of they refuse to tell any body they know, though they look decidedly like horn spa spanards to me. And they are doing it only for the money too. They are not doing it just because they take side of the rebel government. And if they felt sure which government pays them most for their services, that government they would serve. If our government would pay them \$30,000 though no doubt would leave Glandelinia's cause, and do the work for us. It is not the cause they side for. It is the capitol they are after. And they'll do anything fair or crooked to succeed in their work. And their cleverest disguises are never the same. And they never tell their real names. When they were first seen within the Christian lines under general Kindernine some time before the battle of Ester Starring they were taken for the real likeness of Nutt and Jeff which many of us even have seen in what they call comic pages of all newspapers in ours as well as the foreign countries."

But they never act like those we seen in the Comics, and the smallest man is the boss of the other as he is a general and the taller man only a colonel. And the smaller man is the main professional spy and the tall man his helper. Their names are Francis Pedro Angeloni and the other one Christie Nero Fania by facts which many investigations have found out, but they have changed their names so often for every different work they planned to do that it would probably take a Dictionary to put them all down."

"But which one of the two is the most dangerous?" asked the girls.

"The smaller man is," answered Evans. "He is the very one to keep your eyes open for. If he gets any one in his trap they are usually gone."

"We'll then we have our plans which will be for your own safety," said

Jennie. "We want to tell you Evans that you must not receive any more notes ever said to be written to us or from us. No matter who brings it don't even read it as it is sure to be a fake. And if you happen to forget and do read them do not believe their contents."

"Not even if it is in your own hand writing!"

"No never. Do not believe it. You were fooled once already as you know this morning, and if you had fallen entirely for that fake note, and could have resigned your command, your going away would have put our nation in the greatest peril ever. You have licked Hanley to a finish in the battle at Johnanna on Francis Creek but that does not say we are yet winning the war. I and my sisters as you often knew did not believe we were ever on the winning side. And if you had resigned our fears would surely have been confirmed. It believe now when I think of that note, that that may have been the sole purpose of the enemy. Maybe that note did not concern any agent at that coming to try and destroy us by assassination. I believe now that it may have been a trick to get you to go away from the camp and of the army so that the army would be without a sufficient leader that could so soundly thrash the enemy. And knowing you are that man, the enemy tried to trick you. Therefore we advise you earnestly never to believe any note you do read or receive hereafter. Promise that won't you Evans dear?"

"I certainly will," answered Evans. "and for that also I'll be on my guard and will take even the higher command you have decided to ask for me. That will fool Hanley all the more." And so it was settled.

In the meantime meantime General Dargar and all his Christian members and all others make a cross examination of all the prisoners or especially strangers that had been arrested, but it was found out that none of them knew anything about the affair. And all Glandelinian prisoners who were questioned would not tell anything not even for the worst grilling. Some were even tortured and would not tell, though some said defiantly that they knew. When asked however if it was anything concerning the Vivian girls they would defiantly say "No", that they were not in any peril whatever but that just the same it was not any of the business of any of the Christian generals. All prisoners of those prisoners and even all of the very Christian soldiers were examined with the ones that General Dargar had discovered on the letters, that had been molested in Hanson's room, but not one of these could be compared with them. This of course made General Dargar and his members very perplexed. To go into the enemy lines just now was not possible, for if it was tried it would only be a fatal adventure if Hanley's men were not in any way to tamper with any strangers entering their lines.

Therefore General Dargar had to notify General Hanson the next day when the Christian armies had again halted in their advance that it seemed probable that the one who had written the notes had been swallowed up in the earth, for he could not be traced. He declared he had taken the chances of sending strict and clever spies into the enemy's lines, but that all their efforts had been unavailing as there was no information to be had, that all rebel officers did not say a word about plans or the like or anything about spies having gone into the Christian lines. Therefore General Hanson firmly believed the spy had either left the Christian army, and gone into some other far distant rebel army or that he was so cleverly disguised as not to be detected, and was still hidden somewhere still within the Christian lines. Therefore he ordered General Dargar to have his members remain within the Christian lines for a month or so and to keep their eyes on all stranger strangers, to shadow all the strangers if possible, and if any of them happen to act in any suspicious manner to at once arrest them and have them brought before the Court Court Marshall Tribunal and grilled until they do tell something, even if they are grilled to death for refusing to reveal anything.

"I'm going to find out who wrote those notes if I have to go into the Infernal home of the fiends to do so," said Hanson grimly.

MORE ADVENTURES FOR GERTRUDE ANGELINE AND HER FRIENDS.....

"Seems to me indeed" said Gertrude Angeline or Angelina Aronburg as she sat beside Angeline Pichee under one of the big mass of great trees looking out over the blue wide expanse of the great Mc-Hollester Run river. "Seems to me Angeline dear that the more we know about the fury of this war, and about the ferocity of the enemy the more we find we don't know."

"I cannot quite make that out yet," Gertrude answered Angeline Pichee in a serious tone of voice after a thought of over a minute during which her eyes followed those of Gertrude across the blue but glassy surface of the sea like expanse of the River water. "Seems to me though," she added that all we learn is just so much gained, from experience."

"I know at least it looks that way in most cases," said the brave girl spy, nodding her pretty head. "But they say that those who usually know the least have a habit of thinking that they already know all there is to know, while all those who may happen to know know the most admits what a terrible big war it is. It's the knowing ones that realizes in ones life time that usually time ain't long enough to get more than a few years of knowledge of the war without experiences init and so on."

Angeline Pichee did not answer. She also was a brave little girl with golden hair, wearing a pink dress and a bonnet, and had big solemn but brave looking eyes and an earnest but not simple manner as in usually seen in children. And when she looked at you there was something in her eyes that would make you fear her even though she was a child. Gertrude Angeline and her friend Jennie

Turner had been her most faithful companions during the war or during her trying outings in the war, and Gertrude herself had taught her almost anything she almost knew now. Gertrude Angeline was a wonderful girl despite her age and form and beauty. Not so very tall for her age only eleven and her hair was of a shining golden color. Her eyes had a gentler look than even in those her of her two companions and were pale blue in color and her face was round and bronzed. Gertrude Angeline always wore a red or dark pink ribbon on the left side of her head and sometimes on the right. Ever since meeting these two girls or the Vivian girls Gertrude and they have become close comrades and during the war enjoyed many strange and daring adventures together. It was said by many Angelinian generals that the Angels of war that may have been present at the birth of these little girls and marked their foreheads with their invincible signs, so that these little girls were able to see and do many wonderful things that even the little Dorothy and her friends in the Land of Oz would be envious or surprised about. The big trees under which the two girls were sitting was on top of a high rise of ground, but a long path ran down to the bank of the river in a long but zigzag way to the rivers edge, where Gertrude's boat was moored to a tree standing close to the shore by means of a scout river. It was a hot sultry afternoon, with scarcely a breath of air stirring, so the two girls had been sitting beneath the shade of one of the trees, waiting for the sun to get low enough for them to continue their row down the river to one of the Christian armies for which they were traveling for. They had decided also if they had the opportunity to visit Violet and her sisters. The Vivian girls and their ways were a source of delight to both girls, and with them they always always liked to go into the enemy's lines and explore their awesome encampments at any risks.

"I believe Gertrude," remarked Angeline Pichee at last "that it must be time for us to start on our way."

Gertrude cast a shroud glaze place at the shore line of the river and also at the distant sky, the river and the motionless boat and the landscapes in the far distance.

"Maybe it is time, Angeline," he answered "but I don't like the looks of these things this afternoon, and I have heard that there has been many battles raging here and near and far."

"What is wrong about that?" Angeline asked wonderingly.

"Don't say as yet. Things is too quiet to suit me that is all. No breeze is stirring, the river has not a single ripple, nary a bird flying anywhere, and it appears to be one of the hottest days ever felt yet. I ain't no prophphet of any kind, Angeline but any one with my experience knows the signs is ominous. There are glandolinians somewhere or atleast there must be a disaster or a battle that has happened within or with out our hearing distance."

"There is nothing wrong that I can see I'm sure," said Angeline "cheer. If there were clouds in the distance to show signs of a distant battle, or a cloud in the sky to warn of a coming storm we might have something to worry about; but look! Gertrude everything is as clear as can be and there is not even a suspicious sound."

Gertrude looked in every direction again and then nodded.

"Perhaps we can find our way to a christian army of some size, alright!" she agreed, not wishing to disappoint her. "It is only a little way out to find one of the army armies under general or Henson Vivian, and we will be on the watch, so come along Angeline."

Together the two girls descended the long winding path to the beach of the big river. It was no trouble for the little girls to keep their footing on the steep way, but once in a while they had to hold on to rocks and roots now and then to save themselves from tumbling when they came to steep points. They reached the big rowboat safely and while Riches was untying the rope, Gertrude reached into a small satchel on the boat and drew out several guns and other things, besides some candle-candles and matches. Gertrude's small satchel always contained a variety of strange objects, useful and ornamental, which usually even made Angeline Riches wonder where they all came from or where she got them, and why Gertrude should treasure them.

She had two big jackknives and two little ones, some bits of cord, fishhooks, and nails which she had handy for certain occasions. She also had some tin boxes with unknown contents, pinners, and the like which seemed quite necessary for her to carry around. Of course that was Gertrude's business however, and now that she added the other things to her collection, Angeline Riches made no comment, for she knew these things were to light their way in case they had to go through a dense woods. At night time Gertrude being always the spyiest and the strongest mostly rowed the boat for she certainly handled the oars with the skill and strength of a boat racer. Angeline Riches sat in the stern and steered. The place where they had embarked was something like a little bight or circular bay as soon as they came sometimes on the shore of the ocean but soon the boat crossed a larger bay of the big river toward a distant headland, where it was believed a certain christian army would be located and where some of the camps may be at the very waters edge. They were nearly a mile from shore and were heading for the middle of the river when Angeline Riches suddenly sat up straight examining something with spy glasses and exclaimed:

"What's that Gertrude?" and she pointed.

Gertrude stopped rowing and turned half around to look.

"That," she replied "looks to me mighty like a great war ship bearing down upon us full speed."

"What make it, an Angolinian or a rebels, Gertrude?"

"It appears to be an Angolinian warship but it is flying the glandolinian flag. I was afraid we would meet with trouble, Angeline. Things did not look right everything even is so still."

"The warship is coming closer," said Riches. "I believe she means to run us or something."

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Gertrude grabbed the oars and now began rowing with all her strength.

Angeline's face was a little paler as she grasped the tiller firmly and tried to steer the boat out of its way; but she said not a word to indicate fear. The swirling roar of the water as the monster cleaved through it with almost the speed of an express train as the battleship came nearer made a roaring sound that was fearful to listen to. So fierce and powerful was the ship cutting the water as it advanced that the water roared in a long wall of foam on each side of the dreadnaught. The boat in which Gertrude Angeline and her companion were riding, was just in the way of the oncoming monster, and Gertrude knew very well that unless she forced the little craft away from the onrushing ship, that they would soon be forced to jump into the water or be killed as the boat was struck. So she exerted all her might and pulled as she had never pulled before, but just as it was evident she was making it, a shot from probably the shore struck one of the oars which snapped in two with such suddenness as to sent Gertrude sprawling upon the bottom of the boat. She scrambled up quickly enough and glanced toward the oncoming warship. It was closer. When she looked at Angeline Riches, who sat quite still, with a serious far away look in her sweet eyes. She had not stopped as it was now being paddled onward now, Gertrude having lost her oar on her too, and the warship was drawing nearer and nearer. Any further effort to escape the collision was useless, and realizing this, Gertrude made signs that if the ship does not steer soon both will have to jump for it. She did not try to speak for the roar of the waters would have drowned the sound of her voice. These two faithful comrades had faced dangers of many kinds before, even with the Vivian girls, but nothing to equal that which now faced them. Yet Gertrude nothing the look in Riches eyes, and remembering how often she or even the Vivian girls had been protected by unseen powers, did not quite give way to despair. The big warship now growing nearer and nearer looked very terrifying and seemed to tower above them like a mountain ship, but they were both brave enough to face it, and await the result of the adventure. They were good swimmers and if they had to do it they would jump.

They looked carefully and observed that they were a long distance out from the shore but the warship was approaching very swiftly. So much more swiftly that at Gertrude began to get panic stricken and so she and Angeline Riches suddenly made a leap from the boat and dived headlong into the water. The ship crashed into the rowboat, smashing it into splinters but the little girls had been just in time. The two girls landed almost on top of each other as they dived and had being separated they p, swam onward and onward as fast as their strength would allow, toward the farthest most shores of the river. At first they swam like sharks swift and sure, but presently they seemed to be going more moderately, and

Angeline Riches was almost sure that she felt unseen arms encircling about her, as if they were supporting her and protecting her. As it had become very dark as night had now fallen she or her friend could see nothing, especially because the splash of water at times filled their eyes and blurred their vision, but they clung fast to their desperate task, and so though getting more and more exhausted they gradually neared the distant shore, until being almost over come by fatigue they had to keep themselves afloat on their backs and rest for a while. But it seemed to Angeline Riches that they were not swimming toward the same shore from which they had come on the boat. The water fortunately here in the river at this part did not have any strong current and so they had been able to reach the shore without further pursuit and finally reached the beach of the river where they lay at full length on a choking and gasping for breath and wondering for a few minutes what had happened to them. Angeline Riches was the first to recover from the fatigues of the desperate swim of a mile and a half. Disengaging herself from Gertrude Angeline wet embrace and sitting up she rubbed the water from her eyes, and then looked around her. A soft reddish glow lighted the ground from some fire in the far distance, which to her seemed to be a sort of conflagration, for on the horizon line was a long arc of light or ruddy glow, and a pillar of smoke.

Beyond she observed an immense forest of trees. They had been able to reach it through a beach near a forest the beach having clear white sand, which slanted upward from the river at their feet--the immense river that flowing westward divided into three sections near the sea and ran in through different sections of virgin Wickiey th us dividing the city as mentioned before. Above the reach of the river waters above the beach itself was the immense forest whose recesses the distant glow of the fire beyond did not penetrate. The forest looked grim and lonely, but Gertrude was thankful that she was still alive and free and had suffered no severe injury during her trying adventure with the rebel battleship and he swam across a mile and a half of almost ice cold water. At her side Gertrude Angeline was spitting and coughing, trying to get rid of the water she had swallowed while keeping herself under water to prevent herself from being hit should the enemy on the ship fire their guns. Both of the little girls were soaked through, yet the weather was warm, it being a sultry night, and a wetting did not dismay the two little girls in the least.

She crawled slowly up the slant of sand and gathered in her hand a bunch of green grass that was soft and long, with which she rubbed Gertrude's face, and cleared the water from her eyes and ears. Presently Gertrude sat up and stared at her friend intently. Then she nodded her head and said in a gurgling voice; "Mighty good Richee dear. Mighty good. We did not go to our deaths that time did we? Though why we did not, and why we got here safe and sound is more than I can make out. Maybe our guardian angels help us up."

"Take it easy," Gertrude said. Angeline Richee. "We are safe enough I guess as long as we do not meet enemies out here."

Gertrude squeezed the water out of her skirt and felt of herself and finding that she had brought all her person with her she gathered more courage to examine closely their strange surroundings.

"Where do you think we are now?" she asked of Angeline Richee. "Can't say Gertrude. Perhaps we are in one of the famous woods of Calaveras."

Gertrude only shook her head. "No," said she. "I don't think that is possible at all. The distance we came up to here was not half as far as the distance we rowed down the river, and you will not notice that this woods is extremely dense. It's a regular dense forest, a perfect jungle, and unless there is some passage through it, we are lost babes in the woods."

Angeline Richee looked thoughtfully over her shoulder. "When we are rested somewhat and get out clothes a little dry," she said, "we will crawl up to the summit of this rise of ground and see if there is a passage through the woods or a way out at least."

Gertrude Angeline reached the inside pocket of her waist to see if her important papers she had secured from the enemy's camp she raided that day were still safe. It was still dry for she kept it in an oilskin pouch. Her mate was also safe being in a thick tin box and her candles though having been wet were still with her and would burn. This good discovery helped Gertrude to think what to do when she was in difficulty. Also the safety of the important papers she had secured did much to restore the little girls' composure, after her long ducking, terrible fright, and long swim--a fright that was more on Angeline Richee's account than her own. The sand was perfectly dry where they sat and warm too, and soaking up the water that dripped from their clothing. When Angeline had squeezed the wet out of her hair and Gertrude had done the same they began to feel much like themselves again. By and by they got upon their feet and crept slowly and carefully up the steep incline to the trees above. Many of these were of huge size, but by passing passing around them they were able to get to a small pathway.

"Yes," said Angeline Richee, with interest. "Here's a small path or a road."

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"The whole woods is as black as a cavern of crabs," he remarked Gertrude. "Just the same," answered Angeline Richee. "We ought to explore it and see where the road leads to, could it be the only possible way we can get out of this region?" Gertrude Angeline eyed the roadway doubtfully.

"It may be a way out of the woods," Angeline said. "But it may lead into a way or a far worse place than this. I'm not sure but our best plan is to stay right here until daylight. We may run into a rebel camp in the dark, or be ambushed or something."

Angeline Richee was not sure either, when she thought of it in that light. After a while she and Gertrude made their way back to the sands again. As they sat down, Angeline Richee looked at Gertrude's bulging pockets, pockets which were not bulging before.

"How much food or nuts or fruits or something did you secure, Gertrude?" she asked.

"I have pockets full of berries, and some walnuts that I found with the help of my candle," she replied. "Do you want some of them now, Richee?"

"He who shook her head, saying; "That ought to keep us alive for about three days or more if we are careful of the matter. It may be a long tramp through those woods."

"It may take longer than that, Angeline dear," said Gertrude, but her voice was a little trouble and unsteady.

"But if we foolishly stay here we are bound to starve or be captured by the enemy or something worse may follow," continued the girl. "While if we follow the path pathway I suggested--"

"Some things are more harder to face than starvation," said Gertrude. Angeline in a grave tone of voice. "We do not know what is in those dark forbidding woods, Richee dear, nor where that path might lead us to. It is better to wait until the approach of daylight."

"Here is a way to find that out," Angeline Richee persisted. Instead of replying Gertrude began searching in one of her little waist pockets. She soon drew out a package of fish hooks, and a long line which she had concealed about her person. Angeline Richee watched her join them quickly together. Then Gertrude crept a little way up the slope and turned over a big rock. A large number of small glow worms began squirming for shelter, but Gertrude caught them, not being afraid of worms as girls usually are and putting the greater number of them into one of her tin boxes and soon closing it she placed one worm on her hook, and the box on one side of her. Going or coming back to the waters edge she swung the hook over her shoulder and circling it around her head cast it nearly five hundred feet from the shore into the water or fifty feet into the water from the shore I mean, where she allowed it to sink gradually, paying out the line as far as it would go. When the end of it was reached, she waited patiently for several minutes and then feeling a tug on the line began drawing it in again, until it was seen she had caught a crab. This Gertrude then decided to use as a fish bait and cast the line in a second time, and a third but without success. Angeline Richee began to believe that either there were no fishes at this part of the river or they would not bite the crab bait and advised Gertrude to remove the crab and try another worm. But she was as good as any old fisherman, and not easily discouraged. When the crab finally got away she put another worm on the hook. Tentative Angeline Richee tired of watching her had grown sleepy, and lay down upon the sands, where she fell fast asleep. During the next two hours, her clothing had dried completely, as did that of Gertrude's. They were both as used to the coldest kind of water, that there was no danger of their taking cold. Finally Angeline Richee was awakened by a loud splash beside her and a cry of satisfaction from Gertrude Angeline. She opened her eyes to find that Gertrude Angeline had landed two river fish with weight weighing at least three pounds. This cheered her considerably, and she hurried to scrape together a pile of twigs and bigger pieces of wood and dry grass, while Gertrude cut up one of the fish with her jackknife, and got it ready for cooking.

They had cooked fish with a brushwood and dried grass or leaves before. Gertrude Angeline wrapped the fish in one of the cleaner grass and dipped it into the river water to dampen it. When she lit a match, and though several matches were blown out by the wind she succeeded in setting fire to the heap that Nichee made, which speedily burned down to a glowing bed of ashes. When they laid the wrapped fish on the red hot ashes, covering it with more grass, dry grass, and allowed this also to catch fire, and burn to embers. After feeding the fire with dried grass and leaves for some time, Gertrude finally decided that their supper was ready, so she scattered the ashes, and drew out the bits of fish, still encased in their smoking wrappings. When these wrappings were removed, the fish was indeed found perfectly cooked, and both girls ate of it freely. It had a slight flavor of grass burned wood, and leaves and yet would have been better if sprinkled with salt. The soft red fiery glow which until now had lighted the sky, began to grow dim, the fire no doubt of the conflagration going out, but there was a great vanity of leaves in the woods, so after they had eaten their fish, they kept the fire alive for a time by giving it a handful of fuel now and then. When from an inner pocket Gertrude drew out an army canteen which she filled with river water and after she handed it to Angeline who drank as much as she could, Gertrude refilled it and drank her own fill.

"Suppose," said Angeline Nichee staring at the glowing wood fire and speaking very slowly, "that we can catch all the fish we need in the river, or secure all the game and berries or fruits in the woods, how about our drinking water?" Gertrude! It is usually hard to find a stream in the woods."

At first Gertrude moved uneasily but did not reply. Both of them were thinking about the dark recesses of the dense woods, but while Angeline Nichee had little fear of it, Gertrude could not overcome her dislike to enter the woods at night, or go through it at night time. She knew that Angeline Nichee was right through though to remain here on the river shore, where they now were during the day, could only result in probable discovery and capture by the enemy who were hunting everywhere for them. It was now past nine o'clock, so the little girl became drowsy and fell asleep. After a time Gertrude slumbered on the sands beside her. It was very still and nothing disturbed them for hours. When at last they awoke it was daylight and the sun was high in the sky. They had eaten and cooked the fish and were munching berries for their breakfast, when they were startled by a sudden noise on the top of the bank above them. Looking upward to see what was the cause of the noise they saw emerging from the edge of the woods the most curiously dressed man they had ever beheld. However it was not even a man but a boy of about fourteen or fifteen years of age. He wore a long gray coat of very thin clothing or cloth with a big rounded hood of white color in front, with some designs around the hood shaped like inverted chopping bowls.

His trousers were of blue gray color and shaped to look like a khaki uniform pants. He had a big rounded hat like a girl child wears and a crest of wavy plumes of a scarlet, yellow, blue and purple and green color on the very top of the rounded hat. The strangely dressed boy must have been a head taller than Gertrude as he stood looking down upon them from his perch, and his appearance was so sudden, and unusual that both Gertrude and Angeline Nichee stared at him in wonder--in wonder that was not mixed with fear, and suspicion. The eyes of the boy that regarded them, as he stood on the bank above them, were bright and also mild and good in expression, and the boy made no attempt to attack them and seemed quite as surprised by the meeting as they were.

"I wonder," whispered Angeline Nichee. "Who he is?"

"Who he is?" exclaimed the boy in a high pitched voice. "Why I'm a boy scout."

"Oh," said the girl. "But what kind of a boy scout?"

"I'm a boy scout," he repeated, a little proudly. "And if ever a boy scout was glad to get through the rebel lines, and to safer safer ground again you can be mighty sure that I am that special individual boy scout."

"Have you been in peril from the enemy long?" Inquired Gertrude Angeline, thinking it only polite to show an interest in the strange boy even if she had never known him before or his character.

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"Why this last pursuit of the enemy lasted ten minutes, I believe and that is about long enough too long for comfort." was the reply. "But last night I was in an awful pickle, I assure you. The glandelinians almost caught me and my comrades when they ambushed me and you."

"Oh were you caught by the glandelinians, too?" asked Angeline Nichee eagerly. He gave her a glance that was somewhat reproachful.

"I believe I was mentioning the fact, young lady, when your desire to talk interrupted me." Said the boy. "I am not always careless in any of my actions, but the glandelinians everywhere were so busy looking for two girl scouts yesterday, that I thought I would see what the nearest column of rebels coming toward me was up to. So I came too near so near as to expose myself to their view my comrades following, and the glandelinians seeing me fired upon us and poured us so that we were all scattered. The glandelinians and I are natural enemies, and they would have captured me if one Angeline soldier had who had been out scouting had not come to my assistance and helped me to get away from the pursuing glandelinians, and far up into these woods, where they were seen by other rebels and shot down dead before my eyes and I narrowly escaping them."

"Why almost the same thing happened to us but in another way." Cried Angeline Nichee. "We were out in the river on a rowboat and a battle ship ran us down. Was you in any other section of the woods besides this one?"

"I have not had any time to examine any portion of the woods yet." Answered the boy scout. "But if the entire woods happen to be alike I can shudder at our fate, for the other portion of the woods I escaped from was like a prison, with no outlet except by means of sneaking or fighting your way through enemy scouting parties, ambushes, and hidden rebel camps and batteries and rifle pits. I stayed near here all night however and this morning, I plunged into the woods as far as I dared to go. I again encountered rebels, and they constantly fired at me, and bullets tore down leaves of trees about me and scrapped off the bark of trees now and then and some passed so close as to make me believe all was up with me, and I even while being pursued by the enemy, and being fired at barely escaped the folds of an enormous serpent which attacked me from a tree, but by and by I found my way to here after killing the python and saw you two girls. That's the whole story and as I see you have something to eat, I entreat you to give me a share of it. The truth is I am half starved."

With these words the boy, squatted down besides them. Very reluctantly, Gertrude drew out of one of her pockets some of the remaining blackberries and held them out. The boy promptly seized them in one of his hands, and began to eat them.

"We have not much to eat just now." Said said Gertrude Angeline. "But we are willing to share it with a war comrade in distress."

"That's right." Returned the boy scout looking at them in a cheerful manner, and then for a few minutes there was silence while they all ate of what was left of the berries and the fish. After a while Angeline Nichee said;

"I have never seen or heard of a boy scout who had so much adventure in one bright night and the morning followed following. Are there many of you still around?"

"We are rather few and even exclusive, I believe." Was the reply. "But we are so widely scattered by our enemies that it is hardly likely we will ever be united for a long time."

"What Christian camp did you come from?" Asked Gertrude Angeline. General Hanson's army.

"General Hanson's army."

"Where does it lie?"

"I don't know exactly where it lies I now because it was on the move when I went out scouting. You see also I and my friends who followed me have a restless manner for some reason or other, while all the rest of my race of boy scouts are quiet and contented and seldom stray far from our lines without the accompaniment of the dear old and brave Virginians. Ever since I joined the old regiments of boys and girls scouts, I had loved to go long distances to scout, even as near the enemy lines as possible although Violet and her sisters often warned me that I would get into unnecessary trouble by so doing."

"It is a big war, bigger than the world itself knows my friend" Violet hushed herself world any "and I have heard that the glandolinians war upon all living creatures no matter who they are, and if the glandolinians have as little respect for us as beautiful as we are, what respect would they have for you who are only a boy scout." This however instead of making me afraid naturally aroused my curiosity, and after I had completed my education, and left the boy scout school, I decided I would make one of the longest scouting tours in my life with a company of over fifty boys and try to get a glimpse of general Manley's army. I left the lines and even my regiment without saying good bye to any one, and now I shall always regret. Adventures were many I found. I sighed glandolinian armies, several times, been pursued a hundred times within one week, almost faced starvation, was lost on a desert once, and fell into a ravine, and had never been so close to being captured by a horde of wheeler glandolinians as I did then. I killed a young glandolinian wheeler about my size and secured his uniform coat which you see I have on. Also I had to fight my way through a good portion of these woods, for I met gigantic columns of glandolinians, some gargly a gargly garg oylan and goodler and also whimsie cavily, who not only pursued me, but hounded me like a dog, and every time they saw me attacked me fiercely. I got away once by threatening to shoot down the leader, and once also set fire to a small portion of the forest. Besides I was a long way escaping from general Manley and his generals themselves who took turns to pursue me when they observed my hiding place. In my wild rambling I finally lost my way and also lost all tracks or direction or distance, so that when I wanted to try and find my way back to my comrades I found I was alone, and lost in these woods and had no idea where any christian army or its camps might be located. I have now been trying to find it or one of them and it was during one of my flights through these woods, that I met a column of Growley wogs and was pursued for some seven miles before I got away." Gertrude and Angeline pichoo listened to this recital with much interest and awe, and from the friendly tone and harmless appearance of the boy scout, they judged that he was not likely to prove so disagreeable a companion, or an enemy as at first they had feared he might be. Perhaps the most curious thing about the designs on his captured uniform coat was the designs on its front, the white wheel, or what ought to have been a wheel. This queer arrangement of designs was however shaped like a wagon wheel, but having like fan like designs about it also. Gertrude Angeline and also Angeline pichoo knew something of the queer glandolinians called "wheolers" and she said: "I suppose you know the wheolers are pretty good horseback riders." "Yes indeed they are, the wheolers are or have the swiftest horses of any glandolinians known." "I don't see what good they are to their cause, they don't amount to anything, but only, raid, rape and commit massacres." "Remarked Angeline pichoo." "Well they are not what is said about them." "Admitted the boy." "But they are more dangerous than they appear to be and are worse than even the Gargoylians. Still I still taken altogether, I do not think any kind of glandolinian is any worse than the other. I have the opinion all are equally alike in cruelty, savagery wickedness and fury." Angeline pichoo did not like to reply to this, but Gertrude Angeline nodded gravely. "For a boy scout" "said she you are a wonder." "And I have never seen one before before who went through all you did and escaped the enemy." "Added Angeline pichoo." That seemed to please the boy, and he began walking around their position, making his way easily up the slope toward the woods above. While he was gone, Gertrude and Angeline took another good drink from the clear cold water of the river to wash down their breakfast, and then filled both their canteens. "Here here's a road, or an outlet from the woods or into it." "Exclaimed the boy from above." "We know" "said Angeline pichoo" "We found it last night." "Well then, let's go off." "Continued the boy scout." "The air also seems fresh and sweet, and it cannot lead us to any worse place than rebel encampment." The two girls got up and climbed up the embankment until they stood by the boy. "We had decided to explore the woods before you came" "Explained Gertrude Angeline." "But it is a dangerous place to navigate without being careful, so wait until I go ahead and scout a little."

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"How much ammunition have you little girls got?" "Inquired the boy." "We will see in a minute." "Said Angeline pichoo." Gertrude looked over her belt, and then drew out her guns and the boy gave a startled jump and eyed the girls and their guns suspiciously, but the little girls proceeded to examine their weapons, and the action interested the boy very much. "Those guns" "he said rather nervously" "are valuable in a hole of this sort we are in. I did not think you girls carried weapons. The situation is not so very dangerous however I hope." "Sometimes we need our weapons more than anything else." "Answered Angeline pichoo" "but that is about the worse we can do--except to use out our ammunition, when you don't want to and we need it the most." Gertrude Angeline replaced the small revolvers and then went ahead for a certain distance the others following cautiously. The small roadway was not any too big for a party of travelers, but after they had gone a few feet, the pathway grew larger. Angeline pichoo came close behind her and the boy, took up the rear. "Seems like a regular foot path only." "muttered Gertrude who was cautious stopping along. For nearly an hour the three moved slowly along the path way, which made many twists and turns and sometimes slanted a little downwards and then upward and sometimes upward. Finally Gertrude stopped short turning the others back, having given a little exclamation of disappointment. "That's wrong" "Demanded Angeline pichoo, who could see nothing yet because of the thick foliage and vines of the forest and other growth." "We have come to the end of our travels in this direction, I guess" "she replied." "In the pathway blocked?" "Inquired the boy scout." "No it is worse than that." "Replied Gertrude sadly. "I'm on the edge of a vast but almost concealed glandolinian encampment and in a big clearing in the woods. We are even at the end of the woods and facing plains and meadows. Wait a minute and I'll move along and let you see for yourselves. Be careful Angeline, not to fall as we are at the edge of a high rise of ground and you may roll down the hill into the enemy's camp." Then she crept forward behind a tree and moved to one side, so the girl and the boy could follow. The boy came next and now all three knelt on the edge of a high but gentle slope which dropped down a long slant, and beyond there was a seemingly sea of tent barracks, and works of all kinds and smoking camp fires, extending so far that they could not determine the distance. "Hi!" "Said the boy scout, peering over the hill top from behind a tree" "This does not look very promising, I'll admit. But let me take one of your guns girls, and I'll take the chance and go ahead and see what the camp really is." "Aren't you afraid?" "Asked Angeline pichoo." "Certainly I'm afraid." "Responded the boy." "But if we intend to escape we can't stay here forever. As I notice you poor creatures are two girl friends of the civilian girls, it is my duty to aid you in every possible way, and to scout the camp for you. I won't enter it though never fear." Go Gertrude Angeline handed the boy one of her guns. The boy took it, and then went beyond the edge of the clearing and down the hillside for a certain distance until he reached a fallen log to which he hid down and hid. Suddenly the little girls heard a queer buzzing sound and a bullet almost hit Gertrude. Then right at the log she saw a puff of smoke as if there was an explosion, and a puff of smoke from the edge of the camp burst simultaneously. At first she thought the boy was firing on her and her friend, and drawing the fire on the enemy too but they decided to trust him and were more interested just then in following with their eyes a number of large puffs of smoke from the edge of a works. "I wonder how it did that happen." "Cried the boy as a geyser of smoke rose thirty yards in front of him. He quickly left his hiding place, and managed to reach the girls. "I guess you have drawn the fire of the enemy on you." "shouted Gertrude as he approached them. "hurry and fetch my gun here." "I can't see where you are hiding." "Said the boy." Go Gertrude and Angeline showed themselves and the boy reached them. "What made the enemy start firing?" "Asked he." "They must have seen you go to the log and hid behind it and tried to blow you up." "Said Angeline pichoo. "You must be more careful, careful what you do."

"What Glandelinian camp was it, and what was it like?" Inquired Gertrude Angeline.
 "I don't know yet, but there must be something about it, so I'll try it again!"
 "Again?" Cried Gertrude in surprise but the boy had boldly started out again and this time went forward more slowly carrying a branch of a tree before him to make it appear to be a bush. Then he slowly headed away to the left, and Gertrude and her companion came with interest. In a few minutes however, they saw him moving toward them and he made straight for them in the same cautious manner holding the branch behind him. He was only a few yards distant when suddenly a shell exploded in the air and the boy dropped the bush with a cry of pain, and next moment rushed forward and stood upon the point where the girls were.

"What's the matter?" Asked Angeline.
 "The fragment of a shell hit me." Wailed the boy showing his bleeding hand. "I don't like this kind of work I assure you. The Glandelinians began to train a gun upon me when I started back, my bush having failed to deceive them, and now they succeeded in getting me--a most unfriendly thing to do. Oh--oh oh. Ouch, what a wound."

"That's the nature of these Glandelinians, I'm sorry to say, and you took the chances." Explained Gertrude as she wrapped up his wound. "You have to be awful careful when you do any scouting work. But tell us what did you find?"
 "I found a way to continue our journey." Said the boy nursing tenderly the hand which had been wounded. Just beyond us out of sight of the enemy's camp is a bend of the river, at the shore of which are some launches which we can easily secure. I don't know where that section of the river leads to, but once we get into the boats we must follow it and find out."

"Why can't we get to it?" Protested the little girl. "We can't get beyond the enemy's lines out there in the open you must remember. We would draw a withering fire upon ourselves."

"No that is true." Replied the boy wisely. "But we need not go that way. At all we need to do is go back to the river by following the path. A path way and get to the river. Then follow the river northward until we find the boats."

"Are we strong enough to make such a long tramp through the woods?" Asked Gertrude Angeline doubtfully.

"Yes indeed we must need be." Was the reply.

"All right then let's go before they sent out men to investigate who you are!" said Angeline.

She looked over her own guns carefully and then the boy went toward the clearing to see if the enemy were coming.

"If the Glandelinians start to pursue before we get very far, it's good night and pleasant dreams." Said Gertrude.

"If they start to pursue, we can all fire shots at once and disconcert the enemy." Advised Angeline.

"Already for the start." Asked the boy seeing that no Glandelinians were coming from the camp.

"Yes let's start." Said Gertrude, with a tremble in her voice. The boy led Gertrude on the way. As she followed Angeline watched the woods and pathway behind her till the clearing disappeared in the far distance. She did not like to be left alone in these dangerous woods, with Glandelinians swarming all over, and with a big river a hundred feet below her, but she was a brave little girl, and was patient for anything. And I'm not sure many little girls would have cared to take the chances of going through those awful woods. Angeline knew or even Gertrude did not care for it themselves, but it had just had to be done, and so they did it as courageously as possible. Their hearts beat fast as they got deeper and deeper into the woods again and they were so nervous they could scarcely keep themselves from shaking or hold their weapons steady as they sped onward as fast as they could walk following the path way. It seemed as if a long walk to her, yet in reality they covered the distance in a wonderfully brief period of time and soon the little girls once more stood on the ledge of ground above the river. They were very glad to get to the river again, and both were grateful to the boy for his assistance.

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"I think where this river may lead us to." Remarked the boy. "But it surely looks more promising that the woods we creep through or the enemy's encampment we come upon."

"Then our boy friend is rested?" Said Angeline. "We'll travel on and see what happens."

"Rested?" Cried the boy. "We need not think of resting now unless we want to be apprehended by pursuing rebels. I'm used to traveling days at a time without even once stopping except at night."

"Then let us move on." Proposed Gertrude. She still unconsciously held in her right hand one of her loaded pistols, so Gertrude put her own back in its holster knowing it was not necessary for two to carry guns at once. It may look suspicious. The river here was straight at the shore, and the ground above it was smooth and also had a path way and was very easy to walk through, so they made good progress. Gertrude and Angeline thought this path began about one mile from the place where they landed ashore in their swim in the river, but now it was impossible to guess any of the miles traveled for they walked steadily for hours and hours, without any change in their surroundings, except that the splendor of the woods grew, and the ground beyond became a maze of wild flowers and the like. Finally Gertrude Angeline stopped to rest.

"Here's something queer about this woods and the path along the edge of the river shore I'm certain." She declared waggling her head dolefully until her hair waved back and forth gracefully. "Here many miles we have probably gone already, and yet we come within no camp or anything now, and how long do we have to keep on traveling without finding something, no one knows."

"Could we not walk onward at night too?" Asked Angeline.

"The way seems safe enough." Was the reply. "But at night we cannot tell when we are likely to come to another rebel camp, or even to a precipice or cliff, or anything just as dangerous. In that case any of us who like to be killed by rebels now

"So we must keep on walking, and if anything happens

"I'll call out and warn you."

"That's a good idea." Declared Angeline. "I see, and Gertrude Angeline thought so too. So the boy scout started off ahead, quite in the advance it now beginning to grow dark, and hand in hand the two girls followed him. When they walked on in the way for a good long time the boy started picking berries and other things growing that was good to eat and the little girls seeing this started too. The boys boy found also some fine apples and some walnuts which he gave to the girls and then they sat down facing the river to eat.

"My feet hurts me." Grumbled the boy. "I'm not used to walking such long ways, and this ground passage at the edge of river and woods is so uneven and lumpy that it hurts me to walk upon it. I wish I had not lost my horse."

"Can't we find a horse?" Asked Angeline.

"No we cannot even ride one here." Said the boy.

After the meal was over they resumed the journey, which Angeline began to fear would never end in their finding the boats he had discovered. When Gertrude noticed how tired the little boy and even her girl companion were, she paused and lighted a match to look at her wrist watch.

"Why it is eight o'clock already." She exclaimed. "We have tramped all day long, and still we are no wiser near the bend of the river. Not knowing what is before us so well as we know what is behind us, I propose we make a stop now, and try to sleep until morning."

"What will you do about the horse?" Asked Angeline with a groan and the boy nodded.

"My feet are hurting me dreadfully now, and for the last few miles

I have been limping with pain."

"My foot hurt too." Said Angeline looking for a smooth place on the ground to sit down. "We have overworked our feet in the long tramp I guess."

"Ours perhaps." Said Gertrude who was very glad to sit down beside her companion. "We have got corns."

"Come," cried the boy. "Why Angelina you must think it strange to have corns at our age. Here hold the candle I lit while I look at the bottom of my foot. I declare!" He said everything then by the flickering light. "No wonder. I shoes were full of gravel and stones."

"Stones and gravel. Why so are my shoes," said Angelina pishoo.

"Then maybe we got them into our shoes while walking so steadily."

"It is possible," mused the boy. "but what ever the stones are or how they got in our shoes another such day walking on them, would have driven me crazy."

"I'm sure our feet will feel better by morning," said Gertrude Angelina encouraging pouring out a shower of earth, and gravel from her shoes. "Let's go to sleep and try to forget our sore feet."

The boy cast a reproachful look at the girl who did not see it. Then the boy asked plaintively:

"Do we eat now or do we starve?"

"We still have some berries which I gathered into my bonnet," answered Angelina pishoo opening her pink bonnet. "No one knows how long we will have to rove in these woods where there is nothing whatever to eat but berries and probably wild flowers, so I advise ourselves to save these berries until tomorrow."

"Give it to me now or some of it," demanded the boy. "If I'm going to starve, I'll do it all at once--not by degrees."

Angelina pishoo opened the bonnet and produced several handfuls of berries, and the hungry boy ate them in a trice. Gertrude was rather hungry, and whispered to Angelina pishoo that she would take part in her share, but the little girl secretly gave her her own berries, saving the other berries for a time of greater need.

Gertrude was beginning to get worried over her plight and that of her comrades and long before the girls were asleep the boy was watching over the river, trying to think of some way to escape from the region of the enemy. But after a time he also slept for walking all day long with stones and gravel in your shoes, was tiresome and painful, and there in the edge of the dark woods, slumbered the three brave adventures for many hours, until the boy aroused himself with the sun shining hotly and brightly in his face and then shook the girls.

"It's day time again," said he.

Gertrude Angelina arose, rubbed her eyes, and consulted her wrist watch.

"Nine thirty o'clock. Yes I guess it is daytime and we slept too long. Shall we go on?" he asked.

"Of course we should," replied the boy. "Unless this woods is different from every thing else in the world, and has no end along the river front, we will find a way out of it sooner or later."

The boy then gently awakened Angelina pishoo. "He felt much rested and refreshed by her long sleep, and sprang to her feet eagerly."

"Let's resume our way," was all she said.

They therefore resumed the journey, and had only taken a few steps when the scout companion cried:

"Wow!" and almost staggered back to upon the two little girls. The two girls who were following a short distance stopped abruptly for they had heard a sound of a shot.

"What's the matter?" asked the girls.

"We better look out," was the boy's reply. "I think we have come in the way of some glandolinian snipers." When while Gertrude drew her pistol the boy added "and if that is true, we need not have awakened so soon, for we were almost near this strange place when we went to sleep. I'm surprised glandolinian glandolinians did not come upon us in the dark and kill us."

Gertrude and Angelina came forward. A wall of trees faced them, and they saw that the pathway made a turn to the left. How ever they followed on but kept behind trees, and then went from tree to tree as cautiously as possible, and then made another turn this time to the right but did not see a single Glandolinian.

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"Be careful we have struck the end of the trail," said the boy scout, in a pleased pleased voice. "We have struck the end of the trail."

They halted then they went the boats at last. A shaft of golden sunlight fell down upon them through the leaves of the tree tops almost at their feet, as Angelina pishoo and Gertrude Angelina turned the corner of the small passage or trail, and looking forward they found they were at the end of the trail alright, but they were far above the river and at the edge of a fifty foot precipice. And where the passage ended.

For a while they gazed in silence, at least two of them being filled with dismay at the sight. But the boy merely whistled softly and said cheerfully:

"I believe that this was the toughest journey I or you little girls ever had the misfortune to undertake, and for one I'm glad it is over. Yet unless I can manage to get down this steep embankment to the river below we are without hopes of securing the boats for I see them moored below."

"Do you think there is any way to get down?" asked Angelina pishoo anxiously; and Gertrude Angelina added a peering over. "It's a precipice, so I don't see how we can ever manage it."

"Well I'm an ordinary boy scout, and if I did not know how to make out anything I would not even make the attempt," said the boy scout. "But Violet and her sisters have learned no wonders, to be able to accomplish some wonders thanks to them, and whenever whenever you girls are ready I'll show you two a trick that is worth while."

"Oh," exclaimed Angelina pishoo. "Do you intend to climb down this precipice with hands and feet and expect us to do it too?"

"Why I should say not," answered the boy.

"I thought," said Gertrude. "that you would go first, and then secure a rope and cast up to us so we could climb down by it."

"Ropes are dangerous on this occasion but it is the only way," replied the boy. "and as I might not be able to find any cloth ropes I will have to make one out of vines. Besides it stands to reason that if I can get down a rope for a drop of only fifty feet, I can help you two girls down with me."

"Well I'm not afraid," said Angelina pishoo who longed to be as far away from her enemies as possible who no doubt were still on her trail.

"Suppose we fall to our deaths!" suggested Gertrude Gertrude Angelina, doubtfully.

"Why in that case for what I intend to do we three would fall together," returned the boy scout. "I'm going to make the rope out of the longest vines and then down we go."

"Soon the rope was made about eighty feet in length and the boy said:

"Gertrude tie the end of it to the strongest tree."

She obeyed and when she was finished the boy said:

"Grab one part of the rope as I do and start sliding down."

She obeyed and when she was half way down, Gertrude peered over the edge and inquired:

"How about me, Mr.?"

"Why I think it is best you grab hold of the rope after we are down first," was the reply. "The rope may not be strong enough to hold three at once."

Gertrude looked down toward the depths of the precipice and then looked at the slender vine for a rope and heaved a deep sigh.

"It's going to be some dangle I guess, but if we don't waste so much time on the way down or the rope holds my weight, I may be able to get down," said she. Soon the other two made the descent safely and then Gertrude grasped the rope firmly and held on for dear life as she started the descent. The rope was slimy but sticky but nevertheless Gertrude had to twin her legs around the rope to keep from sliding down too fast. Even in this position the brave girl had trouble in escaping the rough sides of the rock. Several times she exclaimed "Wow" as she accidentally bumped her arm against some jagged projection, or banged her knee, but she kept on nevertheless and got nearer and nearer to the beach. It seemed indeed a long climb yet almost before Gertrude realized it, she reached the ground below and a moment later alighted gently upon the ground. She released herself so suddenly from the rope however that she struck the earth with a shock that sent her rolling over head or heels over head, but by the time the other two reached her she was sitting up and looking around her with much satisfaction.

"It's sort of pretty here, especially the blue of the river," said she.
"Who such is a beautiful place if not torn by civil wars," cried Angeline Riches.

"I wonder where on earth we are, and I can't see the boats," pondered the boy, turning first one end of the rope and then another for sport. Stones and gravel there were plenty. But they found they had a walk of two miles along the shore of the river before they could reach the boats, but here there was no sign of enemies whatever.

"Just before I started down the rope I thought I had a glimpse of a movement not far away," said the boy. "I'm going back up and see if I was right." Then he climbed up the rope till he got to the top but when he reached the brink he saw nothing but the blue waves of the river in front of them, to the right of him, and at the left of him. Behind the hill was the forest that shut out the rest of the view.

"No descended and when he got down Angeline Riches said:

"I hope it is not a rebel camp."

"If it is we will have to avoid it," Gertrude replied.

"But even so it is better to take our chances out on the open water or along its beach than in those terrible unknown recesses of the woods," declared Riches.

"You are right little girl," agreed the boy as he said. "Anything on the water is better than the best of things that lies in a hidden unknown wood. So girls let us not quarrel with our fate, but be thankful we escaped the enemy so far."

"We are indeed thankful," the girls replied. "But I wonder if we can find anything to eat further on."

"Let us explore the beach for a distance and find out," Prop a proposed the boy scout. "Those trees growing on the lowest shore younger by the river beach seem to be cherry and other trees laden with fruit."

On the way to them the war explorers had to walk through a maze of rocks and stones or over them rather, and the boy scout who went first, stumbled and pitched forward on his face.

"Why it's a box full of bread lying among the rocks," cried Angeline Riches delightfully as she observed what had caused the boy scout to fall.

The boy arose to his feet, for he was not at all hurt, and examined the box.

Then opening the box more, he took the big jackknife that Gertrude Angeline offered him and cut one of the loaves in two. It was quite fresh and looked good, but the boy tasted it before he permitted the girls to eat any. Deciding it was good and safe, and not decayed, he gave her a big slice or a part of a loaf, and then offered Gertrude to help herself to what she found in the box. Gertrude looked through the box somewhat disdainfully at first, but when she had tasted the flavor of some cheese sandwiches she ate of it as heartily as did the others.

Among the rocks they discovered many other eatables, and Angeline Riches said gratefully:

"Well thanks be to God and His blessed Mother there is no danger of our starving, even if we are lost, and are fugitives of the enemy."

"These things must have been abandoned by some one in a hurry," said Gertrude.

"But anyhow we couldn't have struck anything better."

For walking for nearly half a mile they came to the trees that grew to the very edge of the river, where they obtained some of the fruit, and at the edge of the little forest were some wild plums. The forest itself which grew to the river's edge consisted entirely of nuts, walnuts, filberts, almonds and even chestnuts, and even apple trees, so there would be plenty of wholesome food for them to collect.

For their cutting down the river when they reached the boats which they saw only a few yards from the forest. The girls and also the boy decided to walk through the forest, to discover what was on the other side of it, but the boys feet were still so sore from walking on the stones in his shoes, that he decided he would not go through the woods in no direction but for the boats only and as he was obstinate to his decision they finally agreed after much argument with him. The forest here was not large at all, so by walking for fifteen minutes at a brisk walk they reached its furthest edge, and saw before them the boats near the shore of the river.

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"Here are the two boats!" cried Angeline Riches with a sigh.
"Yes and they are pretty gasoline launches too," said Gertrude Angeline. "I guess if the worse comes to the worse, and if anything should happen in case the gasoline gave out we better make use of the paddles to use so we could paddle down the river. At least reserve the gasoline in case we are pursued by enemy craft." The other little girl and the boy brighto nod at this suggestion. When Angeline Riches' cheeks eyes lighted upon something else and she exclaimed "Is not that a man standing by the boats?"

The other two looked closely, saw a strange man by the boats.

"Looks like it Angeline," said Gertrude. "Not that I would call him much of a man from his appearance, but we better go over quickly and see that he does not go off with our boats."

Indeed a very few steps brought them to the man and the two boats. As our friends came nearer they observed a little old man dressed in a glandelinian uniform of a captain with a short gray beard, standing motionless by the boats and staring thoughtfully at the approaching party.

"Get away from here you christian dogs," he called in a fretful voice.

"Can't you see that you are obstructing yourselves?"

"Good morning," said the boy scout politely.

"It should not be a good morning for you christian dogs," snapped the little man who appeared to be a rebel indeed. "I've seen plenty of rebels in christian dogs in my day but none like you three intruders. So you call it fair to come upon me and poster me with your presence."

The three children were astonished to hear such words from a stranger even if he was a glandelinian when they had greeted quite properly, and the boy grew red at the rebels rudeness. But he said in a quiet tone of voice:

"Are you the man who owns these boats?"

"They are certainly my exclusive boats, and I'll thank you three fools to get out of here as soon as possible possible."

"We would like to do that and quick too," said Angeline Riches, and then to the man's surprise she and Gertrude and the boy leveled pistols at him and commanded him to push the boats half way into the water. The rebel officer obeyed, and also swore and protested but they were now too provoked to pay any attention to him.

"Nothing in sight sir," said Gertrude shading her eyes with her hand "so you will have to stay here for a time anyhow while we go off with the boats. It is not a bad place by any means and we desire to get to the christian lines."

"That's all you know about it," spoke in the rebel. "The river is infested by rebel scouts on boats as thick as bees, and the rivers current is rougher now than even it ought to be and you will never be able to swim if our comrades catch size you. I find you three fools are getting yourselves into greater peril than ever. The shore is lined with batteries, and you will be blinded by searchlights when it grows dark. If you two girls and your boy friend remain here, you will find things more satisfactory than on the river."

Angeline Riches turned to look at him, and her sweet face was grave and curious. "I wonder if you are telling the truth or fooling us!" she said.

"My name is Frank Pessimer," said he with an air of pride. "When the boy gave an explicit answer."

"What do you observe?" asked the girls.

"Everything was his reply. When he drew back with a startled exclamation and looked at some strange foot prints in the sand."

"Why good gracious me," he cried in distress.

"What's the matter now?" asked Gertrude Angeline.

"There has been many glandelinians around here and we are delaying time by arguing with this man. Don't you see them?"

"Here are not enough foot prints that I can see," said Angeline Riches examining the foot prints.

"Everything will be wrong with us if we don't hurry," insisted the boy. "If we don't get on our way we may meet a great calamity."

"I suppose you are right," admitted the little girls getting in the boats, and forcing the old man into one of them.

"Try to forget the nonsense and start on our journey down the river," advised Gertrude Angelina soothingly. "It's also beginning to rain. Let's get under the shot shelter of the boat curtains and keep dry."
"Butcher! Is it really starting to rain?" Asked the boy.
"It is," answered Gertrude as the big drops began to descend descend. "And I don't see any reason why I should stop it."
"No and we can't stop it if we wished to," said Gertrude. "Are you very hungry right now?" she asked of the glandelinian prisoner as she relieved him of his weapons and cartridge belt.

"I won't be after I get out in the middle of the river." Replied the rebel.
"When do me a favor please?" she said with a smile.
"Do you rob christian dogs a favor?" He demanded.
"Yes," repeated Gertrude also almost laughing.
"Well what is it, kidney?" He demanded.
"No not that. I wish you would be so kind as to take the umbrella in the boat which I just observed and hold it over the poor fishes in the river till it is at some nearing rain. I'm afraid they will get wet."
Angelina picked up the umbrella, and so did the boy, but the glandelinian realized the little girl was poking fun at him as he scooped upon the little girls in a way to show he was terribly peeved.
"Her soon had the boats out upon the water and tied to the other and although the rain was coming down in big drops they felt safe. The roof of the boats running protected them, and while they let the boat float of their will and watched the rainstorm. At once the boy scout saw a small rowboat with some one in it approach and he cried out:
"Go on in a rowboat. Some one in a row boat. The queerest rowboat I ever saw."

Gertrude Angelina and her friend and also the prisoner looked at it and Gertrude said in surprise:
"Dear me it's a little girl in the boat."
"That's what it is sure enough." Exclaimed Gertrude Angelina.
"Really the rowboat was not much bigger than a canoe and when it came toward the launches the girls recognized her right away.
"Why it is Angelina Jennings!" she cried.
"It's me all right," said the girl who was drenched to the skin. "But I was in an awful pickle just the same."
"What are you doing out here then in the rain?" Demanded Gertrude Angelina much amazed.
"I was pursued by the enemy and am lost." Replied the drenched creature.
"What's happened to you?" Asked the boy, leaning over the side of the launch in order to see the girl better and hear her. She was dressed as a boy, and had her hair tied up and was without a hat. "No him as she replied she seemed also pretty."

"You will remember that when General Hanson's army started on its march yesterday yesterday after the battle of Hagglandelinda I left them for a short while out through a wooded country just to see the scenery, and just as I got to the side of a forest, I was seen by rebels and pursued. I was hit in the leg by one of the rebels and I managed to dig out the bullet that was the size of a gooseberry. It is only a flesh wound however but I cannot hardly walk at all. I could feel myself growing weaker and weaker, and it frightened me terribly so that I decided to get into a row boat and allow myself to rest and the boat to carry me where it will until I was rescued. In a few minutes, I secured the boat and here I was. My wound is certainly a dreadful affliction. After I had recovered somewhat from the shock, and dug the bullet out and bandaged my wound, I saw your launches sweep out to the river and came to meet you and ask for help. It is not easy to find ones way in this mark caused by the rain but fortunately I spotted your boats here and came to you at once for assistance."
The boy and the two girls were much astonished at this story, and also felt grieved for the poor girl, and yet as they helped her onto the boat the rebel seemed to think it a good joke. He began laughing when he heard the story, and laughed until he choked choked, after which he lay down on the bottom of the boat, and rolled and

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laughed again, while the tears of excitement coursed down his wrinkled cheeks.
"Oh dear oh dear," he finally gasped, sitting up and wiping his eyes. "This is too rich." "It's almost too joyful to be true."
"I don't see anything funny about it." Replied Angelina, fished indignantly.
"You would if you had her experience," said the rebel, getting up on his feet, and gradually assuming a more assuming his former expression of face. "He saw the thing ought to be good to you."

"Oh it should." And how do you happen to fall into the river without getting wet?" Asked the girl as he suddenly gave him a shove and over he went into the water with a great splash.

"How did you come to be in part of the country?" Asked Gertrude as the man started swimming toward the shore and heaping appreciations upon them.

"I did not come here, the Glandelinians were here." He plied the third little girl, with a frown at the rebel's location. "The glandelinians who pursued me and tried to capture me said I was a spy, and trying to find out some information for the Angolishan general, and blamed me because of all the things the Vivian girls did, and because I was only a girl. So I had to flee in any old direction to escape the men. Around was it not?"

"Go on to me," said Gertrude Angelina. "Those glandelinians would pursue a hint if they could."

"Well," resumed Angelina, "I had when I found myself lost in the woods, I was obliged to live upon nuts and fruits, and I found many good fruits and nuts growing here here that I had never seen in my life before. I was hungry and therefore I had to eat them, and I found them wholesome and good. But one day as I was picking some blue berries and eating the same as I was hungry and could not find anything else—I suddenly saw a man a corner of the road a column of the forces of the rebels. It was a very unpleasant condition to meet with them suddenly and I became frightened but I hid behind a tree before the terrible glandelinians saw me. I could not walk very well on account of the wound I had received in my leg, and every thing in my way during the night I feared was a dangerous glandelinian soldier, every blade of grass their knives or snare, and every bush full of snipers. For several days I stumbled around in an agony of fear. Once a glandelinian rushed out at me from a bush and tried to run me through with a bayonet, but I hit him with a stone and escaped. I was frightfully scared and even if I ran for a moment from a hiding place night or day, I was still glandelinians of every kind swooped down upon me. Finally I became so scared that I decided to hunt for a better way across the river or even drown myself in anything to escape from the glandelinians. I was very tired and I was very hungry. At last I hid behind a small tree near the river bank and saw the row boat I was hoping for. Being wounded in the leg as I was and being unable to climb down a steep embankment, I was obliged to wait until I could regain a sense of my own composure and then I allowed myself to roll down the embankment even at the risk of rolling straight into the water. As soon as I got to the boat I got to my feet and got into it believing that if the glandelinians saw me now I would surely be taking a last view of the world. But to my surprise I was able to get out upon the water without detection and so I have finally seen your boats." They had all listened eagerly to this amazing tale and when it was finished the boy scout exclaimed:
"Do you think then that the glandelinians are getting as dangerous as all that?"

"I'm sure of it from my own experience." Answered Angelina Jennings.
"Do you know what direction Hanson's army might be on?" Asked Gertrude.

"I'm sure I can locate it." Answered the girl.
"Then direct us and we will go down the river at once." Begged Angelina.

"The glandelinians are in the water and are in terrible numbers." Answered Angelina Jennings, looking at her almost reproachfully.

"You girls are foolish as I am," said she. "Why in it we all go into such dangers for our own interest when the place of soldiers to do so?"

"Oh no it is our duty too as the glandelinians war on us." Gertrude assured her. "We must do out our duty for our good friends. So please direct us as we ask!"

The brave girl decided to do it, although she was rather reluctant to go down the river for she feared the glandulins would be there. She pointed to the north toward the northwest shore side of the river, and in a few minutes they started to paddle the boat. The boy using the oars taken from the row boat. As all the paddling for a few minutes remained silent as the boy rowed the boat, and her wounded leg pained her so at times that it was difficult for the girl to even remain at all. Gertrude Angeline who knew much about the treatment of wounds decided to look at her leg and asking Jo found she was to a better place proceeded to look the wound over.

"It's a bigger wound than I thought," said the girl, looking at the gash seriously.

"I hope you will be very careful of it," said Angelina, "John, and that is what Gertrude did. He cleaned out the wound as carefully and as gently as possible, and then tearing off a strip of cloth from her dress which was perfectly clean, covered the wound with some ointment she carried with her and then wrapped it up. You before she finished the work she could see that her friend was feeling much better, that the ointment was giving relief.

"Well, well what do you think of me now?" the wounded girl asked almost proudly.

"Your wounded leg is bad and will have to be treated as soon as we reach the Christian lines or find some good doctor somewhere," declared Gertrude. "You must be a poor ju dge of glandulins to risk an encounter with them." was Angelina's retort. "Any one can see that you are very reckless." "Well I could not help it." Asset asserted Angelina, "Nevertheless it is probable the same could have happened to you girls. But for the sake of my friend please, I'd like to know what good we all would be if we did not have adventures once in a while even what ever risk they may be."

"Never mind that," said Gertrude Angeline.

"I am a favorite of the Vivian girls, allow me to say, and you two girls are far from them," declared Angelina, "If you don't like the glandulins—and I'm sure you don't, for no one else does—why don't you go away from them and leave the rebels to themselves?"

"Well the Angulian generals need some one more spy than didlers, and soldiers can't get away from the glandulins like we can," declared Angelina, "Is that an answer?" "We don't want to encounter the glandulins not a single bit, but I don't see why we should be a coward just the same."

"We can all go back to Abbeville and be safe."

Gertrude Angeline shook her head, Angelina, John, shuddered, at the thought, and the boys all laughed aloud.

"You may be right in one way," the boy said to Angelina, "but we intend to do our work to suit ourselves ourselves, and if the glandulins don't like it let them take care of themselves then."

Angelina Jennings made no reply to this, although as the boy rowed the boat a little faster and Angelina began to paddle, the little girl's face wore an anxious and frightened look. Gertrude Angeline gathered some of the nuts she had brought ashore aboard the boat and also found a good bed in an opposite corner of the boat big enough to hold four men not on alone the three little girls. The boy decided to remain up all night, and then sleep during the day time while the girls rowed the boat though there was danger on the boat also they did not use them as their feet that evening consisted of fruits and nuts, picked from the trees, the weather was warm and there was nothing to cook. They rowed upon the water therefore for three days and nights without encountering any enemy of any sort, and rested and ate to their hearts' content and had some happy moments. Still they were not as happy as they wished to be because of being lost. Angelina Jennings felt miserable of her wounds, and she could see nothing good or admirable for every thing looked dangerous to her. On the fourth day a happy thought came to the boy's mind. They had all been raving, racking their brains for a possible way to land on a safe shore out of reach of glandulins and discussing this or that method, without finding a plan that was practical. Gertrude Angeline had said that they go into the middle of the river but it seemed too rough for such little launches on a windy day.

"And say now we did go to the middle of the river almost out of sight of land," said Angelina, "there would be liable to drift but o, and how long would it take us to get back to the shore where in case a storm would blow up?" Gertrude Angeline was forced to admit that she did not know. The boy could have left the boat to go back to the shore alone anything she wished to, but the boy was loyal to his new friends and refused to leave them unless they all were back to the church Christian mission. It was when Angelina, John urged him to go and find his way back to his comrades on the fourth morning, that the boy had his sudden happy thought.

"I will go nearer the shore and scout while in the boat," if you three girls will agree to take the chances too."

"We are not sure of it," said John, "I accidentally found us and yourself under fire in case glandulins are there." "Objection Angelina, John."

"You could suddenly get several rounds fired on for a long journey," acknowledged the boy, "but you know you have good weapons with you and might shoot down a number of your enemies."

Then upon quiet suggestion, startled the girls and they looked gravely at the boy's proposal while they considered it, but soon Gertrude Angeline asked, "But would you be of us if the glandulins would fire on our boats with artillery?" "We would not be such good to counsel us, if we were shattered into two or three pieces would it. Or if we were sinking on the water under fire and have grapes and auditors rip us to pieces. My friends, friend boy scout, I'd rather stay here in the river as far from the shore as possible, than be found by some one in places afterwards."

"Why couldn't you take with you some of the dark purple flags along with you we are taking on the bottom of the boat of course it and the glandulins would not then dare to fire." "I agreed the boy," when if there were too dangerous for us we could use the candles to see our way out to the middle of the water. We got to go around something you know to learn where we are."

"But it," declared Angelina, "clapped her hands with delight. "Let's do it Gertrude."

Gertrude or even Angelina, John did not like the idea at first, but the two girls thought it over carefully, and so the more they thought of it the better it seemed.

"How could we manage to find out whether they are friends or enemies if we go near the shore?" she asked.

"I could take this paddle and place a small Angulian flag on it and raise it high in the air," said the boy. "If the Angulians are near nothing will happen but if the glandulins are near they will fire on the flag."

"But we have not an Angulian flag with us," objected Angelina, "John."

The boy looked at her closely and then smiled.

"There is one kind of a flag below which you did not observe," he said presently. "At least you have a pink dress on, but Gertrude has on her a red ribbon, a yellow dress and a blue skirt. If she took the ribbon and put it on that white cloth here and tore off some strips of her skirt and dress she could make a false flag or one kind with the colors."

Gertrude looked at her skirt and skirt and saw it was true, with the large red ribbon she wore. If she tore off strips of her dress as he said she could easily make a false Angulian flag and the boat could be under as soon as they got near enough to the shore. So she first removed her ribbon and with some small pieces she had with her fastened it on top of the white cloth across like a trip of a flag. She then took off enough from her skirt to make the blue background for the flag, and then enough of the yellow skirt to make the stripes. She then tied the or fastened the artificial flag to the paddle so that it would not fall off when exposed in the air.

"I believe we will do it that way," she said.

Angelina, John ground but could not make no logical objection, except to her the plan seemed quite dangerous—and dangerous it was even then.

"But it is a safe plan," said Angelina, "John solemnly," but it is said nobody can stay alive without getting into danger sometimes, and danger does not always mean getting hurt, Gertrude, it only means we might get injured, so go I guess for our own sakes to get somewhere now this we will have to take the risk."

"I'm sure we will have trouble taking look over your eyes," said the boy. The little girl and nothing to Angelina. In her, she was sitting on her seat, staring at the sea like the old women of the river, but started at once to look carefully over their pistols. The boy remembered very well that the Glandelinians were, and though he did not wish to find that there was any, he the dangerous exploit he was undertaking he was not going to take any chances. Gertrude Angelina observed that her revolver was not as loaded as it should be as she had tried to shoot down the day before they got the boats so she got out from her belt enough bullets to fill the chambers.

"I guess my gun is four or five shots short," said Angelina. "I'm sure we have some excitement so might as well load our guns completely." So she loaded her gun properly. When Angelina pointed out they were about to make the dangerous attempt for sure she at first looked greatly scared. She was too interested in their experiment however, and willingly agreed to assist them, although she prophesied they would run into some unseen danger that was liable to be great, and he either drowned in the river, or a crushed to death by shell fire, or torn by graps. This unheeded prospect however did not disturb them, but it made the boy quite nervous.

"We will see to it the flag to use as a decoy is perfectly formed," said Angelina. "I hope, as she placed her gun behind on the ground, in such a manner that she could pick it up again in a hurry. Then she extended the artificial flag, and in a few seconds had disappeared. Then she placed beside her, as well as Gertrude did, their two guns within easy reach, and all preparations being made, Gertrude decided to make the daring exploit.

"I hope Gertrude you fastened the flag on tight," said Gertrude Angelina anxiously.

"Why the flag is not very heavy you know," he replied. "So I think the thick flag will hold, but be careful when you raise the paddle to not have your fingers exposed in case we are under fire."

"Ready for the start shout," said the boy.

"Yes the girls cried together, and Angelina. "I hope," said the boy.

"Be careful not to get reckless or our boat may be swamped by a rebel shell, or we would be killed outright, or be drowned, I'm sure you will." The boy now started rowing and rowed so hard that the boat shot through the water swiftly toward the shore pulling the other one with it. They now were going swiftly over the water toward the shore, at which lurked they knew not what dangers.

Gertrude Angelina and Angelina pointing a rode very comfortably in the swiftly speeding boat. The motion of the boat indeed was quite steady, yet they were both somewhat nervous about their future fate, when they got near the shore, and could not help wishing they were safe with in the Christian lines again.

"Look terribly worried, Gertrude," remarked Angelina. "I hope you are looking at her companion."

"Same with you, Riches dear," she said with a laugh. "But as long as we have our confidence in God and our trusty weapons with us we need not worry about our wicked Glandelinian enemies."

"In a dream," said Gertrude. "I would be curiousities in doing those same as to. But in reality, say out in this river--sailing toward an unknown section of its dreaded shores,--there ain't no word in any book or volume to describe our adventures."

"Why we are adventures, that's all," said the little girl.

The boat went onward for a time silently for they were several miles yet from shore. The slight swaying and rocking of the boat, made Gertrude Angelina drowsy, and she began to fall asleep. Angelina. "I hope," however awake, and after enduring the monotonous journey shoreward as long as she was able she called out:

"Are you near the shore yet, boys?"

"Not yet," answered. "It is in a wide river, and it takes some time to row so far you know, but if I keep on in a perfectly straight line, I'm sure to reach it some time."

"What indeed did seem to be a little reasonable, so the little girls in the launch remained as patient as possible, that in Gertrude dozed, and Angelina picked out what part of the river coast line they were likely to arrive at. For about thirty minutes after midday the boat flew on steadily, keeping to the straight line shoreward, the boy searching with his eyes the horizon of rapidly approaching land. Soon Gertrude Angelina was fast asleep asleep, and Angelina. "I hope," had laid her head on her shoulder to rest it, when suddenly the boy exclaimed:

"Here we are only half a mile from the land now."

"I think announcement they realized a round themselves. Gertrude Angelina stood up, and per pushing, aside the awning, went out to the boy.

"What does the land look like?" she inquired.

"Looks like it is safe to me," said the boy. "But I can judge it better in a minute or two when we get nearer."

"I don't care to have an encounter with the Glandelinians now if we can help it, since we had our recent experience," said Angelina. "I hope."

Soon the boy made another announcement.

"I see for sure a small encampment on the shore near the waters edge," said he.

"It's a Glandelinian camp so I won't stop there, because I see a clearer section of the shore straight south of it down the river."

"That's right," approved Gertrude Angelina shaking her head vigorously to get her hair out of her face. "The further away we are from a rebel camp the better it will suit us."

"It's about a mile away," said the boy. "I wonder if it can be Mauleys lines or general Federalists."

"I hope not," said Angelina. "I hope to Gertrude Angelina. "For I should not like to meet those Glandelinians just now."

After a few more minutes of rowing the boy called out in a loud voice:

"I can't get near the shore here at any point for I do not trust the looks of the series of encampments all along the line. It's also a shore line I have never seen before, although in my ramblings and scouting tours and the like I have wandered far and wide. It seems to be all camp fires, batteries of guns, and flickering lights and cities of tents all mixed up in a very puzzling way."

"Mostly the Angelinian encampments are like that," said Gertrude Angelina. "Are you going to try the exploit here?"

"Pretty soon," was the reply. "Here is a good scenery just ahead of me and we can display the flag before it gets too dark. What do you say to our going as near the shore as about three hundred yards?"

"I'll right alright," agreed Gertrude Angelina for both she and the other girls were getting tired of riding in a boat so long, and if there was a chance hoped to get foot on solid ground again. So in a few minutes the boy scout stopped rowing and then came to a stop so easily that they were scarcely jarred at all. Then he arose in his seat and looked for the flag, and then prepared to fasten it on the paddle. This proved to be a clumsy and difficult task and after much fumbling he finally said:

"I'm afraid I cannot put it on myself unless some one holds the paddle."

This was at first discouraging but after a little thought Gertrude Angelina said:

"If you don't mind Angelina dear, I can cut a small slit from your dress and make a stout string of it to tie around the pole with my knife."

"No," he replied. "he slit won't matter, cause I can either sew up my dress again, or get a new one anywhere or any how."

So Gertrude Angelina got out her big jackknife and after a considerable trouble managed to cut a slit of cloth from Angelina's dress. First she flattened it out and then she helped the boy to fasten the artificial flag to the paddle. They had carefully guarded this flag during the journey a shoreward by holding it between them for its use meant much to the brave little girls.

"I'm not very anxious to take the risk," said the little girl as she finally completed the flag fastenings. "But we need not worry about danger in this case. Anyhow it would be more dangerous to land on an uncertain shore than to test it out before we land."

the like taking medicine to make you well so we must manage to do what in the right thing somehow or other. The little girls were greatly relieved when the flag was finally fixed correctly on the pole, and Gertrude Angeline showed her satisfaction, for although they knew the effects on a flag like that if seen by rebels, they had not been sure whether it was a series of rebel camps and positions or not, or that the Lancelinians if there were any would think the flag a trick or something and not fire at all.

"Just shall we do in case we are suddenly under fire?" asked Angelina Pichee, as she picked up her gun, marveling that she had ever been able to know how to use one. "They may be handy too you know."

"I'm not sure as that," Gertrude replied, "but if the Lancelinians fire on us we won't remain here that is one thing. Their fire of course in the dark night not have any effect on our boats at all but then contrariwise they might. I heard of an experience like this once of two soldiers and one of their boats got badly damaged. But in case of pursuit the two guns of ours will come handy."

Gertrude now searched her pocket and drew out a small tin wooden box with a sliding cover. The little girl had kept an assortment of small bullets of various sizes in this little box, but these she now dumped loosely into her pocket, and in the box placed from a small bag a little black powder and filled it up. When this important matter was attended to they found time to look about them and see what sort of an onslaught it was that was within their view before they would order the boy to raise the flag pole up high.

The shore of which they now were observing preparatory to their exploit was not a barren waste very much forested, but had on its side patches of green grass, a large number of trees in scattered groups, and here and there vast camps and camp fires innumerable but in a straight line. The sides of the slope up from the river seemed rather steep as elsewhere encountered, but with care one could climb up and down with ease and safety. The view up the river from the boat showed pleasant scenes and even fertile hills lying a little beyond the encampments on the shore. Gertrude thought she saw a line of houses of queer shape scattered all out in the rear of the most nearest camps, and there were moving dots that might be swarms of soldiers, yet were too far away for her to see them very clearly. She had raised the flag as high as possible, and received no response from the camp. He did it a number of times with the same results. Not far from the shore line which they viewed was a rise of ground which he thought he saw the outline of a battery of guns, so the boy proposed to, a land carefully, and would scout and see what was there.

"That's a good idea but be careful," said Angelina Jennings. "Cause it is getting toward night time, and if we have ourselves before us we will have to get from the shore and out into the river again."

The boy left the boat, and went on shore and had been gone for nearly ten minutes, when they saw him appear on the edge of the top which was nearest them, and then he descended toward the boat.

He got in and said:

"Go to a go on. We are facing the army of general Tamarlin's forces, unarmament. They don't observe our boat, and lucky it is too far they have a batt ery close by which could have shot us out of the water."

So the little girls went inside the covering above the boat, and the boy, began to row the boat again and it did not take him long to get a certain distance from the shore. From a further distance their first view of the Lancelinian position pleased them very much. It was wider than any of them had ever guessed. In the very centre stood a vast fortress built of stone, but very neatly constructed. The Lancelinians were in sight along the shore, but several searchlight were beginning to make their display and a long line of camp fires were seen all along the shore, so with one accord the little girls stood on the bulwarks of the boat watching the strange scene.

"I wonder," said Angelina Pichee, "in what part of the Calvernia country we are and if we are very far from any Christian army."

"Can't say as to that, partner," answered the boy scout. "But I am mighty certain that we have come a long way since you girls had the adventure with the rebel warship."

"Yes," he agreed with a sigh. "It must be many, many miles."

"Distances don't mean nothing," said the boy. "I have rowed boats, rode horses, and walked on a scummy turn or pretty much over all of the war sections of the Calvernia country trying to find one Christian army after another in my ramblings and it is astonishing how many perils are hidden away for you in the crack and corners of this big globe of earth. If one travels for adventure, he may either find something new at every turn, or every kind of peril whether he wants to meet it or not, and a good many books could have been written of our adventures too."

"Perhaps this is one of the adventures," suggested Gertrude Angeline with a smile. They stopped the boat now for a few minutes and being nearer the shore looked at it closely. A camp fire glowed suddenly more brightly making the scenery on the shore look weird.

"We had better come in and not be out here too long, or for it looks as if some one on the camp was stirring," said the boy. "I don't like the notion of that dimly lighted getting too dark for the rebels to see us or the boat now." said Angelina Pichee. "So we can't be having any trouble yet."

"You will change your mind about that in a little while if you don't take care," declared the boy. "I know what a sudden stir stirring of a rebel camp fire means, and it feels to me as if our boat has been observed and the one we have with it too and it looks as if trouble was coming our way. But make your own will at it girls. But anyhow let's have a little supper." "Supper."

Inside the boat there was one large room, simply but comfortably furnished. It had a small bench and a table. The boy had brought something from the shore, two chickens he had captured and some thing else and a those having been a cooked before he secured them from a rebel camp fire on the shore, the girls seated them selves upon the benches except the boy, who waited upon them first.

"May I ask what section of the Lancelinian army it is?" inquired Gertrude Angeline.

"Goodness no don't you just remember having me tell you?" asked the boy looking at the girl in surprise.

"I admitted Gertrude Angeline truthfully. "You spoke something to Angelina Pichee but I did not make it out."

"Well what ever camp it is we have lost our way," said the boy.

"Not exactly," said Gertrude. "We did not have anything to lose but ourselves."

"Ah," said the boy nodding his head as he saw her joke. "This," he announced as a part of general Raymond Richardson's Federal army under Tamarlin's famous Lancelinian Lancelinian army."

"Oh," exclaimed Gertrude and the other girls in one breath. "But never having heard of general Richardson's army they were no wiser than before."

"I thought that would startle you," remarked the boy, well pleased, as he now sat down and began to eat. The girls watched him in silence and then Gertrude asked:

"May I ask what may be your name?"

"He" answered the boy scout. "Haven't you ever heard of me? I'm known far and wide as Gerald Starring."

They all received this information in silence at first for they were trying to think what he could mean for they did hear of a boy by the name of Gerald Starring before, the famous hero of the Lancelinian girls. Finally Angelina Pichee mustered up courage to ask:

"Is your name really Gerald Starring?"

For answer the boy turned around and faced them with a smile.

"I have no other name," he said. "Unless I invite one. You can call me a wheel boy if you like."

Gertrude laughed softly and Angelina Pichee whistled softly to herself, and Angelina Jennings made up her mind that it must be true. She had heard much of the boy friend of the Lancelinian girls called Gerald Starring and she had now to have him with her for a trip. The boy however seemed satisfied that he had explained his position fully and presently he placed four plates upon the table, and taking a large box from the floor poured its contents on each of the plates. The little girls at once approached the table again for they were still hungry but when they had examined their plates one of the little girls exclaimed:

"Why they are big red strawberries."

"To be sure they are." Returned Gerald Starring with a pleasant smile. "Eat them quick and if you want more I have plenty." With this he seized a spoon and began eating them with out any sugar, while the others looked at him in astonishment.

"Did anyone give them to you?" Asked Angelino. "Ishoo."

"No indeed." Said he. "Why don't you eat them? Are you not hungry?"

"Yes indeed," he replied. "I am hungry, but we don't know what to make of this. Where did you get these lovely berries. In the woods?"

"Aha, ha," laughed the boy. "What a funny idea. Where in the world did you girls come from that you don't know where I got the berries?"

"Abbisamin." She said.

"Abbisamin. I've heard of Abbisamin but I never before behold a real Abbisaminian."

"Where did you get the berries?" Asked Gertrude.

"Where I got them isn't worth talking about," declared the boy helping himself again to a plateful for he had been eating a little the time he talked.

"For my part," sighed Gertrude Angelino. "I'd like to know where you managed to get those berries, just by way of variety."

"Why the enemy just handed them over to me without question. He answered, and then rather bashfully, as he did not like to talk about himself, he told how when he landed on the shore, he raided a camp of the enemy unseen, and brought to the boat, strawberries, two loaves, of bread, three whole hams, canned peaches and the like, rather a full store."

"You certainly are a wonder," said Angelino. "In ishoo. who had ate her berries up. A little later she helped herself to a little more. They finally finished as many strawberries as they could eat, and now the boy was greatly amazed at the way the little girls could eat so many berries without getting sick. But he had also condescended to eat about three full plates of berries, and Angelino Jennings ate several, while Gertrude ate four, and Angelino ishoo two. Gertrude was the last to finish eating berries and then asked for a drink of water.

"Water?" Asked the boy. "Why I have something better. I and he gave them each a bottle of soda pop.

"Did the enemy give those to you too?" Asked Angelino. "Ishoo laughing."

"Not exactly that I heard of," said he. "I usually take things from enemies like the glandolinians whether they give them to me or not. But also after a while I can give you some fresh lemonade. I took them along with me too."

"Oh did you get lemonade too?" she inquired.

"I certainly did, and it is refreshing and healthful."

With this he brought forth the bottles and the girls from it very nice lemonade. The boy liked it too. The adventures of the girls however had made them a tired and hungry that all they ate that night did not make them sick but made them rather drowsy, and while the boy started the boat slowly out to the river the little girls rolled themselves in some blankets and lay down on the cot and went to sleep. Angelino ishoo awakened several times, and found the boy always alert and listening intently for the slightest sound as he paddled softly. But the little girl could hear no sound whatever in any direction at all except the lapping of the waves, and the noise of birds in the sky.

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"Wake up--wake up, girls." Called the boy scout. "Didn't I tell you the enemy had seen our boats and were suspicious. I can hear their firing and a number of their boats are now on shore after us and their rifles are at firing level at us."

"Is it true?" Said Angelino. "Ishoo rubbed her eyes and creeping out of her blanket. "It is the first time in my life that I ever knew the glandolinians could discover us in the night time."

"Well they have and for that reason a reason we got our heaviest experience right here."

The little girl went outside to see if he was true. The air was filled with many strange lights, and the shore lined with them, and it seemed also as if their river in their rear was filled with pursuing boat loads of men, the boats being so large in size and so queer in form that she was puzzled.

"Are you certain they are really glandolinians pursuing us?" she asked.

"To be sure. I must get my own weapons which I secured in my raid and turn out to resist them if they come too close. Would you girls like to resist them or would you rather make a swift retreat?"

"Yes we will endeavor to get away first and then fight if not successful."

He then followed the boy to the stern. When she exclaimed;

"By the glandolinians are not firing a bit."

"Of course, not now they aren't," replied the boy scout. "They were firing not many minutes ago but when we did not answer them they ceased."

Angelino ishoo went inside her room and gathered pistols and placed them in their holsters.

"By our pursuers are Turnamunians," she cried.

"Certainly; all of those glandolinians are Turnamunians. What do you girls expect the glandolinians to be."

"It is the first time I ever saw the Turnamunians."

"Well it is the first time I ever saw the Turnamunians too so we may as well make the best of it," said he, a little impatiently. "I'm not responsible for the absurd glandolinian rebels have in their minds, and when we are pursued we are supposed to do as they are pursued done rather than kind of glandolinians there are. Don't shoot at them now though for the only fault I find with the Turnamunians is that if they are aroused they never miss."

With this the boy scout set to work paddling as fast as he could and he was so quick and industrious that he soon had begun to outdistance the glandolinian pursuers keeping close however to the nearest shore banks on either side of the river.

While he rowed the little girl decided to have a look at the gasoline engine, and found it in good condition, and plenty of gasoline in cans too. Gertrude Angelino also having been aroused came out and joined her.

"What's all this row?" she asked of Angelino. "And why are you looking at the gasoline engine?"

"The glandolinians are pursuing us in boats," said she. "But I'm not sure whether they are real Turnamunians or not, although they are light in the sky moving back and forth, and on the shore look suspicious. It's dangerous however to take chances and so if the pursuers gain on us we will have to use the gasoline engine. Gertrude Angelino looked at the machinery and then to the rear and saw the many boats in the distance coming forward, the men rowing as hard as they could. Then Angelino Jennings came out and looked too. Her time the glandolinian pursuers seemed to be gaining no nearer and yet not even being left behind and there were so many of the boats that the number of them seemed to darken the river. The boy himself was now rowing a little harder but suddenly Angelino ishoo heard him call out;

"Goodness gracious; here is some one swimming swiftly toward the water."

also ran to the part of the boat he pointed with her pistol in her hand, and the other two quickly followed and saw some object apparently waiting through the water on a swiftly as possible. Here the river did not seem to be so awful deep and as the object came nearer they saw it appeared to be a boy or something.

"Now we saw one has been lost or fallen into the river and does not know how to get out and may be drowned," said Gertrude. "I hope we can rescue the poor boy. Let's get nearer and pull him out and see."

She managed to row the boat nearer and then took half hold of one arm, while the boy took hold of the other. Then they both pulled and out from the water came what indeed appeared to be a little boy. He was dressed in a gray velvet jacket, and knickerbockers, with grayish brown stockings, buckled shoes, and a blue gray shirtwaist, that had glandolinian dandy nod frills down in its front. When drawn from the water the little boy was gasping and vomiting water from her himself and both his hands were scratched and slightly maimed. At first he could not speak to his rescuers but lay quite still in the bottom of the boat and eyed them calmly.

"Up till he had recovered somewhat," then he said; "at my cap which I know is floating near the boat." While Gerald Starring fished into the river for the lost cap, Gertrude and Angeline picked up the boy, joyful, and Angeline's countenance had a smile on her face. The boy looked from one to another and asked;

"Who is this little boy?" "Why is this Jennie Urner, of course," answered Angeline. "If any one ever finds an apparently lost boy or one in trouble of her looks he can make up his mind it's Jennie Urner, our little amazon friend as we call her. But how she ever came to be found swimming in this river is more than I can make out."

"Where does she belong?" Inquired Gerald Starring. "Her home is in Galverhula or Abidjan, I think, but I'm quite sure that she does not belong anywhere at present but General Conscientious Aronburg's army." "What's right," said the little girl nodding her head as she got up or sat up.

"Everyone has to be, belong belong somewhere," remarked the boy scout. "Not so though," insisted Jennie Urner. "I'm half way around the world, from my own home I assure you, and I have lost my two pistols, and my own mind almost from the experience I had with the enemy before you took me out of the water. Stand to reason it was not your boats they were pursuing, but me, but now since I'm safe with you I don't care much. This is a pretty good country Angeline dear. I've had lots of fun with the enemy here since the war began." By this time the boy had secured the little girl's cap and was listening to the conversation with much interest.

"It seems you know the little girl dressed in boys clothes," he said. "You indeed I do," answered Angeline. "We made a journey once all over Galverhula together, once with the enemy after us every day and night, either on water or shore, and were good friends. We went through several caverns also, from exit to exit and had the enemy on our trail ever since."

"Well then I'm glad I saved her life," said the boy. "But the glandolinian boats seem to have stopped following and are looking around."

"Much obliged, Gerald Starring," said Jennie Urner to his evident surprise, sitting up and staring at the boy. "But I don't believe you have saved anything except only me. It is nice and warm to night, but unless you want to make it warmer for us remain here. What makes of boat is this, and what makes you only want to row when you have a gasoline engine in the boat."

"As for the latter reason we have only enough gasoline for a spin of three miles," replied Gertrude Angeline, looking at the engine with evident dismay.

"All right," said the girl, and having gotten to her feet, and recovered her composure began looking at the engine. The enemy it seemed had stopped pursuing, now some of the boats were going back, or were gathering in a mass along the shore bank the glandolinians evidently not having seen the true ones as they happened to be painted of a black color which was fortunate to the little girls and the boy or they would never have assumed there were boats of every size, and color, most of them having gorgeous colors at their sterns.

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"Just look at the number of boats," exclaimed the boy scout scornfully. "Are not those Turnerian dreadful creatures, their hats all covered with feathers?"

"I think they are beautiful," said Angeline. "Look at her in a manner as if he was going to eat her up."

"If you think they are beautiful then," he retorted. "Why don't you join ranks with them?"

She did not answer. However this gave Gertrude Angeline an idea. She felt in her pocket and drew out several pieces of stout string. She then let herself down into the water very quietly, so as not to make any noise and alarm the glandolinians who were now going ashore, but crept up to several of the boats, the biggest and nearest ones and tied the cords to the or around their rudders, thus making them impossible to be steered if the rebels should use them again. She scolded several others of the nearest boats, by boring holes in them and the glandolinians who had went back on shore were so intent on their own duties, that they did not notice a boat was happening to their boats, and when she had managed to scuddle or work weak, and disable about twenty of them she tied all the ends of the strings together, and fastened them to another boat so they all would be held at once. The others on the land much watched Gertrude's action with much curiosity and alarm.

Then she returned to the boat.

"The glandolinians will be quiet until they have discovered the condition of some of their big out boats," she said. "But then they will want to use them. When they see their boats scuddled and tied up they will be in confusion."

"Tell me Gertrude what will the glandolinians do then?"

"It may worry them a little," replied Gertrude. "But they are not going to be hurt and it will enable us to take it easy and save as much gasoline as possible. At least when the boat was again allowed to go further out in the river our friends made for themselves a good breakfast, and then the boy started to row the boat again."

Jennie Urner stood beside Angeline, picked up and held her hand in hers, because they were old friends and liked the little girl very much. Jennie Urner was not quite so old as Gertrude. Angeline, and tall as she was, he was half a head shorter than Angeline. Jennie in height. Then out remarkable thing also about Gerald Starring was that he was always quiet and composed, whatever happened, and nothing was able to astonish him. Gertrude Angeline and the other girls liked him because he was not rude like many other boys in our country are, and never tried to plague any girl or girls whatever, (except they were his enemies). Gertrude Angeline liked him because she had found the boy cheerful and brave at all times, and willing to do anything she was asked to do. When they got out to the middle of the river, Angeline picked up the air and asked;

"Don't I smell smoke perfume?"

"I think you do," said the boy. "You smell something like violets, and that proves that the enemy may be burning flowers for some reason or other. All the wind and breeze broozes on this river is always pure and sometimes is perfumed from the flowers growing at many places on shore, and for that reason I am glad to have some perfume brooze. The south breeze has always a violet odor, something to scented mingled with the fragrance of wild roses or lilies of the Valley or lilies blossoms go we need no perfume bottle as just now though of course I wish I had one. But now let's see where we are."

Inside the boat the girls examined the gas gasoline engine properly.

"Which way does the propeller spin?" Asked Angeline Jennings.

"Either way we want the boat to go, forwards, or backwards," said Gertrude.

Angeline Jennings put out her hand and tried to spin it.

"Don't do that," exclaimed Gertrude.

"Why not?" Inquired Angeline Jennings.

"Because it happens to be that we will start the engine unnecessarily, and we got to reserve the gas for an emergency."

"Let's go and all row the boat," proposed Angeline Jennings.

"Not now," said Gertrude. "I appreciate your intense interest in our escaping the enemy, which we fully deserve to do, but we only all row when it is necessary, and if we got started we might not be able to stop."

"What would do me?" remarked Jennie Turner. "Go ask your friend Gertrude; how are we going to get away from this region of the enemy?"

"Get away from this region?" exclaimed Angelina Jennings. "Why we don't know. Why we won't find anything nearer than a long ride on the river."

"Have you ever been on the river a very long time before, Jennings?"

"No I can't say that I have," admitted the girl.

"Then permit me Jennings dear to say you are no judge," declared A Jennie Turner.

"But you have not answered my question Gertrude Angeline dear. How are we to get out of the region of the enemy?"

Gertrude reflected for a while before she answered.

"We might be able to find our way to some a bristling camp later on," said she.

"But just now the problem you ask is no more than I can manage to think of, although we ourselves have been fugitives already for three days or more. We ought not to have gone into the river in the first place, especially northward."

"Perhaps we did make a mistake at that," Angelina, indeed, acknowledged.

"At least when we did go out on our scouting tour we ought to have brought with us a full regiment of boy scouts, instead of us two going alone," suggested Angelina, indeed, regretfully.

Gertrude Angelina did not make any reply to the statement, which showed she did not fully agree with her little girl's friend, but she fell into deep thought, with much wrinkled brow, and finally she said:

"If we could take the chances of making another gasoline engine go now, we could probably find our way out of our troubles."

They did not understand this speech and looked at Gertrude as if expecting her to explain what she meant. Just then a chorus of shrill cries arose from the outside.

"Here you! Gladiolians! Let me go—let me go!" the voices said. "Why are we insulted in this way? Hey you Christian people in those boats come and help us!"

Gertrude and Angelina indeed ran out to the outer part of the boat and looked shoreward.

"Some boys are caught by the Gladiolians near the boats, Gertrude," he said. "I did not know we would have another adventure so soon."

"Oh yes it is most likely to happen," said Gertrude drawing her pistol. "When she looked at the others anxiously and added 'Let's get to their rescue.'"

The boys however had managed to escape from the Gladiolians of their own accord and had swam to the boat. They were helped into the boat and one of the boys said:

"Listen to me girls, and at once they became still. "We three boys who are strangers in your boat want to get to some near Christ's army, and as we make an addition to your force we want you to help us get there. You know we are asking a very great favor, in quite the fact you rescued us, but it's the only way we can think of—except to help you do it. We are going out shots and it is too much to enter take a long and tiresome journey. Now tell me which of you girls will consent to do the favor we ask."

The girls looked at each other as if greatly astonished. When Gertrude replied:

"You boys surely must be a crazy. Not one of us is capable to let our own way to a near Christian army, with even the smallest of our party."

"I'll fix the matter of that," proclaimed the boys. "If you will agree with me, I'll help you through all your adventures, so it won't worry you a bit."

The girl heroines considered this gravely. Living in a war torn country, they had no doubt that but that the boys could do what they said. After a while one of the girls Jennie Turner asked:

"If we help you along will you three boys be our companions always?"

"We certainly will," replied one of them.

The girls then chattered a while while the boys went on rowing like mad with their boats porpoising like and then Gertrude said:

"We'll agree. Now she questioned the three boys as she found they were quite young. They were strong, brave boys however, with clear brave eyes, and the little girls decided they were the best looking boys they had ever seen, and at first believed they must be some of the Gladiolians' boys trying to test their knowledge. The three boys were given something to eat and they were all pleased indeed.

Gertrude now took from her pocket the wooden box with the ribbon on it and looking it over returned it to the place. The boys snatched around with pride, highly pleased with their bit of some help.

"I don't see though," said Angelina, "in how do I help?" they were going to undertake the rebel persons without an encounter unless we use the ribbon."

"We are not being evasive yet," answered Gertrude Angelina. "And don't you see my trick. We are not being pursued. We are taking the one twenty boats with us." They saw it was too late. Gertrude then looked in the boat for some rope she had seen lying on its bottom, and not finding it she neverthless took some old clothes she saw and cut the cloth into strips or strips and twined twisted it so it was almost as strong as ropes. With this material she attached attached to the boats around the launches as a sort of protection from persons, a net or support and soon going from one boat to another had bound them together until they were on a raft of boats. This extra load made it hard for the boys to row, so the engine was now in an operation and when all this had been arranged, one of the three boys the oldest asked:

"Where do you wish to go?"

"Why just follow the shore line and observe what you see that may be safe for us to make a landing," said Gertrude. "A rebel encampment is not along the whole river, you know but only for a certain extent. The boy who was rowing is our leader, and wherever he decides to go we go, and wherever he lands you land. Is that satisfactory?"

The boys declared it was indeed quite satisfactory, so the girl took a small with her other friends.

"On our way down the river since we rescued the three boys," said Gertrude staring. "I noticed a bare expanse of forest without any signs of living thing."

"Then we had better look away from such a shore," replied Gertrude.

"Not so," insisted the boy. "I have found on my travel no far that the most pleasant trip would be made in the one woods, so I think it would be wise for us to land and take a trip through these woods and discover what lies beyond it. For in the direction we are going for we will soon reach the river mouth, probably another hour or so as we will then and beyond that in the ocean and we don't want to make an ocean trip in a launch. I saw also a little beyond the woods when I stood up a broad expanse of plain, and on the other a movement of some kind with blue tents. For my part I vote for the forest I spoke of. We are passing it now."

"Just do you say, partner dear!" said a deep-voiced Gertrude Angeline.

"It is all the same to me," she replied.

No one thought of asking any one else's opinion so it was decided to abandon the boats and make a trip through the woods. So soon they landed and then they started through the woods following the wake of their boy leader. Gertrude Angeline and her girl and boy friends found these conditions of these woods more comfortable and safer than they had expected, although there was a strong wind rising that made the branches of the trees sway threateningly. The boys were in the lead, and the girls followed the boys out trailing behind them. It seemed to be quite an important procession but fortunately there was no Gladiolian around to see it.

For the girls and the boy had headed straight for the distant encampment the boy scout had spoken about and a few minutes after starting they were going over a broad expanse of ground covered with thick grass. It looked like a region with may have been so heavily under fire once that it no living thing could have lived for shell craters dotted the plain like a honey comb of a hive of bees. The little girls thought to themselves that this would be a bad place for the men to be in case they would have been under the same shell storm, or to even lose strength, or to fall into one of the shell craters, or for rebels to suddenly come upon them from seemingly no where, and they felt like giving way several times and go back to the woods, and indeed they could not help feeling a trifle nervous and fidgety, but nevertheless they had confidence in their boy friends and also in God as well as their own caution and knowledge. It was indeed a remarkably big plain.

There was nothing to relieve the monotony of view but the distant forest line, and the small craters and fumeroles and no more nervous did they feel, that every minute seemed an hour, and an hour a day. Pleasant fumes or odors seemed to rise from the deep chert pits which would have probably been deadly to the living, travelers had not there been a strong breeze blowing. They lay down into one of the small craters and saw a heap of half-dead bodies of dead soldiers. As it was the little girls were beginning to feel sick, when a breath of fresher air filled their nostrils and on looking ahead they saw great clouds of white mist or what appeared to be smoke. Even while they wondered what it could be the boys had plunged boldly into the vapor and the others followed. They could see nothing for a time and felt sure they would stumble into one of the small craters with out seeing it, but never before nevertheless they kept on steadily and as steadily as ever and in a few minutes they left the strange mist behind, and beyond the plains the little girls saw a beautiful landscape spread out before them, extending as far as their eyes could reach, but there was no movement of any kind in sight. They also saw bits of beautiful forests, verdure clothed hills, fields of barley, but half-burned grain, mountains, and small oases and bridges and throughout the scene were scattered groups of pretty towns, but no general movements. Over all this delightful Galvordian land some-where from their high perch on the hill top they had mounted seemed better than a magnificently painted picture--was a rosy glow much as we sometimes see in the west at sunset, but in this case it was not in the west only, but everywhere all along every horizon and they wondered exceedingly what it could mean. No wonder the boy soon paused to look over the scene, the other boys followed his action, all exclaiming the necessary with equal delight. Then as with one accord, the four boys formed a group and slowly started down the hill side followed by the little girls.

They soon reached the foot of the hill and it was just as pretty here as elsewhere, and the boys halted. "Oh Gertrude don't do that! This is not a dud. Exclaimed Angeline Nichols rapidly. "How lucky we were to discover this beautiful country." "This country seems to be rather high class, I'll admit." And Nicholas replied Gertrude Angeline looks looking around her. "But we don't know yet, whether a Glendalban army is here or not, or what its people are like. I don't see how such scenery occurred the desolation of the war at that." "No one could live in such a beautiful country scene without being happy and also good--I'm sure of that." Angeline Nichols said earnestly. "Don't you think so Gerald?"

"I'm not thinking just now," answered the little boy. "I know it isn't so, and we never gain anything by jumping into conclusions. When we see the kind of people who live or here or the scenes and their camps we may encounter we will have what they are like, and no amount of thinking will make them any different. But I'll bet you one thing, and that is we are not in Galvordia." "That seems true enough," said the boy scout leader Gerald Starr. "But now I want to make a proposal. While we are getting acquainted with this strange and new country scenery, which looks as if it contains everything to make one a happy, and escape the ravages of the war, I would like, to scout alone, all by myself and see if I can find it safe for us to travel on. If I do I will come and tell you. But if I fail to find any safety, I will immediately return to you with a warning for I must do anything in my power to protect you. You and the other boys may go on, and as I know your kind of signals I will give a signal when I wish to locate you."

They were so sorry to part even for a moment with their brave companion but as it was extremely necessary, they could not object to offer no objection to the plan, so the boy bade them good bye for a while, and then going off in another direction, started over the country northward, and was soon lost to view in the far distance. The three boys, which had become companions of the little girls now begged permission to be able to take the land until he returned, saying they were anxious to show their own ability. So the girls and thanked them gratefully for their proposed assistance, and soon the boys had resumed the land. Now left alone and to themselves in this apparently strange land, the six comrades selected a pretty pathway and began walking along it. They began to believe this little pathway would possibly lead them to a pleasant camp or town or

some other refuge or shelter. As they thought sure they could in the far distance a far off over the tops of trees. It did not seem as far as anyone it was, a tiny spot scattered on slowly, reaching all the beautiful scenery, the flowers, the ferns, and everything that lined the pathway, and instantly to the singing of the birds, and the soft chirping of the grasshoppers. Presently the path wound until it began to run alongside a beautiful little stream. A little beyond was a tiny camp surrounded by a field of wild flowers and fruit trees. Outside of the nearest bank of a white color, as they approached they observed a pleasant faced man sitting in the midst of a group of children to whom he seemed to be telling stories or talking to them. The children quickly discovered the strangers, and ran quickly toward them with exclamations of astonishment and delight, so that Gertrude Angeline and her girl and boy friends became the center of a curious group, all chattering excitedly. Their strange appearance seemed to arouse the wonder of the children themselves, all who were girls too, as they could not understand by three Glendalban boys should be seen with four pretty girls. This attraction seemed to please Gertrude Angeline particularly who patted the heads of the children kindly, and then looking with smiling eyes at the man inquired:

"Can you tell us sir, just what country or state this is?"

He stared a hard at the six strangers as he replied briefly:

"The state of Ozma Angeline."

"Oh Angeline, and the state of Ozma?" Exclaimed Gertrude Angeline, with a puzzled expression. "And where is the state of Ozma please?"

"In the quivering section of Angeline." Said he.

"What?" Exclaimed Angeline, in sudden excitement. "Do you mean to say we are in Angeline itself, far from Galvordia?"

"No he says I do," replied the man. "And you are only ten miles south of the city of Porphyria Gale that is surrounded by the highest fortresses in the world next to those of Irian. We say as you might to know as well as I do, but I'm sorry to say that Angeline is separated from the rest of the world by the row we are having with the Glendalban states. So having never seen one of those dreaded Glendalban armies we hear about we have been living here all by ourselves, for fear we may see them yet."

"I've been at Porphyria Gale, and even Angeline Agatha in before," said Angeline Jennings. "But I have never been at this part of the state."

"Did you ever hear of the small enemy many attempts to capture Angeline Agatha, and how they failed?" Asked Gertrude Angeline.

"Yes," said Angeline Jennings.

"We have a map somewhere in our possession showing the many sides of Angeline Agatha and Porphyria Gale though," asserted the man. "And it's a fine city to, I assure you. If only I could." He added, and then paused to look around he had carefully with a half-frightened expression. "If only--" here he stopped again, and if as if holding back to go on with his speech.

"If only what sir?" Asked Gertrude Angeline.

The man sent the children into the house. When he came closer to the strangers and whispered. "If only there were not so many Glendalban spies around here in this country, we would be happy and contented."

"What's the matter with spies it don't look as if spies could be here!" Asked Angeline Nichols curiously. But the man seemed frightened to even have dared to say so much. He retreated toward him to sit looking around him cautiously more by saying:

"A spy may be looking at us now and we would not know it. If we say anything wrong about the Glendalban the spy would assassinate you."

"What do you call them spies?" Asked Angeline Jennings.

"In this case," replied the man, "these kind of spies are out looking for some important Angeline personage to assassinate, but I guess we know the disposition of such spies as well as the man had said more."

"I wonder," said Angeline Nichols, going up to the kindly man. "If you could spare me and my friends something to eat. We have not had anything but berries, and the like we picked up in our travels in the woods for a long time."

"Please your dear girls. Of a course, I can spare you anything you would like." The man answered and entered Angeline's tent, he soon returned with a large tray loaded with sandwiches, cakes, cheese, and other food. One of the children got some water from the well near the tent and the six wanderers ate heartily and enjoyed the good things immensely.

When Aunt Abbie Jemison could not get any more she filled her pockets with what was left, and not even the boys or the other two girls objected to this. Indeed the little children belonging to the man did not object and seemed pleased to see the strangers out, so Gertrude Angelina finally decided that no matter how many spies were around they would watch them nevertheless and not take any chances with them.

"Whose large encampment is that so far away sir?" Gertrude asked, waving her hand toward a encampment that seemed to be on a high range of hills many miles away. "It belongs to some army whose I don't know but it is said it is under general gravel Johnston," he said.

"Oh indeed. And is it a glandolinian army?"

"That I cannot tell."

"Is it really as far as it looks?" Angelina asked inquired.

"I do not know my dear." And the less we know about the glandolinians and their way the safer from the spies we are."

It was evident the man did not like to talk about the glandolinians and so, having finished their meal, they said good bye to him and the children and continued on their way but directed their steps toward the encampment.

"Don't you think we had better not go near those camps, and keep away from any camps we see unless they fly the Angolinian flag, Gertrude?" Asked Angelina.

"Well," said she, "the glandolinians would find out sooner or later that we are in this state, so we may as well face the music now. From the fact that spies are also here is a sign we are still trailed by the glandolinians. Perhaps the situation is not quite so bad as the man you think it is. The glandolinians are not so shrewd as it is believed to be, you know, even if they do the best they know how to trail things."

"General Mandays glandolinians could trail a butterfly without guess," said Jennie Turner.

"General Mandays glandolinians, or those under his assistance are different from any other kind of glandolinians, from all I have heard," remarked Angelina. "The Riches maning as she walked beside Gertrude." And after all we are really in the Angolinian territory near Dorothy Gale and Angelina Agatha and for all we know that may be one of the Christian armies over yonder. I never heard of a glandolinian army being able to stay in the state of Ozmania, did you Jennie?"

"Not when any Angolinian army knows about it," she replied. "But it seems we landed in the wrong part of the state. We might have gone further on in the north."

"True enough," said Gertrude Angelina. "But we didn't, and so we must make the best of the country. Let's try not to be afraid."

"Oh I'm not at all scared just curious," said Jennie Turner truthfully, pausing to look at a small white rabbit that popped its head out of a hole in the field at the edge of the pathway.

"Nor am I," added Angelina. "Really Gertrude, I'm so glad to be in Angolinia again, that I think I am the luckiest little girl in all the world just now. Violet and her sisters live in Angolinia Agatha you know, and so does their parents, and Uncle, and all the rest of us, that we have not and had adventures with -- not to mention Evangelina St. Clare, and Mildred Maxwell, and the Vivian girls who are our sweetest friends in the world have had the best and most of adventures."

"Take your time Angelina," advised one of the boys. "I'm sure you can't say it all in one long breath. And you have not mentioned half of the fortifications of the cities of Dorothy Gale and Ozma."

"That there Dorothy Gale," said Gertrude Angelina impressively. "Happens to be on the other side of the hills, that we see the big army camps on. I don't want to discourage you Angelina, but we are most separated from Violet and her sisters as we were when we left the lines. They are far away from us by this time."

There was so much truth in this statement, that they all walked on in silence for some time. Finally they reached a grove of trees. They had gone half way through it when the sound of some one sobbing or in bitter distress, reached their ears, and caused them to make an abrupt halt.

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It was Jennie Turner who was the first of them to discover, lying down on her face, beneath a spreading spreading oak tree near the pathway, a young girl whose body shook with the force of her sobs. She was dressed also as a boy scout. Her head however was washed and showed a mass of curly brown hair. Jennie Turner looked down on the young girl and said:

"Why are you crying for friend?"

"For a good reason," cried the young girl, interrupting her sobs, to suddenly roll over, face upward, that she might be able to see who had spoken. "I am now for I'm wounded."

"Couldn't you find a way to some place to get help?" asked one of the little girls.

"I'm not hardly able to walk," wailed the young girl.

By this time Gertrude Angelina and her other friends had arrived at the spot, and Gertrude looked over and said in a very sympathetic voice:

"Tell us your troubles friend, and perhaps we may be able to help you."

The young girl then sat up but with difficulty, and bowed politely. Afterwards she managed to get upon her feet with their help, but still kept wringing her hands as she tried to check down her sobbing sobs. Gertrude and the others through thought she was very brave to control such awful misery so well.

"My name is Angus Trot," he began. "I'm one of the Vivian girls girl scouts."

"Then you belong to the old regiments of girl scouts, I suppose," said Angelina.

"Yes indeed," was the reply. "I do all the heavy spy work. And it was not my fault that I was a fugitive for a hundred miles."

"Was you really?" asked Gertrude.

"I don't see why," remarked Jennie Turner, staring at the wounded girl.

"And from whose glandolinians did you escape?" inquired Gertrude Angelina.

"From general Federals, whose army is far away. The Vivian girls who are the sweetest creatures on earth who is fond of flowers of all kinds sent me out into a small field not far from the Christian lines to pick some daisies that they saw growing there. I secured the flowers but was pursued by rebels hiding in ambush. For my work I was rewarded. I used to be so bashful that I used to cast down my eyes as the Vivian girls passed me, but the day I brought them the flowers and gave them rough all the trouble for them, I glanced up and found them gazing at me with a very tender look in their eyes. After I got the flowers one of them dismissed the attendants and on coming to my side, began to talk long with me. She said that I had touched their hearts as no other girl had ever done. I kissed Violet's hand. The day after I was sent out by general Vivian himself with some boys on a scouting tour. I had no longer been out for a few minutes when a bunch of wicked looking soldiers came upon me. The boys were shot down before they could get away, and the rebel who failed to catch me kicked the dead boys with his foot. When I had to make a run for it or be killed too."

"You wasn't they awful indeed," said Angelina Riches indignantly.

"The glandolinians are very abrupt," said the girl. "Go it was the last I could expect. Up to that time I had no thought of encountering the glandolinians. I was a fugitive ever since then having lost my way. I was pursued thirty times, and fired at also, and the glandolinians had persisted so that finally they wounded me though I succeeded in escaping to here."

This morning I happened to meet a number of Christian soldiers who also no mistook me for a spy and they shot and wounded me and then being attacked by glandolinians we were forced to leave me go."

"Why those glandolinians must be monsters," cried Angelina Riches.

"In character they are far worse than that," said Gertrude mournfully.

"But see here," interrupted Jennie Turner who had listened carefully to Angus.

"The Angolinians who may have made the mistake of pursuing you for a rebel boy scout may not be so much to blame for your uniform deceived them. The Angolinians are mighty cautious, and it is not reasonable for them to allow any glandolinian to escape from them."

"It is not right either." Said one of the boys. "You should have disarmed your uniform before the Angolians observed you."
"I'm not able to do that as I would have to go around half naked the next time I tested Angos." "If I had my rights I would get revenge on the Glandolinians for that. As it is, I'm one of the captives of the Glandolinians, and as good a leader as any one else."
"How does that come to be so?" Asked Gertrude Angeline.

"I got the commission from rescuing one of the Glandolinian girls. One day while out cutting with them, we had a meeting with a horde of Glandolinian soldiers on horseback. In our desperate attempt to escape the one of the horses ridden by Violet, a Glandolinian was shot down by the Glandolinians who fired a volley and as the horse fell she was thrown into a deep creek alongside the road. At once the Glandolinians threw in some stones to weigh her down so that her body could not rise again. It was impossible to kill her however for we managed to get her out by shooting the Glandolinians down, but as soon as we had rescued her we had to make our get away and in good time too for they gave us a volley. The Glandolinians then pursued us like mad but I and my companions helped Violet to get away and we encountered a column of Christian troops who drove the pursuing Glandolinians away. I was only a common girl scout then, but for that deed I received a commission as captain. I had served with the Glandolinian girls for seven months."

"My, that is a terribly exciting story." Said Angeline Nichee drawing a long breath. "But tell us Angos whose Glandolinians were they that caused you so much excitement?"

"Oh, they were the Glandolinians under general Federal. It is said his Glandolinians are the worse, but however that may be, I have never seen a Federal man again so far."

"Seems to me," Said Angeline Nichee "if general Hanson Vivian could only get at Federal properly he could capture him and his whole army."

"Well general Federal is the ablest Glandolinian general known." Admitted Angos, "and so are the Manlayes, so they are of equal rank, although they are of different commissions. I can't see why the Manlayes have not even won this war they are so far fiercer."

"It's a sort of mixup mess taken altogether." Remarked Gertrude Angeline. "But we are now on our way to visit Angolinia Agathia or Dorothy Gale, and if we get a chance my girl friend we will put in a good word for you. You must come along with us and we'll do what we can for you."

"Is your wound very bad?" Inquired Jennie Turner.

"Not so bad as to make me helpless of course." Said Angos.

"Well we can fix them up for you." Said Gertrude. "And when you have a chance you ought to give the Glandolinians just as good a treatment as they gave you."

"That's common sense." Agreed Angeline Nichee.

So they tended to the girls' wounds and then resumed their journey toward the direction of the mountains.

When after four days traveling, without shelter at that time, our three or four girl friends and three boys approached the outskirts of the encampments after scaling the hills for a whole day before reaching the top they found the outskirts of it guarded by a line of soldiers dressed in splendid light blue uniforms. They were armed with guns and bayonets. Gertrude Angeline walked straight up to one of them and having her disguise would save her and her friends asked:

"Does general Raymond Richardson Federal happen to be here, and is this his precious army?"

"He is magnificent and glorious Excellency, general Raymond Richardson Federal, and his glorious army happens not to be here." Was the stiff reply. "If you are looking for him, go elsewhere."

"Nevertheless we will go through this line of camps and say how-de-do." Continued Gertrude Angeline as bravely as possible, attempting to pass the sentry.

But the soldier barred her way with his gun crossed.

"Who are you four gray clothed girls, and what's your name and who are those three boys with you, and where did you all come from?" Demanded the sentry.

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"You soldiers would not have sense enough to know if we happened to tell you." returned Gertrude equally defiant, "seeing as we are strangers in a strange camp. We are under no ones orders, whether Glandolinian, or National and so put that in your pipe and smoke it. Top aside please." And she drew her gun on him, while the other girls and the three boys did the same. The soldier was suddenly taken unawares and seeing the determined looks of the girls and the boy had to let them pass, saying:

"Oh if you are strangers, you will be permitted to enter, since they have no at a disadvantage. Our general will be fond of strangers, especially girls." And he shouldered his musket.

"So many strangers come here sir?" Demanded Angeline Nichee eyeing him suspiciously.

"You are the first girls and boys that have ever come into our lines as strangers and succeeded." Said the man. "But our general has often said that if strangers ever entered his lines no matter who they were or what side they belonged, he would see to it they had very exciting times indeed."

Gertrude Angeline looked at her friends thoughtfully. "He was not very favorably impressed by this last remark. But as she and they decided that as now there was no escape from the camp, and that to back out now would be their undoing it would be more wise, to take the chances to confront the Glandolinian general, or whoever he was boldly, and try and win his favor long enough to get out again."

So they entered the encampments being suddenly escorted by one of the soldiers. The general's tent certainly was a very beautiful one. The passage of the company streets were winding, and above handsomely decorated with many colored flags, and after following several of these the one soldier led them into an open court way that occupied the very center of the encampment. It was surrounded on every side by high tents, and contained many things of military use. Out in the open camp a company street in an open space near the biggest tent of the camp they saw a group of officers standing in conversation by a tall tree, who surrounded a tall lean general who wore upon his head a large rounded sailor hat with red and yellow plumes on top. Indeed they observed that his face was hard and sullen, and through the slits of his half closed eyes for he had just awakened from a nap, the eyes glowed like coals of fire. He was dressed in a brilliant satin and velvet gray uniform and was standing with his back against a tree, starting to light a cigar. This personage was general Ignatz Hylate and as soon as Gertrude Angeline saw this handsome but hard faced man, Gertrude Angeline and her followers knew at once that she was not going to like this Glandolinian general.

"Hello, who are these four girls and three boys coming over here?" Said the general, with a deep scowl.

"Strangers your Excellency." Answered the soldier who had escorted them and bowing so low that his head almost touched the ground, and Gertrude felt like giving him a kick.

"Strangers oh? Well, well what an unexpected visit indeed. I hope they are not Angolinian spies. Advance strangers, and you girls first give an account of yourselves."

The general's voice was more harsh than his features. Angeline Nichee and the others shuddered a little, but Gertrude Angeline calmly replied:

"There isn't much for us girls to say except, that we have arrived, to look over the country around Dorothy Gale and Angolinia Agathia, and see how we like it. We saw your camp here and thought it was general Federal's army but we're mistaken. Judging from the way you speak, you don't know what important personages we are, or who we are, and what we are like, or you would have jumped up to shake hands with us, and offer us a seat somewhere whether we are for your side or not. All generals, whether they are Insurgents or Federal, always treat us pretty well whether they liked to do so or not, but we see that in this encampment—which doesn't amount to a pin head any how—you people don't even respect a girl."

The Glandolinian general listened with amazement to this bold saucy speech, first with a frown, and then gazing at the four girls, and the three boys with evident curiosity, fear, and suspicion. The other officers though brave Glandolinians were almost dumb with fear, for no one had ever dared to ever speak in such a manner to their so-called Glandolinian general before.

"I cannot believe our combined forces are powerful enough to capture Angelina Agatha, and we must watch out, for we know nothing about these three strange girls and boys, and if they are Federal spies they may do something, and cause our plans to be interfered with. I suspect that these four girls, are the ones known as the Darling Angelina Amazons, known as Angelina Aronburg, Angelina de la, Jennie Francis, and Angelina Jennings or they would not be able to carry on airs as they do and get through our lines despite the entires. Those three boys I do not know however."

"I don't like those three girls you mentioned outside of Jennings, they look dangerous." Answered general Turner. "But perhaps you may be mistaken about their being the ones you mentioned. Why don't you test them, or placed them under a cross examination, or grill them?"

"How?" Asked general Mylletze.

"Send for Colonel Go, Colonel Wiche. He is a disguise reader, and having known those girls and also the Vivian girls he will tell you in a moment whether those three prettiest girls are the ones you suspect or not."

"Is that a good idea?" cried the general. "Why did I not think of the colonel before? But that colonel demands rich rewards for identifying any persons I suspect as spies and enemies."

"Never mind your Excellency I will pay him." Promised general Turner. So an orderly was dispatched to summon the colonel, whose tent was but a few leagues from general Turner Mylletze's headquarters, while they awaited his arrival the old general proposed that they pay a visit to general Clondy's and see if he had proposed to do anything concerning further retreat northward, so the two started away together. And what was their anger when they turned a corner of a pathway to find in a quiet nook of the camp a spy soldier and two other men searching the pockets of a soldier they had overcome. With a roar of rage the general dashed forward, but the spy and his companions had scaled the wall near the camp by means of jumping like monkeys and when he saw the general and a crowd of soldiers coming they scaled the wall, and after firing some shots with out effect made good their escape. One spy who was a young drummer boy however did not succeed in getting away and was confronted by the angry general and soldiers who were trembling with a fur, and fear that they could not express in words. Seizing the drummer boy by his arm the soldier two of them dragged him into the camp and toward a tent. When pushing him roughly inside they left while two guards were placed over the tent. Then later just as the arrival of the colonel was announced the boy was taken into the general's headquarters and then transferred as a prisoner to the barracks where Gertrude and her friends were.

Hearing of the arrival of the colonel the general breathed easier. He was accompanied by another man who smiled like a tiger smiling showing all his hideous teeth. And the colonel smiled more hideously but like a snake smiling, for he had no teeth whatever. The two men then went before the general.

Now then so happened that Angelina Riches from the window of her own room, had witnessed the escape of the soldier spies in the outskirts of the company streets, and had seen the general and soldiers capture the poor drummer boy, and drag him away. The little girl's heart went in the greatest sympathy for the poor little drummer boy, who seemed to her to be one of the sweetest and loveliest young lads she had ever seen, so she crept along the passages of the building and for a moment hid in a hidden niche saw the poor boy looked in a small room. Fortunately the key happened to be still in the lock, so when the two soldiers had gone away, fortunately forgetting to leave a guard, Angelina stole up to the iron grated door, turned the key, took it out of the keyhole, and putting it in her pocket entered the room. The little boy lay on the floor upon a stone bench, sobbing bitterly. Angelina Riches went up to him and tried to comfort him.

"Don't cry now," she said. "I've unlocked the door for you and you may go away any time you want to and escape the Landolinians."

"It doesn't matter," sobbed the little boy. "I am unhappy because I am left far behind my friends the Angelina children."

"Well never mind, those escaped spies are not any great shakes anyhow to deserve desertion like they did, seems to me." Said Angelina Riches softly.

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The boy rolled over on the stone bench and looked at the little girl reproachfully. "For their kind ways the Vivian girls have won my heart, and I can't help loving to do services for them." He exclaimed. "I went out to help them men upon the rebels for the sake." Then with sudden indignation he added: "But I'll never allow the Landolinians to shoot me as a spy, never--as long as I live."

"I should say not," replied Angelina Riches. "But these spies or soldiers who had been with you, and deserted you may not be much good, but the Landolinians here are very, very bad, and fortunately do not know me yet. Just around, and I'm sure you will find some one worth your time of escape. You are a very pretty boy you know, and almost any one of the Vivian girls ought to love you. You were good to do what you can to please them."

"You don't understand, my dear girl friend." Said the drummer boy as he wiped the tears from his eyes with a faintly lace handkerchief. "When you are a fugitive or a prisoner you will realize that a young spy cannot decide how he can escape the enemy when once he is their prisoner." "By own heart alone decides for me what is my greater danger and which is not, whether my peril amounts to much or not."

Angelina Riches was a little puzzled by the speech, which seemed to her to be unreasonable, but she made no reply and presently the drummer boy's grief softened or subsided, and he began to question the little girl about herself and her adventures. Angelina Riches told him how he also had come to be in general Turner Mylletze's camp, and all about Gertrude Angelina and her other boy and girl friends, while the boy and girl were thus conversing together getting more and more friendly as the two became better and better acquainted, in the council chamber the two generals and the colonel were talking together. The old colonel was hugely and had a wicked race. He had no doubt during a battle which he fought in lost one eye and wore a black patch over it, so the Landolinian soldiers named him "Pirate eye." Of course this Landolinian general or colonel I mean was the terror of all the Christian spies and therefore was feared and hated. The old general used this colonel's powers and knowledge at many times to assist him to carry out his powers to do test spies or for some acts of revenge, but he was always obliged to pay the colonel large sums of money before he would undertake to do anything the general wished. This made the general hate the old colonel almost as much as the Christian spies or fugitives did, but to day general Turner had agreed to pay the colonel's price, so the Landolinian general greeted the old man with gracious favor.

"Can you discover the disguise of any spy within my lines who happen to be the Vivian girls or their friends?" Inquired the general Mylletze.

The colonel winked as a demon himself, thought about it before he replied.

"That is certainly a hard question to answer. I can do lots of things to detect the disguises of spies and who they really are, but the disguises of the Vivian girls are cleverly arranged and therefore a stubborn thing to conquer. When you think you have detected one of them as the Vivian girls it's liable to bob up that it is not them after all. I believe the Vivian girls and their friends are too clever to even allow themselves to be detected. In other words, detecting their disguises is a hard job, even for a skillful detector as I'm but I believe I can do something that will answer your purpose just as well."

"What is that sir?" Asked the general.

"I can spy upon them myself. I've got a special way of discovering their ways by that means, and when I have detected them through their ways I can have them grilled and find them out."

"Just the thing." Exclaimed general Turner Mylletze. And general Turner was likewise much pleased. They bargained a very long time as to the price, but finally general Turner agreed to pay the old colonel's demands. It was arranged that they should take the captured boy-drummer to the colonel's house the next day, to have him grilled first of all things. Then general Turner Mylletze mentioned to the old colonel the kind of a girl the oldest of them seemed to be, and said to him:

"I think the three boys, and one girl with them--are unable to harm me by any amount of spying, but I have a suspicion that the oldest girl, and two of her companions are powerful spies, and good crackshots at the pistol too."

The old colonel's face wore a trouble look when he heard this.

"If you are right about that!" He said to one girl in my apartment, "I will be best for me to meet the oldest of the three strange girls at once, and watch my shadow against her, to decide which is the quickest."

"All right!" said general Turner. "Come with me and I will lead you to the girls' room."

General Turner Myltsze did not accompany them as he was obliged to go out to give orders for his army to start on its move northward for a Christian army was advancing up the hills on big force, so the other two rebels climbed several flights of stone stairs and then went through many of the passages until they came to the room occupied by Gertrude Angeline, and her two friends Jennie Turner and Angeline. Gertrude Angeline finding her bed soft and inviting, and being tired with the adventures she had experienced with her friends, had decided to take a nap, believing all being well. When the wicked old colonel and the general whose name was Kravol Turner opened the door and entered Gertrude Angeline and Jennie Turner was seemingly sound asleep and did not seem to hear them at all.

"Ah!" said the old colonel in a soft whisper. "I believe you are right general Turner. That eldest girl looks to me as if she might be Angeline Aronburg, and the other one Jennie Turner. By good luck I have caught them both asleep, so I shall smother them before they wake up, giving them suffocation in such a form, that they will be unable to live five minutes."

"Careful though!" cautioned the general, also speaking in a low voice. "If they discover what you are doing they may shoot you and me too."

But the wicked old colonel realized as well as he did that he must be careful. He drew several packets from his pocket. Three of these he carefully selected, replacing some others back in his pocket. Two of the strange packets he mixed together and then he cautiously opened the third. He then placed all on a table, and taking a basin mixed the powders into it.

"Better stand back to leave the room as soon as I signal to you," he advised-- "for when this powder starts to smoke after I light it it will send a gas through the room that will kill us."

The general hastily retreated to the door way while the colonel with a handkerchief over his mouth and nose lighted the powder with a match and then backed away toward the door way as quickly as possible. It was apparently that Gertrude Angeline and Jennie Turner was slumbering peacefully apparently unconscious of what was going on. Puff! A great cloud of blue smoke rolled toward the bed and over it, and so plotely hid the girls from view. Then for a moment the smoke rolled away, both the old colonel and the general saw the two girls standing in the middle of the room with drawn pistols putting out the smoking powder's just in time. And as she did so Gertrude cried out in a loud voice:

"Here you rascally people, what do you mean by treating us girls so. Trying to assassinate us. I'll shoot you down like a dog."

The general turned pale as a ghost as she pointed her revolver at him, but the old colonel laughed in derision. When he quickly drew his sabre, and aimed a vicious blow at Gertrude, but before the sharp blade struck her, Gertrude had jumped aside and fired, seriously wounding him. And then she and her friend friend leaped up to the window as still and jumped out through open window, and ran across a small meadow where they disappeared from view.

"Good night!" shouted the general. "Nevertheless we are well rid of these two dangerous girls." And then they both laughed heartily at the success of their routing out the two girls, and went away to complete their horrid plans of having the two fugitives run down by means of blood hounds. After Angeline Riches had visited a time with the boy friend, the little girl having shown him how to get out of the building without being seen, and a way out of the rebel lines, went to the room where the three boys had been but did not find them there. When she went up to Gertrude Angeline's room, but neither she or Jennie Turner was there because the two Landolinian officers had been there before her. So she made her way down downstairs, and questioned some of the soldiers she met. They said they had seen the three little boys go out into the company street some time ago, but Gertrude Angeline or her companions they had not seen at all.

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Therefore Angeline Riches, not knowing what else to do, crept through the company street, seeking for the boys and her three girl friends and not finding either of them, but receiving sudden suspicious looks from every Landolinian soldier she met or questioned, and some Landolinians whispered something about her she did not hear. This part of the company street, which lay before the general's own headquarters, was not walled in by tents, but extended to a large roadway leading out of the camp and down the hill, and paths also were open to the hill top forest, so after three hours of vain search for her friends, the little girl made her way toward the general's headquarters.

But at the entrance way three stern soldiers stopped her.

"I live here or come here for the night," said Angeline Riches. "It is all right for you to let me in. The general has given me and my friend some room."

"Well if he has it was his gracious excellency to take it back for himself again," was the reply from one of the surly soldiers. "It is his excellency's orders to see that you girls are turned away if you attempt to enter. I am also ordered to for bid the three boys, your companions to again enter the building. You are all under suspicion."

"How about Gertrude Angeline and her friends?" she inquired.

"Oh! It seems they have disappeared in a mysterious manner," replied the soldier, shaking his head ominously. "Where they have probably made their way to, I cannot make out, but I can assure you they are no longer in the general's headquarters. I'm sorry little girl, to disappoint you. Don't blame me, I must obey my general's orders."

Now all her life Angeline Riches had been accustomed to depend on Gertrude Angeline, so when it seemed that she and her good friends were suddenly taken away from her without warning too, she had a suspicion that something happened, and so she felt very miserable and forlorn indeed. She indeed was brave enough not to cry before any of the soldiers she met, or let them see her grief or anxiety, but after she was turned away from the general's headquarters, she sought a quiet place some where on the outskirts of the camp where no one seemed to be around and for a time sobbed as if her heart would break. It was the three boys who found her, at last, just as the sun began to set, and the shades of evening were beginning to fall. They had also been turned away from the general's headquarters, when they had tried to enter it, and, in the outskirts of the Landolinian encampment they came across Angeline Riches.

"Never mind!" said one of the boys soothingly. "We can find a place to sleep somewhere."

"I want my friend Gertrude Angeline," wailed the girl.

"Well so do I Angeline," was the reply. "But we have not got her or her girl friends, where do you suppose they are Riches Dear?"

"I don't know at all and don't suppose anything," they are gone, and that is all I know about it."

The boys sat on the bench beside her and one of them thrust his hands in his pocket of his trousers. When they all reflected somewhat gravely for the time.

"Gertrude Angeline or the other girls are not around here," he said, letting his eyes wander over the dim encampment. "So we must go somewhere out of the camp if we cannot find them. Besides it's fast getting dark, the Landolinians are getting suspicious of us, and if we want a place to sleep where it is safe we must get away, while we can see our way to go."

He rose from the bench as he said this, and Angeline Riches also jumped up, drying her eyes on her handkerchief. The other boys got up too and looked around. When she walked in front of them starting out of the encampment. They did not go by the main path as the rebel guards were there, but passed cautiously through an opening in a long hedge and found themselves in a small but well-worn roadway. Following this for some distance through gathering darkness, along a long winding way, they soon began a descent of the hill and after an hour's descent reached the foot. But came upon no house or building or any encampment, that could afford them refuge for the night, and to make matters worse a severe thunder storm was approaching. And with the crash of thunder and the flash of lightning it was beginning to rain. It became so dark on account of the heavy clouds that they could scarcely see their way, and finally Angeline Riches stopped under a thick leafy tree and suggested they they sleep under some ledge of rocks.

"All right said the oldest of the three boys. "I've often found that a good ledge of rock"

"It certainly is. George, let's go over and see if it is a house or a sheltering tent. The whoever lives there or may live there may not treat us any worse than the Glandelinians did."

"General Tamar Mylotzo suspected four girls were spies and plotted to cause your detection." Said he, "for to day when I was a prisoner he saw the for the old colonel who they call 'Pirate oye' and with my own eyes I saw him one from his own headquarters, and go to the generals house. I know he had been with general Mylotzo and murder and I was afraid they were going to make some some to cause your detection and the detection of your girl friends, but perhaps Gertrude and I had been discovered but just have fled, after not being able to

"I don't know, but they have disappeared, so I'm pretty certain Gertrude you mention and her girl friends have discovered the plot and fled via while the going was good before the glandelinians could do anything dreadful to them. But don't worry. If it had happened you would be worse off, and it would not be able to be helped, and if they have fled from the rebel encampments we may be able to discover your friends in the morning."

defeat all his clandestine enemies of their army p and him
 "Every one of the best christian general pay tribute to him, "or general Hanson,
 vian taught them all the ways a general should do, and next to general robert lyden
 he was the superior general in a? sorts of ways and had the biggest armies in
 the world just now, (got your cow())"

ed the fierce wrinkled Abyssinians, the grinning Abissinians, the Gikilins, and
quellings and so on as well as all other big armies, and it was so considered
a great favor to be allowed to serve this general who was famous and would not
admit it. Among the many wonderful things general Hanson could do and on was general
jack gnomes, Henry Joseph Parlier and their great spies and Cominians secret sorcive
men. They were as good to Hanson as Glinda's Red and book was her. Those spies
working everywhere like war stricken countries could detect everything that took
place in all parts of California, just the instant it happened or was going to
happen, so that by referring and trusting to the work of those spies general Hanson
knew what was taking place, or what was going to take place, what the enemy intended
to do and everything else so that Hanson never was surprised. In this way he learned
when and where he could help a Christian army in distress or danger, and how to
frustrate enemies, and so on, and although his duties are positively confined
to assisting the use of other armies who fight elsewhere throughout war torn
California, he is always interested in what takes place in the unprotected
portions of California.

"What is news about General Manley and his army in the way of news?" He asked. General Hanson Bryan had been looking in d every direction with his glasses, and when he greeted his brother he said

"Here is a note sent to me by some unknown friend which seems quite interesting and curious." He announced an aspect of surprise in his voice. "... Four girls and four boys have arrived as spies in Tovar Myetzo (Madolinin) area."

"What is now about General Hanley and his army in the way of news?" He asked. General Hanlon had been looking in every direction with his glasses, and when he greeted his brother he said

"Here is a note sent to me by some unknown friend which was quite interesting and curious." He announced an ascent of surprise in his voice. "... Four girls and four boys have arrived as spies in Inner Myetso (Ladakh) area."

".....There is general Izner Mylet's army," declared general Robert Vivian.
 "Very near here, a little west of us," he said. "In fact general Izner Mylet's army is sixty three miles northwest of porothy Gale or Angolinia Agathia, and separated from us by a range of high mountains of which he had and his army had been occupying, at the foot of which lies a deep desert, that is supposed to be impassable."
 "How some one will have to drive him away or he will go to Mouleys aid," said Robert Vivian.

"Yes," returned general Hanson, "Vivian but none of our other general know nothing of his presence, except we ourselves."

"What did the message say about him and his army?" asked the Emperor.
 "His army is conducted by a wicked daring handsome looking general called Izner Myletze, although from the uniform he wears he does not seem to be having the rank of a general. Most of his glandolinians are gaurians, but they all are very fierce and all people in his path live in constant fear of his approach. There are also many generals in his army, and his advance since it started northward, since his repulse on Angolinia Agathia, keeps the inhabitants of gaurania state in a state of terror."

"Do the generals of Izner Myletze's army have any knowledge of our own presence?" inquired Robert Vivian.

"Yes and they understand their own ways too for one of them had just caused the girls and boys who entered the lines to flee for their very lives. This same general or officer of why I what ever rank he has is also planning to have the fugitives trailed by the most vicious bloodhounds and the fugitives are headed our way."

"Why that's a dreadful thing to do," exclaimed general Vivian. "And I'll stop it if I have to destroy Mylet's army to do so."
 Hanson's face was very grave. He read in his mind how Gertrude Angeline and her girl and boy friends were forced to leave the rebel encampment, and how they found refuge with a boy drummer in a little tent, out in driving roaring thunderstorm highraged even where the armies of Hanson and Vivian are now encamped also.

"I'm afraid these helpless Angolinian fugitive girls and boys who over they are will endure much suffering before they get here, even if the wicked general and the glandolinians do not decide to pursue them," said general Hanson thoughtfully. "I wish I might help them but do not know which way they are."

"Can I do anything?" asked Penrod the boy spy of Hanson's staff. "If so tell me sir what to do, and I'll do it."
 For a few minutes general Hanson Vivian did not reply, but sat musing over the new message. Then he said:

"I'm going to send you to general Izner Mylet's army, or atleast in its direction, with a big force of boy scouts to protect Gertrude Angeline and her unknown friends."
 "All right answered the brave boy scout, already in a cheerful voice. "I know Gertrude Angeline already for she had been in adventures with me before. You remember she went away from our own lines to scout on the enemy and with some friends who were with her because lost."

"Yes," said general Hanson Vivian. "I remember that." Then he carefully instructed Penrod what to do and gave him permission to carry small grenades with him for the use of his friends and himself.

"As you have no need to fear the enemy in this case," said Robert Vivian shaking hands with the boy. "You may as well start at once with your company." My daughters will favor you greatly for this."

"Night and day is the same to me," the boy replied. "Except that I cannot see my way a wall in the dark. But then neither can the enemy."

"I will also furnish you one of the Vivian girls to guide you," promised general Robert Vivian.
 But the brave boy, declared that he wished to go alone and so he bade good bye to every one he knew, and having gathered all the boys he wished to have accompany him at once started on his journey. By morning he had reached a small range of hills, with his company and as they continued onward they were forced to stop in surprise for not far from Penrod was a rope unrolling itself for hundreds of feet, until it caught upon a peak of rock below and some one was tightening it there. Then some one was seen starting to climb down the rope. While he was

descending the rope, a group of the boys by Penrod's orders moved forward, and soon the boy who ever he was found himself surrounded by a group of gray coated boys on horseback.

"Why's it Gertrude Angeline, our little Dare Devil," gasped Penrod in amazement. The girl who really she was stood up and examined the boys carefully and a moment she discovered Penrod despite his disguise. So she ran toward him and so united to gether she told her story how she and her friends in their flight had been separated sadly. While she spoke the boys continued on their way there being over two hundred of them. Presently they were out of the range of hilly ground and far away they could see the city of camps that they believed must be Izner Mylet's army. and toward this the whole party began to ride.

In the tent used by the drummer boy, one of the young boyscouts happened to be the first one to awaken in the morning. Leaving his companions still asleep, he went out into the fresh morning air with the purpose to see how far he was from the enemy's camp and was surprised by a party of glandolinians who happened to be the dreaded Gargoylans on horseback. He fortunately observed these terrible glandolinians just in the nick of time and going behind some tall briar bushes he watched the approaching Ka klaz Klaws. More glandolinians were then seen approaching from another direction, and fearing he would be seen he tried to make his way to the hut, but a saw glandolinians approaching from that direction also. The boy knew that if he only was once seen he would be killed, so he kept himself in hiding as he wandered on, from bush to bush, with out allowing the glandolinians to see him or paying any heed to where he was wandering. He must have kept going for a long time and when finally he found he had outdistanced the glandolinians he paused to look around him and could see no signs of the tent, where Angeline and her and his two boy companions had been and he had not even the slightest idea in which direction it lay.

"Well, it's an account of those old glandolinians that I'm lost," he remarked to himself. "But never mind I have been lost many times just account of glandolinians and I had to do it to prevent being seen by them. Someone maybe sure to find me."

Angeline and her two friends were a little worried about the boy companion when they awoke and found him gone. Knowing how careless the lad may have been, she believed he strayed away and encountered the enemy, but felt that if nothing happened to him he would come back in time, or be rescued, because he was a clever lad and could find his way back if he tried. The drummer boy got the little girl and the two other boys some food for their breakfast, and then together they went out of the tent and stood in the sunshine to observe their own surroundings. The tent occupied by the drummer boy was some distance of the road, but they could see it from the distance they were now at, and both gave a start of surprise when they discovered a gang of soldiers riding along the highway, and followed by about thirty foot men, and escorting a boy between them. The poor boy had his hands bound together, to prevent him from struggling, and two of the soldiers ran roughly and rudely dragged him forward when his steps seemed to lag. Behind this big group came a haughty looking glandolinian officer, wearing a hat that seemed to the two boys and girl as if it had been made from a stove pipe pipe it was so high, and swinging in his hands a slender golden staff, with a ball of cluster red gems at one end.

"Where are they going to take the little boy?" asked Angeline in her.

"To some secret place of hiding, I fear," the drummer boy replied. "Gone laws follow them, for I am sure they intend to harm the poor boy and it is our duty to prevent them if possible."

"Won't they see us?" she asked.

"We won't let them if we can possibly help it. I know a short cut through the trees to their destination."

So they hurried away quickly through the trees, and reached the small hut to which they were sure the glandolinians were heading for, and just ahead of the glandolinians to. Hiding the twelve in thick shrubbery, they watched the slow approach of the poor boy and his wicked escort, all of whom passed so near to them that any of the three boys, and the girl could have put a hand and touched the boy prisoner, had they dared to do.

The hut was as small as a small horse barn, with a door and window on one side. It had a chimney but no smoke was coming from it, and as the Glandelinians brought the little boy to one of the doors it was opened by the wicked looking officer in person. He was soon at the boy's side with evil gleam, and rubbed his hands together to show the delight with which he was getting his boy victim, for the old rascal was indeed pleased to perform his wicked deed on so sweet a looking boy as he had now a prisoner and whom he claimed was a spy. The boys struggled to resist when they had been to enter the house was pretty desperate, so three soldiers (it took three soldiers to handle a small boy) forced him through the doorway, and even the old officer gave him a shove as he followed a lone behind. The driver, or boy indeed was so angry at the cruelty shown the boy prisoner that he forgot all his caution and rushed forward to force his way into the house also, but some of the soldiers prevented him, pushing him away with violence and standing the door in his face.

"Never mind," said Angeline, "he has worth in him, as the boy rose from where he had fallen. You alone could not do much to help the poor little boy if you were inside. How fortunate it is that we have not a band of soldiers with us."

"True," he answered sadly. "It is indeed our misfortune sure enough, but if we did have a band of soldiers with us, it may be of no use either, but nevertheless the unlucky circumstances are that we got to save him ourselves, but how?"

"I don't see how we can, duty or no duty," observed Angeline, "I see."

"No we see a powerlessness, for they are too many and are stronger than we are. But we might peek in through one of the windows, and see what they are doing. And if we see a way to save him we will take advantage of it."

Angeline, who was somewhat curious too, so the four crept up to one of the windows nearest them and looked in, and fortunately it happened that the one inside the house was so busy that they did not notice Angeline, and the three boys were watching the boy who had been tied to a stout post near the wall and one of the soldiers was giving the colonel a quantity of money, which some one had provided in payment no doubt for the capture of the boy. When this had been done the officer said to one of the soldiers:

"Are you perfectly sure you can grill this spy properly so that he will be forced to give the information I wish to know?"

"Sure as witchcraft itself, your Excellency," was the reply.

"Then get to work, and hurry at it," said the officer. "There may be some very unpleasant features about the ceremony you are going to perform, and which would annoy me, so I'll bid you good day, and leave you to carry on your contract. One word however; if you fail in this, I shall burn the boy in at the stake and you too." Then he had led the other soldiers to follow him, and throwing wide the big door of the hut walked out. This action was so sudden, that the general and his soldiers almost caught Angeline, who and the three boys caved dropping, but they managed to quickly run around the house before they saw them. Away he and his soldiers marched up the road followed by the ordering cavalier men, heartlessly leaving the poor little boy to the mercies of the wicked Glandelinian officer. When they again took the chance to a creep up to the window, Angeline, who had, and the three boys saw the rebel officer glancing over the boy. Although nearly fainting from fear and horror, the poor boy gazed with a haughty defiance into the face of the wicked creature; but he was bound so tightly to the pillar, that he could do no more to express his loathing.

Pretty soon the old rebel officer went to a small fire place where there was glowing coals, and placed in it the front parts of some tongs. Then the officer took out a searchlight and with it gave three flashes and at every flash the door opened on the interior of the place and a man another man entered. These rebels also were very ugly but when the leading rebel whispered his orders to them, they grinned with wicked joy. First one and then another cast something into the coal fire, when to the astonishment of the watchers at the window, three strange little maidens of exquisite beauty, suddenly appeared in the room dressed in the most dainty costumes imaginable.

Only the eyes of the little maidens could not be disguised, for a strange yet fierce glare shone in their depths. To have seen them no one could have helped to admire them, and Angeline, Riches and the three boys were certainly all admiring them, for they had never seen anything so dainty and bewitching, and their attention seemed to be drawn to the dread of the four Glandelinians. The Glandelinians who had placed the things into the fire, stopped and stared in amazement. One by one the beautiful creatures approached the coal fire and drew out the implements, and to utter some strange words. Their movements were graceful and odd and even rhythmic, and the old Glandelinian watched them with an evil grin on his wicked face.

Finally Angeline, who feared the three may be the civilian girls. The old rebel had lifted up the things and going toward the boy he was going to put it down on his arm when the girls help up back with revolvers drawn on him. The rebel slowly dropped the weapon while the boy seemed to have fainted. The girls then went toward the boy still keeping the rebels covered and bursting in to a chorus of wild laughter, the three beautiful girls fairly danced out of the place. Angeline, Riches, rubbed her eyes to prove that she was wide awake and seeing clearly, for her astonishment was great when the three lovely little maidens leaped upon the three black horses and jerking at the Glandelinians' reins away. And the Glandelinians seemed to know who they were for they hindered not and let them go. Angeline, Riches and the three boys had been so intent upon this scene that in their eagerness to follow the retreating figures the boy had

accidentally pressed against the glass pane with his arm and the glass broke and its fragments fell with a crash into the room. The Glandelinians uttered a curse and then seeing that they had been observed, they rushed for the open window with pistols drawn. But the three boys came off like the wind and Angeline, Riches followed at their heels. Fear and desperation lent them strength to run, to leap across wide ditches, to speed up small hills and to vault high or low fences like a deer would. The band of three Glandelinians in the room had thrown open the door and started in pursuit on horseback and really gained on the fugitives, and thought they had them, when Angeline, Riches alone promptly shot them down one by one. The old colonel himself on a horse had followed after the fugitives but seeing his three comrades killed realized he alone would not only

be unable to overtake the fugitives but got would be killed if he did. The old man however was so angry that Angeline, Riches and the three boys, that he followed on in the direction they had taken, fully determined to catch them off their guard, in time, and to punish them terribly for spying upon him and shooting down three of his best men. When Angeline, Riches and the three boys had run so far that they were confident they had made good their escape, they sat down near the edge of a small forest to get their breath again, for all were panting hard from their exertions and hard running, and their hearts were beating like trip hammers from being jaded. Angeline, Riches was to the first of the four to recover her speech and breath, and she said to one of the boys:

"My was it not surprising to see the boy rescued by the three girls?"

"The most surprising thing I ever saw," the boy agreed.

"And they would have griled the boy, if the girls had not interfered."

"Well they rescued him to be sure," admitted another of the boys whose name was George, "but I'm in hopes I can make out who those pretty little girls were."

"Where do you suppose Gertrude Angeline is?" asked the little girl after a pause. "She disappeared from General Mylet's headquarters before we left the camp." Said the third boy. "Perhaps she had to go and therefore may be around somewhere."

"I'm pretty sure she started off in a different direction than we did," declared Angeline, Riches. "I looked over my shoulder as I ran to see how close the other Glandelinian was, and I'm sure from what I saw this territory is swarming with scouts of the rebels. We will have to be careful."

"Then let us circle around another way," proposed the first boy whose name was James. "And perhaps we may have the luck to encounter Gertrude Angeline."

Angeline, Riches agreed to this and they left the big grove, and began to make a detour around to the north, thus drawing nearer and nearer the location of the rebel army again. The wicked old pursuer did not suspect that is change of direction of his fugitives, so when he came riding up to the grove, he passed through it and not seeing any signs of his girl and boy enemies passed on. Angeline, Riches and her boy friends had reached another woods not less than a mile from the other grove when they saw a girl walking toward them and cautiously.

The girl who ever she was moved with great dignity, and with no show of haste whatever, but seemed alert, looking carefully to right and left. Angeline picked up Gertrude Angeline rushed forward, holding out her arm as if to embrace her and calling her by her name. To her surprise the girl who was no other than Jennie who gazed up at her coldly, and upon the boys disdainfully, and not only repelled her with a haughty gesture but suddenly drew her pistol and threatened to shoot them down. She did not recognize either the girl or the boy in their disguise until Angeline picked up her pistol and then Jennie almost sank upon her knees in surprise. She had mistook them for rebel scouts and would have made them her prisoners had she not recognized them just then and apologized for her mistake. She almost felt like weeping when they told of Gertrude Angeline's disappearance and of Angeline Jennings' missing, and of the other boy, and indignantly for it was the cause of general Izner Mylets who had treated her and them so badly. But she remembered why.

"I guess we are all separated, all right," she said to Riches. Angeline picked up gravely in reply, and then turning beckoned them to follow her.

"Can't you think of any way to find them?" asked Angeline picked up pleadingly. "You did Jennie." But maybe we will come upon her like you did me.

"Those glandolinians must have had their hearts frozen in a refrigerator," sighed one of the boys. "I'm awfully sorry this happened, cause Gertrude was so sweet and nice to us all. We can't be, help it that this happened of course, but but it is a dreadful thing, just the same."

"My heart is frozen to all glandolinians," announced Jennie, "Turner, calmly. I only love you and my handy pistols."

"Our luck it too bad," said Angeline picked up.

"Well it may have been our own fault," replied she Jennie, "Turner." And I did not think out exciting times and misfortunes would amount to much at the beginning.

"Our exciting times is greater than we expected," said one of the boys.

"That's enough," insisted Riches. "Seeing we have escaped our own pursuers, let's try and find Gertrude Angeline and her friends."

"I'll go with you," decided Jennie, "Turner." It is evident that the glandolinians may also be trailing after her, therefore we may come just in time to find her and go to her aid."

At Angeline picked up started off, the boys cast one more look to the rear to see if the old rebel was following and seeing no one followed after the two little girls. As they started one of the boys heard footsteps behind him, and up came an unarmed glandolinian soldier all out of breath from running.

"Stop you little devils!" he cried. "I have come to take you back to the rebel lines, where you are to be indicted as spies."

The little party looked at him wondering a moment, then the little girls tossed their heads disdainfully and bidding the boys to follow walked on. But the rebel soldier kept beside them.

"What does does t does this mean you little b fools?" he demanded. "Have you not discovered that a man is your superior and stronger than you are?"

"Yes I have discovered it," replied Angeline picked up. "My heart though is for my own mind. I cannot understand your orders. Go your way my glandolinian soldier, for it will take more than you to make us prisoners." He stopped in dismay when he heard this, but in another minute he exclaimed angrily:

"You Christian dogs must come with me and shall whether you want to or not. I have placed you under arrest. If you now refuse to come with me, it will mean you are do die right here,--do you understand?"

The rebel almost wept with despair, but the girls laughed a cold bitter laugh, and passed on. The rebel caught at her arm the arm of one of the girls as if to restrain her but Angeline picked up dealt him a blow in the head with her pistol butt that sent him reeling into a small creek beside the path. Here he lay for a time, half covered by thick muddy slimy water, dazed with anger and surprise. Finally as the fugitives were almost out of sight the rebel a cross, dripping, and elbowed from the ditch painfully nursing his sore head where the pistol had struck him. The fugitives had gone on, so uttering the words of vengeance upon them he went into the woods and disappeared himself.

Jennie, Angeline picked up and the boys covered many long uses of ground, searching carefully through the forests, in fields and lanes, and everywhere possible but could find no trace of Gertrude Angeline or the other girls. Finally they paused beside a large cornfield, and sat upon the edge of it to rest a while. George took some fruit from his pocket, and some bread wrapped up in paper and gave some to his companions including the little girls. Then he began to eat some himself, for it seemed to be their time for lunch here. While he was eating the drummer boy saw a small dirty piece of wood lying beside him and tossed it away out of his sight the stick landing somewhere in the corn field.

"Hey boy," said a strange voice belonging to a boy. "What do you mean by hitting hitting me in the mouth with a piece of wood covered with dirt?" Then up rose to form of another boy so out, who had been coming through the corn field alone on a scouting tour, and then seeing the two girls and the boys examined them for at first he did not recognize them.

"Excuse me please," said the drummer boy. "I did not know any body was there."

"How did you happen to be there anyway?" asked Angeline picked up eyeing him critically.

Instead of answering he bowed his head a little and stood boldly beside them.

"Ah you are the drummer boy deserted by your cowardly comrades," he said to the drummer boy. Then he turned to Angeline picked up. "And you are one of the little girls who came to Izner Mylets' army with Gertrude Angeline, and Jennie, Turner, the latter who is now with you and who have the misfortune to lose your friends Gertrude Angeline and the boy, and Angeline Jennings."

"Why how in the world did you know all that?" she inquired.

"I know a lot of things," replied the strange boy eyeing her critically as she did him. "My name is Francis Penrod and I'm a scout, and a spy, and everything else besides."

"I believe I have heard of you," said Angeline picked up slowly, as she as she looked the boy over with much interest. "But you used to go along with the regiment of boy scouts under the 'Pivian Girls'. What are you doing here now?" "Oh I do belong to it now," he replied cheerfully. "I have just come over from Penrod's army with half of my company to see if I can be of any help to you."

"Who are you?" asked the drummer boy.

"No Angeline picked up and her friends. It seems indeed they need looking after."

"I'm doing that myself too," said the drummer boy a little ungraciously. "If you will pardon me for saying so sir, I don't see how you can look after any one."

"If you don't see that, you are more blind than a mole." Asserted Angeline picked up sharply. "He's a famous boy scout, drummer boy, and comes from the best of boys out in the world, so he can do most anything. I hope," she added turning to Penrod. "You can find Gertrude Angeline for me."

"I had no time to find her," he answered. "She found me. But who is that old gray-coated man racing toward us here on horseback and shaking his sabre at us?" Angeline picked up and Jennie, Turner and the boys turned around and both uttered an exclamation of fear. It was expected that they all would take to their heels and run fast up the path, for it was the old glandolinian officer who had at last traced them to this place. His anger was so great that he was determined not to abandon the chance of Angeline picked up and the others until he had caught and punished them as he wished. But he was surprised to see when he came upon them that they did not run for they understood at once that one old man was not hing for him. His appearance however was so sudden that he would have ridden them down had they not stepped out of his way but Penrod fired and shot down the man's horse which throwing him, the man rolled like a football in the path.

The glandolinian officer got up and attempted to strike the girls with his sabre, but Jennie, Turner fired a shot that knocked it out of his hand. Then furious with rage the rebel drew his own gun and instantly fired, but did not hit his object and was wounded himself in the shoulder by a shot fired by Angeline picked up. The rebel was now helpless to resist so in a few moments the party left him groaning and yelling with pain. Fearing that the girls and boys

would escape him the rebel despite the wound and its pain quickly removed the chance, and disappeared over the brow of a small hill, following the direction in which she had seen them go. Only a short time elapsed before right in their way popped a very handsome looking boy, a head taller than Angelina Riches, and who leveled a doublebarreled rifle at them all and demanded in a stern voice:

"Halt where you are and don't advance another step."

The boys eyes flashed so that they dared not disobey but halted abruptly! and Angelina Riches said:

"Pardon me but you are stopping the wrong ones. We are christians and friends."

"Oh are you sure about that?" retorted the good looking boy in a surly tone.

"That is a question that any one will soon be able to decide," said Jennie, humor herself. "I'm Angelina Jennie's humor, and this is my companion Jennie or Angelina Riches. But who the boys are or their names we do not know except one Penrod and George, and of our better identification we can prove to you."

"Seems to me," said the boy, rubbing his face with one hand and still keeping them covered "that in your case it does not matter--unless you are prisoners already."

"We are not prisoners for you make a serious mistake," declared Angelina Riches. "And if Gertrude Angelina escaped the glandelinians and general Isner Myletze and came back here then I'm sure you are here and her in disguise, and I'm sure you will do me the good favor and stop that fooling."

"The strange good looking boy laughed derisively."

"Tell me, do you take me for a girl?" And he threw off his cap showing short hair. "Why I'm gerald Starring a son of general Manley's boy scout lag ion. And are Angelina Jennie and Gertrude Angelina around here too? Good I shall capture them this time in the too."

Angelina Riches recalling at once that she and her friends were facing the dreaded leader of all the glandelinian boy scouts did not answer at once. They knew that in his ways the boy was perfectly just, and righteous, and was fooled by Manley, and therefore not being wicked, was very daring and not to be trifled with. Then all were surprised to see coming toward them a beautiful girl but she had Starring covered with her own pistol, and she was very much surprised when she saw Starring trying to take the others prisoners but he then covered Gertrude and said:

"We both have the advantage over one another little girl. If I die you die. Neither one of us will give in so might as well be friends."

"You," said Gertrude, still staring at the brave glandelinian boy "must be gerald Starring who I have heard so much about from the civilian girls."

"Oh indeed," exclaimed Starring. "As he examined the girl closely, and you are Angelina Aronburg the famous girl spy of the glandelinians."

"Indeed you know me," said Gertrude almost frigidly. "I am and I also know you."

"What a shame for this meeting," cried the boy. "You girls and boys surprise me as much as I surprised you. One so lovely as you three girls are need no enemies so you need not fear anything. I will lower my gun and let you go. But I suppose if I do you will make me a prisoner."

Gertrude started at the boy and lowered her gun also. She was spared from speaking as Angelina Riches said: "Yes. The fugitives had however been far away from the old man who had run the wrong way, without being aware of their tricking him."

Gerald Starring who really in many ways was a good hearted lad and was shocked at the sudden encounter he had with the girls and boys, and when they would not take him prisoner he was grateful and thanked them as he went off on his own way.

Neither of them at first had noticed the appearance of another little girl, which at the retreat of Starring had skipped off to a hiding place. Not until the rebel boy scout leader had been out of sight, did she appear again and called out:

"Girls, and boys look at me. I'm Angelina Jennie. See what the wicked glandelinian persecutors did to me."

The little girl's voice was shaken to be sure, but they all noticed her, having been startled greatly. The girls looked at her intently a hair's breadth with fear at first, then they took her to themselves and Angelina Riches about wept at her pitiful condition.

"Oh poor Angelina Jennie,--dear Angelina Jennie, what a cruel thing to do!" she sobbed Angelina Riches sobbed. "They have caused you to be in rags."

"Don't cry Riches dear," begged Angelina Jennie. "It did not hurt me any, and it doesn't hurt me now. But it was slightly inconvenient and humiliating, to say the least. I was pursued by glandelinians with blood hounds, and one of them got me and tore my clothes before I shot it dead."

"I wish," said Angelina Riches in an indignant tone, while trying hard to restrain her tears "that I had been with you and I would have given your pursuers a taste of my own anger."

"Never mind," urged Angelina Jennie in a comforting voice. "Such a misfortune does not last long, and as a general thing there is some way to get to general Hanson's army yet. I'm sure we could find it soon."

"Where is general Hanson's army?" inquired Gertrude of Penrod for he recognized him right away.

When Penrod told him her and the others all about Hanson's army taking position near Handglandelinia. He explained to her how the general had sent him and his force of scouts especially to find and help them, whom he knew to be in danger, because of the wily wiles of general Isner Myletze, and of the roving bands of glandelinian scouting parties, and of many pursuers.

The brave little Angelina Riches drew her head down near the little group to listen to their talk and indeed it seemed to interest her.

"I ought to have come here a little sooner with my regiment of boy scouts," said Penrod, regretfully. "But general Hanson's army sent me as soon as he found out through the names of his scouts that you were here, and we're likely to get into trouble with the glandelinians. And now that we are altogether--except the latter boy you are all missing over whom it seems loss to worry--I propose we hold a council of war, to decide what is best to be done to find out why he has sent to general Hanson's army lines in the quickest way possible."

That seemed to be a wise thing to do, so they all sat down upon the green grass in a convenient place, including the drummer boy.

"In the first place," began the boy scout Penrod "this general Isner Myletze is a dangerous adversary and his army has no right to remain in this location."

"That is true," said the drummer boy eagerly. "My companions were chased by his men and--"

"You were deserted by them," interrupted Penrod. "I have found that out also and had detailed some of my boy scouts to trail those cowardly deserters."

"Good," exclaimed Angelina Riches. "At what will we do to get back to general Hanson's army. I suppose we cannot go any other way now but the way we came, unless we have to."

"No of course not," said Penrod. "Therefore it will be our duty to make our way up northward."

"But how with so many enemies standing about?" asked Riches.

"Please give me a little time to think of the matter," was the reply. "I know general Hanson's army is situated near Handglandelinia and that is north of here. I don't know whether in it is safest to go northward or westward, or straight north, I can't say; from the north itself, but anyway my boys are the best that general Hanson has ever turned out into the field with the help of pilot and her sisters and if we give them plenty to do, I guess they will be able to open a path for us, and the result will thereby surprise me."

"Take your time then," suggested Angelina Riches. "There's no hurry as long as the glandelinian glandelinians do not observe us."

"Thank you my dear girl," said Penrod, and he sat perfectly still for a few minutes looking this way and that. And during this interval the drummer boy whispered something in Gertrude's ear, and Gertrude whispered back to the boy. Finally Penrod laughed, and about almost aloud.

"Are you thinking of something now?" inquired Angelina Riches.

"Yes indeed. We will go through the wooded country, itself, for I know every trail and I'll have all of my boy scouts accompany us as our body guard."

"Fine," cried all the little girls clapping their hands together gleefully. "Get how!"

"Leave all the hows to me please," said Penrod proudly. "As a boy scout I must admit without hesitating that I am a wonder. We will first of all write a fake message to Isner Myletze telling him a number of spies are approaching his lines."

and that will make him order back to him when the men of the forest find him. If he does not fall for the trick and refuses to recall our warriors then we will subdue him ourselves and either annihilate them or make them surrender."

"Why try to trick him when it may be impossible to do so?" inquired Gertrude Angelina. "That Gargoylin general is abroad."

"Why we must make the try at any rate, whatever we do," explained Penrod. "It would be very rude to follow our plans without proper notice."

They found it difficult to write a message without paper pen and ink, none of which he was at hand, but Jennie Warner who had been cutting on a piece of stick with her knife accidentally cut her finger, and she herself wrote the fake message with her blood and the stick and decided on their way to capture a glandolinian soldier and have him convey the message or bribe him to do so.

When one of the boy scouts volunteered to go ahead and see if the way was clear, Gertrude did not like to allow any one to go so far from the party. Instead she hinted that it might prove a dangerous mission, but being sent by general Hanson, Penrod as now the acknowledged head of the troop of boy and girl scouts, and he would listen to no proper protest so he himself started ahead of the party to view the country, the others followed him as close as possible but keeping themselves hidden behind bushes and trees, and rocks, where they finally intrenched themselves to await the boy leaders' return. Gertrude Angelina had known this boy scout for a long time, and she certainly had confidence in him as his shrewdness and his wisdom. Gertrude however began to doubt whether he would be safe or not, but nevertheless she could not understand why the boy could be so bold as to scout so far from the main body in a dangerous territory, but he soon returned and was frowning fiercely. He considered the glandolinian general Izner Mylata for all the trouble, and he had during his scouting ahead captured a boy scout of the rebels who had promised to take the message providing he would sprang up. He looked worried as Gertrude demanded:

"What have you discovered ahead of us?"

"Nothing," Gertrude. "I have discovered nothing at all, indeed nothing at all, except one thing." He answered in a faltering voice. "The one exception is that we cannot go in the north for we are barred by a terrible forest fire that is advancing upon us."

"Then why should we remain here?" demanded Angelina. "Go."

Penrod looked first one way and then another as he plucked up courage.

"We got to make a run or trip for ourselves to Angelina Agathia, and by that way entrain ourselves for Haudglandolinia."

"What?" shouted Gertrude. "Go our out of our way and make such a long distance a trip?"

"He non nodded."

Some of the boys began to titter, but the girls were greatly worried. Gertrude and Angelina, who were being expert tree climbers shimmied up the tallest trees to have a look about them. Up there the wind howled lustily, and looking in the north west Gertrude thought she saw something far away which would have put her in mind of a series of volcanic cloud smokes. She realized a forest fire was burning about thirty miles away, and though it really would not reach here, they were barred by it nevertheless. She however had her own decision. She would defy the forest fire, and its maker and go north just the same or go no where at all. She and her friends descended the trees quickly.

"Well," said Penrod. "Did you see what I told you about?"

"I certainly did," said Gertrude. "But north we are going." She decided.

Penrod was very sorry she decided so rashly or in such a dare devil manner but she was not to be turned. She was good, but stubborn, and obstinate, and what she deemed her own cause she would follow if she had to go alone. Penrod then asked:

"What are we going to do next when we reach the conflagration?"

"Conquer it some way," was the reply. "I myself will go alone some distance to make a determination of the landscape and see which way the fire is going, for I'm clever and no fire can outwit me at all, nor can any glandolinian make a fool of me or any of their bullets." But you all follow close by to be ready in case I need aid."

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"Why is that?" inquired Angelina. "Go."

"Because I have more stronger nerves than most people have," I do not care what the glandolinians do, and for my own part I would do anything, except two things which is excepted--therefore I do not fear the glandolinians or their attempts to kill or injure me, or the ravages of the forest fire itself. Therefore I expect some way to get beyond or around the forest fire with ease."

"What are those two things you excepted?" asked Angelina. "Go."

"We need not think of them, so never mind. And now if you will all kindly excuse me for a while, I'll go over for about thirteen hundred feet and do my scouting. I need not fear as I'm cautious and can do it. But if I need help be near so you may be able to hear my call."

"You have no spy glasses?" The drummer boy reminded her.

"True," said Gertrude Angelina. "But you have one so I know you will let me borrow it. It is not exactly a proper one which I usually use, but I trust it will accomplish my own purpose."

The drummer boy handed her his own spy glass and the brave girl then saluted all the party, who each go, and as she proceeded leisurely along the way to the distant hills tops they followed cautiously.

I must now tell the reader what happened of the other boy scout scout, since he had wandered away from the drummer boy's tent in the morning, and then encountered rebel scouts got lost in trying to avoid being seen by them. This boy perhaps

you may have discovered, seemed to be almost as destitute of nerves, as the very Scarecrow mentioned on the Dorothy of Oz books. Nothing ever could have astonished the boy much at all, nothing even could worry him or make him unhappy. All the good fortune, and bad fortune that did meet him and had met him had always accepted with a quiet forbearing smile, never complaining no matter what happened. This was one reason why this boy scout was a favorite of the girl scouts, and all who knew him--and perhaps also it was the reason why he got into so many difficulties, and sometimes even greater perils than the girl scouts ever did, or also lost himself.

As he was wandering here and there after observing the glandolinians he had observed the walked over hill, and down vale. He missed Angelina, who he and Gertrude Angelina of whom he was so fond, and of the others too, but never less he was not unhappy and felt confident he would soon be reunited with them. Wherever he went now the birds sang merrily, and the wild flowers everywhere were beautiful, and at intervals the breeze had the fragrance of new mown hay.

"The only bad thing about the glandolinians in their generals and vendors, and elements," he reflected. "But the glandolinian country is not to blame for that."

At noon he came to a small farm house which appeared to be inhabited, and where a man and a woman with a little boy lived. They at first thought he was a glandolinian boy scout and would have driven him away but they soon realized from the proofs he had with him that he was an Anti-Angolindian boy scout who was lost and so they gave him a good hearty meal and treated him kindly and with great respect, but nevertheless they did not know anything about the whereabouts of his friends, so they were not able to answer any questions to guide him on the way to the tent used by the drummer boy. So when he left them he felt he was just as bad off as before. Every grove of trees he saw from a long distance, every strange roadway he visited, for he remembered that the drummer boy's tent had either been near the edge of a grove of trees or even the side of a road going through a grove of trees, but always he met with dire with dire disappointment. Finally passing through a small woods, he came out into the open and found himself face to face with Walter starring.

"Hello starring," said the boy scout. "Where do you come from?"

"From a long and careful scouting tour," was the reply. "I've found a way to reach general Hanson's army, at last, and it is at Haudglandolinia and it is not far from here either. I would have come back to you and my friends sooner, to see how you were getting along, had not a bunch of glandolinian goodfollers surprised me and played hide and tag with me, so I could not very well regret your companionship until the chase, hotting, and duels, and excitement was over."

"Can you find your way to general Hanson's army?" "Asked the boy who name was Johnnie Kainer.

"Yes, very easy, for now I know exactly where it is located. I know where are Gertrude Angeline and the rest of our friends!"

The boy Kainer related to the Starring boys about their adventures since since he had left them to scout ahead a great distance, telling of Angeline's pishoo.

Fear that general Izner Myletz's Glandelinians had done something wicked to Gertrude Angeline, and of the escape of the drummer boy, and his being deserted by his men comrades, and how Angeline's pishoo had he himself and the others had been turned out of general Myletz's headquarters. That was all the news the boy had, but it made the boy scout leader anxious for the safety of his best friends.

"We certainly must go to them at once--for they may need our help," he said. "I don't know where to go myself," Confessed Kainer. "I was a fugitive from the Glandelinians too and became lost."

"Well I can take you back to where they are," Promised Starring. "For when I scouted, I had come to a high hill and observed them. That also is how I happened to spy you, just entering this grove, so I ran down and waited for you to appear."

"How can you find them now?" Asked Kainer.

"You just follow me and see. Do you think I have lost their trail so easily? I just know what direction to go."

"I'll try to have confidence," Said Kainer. So Starring and the other went on ward as fast as they could walk and after an hours' travel in traveling they alighted the party of boyscouts and a force of them too, and Angeline's pishoo; the two boys came running forward to meet them. The drummer boy was introduced, to go Walter Starring, who was surprised to find Gertrude Angeline safe and sound.

"How did you escape them?" Asked the boy.

"Why I suspected the oncoming treacherous purpose and outwitted them by jumping out of the window," Answered Gertrude Angeline.

"Can you make your way in the direction you are going?" Asked Starring.

"I guess I can if I'm careful, but a forest fire bars our way," Replied Gertrude.

"But I cannot say what I might do if I cannot outwit the forest fire--which I hope I can do."

"Well," said the boy scout leader. "It is a great pity to be out in this way, and I would like to meet that cruel general and his officers in a smash and punish them severely. You are awfully reckless Gertrude to go in the direction of that conflagration, but I think we can get to Hanson's army anyhow. I know where it is." Then Starring and Kainer were told all about the plight of the drummer boy, and how Penrod had come with his regiment of boys from Hanson's army to help them. The boy Starring seemed rather disturbed when it learned that Penrod had again for a second time had alone to scout the region over.

"I'm afraid he will make a big fizzle over it or something," Said Starring. "And if he encounters any Glandelinians there is no telling with the terrible soldiers will do to him, who seems to be a very interesting party or person. So I believe I'll take a squad of the boys, and take a hand in this scouting myself."

"How?" Asked Angeline's pishoo.

"Wait and see please," Was the reply. "But first of all, I must go ahead like he did--so if you will forgive me for leaving your party so soon again, I'll be off a once and bring him back."

They gave him permission to go, and away he went and soon disappeared with about eighteen of the boys in the direction Penrod had gone.

"I wonder," Said Kainer looking solemnly after Starring and the other boys. "Whether he will ever come back again."

"Of course he will, and so will Penrod and the others," Returned Johnnie Kainer. "Walter Starring is a pretty good fellow, and we can do and on him in anything. And my words Kainer, whenever our friend Starring comes back, there are some Glandelinians if they did, who wished they had not met him..."

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Penrod was not a bit afraid to do any kind of a scouting work, or afraid of no enemy whatever. Indeed he rather enjoyed the prospect of exciting adventures. So being far ahead of his friends he advanced boldly. As he had made about five hundred yards he suddenly was confronted by a handsome looking boy in a gray uniform who looked awfully first like one of the Glandelinians in disguise, but who was taller than any of them.

"Who are you?" Demanded the stranger with his hand on the butt of his revolver.

"I'm Francis Penrod, and I command you to either reveal yourself or surrender yourself as my prisoner," Answered Penrod.

"How do you know that I would do that?" Inquired the stranger, much astonished at the audacity of the boy who confronted him.

"Because I have decided that you are a boy scout of the Glandelinians. You must remember that only a short distance away I have a whole force of boys coming this way armed as I am and just as determined, and therefore if you are a rebel it is wiser for you to surrender."

Now when the strange boy heard this he seemed to be much disturbed in mind, for he knew the boy spoke the truth, but no one ever before had come up to him like that and therefore the stranger did not intend to be put out by a mere single Angeline's boy scout if he could help it, therefore he gave a harsh defiant laugh of derision and said:

"It will take more than you to make me a prisoner. Stand out of my way you stranger, and I'll talk about it by and by when we meet again."

But Penrod stopped right in front of him and said:

"I hereby declare in the name of Angeline and God, that you are my prisoner for defying me. From this moment I arrest you as an enemy, and if you resist I'll make a signal and have a swarm of boys down on you in a moment."

The strange boy looked almost fearfully at Penrod, whom he hated in his heart, but now likewise feared, however he was now in a most terrible rage, and Gerald Starring who it happened to be raised his fist and struck Penrod such a heavy blow in the jaw that he went sprawling to the ground. But he was up again in an instant and as Penrod made for him he drew his pistol and fired, but in his excitement missed, and before he could fire again Penrod had him in his strong arms and he pummeled the boy rebel so hard, that he roared with pain as much with rage, and while Penrod called to his own comrades to help him capture the rebel Gerald Starring struggled like a demon, and for a few minutes it appeared as if a prize fight was on. Hearing the commotion Starring and the other Angeline's boy scouts followed by the girl heroines came rushing up, and tried to separate the pair, however they were many against two and soon had separated the two combatants. Gerald Starring stormed and danced around in a dreadful fury, for he had never before been attacked by a boyscout who was an Angeline's boy like this before. Penrod who had finally made him a prisoner ordered some of the boys to rope his hands behind his back, which for six boys was no task at all. Even after he was made a prisoner Gerald Starring could not control his anger. He tried to figure out some way to be revenged upon Penrod, but could not think of anything that could be effective. The captors also did not know what to do so Gerald Starring approached Penrod.

"I'll tell you what to do," Said he. "We can use him as a decoy, and if we are pursued by soldiers we can make him suffer for it."

Penrod was so delighted with this suggestion that he hugged Walter Starring in his joy. He had not been not even attached in his fight with Gerald Starring.

"Of course, it is a good plan," He cried. "The very thing. Why did I not think of it myself?"

So he summoned some of his boys and bade them guard Starring as they would a standard itself and then they proceeded on their way. Before long they had come more nearer to the scene of the distant fire, and it looked as if the woods so far away made enough fuel to burn up the world with so terrible was the conflagration and the flames could be seen for that long distance away--even though it was afternoon and a bright sun was shining here. When all was prepared, Gertrude who was the main leader of the whole outfit, stood on the summit of a high hill enjoying the distant awesome spectacle, and then she sent some of the boys to fetch Gerald Starring before her.

Now the one thing in all the world that Gerald Starring really feared was Angelina Aronburg. He knew she was very obstinate, and that in her very power he would not amount to much. It would not hurt him to be kept a prisoner, but he realized that he was liable to have a meeting with the Vivian girls, especially Violet, and Jennie, who would probably deal with him as he really deserved for his meanness to them. In spite of this Gerald Starring was brave and faced Gertrude Gertrude Angeline like a real hero. He had suffered from a bloody nose, his lip was cut, and his uniform had been partially torn in his struggle with Penrod. When a number of the boys marched him out before Gertrude Angeline, he turned to Penrod with great calmness and said;

"This assault of yours will some day cost you dear, as well as much suffering, and even death, for my friends will avenge this assault upon me."

"Your friends are not here, nor will they know what I have done to you, when you are within the Christian lines and cannot tell them." Answered Penrod in a scornful voice. "You attacked me first, and then tried to shoot me. I had to fight you and you know it."

Gerald Starring was ordered by Gertrude to stand by her, and a number of the boys stood with him. When this had been done Gertrude pointed to the distant conflagration and said;

"No set fire to those woods!"

The boy looked and saw the flames shooting up, and creeping close and closer to the main stretch of woods further beyond, a sea of fire in the distance, and mountains of rolling smoke going high into the air, and forming like a extensive thundercloud. The boy and even all the rest were so intent upon this terrible spectacle that none of them noticed how above the sun had stopped shining and the sky was growing suddenly dark as the smoke spread overhead. Gerald Starring said he did not know who caused the fire, there was a noise in the direction of the forest fire like a dozen moving railway trains across a bridge. When suddenly there was a terrible crash of a great explosion and the powerful concussion caused by the explosion even so far sent a sea of burning embers scattering in every direction, and it looked like a rainstorm of fire descending, but not one burning brand however reached the group of girls and soldier boy scouts. But that was not the only effect of the sudden concussion. Gerald Starring was hurled on his face by the vibration, some of the boys went tumbling head over heels, the little girls had been thrown down prostrate and there was some commotion. A small tree collapsed and fell on Starring holding him down pressed flat to the ground. Penrod himself shot upon up into the air like a rocket and landed on a tree, where he hung by the middle of a lower limb, surprised by the occurrence and wondering what had happened. The remainder of the boys not thrown by the concussion had been jammed close together by the shock of the blast, then others sprawled to the earth. The excitement was great for a few minutes and every frightened boy looked with awe and amazement at the location where the explosion had occurred, and the still descending storm of blazing embers which had been hurled high in the air. It was evident the fire reached some big powder shed and thus caused the explosion. A number of the boys lifted the tree and others dragged Penrod out from under it, badly bruised but not seriously injured and Walter Starring said;

"Well you ought to have some gratitude that even enemies are good enough to save you in time, which was better than too late. You are still our prisoner here and we are determined to keep you, but if you behave yourself during our journey we may be good enough to let you go before we reach the Christian lines. We are using you as a decoy, that's all."

With this another boy picked up Starring's battered gray hat, which had fallen off his head, and placed it back. Seeing that no one was hurt every one started a rousing cheer, the boys tossing their caps and waving their handkerchiefs. The girl heroines who had regained their feet joined the boys in the cheering, for they fully realized that the big explosion had shattered a big portion of the woods, making such a gap that the forest fire was not able to travel southward in course. Penrod had struggled until he finally slid off the tree limb and came tumbling to the ground where he was picked up and held to his feet.

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"The tables soon turned." Said Angelina picked up "but it was you Penrod who captured Starring, and from this time you may count me as your best friend." "As soon as the capture of Gerald Starring had taken place, one of the boys who had been disarmed had disarmed the other boy scouts remaining behind with the news, and the order to come and join the party. At once they all hastened toward their comrades. They were indeed somewhat surprised by the startling sight that met their eyes, for there was Gerald Starring, really a prisoner, and all the girls and boys assembled together, and the distant forest fire raging in the distance. So they likewise gazed in great awe at both scenes. Penrod who was standing beside Gertrude now whispered into her ear;

"I thought you was going to take the chance and go in the direction of the forest fire?"

"Not yet Penrod," he answered. "The fire is worse and more extended extensive than I thought, and as you know the direction of the Christian lines, I believe you alone better lead us. As for Penrod I don't really know what to do with him." When she turned to Gerald Starring and looked at him closely and then at Walter Starring who was strutting about, anxiously looking behind him and at the fire in front and she said;

"Do you suppose Walter, that you or your followers, could find a better way to get to General Hannon's army and the besieged town of Handgelandia?"

"Where is that town?" Asked the girl.

"Somewhere northwest of here, I'm sure."

"Then," said Gertrude, "We shall certainly find our way to the Christian army without much further trouble."

"And it will give me great pleasure," declared Penrod. "When we have found our way, we can again see the dear Vivian girls, and then if we still retain Penrod we can take him before the Vivian girls and let them decide what to do with him."

Walter Starring called some of his followers together, and spoke a few words to him in a low tone. When suddenly they galloped almost into the very party from the left, a big column of mounted soldiers--so suddenly, that the girl and boy scouts scattered quickly in order to avoid being ridden down. There was an eddy of dust, and Gertrude only saved herself from being ridden down by jumping behind a tree. They were a party of Angelinian cavalry soldiers and they had come so suddenly that they had not seen the boys and girls in time and barely had time to check the speed of their horses. They were surprised indeed but greeted them joyfully and when they learned of how much trouble they had to find the Christian lines, and how they had been lost so long the soldiers were amazed. The leader told them however that all was safe, for many Christian cavalry troops were scattered all over the state of Ozmania and also Angelina vine, their columns being in every valley, grove, river side, and hill top peering everywhere for rebel soldiers or armies. Finally this party had spied the boy and girls on the small hill top and the leader with a shrill whistle to warn his comrades rode up, but had been so confused by the thick trees growing on top that they had been upon their friends before they knew they were so near. They saw that Gerald Starring was a prisoner among the party and the leader who was a young lieutenant said, said, said;

"Good." And he nodded his head with satisfaction. "Now we can all proceed to business. I believe the Vivian girls would like to see him very much. My dear rebel boy scout, I'm obliged to request, gently but firmly that you undo all the wrongs you have committed to the Vivian girls, and so on or you will suffer the consequences."

"Ah!" cried Gerald Starring, in a scornful and defiant voice. "I defy you all. By my own efforts, I can get away from you if I want to, and I'll make the break even at the risk of my life if you Abbie Annan's soldiers are not careful."

"I think you are mistaken about that," said the leader, and dismounting from his horse he walked to the side of the boy rebel scout.

"Before I went out on this scouting tour, general Robert Vivian gave me some important papers, which I was not to give to no one but Gerald Starring, and only except in an emergency. But I feel pretty sure that this occasion is an emergency, don't you Gertrude?" He asked turning toward the little girl scout.

"Why we have got to do something to make him confess why he persecuted the Vivian girls without reason," replied Gertrude seriously. "Things seem to be in an awful muddle since he showed his enmity to them and he will be worse if we don't stop his persecutions and stop him from doing more harm to the Vivian girls."

"That is my idea exactly too," said the young lieutenant and taking the roll of paper from his pocket he opened it and handed it to Gerald Starring, and pointing a pistol at him at the same time. The boy shrank back at first pale and trembling.

"Oh you dirty Christian dogs," he wailed. "Have you no other slip of paper than that you fool of an officer. Did the Vivian girls demand that of me?"

"They did," answered the young lieutenant.

"Then give me a pencil quick," pleaded the boy prisoner. "Give me one— and for their sakes at least, I'll do anything they ask me to."

"You will do what I ask first," declared the young officer firmly.

"Be quick then you Christian hell hounds," the boy prisoner cried. "Tell me what you command me to do, before I change my mind and then it will be too late."

"You made many insulting remarks about the Christians and called them dogs. I command you to take them words all back, or I'll not let you sign this paper and bring you before general Robert Vivian instead."

Gertrude Angeline who was deeply interested in this strange conversation stood before Gerald Starring. The boy saw her and mumbled something which she did not hear. He seemed to be in a desperate hurry to sign the paper, knowing that he had no time to waste and her very looks itself shamed him for his conduct, for in his heart he liked and respected pretty little girls and so he apologized.

"The pencil," he cried.

"Not yet," said the officer. "You must first apologize to me Penrod for attacking him like you did."

"I can't, it's too much to do that. I can't," asserted the boy with fear.

"You must," declared the officer firmly.

The boy cast a shrewd look at him and saw that he meant it, but with a defiant look he cast the paper to the ground and said:

"I'll die before I do it so there."

The others had looked on and were surprised by his conduct.

"I hate to do it; I hate to do it," he wailed but I will not apologize to an enemy who beat me up like he did. So I must and shall sacrifice this shoot. I'd rather face the fury of general Vivian than apologize to that Christian boy scout."

Penrod was astonished at the rebel boy scouts determination and starring to prove that he was not fooling, took the paper, tore it into strips and set fire to the fragments with a match, and then stood defiantly to them all. Through it all he could see the girl heroines standing proud and erect but with flashing eyes. Penrod himself stepped forward, and with pleading eyes and arms outstretched tried to win Starring's forgiveness but Starring would have attacked him if he had the chance, for Starring though good in many of his dispositions was not a lad easily to forgive any enemy who had struck or beaten him even in a fair fight. He however said:

"Never mind Mr Penrod. Some day I'll meet you and I'll kill you instead of apologize to you. You are aspy and deserve to be hung."

Gertrude looked at Starring and saw that he was more determined than ever. She did not know however that Starring was wishing to be revenged upon all of them, and he mumbled something to himself that they did not understand. But he did not say it loud enough to be heard and Gertrude said:

"On account of your conduct we will not allow you to go free Mr Gerald Starring. You are a fool to act that way and you know it. Believe me if you were wise you would find it more fun to come to our demands than to face general Vivian."

But Starring was at that moment filled with grief and chagrin at being a prisoner and as the party prepared for the start toward Hannous army, he only sobbed and bewailed his fate, and not one was at all sorry for him.

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As soon as everything was settled again all the boy scouts were together. Gertrude was standing in front of all the others looking looking radiantly beautiful, and fresh as a new blown rose despite the disguise she wore. On her left side stood the brave drum or boy, and looking sad and solemn, for the boy could not make himself believe that his men friends had been so cowardly as to desert him when in peril. Angeline Pickens and Jennie Warner and the other little girl heroines stood around Gertrude and were much interested in the proceedings. Walter S Starring stood in the center, and Penrod indeed had to regard this vast assemblage of boy scouts of Angeline with awe and wonder.

Walter Starring made a speech to them all. He told how the Vivian girls had been continually and unjustly abused by Gerald Starring, and how he had attempted many times to cause their destruction. So therefore he declared that he held the opinion that Gerald Starring ought to be made to face the Vivian girls alone and let them do as to his punishment.

"But," he added, "It is not for me to decide what you shall decide upon the matter. You all must decide for yourselves, or you will not be contented or satisfied. Choose now what shall be done."

"And most of them except the girls themselves shouted:

"He shall be made to face general Vivian."

which proved that Gerald Starring had made himself many enemies among even the best of Angeline boy scouts and the boys thought they would like it better to have Starring brought before the general himself. But Gertrude Angeline herself shook her head.

"No," said she. "As I am the leader of this wholeband in person, I request you to make a better choice than that. You must choose rightly for many of you I disagreed and that won't make any decision. Which shall it be? General Vivian or the Vivian girls, he shall go free."

The whole crowd hesitated for a moment and then all cried:

"General Vivian."

Gertrude at this moment had stepped to pick up her hat which she had lost from her head by the concussion of the blast and placed it on where it nestled prettily among her soft curls. The boys were cheering and shouting for her. The fact that Gertrude Angeline was their leader pleased them all, especially Walter Starring, who realized it was the most important moment of his life to have her in his presence. All the others congratulated her. The boys however hissed at Gerald Starring and kept back so their uniforms would not touch him. The rebel boy scout was not haughty and overbearing any more; on the contrary he now seemed very meek and in great fear of the fate his captors had in store for him. But Gertrude Angeline and the rest were too happy and excited over their adventures to be revengeful and they offered to do as before appoint Gerald Starring as a guide under escort. But they declared nevertheless that the boy to uphold his honor must promise to be careful and not try anything he would be sorry for. And this he promised eagerly to do and so when the party prepared to follow the Savary toward the Christian camps, he was a different boy than before. To Penrod who had accompanied the girls on many adventures Gertrude said:

"You dear Penrod have been a friend in need, and we all are mighty grateful to you for helping us through all our difficulties. I or the others might have been captured or followed too close by the enemy yet if it had not been for your appearance, and your boys, and I might remark that being lost in a new unknown country and also a fugitive too is not a not much fun."

"And if it had not been for you, friend Gertrude," said Penrod, "I fear I could not have conquered Gerald Starring and made him a prisoner."

"No indeed," she agreed, "you would probably have been whipped by him and made him a prisoner instead."

"And I might have been a fugitive and lost yet also," added Angeline Jennings. "Obligated Penrod dear."

"Oh that is all right," replied Peared graciously. "All good fir friends must stick together, you know in all cases, or they would not be friends? But now since we have the Angelina's cavalry escort we will not have such loss of time in finding general Hanson's encamped army now, where no doubt there will be a surprise party over our return."

"Yes," said Peared's friend after staring. "And it will be very fortunate too."

"Yes?" asked Peared. "Because we need it," was the reply. "But we might as well start on our mission here now is finished and we want to get back to the Christian lines as soon as possible."

"Would you avoid general Hanson's army when you come before?" Gertrude inquired of Peared.

"On I got around the hills with my hand at the time you scaled a high cliff with a long rope. Of course if you wish we can all return by the same way, but it would be a hard journey---and now perhaps an impossible one as it may be swept by the fire. So I thought if we had time to make a wide detour you could all follow the cavalry around and let them lead us to the lines."

Gertrude thoughtfully considered the matter for a while, and then she said: "We must not allow our ranks to break now under any conditions whatever when we make this last trip, but tell me could we get to general Hanson's army to night?"

"What to night?" exclaimed Angelina Pichee. "Impossible. Handgladellina is ten miles away yet."

"It will be a fine moonlight night," said Peared. "And I have found it in many of my experiences that there is never a time so good as right away or as soon as possible. The fact is," she exclaimed, "it is really a long journey to Handgladellina and I and the rest of us would like to reach it before we meet with any more enemies and we are all rather tired now of our day's work. But if we can start on our way now northward, we can get there as soon as possible."

The others looked at one another questioningly. They all however were eager to visit general Hanson's mighty Christian army, and they all had endured such exciting times and such hardships that they would be glad to be out of the region of On Omahin State.

"All right," let's go," Angelina Pichee decided. "But where is he?" just at this important moment Francis Kaiser seemed to be gone, and a number of the boys had to scatter to search for him. He had been standing beside them or the girls just a few minutes before, but his comrades had a most exciting hunt for him and finally discovered the boy standing among a number of high bushes eating a handful of black berries.

"Well, Pichee my girl," he said looking at the little girl when she found him. "This is the first chance since I came out here with Peared to eat any blackberries. And I ate two handfuls already."

"Come quick. We are going north to Hanson's army at Handgladellina."

"Oh what is the hurry Angelina?" said Kaiser but she seized his arm and dragged him away from the black berry patch to where the rest were waiting. They then continued on for several miles and finally came to a stream of small size, and in the twilight they could see in the distance an enormous encampment of white tents extending as far as eye could reach, east of the location of the forest fire, and Gertrude looking through her glasses saw in the camp at many places the dear old flag of Abdonamin flying in the breeze.

"Here we are safe in the Christian territory again," she cried joyfully. "That is a Christian encampment."

"Oh are you sure about it?" asked Angelina Pichee, looking at the distant sea of tents curiously. She also could see the outline of state ly woods beyond the camp and still further the outline of rolling hills, beneath their feet was soft turf, but otherwise the subdued light of the rising moon disclosed nothing else clearly.

"Seems just like any ordinary Christian camp but not general Hanson's." "Yes Gertrude cannot at last....."

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"But it isn't," Peared assured her. "You are now confronting the outskirts of general Hanson's army the most glorious Ang-ahin army in the world, and you know?" "No added nothing," Gertrude. "No is your uncle's army here is situated in a part of the quindling State. The region around here is not very thickly settled I'll admit but..."

"No was suddenly interrupted by a rush and a roar and a big column of red coats over doubling bits view almost colliding with the cavalry soldiers and running down the party of boys and girls before they were able to halt."

"Good night, we have rebels captured here," called the shrill voices of one of the leaders. "And they were going to congratulate the Angelinas when they explained to them that they were not prisoners except one boy, and that they were on their way to general Hanson's army. The little girls however were almost ready to cry because general Hanson's army was further away than they thought, but it could not be helped."

"Get it friends," said the Abyssinians a leader, "our boys and girls must not stay out here in the moonlight all night, so let us escort you to our camp as you may have something to eat and a pleasant place to sleep. And to-morrow I'll see to it that you are good friends to general Hanson's army. We consist of his right wing."

"I'm pretty tired," admitted Angelina Pichee, yawning as she and the whole party followed the red coated cavalry over the meadows. "So we had made up our mind if we did not find a Christian camp soon, we would all sleep under the trees, or even on this soft grass."

But the vast camp was not far off. After an hour more they came into it and the boys scouts were placed in a regiment of their own and a tent of the size was provided for the girls, and their two best boy friends while Gertrude starring was placed in a another and attached by two guards. The girls were then led to an officers house or barracks where they were given good food, several of the dishes being smoking hot. The little girls uttered exclamations of surprise and pleasure.

"It's like a fair-land of Oz to receive such pleasure and honor," muttered Gertrude, tending her cap on the hook and seating herself at the table. "This supper smells good and we have turkey though it is not on Christmas. Please pass the muffins Angelina Pichee."

Angelina Pichee thought it was strange that no soldiers or any one but themselves and their two boy friends were in the building just now, but they had no hesitation in eating of the food prepared for them.

"There is quite enough for us here to make a merry feast," said Peared. They all indeed were very hungry and made for themselves a most hearty meal, for not since they had left the Christian lines had they tasted such good food. It was surprising that Walter starring, could eat so soon after his stomach helping to a full hat of black berries and enjoying them all in ten minutes, but the boy scout always ate when ever he had an opportunity.

"Really?" Gertrude. "Really Gertrude," remarked Angelina Pichee when she helped herself to a dish of ice cream. "I believe we are the portion of general Hanson's army tonight. The tents look like him."

"There is no doubt of it," Joana, former name answered.

"I've been here before," said Mildred Maxwell, and Angelina Pichee nodded. "So I know it is."

After supper they discovered the bedrooms as adjoining the big living room of the barracks house, and in each room was placed a comfortable bed with downy pillows looking like a material taken in a raid from some distant rebel camp. You may be sure the tired girls and boys were not long in bedding the two officers who prepared them for them good night, and creeping into the beds, where they slept a soundly until the following morning.

For the first time since they set eyes on the terrible battleship in the river which ran thru them down Angelina Pichee and Gertrude Ang-ahin were free from anxiety and care. The others were not worried about anything.

I suppose many of the readers have read descriptions of the numerous and magnificent array of general Hannum's army, some of his brothers, so I need not describe them in a way, as we are apt to state that no army has any army in any war stricken country ever equalled any of those before. General Hannum's army was lying south of Mandalay, the big Mandalay which was north of the army of tents was almost a big city itself and many of general Hannum's special friends were his best generals, and all those who he have won his confidence and favor for the "beautiful" yivian girls themselves who are in general Hannum's army there were no words or are no words that any one can find in a million dictionaries that are fit to describe their prettiness in looks, features and manners and nature and of mind. Eager to see them in to lose and also be aware of them for their charming faces and still more on charming manners, to know them is to love them for their bravery, generous nature, goodness, and tender sympathy, their truthful ways and their honor. They were nearly as perfect as fairies would be, and they were noted for their wisdom as well as for their many other qualities already mentioned in book after book about them. Their happy boy and girl scouts adore them, and every one considers them their best comrades, and protectors. At the time I write, the best friend of Violet and her sisters, and their most constant companion, was a little Abhimandian girl well known, known and known as Angelina Aronburg or Gertrude Angelina, who had come to the big Mandalay from a very curious manner as a child slave rebel, and had become one of general Hannum's most famous spies in the world. Furthermore Angelina Aronburg had been made a captain of all the boy and girl scouts in the regiments that the yivian girls commanded and was as much at home with them as was they themselves. Gertrude Angelina knew almost every part of the great countries of California and Angelina, and almost the names of general and their army. Next to the yivian girls she was loved better than anyone in all the Angelina Aronburg, for Gertrude Angelina was simple and sweet, seldom became angry, and had such a friendly sunny way that she always made friends among the Christian soldiers where ever she wandered. And no matter what she went through or suffered she always had a smiling face. It was she who brought the yivian girls safely through many a perilous thing as she did from big and powerful Abhimandian, with her sister and Uncle Angelina Aronburg was not like many other girls we know, or like the yivian girls, and though she was wise, she was obstinate in all she did, and at times was rash and full of dare-devil run klaniness and got herself into trouble with the Mandalayans very often. But life as a spy and scout, and heroine, and adventures had taught her to accept all sorts of surprising things and perils as a matter of course, for while Angelina Aronburg was not like the yivian girls—she had seen more wounds and perils than even they had ever gone through. Another girl heroine we all know who came from Abhimandian also was a great friend of the yivian girls, but had not had such chance to be so frequently in comradeship. This was Mildred Maxwell, whose strange and thrilling adventures had brought her to the Christian lines many times, where the Christian generals had always welcomed her. Mildred Maxwell was different than the yivian girls or her girl friends however. She was a shy little thing, and could never get used to the marvelous thrills she went through, but she and the yivian girls and also Angelina Aronburg were firm friends and thought themselves very fortunate in being together once in a while. One day while Violet and her sisters were out scouting they found among the things that enemy fully interested them was the distant rebel positions of general Hannum. The region around Mandalay lines was constantly changing, and Violet and her sisters who had seen events and went through adventures happened in all parts of California felt they were going through another one now. To them it was really a great moving picture of life. The yivian girls were not willing to find out anything very important just now, but merely enjoyed the form and extent of Mandalay lines which were exceedingly curious and remarkable. Suddenly Violet who happened to be looking toward the rear of the Christian lines exclaimed suddenly: "Why there's Gertrude Angelina approaching us." And this drew the attention of the others for they knew and loved Gertrude well.

"Where is Gertrude Angelina?" Asked Jennie yivian.
 "Why she is that girl coming on the horse of yours." Exclaimed Violet. Then she turned to John and asked:
 "What is that thing she is bringing along with her, John dear. A freak horse?
 I never saw anything like it before."
 "I never did either!" Answered John for they all were standing her approach. "I wonder!" Added John musingly. "Why she and her friends dared to venture in the enemy lines under Tamer Hyltas?"
 "Gertrude and her friends will do anything!" Said Violet.
 "Well they may be reckless." Said Angelina. "And how are they?"
 "It is almost bad." Declared Catherine, watching Gertrude approach nearer.
 "Gertrude has some girl companions with her." Said Daisy. "I and they seem to be Jennie's armor and Angelina's shoes. But I fear they had been treated badly by the rebels under Tamer Hyltas, and if they had met any misfortune there before reaching our lines safely as they did three days before it will reflect upon me, for I used to think general Tamer Hyltas was not a mean general."
 "Can't we go and meet them?" Inquired Nettie. "Angelina, Niches and Jennie run under are nice little girls. I'd be sorry if anything happened to them too."
 "Let us wait for them to come nearer first." Suggested John, and so they all had their horses formed into line and waited for them. Their anxiety had been relieved when they had heard that Tamer had helped them through, for they knew at once that general Hannum had sent him to protect Gertrude and her friends. The adventures of their own and of their friends had always proved exciting and very interesting to the yivian girls, but to them it was like reading a thrilling story. Gertrude and her friends are regular troops." Exclaimed Angelina, yivian and Violet answered.
 "They are dear brave little girls, and I'm sure nothing bad can ever happen to them. Gertrude has a fine character too, for she never grows mean no matter what she suffers or has to undergo. They also know that Tamer was a brave and quiet little boy scout, and attended to all the things that the yivian girls wanted done. He was not as powerful a leader as Walter Herring, to be sure, but he could do many great and wonderful things. He proved this by pulling the girl friends of his through many a daring exploit without injury and fitting it with all the comfort I have described in the recent chapters. Seeing that the girls had halted and did not seem to see them, Violet said to John:
 "Oughtn't we to go and meet our friends, so we can show them to our own camps and give them a good time. I'm sure they are really looking for us and don't know how where to find us. And I know if it was me or you my sisters would like somebody to give us a welcome after all our hardships."
 John smiled and answered:
 "For let's go, and away they raced at full speed toward their girl friends waving the "w" and screaming to attract their attention.

Selection of the camp where the yivian girls were was a long way from the portion of the camp where they had entered, but Gertrude Angelina and her two friends began the journey cheerfully and cheerfully, as long as no engagement was yet raging with the enemy there was of no great importance, and they had made such long trips before and knew the reason why. It never mattered much to Gertrude and her friends where she was or what she was doing, the girl seemed to be always content in being able to do her duty, and having good companions to share her scouting parties, her wanderings, and her adventures. As for Angelina, to her and Jennie's armor they now found themselves so comfortable and free from danger within the old Christian army camps and they were so used and amazed by the many adventures they had encountered and at it were encountering, that the journey toward the abode of the yivian girls was more like some pleasure trip than a duty or hardship, so many wonderful things were there to see. Gertrude Angelina had been through many parts of general Hannum's big army before, but never in this location of California, so Angelina, to her happened to be the only one who knew the paths and could lead her two friends.....

and have him taken to the hospital camp. He is shot."
"Yes Captain," she agreed, "there is nothing else to be done. But how shall we be able to find his assailants without any clues?"

"That's easy," said the wounded man, speaking in a rather feeble but distinctly distinct voice. "If you can mobilize some of your boys so that they can trail the men who assaulted me for they are spies. I was a guard by the river front and they attacked me from behind and wounding me with a hot torch in the river."

Gertrude decided to follow the plans, and going to the nearest signal station notified general Hanson by telegraph that spies were within his lines somewhere and to be on the look out for them, and then notified her scouts and soon had them starting on the hunt in the meantime the soldier as being cared for and his wet clothing removed and his wound bandaged by the surgeon who proposed that the soldier remain where he was and not move. After all this care the wounded soldier's expression became more natural again and as jolly as before. The work of treating his wound had consumed some time but when it was positive that everything was alright and that the boys all volunteering would soon have the spies captured the little girls bidding good bye to the wounded man again started upon their journey to find Violet and her sisters. Gertrude having regained her composure after her alarm at the news of the condition and the fact that spies were within the lines and being now in a better humor, despite her own recent mishaps, beguiled their way with stories of her adventures of the Vivian girls and how he came to know them. Angeline, Riches and Jennie Urmer were interested indeed. It was not until next morning however that they found their right way and still they traveled for all day and did not find the abode of the Vivian girls and began to believe the camps were either ornate or changed positions during the night. That evening they came to another big mess hall where the soldiers there prepared for the little girls the same kind of a beautiful supper which was smoking hot upon the mess hall table, and the beds were also ready for them to sleep in. They inquired of the soldiers where the Vivian girls were and they informed the little girls that a change had been made in the camps during the night before on account of suspicions suspected from the actions of Hanley's lines and therefore they were as far from the Vivian girls as when they started. They were told however that the easiest way to find them is to go outside the camp as the Vivian girls went out on a scouting tour every day and so the girls dodged it the wisest thing to do so. They therefore rose early in the following morning and after breakfast went out of doors and there far in the distance they saw a strange group on horseback seven in number but too far away for their forms to be distinguished, so the three girls could not tell whether they were the Vivian girls or some rebels on horseback. They lost no time in riding on that in that direction however being greatly delighted in the hopes of having a new adventure.

"Really," said Angeline Riches, "I think we are having better times than before for everything looks so fresh and beautiful and we ourselves appear so happy as we move on."

"Thanks for the compliment my dear," Gertrude replied gratefully. "I always feel happier when we are to meet our best friends. No one likes to be separated from their friends too long you know, and even good friends separated too long becomes unhappy."

"All things may be good in moderation," declared Angeline Riches. "But let us hurry on or we shall not be able to reach the party on horseback or they not seeing us may ride off in some other direction and make for us a long and hasty and probably tiresome chase."

After the Vivian girls had galloped a certain distance they saw that the girls in the distance had halted and Joyce suddenly halting her own horse, had her sisters to halt, and Violet said;

"shall we stop or do we wish to meet them?"

"No way go on," replied Joyce. "I'll just remain here for a moment until you and they can come up. My horse went lame. I think she has cast a shoe." So they went of leaving Joyce to look at her horse. Indeed Gertrude, Angeline and her two friends we located the Vivian girls in their most cordial manner.

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"I believed you would be on your way," said the good and famous girl spy, when they were all back to a point of the Christian camp and seated in the tent occupied by the Vivian girls. "For I had been looking for you for two days and finally learned from a soldier that you generally went out on constant scouting tours, and therefore intended to go out and scout for you."

"I did you have much adventures with general Izner Mylette's Glandelinians, and all his Glandelinians Zimmermannians?" asked Violet.

"Yes, and it is their purpose to come up and make a junction with general Hanley. I think however we would like very much to see him come for he is just the kind of a man I would enjoy to see punished for he played on us a dirty trick, and I do not see in any way at present, for Hanley either to come too near Handglandelinia and capture her."

"Well there is room enough for us all here for the present, I'm sure at that," said Violet. "I and my sisters are also eager to welcome Angeline Jennings and Mildred Maxwell. And it may keep us busy for more than a year at least, getting them used to all the wonderful occurrences of this war."

Gertrude Angeline smiled.

"I have gone through many adventures since the war started," said she, "and have not seen all the wonders caused by war yet."

Meanwhile the other two girls, including Penrod were traveling toward the tent occupied by Violet and her sisters and when they first caught sight of the tent, Mildred Maxwell realized that it was far more grand and imposing than were the tents of the Glandelinian army under Izner Mylette. The nearer they came, the more beautiful and larger the tent appeared, and when finally they came to its entrance, even Penrod was filled with awe.

"I don't see any soldiers to guard the tent," said Mildred Maxwell.

"There is no need for any soldiers to guard the tent of Violet and her sisters," replied Penrod. "We seldom have any wicked Glandelinians in the Christian camps, that we know of, and if there were, or are any, Violet and her sisters are always on the look out and their are so quick with their guns that they are powerful enough to protect themselves."

The two little girls were standing by the tent and he suddenly exclaimed;

"Why there are the horses belonging to the Vivian girls. Hip, hooray."

and the next moment he rushed down the lane and threw his arms around the neck of one of the horses, which good nature naturally permitted in familiarity when it recognized in the boy an old and dear friend, for he had rode the horse often. Penrod's happy shout had been heard inside the big tent, so now Violet and her sisters and the others came running out to embrace embrace their boy friend, Penrod and to welcome Angeline Jennings, and Mildred Maxwell to their own camp.

"We have been waiting for you a long time," said Violet. "And general Hanson Vivian our Uncle has advised us to invite you all to his own headquarters in the centre of the lines. I don't know if you all realize how lucky you are to get the invitation of so great a general, but you will understand it better after you have seen his headquarters."

Gertrude Angeline and the others now appeared in person to lead the party toward the headquarters. The two girls Mildred Maxwell and Angeline Jennings were a little afraid of the beautiful Vivian girls, but gained courage by their winning ways, and by holding fast to the hands of Gertrude and Jennie Urmer.

Penrod who was also always bashful in the presence of so beautiful a group of little girls had no one to help him to feel at ease, so he stood stiffly like a statue and said; "es, ma'am" or "no, ma'am" when he was spoken to and by greatly embarrassed by their splendor so splendid.

Of course Gertrude Angeline and Angeline Riches, including Jennie Urmer had been so much with the Vivian girls that they felt quite at home and were neither afraid or embarrassed, or awed, and they chatted to Violet and her sisters in a merry light hearted way. They told all about their adventures in the domain domain of general Izner Mylette's army, how he had been frustrated in his attempts on Angeline's Agathia as they heard, and of their rescue of the wounded soldier, shot, and thrown into the river by two spies and other things--and then Gertrude asked Violet what had happened within or with the Christian and enemy armies under the Vivians and the Hanleys since she had left and found that all had been quiet so far.

They all passed the evening pleasantly and the whole night in sleep at the in the tent of the vivian girls, and Violet and her sisters were so friendly, and gracious, and also playful with Penrod and the two other little girls that they by degrees regained their self possession, and began to enjoy themselves. Angeline Richcoe already had come to the conclusion that in Violet and her sisters she had found seven delightful and beautiful comrades, and Penrod was now just as much home in the big tent with them as he had been with Gertrude Angeline and the others. At night Penrod slept in a separate tent, for it would not be polite for boys to sleep with girls, though of course in Angelinia that is usually done more than ever in this country. The next morning they all arose bright and early and after breakfast bade good bye to many of the soldiers and officers in the camp. Then they all mounted fine horses, fast going steeds and soon moved briskly away. It was now that the two little girls Angeline Jennings and Mildred Maxwell began to perceive the real splendors of the main christian camps of general Hanson vivians big imposing army for they were passing through a more thickly settled parts of the vast camps and the population of it grew more dense as they drew nearer to the main lines. Every one they met had a cheery word, or a smile for the girl heroines, and many of them remembered Angeline Jennings and Mildred Maxwell, and welcomed him back to the Angolinian army too. It was indeed one of the most happiest parties ever seen more before that journeyed on horseback to general Hansons main lines, and Angeline Jennings began to hope that the vivian girls would permit her and her friend Mildred Maxwell to be always with them, and to never part when they reached the great camps the two were more amazed than ever, both by the concourse of the Angelinian soldiers and officers in their quaint and picturesque uniform costumes, and by the magnificent splendor of the big camp itself. The magnificence of the tents almost took their breath away, until general Hanson received them all in his own headquarters, and by his own charming and pleasant manners and assuring smiles made the two girls feel they were no longer strangers. Angeline Jennings was given a lovely little room next to the room of the vivian girls and told her it was hers until the army was ready to move, while Mildred Maxwell had a separate room and Penrod had the cosiest sort of a room next to his own and overlooking the vast city of big tents. And that evening general Hanson vivian gave a grand banquet in military style and reception in honor of the return of his girl friends, and of the two new arrivals. While Angeline Jennings and Mildred Maxwell had read a lot of the many Angelinians she they had met, Penrod was still more familiar with them. General Hanson vivian went up to Mildred and Angeline Jennings and said; "I know you two little girls having seen you before, but you do not know me, so let's get acquainted." and they did get acquainted, in a very short time, and before the evening was over, the two felt that they knew every person present at the grand reception, and that they were all be their good and loving friends. Suddenly Gertrude looked around and said; "Dear me! I forgot how near Manley is. I fear we will soon see another battle."

"Never mind my dear," said general Hanson with his charming smile; "Our army cannot go too far, and if Manley was not near us occasionally paying us one of his visits he is not happy. He wants a fight and I'm always obliged to give him one." Indeed general Hanson was a very interesting talker and had very polite manners.

Tiring of the length of the lull and of general Manleys stubbornness, and apprehensive on seeing the Glandelinian armies heavily reinforced, general Vivian decided to attack Manley with all his might, for he believed that if he allowed the Glandelinians to lose a respite, they may do something dangerous, and that Manley may gain the upper hand once more. Violet and her sisters had pleaded with him not to attack such a vast Glandelinian army for fear of disaster, but in vain for he was not going to delay any longer longer. Heavy firing far to the right already gave evidence that pontoon bridges were under construction on the Angeline River, and that Glandelinian sharpshooters were firing incessantly and continually, in their efforts to prevent the making of the bridges. The construction of the bridges had continued all the time during the long lull, but now the work was in full swing. The Angelinians being as busy as ants at their work, thousands of long planks across the row of large boats, men tearing their wagons to pieces, throwing the bits into the river, the other men picking up the bits, and now despite the firing of the sharpshooters, bridge after bridge began to grow growing in jerks across the river. The Glandelinian artillery all this time seemed dead, their gunners waiting all this time, getting the lines of the pontoon bridges.

Soon the bridges were finished, there being a hundred of them and the Angelinians now started to cross, never dreaming of those treacherous Glandelinian guns, which let go just as the Angelinians were half way across, swinging with the bridges and breaking in a quaint slow waddling march into a run. Three pontoon bridges were completely demolished, and all that was left of four others, was about three feet of the, on the side where the christian armies were, there was a confusion of horses and men on the landside, the surface of the Angeline river was alive with scores of thousands of purple coated soldi ers struggling horribly to free themselves from the thousands of dead, and the shattered pontoons, and swim to the side.

However many others still remained, while now Baldwin's entire chain of cannon opened a spasmodic fire, thousands of shells suddenly exploding everywhere among the Glandelinians whose batteries soon responded with all their fury, the shells and high explosives coming, and banging and crashing with a hellish uproar and all day long under cover of this incessant artillery fire, army after army crossed the pontoon bridges, and reached the other side. A large force of Glandelinians advanced to repel the christians but after a sanguinary engagement were driven back to their trenches with frightful loss.

Early the next morning August 25th the christian armies were moving across the plains to attack Manley's lines. All of Baldwin's batteries having crossed also had been concentrated during the night, and were now in furious action, the hundreds of thousands of gray coats, saw, coming a stagger, roll convulse and die. Philanders division resisted the christians for four hours, but were cut up and thrown into confusion, and Philander doing all his best to rally his shattered infantry, was killed, hundreds of his officers fell, vast multitudes of his men went down mangled, a mangled and bleeding, and soon the attack of the christian army was in full violence.

Kindernine's camp, and Benligans with Honnie, stormed Manley's center, the firing here roaring like a thrillion cannon. All of these christian divisions were crushed to fragments, all of their generals were killed and the shattered remnants that survived recoiled in confusion being mangled and shattered.

Lovechild Benligans division was disillusioned, Kindernine's Loveshilds was crushed to fragments, Mayfords was mangled, and Shraeders was cut to pieces, the christians retreating leaving 5,000,000 dead upon the fields after the one assault. Then, oh for God's sake Hanson called upon Parobers divisions, which came on facing a murderous fire of canister and grape from ten thousand

machine gun, and millions of rockets was added hundreds of thousands upon hundreds of thousands being mowed down, but the monstrous waves of survivors leaped and poured across the outer works in the inferno of battle, a horrible hell bloodcurdling pandemonium such which is prohibitive occurring.

Millions of men on both sides howled at each other like demons, striking at each other, pouring a murderous fire point blank, cutting, stabbing, hacking, thrusting, and slashing like wild savages bent on wholesale butchery, while amid all this was an indescribable tumult of bayonets adding to the din, the Angelinians wavered in the furnace of fire, staggered, broke and ran, but undaunted regathered again, in hundreds of human waves, plunging again into the mighty inferno of fire and smoke, the whole gray line roaring like a thrillion cannon, blazed like hell and it's damnation, the Angelinians again wavered, fell back, rallied again, swarmed upon the first line of works only to go down in scores of hundreds of thousands, a fourth time they were beaten back rallied, swept to the assault again, reaching the first line of works in the face of the murderous canister and grape the torn a tottered and bleeding line with their dead piled in windrows withdrew, only to again rally and rush to the assault like a whirlwind, a tempest of canister and musketry fire withering their many waves, a sixth time they rallied, sweeping within a hundred feet of the position, as far as even as the second breastworks like a whirlwind of flaming flesh and steel pouring over the bodies of their dead and dying comrades in the face of a white-hot roar of artillery and musketry that again seemed to stun heaven and earth.

Ten million of them had made the assault, and when it lulled less than two million returned.

Roswell Euster Johnston and Frantz now swept forward, with their men but as they reached the position they met an annihilating fire, and losing three quarters of their command was were compelled to fall back A. Cronburg being morally wounded. McCluskey Carroll next took his turn, his men sweeping forward with the most tremendous fury, charging six times, only to be repulsed six times with exorbitant losses. General Crowley and Crafts divisions now rushed forward to try it, their whole columns in a hundred men sterious waves rushing forward with fixed bayonets, hundreds of thousands going down mangled and bleeding, Crowley and Crafts being killed and now on the 11th that one morning more than 20,000,000 more christians strew the hills and plains and among them lie ten million (10,000,000) graycoats.

Violet and her sisters all this time had watched this harrowing scene, with brimming eyes, not being able to stand it any longer, as their friend Jack Evans was in the assaulting columns...

The attack of Evans christians was also fierce and terrific and the whole scene was like the maddened hell and its damnation.

The uproar could be heard for 1,000 miles. Evans division however he had made such an impetuous rush that the enemy long his front had given way Evans carrying the works & the loss of seven million more.

Through all the battles din, more piercing than the screaming shells, crash of musketry, could be heard the dying sorrows of countless shell racked bodies, the shrieks, and groans of hundreds of thousands of dying martyrs, the groans of millions of wounded christians curses and blasphemies of wounded and dying Glandelinians the cry of agonized despair, the cry of death being everywhere heard, thousands upon scores of thousands crawling about between but between lulls, blood blinded, pain maddened, with side of bodies shot to pieces, intestines protruding, with armor legs, parts of heads and abdominal walls shot off.

Such revolting scenes filled the Vivian Girls with horror. However on account of Evans the battle was won, for when Evans carried his point the other christian wins being encouraged resumed the assault, and toward evening Manley's army was fleeing southward. For Manley all seemed certainly lost now he realized it. He did all in his power to extricate his army out of the burning city of Hanglandelinia after being driven in by the advancing christian armies.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT HOFFMANN.....

He succeeded in this however and retreated further north, and just as general Vivian thought he had his another great Glandelinian army

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the great general Isner Myletze silently barred his advance near the city of Hoffmann. A part of general Vivian's army continued its advance unhindered these christian advances so close upon Manley that escape seemed impossible. He retreated and continued to retreat, but finally his exhausted army halted at Plattsburg, confronting this portion of the christian army. However it was no intention of Manley to allow any of his other far divisional armies and their leader to submit to any unconditional surrender under any circumstances, and a day later after a battle at Plattsburg a August 30th 30th in which Manley won a fair advantage, general Vivian almost suddenly surrounding Isner Myletze demanded him to surrender and received this note:

TO GENERAL VIVIAN
COMMANDER OF CHRISTIAN ARMIES
OF GLANDELINIA:

You have recently require of me an unconditional surrender, which I would rather risk the annihilation of my armies than comply with without Manley allowing me to do so. He does deserve all you intend to do to him.

For his massacres of children and the ill treatment of your beloved daughters but He swears that it would take more than God or the devils to make any of us Glandelinian generals surrender our armies. Since you won't give a conditional surrender there is no use for you to make that request, any more for I'll never surrender under any conditions now. You are in the very heart of a dangerous foe infested region, which arising up against you and it won't be long when the whole of Glandelinia will be upon you. And then you will wish you had never made this invasion. We are still the conquerors, yet you don't know it because just now we are worsted.

GENERAL ISNER MYLETZE.
AIDING GENERAL OF JOHNSTON JACKEN &
MANLEY AND HIS SON
TWO CHIEF GENERALS OF GLANDELINIA

General Vivian indeed felt a stung by this note and avowed that the army of Isner Myletze would receive no quarter, if once surrounded, until Myletze is either killed or captured. General maneuvered constantly and swiftly managed by two more days to surround the whole of Isner Myletze's army, and close on it in a strange grip.

For nine days beginning September 10th--10th the wicked Glandelinians fought more furiously against the christians than they had ever done before in the war for the size of their armies, it being the battle of Hoffman. Every attack the christians made was repulsed with the most frightful slaughter ever seen since Ft Francis Atlanta, but by the thirteenth general Isner Myletze had only 100,000 men left. He saw now that general Vivian meant business, but nevertheless knowing that no quarter would be given he forced general Stanok to surrender, while he himself at Manley's orders took to flight with what remainder of the army he could get away. General Stanok however did not surrender but took to flight after the remainder of the army was slaughtered but however the cowardly Glandelinian general did not go very far for the next day he was seized by christian soldiers who constantly followed him and made a prisoner. The whole country of Glandelinia was in a uproar of praise at hearing of this great disaster to a great army of the foe the other Glandelinian armies far off previously mentioned surrendering on March 1916 on the twenty fourth simultaneously. There was indescribable excitement everywhere over the fall of Hanglandelinia Calvernia simultaneously having been retaken by sea and everywhere there was rejoicing, as 200,000,000 Glandelinians in Calvernia having surrendered at Calvernia Run the past April 4th after a months obstinate fighting beginning on March 1st, the Glandelinian army having been 333,000,000 strong.

The nations of the whole world was excited and joyous over the

series of enormous christian victories, and papers were sold by millions a day in every city and town of Abbieannia, and the governments made hasty preparations to help Angelina see the war through. Flares swarmed the windows in every street, fire crackers were used freely, cannons boomed, the

shells flared and burst, the skies glared with the myriads of skyrockets, and Roman Candles at night, for days, whistles of factories all over the whole world blew all day long, in celebration, Masses said in thanksgiving, Church bells incessantly rang, and the noises of confounding work resounded in every factory and institution, streets were crowded than those watching parades, though parades were held in honor of the victories and little children whooped, screamed, in delight, and even cried in emotion, frightful blizzards of confetti shrouded through the streets, schools were closed, and there was the greatest excitement prevailing.

They realized that now the frightful war would soon be over and having lasted already nearly four years, and were the Vivian girls glad.

I should say they were. It meant for them freedom from the persecutions of the Glandelinians hereafter, and that the remainder of their lives would be spent in rapture and happiness, and that they would soon see their old homes and mothers and aunts once more. And it meant soon that

the ruins in Calverinia would be rebuilt, and that children would be free hereafter from the horrors of slavery, in the hands of the wicked

Glandelinians who had not yet been conquered altogether, after after such a long and stubborn war. But nevertheless the eight or nine generals had not surrendered peacefully to their conquerors, except Tenebre and

Frankford. Flapper fought at Klose on the very day he surrendered, Henning fought at Clinton surrendered in the evening. May for surrendered on August 6th after fighting at Chillis, Logan surrendered after the battle of Zoe Rae in the evening and Laughington surrendered in the same evening, after fighting all day at Jane Lee Run.

Even all the while general Vivian had been driving at general Manley general Godfrey had also struck suddenly throwing huge armies across the borders finding the Angelinians at Phelanton. He discovered also that the Angelinians had cleared the line of his march of nearly everything the army needed on which to subsist. It had moved so suddenly that the Glandelinian force suffered for wearing apparels well as for food. The advance was made against the christians in disorder and almost in mutiny especially after the evil tidings of Francis-Atlanta.

The suffering was terrible. The start was made with only five days provisions, and Manley being hard pressed by general Vivian was unable to forward supplies and besides now it was too late.

THE OT HER SERIES OF GREAT BATTLES.....

Several actions took place, one at Lena, April 1th and at Elsin May 30th christians carrying all before them. With great bravery in the face of fire of greatest intensity the Glandelinians rebuilt bridges, which had been destroyed, crossed them and drove the Angelinians before them after the bloody battle of Camillia. Francis Schmidt June 1th capturing many prisoners. By May 15th also another christian army under general Christie, was entirely surrounded during the battle of Andersonville, and by the tricks and hammering blows of Godfrey Johnston was enabled to get out of the trap, struck the Glandelinians a stinging blow of violent force, and compelled the Glandelinian general to surrender. Before the end of June the remainder of the Glandelinian army opposing him, were prisoners or in flight. No time was lost by Godfrey who advanced with his combined forces toward Marcucian after a succession of successful bloody fights at Meldonia July 1th and Aronburg Junction July 10th, the Glandelinian force remaining of one million one hundred ninety seven thousand confronted the army of Godfrey's Angelinians now numbering over 12,186,000 men.

Perceiving that it was their intention to cut him off from his advance, on Marcucian, Godfrey Johnston disclosed to his men his own plans, and then gave battle at Marcocellio against Godfrey's Glandelinian army of equal size, his first great struggle in which he commanded, raging June 14th. He lost 1,179,000 men the Glandelinians 2,225,000.

The result was the complete defeat of the Angelinians who persisted in fighting in accordance to the old system, which the Glandelinian general knew how to frustrate. Another Angelinian force lay from Marcucian to Little Evangeline with a force at Angelina Beldon which it was intended to move into Angelina Riches. On June 21th the Glandelinians swept out of the mountains and forests, the coverly being hidden behind the coverly for a surprise. The Angelinian outposts were overwhelmed in sanguinary fighting at Angelina Beldon, and driven onto the plains.

Then followed the simultaneous fights at little Evangeline, again at Angelina Beldon, and Angelina Riches June 21th resulting in a general carnage. June 30th at Jennie Turner, three battles in one month, the fields were fairly drained in blood, the Angelinians won the victories, the Glandelinians withdrew.

On the 4th of July another Glandelinian army under Bernard Dunn succeeded in routing the christians on the banks of the Erminie. Run after a desperate twelve hours battle, and the next day the latter were in hopeless confusion, but on July 11th Godfrey Johnston arriving at Cedan Calverinia halted the panic stricken christian forces, threw his whole force upon the enemy, and the Glandelinian victory turned to complete defeat at Cedan.

At the same time and same date the Glandelinians under Souller defeated with great loss Marcucian christian army at the frightful battle of An' Angelina Francis. And at Vivian Francis on the 30th of July, though the tactics of the Glandelinians seemed to be much superior there was a moment when their defeat during terrible battle there had not the christian right wing been rolled up, and the news of the christian defeat at Marcucian June 18th came in time to demoralize the Angelinians and put them to flight. The defeated forces spent the night in retreat toward Marcucian. Godfrey of the forces pursuing he learned that an Abyssinkillian force was gathering on the northern frontier to aid the Angelinians and bring a speedy end to the war. Anderson Leon was sent by Godfrey to meet them. Godfrey himself advancing on by to encounter conditions different from those he had heretofore met with.

There was no good roads, and the country was desolate, by recent storms of war devastations, previously mentioned during the last recent Calverinian campaigns. By July 2th Leon had pushed on to Sacramento, with the remainder of the army following close behind.

Sacramento was reached on July 30th Godfrey pushed forward troops as fast as they could be organized, many of them militia regiments thrown together. Ten skirmish battles, and twenty unsuccessful small general battles were fought around Josephine August 8th and then began what was called the fatal Handonka campaign, in which the Abyssinkillian armies with some Angelinian troops, numbered about 21,700,000. By August twenty seventh Godfrey prepared to cut off the communications of Abyssinkille, with Angelina, and Abbieannia.

The Glandelinians closed in on the two foes, but Costello had been delayed by bad roads, and severe hurricanes, and when Erminie delivered the initial attack the Abyssinkillians reinforced by the Abbieannians and Dombobians gave battle August 21th at Pyrohen and Costello's Glandelinian forces were annihilated, both sides being exhausted, and drew off the battle being a draw.

Norden who was besieging Sacramento compelled after sanguinary fighting August 29th Cardinals Abbieannians and Tripolygonians to capitulate, but not without horrible excruciating losses. Then the main Abbieannian commander made a southern move and attacked Frank Costello at Mc-Hollester Run, pushing his back after one of the fiercest conflicts ever seen raging August 1th.

Then the Glandelinian Godfrey took a hand and cut the Abbieannians off from the seaboard, and great reinforcements coming up the christians retired gradually into Zimmermann Run, where Godfrey with the main body of his army fought another great battle on September 1th the slaughter at Zimmermann being terrible on both sides. A big body of the Glandelinians retired, but never nevertheless the main force of Glandelinians won the battle, the christians being overwhelmed and retreating hastily.

The Glandelinians crossed the Angelinian River the whole of the Angelinian country then arose, seized after a battle the Glandelinian navies at Vivian Wickey September 10th struck against Dupond with their land forces, defeating the foe in a battle thereon the same date and captured the whole Glandelinian army, thus upsetting Godfrey's plans, and he was still more disconcerted when the Angelinian and Abyssinkillian forces under Cardinal Costello compelled all the Glandelinians army to leave the Angelinian country even without a battle. Things now began to turn against Godfrey.

Angelina was coming in full strength, and the Abbeinnings and the Tripolygonians seemed almost as unshaken as ever. Receiving more reinforcements he began his desperate Angelinian campaign and soon entered Angelina. By the last of September 1915 his whole army was concentrated between Andean, Bondinia, and Andenia. After some encounter and mistakes at Fillman Malanie, September 30th on both sides a serious engagement took place & Callie two weeks later October 21st when if Godfrey had followed his own judgement, the result would have been decisive, instead of which he rested his men, and the Christians escaped.

The next day while pursuing the Christians Godfrey received his first wound. Later October 20th the Glandelinians were checked with heavy loss at Mildred Maxwell, but Godfrey turned about and led his army into St Ann, after a nine days siege and battle beginning November 1st and ending on the 9th. Nine days later November 18th Godfrey was defeated at the battle of Andean which raged three days. Retreating toward Calverine Run the Glandelinian army huddled together, disheartened and despairing.

But Godfrey ad reinforced by five armies again engaged the Abbeinnings at Catacc, November 28th and then on gaged the Abbeinnings, Angelinians, Dondobians, and the Abyssinians at Grandburg, on December 10th in two of the bloodiest battle ever.

Terrible was the carnage on both sides, but the Christians were compelled to retire. These events had done much to shake Godfrey's fame as a great military genius, both in Glandelinia and elsewhere.

The shadow of his days had begun to lengthen and his enemies by general Vivian's progress also in Calverine at that time to take heart. His losses had been tremendous, the drain on the manhood of Glandelinia had been appalling, and Calverine, Abbeinnings, Angelinians and Glandelinians were horrified that Calverine was drenched with the blood of the many battles during the long and sanguinary war.

On December 25th his whole army was concentrated on the Evangelia and numbered four million four hundred thousand. No sooner was the Evangeline River crossed, then things commenced to happen, and to go awry.

The cold of the winter was intenser than the one before, diseases despite the cold appeared on account of the plague then let loose by Manley, and thousands continually dropped by the wayside. Officers wilfully neglected or disobeyed orders, discontent spread, and the cold killed or disabled scores every mile of the march. The horses suffered, went mad, stampeded and died. There were no roads now but fill fields of deep hard snow and the armies at times either got out of control or failed to make headway on account of the depth of the Calverinian snows.

Then the shadows gathered still more. The Christians retreated in many divisions drawing the Glandelinians further and further on without giving them a chance to attack.

The divided Glandelinian forces unused to winter as their lives were spent not mostly in tropical regions now became almost bewildered. Blizzards assailed them it seemed as often as the waves of the sea assailed the breakwaters. And to make matters worse, they had never experienced even these new tactics of the Christians. They had been frustrated seven times in attempts to give battle at Bennelina. However Curran and Gielow caught up with two columns entrenched behind breastworks on the banks of the frozen Erminia Run.

But here again they were outwitted by the Christians who escaped by night, and were well away before they were discovered. The Glandelinians at last overtook their seven enemies where the Andean road was cut by the frozen Calverine River.

The result was a drawn battle at Mc-Farren January 14th nineteen sixteen but 11,138,900 fell on the side of the Christians and 22,225,000 Glandelinians fell. Godfrey was present but he did not direct the bloody fight. The advance guard pushed on after the retreating Christians allies, whom they found leaving the region of the Calverine river. That night when the main army came up they found that the city of Logan which they had taken was in flames. His march 1 marshalls observed that a strange apathy had seized Godfrey. He had lost his heartiness and was frequently ill. His old tactics which had won him so many battles here seemed absolute and useless. At Logan he apparently did not know what to do next. Word also came to him that distant divisions of his army were facing much larger bodies of fresh Abbeinnings some of these scattered divisions being fifty or a hundred miles apart. He assumed the offensive at last and at Rodin on February 25th attacked the Christians in one of his most terrible battles, but was beaten at every hand, and with his broken and cut up army was enshrouded in darkness and defeat.

Then began that retreat from Calverine, and footsore they rushed on harried by the Christian allies, who killed the misera 11 men who fell behind in the general rout. Depleted to 1,700,000 men the

Glandelinian army was obliged twice to give actual battle to the allied Christian allies. Nelson in a heroic attempt to break through the surrounding enemy at Janie-Wron-Town lost 117,850 out of his 198,000 troop troops. This battle occurred on March 21st being a slight for victory. On the same date there was a severe and sanguinary fighting under Henry, Tom and Frank St. Clare at the crossing of the Angelina but the total number of available men of Godfrey's army was now less than 311,000 and reduced to the last stages of despair Godfrey after fighting fiercely for four days at Collins March 31st to April 3rd surrendered the remainder of his army, and the three St. Clares who fought on April 5th at Jennie-Wron Town also surrendered that very evening. None of the battles were won but by the foe. Through the entire war up to this time there were about 565 battles and incidents, both sides predicted to have won an equal number of battles though now the Christians were really winning the entire war. Violet and her sisters who were with the army now concerned before the three Manleys at Mc-Allister run were happy over the results and wondered what would be the next issue.

It is as stated as far as known there are 434 Glandelinian generals mortally wounded, seven hundred ninety four were wounded, and one thousand fifty two were killed up to this time making a total of 3,434 in killed, wounded and captured, twenty five also having surrendered.

It is probable that the whole Glandelinian loss in killed and wounded in private up to the battle of Mc-Allister Run coming in the next chapter in including those taken as prisoners, is 478,000,000 most of course of which were prisoners, who were retained by the Angelinians as slaves, until all the ruins were repaired.

There are many battles where the Glandelinians suffered extreme losses and indiscriminately heavy, but these battles like Anni Francia-Atlanta and others have been so exasperatingly fierce that the losses have either been prohibitive, withheld, or are not correctly known far enough to be stated though the Christians won so often.

Up to this time in the Glandelinian service there were about 3,390 Glandelinian generals, four fifths of which survived the war, among those 3,390 named.

Of the losses of general officers on the Christian side, three hundred two were mortally wounded, seven hundred ninety eight were plainly wounded, and nine hundred eleven were killed, making a total of 4,647, while all officers of all rank, in killed and wounded are 27,193. In the whole war up to now about 200,781,199, Christian soldiers were killed wounded or taken prisoners, and these prisoners had been given up or retaken which reduced the loss of prisoners to '0'.

Total number of Christian generals in service was 3,283. There were six other Glandelinian generals including among the ranks making a total of 3,396 altogether. Total combined of both sides makes 6,679. Both sides lost almost equally heavy in their highest general officers, but the Christians quite heavier, totaling the death list though in the main loss it is estimated that the Glandelinian was three fourths greater.

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CONCLUSION OF CHAPTER.

BATTLE OF MC-ALLISTER RUN.

"Oh Evans did you see any of the great fighting that is going on at Mc-Allister Run?" Asked Violet. "We can hear it but are too far away to see any of it."

"No I don't remember seeing anything of it yet." Said Evans. "Though I have heard a good deal about it. There is ardent proof though and hear that the battle now rages between Hanley and your father as nearly as bloody as Gloriana Francis and some how is producing a concussion as severe as Francis Atlanta, though it is not creating so much damage."

"Is the battle of equal violence throughout the whole line?" Asked Joice.

"It is probably true that the battle has the greatest violence at the center." Said Evans. "But nevertheless it is now terribly violent along the line. As I heard the Abbeian line of fire is sweeping the fields with such destructive fury that it is destroying men in a far worse way than deluge of flames could have swept through the streets of a city. Even if the ocean could have been in such fury as to drown our islands, sweep away our massive cities, and turn the world into one desolate plain like the moon I'm sure it cannot make the battle like this battle is doing."

"We are not in danger any just now but we can hear the battle from here very plainly." Said Jennie. "The noise we hear sounds like millions of thunderbolts at a far distant distance. At first we did not know what made the clamor, and believed it was an eruption of Mt. Calverine we heard."

"I thought you little girls were or a few with general Vivians army now." Said Evans.

"No we are in his now but too far from the battle to see it." Said Violet. "We were in Wienstein yesterday, and the others with the day before but not in general Vivians army. One of the officers told me this morning that it is one of the most shattering battles of the war that is now raging, and that it is going to be most decisive in its consequences. There were many great series of shattering battles that we did not see, and of which we are glad too. They were horrible. I shall never forget this."

In the meantime Mc-Allister Run is situated south of Calverine north of little Francis. The frightful battle to which it gave its name raged over a territory about ninety miles, from north to south, and six miles from east to west, a territory diversified by a succession of large and low hills, with intervening valleys, woods, several small villages, and many farmsteads, with massive stone buildings, serving as improvised forts and pivotal points around which the bitter combat raged.

Here amid the vines and trees of all kinds, and over fields desolated by shell fire was fought for eighteen hours, the greatest contest except Francis Atlanta and Gloriana.

Hanson Vivian, Viviana, Huce, Wiensien and Frank Hansonia with general Vivians adding brought into action over 138,000,000 men under the supreme command of Hanson and Robert Vivian. Their artillery numbered 366, 666 pieces and they had 10,188 squadrons of cavalry. The Landelinians under the three Hanleys combined numbered 129,000,000 men and had 129,999 cannon and 89,000 squadrons of horses. The Christians therefore had a slight advantage in the number of troops, while the Landelinians who won the battle had a great advantage in position and were also superior in artillery and cavalry.

On both sides the battle was unexpected. Though there were 270,000,000 men in close to each other on the night of the fifth, though their outposts were less than a quarter of a mile apart, and even within speaking distance of each other, yet so poor was the scouting, and information service of each army that each was unaware of the other's position.

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The two armies unexpectedly stumbled upon each other and only after several hours of severe fighting did the magnitude and range of the conflict in which they were involved dawn upon them. The disasterous clarity of the battle occurred when the driving Landelinian onslaught wiped out one of general Vivians right wings, but the mighty general had heavy reserves which were thrown upon the foe, and though checking the desperate onslaught, seemed impossible it was accomplished in the end, by the Abbeian line and Landelinians reckless of the horrible cost, straining every reserve and nerve in this great battle of the war until scores of millions had fallen. The struggle was obstinate, though on neither side was there any general direction, each corps commander, fighting his own fight as best as he could. Only when the battle had been long under way was any concerted plan enforced. Then general John Hanley, and Hans on stood it out against each other conspicuously for their part in the general melee.

For every great wave of gray that broke against the Abbeian line a terrific tempest of destruction either tore them to pieces or wiped them out, first clouds, of shell, then torrential rains of grape and canister and with the canister came grenades and hurricanes of bullets. Rendered almost frantic by their losses the Landelinians finally ceased their storm of assault for a few hours. Vivians army or Hansons either was in no condition to pursue having been fighting already for eighteen hours and visiting the Mc-Allister Run part of the battle field the great Christian general Hanson had been horrified at the losses. His losses as papers reported were enormous. 17,000,000 dead were found, for thirteen miles, besides 18,000,000 seriously injured, 19,000,000 fatally injured and 30,000,000 slightly wounded or disabled for life. Over 22,567,388 of the Landelinians were found dead. Poor general Hanson had seen the hideous meaning of such a frightful storm of Landelinian onslaughts, for the sight of the seas of the dead wounded and dying, and more terrible the shrieks of the wounded who were lying by the millions, unattended, uncared for, under the brooding sun, affected him most profoundly.

"The poor people, the poor people, what a horrible thing is war of this sort." He was heard to say more than once after many weeks after his terrible battle. Wienstein too like general Hanson and even Vivians were horrified.

"I would sooner lose my life than be present against such another horrible spectacle." Said general Vivian. The papers had been full of the horrible battle story describing the heart rending agonies of the night of the sixth of July the frenzied hunt for water by thousands of soldiers, who having come through uninjured had been lost during the conglomerate rout in the wild regions of devastation, and whose thirst was so intense that they drank from muddy or bloody pools, or pools filled with clotted blood, the horrible cries that pierced the silence of the night, of the wounded of which there was few to attend, cries always for water cries full of indescribable anguish.

Who will be able to tell the horrible tale of that harrowing night. As the papers also stated the rising sun of the seventh revealed one of the most frightful spectacles the imagination can conceive. The battle field was everywhere covered with bodies of men shot to pieces, besides horses, the highways, the ditches, the ravines, the thickets, and meadows were sown with dead bodies shot to pieces, the environs of Mc-Allister, and Mc-Allister Run were literally heaped with them and horrible torn with devastation.

Forests were horribly gnawed and torn, millions of trees were splintered, rendered leafless, and everywhere was wreckage and bodies. But happy were the dead for their suffering was over. But it was with the half dead the wounded, the shattered wrecks of the ghastly fray in whom however the vital spark was still active.

When light in the afternoon the battle was renewed it was terrific the Landelinians attacking with such redoubled fury that it was impossible for the Christians to stand their ground successfully at any point, though Williamshurger, Jammersmann and Acknell joined in and finally a disaster occurred which resulted fatally for the Christian cause and the lost of the battle.

It is really known by all historians what generals Sherman called war. But what can this war be called? And who would give it its right name? Violet and her sisters called this war "The scourge of God upon Glandelinia and Angolindia combined." Hanson called it something that would not be found in any book or dictionary! So did many of the other Christian generals. It is true that great disasters have occurred in this world and elsewhere from time to time, earthquakes, storms of destructive character, plagues, and so on, volcanic eruptions of disastrous consequences and everything else that has been read of and explained. Well the war itself has had everything that could happen, except typhoons and other windstorms, which had been caused by the war also in many cases. Earthquakes brought on by gigantic explosions, by the thunder of legions of battering of cannon, gigantic floods that surpassed all the other disasters known, and terrific forest fires which would only take the witness to realize how horrible they were.

Soldiers, children and so on had experienced every intolerable event of this titanic war, children had been assassinated by the glandelinians in a way that would not be fit to be pictured either in plate or motion graphy, and such terrific explosions that a million dollars spent by one motion picture firm could not produce. Disaster upon disaster, horror upon horror, the suffering of innocent nations on account of the hellish blockades of Calverindia sea ports and rivers, the Christian sorrow, at starvation, and diseases which had been caused by the enemy, thousands of gigantic conglutinations in one day scattered over the scenery, either in forests, in oil fields, and cities and towns, great volcanic eruption, the blasting of places of volcanoes, the ruthless destruction of farms, and the scores of battles raging everywhere in less than a day's time.

Disasters by a hundred score occurring in every battle slight or severe, and not more what nature itself seemed destined beyond her own helplessness in this titanic war, and the roar of conflicts had continually brought on the most violent weather that Calverindia had ever experienced in summer, and in winter so much snow fell that the Arctic regions could not boast of it. Hanson on the delectant with correspondents on the fury of the war and its intolerable devastation and desolation said:

"People call war hell, but I do not. War is a blasphemy of all living creatures, the world itself in general and also of heaven and earth. A war like this is one in a score beyond the limit of region when such an enemy like this devilish nation hordes a Christian country. When this damned war began and was started by the Angolindians themselves I did not think it possible that the glandelinian militarism was so strong and neither did I think that the enemy would ever invade the country of Calverindia.

Des its our defeats and disasters in the southern soil of Angolindia in the earliest part of this bloody war the glandelinians met too strong an opposition to be able to make any sort of invasion of the Angolindian countries, and while they finally fell back toward Glandelinia whether they won battles or not immense armies of these damnable Glandelinian savages of hell immediately poured into Calverindia by sea, striking back the Abbie annian fleets that came to oppose them and started a regular hell of destruction where ever they went. Of course this was the cause of so many Angolindian armies being rushed into Calverindia as fast as possible, and though we wrought a storm of terrific battles, a scene of battles which shocked the whole world off their very feet, we are still here resisting an invasion that it seems the very heavens full of angels, nay even the angelic messengers could not stem. War by many has been called Hell but I do not call it hell. In fact hell with its intolerable horrors, and so on is only a tame cat compared to this dreadful horror. Hell has to place here, and if it was here, it would literally flee from the horrors of this greatest of wars. I since a boy have seen many disaster, disasters, disasters, caused by great earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and the like, especially the great typhoons which have swept many regions. I have seen even the terrible Pelee disease disaster, the Lisbon Earthquake, and all earth quakes that have occurred in the countries everywhere, and observed the dreadful loss of lives occasioned by these troubles. But they are not hating at all compared to this war and the devastations the enemy, and the battles have caused. I have in my list over 200,000,000 men though still able to fight in this war and not injured yet cannot hear having been rendered deaf by the dreadful dreadful volcano of flames and din of the many pugnaeous battles they have went through throughout their services. It was my intention when I started the war on the Glandelinians to immediately crush the foe back from Crowley and Jennie Wren, invade the enemy's country and bring them to a speedy submission, but this was a failure not through any reason known except the devilish hellish resistance that the Angolindians gave the Glandelinian armies though very inferior to the Angolindian forces as they were.

1895 It is my rising; indeed that the glandelinia is cannot be sent back as easily as I thought, because it is impossible in any cases for an enemy of God, and for the wicked to impose upon God. But in every battle almost the Christ an armies which have been overruling to that of the enemy have been vanquished as to any and there is no telling whether we will win or lose. For my part I'm perfectly sure that we will not lose, but that we have lost a already, but we won't stopping step fighting on no conditions unless annihilation faces us."

During the great florinda campaign which was going on there was one of the greatest floods which had ever occurred in the whole war and which in two weeks times had covered about nearly three hundred and seventy five miles of land in water inundating far as and almost covering the half of eighty feet in some places. The glandelinians had caused this flood by bursting a large large number of dams and levees and the flood had happened with the suddenness of a great tidal wave, and the rush of waters had crushed the houses of many towns and vile villages, and even the great sections of great cities and all the vicinity. Thousands of bridges had been washed away, all the rail road lines were smashed by the flood, and the loss of life was terrible. The list of cities that were wrecked by the floods and the loss of life in each are as follows:!!!!

St Peter.....	\$56,789.
St Paul	\$67,376.
St Andrew.....	\$678,999.
St James.....	\$10,000
St John.....	\$89,432.
Chillicothe.....	\$1
St Thomas.....	\$1
Fremont Peterson.....	\$1

Piquanna Lucille.....	\$10,000,000.
St Augustin.....	\$70,000,997.
St John Baptist.....	\$1,001,786.
St Peters Valley junction.....	\$10,000.
St Gabriel.....	\$10,789,999.
Madison Cathedral.....	\$89,000,678.
Bethlehem.....	\$1,000,000
St Joseph.....	\$789,678.
Providence.....	\$78.
Brookville Jordan.....	\$18,789,999.
St Francis.....	\$78,999,999.
Hunter Veranda.....	\$15,567,777.
St Angus.....	\$1,675,555.
St Mary Magdalene.....	\$19,000,678.
St Angus II.....	\$89,999,999.
Rushville junction.....	\$100,987.
Ancient Pictoria.....	\$97,654.
St Lucy.....	\$76,654.
Castle Newton.....	\$89,987.
St Carmel.....	\$100,000
Burnshell.....	\$1,000,000

he The total loss in property was 343,698,260. The number who were drowned by the flood amounted to near five hundred thousand besides three hundred thousand who perished from privations, exposure, diseases following the floods, and by cold and starvation..... Scores of other great cities were menaced by the raging floods but fortunately were not badly threatened, and in some of the cities the water only rose to about the depth of two feet. It would almost seem impossible to think of all the great disasters that had occurred in this great war. Ships on the sea could not dare face the submarines and other mancoos of the sea like the mines and Glandelinian warships, and all nations looked on in horror at the frightfulness of the war, which they had thought at first when it started that it would have been only an insignificant struggle not worthy worthy of attention.....

In the meantime two great christian armies were concentrating in general against the enemy. One again was concentrating against the enemy at the place called Little and pig girl knool, and another was concentrating and forming positions along the banks and in the province of Mary Mc-Allister Run. During this time violet and her sisters had many experiences. They had been chased by the enemy a dozen times in one day, saw thousands of fires in one week, and also saw a number of explosions, were caught out in heavy skirmishes, in big hail and thunderstorms, and also experienced an earthquake that was caused by some strange explosion. Once they were trapped in a burning house, and were rescued by soldiers, and once arrested by the Angolians when they were returning from the enemy lines in disguise having been mistaken for spies by the enemy.

Then when in retreat in the stream of the Mc-Hollister Run river they had been attacked by a number of glandelinians and would have been seized and carried off but a large hideout which had been waiting in the river at a different time and at a different location came to their rescue and attacked the glandelinians with terrific fury, killing a number and causing the others to scatter like the leaves before the hurricane. Great and awful events of the war was also occurring. A great number of fortresses had been seized by the Angolians, some rivers were blocked, large ferries were blown up by the enemy and innumerable adventures were occurring by soldiers. The enemy were concentrating in great numbers against the christian army under Juddon who was trying to lay siege to Big girl knool with the intention of trying to capture it, despite the fact of the severe failure that general Vivian met there sometime before and also great activity were starting at Mc-Allister Run, and it was evident that a great battle would break out at that section before very long.

The enemy generals who commanded the two armies at this point was very worried over the situation for though before the war was going well on their side, but now things were rapidly changing, and it seemed possible that before long something would happen that would be terrible to the glandelinian cause. The work of building trenches at pig girl knool was swift and done by hundreds of thousands of men, great batteries were being placed, and it was intended to bombard the christian lines as soon as all preparations could be made to prevent the christians from attacking too soon.

All the two christian armies were also very active, because they were not going to allow the enemy to get ahead of them, and they had erected more of their batteries of artillery and trenches before the enemy had half of their work done. Nevertheless the days was just now so rainy that there could not evidently be any serious artillery activity as yet, neither any engagements of any sorts, though small sorties, and raids were very frequent. The enemy's activity was splendid but nevertheless they could not even in the fair weather incur the christian armies from attacking, and the glandelinian commander who had found out the strength of the christian positions and the artillery and works by means of spies was really afraid to make the attempt of starting a battle himself.

The glandelinians indeed were becoming more dreadful in their fury and the enemy armies seemed also to become more strong also. The forces of the enemy now defending the captured Big girl knool was a stronger one than that which had fought general Vivian and Hanson so long ago in the first great conflict there, but then the christian army confronting them was under general Hanson's Vivian and this commander was a fierce and dreadful adversary to contend with, and so the reason why the glandelinian commander was compelled to hesitate. Never did the enemy army hold so long before in any given location without either starting an engagement and without even daring to make the least venture forward from their works. It was evident that the glandelinians now at pig girl knool did not wish to fight and would have been only too glad to fall back but that they were unable to do so just now for the fact that the christian army had almost overlapped their wings, and that they were half surrounded by the biggest christian army in this location of the region of war.

At Mary Mc-Allister Run the enemy though heavily reinforced by another glandelinian army consisting mostly of guerrillas and others were more quiet and inactive than the glandelinian army at pig girl knool, and though the christians set the forest on fire in the location of Mc-Allister Run with the intention of causing an alarm to the enemy it had to effect, and only the portion of the army that was in the path of the conflagration withdrew to better cover, and encompassed a portion of the christian line at that section and caused a slight retreat of the Angolians. So thus events of the war was following quick and fast.

While the vast glandelinian army was concentrating itself on the fields before before Little and pig girl knool, many but also of wicked glandelinians proved themselves once for all the worse enemies that the poor unfortunate plangiglooman creatures had ever seen in their existence. The glandelinians knew that the creatures were located in the hills near by had raided upon their domains and polluted the water of streams and pools so that the creatures could not drink it, and also ruined everything growing in the neighborhood, besides tormenting the helpless young, and mistreating them as much as possible.

It was the intention of the glandelinians at this location also to massacre about 10,000 children whom they had recently captured from the town of Sanders, and so to the very location of their misdeeds to the plangiglooman creatures the glandelinians brought the children to be massacred, very unassisted.

It was the purpose of the wicked glandelinians to kill the children after nothing out to them the worse tortures that the worse wicked can ever think of, and so the children were first lined up and then tied to trees which the glandelinian officers officers had picked out for the purpose. Of course the poor children were too frightened to scream, or plead, for they had heard of the cruel massacres of children committed by glandelinians before and so they had no word to utter so complete was their fears. Violet and her sisters had been spying in this location however without much success, and they had been on the point of returning home when they saw the scene presented before them. At first violet and her sisters being good at figures had counted exactly ten thousand children to be slain, but they could not believe their eyes when they saw all at once a multitude more of childish faces and bodies, which they could not conceive how the glandelinians had obtained them. Surely the glandelinians had not power to create a greater number of children to be slain. However their surprise was still greater when as the glandelinians sorted out to commit the slaughter advanced toward the children tied to the trees, and who were about to lay their wicked hands on the helpless children, when what appeared to be extra children suddenly sprang upon these glandelinians literal small plangiglooman creatures of the demon reborn in the skin of violet and her sisters could hardly stand the ear-splitting din these creatures set up as with their pretty faces contorted to fiendish hideousness, they fairly crushed the glandelinians in the powerful coils of their long armored tails, and hanging others down to mangled heaps with their claws. The other glandelinians still at large fired upon the creatures in efforts to save their comrades, but none appeared from the caverns and annihilated every one of the glandelinians who happened to be there killing exactly over one thousand six hundred glandelinians.

The plangiglooman creatures had evidently seen the glandelinian glandelinians come there with the children, and so though they had not appeared to resent the massacre done to them in particular nevertheless did neatly and easily prevent a massacre of children. The creatures however were unable to free the children from the trees, as a larger force of glandelinians near by kept on firing heavy volleys in order to hold the creatures at bay, but notwithstanding the rain of bullets violet and her sisters freed the children one by one, darting from tree to tree between volleys, and after sustaining about thirteen slight wounds had saved the children whom the plangiglooman creatures had foiled beneath their wings to prevent the hail of bullets from hitting any of the rescued children. These plangiglooman creatures had not seen violet and her sisters before, and so were astonished to see the bravery of these beautiful children, and how when they themselves dared not face that storm of bullets, rescued the children from the trees when death threatened them at every second. None of the plangiglooman creatures were old enough yet to stand up before a hail of bullets without being wounded, and so when the glandelinians in the distance had started their withering fire, had been unable to approach the trees. The fire however was not well aimed and so none of the rescued children had been hit. But nevertheless violet and her sisters had to hide for two days in one of the caverns to prevent themselves from being captured by the foe who were scouring the region for them, and they did not dare venture out until a party of Angolians two hundred strong came within the region and escorted them home. The big plangiglooman creatures had went to the sea in quest of food for their young and thus the reason that none of the big ones were there at the time. Plangiglooman creatures at other sections however had not been isolated, and so not such trouble had been incurred at least by the glandelinians. As long as the creatures were left alone, then also would the glandelinians be left alone.

It had also happened that one day after that violet and her sisters had been spying on the enemy in one of the only ways. They unfortunately had to be discovered by one of the glandolintian officers who had recognized them despite their disguise, and so they had a thrilling time in escaping. They

had created a noise in their escape by knocking down a number of tents when discovered shot up the main hall of pavements, and then left the camp by a rear way pursued by a large party of glandolintian gargolians on horseback.

It did seem evident that they could not escape for the glandolintians were on horseback and they were not. The gargolians were steadily gaining on them and were about to overtake them, when all of a sudden there was a rush of some body in the air, and before the pursuers there barred their way a great powerful pebbon who menaced the glandolintians with fierce faces, and grins and wings several of their horses who happened to come too near being unable to stop the creature having arrived so suddenly. Violet and her sisters were no doubt equally as astonished to see so huge a creature and did not know what to make of its appearance. They had seen the pebbon before but none like this one. It had the appearance of the one who had attacked joice and Jemio in the pasture but was so huge that it was not so.

The colors however were the same though the tankorhorians on the head was longer and its arms were so long that it made the creature a formidable thing. Its wings shaped exactly like a dragon but was of many colors and had barons of great length. The gargolians were awed at the appearance of the gigantic pebbon but nevertheless were defiant and were for continuing on after the surprised little girls, but their two leaders were not fool fools and said:

"Do you damn fools want to commit a suicide. We can't battle this warrenture and to do so will mean our annihilation. Back and leave the spies go."

Some of the glandolintians were very reluctant to obey the command but then as the plengiglemonian creature stopped making faces, and assumed a very menacing attitude and started to unfurl one of its wings with the intention of striking a blow the glandolintians wisely wheeled their horses, and retreated swiftly back to where they came. The plengiglemonian creature watched them successfully until they were out of sight, and then flew away without uttering a sound. Violet and her sisters knew that the creature had interfered for their sake and were very grateful. This happened on an early morning. Toward noon when they again took the nerve to approach the enemy's camp they however did not enter but watched things at a safe distance.

A large squadron of gargolians however from a high vantage hill had viewed the approach of the vivian girls and had started on in different directions with the intention of surrounding the little girls before they discovered their presence and then have them before they could get away. The ruse worked so far as it goes but just when the glandolintians thought they had the little girls in their grasp a small plengiglemonian creature of a tankorhorian type swooped down and after scattering the glandolintians by making several charges, in which there was great confusion of horses running this way and that the creature held the glandolintians back until violet and her sisters effected their escape. None of the glandolintians however were injured in this fray with the young tankorhorian as they had not been foolish and so did not dare to make any resistance which they knew would have resulted with serious consequences.

During their concentration toward the christian armies at pig girl-knool the glandolintians had also made many forays. At first the forays were made on the smaller towns near pig girl-knool, but finally the enemy raiders got so nervous as to dare to enter the very christian lines by causing exciting a disturbance and capturing men and provisions besides, driving off severely.

hundreds, and burning all the outposts near the main camp, and setting hundreds of tents on fire by fireballs, besides also exploding ammunition houses, and blowing up gun emplacements. This surprising foray caused considerable excitement among the main camp which had at first suspected that it was a sudden attack upon the line. The enemy in this raid had captured over two thousand men and over four thousand horses. About two hundred were killed, and twenty hundred wounded in the fray proceeding the raid on the enemy's side, while the christian losses was only a total of three hundred killed and slightly wounded.

It is however a good reason for the Angelintians for it kept them more on the watch hereafter and they hardly allowed themselves to be surprised again.

Before concentrating near the christian lines at the city of little girl-knool the enemy had made long and tedious marches, and so were not quite ready to begin a battle right away. Nevertheless after four weeks of marching the enemy generals decided to break these two towns before launching their main attack on the christian line itself. General Evans while the severe headwind had been going on took a detail of Abblemians to deliver a number of messages to other christian generals who were preparing for the coming battle storm. General Morgan and Colonel Evans established an advance message center near the glandolintian positions in the great pine woods. The messages which were given to the bearers were to be delivered to different locations. Two days when the bombardment had grown worse and the region was bombarded by a hail rain of shells and high explosives so many orders came to christian officers, and from one to another that nearly all the dispatch carriers were on different errands except Evans and the general.

General Evans decided to dispatch a most important message messager himself and so messenger captain Brown he said:

"Captain Brown take this message to the main battalion headquarters of the 34th Infantry. This is important message, and it must be delivered at once. And as there is no one else to go you will have to go. The situation is too dangerous to send the vivian girls, or even Gertrude Angelina brave as they are."

The colonel too took the message saddled his horse, and galloped off. The day was rainy and a heavy mist settled over all caused by the smoke of bursting shells in the distance. Before he came to a place where the trails crossed the colonel had many narrow escapes from ambushes, and six times was vigorously pursued by gargolians on horseback. Then reaching the cross trails he saw a military police. The colonel knowing him to be an Angelintian stopped his horse and asked him how far the place was where he was to go with the important message.

The M.P. told him to be very careful as the enemy was everywhere looking out for message carriers, and for spies, and even the vivian girls known as violet and her sisters, and to take the trail toward the left toward Battalion headquarters. After going on for a certain distance the colonel came in range of the heavy shell fire. Never before had there been such a din and only god could have caused a thunderstorm to make so much thunder as the shells did. The shells began falling right and left in perfect whizz-bang whizz bang and detonational crashes that was enough to split the eardrums of the biggest giant in any existence, enough to deafen even a good size plengiglemonian creature for life. Suddenly above the din someone shouted.

It was another Abblemian M.P.

"For god's sake colonel do you know where you are going?"

He said:

"Yes" stated the colonel. "I have an important message to take to battalion headquarters."

"Well" replied the M.P. "You cannot go any further on your horse in this reeking inferno of noise and smoke."

The colonel said something else, and then being instructed to leave the horse with the M.P. he did so. The shells were falling quite rapidly, and it did seem that here and there every ten times a second a great eruption of a volcano had suddenly broken forth. The colonel did admit to himself that he was really scared, so he told the M.P. that if he did not return by morning to take his horse back and tell Evans that he was on his way to heaven. The colonel took up his journey again. After he had gone several hundred yards he began to grow more uneasy fearing that he had passed by the headquarters. By this time bullets from bursting shrapnell were pepper ing against the trees and bushes just in his face. So the colonel dropped on his hands and knees. A few hundred yards further on he came to the headquarters. The general who happened to be present was surprised to see the colonel.

"How in the world did you get here through a hell that inferno?" he asked. "Didn't you know that the glandolintians are trying to unload an great number of ammunition dumps on us to night?"

The colonel only asked the general to sign the order and let him go.

"General Johnston said with surprise:

"You can't possibly go back until this barrage is over."

But orders were orders and the poor colonel had to go back and report whether the order had been carried out or not. So he proceeded to start back on his hands and knees over the headquarters, until safely past the zone of shrapnell fire. He hesitated not thought of what general Johnston had told him. He came to the conclusion that the good general had made a mistake that the enemy were trying to send over to the christian lines all the ammunition factories they had in hell itself besides in their lines instead of a few dumps. Nevertheless he safely reached the lines.

Indeed the bombardment of the cities of big and little girl-kill was a liberal infusion of armed maddened violence for the distance of twenty seven miles, the air for nearly seven days and nights without one moment's intermission being fairly split by the terrific crash and rumble of artillery and explosions of shells which sounded like thousands of drummers rolling on two drums at once as fast as they had it in their power. The din was fairly wild, and was only a forerunner of the terrific conflict that was sure to come.

At a safer distance from the region of the fierce bombardment which had continued until the outbreak of the general glandelinian attack, violet and her sisters had went out alone to see if they could find out some thing important about the enemy, whose actions during the bombardment was and still was very suspicious..... They had not gone far when they came to a sandy stretch of ground near the nor norma run river bordered by great woods and high hills on either side. From here a good view of the enemy's lines could be perfectly obtained, and so jennie and Angeline decided to climb one of the mounds which was slightly bordered by woods, and underfoot of every description. Angeline who as accident was some feet ahead of her sister, then taken by an enemy of by mistake a small young tankorhorian plengiglomennan creature suddenly appeared from ambush and hit poor Angeline on the right foot, and roared terribly. The winged serpent struck her on the right foot the fearful fangs piercing her shoe and tearing and lacerating the flesh. It was only too late that the creature discovered the mistake, as it had been too quick in its attack to see that it was a little girl and not a glandelinian soldier whom it had really been laying for. The creature apologized but did not think it itself as could do anything for her. The nearest doctor within the vicinity who knew about the poisons of these kind of creatures creatures was over three hundred miles away, and none were in the christian lines who knew how to do anything for her. None of the little girls had any means of emergency about them for treatment at hand, and the sorrowful creature knew that his mistaken victim must devise some means of cauterizing the wound or die in the most horrible agony alone there with only her sisters. The creature himself prop so promptly slashed the joint with his tankorhorian making the wound more larger which was compelled to bleed freely. The shoe had been removed by one of her sisters, and after allowing the wound to bleed for a time the creature advised her to use some powder and sear the wound which would get all of the poison out before it took any effect. This was a horrible ordeal for Angeline but then to save herself it must be done so bravely she opened a shotgun cartridge, poured one fourth dr. of powder into the bleeding wound and calmly touched a match to it. The resulting puff of fire seared the flesh for several inches about the wound and cauterized it thoroughly. Angeline almost fainted when the powder went off because she could not remember anything that happened during the next few minutes.

The creature however helped her back to the christian lines and the doctors who treated the case at the relieving army hospital declared that this desperate treatment had without question saved the life of the brave little Vivian girl. Providing if one had the nerve to do it, no more effective cauterization of the wound could have been used they said. Angeline was made slightly ill, due chiefly to the nervous shock of her experience but before the battle itself came about she had been well on the road of recovery, with only a small scar on her foot as a reminder of it in the future.

It had happened that at this point some glandelinian soldiers had seen the tail of the young plengiglomennan creature extending from some bushes the creature having been nibbling on berries at the time and the mischievous scoundrels had fastened the end of it to the ground with a bayonet and then before the creature could do anything had tied the smaller part of the tail into a knot. By frantic efforts the creature had managed to get free and undo the knot but enraged over the pain it had suffered, the creature had expected that the glandelinians would return, and so laid in ambush with the intention of springing upon them and biting them to death for revenge. It happened to be hiding just at the point where Angeline and Gertrude were heading for and not too, looking to see who was coming made the attack without warning, and so had bitten her on the foot before it could control itself after immediately seeing the mistake.

The creature was a small angel winged tankorhorian and the vivian girls could have proved that its whole length was over fifty feet and that its body itself was over seven feet, wide, while the tail was only three at its greatest. It had been a very pretty one and had all the colors the artist knew on its body alone besides the wings and legs.

It was more astonishing to the creature for it had no idea whatever that any children had been so near in the neighborhood, and especially the little Vivian girl, whom nearly all plengiglomennan creatures in existence may have heard or learned about. Had it known that there were two little children approaching it would not have been so hasty but then it had no idea at all and as their steps were or had been so cautious and stealthily the creature has had felt sure that some glandelinians had seen him and were approaching on the quiet to do further mischief. So not daring to take any chances it had struck before it realized what it had done. No serpent of any kind, not even the dreaded Gobra is half as poisonous as any of the plengiglomennan creatures, and only most of them alone can do some good to a person or creature in case of accident accidental biting. Cauterizing was the only quickest means, and sometimes it does happen that the poison would work too quite quick for even that. General Vivian who has had heard of the occurrence had been startled, and wondered how it could be that even little children could be mistaken as an enemy so easily. He especially when the creatures are said to have such telescopic eyes. But then the creature had sprung before it used its eyes and so this the accident was unavoidable and the creature was not to blame. The cowardly glandelinians who had committed the deed had not dared to return when especially they even heard that the creature had been laying in wait for them, and had nabbed one of the vivian girls by mistake. The creature however remembered them and would not give up. It was still more aroused over the mistake, and decided to pay the glandelinians dearly for both. It had hovered for a long time above the enemy's camp until it spotted the wicked glandelinians who had committed the mischief, and then it followed them wherever it went with its far reaching vision eyes, and then when they were somewhat parted from the larger mass of men it descended lower and lower in swooping circles and, then before any one had known what was to happen, swooped down upon the glandelinians like a screaming cyclone, and tore them to pieces before their comrades could rush up to their aid. It held the others at bay by loud roaring, and by displaying all its offensive and defensive armour, and by flourishing its tail in every direction besides threatening to strike right and left with its wings, and thus by holding them at bay it managed to get away before the glandelinians could fire one single volley. It is never wise to do anything rashly to a plengiglomennan creature for it never gives up until it ruins and destroys the offenders. The glandelinians had many lessons on this case and still still were not made the wiser for it.

In the meantime the fierce bombardment, had caused the distant forest to burn, and though for some days there had been signs of peculiar smoke within six miles of the entrenched christian lines and the soldiers had talked of fire casually there was for a while none near enough to cause any actual alarm or concern. The day however came when the bombardment had increased with redoubled fury when the smoke was thicker and at night amid the distant flashes of hundreds of thousands of shells per hour which made the scene like the lightning of a very thunderstorm the christian guards could catch a glimpse of another kind of glow more ruddy and red than the bursting of shells, and the guards became suspicious of fire. The wind had rose to a gale from the southwest, and by the next morning the sun was hid hidden by a thick gray mantle of smoke. Ashes was falling calmly and the guards and sentries, warned off by officers and generals, and men that it would be better to send out more men to fight the conflagration for though the fire was checked toward the christian centre the wind nevertheless was growing in force, and one could never be sure as more forest fires at different quarters was starting on account of the bombardment..... Most of the soldiers relieving a warning worked through the thick brush and shrubbery ploughing strips in front of the christian lines, the fire fighters remaining close ready for an emergency. Ammunition stores were removed to safer quarters, and as the wind picked up more steadily and the smoke grew more dense more men were detailed to go out and combat the advancing conflagration..... The falling ashes which had lasted for two days grew to a continual shower of small smoking and blazing brands. Buckets were filled with water, all the army fire departments were out, and general Evans himself was continually stationed on the roof of his big headquarters to watch for sparks that might mean real danger. The danger of the nearest of the conflagration was still more stronger as the wind grew steadily to a screaming gale and carried heat.

Three days of desperate fighting had no effect in the conflagration and soon some of the fighters came back.

"The wind has got the best of us back yonder!" said the leader of the fire fighters. "Got plenty of water for your building? We'll make a stand at your fire breaks and the roads here. We ought to be able to check it."

For the Angelinian soldiers there was indeed confusion and growing anxiety. A terrific forest fire was approaching their lines, and also it was learned that fire was about on both sides of the christian armies, that the whole country was becoming a sea of fire, and that the enemy bombardments had grown worse and was reaching a better range and committing in capable damage within the christian lines. By the next morning the sky far in the distance was full of smoke thunderheads of many various colors, and the crackle of fire could be plainly heard as it licked toward the christian lines through the timber.

At this location another kind of small plengigloomean creature had swooped down upon the christian lines to rest and had noticed the fire storm approaching, and was surprised to see so much fire out of its place in the woods and grassy plains. Officers and generals guarding their headquarters were calling for more water, large d forces of christians were falling back to save their ammunition, terrific explosions were starting, and crashing with no many reports as could be counted only by the angels in heaven, several headquarters were catching on fire and the excitement increased. The plengigloomean creature had just settled down among the nearest mound formally abandoned by the retreating division of christians when a half hour passed and a guards voice was heard lifted, not a word of command, but in a cry of fright, a cry of alarm. It was a nonchalant sentinels voice and he ran toward the house calling:

"Generals, everybody a larf large force of glandelinians are advancing advancing through the woods which are not yet as yet burning."

One of the generals half fell, half jumped from the roof. Then real confusion as a great explosion rent the air and poured a storm of debris and twice upon the whole region. Danger to the house was forgotten, there was running about, the sounds of firing, a shrill calling, and the bang, bang, bang, of more terrific explosions.

In the meantime the plengigloomean creature had detected a scent scent that was suspicious to him. Slowly he circled about nose to the ground sniffing sneezing slow and impatiently. His long tail moved and stilled as he shoved his long nose hard into the earth one of his big paws uplifted and wings ruffled and half opened displaying magnificent colors. He had it and felt like letting out a signal roar then stopped short. He moved on again swung back sniffed again went forward tentatively then faster, then stiffened, and then with a yelp it raced toward the mark. The creature went to the left along the sandy trail nose went finally low, flourishing and coiling tail indicating his varying successes. Now he went forward at a swift rush tearing through brush and undergrowth as if it was only grass again they stopped again he stopped, and made large circles.

Once the creature lifted his head and blinking stinging eyes and listened a long interval. On down the road and above bushes and under growth with the smoke biting into the delicate nerves of his nostrils making it harder for him to pick up the scent hatless rising where he lost it, whirling in delight when he found it again. The air all around was hot and growing still hotter, and to his right sounded a loud popping, a snapping and a rising and falling matter. The plengigloomean creature stopped suddenly and peered into the smoke screen. He saw tongues of dull flames leap up and a moment another snort. The wind was blowing from the fire through that undergrowth faster than a deer could run.

To the plengigloomean creature it was fire out of place again and he gave a low howl. However he shoved his muzzle again into the road and removed his way. The fire crept closer to the road. It was harder for the plengigloomean creature to make his scent function, for it became high pain to inhale that biting vapor, and that which he sought became fainter and fainter. Still he went on flying at times to avoid the flames turning his face to right and left and snarling viciously as every creeping squadron of glandelinians he saw running through the smoldering woods at seeing his approach. He sneezed and coughed again, his tail at times flourished in the air and sometimes to avoid the blistering draft that bore on him he kept his belly close to the ground. At times he was forced to use his nose to brush aside the pomery dust before he could reach the scent but he always found it, it always went down back the rear end never ventured across the ruts. And then the plengigloomean creature stopped turning half around as from a blow. The road veered to the right toward the fire, and a racing wall of flames a hundred feet leaping up the trees and heaven, to the very tops had crossed it, and below the smoke and flames from burning brush and dead leaves, and grass was a night to make the fiends run. There would be no scent there here the plengigloomean creature could go no farther.

He backed holding his head high, eyes squinted wings open, working his mouth. The stray child he had gone after had gone that way he knew, and that the fire had followed.

And then his ears went up to catch a faint sound that had come to him above the noise of wind and flames. He cocked his head to listen and his whole body trembled as if from cold wind. His ears twitched in effort, it came again louder between gusts of wind, and with a frenzied yelp the plengigloomean creature rose into the air charged through the impenetrable barrier of leaping flames, and though for a moment there was singing fire all about him he was not burned enough to render himself helpless, and though the sand was scorching hot, and sprinkled with flames that blazed he managed to continue onward. The air he breathed scalded throat and lungs, and those thousands of scattered brands which he trod upon as he went blindly forward almost seared his feet. The smell of his bentened scales and burning and singing hair of his ears and whiskers was the only thing his nose could detect now. But somewhere down there, somewhere in or near that fire, he had heard the cry of the child, and the plengigloomean creature had worked his flighting pride up. His eyes ran water and he could hardly see. He could feel the heat beating upon him from either side until it seemed to almost melt his scales and bake his very horns, and once when the road went through a cut he again wallowed and flew through flames until the pain of his blistering belly belly wrung a cry from him. But again he heard that sound nearer and yet again and as the road swung to the left, freeing its one flank from the sea of fire he saw with his tortured eyes

hands to her face screaming shrilly a little girl her clothes smoking and half blazing was running forward tendrils of flames licking at her dress and waist staggering in the loose sand, and as the creature tried to grasp the child she stumbled and fell face in the deep rut, and made no effort to rise though hot smoke and flames was within inches of her yellow head. She lay there screaming beating her small fists into the earth. The creature muzzled her, growled and looked about taking an instant to bite savagely at a glandelinian who had suddenly appeared through the smoke endeavoring to bayonet the child. Seeing the creature the glandelinian retreated and the creature endeavored to shove his nose into the child's neck and licked frantically her singed skin, and then yelped again dancing about and flourishing her wings a his wings at a party of glandelinians who were attacking him with an intention to get at the child mauling them to death and fanging several who did not get away after being struck down. More fire was smoldering through the dead grass right up to the road. Down yonder also it was crossing, a surge of glandelinians with flaming brands endeavoring to make it worse so the child could perish before the plengigloomean creature could save her. The plengigloomean creature bared his teeth at the oncoming menace and dived forward but the glandelinians after trying to fight it back and after being almost maimed from the blows of its wings and fearing its deadly bite bent no hasty retreat. Then the creature quieted. Tentatively quite slowly except for the frantic thrashing of his tail he managed to fasten his teeth in the child's clothes close to the back, but working cautiously for a hold that would not nip the flesh, then he clut his jaws growled at more approaching glandelinians and backed away, dragging the child out of the road. The child terrified at seeing the huge creature and thinking it was a dragon protested. She struck and kicked, and screamed, but the plengigloomean creature did not desert. It was his sixty thousand pounds against the child's small weight, and the child who was weakened by the heat and smoke, could not struggle hard. A score of yards at a time, a few furlongs or two. He had to hold the youngsters head high he knew so she could breathe. It was the maximum maximum test for the child's splendid neck already singed by the flames and also shoulder muscles, her feet slipped and slid on the slick dry moss as she struggled to get away from the rescuing creature, but the plengigloomean creature kept a firm hold, as the fire was now coming still more faster and the roar of flames and burning trees and wind was becoming fairly deafening. The plengigloomean creature did not take the road back as it would have been folly. That went through or at least paralleled the fire storm. He struck away from it his sense of direction leading him through the brush toward the distant christian lines angling away from the worse heat and flames. But so slowly for his burned feet stung and started as he worked them furiously in the process and to fly in the woods was impossible as the trees were all aflame above and he would surely burn the child if not himself. The burned clothing tore as he grasped for a firmer hold, snarling at more glandelinians who came to oppose him but who retreated at the warning, eyes on the licking tangles of flames that danced along, cutting down his lead.

The little girls soon became stiff and unresponsive from the racking strain as she still endeavored to get away. The creature still backed, and backed, crawling about tree trunks, so slowly sacrificing so many precious yards. He coughed, choked and gagged, and his teeth were forced apart from the paroxysms. He however kept a grip on his small burden as if it were a berry, and when through less burning strips more glandelinians appeared he growled and flourished his wings and tail furiously, his tail whipping back and forth keeping the vigorous glandelinians at bay. The child's breath became a constant hoarse sobbing the child choking from the thick smoke. Where the creature had made yards, it seemed now he only made inches. Time and again glandelinians tried to interfere, and he bit and squatted, and pulled himself backwards out of their way, and at times struck a fiercer blow with his tail all most hitting the glandelinians as the blow tore down trees and brush. Finally Angolinians appeared and drove off these glandelinians. The creature was spotted by the Angolinians one who lifted the sobbing child, while the office officer stopped to see how the creature was.

The creature was led to the lines, and his burns were treated. The fight against the flames continued for several days until finally a terrific thunderstorm came to add to the din of the continual bombardment and the flames were quite put out of a commission by the fierce downpour of rain. Thus it shows how a plenglovesman creature will risk anything to save the life of a human flower which it adores better than any man or woman can adore the most costly and precious jewel.....

At other locations greater forest fires had been caused by the bombardment and when the storm had ceased, about three days later the forest fires that had swept the former places were renewed with greater fury and for miles and miles frightful seas of flames dashed forth like a hellish infernal regions. The Angolinians were greatly terrified and excited over this sight, and all the efforts of the fire fighters to stop its wild progress seemed in vain. Horror and apprehension seized many of the christian generals as they saw their divisions almost surrounded within two days on every side by the most furious sea of flames and seas of smoke combined. The generals saw nothing else to do but to withdraw their forces before they were encircled by the flames and so the retreat was effected until the christian divisions had retreated a considerable distance and renewed their intrenching at portions where no forest fires could reach for the present.

In the meantime a traitor had been discovered and persecuted by the Angolinians and fearing that he might again be seized by the christians he had run away as fast as he could but had unintentionally reentered the christian lines. Exhausted from running and tortured by the pains of his wounds he was scarcely able to drag his charred body any farther when he saw before him a magnificent, edifice, which he believed was the headquarters of one of the main christian generals. He entered through an open doorway expecting to find a place to hide himself, but he was startled by the dazzling beauty of seven little girls who immediately threatened to oppose his entrance, and whose beauty his eyes could scarcely bear. The children to his appearance were almost of heavenly beauty and they were surrounded by some of their best friends. He at once recognized the daughters of general yivian, violet and her sisters as he heard about them or commonly known as the yivian girls. The escaped spy and glandelinian traitor cast himself on his knees before the beautiful little girls and implored the little girls with tearful eyes to take him under their protection, that he might not again be placed into such terrible danger which he had now just escaped, and to be saved from being arrested by the Angolinians as a spy..... But also to his dismay he beheld in the beautiful countenance of the seven yivian girls an expression of indignation and discontent, and soon heard from violet's lips the words:

"Who is this bold glandelinian intruder who dares to appear without invitation in this my home. See how blackened he is from smoke and burned by fire. And how come he has two bullet wounds. No doubt he is one of those glandelinian spies who stole his way out of reach of his pursuers. As the glandelinians have no mercy to children, and not even for me I saw away with him out of my sight, bring him to the guards, and have him tried as a spy, where he deserves death even forever."

These terrible words crushed the glandelinian youth and in despair he cried for mercy, but the yivian girls turned their faces away and showed themselves inexorable. Then from the many children rescued from the foe who happened to be around violet and her sisters at that time three of the best stepped forward cast themselves down before the yivian girls and implored mercy for the youthful glandelinian sinner who in his wretchedness had taken refuge to them.

"How this hapless glandelinian may take refuge to us after he has been one among many of our most desperate enemies and persecutors." Jemile replied. "And after he deserves and has already felt the fires of hell in that smothering forest fire, but when has he ever been good to us, when has he ever refused to allow his comrades to massacre children, or shown the least devotion to the good ones in heaven? Shall I and my sisters protect one who within so many months and for three years has committed so many and such abominable offenses against us, and who so insolently despised and offended the good Lord whom we love and adore more than we can anybody else? Away with him from my sight. Take him to the christians who are after him."

Once more the modulators implored the mercy of violet and her sisters, they pleaded his youth and experience, or inexperience, the snares of temptations, his youthful passions which caused his wickedness against the good Lord, and his recent cruelty to them and other children. Taught by this terrible experience he certainly would give up his vices for the rest of his life he devoted to even them in love and gratitude, and serve God and the Blessed Mother most zealously. "In such a manner they pleaded.... Amid sobs and tears the glandelinian youth affirmed the words of his small intercessors and promised to change his life and dedicate his services entirely to God and the Blessed Virgin to his very end, and refrain from the cruelties to children, and even them in the future. Finally the countenances of violet and her sisters brightened, and they promised him pardon and protection, gave him their blessing and said:

"We accept thee as our friends go in peace, the Angolinians will not allow any one of the persecutors to molest you but ever keep faithfully the promise you have just made and refrain from the glandelinian service here after."

Several days before the battle of Pig Girl-moat, began millions of the Angolinian and soldiers had attended the masses in the christian armies, and also violet and her sisters, their friendly generals and general Evans and Jack Evans also. The Priest who said the mass which violet and her sisters heard was a good preacher and he said a good deal on the scene of our terrible torments when he was scourged by the wicked enemies in pilate's grand palace. His words went thus:|||||||

"The devotion to the Passion of our Lord, is the most ancient, the most natural and most salutary devotion; desired by Jesus Christ himself, fervently loved by all the devout souls, and attentively practiced by all the Saints. Devout contemplation of the Passion of Christ unites us with God, wounds hardened hearts, and kindles the most zealous. Frequent remembrance of Christ's Passion nourishes and maintains devotion, enriches us with eternal treasures, leads to the summit of all virtues, and gives us the assurance of final perseverance..... The remembrance of our suffering Savior compels all the demons to flight with great terror. Nothing is more salutary than daily to consider how much the God-man has done for us especially for all of us who are now fighting his enemies for his and also our own cause..... To meditate on the sufferings of Christ is true wisdom. Herein are the riches of salvation and the fullness of merit, herein we find sweetest consolation and most salutary compunction..... Therefore be loved soldiers of Christ! Christ, who no doubt will soon fight the enemy once more and drive him off as St. Michael drove off the demons, during the following holy Lenten season take to heart the sufferings of a God, the tortures which He endured for love of you. May take in the sufferings now. One of the principal sources of our sanctification is the tender and compassionate remembrance of our Saviors sufferings. Let your hearts be inflamed with love as you reflect on these passages from the saints who had deeply engaged the sufferings of Christ upon their souls."

"Then Pilate took Jesus and scourged him..... St. Thomas of Jesus thus leads the contemplating soul into the martyrdom of our Lord scourging! Come beloved soul, with a contrite contrite heart, and behold Jesus, thy bridegroom. See how He, the glory of heaven, is delivered into the vile hands of infamous wretches, that they may vent on him all their rage and malice. See how these blood thirsty executioners have been given the power and permission to bruise most unmercifully this pure virginal body, and to shed his precious blood. See how willingly and humbly the Lord of Lords surrenders himself and submits to these godless wretches who are wretched no more better off in their wickedness than the glandelinians who are entranced before you now."

How he permits them to wreak upon them all their wickedness and cruelty, how he becomes obedient to the heavenly Father even unto death. Never did he open his sacred lips to revile or complain; never did he stretch his hand to avenge himself; never did his countenance betray him the least anger or indignation; but with all patience he surrendered his body to the blows of these beastly executioners.

Touching words of St Bernard.....

The compassionate heart of Saint Bernard melts with pity as he contemplates the merciless scourging of our blessed Lord and gave Savior Jesus Christ. The Holy Lamb of God.....Scourging was a punishment inflicted only on slaves. Our loving Savior desired to assume not merely the form of a servant and subject himself to the will of another, no, He wished to appear even as a bad servant, to be punished with lashes of the scourge, thus to endure the punishment deserved by man who had become the slave of sin.

"The wicked have wrought upon my back, they have lengthened their iniquity." Ps. cxxviii. As a blacksmith melts with all his might the fiery iron on the anvil, so did the tortuous torturers strike our innocent Lord, causing his most sacred blood to flow in streams and spurt into the air. Ah how agonizing, think you, did this sacred blood flow that torn and mangled body, purpling the floor of Pilatus hall. Ah with what fury inconceivable of the gnashing evil does he think you, and with what flaming rage did those low degraded barbarians scourge our sweet Jesus, who had come to deliver us from the everlasting scourge.!!!

St Alphonsus cried out;

"On my God, already the cruel torture begins. Come O ye angels of heaven. Be present at this painful scene. And if it is not granted you to deliver your King from the cruel maltreatment inflicted on him by man, come at least to weep over him..... And thou beloved soul come in spirit to be present at this abominable heart rending treatment of thy Savior. Consider how thy beloved Jesus stands with bowed head, and down cast eyes. Blushing from shame He avails this frightful torture.... See how these men stern fiends, with their infernal scourges pounce like mad dogs upon the innocent victim. The innocent Lamb. See how this one strikes him in the breast that one his back, another his side, and another his limbs. Vain, his sacred head, his beautiful countenance, does not escape the blows. Ah, already his Divine blood flows down on all sides; already the scourges, and the arms of the hangmen are stained with this adorable blood, already it has besprinkled the pillar and the ground beneath. Alas, his whole body is being lacerated, each follows each, wound up a wound. A single blow endured by this God man would have been enough to atone for the sins of the whole world; but this did not suffice for Jesus. He desired in expiation of our sins, to be wounded and crucified, to be torn and mangled from head to foot, so that there remained no sound spot upon his sacred body. O Son of God. Thou great lover of my soul. How is it possible that Thou Lord of infinite Majesty could so much love a despicable creature like me, that Thou wouldst submit to so many tortures in order to deliver me from the well deserved punishment punishments. A God is scourged. It was a greater miracle for a God to endure the least blow than if all men and angels had been annihilated. O my soul. Wilt thou be one of those who look with indifference on thy God torn with scourges? Reflect on his sufferings, but at all more on the love with which thy sweet Lord submits to so

excruciating torture for my sake. In his scourging Jesus certainly thought of thee. Oh God, hadst Thou borne but a single stripe for my sake, I should burn with love for thee and exclaim: A God suffered to be struck for my sake. But behold O immeasurable love, for the atonement of my sins He permits his whole entire sacred body to be mangled. How touching are these affections of the great and compassionate St Alphonsus. In addition we give a vision of the scourging which is capable to move the soul to its inmost depths. The vision is taken from the books on the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ according to the well known revelations of Anna Catherine Emmerich, a book which can never be too strongly recommended, and which is suited like none other for pious reading during the Holy days of Lent.

Pilate the base, wavering judge, had several times pronounced the contradictory words:

"I find no cause in him, I will chastise him therefore and let him go. But the clamor of the Jews continued unabated; 'CRUCIFY HIM. CRUCIFY HIM.' Overwhelmed Pilate determined first to try and carry through his own will and ordered Jesus to be scourged according to the Roman fashion. Thereupon while violently thrusting, and beating him with short stout clubs the hangmen

led the maltreated, lacerated, mutilated by Savior through the raving, screaming mob, out into the forum, north of Pilatus house, near the guard house, to a pillar which stood here before one of the walls that surrounded the market place. The executioners, throwing their scourges, whips and ropes, down at the foot of the pillar, gave forward to meet Jesus. They were six men, they man, degraded criminals from the vicinity of Egypt, who as slaves and convicts worked here on buildings and canals, and the lowest and vilest of them were employed for such heinous services in the praetorium. These abominable wretches had already at that same pillar, scourged poor sinners to death. There was something beastly, diabolical in their nature, and they appeared half drunk. Although our Lord walked along so willingly they struck him with their fists and ropes, and with furious rage pulled him along to the scourging pillar. The pillar is just high enough for a tall person with outstretched arms to reach its upper circular end, to which is fastened an iron ring, midway at the back of the pillar there are also rings or hooks. It is impossible to express the barbarity with which these raving beasts scourged Jesus on this short rod. They tore from him the monk's mantle of Herod, and also threw our poor Savior on the ground. Jesus trembled and quivered at the sight of the pillar. In palpitating haste he himself removed his garments with his hands, bleeding and swollen from tight binding, while they continually struck and jerked him about. He prayed and pleaded so touchingly, and for a moment turned his face toward his Mother all torn with grief. She stood with the holy women in a corner of the hall of the market, near the scourging place, and he said turning toward the pillar to cover his nakedness---as he was compelled to even remove his lion cloth; "turn thy eyes away from me." I do not know whether he said this outwardly or inwardly, but I perceived how many understood it; for I saw her that same instant, unconscious and turned aside, drop into the arms of the holy veiled women who surrounded her.

Now Jesus embraced the pillar, and the hangmen laid frightful cursing and jerking, bound his sacred up drawn hands on the top, behind the iron ring on the pillar, and stretched his whole body so far upward that his feet which were tightly fastened to the pillar below could scarcely touch the ground. There stood the Holy of holies in his whole human nakedness with infinite anguish and shame, stretched on the pillar of criminals, while two of the infuriated barbarians began to lash his sacred back upwards and downwards with raving bloodthirstiness. Their first scourges or whips appeared to be made of white tough wood; possibly too, they were of rigid oxen sinews or hard stripes of white leather. Our Lord and Savior the Son of God, true God, and true man, twitched and writhed like a poor worm beneath the lashes of the criminals. He whined and moaned, his clear sweet sounding voice like a loving prayer and exclaiming torture, rang through the hissing blows of the hangmen's lashes. But time and again the holy pitiful benediction bringing peace was smiled up by the yells of the people and of the Pharisees. "Away with him. Crucify him." came the roaring cry from all sides. Pilate was still parleying with the multitude. Whenever he wished to speak, a trumpet was sounded to silence the fierce din and clamor for some moments. And then through the silence were heard the hissing of the scourges, the low lamentations of Jesus, the curses of the executioners, and the blasting of the Pantar Lasha from the pool from where they were being washed which pool lay east of the forum and near the so called Prohibition (sheepgate).

Alongside the guardhouse I saw some infectious youths, almost naked engaged in preparing fresh scourges, while others went to get bundles of the thorns. Some of the hangmen of the high priests were in communication with the scourgers, and secretly bribed them with money. There was a large jug containing a thick red liquor, from which they drank, and became drunk and infuriated. Scarcely had a quarter of an hour elapsed when the first two scourgers ceased their beating and joined two others, whereupon all drank together. The body of Jesus was all covered with brown, blue and red stripes, and his sacred blood trickled down. He trembled and quivered. Scorn and derision resounded from all sides. And now the second pair of scourgers fell with new rage upon Jesus. They had different kinds of whips which were busby, as though made of thorns, and here and there had knots or and spurs fastened in them. Under that their enraged lashes his sacred body were torn open, his blood spurted in a circle, and bespattered the arms of the hangmen. Jesus moaned and prayed and twitched in his agony. The next two hangmen lashed Jesus with the scourges. These consisted of little chains or straps attached to an iron handle with iron hooks on the end. With these they tore whole pieces of flesh and skin from his ribs. Oh who can describe the awful shuddering sight.

Still they had not an inch of outrage. They loosened the cords and turned him up his back to the column. He was painfully drawn together, covered with blood and wounds. His lacerated ribs loomed, and the torn skin of his body covered as coral covered his nakedness. Like furious dogs the executioners heaped blow upon blow. One of them had in his left hand a finer lash wherewith he lashed his face. Not a sound spot was more to be found on his body. He turned his blood-dimmed eyes to the executioners pleading for mercy. But they ragged the more furiously and with ever increasing weakness Jesus cried and groined "woe!" The terrible scourging lasted about three quarters of an hour.....

It was the first time in their little lives that poor Violet and her sisters had ever heard such a sermon especially about the scourging of our Lord and saviour Jesus Christ and they felt as if it was the worse thing that had ever happened, and only, longed bitterly that some pliant, glistening creatures had been there and had interfered. Evans was almost sorrowful that they had heard this sermon and it was very hard for him to cheer them up. Nevertheless he did not try to do much as sorrow over this is worthy and he only loved them all the more.

It was the next day when Colonel,landers came up to general Jack Evans and said;

"Your excellency I've seen something suspicious near the quarters where Violet and her sisters sleep and so on. Near the place just at the door where they come out there has been piled a lot of soggy hay to nearly the height of ten feet, and who ever the man was I do not know but his actions showed him to be a glandelinian and he escaped before I could halt him or fire at him. As I and a company of men had been strolling through the field I had happened to glance over toward their place and after watching for some time saw the man come out of the shed near the building. He was dressed as an angolinian but his notions drew my eyes suspicion right away. But I wished to see proceedings and so did not interrupt."

"Yes but what did the man do Colonel?" Asked Evans.

"I saw him take a pitchfork and dig a large hole in the soggy old hay. Then my suspicions were further aroused when I saw him put a package in the hole and cover it up."

"Did he act more suspicious?" Asked Evans.

"Yes" Answered the colonel. "He glanced around many times, and when ever he saw a number of soldiers come toward him he hid in the hay. In the place and only reappeared when they passed."

"I want you to lead me to the place immediately" Said Evans. "I have an idea that there is something suspicious put in that hay. Maybe something with which to blow up the building and kill Violet and her sisters. I must prevent it before it is too late."

The colonel told him to follow and so off they went toward the building as fast as they could walk a squad of soldiers with pitchforks following.

"That guy was probably one of those glandelinian assassins who who was probably burying a package of dynamite or high explosives in the pile of hay" Said Evans as they neared the point. "It may have been explosives placed that were timed for a certain hour to explode." They soon reached a wall of the building and Evans saw the suspicious hay pile close to the very entrance of the building of which Violet and her sisters are wont to come out.

"There general see" Said the colonel. "That's the pile."

"Oh no that's it." He Exclaimed Evans. "And there is not a soul in sight not even a single guard. That's strange. Come on boys get to work and see what the package is."

The soldiers immediately scurried over to the place and started work on the hay pile throwing the hay into another quarter while Evans who was watching the work said to the colonel;

"When I find this package I'll have it opened and examined." I also hope that the culprit has been captured."

"He was said the colonel and here comes the guy now under the escort of two soldiers."

After the soldiers had been digging among the hay for about two minutes they began all to snarl;

"What the duce is in this hay?" Shouted but its a horrible order.

"And it smells like there is something so dead around here." Said another throwing a fork full of hay across his shoulder."